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PUNCH



LONDON:

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THE New Year found PUNCH on his way to India, to join the Prince *incog*. He halted *en route* to give a word of counsel to his friend CAVE at Cairo.

"Shall PUNCH come within sight of the Pyramids, and not climb the biggest? On my eyes be it!" cried the KHEDIVE, as he lighted his last cigarette after a snug dinner given to his Great Guest and his new Finance Commissioner—whom he persists in calling "Adullam," because to him, as to that Cave of old, resort those who are in debt and difficulty and discontent.

Straightway an escort of Pashas and Beys, Agas and Effendees, an army of Arabs—horse and man—dragomen and khavasses, cooks and chiboukjees and cafeedjees—was at MR. PUNCH's orders. But with a majestic wave of the hand, at once gracious and unmistakeable, that potentate dismissed the backsheesh-breathing brood.

"When PUNCH visits a poor country, 'tis to make it richer not poorer; and when PUNCH meets a Pyramid, it must be alone!"

So he went, and gazed, and climbed—with no escort of clamorous touts or howling donkey-drivers to mar the solemnity of that great encounter between the mightiest of mirth-makers and the most majestic of monuments.

Unaided, except by the tail of Toby, he climbed the highest of those sepulchral giants, and stood, at last, on the platform that forms its apex—awe-struck, awe-striking, and—save for his faithful Toby, alone!

Morning had not yet broken. The sun was just peeping above the eastern horizon, little expecting on what a guest his eye would fall. Above PUNCH's head still twinkled the stars; below him gleamed the Desert sands through the mist of Nile.

But PUNCH questioned not the Stars of the Future they will not reveal; nor the Sands of the Past they hold buried. His eye followed the opalescent winding of the New Cut—not that which binds the transpontine Roads of Waterloo and Blackfriars, but that which, interpontine, links the roadsteads of Alexandria and Suez—the Canal which LORD PALMERSTON did his best to burke, and M. LESSEPS his better, to plan, preach up, finance, and finish—the Canal which swallowed a great many thousands of Egyptian fellahs' lives, and more thousands of European fellows' capital—the Canal which drained the KHEDIVE's spare cash, and opened a new road to India,—the Canal of Good Hope, *vice* the Cape of ditto superseded.

"And *that*," soliloquised PUNCH, "is the Sewer of Sewers"—("Suez," barked TOBY, correctively)—"into which England is about to throw Four Millions of her money—unless Parliament thinks better of it, that is,—which is quite possible!"

"And is Four Millions, or four times four, a penny too much for BRITANNIA to pay for her Indian door-key?" Such was the question that vibrated on PUNCH's *tympanum* in a thin and thrilling voice, at once foreign and familiar, strangely blending melodious music, cynical mockery, and muffled meaning.

Upon that platform, from which Sixty-Eight Volumes of PUNCH, arm-in-arm with Forty Centuries of Time, were now contemplating the world at their feet, save MR. PUNCH himself, was none of articulate-speaking mortals who could have put the question. Was it PUNCH's thought made audible in the stillness of that weird solitude? Was it the Mummy of

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KING CHEOPS—still sarcophagused in the labyrinthine recesses of the star-y-pointing Pyramid, to mock generations of Egyptologists, past, present, and to come—that had all at once found a tongue within his desiccated jaws? Was it TOBY, suddenly revealed as Anubis, his ancestral Egyptian god, with his bark translated by the *genius loci* into intelligible oracle?

"Own the *coup* a master-stroke, worthy of our great forefather MOSES, who first taught Jews the spoiling of Egyptians." They were the same accents, but this time with a dry chuckle making a running bass to their music. And then PUNCH knew it was the voice of the Great Asian Mystery—the utterance of the riddling oracle of Semitic wisdom—the speech of the inscrutable, immutable, unfathomable SPHINX. Yes, they were the great granite lips of the Colossal Head—which reared its impassive brow and stony eye-balls from the waves of the sand-sea far below—that sent forth that mysterious music. And PUNCH braced himself for the encounter; for he knew that the Inexhaustible Fountain of Double Acrostics was about to be let loose upon him, and that, like ŒDIPUS, he must answer aright, or die. But asking questions, especially of the SPHINX, is easier than answering them; so PUNCH determined to put in his cross-fire of interrogatories, before the Great Fountain-head of Mystery could flash forth its riddle.

"You call MOSES your great forefather?"

"Is not the SPHINX of the seed of the SEPHARDIM?"

"Of what tribe?"

"Of the tribe of BENJAMIN."

"Then you are not Egyptian?"

"Neither of the Copts, nor the Fellaheen, nor the Hyksos. I am a Hebrew of the Hebrews—and never felt so proud of my blood as now."

"But how came you to be left behind when the rest of your race emigrated from the Land of Goshen?"

"The tribes had a great deal of money out on good security, and I stayed to look after it. Do you suppose our dealings with Pharaoh's people began and ended with the unredeemed pledges we carried across the Red Sea?"

Here the granite lips curled contemptuously, and a sudden darkness—it might have been the shadow of a cloud, but it had all the effect of a wink—passed across one of the stony eyeballs.

"But this purchase of the KHEDIVE'S Canal Shares?"

"'What is the best investment BRITANNIA can make of Four Millions?' Such was the riddle propounded to LORD DERBY—by me—through one of our people. Of course he couldn't answer it—when was ever Foreign Secretary of English Blood that could? But there was one set over him—a son of my seed—my BENJAMIN. He sent the answer by return of post; and another son of my people, though of the scorned ASHKENAZIM, stood, with the millions ready to draw on at sight. And so the Great Riddle of the SPHINX was answered—and the SPHINX can smile to see that her seed is not degenerate,—that her sons still know, and teach by example, that there are roads which it may be worth wise men's while to pave with gold——"

"And with what is more precious even than gold, O SPHINX!" shouted PUNCH. "Here goes for the first stone of that inestimable pavement!" And with a majestic motion he hurled down to the Desert sands below, from which straightway burst forth a fountain of laughing waters—

Volume Sixty-Nine.



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Introduction.

VOLUME LXIX.——JULY TO DECEMBER, 1875.

THE DISRAELI CABINET.—1875.

First Lord of the Treasury	Right Hon. B. Disraeli (now Earl of Beaconsfield).
Lord Chancellor	Lord Cairns.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Sir Stafford H. Northcote, Bart.
Lord President of the Council	Duke of Richmond (now Duke of Richmond and Gordon), K.G.
Lord Privy Seal	Earl of Malmesbury, G.C.B.
Home Office	Right Hon. R. A. Cross.
Foreign Office	Earl of Derby.
Colonial Office	Earl of Carnarvon.
War Secretary	Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy.
Indian Secretary	Marquis of Salisbury.
Admiralty	Right Hon. G. Ward Hunt.
Postmaster-General	Lord John Manners.

POLITICAL SUMMARY.

PAGE PAGE

AMONGST the Parliamentary occurrences which fall within the half year now under review, perhaps the most prominent was the announcement by Mr. Disraeli of the intention of the Government to abandon the Merchant Shipping Bill in favour of the Agricultural Holdings Bill—it not being thought practicable to push both measures through Parliament before the Session closed. Mr. Plimsoll (M.P. for Derby), seeing once more the imminent frustration of his hope of remedying a great wrong—the loss of life at sea through the employment of unseaworthy ships—to the righting of which he had devoted himself with heart and soul for several years past, allowed his generous indignation to overcome his self-control, and was thereby led into a defiance of the rules of the House. Afterwards Mr. Plimsoll apologised for all such terms and expressions as were in transgression of Parliamentary usage, but without withdrawing any statement of facts. One good result arose out of these scenes. A temporary Bill was prepared and brought forward by the President of the Board of Trade. Mr. Plimsoll made known his wish that his own Merchant Shipping Bill should give way to the Government Measure, and, before the Session ended, that piece of temporary legislation, amended and improved in its progress through the Commons, so that finally it "reflected more of the spirit of the Member for Derby than of the Government Bill," became Law.

Accidents to our Navy form the frequent subject of comment and illustration in the ensuing pages. Of these the most serious happened on the First of September. On that day, while the Channel Fleet was cruising off the Coast of Wicklow, two of its large ironclad Men-of-war, the *Vanguard* and *Iron Duke*, came into collision in a fog, when the *Vanguard* was sunk, but happily without loss of life. The Court-Martial which was held on the Captain and Officers of the *Vanguard* for the loss of their ship, attributed the disaster mainly to the high rate of speed at which the squadron was proceeding during the fog—thereby implying a censure of Vice-Admiral Tarleton, who was in command of the Fleet—dismissed Captain Dawkins from his ship for not having taken the right steps to save the vessel, and reprimanded the other Superior Officers. This finding of the Court was partially reversed by the Lords of the Admiralty, who, in an official minute, signified their opinion that the accident was not owing to an undue rate of speed, and that the Admiral was not to blame on that point. They approved of the sentence passed on the Captain and other Officers of the *Vanguard*, and, in addition, dismissed from the *Iron Duke* the Officer of the Watch at the time of the collision. This difference of opinion did not tend to increase public confidence in the management of the Navy.

On the last day of July, a few days before Parliament rose for the Recess, the Admiralty issued "Instructions with reference to the question how far Officers in command of Her Majesty's ships are justified in receiving on board Fugitive Slaves, who, escaping from their Masters, may claim the protection of the British Flag." This was the notorious Fugitive Slave Circular, "an ill-advised document"—to quote the *Annual Summary* of the *Times*—"for which the Foreign Office was, perhaps, really responsible. Local disputes and embarrassments had arisen in some foreign ports where the presence of English ships of war offered tempta-

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PAGE

tions of escape to Slaves. . . . It was probably expedient to furnish Naval Officers with instructions. . . . but there was no occasion for publicity, nor is it easy to comprehend the motives which induced some indiscreet functionary of the Admiralty or the Foreign Office to provoke a storm of indignation by the issue of an elaborate Circular on Fugitive Slaves. . . . Commanders of the Queen's ships were directed not only to refuse an asylum to Slaves in foreign waters, but to surrender, on their return to port, fugitives who might have come on board on the high seas. The Circular was instantly denounced on independent grounds by two classes of objectors who might, jointly or separately, be considered to include the whole community. It was apparently implied in the Circular that an English Man-of-war was subject to foreign jurisdiction; and the national antipathy to Slavery was flagrantly disregarded."

Public indignation had its effect. The Government found it necessary first to suspend this unpopular Circular, then to withdraw it, and, finally, at the end of the year, to issue amended instructions of a more satisfactory character.

An insurrection, which broke out in July, in the province of Herzegovina, in European Turkey, adjoining Servia, Montenegro, Bosnia, and on the west Austrian Dalmatia, was the beginning of troubles which led to an act of quasi-bankruptcy on the part of Turkey, and to the revival of the portentous Eastern Question. Local grievances were the origin of the rebellion. The provocation was given by the oppressive conduct of the Mahomedan landowners, following on a deficient harvest. The struggle caused a drain on the Turkish Exchequer (already impoverished) so exhausting, that a collapse of the Empire seemed imminent, to the grave danger of the peace of Europe. But the Great Powers showed themselves sincerely desirous to avert such a perilous crisis, and agreed upon a course of Diplomatic Action, which it was hoped would result in the pacification of the Insurgent districts, still at the close of the year in active revolt.

"To the English Public the chief immediate inconvenience caused by the wretched state into which the affairs of Turkey had fallen, in consequence of the Herzegovinian Insurrection, and her generally disorganised condition, both provincial and central, was her decision, announced early in October, to pay during the next five years half only of the Dividend on her State Debt, by far the largest portion of which was in the books of British Bondholders."—*Annual Register*. Bonds bearing five per cent. interest were to be given for the other moiety of the Dividend.

Towards the end of November much surprise and interest were aroused by an announcement that the British Government, subject to the approval of Parliament, had bought from the KHEDIVE OF EGYPT, for the sum of £4,000,000, all his shares in the Suez Canal, amounting to about nine-twentieths, or approaching one-half of the entire number. The KHEDIVE had attempted to sell his Shares to a French Financial Company, and on the failure of this negotiation, his offer to transfer them to our Government was immediately accepted.

NOTES.

1 **The Common Complaint.**—For the case of the GUICOWAR OF BARODA, *see* "Introduction" to last volume. BARING is the family name of the EARL OF NORTHBROOK, the Viceroy of India. The MARQUIS OF SALISBURY was Secretary of State for India

7 **A "Blaze of Triumph!!"** (*Cartoon*).—*See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 2 (*Monday*)—"MR. CROSS's Employers and Workmen Bill."

14 **Words after Walt Whitman** [American Poet].—REV. H. W. BEECHER, the American popular preacher, had been charged by MR. TILTON with criminality with MRS. TILTON. A committee of MR. BEECHER'S congregation reported that the charge was without any foundation, but meanwhile MR. TILTON commenced a civil suit against MR. BEECHER.

15 **"Rotten Row on the Embankment."**—Refers to the proposed construction of a "Ride" for equestrians on the Thames Embankment.

17 **Church Preservation** (*Cartoon*).—*See* "JOHN'S answer to WILLIAM'S question," p. 15.

21 **A City Chair (of Ease).**—The reference is to a vacancy in one of the Professorships at Gresham College in the City, the duties of which were not laborious.

22 **Canada's Luck.**—The EARL OF DUFFERIN was at this time Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada.

26 **"Masterly Inactivity."**—The progress of Russia in Central Asia was regarded by some with suspicion and alarm. "Masterly inactivity" was a phrase employed to describe LORD LAWRENCE'S policy, when Governor-General of India.

27 **Nulli Secundus.**—*See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 24 (*Tuesday*).—"MR. WHALLEY moved."

29 **Position Optional** (*Cartoon*).—The line of action taken both by the Government and the Opposition this Session was open to the charge of being of the "take it easy" character. (Every year at Wimbledon there is a rifle match between the Lords and Commons.)

34 **To Let.**—SIGNOR SALVINI, the Italian tragic actor, had performed this year at Drury Lane as *Othello* with marked success.

34 **Crede Byron** [the Byron Family Motto.]
42 **The Byron Statue.**
This month (July) a public meeting was held in London (MR. DISRAELI in the Chair), to promote the erection of a statue of LORD BYRON.

42 **Sors Shakspeariana.**—A. and W. COLLIE, who suspended payment this summer with enormous liabilities, were afterwards brought up at Guildhall on a charge of obtaining large sums of money from the London and Westminster Bank on false pretences. While the case was under investigation, A. COLLIE absconded.

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PAGE

43 **Ireland's Victory.**—Ireland was the winner this year in the International Rifle Competition at Wimbledon.

43 **Sir R. Phillimore's Judgment.** 48 **Neck or Nothing.** JENKINS *v.* COOK, was an ecclesiastical suit in the Arches Courts. The plaintiff had been refused the Communion by the defendant, his parish clergyman, on the ground of his disbelief in the personality of the Devil, &c.

44 **A Plea for Plimsoll.**—*See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 36 (*Thursday*)—"MR. DISRAELI rose to announce."

45 **Appeal for a Lincolnshire Worthy.**—*See* "Notes" to Vol. 67, p. 181. REV. J. W. KING, whose turf name was "MR. LAUNDE," had since died. *Holy Friar* was one of his horses.

49 **"Doing Penance"** (*Cartoon*). 53 **On a Proposed Abandonment.** *See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 36 (*Thursday*)—"MR. DISRAELI rose to announce;" and p. 47, (*Thursday*)—"A perceptible marine flavour."

51 **A City Mayor's Nest.**—There had been an International Banquet, given by the LORD MAYOR, at Guildhall.

59 **Pickpockets in the City** (*Cartoon*).—Honduras and other South American Securities had proved a most unfortunate speculation to credulous investors. The Foreign Loans Committee in their Report expressed strong opinions on the unsoundness and deceptiveness of the system adopted in launching the Loans, especially in the creation of fictitious markets on the Stock Exchange.

61 **The Bakerian Lecture.**—At the recent Croydon Assizes, COLONEL BAKER had been tried before MR. JUSTICE BRETT and convicted of an assault on a young lady in a railway carriage.

81 **"Save Me from My Friends!"** (*Cartoon*).—This month (August) the centenary of DANIEL O'CONNELL's birth was celebrated in Ireland. The antagonism between the Ultramontane and Nationalist parties showed itself in Dublin in disorderly proceedings both at the outdoor meeting and at the evening banquet.

86 **What the Prince found at Sheffield.**—The PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES had been visiting Sheffield on the occasion of the opening of a Public Park, the gift of the Mayor (MR. FIRTH) to the town.

88 **Motto for Major Dickson.**—Refers to a recent election in which MR. AHMED KENEALY (a son of DR. KENEALY) had been an unsuccessful candidate.

91 **The Channel Question Solved** (*Cartoon*). 93 **Webb Across the Water.** CAPTAIN WEBB had swum across the Channel (from Dover to Calais) in 21¾ hours.

95 **The Last of the Thames Valley Elephants.**—Fossil remains of elephants had been discovered in the Thames Valley.

96 **A Rotten Pair.**—*See* these "Notes," p. 42.

101 **Permissive Recreation** (*Cartoon*).—The *Annual Register* describes the Government legislation of the Session as generally "tentative, permissive, not boldly decisive either in prohibition or enactment, in fact, leaving things very much as they were as to all practical results." Hughenden is MR. DISRAELI's country seat in Buckinghamshire, where he was at this time spending his vacation.

PAGE

The Model Man-of-War. **Loss and Gain** (*Cartoon*). **Who's to Blame?** (*Cartoon*). For the loss of the *Vanguard*, *see* "Introduction." 105 111 121

Rarae Natantes.—CAPTAIN WEBB'S great swimming exploit (*see* pp. 91, 93) had produced many imitations. MISSES BECKWITH and PARKER were both very expert performers in the water. 115

Addendum to "Yankee Doodle."—This refers to MCCLOSKEY, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, the first American Cardinal. He was advanced to that dignity by Pope PIUS IX. 127

In-Solent Behaviour.—Refers to a distressing accident in the Solent—a collision between the QUEEN'S yacht and a private yacht, the *Mistletoe*, which happened while Her Majesty was crossing from Osborne to Gosport, on her way to Scotland. The *Mistletoe* was sunk and three lives were lost. Private vessels had been in the practice of approaching too near the Royal Yacht from motives of loyalty or curiosity. 128

The Flag of Freedom (*Cartoon*). **Ward Hunt to his Friend Punch.** For the Fugitive Slave Circular, *see* "Introtion." 131 147

Punch on the Bridge. **A Nasty Dose.** Refer to plans for widening and as some thought, spoiling, London Bridge. The eminent civil engineer, MR. GREGORY, had been consulted by the Court of Common Council on the subject. 134 143

A Growl from Jack Frost.—Artificial skating rinks were at this time the rage, the dominant fashionable mania. 144

Ravens on the "Railway Jubilee."—*See* "A Giant's Jubilee," p. 140, and, "The Golden Wedding" (*Cartoon*), p. 141. 144

Flourish Felstead.—*See* "Generosity and Grammar School," p. 128. 146

"Bon Voyage!" (*Cartoon*).—On the 11th of this month (October), the PRINCE OF WALES quitted England on his journey to India. 153

General Shut-up.—*See* "Another Glory Going," p. 151 161

A Turkish Bath (*Cartoon*).—For the financial affairs of Turkey, *see* "Introduction." 165

To the Serapis.—The *Serapis* was the steamer which conveyed the PRINCE OF WALES from Brindisi to India. 167

Cruel but Compendious Criticism.—One of MR. IRVING'S earliest and greatest successes was in a piece called *The Bells*. 169

Neptune's Warning (*Cartoon*).—Illustrates recent disasters of our Ironclads. 177

The New Alderman.—MR. NOTTAGE, of the London Stereoscopic Company, and SIR JOHN BENNETT, the well-known clock and watch maker in Cheapside were rival candidates for the vacant Aldermanship of the Cordwainer Ward in the City of London. MR. NOTTAGE was elected. 181

Our Compliments to the Chasseurs d'Afrique.—A dinner had been given at the Alexandra Palace to the survivors of the heroic "Charge of the Light Brigade," at Balaklava in the Crimean War, on the twenty-first anniversary of that battle. BARON DE GRANCEY of the Chasseurs d'Afrique spoke to the toast of "Our Gallant Allies." A 185

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PAGE

trophy was erected in the Palace, and relics of the engagement were exhibited.

187 **Black Sheep in the City** (*Cartoon*).—The diplomatic representatives in this country of the South American States exposed by the Report of the Foreign Loans Committee, were not invited this year, as usual, to the Guildhall Banquet on Lord Mayor's Day. An invitation was sent to defaulting Turkey (*see* "Introduction"), but the Turkish Ambassador was not present at the dinner.

189 **L'Affaire Darnley.**
192 **Effects of the Wet Weather.** } *See* "Gentlemen—LORD DARNLEY!" p. 180.

191 **Charge of the Light Brigade.**
204 **Suggested Epitaph.** } *See* these "Notes," p. 185.

199 **Settled at Last!** (*Cartoon*).—*See* "The Wedding of Law and Equity," p. 198. The new High Court of Judicature was opened in Westminster Hall on the 2nd of this month (November).

201 **An Omission Supplied.**—The reference is to the birth of another Princess, the second child of the DUKE and DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

204 **Change of Name.**—*See* "Introduction"—the *Vanguard*.

209 **Disinterested Advisers** (*Cartoon*).—*See* "Introduction"—Turkey.

213 **Change of Name.**—Great dissatisfaction was felt by shareholders at the management of the Emma Silver Mine Company, and new Directors had been chosen in the room of the old ones who resigned.

217 **The New Judge-Advocate.**—MR. G. CAVENDISH BENTINCK had been appointed Judge-Advocate General by MR. DISRAELI.

217 **Alter et Idem.**—The spires and towers of Oxford—a city very liable to floods—are conspicuous from whatever point it is viewed. SPIERS AND POND are well-known refreshment contractors.

225 **My Awful Dad.**—The title of a new and successful piece in which CHARLES MATHEWS played the principal part. There were disastrous floods this summer and autumn.

226 **Town and Gown.**—Refers to some "Town and Gown" disturbances at Cambridge. The Mayor's name was DEATH.

228 **Money's Worth for the Money.**
238 **To a Host of Correspondents.**
245 **"Mosé in Egitto!!!"** (*Cartoon*). } For Suez Canal, *see* "Introduction."

230 **The St. Leonard's Will Case.**—The Will of that great lawyer, LORD ST. LEONARDS (lately deceased), could not be found at his death, although it was well-known that he had prepared one of an elaborate character. The case came before the Court of Probate, and the Judge decided in favour of the acceptance of the provisions of the missing Will as described in evidence by the HON. MISS SUGDEN, the testator's daughter.

PAGE

Fashionable Fixtures for 1876.
A Dream of Unfair Women. } *See* "Criminal Court Costume," p. 227. 230 252

"Throw Him Over!" (*Cartoon*).—The man at the wheel is (the late) MR. WARD HUNT, at this time First Lord of the Admiralty. His colleagues are indicated on the left-hand side. The *Vanguard* and other disasters (*see* "Introduction") had created a feeling in the minds of many persons that the control of the Navy should be in different hands. 233

What the Cardinal did at Oxford.—CARDINAL MANNING had lately been at Oxford to open a new Roman Catholic church. In early life, before his secession from the Church of England, he was a distinguished member of the University. 236

A Good Move.
Our Krieg's-Spiel (*Cartoon*). } A scheme for the mobilisation of the army had recently been put forth by the War Office. It was designed to supply deficiencies in the system originated by MR. CARDWELL when Secretary for War. Mobilisation has been defined as "a set of regulations intended to provide for the conversion of the military material of the country into an army as soon as ever it may be required for action." In the Cartoon the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, as Commander-in-Chief, and MR. GATHORNE HARDY, as Secretary for War, are explaining the new scheme to BRITANNIA. 251 257

Christmas à la Mode (*Cartoon*).—The rage for Rinks for artificial skating (concrete floors for wheel-skates) has already been noticed, *see* p. 144. 267

A Fytte of Hackney Downs.—A meeting had been held on these Downs to protest against a partial enclosure. The palings which surrounded this inclosure were pulled down by some of those who were present. 271

A Revival.—Refers to the purchase of Suez Canal Shares by England (*see* "Introduction"), and the view taken of the transaction in Russia. 273

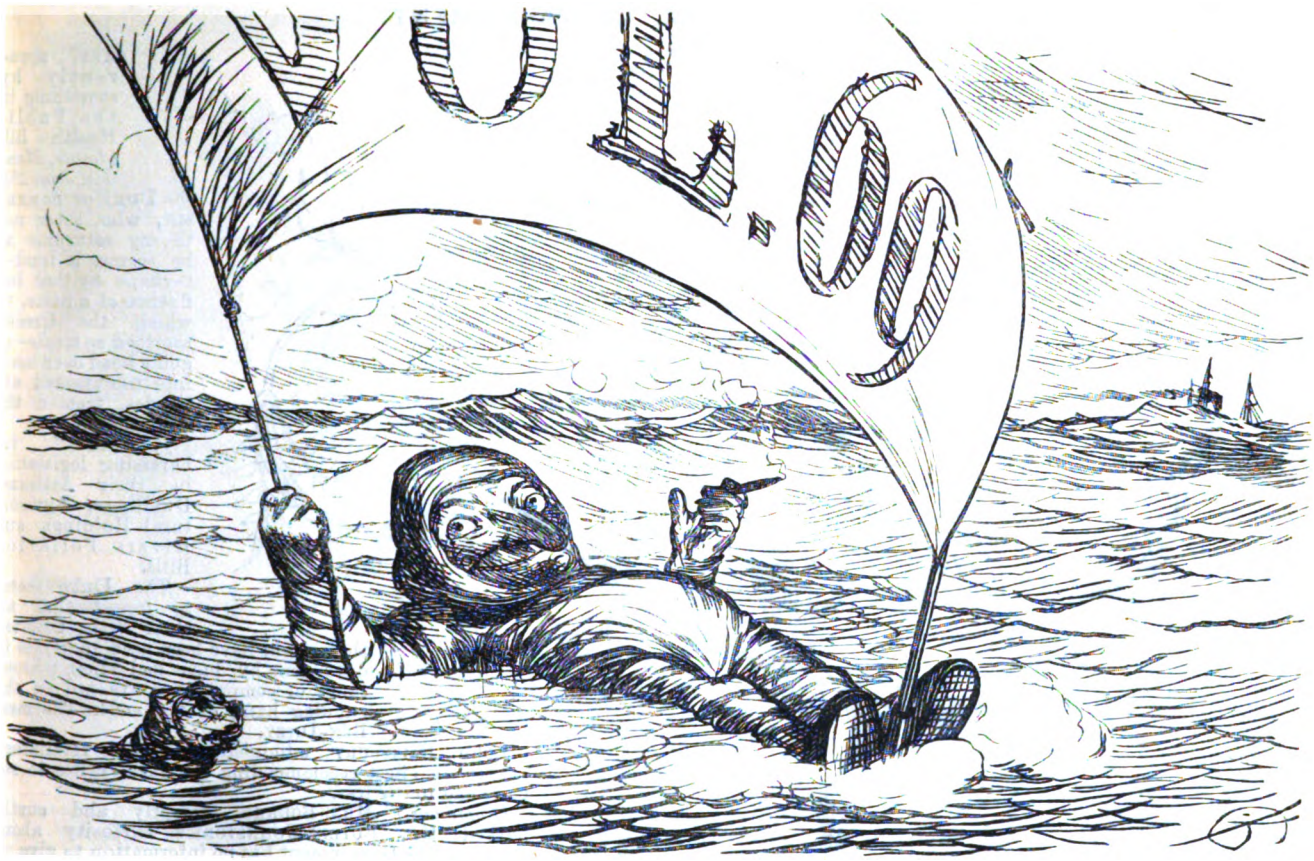
Not to be Wondered At.—*See* these "Notes," p. 128. 274

The New Year's Look-out (*Cartoon*).—For the Eastern Question, *see* "Introduction." 279

Motto, &c.—The RIGHT HON. STEPHEN CAVE, Paymaster-General, had gone from this country on a special mission to Egypt, for the purpose of re-organising its Finance. 284

A Useful Manufacture (*Cartoon*).—On the 22nd of December, the *Goliath*—a training ship for poor London street boys—was destroyed by fire in the Thames, off Grays, on the Essex shore. The boys behaved admirably well, and displayed great discipline. 289

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WHAT IT MAY—BUT LET'S HOPE IT WON'T—COME TO!

(Dedicated, with Mr. Punch's compliments, to the "United Artillerists.")

HOUSE OF COMMONS. JUNE —TH, 187—?

THE SPEAKER took the Chair at four o'clock.

MAJOR SMITH then rose to propose his Motion (of which he had given notice during the previous sitting), that "this Honourable House do immediately form itself into a Committee to consider the present condition of the Woolwich guns." The Honourable and Gallant Member said that it was most advisable that the House should examine the rival plans submitted by those who were in favour of breech-loading, on the one hand, and——

An Honourable Member apologised for interrupting his honourable and gallant friend, but he wished to ask a question of the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR. ("*Hear, hear!*") Was it true that the enemy had landed on the previous evening at Dover, as reported in the morning papers? (*Cheers.*)

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR was understood to request the Honourable Member to give notice of his question in the customary manner.

MAJOR SMITH continued his speech. He said that it was most important that every one should understand the principle of breech-loading artillery.

Another Honourable Member apologised for interrupting the Honourable and Gallant Member, but he wished to ask the HOME SECRETARY a question of some importance. ("*Hear, hear!*") Was it true that the enemy had that morning occupied Dorking, as reported in the second edition of the *Times*? (*Cheers.*)

The HOME SECRETARY was understood to say that he considered that no attention should be paid to reports published in the press.

MAJOR SMITH continued his speech. He said that muzzle-loading had been generally adopted in the Service until attention had been called to the many defects of that system. The matter had often been ventilated in that House. ("*Hear, hear!*") Hon. Members would remember that the matter had consequently been allowed to remain *in statu quo* for some time.

A third Honourable Member apologised for interrupting the Honourable and Gallant Member, but he wished to put a question to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. ("*Hear, hear!*") Was there any truth in the report (current in the City) that the enemy had just taken the Bank of England? (*Cheers.*)

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was understood to admit that a rumour to that effect had certainly reached the Treasury. The Right Honourable Gentleman begged to add, however, that the report required official confirmation.

MAJOR SMITH continued his speech. He said it was most desirable that this great country (the most powerful in the world) should be prepared to meet any emergency.

At this point, a General of the enemy (who had just entered the House) called the attention of the SPEAKER to the fact that there were not forty Members present.

House Counted Out at twenty minutes past four o'clock.

THE COMMON COMPLAINT.

WESTMINSTER'S Duke and Stratford's FLOWER,*
Gagged steed who cannot speak his pains,
Baroda's GUICOWAR, hurled from power,
One protest urge—'gainst "Bearing-Reins."

Nay, more, when NORTHBROOK'S self finds hard
To brook the chafe of SALISBURY'S chains,
He too, "hoised with his own petard,"
Like those four, kicks at "Bearing-Reins."†

* See this gentleman's unanswerable pamphlet, *Bits and Bearing-Reins*, now in a Third Edition. Its Author has a quadruple title to *Mr. Punch's* respect, as the brewer of some of the best beer, and one of the best judges, best riders, and best masters of a horse in England.

† Some would spell the word "Baring."

Last Month's Music.

MR. MECHI, in the *Times*, tells the Farmers good tidings, which may also be pleasant to SIR MICHAEL COSTA and SIGNOR VIANESI. It has, he says, proved that—

"A dripping June brings all things in tune."

Except, MR. MECHI—of course, except the organ-grinders.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



VEXED, apparently by something in the Public Health Bill (*Lords, Monday, June* 28), the DUKE OF SOMERSET, who, sober not to say saturnine as he seems, is fond—perhaps by that influence of a name, to which the Greeks ascribed so much—of going head over heels into unexpected attitudes, treated the Government to a "jobation" for harassing legislation in their Artisans' Dwellings, Agricultural Holdings, and Rivers Pollution Bills.

The Duke seems to forget that all these Bills, however they might have been used to harass in days gone by, have had their poison-fangs of compulsion extracted by the cunning hand of the snake-charmer, BEN-DIZZY.

LORD SALISBURY administered some retaliatory pepper, in effect recommending his ducal critic to see more and to say less.

(*Commons.*) MR. BOURKE promptly and curtly burked MR. BUTLER-JOHNSTONE'S curiosity about Greece. The Government has no information to give on the very disagreeable subject; but has no reason to believe that Greece is more a-broil, or a-bubble, or a-stew, or a-fret—however the normal condition of Greece may best be described—than usual.

MR. CROSS'S Employers and Workmen Bill read a Second Time, to a general chorus of commendation. Never did performer in the Legislative "ground and lofty line" make his bow amid a more brilliant blaze of triumph.

Appreciating the difficulty of getting the Lamb of Labour and the Lion of Capital—or should the brutes and attributes be counter-changed?—to lie down together, and honouring good intentions—particularly when they escape consignment to the paving department "down-stairs,"—*Punch* is proud to present MR. CROSS his compliments, with a Cartoon.

As artful composers enhance their harmonies by a subtle dash of discord, any risk of mawkishness in this chorus of "Bravo CROSS!" was obviated by the harsh discords and unpleasing sharps of LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, who denounced MR. CROSS as "a captive to the cloven hoof of Capital," bent on beating down wages, and making a slave of the Working-man; defended "rattening" and "picketting," as mere Working-men's counterparts of distraint and Parliamentary "whipping;" and, generally, dragged his coat through the fair in a spirited, though decidedly exaggerated, imitation of the wild Irish boy, challenging such unanimity of disavowal as the House of Commons seldom concedes to even the most full-blown folly.

MR. CROSS really deserves such great credit that *Punch* is not nice to mark what the House may have given him over and above strict measure.

MESSRS. BURT and MACDONALD, Working-men Members, energetically disclaimed agreement with LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE, and admitted the honest intent, fairness, and general merits of the HOME SECRETARY'S Bill:—

Then,

Irrepressible HUBBARD
The House took to snub hard,
Sinking Fund when he moved to postpone:
Not a seconder there
Could he get, so, *sans pair*,
MISTER HUBBARD was snuffed out alone!

Tuesday (*Lords*).—Half-a-dozen Bills were rattled through Committee with a Chifney rush before their Lordships adjourned at twenty-five minutes to six.

(*Commons*). At two, MR. LOWE—*quantum mutatus ab illo*, LOWE—brought forward the grievances of the Competition-Wallahs, who "in the cold North (West)'s unhallowed shade" languish under slow promotion and small salaries, while more favoured servants, civil and military, who had never passed the *al Sirat* of competition, fly over their heads on wings of favour, or from the spring-board of the backstairs. He—even he—the BOB LOWE, whom we knew with such a grim scorn of grievances and grievance-mongers, and such a close grip on JOHN BULL'S purse-strings—suggested *pecuniary compensation*—what it is to be out of office!—but ended by asking for a Select Committee. The India Office admits there is a grievance, and will urge it on the Indian Government. On this assurance the Right Honourable ROBERT LOWE retired from his unwonted position, and withdrew his Motion and his demand.

LORD ELCHO asked MR. HARDY whether it was the fact that of seven thousand Army Reserve men invited to attend the Summer

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"MANNERS."

Parlour Maid (to Cook). "I KNOWED THAT MR. SMITH WASN'T NO GENTLEMAN! WHICH HE NEVER RAISED HIS 'AT TO ME WHEN I LET 'IM OUT AT THE 'ALL DOOR JUST NOW!!"

Drills, only twenty had sent an answer. MR. HARDY indignantly denied it. Answers had been received from 114 out of fewer, he was certain, than 7000 to whom summons had been sent, though he couldn't exactly say how many had been asked. But it is pretty clear that—many or few—our paper-reserve, in the field *non est inventus*. "Mock Reserves," the cynic may say, "suit mock Manœuvres."

In the evening a Count-Out, and no business done.

Wednesday.—An Irish morning's work on MR. BUTT'S Bill for Establishing Irish County Boards.

SIR M. H. BEACH gave a sketch of what such Boards, in the Government opinion, ought to be, and promised a Bill, but *not* for this Session. After which promise, MR. BUTT, taking a division, was beaten by 182 to 125—many English Liberals being glad to show their approval of a reasonable measure out of *that* Butt.

Thursday (*Lords*).—Committee on the Rivers Pollution Bill, now very scientifically relieved of its back-bone:—

"The times have been
That when the brains were out the 'Bill' would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
Nerveless and marrowless, their 'musts' turned 'mays,'
To keep us on our stools."

(*Commons.*) MR. HARDY spoke a good word—not before it was wanted, and not more, *Punch* quite believes, than is due—on behalf of those armed Apollos of the Knightsbridge Barracks who may be said to make the "six-foot way" over the hearts of the British nursemaid of the Metropolis. Their conduct, MR. HARDY says, is unexceptionable; their officers strict; their houses of call *sans reproche*. It is not the military—the mounted military, at least—that keep up the blackguard haunts of the neighbourhood. So let our gallant Life and Horse Guardsman—red or blue—ride on, stainless as his own pipe-clayed buckskins in their first hour of wear—

"Sotto l'usbergo dell sentirsi puro."

Or (for the benefit of non-readers of DANTE in the original)—

"Under the corslet of a conscience pure."

As introductory to Supply, on the Education Estimates, LORD ESLINGTON told the pitiful story of MRS. MARKS in full detail—showing how the School-Board officer's zeal had in that case outrun both discretion and humanity, and moving a Resolution. MR. SANDFORD seconded it in a diatribe on School-Boards, in which those Boards were painted blacker than any hung in their own school-rooms.

There is truth enough in MR. SANDFORD'S picture to make those who believe in and hope from, and have striven and still strive for, National Education, wince under the sore sense of means wasted and efforts misdirected.

But bad as the case may be between priggish and pedantic masters and mistresses, over-taught in much that is least necessary and sadly under-taught in most that is most essential, and pupils who cannot even be got to school and kept there long enough to learn anything that will profit them,—it is better than it was; and the Education Department is trying honestly to fulfil its many hard tasks, and to make the best of its many bad bargains. We are improving, however slowly and partially. To this the general testimony seems conclusive.

Friday (*Lords*).—A talk about the glut of Naval Officers. The DUKE OF SOMERSET put the pinch of the matter pithily—"To have officers enough in war, you must have too many in peace." In fact, it is the necessity felt in other branches besides the Navy of a "great reduction on taking a quantity." The difficulty may be palliated but can't be prevented; and different Boards must be left to deal with it by different schemes.

LORD DUNSANY thought that the success of CAPTAIN WALTER with his Commissionnaire Corps might supply a hint for employment of reduced Naval Officers!—very much reduced, indeed!

(*Commons.*) The Captain of the *Devastation* reports her (from Ragusa) "the sweetest ship, between decks, he ever sailed in." And "the ugliest, above them, to look at," he might have added.

Great fun! The Members for Weymouth, Poole, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, and Southampton all puffing the advantages of their respective boroughs over Dartmouth as the site of a Naval College!

It was quite a lark. The House roared, as each Member, with his tongue in his cheek, paraded the claims of his constituency. Finally, MR. CHILDERS suggested a doubt, which Saturday's *Times* goes far to deepen into a conviction, whether there is any occasion for a Naval College at all. If the Cadets are not to go afloat till sixteen, why not fix a pass-examination, and leave them to qualify for it where, and as, parents and guardians please.

MR. BOURKE (for Foreign Office) declines to produce the instructions on which LORDS COWLEY and CLARENDON signed the Declaration of Paris; and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER does not see his way to interfere with the Civil Service Co-operative Stores, at the demand of the London Shopkeepers.

PHYSIC FOR TIPSY MANIACS.

AMONG the principal members of the deputation, consisting largely of Clergy and Medical Men, who waited the other day upon the HOME SECRETARY with a Memorial inviting the Government to carry out the recommendations of a Select Committee for the control and management of Habitual Drunkards, otherwise called Dipsomaniacs, one gentleman whose name in connection with his errand may appear remarkable was DR. LUSH, M.P. Dipsomania is both the effect of lush, and the cause of craving for more lush. By lush Dipsomania is also curable. *Similia similibus*—not exactly as the Dipsomaniac, or sot, as we used to say, physics himself o' mornings with the prescription of "a hair of the dog that bit you." But let him only pursue a steady course of intoxicating liquors, taken in infinitesimal quantities and no larger, and lush will certainly cure him. Homœopathy never fails in Dipsomania.

TOAST AND SENTIMENT FOR JULY.

SUCCESS to the Public Worship Bill, now come into operation. May it enforce agreement between their Reverences and their Worships.

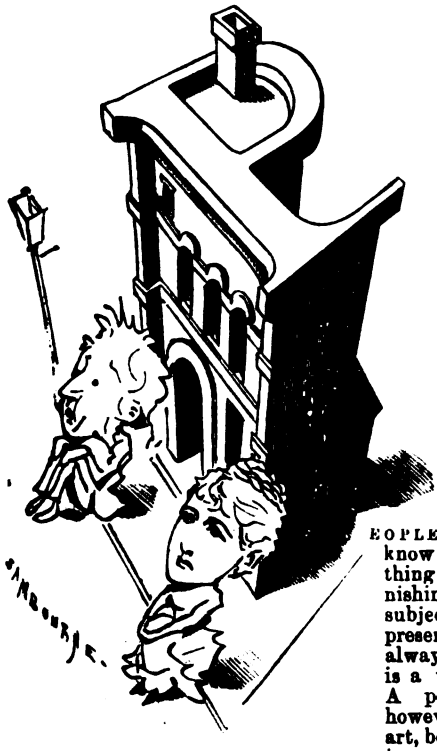
WHAT THIS GOVERNMENT MIGHT BE CALLED.—The Permissive Ministry.

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THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., *and Hon. Member of the Dulli-dillitanty Society.*



PEOPLE nowadays know simply nothing about furnishing, on which subject, everyone, present company always excepted, is a perfect fool. A perfect fool, however, is, in art, better than an imperfect fool.

Anybody possessing a house, and thoroughly pleased with it, will find fault with everybody else's house. When you take such a prejudiced individual into your dining-room, and show him the window, he will pooh-pooh it. If he does, after showing him the window, *show him the door.*



Household Decorative Art includes furniture, useful and useless.



Furnishing should be undertaken on the principle of Natural Selection.

Chairs.—The *utile* in a chair-frame, for example, should be combined with the *dulce* in the cushioning.

A chair, like an objectionably obtrusive person, is made to be sat upon.

That is the use of a chair. The abuse of a chair is what you say when the leg gives way, or the seat comes out suddenly.

If you are very hungry, you can carve the leg of a chair.

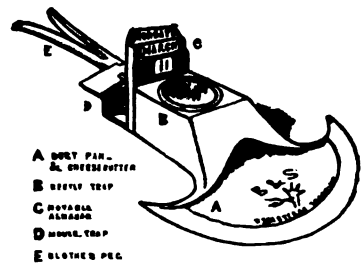


Easy Chair.—This sort of chair is so called from its being anything but easy to find one.

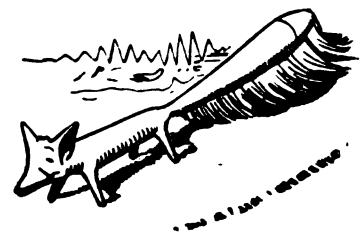
Everyone has his own ideas of comfort.

In a Grammar of Decorative Art, our first hint will, naturally, come under the heading of

Article.—There are all sorts of Articles required in a house, from an ornamental, and useful, dust-pan to a grand piano. Do not think



that your time will be wasted even in designing a dust-pan and a dust-brush. *Pan*, remember, was a classical divinity, and this will



give you a suggestion. If it won't, we can't help you, except by giving you a design of our own for a Gothic Dust Pan, representing the exterior of a Cathedral, with the Church-yard for the dust; Motto carved on the shovel, *Cineres Miserabiles*, *i.e.*, Miserable Cinders.



In furnishing there are definite articles (as the one abovementioned) and indefinite articles, as, for instance, anything we haven't mentioned, or are not likely to mention.

An Indefinite Article in *our* Grammar of Furniture is something that you don't know what on earth it is intended for—whether it's a bootjack, or a coal-scuttle, or an arm-chair, or a poker, or all by turns and nothing long?

Mind, if you can get an indefinite article which shall be equally serviceable as a poker or a gridiron or an arm-chair, or a grand piano, don't part with it on any account, for you have a treasure.

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The article may be singular, as, for example, something of this sort:—



Or it may be plural, which depends upon what reply you give to the shopman, when he rubs his hands, and inquires, "What's the next article, M'm?"



(To be continued.)

A BAKER ON LIGHT BREAD.

A LITERARY and logical Baker has written the letter below quoted on—

"THE BREAD QUESTION.

"*To the Editor of the Hampshire Independent.*

"SIR,—Having been a receiver of your valuable paper ever since its commencement, I beg a small space in it be allowed to me for satisfaction to the mind. I saw two letters in your paper of Saturday, the 5th inst., one from a convicted baker, the other (as I suppose) fearing conviction. They were both anonymously signed. I beg to ask why it was so unmanly done? In my opinion it is next to confession of their supposed guilt. A poor bread baker need not be ashamed of his name to withhold it from the public, as I firmly believe they have as honest a face as their convictor. The bakers have not robbed the public."

No. The Bakers have not robbed the Public of a crumb. Only—their apologist proceeds immediately to explain—

"They have deceived their customers by cutting short weight in dough, and lopping off a penny in the (supposed) eight-pound loaf."

Then, he indignantly demands—

"From whence comes the very letter of the law to be brought into action?"

In answer to that question our letter-writer confesses,

"I must say the bakers years gone by acted more like birds of prey to their brother batch for the sake of custom, which has brought a rod about our backs."

But the case is—

"Very different now, we sell bread all alike in price, but the scent has not left us."

Now the Bakers hang together, not, however, some people may think, as they deserve. They only get fined. But "the scent has not left" them. They remain in ill odour.

Next come the following liberal and candid admissions:—

"We all know we are bound by law to sell bread by weight. Had we kept so close to the law as we might have done this contention would never arose. I see but little fault to find with either magistrates or police; they have their duty to perform."

Still the Magistrates do the Bakers some injustice; but in venial ignorance:—

"At Southampton a police-constable stated to the Bench that other Bakers had been visited, and bread on weighing found some over weight. If the reader of the *Independent* will look in that paper he will see the reply from the Bench, and I can say 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they sayeth, being perfectly unacquainted with the trade.'"

The text pointing the above passage appears to have been quoted from the somewhat hazy reminiscence of a mind, let us hope, unaware rather than regardless of its inaccuracy—and impropriety. Argument succeeds iteration:—

"Suppose if a loaf is short weight, what then? When bread is sixteenpence per gallon it is only half a farthing per ounce—much less, then, now. We all know that bread gets lighter as it gets older. But is the virtue gone? No; it has increased in quality, or why do the people with large families prefer stale bread?"

Here our logician's acuteness fails him a little. Do not people with large families prefer stale bread chiefly because among children its consumption is less than that of new? However, he proceeds:—

"I don't suppose there is a doctor to be found that will recommend new bread to be eaten; it has always been considered injurious to health—but if stale when eaten. it is lighter in weight but improved in quality. Therefore, where is the evil?"

Why, the evil is in not allowing dough enough to the loaf—not applying the knowledge that bread loses weight out of the oven. But the plea that the improved quality of stale bread atones for its short quantity is admirable. So is the concluding peroration:—

"I do think the agitator of this vexed question would do wisely to bend his knees and pray for the safety of his own soul instead of persecuting poor innocent bread bakers. As for bakers being persecuted more than any other trade, we will pass that over with a grin. It would look very unseemly to see the miller's waggon cumbered up with his weights and scales as we poor bakers have been so long. But I see no reason for their exemption; paint us all with one brush. It's the law we have to contend with, and we shall have to abide by it till it is altered. But the agitator may not press the very letter of that law to be carried into execution in this law more than many others. Let him that is without a fault cast the first stone."

A text again—rather closer to the original this time. The Baker to whom we are indebted for the flowers above culled is no anonymous scribe. He signs himself as follows:—

"I am, Sir, &c., JOHN RICHARDS,
A convicted Baker; a bread baker, and seller of bread 39 years, and never served this trick before.

Branstone, I. W."

MR. RICHARDS is evidently himself not a flower that was "born to blush unseen"—if, indeed, to blush at all. He was "never served this trick before." That is, apparently, he was never before during thirty-nine years detected and fined. No doubt he sells excellent bread, and will take care in future to prevent any complaint that there is too little of it.

THE BASER SORT AT BIRMINGHAM.

FROM the subjoined statement it appears that the Electors of Birmingham include a very considerable quantity of what their Right Honourable Member calls the *residuum*:—

"DR. KENEALY, accompanied by MR. ONSLOW and MR. WHALLEY, went to Birmingham on Saturday, and was received at the railway station by a large crowd. The horses were taken from DR. KENEALY'S carriage, which was then drawn by the people. A meeting was held in the Town Hall in the evening, at which a letter was read from MR. JOHN BRIGHT, stating that he declined to attend. A resolution was passed pledging the meeting to use all legal and constitutional means for the restoration of the convict at Dartmoor to liberty."

Clearly MR. BRIGHT has a great many constituents who would be much more fitly represented by MR. ONSLOW, or MR. WHALLEY, or DR. KENEALY. They showed not so much respect to ORTON'S advocate as self-appreciation by drawing his carriage. For awhile they constituted that vehicle a donkey-chaise.

Osier for Elm.

THAT Earth may to Earth
Turn completely the quicker,
For elm of much worth,
Lay your Earth in cheap wicker.

Thus the living will reap
The amount which they save;
Whilst the dead soundly sleep
In both cradle and grave.

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A TREAT FOR THE SULTAN.

WE certainly have pretty nearly done our best, or worst, to tire our guest, the SULTAN. From sight to sight we've hurried him in weather fine or wet; by rail and road we've scurried him with speed he won't forget. We have bored him with big dinners and the banging of big guns; we have baited him with deputations, corporations, and the like; and we have brought him forth to balls, when he had rather have gone to bed.

But there is one thing in the way of wearying his Highness, which we have somehow neglectfully omitted. We have not given him an hour's drive in a licensed four-wheeled cab. This would have put a climax on the labours of his visit, and impressed it ineffaceably upon his recollection. The fatigue of being jolted in a shabby old four-wheeler, over a short distance of certain of our streets, would have made him think but lightly of the other ways of weariness wherewith we have afflicted him.

Seeing sights, and being spouted at by prosy deputations, would seem but trifling torments compared to being boxed up in a stuffy old four-wheeler, with rattling doors and windows, and attenuated springs; and after undergoing half-an-hour of such torture, the SULTAN doubtless would resolve to try it on the slave-traders whom he is endeavouring to suppress in Zanzibar. Moreover, it would certainly enhance his admiration of this country, accepting admiration as a synonym for wonder, which the Dictionary permits. Of all the wonders we have shown him, none would surely seem more marvellous than that a people esteemed civilised should content themselves with riding in such barbarous contrivances as are sanctioned by our Legislature; and that a nation who can build a world-defying iron-clad should be incapable of building a comfortable cab.

A LAWN PARTY.—The Upper House of Convocation.



"NOW, OR NEVER!"

(An Allegorical Sketch at Maidenhead.)

EMILY DISTINCTLY REFUSES TO TRUST HERSELF IN THE SAME BOAT WITH FRANK, UNLESS HE CONSENTS TO ROW BOW TO HER STROKE. WHAT IS TO BE DONE? TO YIELD, MIGHT BE A FATAL PRECEDENT FOR THE FUTURE; TO REFUSE, MIGHT BE TO JEOPARDISE THAT FUTURE ALTOGETHER!

FOOD AND FINANCE.

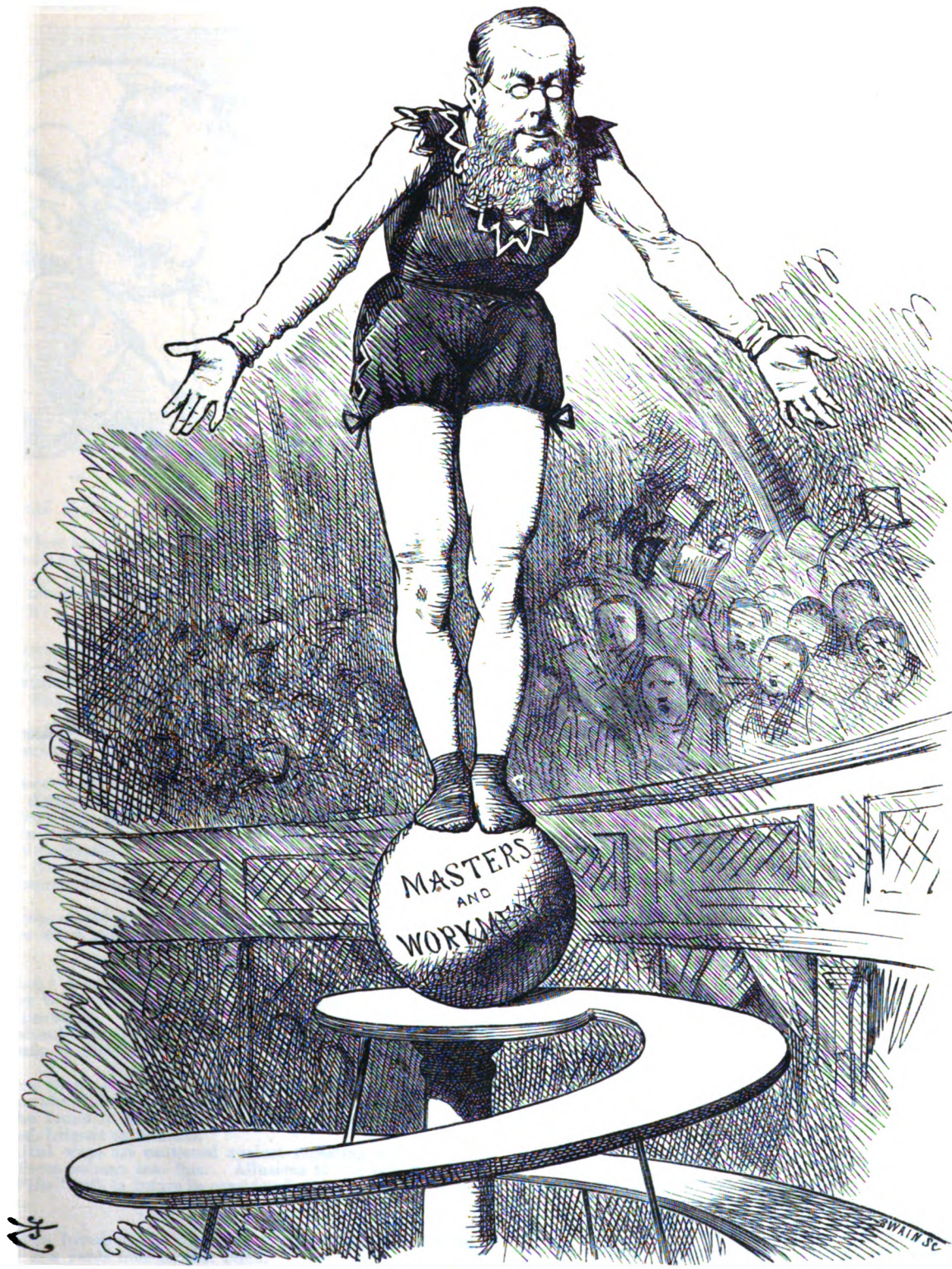
(A Blessing on BUCKMASTER.*)*

SUCCESS, that is to say, increasing success, to the Training School of Cookery—whose distinguished supporters held their Annual General Meeting the other day at Stafford House — and to BUCKMASTER, its itinerant and excellent Head. This most useful Institution teaches the Noble Art of Cookery in all its branches —the only form of Cookery which it does not teach being that branch of Company-Cookery known as Cookery of Accounts. More power to the great BUCKMASTER, that real benefactor of his species. Till now the only famous man of the name has been a tailor. Henceforth the name should be honoured as one who is not only a lecturer on Cookery, and a cook himself, but a cause of Cookery in others. If that man be a blessing to his kind who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, what honour is due to him who makes many cooks spring up where there were none before. Bless you, BUCKMASTER! May you soon be Master (in Cookery), not only of Bucks, but Beds, and Notts, and Hunts, and Middlesex, in short, of all the counties of England!

The Black Flag of Freedom.

A NUMEROUSLY-ATTENDED Meeting of Master Sweeps, held at the "Lord Hill," Royal Oak Station, Paddington, the other day, resolved to oppose the Chimney Sweepers' Bill, now before Parliament, on the ground of its tyranny. They protest against the idea of every master having to take out a licence to enable him to carry on his business. Such an infliction, it was urged, would be tyrannical, as Master Sweeps would be under the supervision of the police. For "tyrannical" substitute "effectual," and the sequence implied by "as" will appear. The Master Sweeps' objection to LORD SHAFTESBURY'S Bill for the regulation of their Order, only shows that their Sootinesses do not at all like Sweeping Reform.

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A "BLAZE OF TRIUMPH"!!

(*With* MR. PUNCH'S *Compliments to* MR. CROSS.)

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REGULATIONS FOR WIMBLEDON.

[SPECIAL CIRCULAR.] *July* 5, 1875.



IELD-MARSHAL PUNCH, Chief Inspector-General of the Auxiliary Forces, &c. &c., acting for himself, and for his able and distinguished colleague, SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, G.C.B., &c. &c. (absent on special service at the Cape of Good Hope), begs to inform the troops under his immediate command, that he has noticed, with much pain, in years gone by, the want of discipline often observable in the Volunteer Encampment, held annually at Wimbledon.

The Field-Marshal would remind Riflemen that (1) the Camp in question should be a School of Instruction, rather than a pic-nic; that (2) for the nonce Volunteers should consider themselves soldiers rather than civilians; and, finally, that (3) England expects (during the first half of July, at any rate) that every man should do his duty.

With a view to insuring uniformity, the Field-Marshal begs that the following regulations may be strictly observed by all taking part in this year's gathering. He may add that experience has taught him that none of the rules published below can be considered unnecessary.

DRESS.

Officers ordered to attend Full Dress Parade, will not appear in white neck-ties, lavender kid gloves, and swallow-tailed coats. A projected visit to the Opera (after the Parade has been dismissed) will not in future be accepted as an excuse for disobeyance of this order.

Non-Commissioned Officers taking part in Battalion Drill should never unfurl their umbrellas without the command of a Brigadier-General.

Head-Dresses known as "Billy-Cook Hats," should not be used (as a rule) during Company drill.

Fancy grey Overcoats (with black velvet collars and cuffs) should not be worn over tweed shooting-jackets and regulation trousers on parade in fine weather.

A Major (in the absence of his Commanding Officer) should never hold a Church Parade in a straw-hat, a sword, and a pair of goloshes.

Kid-Gloves should never be of more than three distinct patterns and colours when worn by Privates belonging to the same Company.

DRILL.

The Order "March at ease" will not be considered, in future, as tantamount to a permission for a Company to ride home on the outside of an omnibus.

Guides should not explain the theory of Billiards or the rules of Lawn-tennis to their Markers during the formation of four-deep square.

Not more than a dozen Privates (to each Company) should speak at once on the call of "Attention!" Constant disregard of this rule will be found to cause some confusion, especially in the performance of brigade movements.

Regimental wags are cautioned against repeating stale jokes in wheeling from column into line. Allusions to "a sad Mess" or "an odd File" will in future be considered an infringement of this regulation.

BANDS.

No Band in future will be permitted to take up its station within a radius of six yards from another Band.

As a rule, Bands practising within ten yards of one another, should select tunes of more or less the same character. For instance, if Band A plays a quadrille, Band B should rehearse the "Lancers;" if B and C commence a polka, Band D may perform a lively waltz; and so on. It may be taken for granted that the *Old Hundredth* does not altogether agree with the Military March out of *Faust*. The two tunes should be seldom played at the same time.

In conclusion, FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH begs to state that he will, during the course of the encampment, pay several visits to Wimbledon, with a view to seeing that the above regulations are properly carried out by Officers commanding regiments and other responsible officials. He trusts that the Volunteers will cheerfully assume the motto "Ready, aye Ready!"

He begs to remind them that he has, from the first, given them his support, that they have never been lacking in zeal, and that they only require discipline to make them the finest soldiers in the world.

He trusts that they will enable him, on this occasion, to submit a highly favourable report of their merits to the master they both serve—the British Public.

By Order (*signed*) TOBY,
85, *Fleet Street, E.C.* *Dep. Ad.-Gen.*

A SONG OF CITY ROSES.

FROM Cashmere's Vale to sultry Chepe,
For Fancy is a flying leap;
But as sweet June, in showers that weep
Her parting, closes,
Grim London shows as gaily drest
As Shiraz at its Summer best,
With Flora holding, East and West,
Her Feast of Roses!

Roses, ripe roses, everywhere
Scent the dull City's dusty air;
Fern-folded buds for Swells are there,
At fancy prices;
And leaf-wrapt "mosses," cheap yet sweet,
The humble luxuries of the street,
Which with piled cherries ripe compete,
And penny ices.

SIR SYBARITE shudders; his are dreams
Of Cheshunt clusters, GUNTER'S creams;
But Bendemeer's bright bowers and streams,
Or groves of Arden,
Are not for all; and there are those
Whose pleasures are a penny rose,
And gorgeous, albeit gratis, Shows
Of Covent Garden!

Welcome, sweet child of June, whose grace
Bids even Mammon yield thee place;
Whose beauty brightens every face
Which bends above it!
Were *Punch* not *Punch*, he 'd fain be PAUL,
Or CANT of Colchester. To call
Roseland his own, were surely all
A bard could covet!

Lyons "Rose-Congresses" are things
Which those devised by scheming Kings,
Or BISMARCK, with his seraph wings,
Are put to shame by.
How poor are plots to prop a throne,
Beside the pride of having grown
Some bright new blossom, to be known
Some sweet new name by!

Say "*Punch's Own!*"—a friendly hint
For PAUL AND SON! Both shape and tint
Should be perfection, the last print
Of FLORA'S finger,
Impressed on perfect petals! Then
Shall the Great Teacher's City den
Be home for HAFIZ, and his pen
O'er love-lays linger!

RECIPE FOR A BONNET À-LA-MODE.

FIRST procure a large-sized shape; then butter it well, so as to adhere firmly to the extreme back of the head. Cover it with silk or some light material, and kick it for a mile, taking care to keep it clean during this process. Then take of flowers, feathers, and ribbon each a quarter of a pound, and mix all well together. Add birds, insects, fern-leaves, or grass, according to taste. (If the butter be not sufficiently adhesive, try tulle strings and cobbler's wax.)

TO PLAY-GOERS.

THE Best and Cheapest Manner of Seeing the Play of "Our Boys."—Go to Lord's Cricket-Ground on the Eton and Harrow Match day.

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JONES AT HIS YEOMANRY RACES.

PARADE IN THE PADDOCK DURING A SHOWER.

THE END OF THE FAIR.

VANITY Fair will end full soon:
Past is June.
M.P., like the Cuckoo, feels—"In August
Go he must."
The Belle of the Season, on marriage who reckoned,
Perchance must wait for Season the second,
And freshen herself with country air,
And hope next year to catch her Lothair.

Business seems to flutter away
With scented hay,
When we've seen in the fields the seeding grass cut,
Driving to Ascot.
Then in the Ministry Herod is King,
And the Innocents perish like—anything.
What have we done? Men answer gaily,
"What we were bidden by DISRAELI."

Well, we have done (and this is a charm)
Not much harm:
Two Clowns in Our Circus, KENEALY and WHALLEY,
Brought their folly.
SIR STAFFORD amused us (many thanks)
With his thimble-rig of the Savings Banks;
And the SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR came to hear
Our talk, with his foe-friend, BARTLE FRERE.

Away to your cosy country-house,
M.P. of *nous!*
Away to the silent lawns serene,
Maiden-queen!
Papa to his birds and his snug home-farm;
And his beautiful daughter, Child of Charm,
To the fragrant garden and breezy down
That will bring back roses she lost in Town.

Ay, Vanity Fair will soon be out:
Hark, the shout!
The Grand Panjandrum, wondrous man,
Packs his van.
'Twas rather a dreary time for him,
Since a muddle's his fun, and a row's his whim;
As he drives away you may hear him swear,
"We'll have livelier times next Vanity Fair."

"PLACE AUX DAMES!"

MR. PUNCH has received thousands of letters upon the subject of Railway Carriages for Ladies. He is forced (by the exigences of space) to publish only a selection from the many valuable contributions that have been addressed to him at his Office upon this all-absorbing topic of conversation:—

Primrose Cottage.

MISS BRIDGET WALLFLOWER presents her compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs to inform him that, for the last thirty years, she has invariably patronised Ladies' Carriages on her railway journeys. During that time she has never suffered any inconvenience from the rude attentions of the male sex. MISS BRIDGET WALLFLOWER begs to add that, as she is now just twenty-nine years of age, and is considered handsome, she thinks a continuation of the precautions she has hitherto taken absolutely necessary.

The Folly.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Of course Ladies' Carriages are a mistake. Who on earth would think of travelling in a compartment containing a parcel of young children and old maids? Besides, they don't allow smoking in them, and I can't get on without my cigarette.

In frantic haste, thine ever,
POLLY RAPID.

Minerva Villa.

MY DEAR SIR,

AFTER mature consideration, I have come to the conclusion that Ladies' Carriages are unnecessary. The education of most women (owing to the barbarous cruelty of man) has been deplorably neglected, and, consequently, female conversation is usually vapid and uninteresting. I confess that I like exchanging ideas with men

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CHASTISEMENT MADE DIFFICULT.

"I HEAR YOU HAVE BEEN A VERY NAUGHTY BOY, TOMMY! GO IN THE CORNER, DIRECTLY!"

"ALL RIGHT, MAMMA DARLING! WHICH CORNER SHALL IT BE? AND AM I TO TURN MY FACE TO THE WALL, OR TO THE ROOM?"

BURNHAM BEECHES.

(MR. VERNON HEATH, the best of landscape photographers, writes to the *Times* to announce the fall of "the Monarch," one of the most patriarchal pollards of Burnham Beeches.)

THE *Monarch* tree we 've sat beneath,
With fun and fizz and peaches,
Has vanished, *teste* VERNON HEATH,
From glorious Burnham Beeches.

That patriarch of the pollard wood
Stout arms no longer reaches,
Chief of that mighty multitude—
The famous Burnham Beeches.

Beneath it, lady of my heart!
I 've made you pretty speeches,
While you were eating damson-tart,
In shade of Burnham Beeches.

Champagne 's been popped—the question, too—
(We know how Love beseeches)
Ah, what said I, and what said you,
That day, at Burnham Beeches?

I think I quoted LUTTRELL'S lines
(Epigrammatic each is)
When amorous were my designs
On you 'mid Burnham Beeches.

Homeward we drove our four-in-hand,
Just when the owl first screeches:
A moonlit midnight 's very grand
'Neath sombre Burnham Beeches.

You sat beside me on the box:
Alas! experience teaches
That hearts succumb to heavy knocks,
As well as Burnham Beeches.

Your Patriarch, O photographer!
Wide arms no longer reaches:
And SHE is married to a cur—
Confound those Burnham Beeches!

Spread of Evil Example.

(*From the Railway Carriage to the Lecture-Room.*)

AT a recent Meeting of the Archæological Society (if we may believe the report of a respectable journal) the Company embraced several Ladies!

of talent and experience. It is only fair to say that I have been greatly edified by the remarks of many learned Professors with whom I have travelled during my many railway journeys. I am forced to admit, too, that I have frequently found the conversation of Undergraduates of even one year's standing both pleasing and instructive.

I have the honour to be, my dear Sir,
Your very obedient servant.
HENRIETTA HARVEY-JENNER, M.D., &c., &c.

MY *VERY* DEAR MR. PUNCH, *The Rosary.*

I AM quite *afraid* of writing to you—I am indeed! But I know you are such a nice, kind, dear middle-aged thing, that I *really* can't help it. (I like a *middle-aged* man *so* much. You creatures *look* better, speak better, and are *altogether* better at that age than at any other! You artful things, you *know* you are!) It is *so* stupid travelling in a Ladies' Carriage. Why, there is no one to talk to, no one to save your gloves when you want to open the door to get out, no one to look after your parcels for you! Don't let them bully us, *dear Mr. Punch.* They are spiteful *old* things—take my word for it. I know what women *are!* O, *why* did you marry?

Yours *most* faithfully,
FLORENCE FLIRTAWAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, *The Shamrock, Dublin.*

IT is an Irish girl now who is speaking to you. Mind that, Sir. Why shall we have all this botheration about a miserable Railway Carriage? Surely the gentlemen are not so bad at all, at all. I abhor selfishness, Sir, and can't a young lady (especially an Irish young lady) take as much care of herself as if she were just the Lord Lieutenant himself?

No, if you must have Railway Carriages exclusively for Ladies, why just admit the Gentlemen to them. There 's a way out of the difficulty, anyhow!

Yours sincerely,
KATHLEEN MOLLOY.

A PRETTY KIND OF CURATE.

IN Convocation, the other day, a resolution having been moved approving the Report of the Committee on Rubrics, and opposed by the wiser part of their Reverences:—

"PREBENDARY PERRY also opposed the Motion, as did CANON MILLER. The latter referred to an occurrence reported as having happened at St. Alban's, Holborn, on Sunday, when the officiating curate, pointing to the legal vestment to which he was limited under a recent judgment, called it a 'thing,' and refused to celebrate the Holy Communion in it."

So, on the other hand, some reverend young gentlemen occasionally kiss the vestment they are going to put on. But we are not sure of such clergy's gender. There have been female sailors. May not young ladies in disguise have contrived to enter the Church? Perhaps it was one of these, officiating at St. Alban's, whose tongue bewrayed her:—

"And diskivered her tender sex."

And so she stood confessed as one whose proper wear was petticoats, when, in a fit of vexation at having to wear a vestment she thought ugly, she called it "a thing."

THE CRY OF CONVOCATION.—"Old Clo! Old Clo!"

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FIXTURES FOR JULY.



EDNESDAY, *July* 7.—Grand Polo Match on the Thames Embankment between the Houses of Lords and Commons. Judges, the Whips; Umpire, the LORD CHANCELLOR. Prize, a complete set of *Hansard*.

8. Great International Silkworm Show at the Alexandra Palace.

9. Meeting at Magnificent House, to form a School of Millinery and Dressmaking on the plan of the "School of Cookery."

10. Grand Entertainment at the Mansion House in honour of the Eton and Harrow Elevens.

13. Bazaar in Westminster Hall (by the kind permission of the authorities), in aid of the funds of the Society for the Relief of Aged and Indigent Dervishes in Eastern Countries. To be opened by the LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs in State.

14. Banquet of the Worshipful and Ancient Company of Warming-Pan Makers to the London Vestrymen.

15. Annual Meeting of the Association for Shortening Ladies' Dresses.

17. Cricket-Match at *Lord's* between the past and present Ministry.

19. Annual Dinner of the Farinaceous Society.

20. Whitebait Dinner at Blackwall to the Shoeblack Brigade.

21. Soirée of the Meteorological Society (weather permitting) on Hampstead Heath.

22. Conversazione of Chinamaniacs at South Kensington Museum.

24. Great Pumpkin Show at the Crystal Palace.

26. Match on the Skating Rink at *Prince's* between the two Houses of Convocation.

27, and following days. Great Bonnet Show in Goodwood Park.

28. Laying of the Foundation Stone of the new Wing of the Refuge for Reduced Chaperones.

30. Assembly in London of a European Congress to deliberate on the propriety of devising a new set of Quadrille figures.

31. Last great Flower Show of the Season—Wallflowers, Maiden's Blush Roses, Heartsease, Marigolds, Sweet Williams, Forget-me-nots, &c.

MAN TO MAN.

MR. PUNCH,—The natives, not by any means to say the savages, of the Admiralty Islands teach us how entirely to dispense with undertakers. See the letter in the *Times* about them from on board H.M.S. *Challenger*. They neither inter nor burn their dead. They bury them—in themselves.

I know this practice is called "Cannibalism;" but that once offensive word has in these days of progress become a mere descriptive noun. Chemically, animal matter is animal matter. The elements of Man do not materially differ from those of Ox, or Sheep, or Pig.

The Admiralty Islanders eat man, although they refuse dog. But so enlightened a people can have no superstitious objection to dog; they have doubtless tried dog, and found dog to be bad, whereas they find man good.

By consigning the remains of the defunct to the interiors of the living, these economical islanders not only incur no funeral expenses, but altogether exempt themselves from the need and the nuisance of cemeteries. They at the same time render their population in a great measure self-sustaining. Science will in due time teach them to utilise, in agriculture, the bones which they cannot crunch, and as yet seem not to know what to do with.

These Anthropophagi are no common Cannibals. They eat, but do not, unless perhaps occasionally, kill their kind. Their Cannibalism, in fact, is next to Vegetarianism in point of gentleness.

Let us talk no more of Cannibalism. Let us call it "Comesture." For my part, I should like to be as useful as I can to those I leave behind me. Accordingly, I prefer Comesture to Cremation, and account "Earth to Earth" an arrangement less philanthropic than "Man to Man." At any rate, I had as lief be eaten as either burnt or basketed.

However, we cannot at present in this island imitate the obsequies of those other islanders. "It is singular that they are totally ignorant of the use of tobacco and spirits." Hence, their flesh is esculent, because pure. We should disagree with one another, dead, worse than we do, living. Before we can be Cannibals we must become Teetotallers. Let LAWSON put that in his pipe, and smoke it, even if he eschew tobacco.

But I have trespassed too far on your valuable space in observations less appropriate now, perhaps, than they would be in the Dead Season. Believe me to be, in every possible respect, yours without prejudice,

VAMPIRUS GYPS, Ph. D.

The Zoo.

LADIES AND BABIES.

LADIES have their *will* and their *won't*:
None their caprice disparages.
When we find the wise among them don't
Much like Ladies' Carriages.

There Nurses travel and Babies squall,
And a glance that 's only cursory
Will show that it 's no treat at all
To ride in a Railway Nursery.

Who cares to listen to silly stuff—
Baby-talk—in a railway carriage?
Babies will come quite soon enough
If spoons should end in marriage.

Well, spoons may end so, Lady fair!
'Tis a somewhat troublesome ending:
And you 'll entertain angels unaware,
From the seventh heaven descending.

For the Baby utterly unknown
Is a noisy, troublesome creature;
Though the Baby that 's one's very own
Is a love in its every feature.

The Sex prefers the Carriage wherein
The sexes meet together;
Where a pleasant chat may oft begin
With a word about the weather.

Is there any harm in the brief romance
Of a talk with a courteous stranger?
If he offers *Punch*, you may see at a glance
There 's not the slightest danger.

That test is sure, my pretty waif;
Your comrade of the minute,
If he loves his *Punch*, is an escort safe,
For he learns good manners in it!

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

ACCORDING to the *Athenæum*, "interviewing," as practised by American Journalists, is about to assume a new shape. One of these gentry is on the eve of publishing his experiences of interviews with representatives of the leading London periodicals. He claims to have "interviewed" *Mr. Punch* and the Editors of "the *Daily Telegraph*, *Church Times*, *Bell's Life*, *Standard*, *Morning Post*, *Reynolds' Miscellany*, *Illustrated News*, and the *Athenæum*." *Mr. Punch*, of course, cannot say what will be published about him on the present occasion, but he thinks that any future interview with an American Journalist may be safely reported as follows:—

American Journalist. *Mr. Punch*, as you refused me admittance at the front door, you see I have availed myself of the chimney. May I ask you why it is so dirty?

Mr. Punch. Certainly. I have it cleaned three times a week, but that is scarcely sufficient to get rid of the soot caused by the consumption daily of many tons of rejected contributions.

American Journalist. Do you possess a horsewhip, *Mr. Punch*?

* * * * * *

Mr. Punch. I hope you will now feel that your question is superfluous.

American Journalist. You have certainly given me ample proofs, *Mr. Punch*, that you *do* possess a horsewhip. How many feet is your first-floor window from the street, *Mr. Punch*?

Mr. Punch. Pray, Sir, go and see for yourself!

* * * * * *

The American Journalist having gracefully retired through the window, *Mr. Punch* returned to his desk.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PRIESTLY authority in Ireland sets its face against the Dublin Training School for National Teachers. A plan has been suggested for boarding-out Roman Catholic pupil-teachers in houses approved by their clergy. The Government (*Lords, Monday, July* 5), don't see their way to this, and give various reasons quite wide of the real one, which is no doubt an unwillingness to offend certain sections of their supporters by anything that looks like concession to priestly power in Ireland. "Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind." The Church and the School are at loggerheads, and School goes to the wall.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND is seriously thinking of striking the "Knowingly" out of his Adulteration Bill. The absurdity of throwing upon the buyer the proof that the seller knows what he is selling has proved too much even for the contentedness of that most contented and Conservative public whose remonstrances reach Richmond. There must be at least ten miles of them!

(*Commons.*) *Levée en masse* of the Common Lawyers in the House, against the Constitution of the Intermediate Court of Appeal, botched up by the Government to save the rest of the Judicature Act. "Hawks should na' pike out hawks' een." The Lawyers of both bars ought to imitate the Scotch Members, and wash their legal linen in private. Their fighting powers should be reserved for their cases and their clients.

Let Q.C.s fight to prove black white—
Their briefs are marked thereto:
Let Counsel in the cause-lists fight—
'Tis what they 're paid to do.

But, Lawyers, in the House ne'er let
Your angry passions rise:
Your brace of bars were never meant
To bar each other's rise.

"When thieves fall out," says the proverb, "honest men come by their own." If the disagreement of Lawyers involve the same consequence, there should be every prospect of a satisfactory Court of Intermediate Appeal.

The Judicature Act would have reduced the Judges from eighteen to fifteen. "The Government has been convinced by the communications it has received" that it would be undesirable to lessen the number of judicial nests for the callow brood in bombazine and horsehair who aspire to those calm retreats, built high above the disturbance of political winds, and the catastrophes of parties. So

"Hush-a-bye, Q.C., upon the tree-top!
As the Judges are now so the Judges shall stop!"

The Judicial Committee of Privy Council is not to be starved to furnish forth the new Court of Appeal. That, at least, seems a change for the better. The rules and orders to be made by the Judges under the new Act are not to overrule Common or Statute Law (so likely they would!); but are to be confined to "pleading, practice, and procedure."

Lords (*Tuesday*).—Public Health Bill (300 clauses) passed through Committee in a jiffey. *Punch* feels he cannot too much commend the wisdom of their Lordships. Take example, ye contentious Commons! *That* is the way to deal with a Consolidation Bill. If you would imitate the wisdom of your betters—it would be a shame to call them your Peers—every branch of the Law which has got into Statutory Chaos—and what branch has not?—might have its Chaos reduced to Order by Consolidation preparatory to real amendment only possible when the want to be supplied, or the blunder to be rectified, is clear to the meaner capacities of common lay minds. Of Statute Law, unlike liquids, it may be said it never is clear until consolidated.

(*Commons.*) Civil Service Estimates. MR. GORST tried to get rid of the examiners of criminal accounts, who have occasionally made the Treasury odious by penny-wisdom leading to miscarriage of justice.

It is to be hoped that this kind of penny-wisdom, in so serious a matter as the conduct of criminal prosecutions, will henceforth be as systematically snubbed as there is reason to fear it has, at times, been systematically encouraged (in common with much other penny-wisdom) at the Treasury.

An hour was devoted to the grievances of THOMAS DUFFY, ex-canteen keeper at the Curragh, turned out by the War Office for selling drink to the military at illegal hours. Who dares say the House of Commons is not the Grand (and petty) Inquest of the Nation? Mighty enough to measure the designs of Russia, it is not too great to weigh the grievances of DUFFY!

What followed (on MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE'S speech, calling attention to the progress of Russia in Central Asia), in these days of military manœuvres, *Punch* takes the liberty of condensing into a brief dialogue in the camp and barrack style:—

English Sentry (*to Russ Outpost, moving towards Affghanistan*). Qui va la?

Russ Outpost. Friend!

English Sentry (*after looking to Foreign Office and India Office for instructions, and getting none*). Pass, Friend—

Sir G. Campbell. And all 's well!

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"WE'LL NOT CARRY COALS."

SHAKSPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*, Act i. Sc. 1.

"'NOT YOUR PLACE, BUT MARY'S, TO TAKE UP THE COALS TO THE NURSERY!' YOU CONSEQUENTIAL LITTLE MONKEY! WHY, YOU COULDN'T GIVE YOURSELF MORE AIRS IF YOU WERE A BUTLER!"

"AH! THOUGH I *MAYN'T* BE A BUTLER, I 'AVE THE *FEELIN'S* OF ONE!"

Or, if our readers prefer Æsopian to military apologue, here it is in *that* way:—

"A Russian setter was drawing cautiously towards an Affghan He-ra A British bull-dog, on the other side of the Hindoo Koosh, lay watching his approaches. 'What shall I do?' he growled at last, looking to his masters.

"'Bark,' said one.

"'Bite,' said another.

"'Lie still in the sun, and do nothing,' said a third.

"The bull-dog's tail quivered—he snarled uneasily, wrinkling his muzzle as if he longed to show his teeth; but, finally, accustomed to wait for the word of command, and not receiving it, laid his heavy head on his fore-paws, and resumed his attitude of unquiet observation.

"*Moral.*—Activity is not always successful; inactivity *may* sometimes be masterly. Both are to be judged by the issue. But the most masterly inactivity cannot err in keeping its powder dry."

MR. WHALLEY, attempting to fix the meet for a Grand Jesuit Hunt, was cruelly Counted Out before the smallest of the small hours!

Wednesday.—Was given to MR. TREVELYAN'S Household Franchise (Counties) Bill. Mr. Bright supported it by a petition from sixty thousand members and friends of the Agricultural Labourers' Union. A vote for every householder in county, as in town, say these petitioners, is *the* keystone of the Arch.

Clearly the time must come, whether the Commons like it or not. But, as clearly, the time is not yet.

The House will some day have to face its dose of County, as it has drained its draught of Borough, *residuum*. But both the Country and the Commons know that the decoction is likelier to damage than strengthen the Constitution, unless the physic is very carefully *re*-distributed.

This is the sum and substance of the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON'S reason for refraining from voting. If the House had been as free to follow its judgment as the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, it would have done as he did. As it was, it rejected the Bill by 268 to 166.

Thursday (*Lords*).—The Friendly Societies Bill (boneless, so no wonder the House makes no bones of it) passed Second Reading with a protest from LORD ABERDARE and LORD MORLEY against the farce of a mock audit, and the want of a real one.

(*Commons.*) REYNOLDS painted GARRICK between Tragedy and Comedy. Why were not Thursday's anti-Papal interpellations in time for *Punch* to paint *his* pendant of "DISRAELI between WADDY and WHALLEY"—WADDY wants to know whether the Government means to protect the Bench and the Public Offices from the POPE. "Just let the POPE put his finger in our pie," says MR. DISRAELI, "and we will take it into serious consideration."

WHALLEY wants to know what more information Government requires as to Jesuit designs than CARDINAL MANNING'S declaration that their mission is to put England's imperial power under the Papal toe?

MR. DISRAELI said if he wanted any information he knew where to go for it.

Very neat. But query the taste, or use, of so snubbing the irrepressible?

The PREMIER submitted to the country the PRINCE OF WALES'S India Bill—a very moderate one—under £150,000 in all: £52,000 for the voyage out and home; £30,000 for rites of hospitality in India, to come out of India's pocket (a pity); and £60,000 personal expenses.

Is this enough to do the thing handsomely? Better not do it at all than do it shabbily. You can't ask twice. MACDONALD, PETER TAYLOR, and BURT declared such votes provoked more disloyalty among Working-men than all the agents of Republicanism. Do England's Working-men speak through these three mouths?

We should be sorry to believe it, for the sake of the Working-men. If it be true, nothing can better show that our masters still want teaching.

MR. HANBURY hoped we were doing our duty—that is, our best—for the suppression of the East African Slave-trade. MR. BOURKE declared we *were*, and described what this doing amounted to. MR. FORSTER thought our action satisfactory; and *Mr. Punch* is content to follow MR. FORSTER'S lead in this matter, into which MR. FORSTER throws a hereditary heart.

Another of the many Naval engagements of the Session. BRASSEY against more monster iron-clads, seeing that guns will keep getting bigger, while torpedoes threaten to blow both big guns and big ships into smithereens.

Big BEN tolled his usual funeral-knell, over sea-service, ships, sailors, England, —not quite sure if he should not add, the Sea itself, — all going post haste to the Devil!

MR. E. J. REED would not sit there and hear big iron ships—*his* children *par excellence*—run down in this brassy manner.

MR. GOSCHEN didn't see why we should not have a few big ships, if only we had a good many small ones.

"Just my idea!" said MR. WARD-HUNT. "Great and small make up a wall." The proverb holds, afloat as well as ashore, of wooden or iron walls as of stone ones.

Words after Walt. Whitman.

MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER,
What an eloquent preacher!
What a high moral teacher!
In his conduct what feature
Bears out the impeacher
Of that screamer and screecher,—
That sensational, gushing, emotional creature?

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A DILEMMA.

Party (overcome by the heat of the Weather). "HOY! CAB!"

Driver. "ALL RIGHT, SIR, IF YOU'LL JUST WALK TO THE GATE."

Party. "O, BOTHER! WALKING TO 'GATE!"

Driver. "WELL, SIR, IF YOU CAN'T GET THROUGH, I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN GET OVER!"

THE ROMANESQUE REVIVAL.

HAVING been obliged, by the decision of the Court of Arches, to put out their lights and put off their motley, the clerical performers of St. Alban's, Holborn, on Sunday last, proceeded only half-way with their usual imitation. It terminated, according to the *Post*, with a short discourse, preached by the REV. J. STANTON. After that, the audience went to attend the conclusion of their Sunday's entertainment at another place:—

"The whole congregation, numbering several hundred persons, the great majority of whom were females, then proceeded through Holborn, over the Viaduct, and by Newgate Street and Cheapside, to the Church of St. Vedast, Foster Lane."

The BISHOP OF LONDON has issued an inhibition forbidding the St. Alban's Clergy to preach in any Church but their own. Instead, therefore, of the Reverend Gentleman above-named, who had been expected to fill the pulpit—

"In the Church of St. Vedast the sermon was preached by the Rector, who said there had never been a revival of religion which had not its confessors, and the revival of these latter days must, he supposed, have its confessors, if not its martyrs."

The revival of religion is one thing; the "revival of these latter days" is another. This revival—the Ritualist dramatic, musical, and spectacular burlesque—the BISHOP OF LONDON is trying to suppress—it being out of the jurisdiction of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. At some Houses—apparently at St. Vedast's—it is given out for repetition till further notice; indeed, in spite of episcopal notice—the part not only of Confessor, but also of Father Confessor, by Anglican Divines. It is quite certain that they will not, any of them, be called upon to play the Martyr, and not at all likely that, if they were, a single one of them would undertake that arduous character. Ritualist mimes may be ridiculed, but will not be roasted.

The St. Vedast's and St. Alban's Revivalists have no connection whatever with MOODY AND SANKEY. Except that of rivalry.

THE MOST CONTINUOUS BREAK WE KNOW.—Our Housemaid's.

JOHN'S ANSWER TO WILLIAM'S QUESTION!

To all whom it may concern.

"Is the Church of England worth preserving?"—MR. GLADSTONE.

WHAT *is* the Church? Is it a place
For holy antic and grimace?
A sort of Sunday *Opéra-Bouffe*,
Performed beneath a Gothic roof?
Parade, with Priest for fugleman?
Burlesque, upon the latest plan,
Of things the most sublime and serious,
Where mummery, veiling the mysterious,
Yields mumbo-motley as result
Of search for an "æsthetic" cult?
Is this the Church, you mean? If so,
JOHN'S Answer's an emphatic "*No!*"

Is it a stage where bumptious boys
May wrangle over gauds and toys,
Fuming whene'er some scrap of flummery
Is stript from their too florid mummery?
May vent on LUTHER, or on TAIT,
Ecclesiastic Billingsgate?—
Much like an angry housemaid, chidden
For finery that is forbidden;
Who strikes an attitude as martyr
Because her Sunday rig's not smarter.—
Is *this* the Church you mean? If so,
JOHN'S Answer is a ready "*No!*"

Is it a "scene" where cleric pride
May be supremely glorified;
And every pretty priestling hope
To play the part of petty Pope,—
Shining in foolish virgins' eyes,
With sacerdotal sanctities;
And gently dazzling, now and then,
Some mooney and molluscous men;
Where, gaily decked in stolen plumes,
'Midst pompous rites and fragrant fumes,
The emptiest daw may masque and mum
Ecclesiastic Fe-Faw-Fum?
Is this poor thing your "Church"? If so
JOHN'S Answer's an explosive—"*No!*"

Is it a word of Life, or Death?
A Sacerdotal Shibboleth?
A proud abstraction vague and vast
Veiling the tyranny of Caste?
A verbal Fetish, shaped to rule
The flexile fancy of the fool?
A web of forms, traditions, creeds,
Stretched 'twixt the soul and the soul's needs?
Is Church the "Priest's Preserve"? If so,
JOHN'S Answer is—"Preserve it! *No!*"

INTERESTING IMMIGRATION.

AT a late examination of the National School at Inverary, the Inspector having desired all of the name of Campbell to hold up their hands, not one of the children responded!

Can it be that, since the MACCALLUM MORE—always abreast, if not ahead, of the times, whether in Science, matrimonial alliances, or scorn of snobbish prejudice—put three MACCALLUMS the Less into business, all the CAMPBELLS are coming south for situations in one of the firms of LORD A., B., C. (as the case may be) CAMPBELL & Co.? If so, may they find, what they have a patronymic right to claim, a fair field (*campo bello*) and lots of favour. If Clansmen are like Chief, they will deserve both.

"Rotten Row on the Embankment."

A RIVER ROW,
A new Horse Show,
A trot on Thames's dry way;
A ladies' ride—
And we 'll bestride
No more "a *silent* highway."

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NOT TO BE CONVINCED.

Materfamilias. "JOHN, LOVE, YOU KNOW YOU SAID THERE WAS SURE TO BE 'SOMETHING WRONG' ABOUT DIEPPE, BECAUSE IT WAS FOREIGN, AND ALL THAT. WELL, THERE CAN'T BE *ANYTHING WRONG*, FOR I WROTE TO THE AGENT, AND I'VE JUST RECEIVED A LETTER FROM HIM, SAYING THERE IS ONLY *ONE* APARTMENT UN-LET IN THE *WHOLE TOWN!* *DO* LET ME TELEGRAPH, AND SECURE IT AT ONCE!"

Chorus. "YES, *DO, PAPA!* *FANCY!*—ONLY *ONE* APARTMENT UN-LET IN THE *WHOLE TOWN!*"

Paterfamilias (*grimly*). "'ONLY *ONE* APARTMENT UN-LET IN THE *WHOLE TOWN!* THEN THERE'S *SURE TO BE SOMETHING WRONG ABOUT THAT APARTMENT!*"

CONVOCATION.

(*By Our Own Special Reporter.*)

PROVINCE OF CANTERBURY.

UPPER HOUSE.

THE only business their Lordships transacted was a discussion on the Report of a Committee appointed to draw up a Special Form of Service for the Use of Missionaries in Foreign Countries. The question before their Lordships was, whether it would not be a more advisable and expeditious course to employ the excised Services of the English Church; for, though there was no further necessity for them in this country, they might be of great spiritual advantage to the various Natives in the process of conversion.

The BISHOP OF BUNGAY observed, that, for example, the service for Saint Charles's Day—he meant for CHARLES THE FIRST'S Day—was really doing nothing now, and might be easily adapted for Missionary enterprise, omitting the political allusions.

The BISHOP OF BULLOCK-SMITHY asked what would be substituted for these allusions? For his part he was for retaining the Service intact. It would be of the greatest benefit to both the Missionaries and their native converts, as it would give them some insight into English history, and so advance the interests of Christianity on the one hand, and of civilisation on the other.

His Grace the PRESIDENT referred to the clock, and took that opportunity of observing that he must now adjourn the debate, having faithfully promised his wife to return to the Palace early, as she had a large garden-party that afternoon, where he hoped all their Lordships would be able to attend.

It was accordingly agreed to postpone the discussion till another day. Their Lordships then adjourned.

LOWER HOUSE.

The Prolocutor took the chair at eleven o'clock.

A number of petitions and *gravamina* were handed in.

The Ritual Debate.

CANON WEDGEND proposed the following Motion:—

"That the meaning of the Ornaments Rubric of EDWARD THE SIXTH being uncertain, this House recommends that it shall suffice for the Minister to wear a surplice only, and nothing else, or a surplice and a scarf, or a surplice and a scarf and a stole, and the hood of his degree, if he has one; and to these might be added anything else at the wish of the congregation, and with the sanction of the Bishop of the diocese."

The Canon observed that he thought this would place matters on a basis mutually agreeable to all parties. (*Applause.*)

ARCHDEACON BOULDER failed to see why the Bishop of the diocese should be brought in at all. Bishops only muddled matters, and they could get on much better without their interference. (*Applause.*)

The ARCHDEACON OF WYSEBOROUGH expressed his firm conviction that something must be done in the present crisis.

The ARCHDEACON OF ADDLEPATE agreed with the last speaker.

CANON DRYLY proposed that there should be only one vestment for everybody—a Cope. The Cope was originally a *pluviale*, or Roman waterproof. ("*Hear, hear!*") It was warm in winter, and airy in summer, and it had no more doctrinal signification than his own mackintosh. It was wise policy to provide for a coming storm.

PREBENDARY NOODEL reminded the last speaker that they were discussing "Ornaments," not "Vestments." Vestments were illegal; Ornaments were not. The question was, what were Ornaments? This was evidently a matter of individual taste.

CANON SYDE-SPLYTTER said they were discussing what he would take the liberty to call the "Vested interests" of the Church.

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CHURCH PRESERVATION.

MR. GLADSTONE. "PLEASE, 'M, IS THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND WORTH PRESERVING?"

BRITANNIA. "WORTH PRESERVING?—DEAR ME, WILLIAM, DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S BEEN IN A PICKLE THIS EVER SO LONG?"

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(*Laughter.*) For his part, he never could see why anything should mean anything. (*Laughter.*) He was prepared to *Cope* with the difficulty. (*Laughter.*) He did not see why a Clergyman should want to dress himself up as a groom of the *Stole* (*laughter*), but it struck him that this House was just going to shut the door carefully after the horse had been stolen. (*Great laughter.*) If some æsthetically-minded among his clerical brethren liked to give everything a symbolical meaning, he, personally, had no objection. A spade with him meant a spade, and there was an end of the matter. (*Laughter.*)

DR. SMOOTH agreed with all the preceding speakers. If his own congregation wished him to wear a Cope, he would do so; if not, he would not. As long as we did our duty quietly and unostentatiously it really seemed to him of no importance in what dress that duty was done. ("*No, no!*") He was sorry to hear that some in that House appeared to differ from him. He could assure them that his motto was to live and let live, and to live peaceably with all men. (*Applause.*)

The REV. MARTIN CALVIN wanted to know if the House wished to restore Popery with all its rags and mummeries. ("*Order!*") Yes, he repeated "mummeries." He had only once, thank Heaven, been inside a Romish Church, but *that* was quite enough for him. ("*Oh, oh!*") He looked upon the present movement as Jesuitical. "Cope" rhymed with "Pope." If they wanted "Ornaments" of the Church, CRANMER ("*Oh, oh!*"), RIDLEY, LATIMER, HOOKER, HENRY, and SIMEON, were sufficient ornaments for any Protestant Church. He did not want to return to Babylonish captivity, or bow the knee to Baal. ("*Oh, oh!*")

PREBENDARY MIDWAY deprecated the tone of the last speaker ("*Hear, hear!*"), while at the same time he admired his energy, his zeal, and his fidelity to what he considered his duty ("*Hear, hear!*") in the truly liberal and widely comprehensive Church to which they had the signal happiness to belong. (*Applause.*) He approved of the scope of CANON WEDGEND'S Motion, but should like to add as a rider that,—

"Whatever Ornaments or Vestments might hereafter be adopted, they might or might not be considered as having any doctrinal signification, according to the bias and taste of each individual."

For his part, he was prepared to wear anything, or everything. His congregation had given him Scarves, Stoles, Copes, and Chasubles, and he wore them indiscriminately, consulting the tastes of the donors. A minority of his congregation wished for the black gown only, and so he gave them a special black-gown service every Sunday. He was sure that, with a little mutual concession—one giving up a doctrine here, an opinion there, and another a vesture, an ornament, and so forth—we should all get on together, and enjoy the blessings of peace, unity, and concord. (*Applause.*)

ARCHDEACON DOWNRIGHT said, either Vestments were right, or they were wrong. (*Great applause.*) If right, let us have them. (*Applause.*) If wrong, let us *not* have them. (*Applause.*) That was all.

CANON BURLEIGH said he was past sixty, and didn't want to change his old lamps for new ones. He had been all his life accustomed to a decent worship in his own parish Church, and to the beautifully impressive form used in our ancient Cathedrals. ("*Hear, hear!*") He now came up to London, and, on his word and honour, on entering one of these new-fangled Churches last Sunday, he absolutely thought that he had got into a Roman Catholic place of worship by mistake. (*Laughter.*) It was no subject for laughter. He went to join in their common worship, as ordered by the Prayer Book, and he positively was totally unable to understand anything that was going on. He protested against any innovation as most dangerous to both Church and State, and sincerely trusted that what had been good enough for such men as HOOKER, WILSON, and JEREMY TAYLOR, our fathers and grandfathers, might remain *in statu quo*.

The REV. THOMAS THURIFER said he wished to see the symbolic beauty of the old services restored according, for instance, to the use of Sarum, without raising any doctrinal difficulties. Let Effect come first, and it would be then time enough to inquire into Cause.

The DEAN OF BROAD SANCTUARY would not stop to ask what *was* the use of Sarum, or what was the use of Convocation. ("*Question!*") In fact, he would not waste his time in addressing such a set of incapables as he saw around him. ("*Order!*") The Resolution and Amendments were simply puerile, and the only crumb of consolation was that they were worthless. The aim of most of the speakers reminded him of *Mrs. Nickleby's* proposal on a trying occasion, when that muddle-headed but kind-hearted lady suggested that "some fair arrangement might be come to with a pudding twice a week or a dumpling which should be very satisfactory and pleasant for all parties." "Which compromise," the Novelist adds, "not exactly meeting the point at issue, nobody took any notice of it." [The Dean then abruptly quitted the House.]

CANON SOFTLY then proposed an Amendment, and a rider, that the words "until otherwise advised" be inserted after "recommends," and the words "and nothing else" and "if he has one" be omitted.

The Resolution, thus amended, was carried with the following rider, that,—

"This House does not hereby give any sanction to any doctrine contrary to what may be ascertained by proper authority in the Prayer Book and Articles; and, further, this House does not intend hereby to pronounce what doctrine is so contained, nor, further, to decide what constitutes the proper authority in such matters."

The Members then heartily congratulated one another on their success, and the Prolocutor pronounced the Benediction.

The House then adjourned.

THE BATTLE OF BAYSWATER.



Our Special Correspondent at the Seat of War telegraphs from the scene of the Summer Manœuvres of 1875.

9 A.M. — The engagement is about to commence. The contending forces are divided into two parties. The Head of the Family (for this occasion only), MR. SMITH, representing the Enemy, and the remainder of the Household Brigade (MRS. SMITH and the Children) representing the Home Forces. It is said that, before muster at breakfast, the Commander of the Home Forces (MRS. SMITH) gave the Enemy a "rough idea" of the scheme of operations. It is supposed that the Infantry require change of air at the sea-side, and that the Enemy is determined upon preventing any march from London.

10 A.M.—The two Forces are drawn up in line in the Breakfast-Room. The Household Brigade have commenced the attack, by throwing out skirmishers (furnished by the Infantry), with the purpose of discovering the intentions of the Enemy. The Head of the Family, much harassed by these attacks, has taken refuge behind the *Times* newspaper.

11 A.M.—The flank of the Enemy's barricade has been turned by the Infantry, strongly supported by the Commander of the Home Forces.

12 NOON.—The Enemy has taken up a strong position in the Study. His arm-chair entrenchment is being forced by the Commander of the Home Forces, at the head of a company of Whitewashers.

1 P.M.—The Enemy has evacuated the Study, which is now occupied by the Whitewashers.

2 P.M.—The Enemy is preparing to make a last stand in the Dressing Room. He has locked and bolted the doors, and is known to be in possession of much ammunition, in the shape of pens, ink, and paper. The Infantry are engaged on out-post duty on the staircase. The Commander of the Home Forces is waiting for intelligence in the Boudoir.

3 P.M.—The Enemy has been starved out. He has just left the Dressing-Room to make a *reconnaissance* in the neighbourhood of the Kitchen.

4 P.M.—After an anxious investigation, the Commissariat Department has been proved to have broken down. The Enemy has just received a report from the Cook, informing him that "there is nothing in the house."

5 P.M.—The Enemy has just returned to the Dressing-Room, to find it in the hands of the Home Forces. During the Enemy's foraging expedition an opportunity has been seized to take up the carpet and dismantle the windows. The Enemy's ammunition has been captured, and the Dressing-Room is quite unfit for occupation.

6 P.M.—The Enemy has retreated into the Dressing-Room, where he has been hotly pursued by the Home Forces. Charges are being made with great loss of temper on both sides.

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7 P.M.—The Home Forces have been strengthened by the arrival of a Reserve Brigade (MR. SMITH's mother-in-law), and a severe engagement is imminent.

8 P.M.—One of the Umpire Staff (a bachelor friend) has arrived, and has directed the Enemy to retire to the Club.

9 P.M.—Recommencement of hostilities. Demonstration of the Commander of the Home Forces strongly supported by the Reserve. Feints, volleys, tears, and grand attack upon the better feelings of the Enemy.

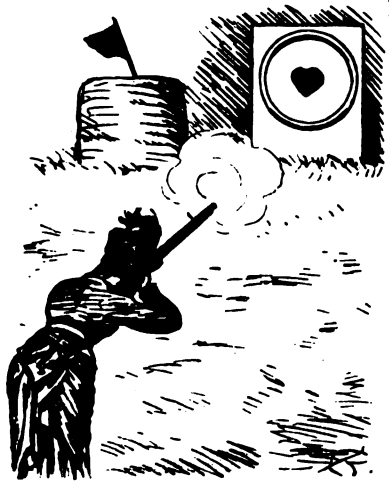
9·30 P.M.—The Enemy is wavering. The last attack of the Home Forces is expected to prove successful.

10 P.M.—Arrival of the Umpire-in-Chief (the Doctor), who, after carefully inspecting the present condition of the Forces of the contending parties, orders the Enemy to retire immediately to Dieppe—the march to commence on the morrow. Triumph of the Commander of the Home Forces.

10·15 P.M.—The Commander of the Home Forces, after declaring peace, has resumed the supreme command. The order to "cease firing" (at first resisted by the Reserve) is now being obeyed on all sides. The Commissariat of the Household Brigade is in magnificent condition. Supplies good and ample.

10·30 P.M.—Commanding Officer's call to supper. End of engagement.

PUNCH AT WIMBLEDON.



OF course, as all the world knows, *Mr. Punch* looks remarkably well in any and every costume it may please his fancy to assume; but when *Mr. Punch* wishes to appear to special advantage, he dons his Volunteer uniform. As it would cause great and natural heart-burning were the name of the happy Corps of which LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PUNCH is the Commanding Officer to be divulged, the number of his Regiment shall be carefully concealed. It is enough to say that his uniform, like many other Volunteer uniforms, is rather ornamental than useful. The sleeves of his tunic are covered with the handsomest silver lace—lace which glistens in the sun when there is a sun, and which tarnishes in the rain when the timid civilian unfurls his umbrella. He wears, as a Field Officer, a perfectly useless sabretasch, for the very excellent reason that he has received orders from the Horse Guards to add it to the long list of his accoutrements. On his head he balances a heavy shako, that those who regard him may admire his powers of endurance. His sword is of the regulation length, his high boots are of the regulation tightness, and his spurs are after the regulation pattern. Mounted on his charger, with his holsters containing pocket-pistols loaded to the mouth with Brown Sherry, and his pouch-belt full of the best cigars, he is a man that Mars himself might admire. Nay, more—not only Mars but daughters also.

As *Mr. Punch* has never missed putting in an annual appearance at Wimbledon, it was not to be expected for a moment that he would neglect to do his duty in July, 1875. Accordingly, on Monday last he presented himself amongst the first of those who claimed the attention of the clerk at the Waterloo Station, and in due time received the necessary voucher franking him to the Camp from the hands of a bowing official. Conscious of the fact that a soldier should always appear "smart" on parade, he refused to enter a smoking carriage. Ladies are charming creatures, but opening doors for them is not an exercise calculated to improve the appearance of regulation buck-skin gloves. A hint to the Guard secured for him a compartment all to himself. It was evidently intended for the use of elderly Generals, as it bore a label suggesting that it was appropriated to the service of aged females. Then in perfect privacy *Mr. Punch* opened the magic volume that is his greatest solace in times of intense sleeplessness, and began to peruse "Section 10.—Gymnastic Training.—III. Course for Drilled Soldiers."

Having nearly mastered the secrets of the Horse Guards, he found himself, rather suddenly, outside the Station at Wimbledon. A General, of rather genial appearance, had evidently been anticipating his arrival with impatience.

"Ah, here you are at last!" cried the General, inviting *Mr. Punch* to mount a gaily caparisoned charger.

"Morning, your R.H.," said the man of men, gracefully flinging himself into the saddle. "What is the matter?"

"The matter, indeed! Why, Sir, how do you think we can get to work until you have inspected us?"

"How, indeed!" echoed *Mr. Punch*. "How are you getting on?"

"Oh, pretty well! I think the regulations you issued last week will be tolerably well observed. I hear that wide-awakes are not to be worn this year on duty, and sentries will mount guard without umbrellas."

"Come," said *Mr. Punch*, cheerfully; "that 's a great improvement," and the two great men cantered away to the Camp. There was the usual demonstration. The guard turned out, the bugles sounded, and the cheers were deafening.

"Sorry I am obliged to leave you," said the genial General, sorrowfully. "But the fact is, I have a great deal to do just now. I am President of the Association, don't you know, and then I have to look after the Summer Manœuvres over yonder. Ah! I wish *you* were at the head of the Control."

"Well," said *Mr. Punch*, modestly. "I think I could help you a little. It shouldn't be such a *very* difficult matter to feed 10,000 men seventeen miles from Aldershott."

"You have heard of *that* Mess!"

"It seems to me (to make an old joke) that there was no Mess at all," and *Mr. Punch* laughed, pleasantly.

"Don't say anything more about it," said the genial General, anxiously. "Take a cigar?"

"Never smoke in uniform, your R.H." replied *Mr. Punch*. "Besides it is your last—not that *that* matters much! If what somebody says is true—there must be plenty of *weeds* at Aldershott!"

The genial General shook his head, and slowly rode away.

Thus the two Generals parted—the Man of the Sword to umpire-in-chief at Aldershott. The Man of the Pen to inspect the Volunteers.

"And so," pondered the pensive *Punch*, "the Riflemen are smarter this year. They no longer contrive uniforms of peculiar construction. They no longer combine the stern majesty of the military tunic with the graceful outlines of the alpaca umbrella." And *Mr. Punch* was well pleased. The greatest warrior of the age (amiably dispensing with the chairing that certain enthusiastic votaries of Mars would have forced upon him) wandered slowly through the tented field.

"Ah, the old, *old* form," murmured *Mr. Punch* mournfully, as he neared a well-remembered group—a group he had seen in years gone by, a group he will see again, if Ridicule is powerless, and Laughter is in vain. "Every inch a soldier, except a foot of hat!" commented *Mr. Punch* sorrowfully, as the figure of a stalwart Scot,



clothed in the garb of old Gael, *plus* a "chimney-pot" (according to the regulations laid down by that most eminent firm of cap-contrivers, MESSRS. LINCOLN AND BENNETT, came into view. "Yes, and every foot a civilian, except a few inches of shako!" he added, as he noticed that a gentleman wearing what appeared to be "The Tourist suit as advertised," had donned for the nonce a distinctly military head-dress. "And yet they say that our Volunteers have no notion of discipline and smartness!" and he sighed heavily as he hurried away from a picture which was at once painful and excessively absurd.

"Let me get me to the shooting," he said more cheerfully.

"Well, my man," said he, on his arrival at the targets, to the

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marker, "and how are we getting on, eh? Outers all right? Ricochets in fine condition? Surely *that* touched the target?"



"No, Sorr," replied the intelligent official—an Irish boy, by the way—"the last hit, Sorr, was a miss, Sorr!"

"Indeed," murmured *Mr. Punch*, "from the sound I should have taken it for a *bull!*" Smiling to himself at the quaintness of this merry conceit, the Commander-in-Chief wandered to another part of the ground. The tents were regularly pitched, and their occupants seemed to be in good spirits, and hard at work. Altogether, *Mr. Punch* was well satisfied with what he saw, and made up his mind to write a favourable report of the Camp and its belongings. Again he approached the shooting grounds of the happy Riflemen, and listened to the sweet music of many bands as the sounds floated past him, borne to the targets on the zephyr wings of summer breezes. It may be seen from the construction of the above sentence that he was rapidly becoming poetical, when he was sternly recalled to prose by the following dialogue—

"Sergeant," whispered a timid voice, "have you seen my Missis about?"

'Seen 'em!" thundered the Sergeant—the poor man was tired and out of



temper—"Seen 'em! I believe yer! High, low, right and left, and all over the place!"

"Ah," murmured *Mr. Punch*, thinking of the fair sex, but not exactly of *his* "Missis," "why do not the Ladies make Wimbledon one of their rights! How nice it would be if this Camp were occupied by Amazons."

He had scarcely uttered the words when silvery tones sounded in his enchanted ears. He listened, looked, and lo! the prettiest of shakos upon the glossiest of chignons—(See in margin a thumb-nail sketch of the effect).



Cautiously advancing in the wake of this lovely vision, his progress was arrested by a female sentinel—with the prettiest voice—softly whispering, "Who goes there?"

"A friend!" replied *Mr. Punch*, enthusiastically. "But what do you do here, my dear Madam?"

"Is this not the very place for us, *Mr. Punch?*" answered the Sentinel, smiling. "Is not Wimbledon in July the Head Quarters of Flirtation?"

Mr. Punch was perfectly charmed. For a few minutes he could not utter a word. On every side he found proofs of female taste. Even the ammunition brown paper had been converted into bonnet peaks.

"Ah, TENNYSON!" he exclaimed. "You are at last outdone. *You* thought of a College of Women, but I have discovered a Camp of Girls."

"Not all girls, *Mr. Punch!*" said a stern voice, and to his horror the Great Creature found himself confronted by his better half, wearing the costume of a Major-General. "I will teach you to flirt, Sir."

"My dear," mildly replied the luckless one, "I do not require teaching."

"Let him be tried by Court-Martial," and in a moment *Mr. Punch* was roughly seized by the collar.

* * * * *

"Tickets, please Sir!" *Mr. Punch* woke to find himself certainly at Wimbledon, but still with a copy of "The Queen's Regulations" lying open on the cushion beside him.

And this was *Mr. Punch's* dream of Wimbledon, suggested by memories of the past—he may, perhaps, have something to say about the present of Wimbledon—in the future.

A STOCKBROKER'S SOLILOQUY.

Do you remember, O MATILDA sweet!
When steaks and you began to get so dear,
How everybody thought it very queer
If Man and Wife got bread and cheese to eat,
And now and then a modest pint of beer,
Upon that hum-drum sum, three hundred pounds a-year?

And yet we both were brave enough to marry,
And of "incumbrances" disdained the fear.
Now we have eight: their little boots appear
Enough to make me wish them at Old Harry,
For everything is twenty times as dear,
And I, as yet, but make three thousand pounds a-year

A precious lot of tin it takes to gild a
Life such as ours. Yquem succeedeth beer:
For your old Exmoor you 've to drop a tear,
And drive a pair of dark brown cobs, Matilda!
Happily, on the Stock Exchange, my dear,
'Tis but a step from three to thirty thou. a year.

Make money, somehow! 'Twas my father's fancy:
I've an hereditary taint, that 's clear;
And without coin should feel uncommon queer:
Wherefore I practise City necromancy,
Kill many clients (names do not appear),
In hope to fairly earn my thirty thou. a year

And when I 've got a snug estate in Kent
Or Surrey (London should be somewhere near,
For country life is rather tame, I fear),
Reposing calmly on my cent. per cent.,
Sipping my port, I 'll say, "MATILDA dear!
Did we once live upon three hundred pounds a year?"

A City Chair (of Ease).

THE Gotham Committee will shortly proceed to the election of a Professor of Rhetoric. Respectable mediocrity is essential, but no special qualifications are requisite. Testimonials, however numerous and weighty, are of little value, and will probably not be read. No great power of voice is required, as the previous exertions of the Committee have been successful in limiting the audiences to about six persons. Preference will be given to any one connected with a great City company, or the *protégé* of an elector.

"What 's in a Name?"

AT the Suffolk Agricultural Show held at Stowmarket June 24th and 25th, the animal (one of MR. SEXTON'S) which took the DUKE OF HAMILTON'S prize as the best *boar* in the yard was named Dr. Kenealy, as claiming descent from Disturbance and Bombast!

SHADOWS OF DARKNESS.

BISHOPS and others very commonly talk of "shades of thought in the Church." Respecting the dogma symbolised by Ritualist practices, these shades of so-called thought appear to the rational mind's eye shades of nonsense.

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THE PLACE TO SPEND A HAPPY SUNDAY.

Reprobate. "BRIGHTON BE BLOWED! THISH 'SH MY AQUARIUM! OPEN O' SHUNDAYS, TOO!!"

STEAM *V.* SUNSHINE.

(*A Melibœan Moan elicited by* MR. GIBBS'S *plan for Haymaking by Artificial Heat.—See "Times" of June 7th.*)

ANOTHER old proverb must go to the wall!
"*Make hay while the sun shines!*"—Pooh! pooh! Not at all!
Since we 're able, they say, in this new-fangled way,
To make it by night just as well as by day;
That Moloch, Machinery, 's destined to master all,
Playing the deuce with the pretty and pastoral.
Could VIRGIL return, it might move him to weeping
To watch our mechanical mowing and reaping;
And now, just to clench practicality's yoke,
They 're cashiering poor Phœbus in favour of coke.
For haymaking 's done, on this precious new plan,
By the aid of an engine, a stove, and a fan!
Alas for Arcadia! The Steam-engine frolics
Where thy swains sang and piped, till our modern bucolics
Are bare of romance—and starved fancy but fibs
When it owns inspiration in MECHI or GIBBS!
The poor picturesque! it is pretty well spent
In its fight with that pitiless tyrant, "Per cent."
Though RUSKIN may rave, and the Muses bemoan,
The steam-sinewed despot will soon reign alone.
O, Jupiter-Pluvius, Clerk of the Weather,
One cannot acquit *you* of blame altogether;
Did you do your *devoir*, and Sol stick to *his* work,
There yet were a chance for the Haymaker's Fork!

Considerate Cousins.

A LARGE number of Americans now in England celebrated their national Declaration of Independence by a *fête* held on the 5th of July, at the Crystal Palace. Not one of the speakers abused the British. Was it that they recollected that they were in a glass house, and so must not throw stones?

VIVISECTION COMMISSION QUESTIONS.

To what extent do you think the practice of cutting up one's friends prevails in this country?

Under what circumstances do you consider that we are warranted in cutting each other?

What distinction do you draw between cutting a man and cutting a man dead?

Have you known any unpleasant results follow a slashing article?

Can you furnish any trustworthy statistics as to the number of authors who have been cut up within the last seven years?

Have you turned your attention to cutaway coats in connection with the subject of this present investigation?

Have any instances come under your notice of persons who have appeared terribly cut up?

How would you act towards bores? Would you feel the slightest compunction at cutting them short?

Have you ever known any untoward consequences arise from cutting at whist?

You are not required to criminate yourself, but have you ever made short cuts, and, if so, with what results?

What course of conduct should you pursue if you were called upon, at a moment's notice, to divide two Ladies at the dinner-table?

Canada's Luck.

"THE Dominion" can bear its High Governor's Chair
To instal such a strenuous puffer * in,
While 'tis clearest of facts, from his speeches and acts,—
Name apart—it has *not* got a Duffer in."

* See my LORD DUFFERIN'S glowing and genial praises of the Dominion at the dinner given him by the Canada Company last week.

ADAGE ON THE PUBLIC WORSHIP ACT.—Those who play at Vestments must expect Suits

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"TOUT VIENT À QUI SAIT ATTENDRE."

SHOUTING HEARD—ENGINE WHISTLES FRANTICALLY—BREAKS APPLIED VIOLENTLY—TRAIN STOPS—ACCIDENT, NO DOUBT—ALARM OF FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS—STOUT GENT FLIES AT COMMUNICATOR—CHILD SHRIEKS—TERRIFIED LADY CALLS OUT, "HELP! GUARD! WHAT IS IT? LET US OUT!"

Guard. "O, NO FEAR, MISS. ON'Y DRIVER HE JUST SEE A LOT O' FINE MUSHYROONS, MISS, AND WE——HE LIKE 'EM FOR BREAKFAST. ALL RIGHT! AWAY Y' GO!!"

OSTENSIBLE OCCUPATIONS OF JESUITS.

MR. PUNCH, anxious to partially quench MR. WHALLEY's insatiable thirst for useless knowledge, takes leave to offer him the information which the House of Commons cruelly denied him. *Mr. Punch*, always generous, goes beyond what the Honourable Member asks, and furnishes him with infallible marks by which to distinguish a Jesuit.

Ministers and Ex-Ministers.—It is sad to think that there are many Jesuits in this small class—perhaps there are few exceptions. A pamphlet against the Vatican, a novel whose princely hero is surrounded by Monsignore, a work on Foreign Exchange (the hidden meaning of which phrase is a change to a foreign religion), a Plea for National Holidays, an article in the *Contemporary Review*, are unfailing marks of Jesuitry.

Members of both Houses.—Too, too many. Their ostensible occupation, which nobody imagines their real one, is to make laws for England. Any Peer who plays Polo is a Jesuit. Any Peer who writes books of travel is a Jesuit. Any M.P. who mentions the Pope, in praise or dispraise, is a Jesuit. Any M.P. who never mentions the Pope is the greatest Jesuit of all.

Novelists.—The author of *Never too Late to Mend* is a Jesuit, because Jesuits can never be mended. The author of *Can we Forgive Her?* is a Jesuit, since they never forgive anybody. The author of *Cometh up as a Flower* is a Jesuit, for they come up like weeds. The author of *Sweet and Twenty* is a Jesuit, since there are more than twenty of them—by no means sweet. The author of *Three Feathers* is a Jesuit, because the title of his book has a mystical significance.

Bishops and Clergy.—It is clear that a full catalogue would, in this case, be impossible. No one, perhaps, could supply it but the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, Honorary Clerical Secretary to the Jesuits of England. But any Clergyman who preaches in a gown, or a surplice, or an alb, or a cope, or a white necktie, or black gloves, or Oxford shoes, or a hunting coat, or cricketing flannels, is assuredly a Jesuit.

As it is impossible to squeeze a Jesuit Directory into one number of *Punch*, it may be well to conclude by warning MR. WHALLEY that a Jesuit in the family is very dangerous. He should carefully watch the behaviour of his servants on Fridays and fast-days. Any cook who on those days spoils his dinner for the good of his soul, any groom who keeps his horses without oats, any valet who gives him a damp shirt, any maid-servant who declines to see a follower, should be turned out of the house at once. Jesuits, depend upon it.

But is not *Mr. Punch* carrying owls to Athens, or coals to Newcastle? Though descended from a WHALLEY, who was first cousin to JOHN HAMPDEN and OLIVER CROMWELL, is not the junior Member of Peterborough

FATHER SUPERIOR OF THE JESUITS OF ENGLAND?

Those awful words should be printed in blood—in asinine blood, if possible. Will the Doctor submit to the lancet?

St. Swithin, July 15th, 1875.

I'LL remember, I'll remember,
How this Summer fleeted by,
With the warmth of a December
In the middle of July!

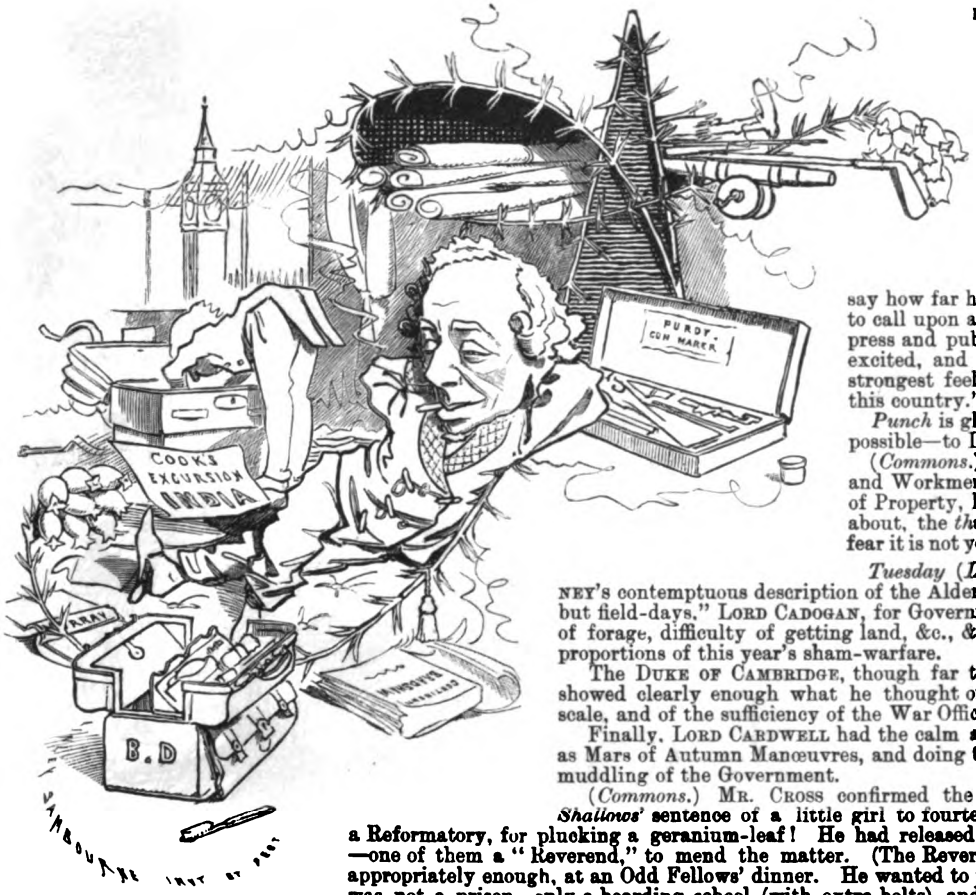
New Reading.

(*From the First Satire of* HORACE, *by* SUB-LIEUTENANT SORBONES, *whose Corps, the Hundred-and-Worst, has been taking part in "The Manœuvres"—which the Militia have been spared.*)

"MILES ait, multo jam fractus membra labore,
Militia est potior: quid enim? Non curritur- -"

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ALL relations are, more or less, troublesome. But of all troublesome relations give us Cousins German—(so argued my LORD PENZANCE, *Lords, Monday, July* 12)—if they are to be allowed to lay down the new principle of international obligation, that every State is bound to frame laws for preserving not only its own internal peace, but the internal peace of all its neighbours.

LORD DERBY hardly thinks COUNT PERPONCHER means to go as far as this; but admits it is *not* easy to say how far he *does* go. "For one foreign Court to call upon another, under menaces, to silence its press and public-speaking, was an act which had excited, and he hoped would always excite, the strongest feeling of sympathy and indignation in this country."

Punch is glad to say ditto—as emphatically as possible—to LORD DERBY.

(*Commons.*) In a fearful fog over the Employers and Workmen, and the Conspiracy and Protection of Property, Bills. The longer the House groped about, the *thicker* the fog seemed to grow. We fear it is not yet cleared off. (See Friday's Essence.)

Tuesday (*Lords*).—In answer to LORD WAVENEY's contemptuous description of the Aldershot operations as "not manœuvres, but field-days," LORD CADOGAN, for Government, sung very small, pleading cost of forage, difficulty of getting land, &c., &c., in extenuation of the very petty proportions of this year's sham-warfare.

The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, though far too well-disciplined to let out loud, showed clearly enough what he thought of the value of operations on a large scale, and of the sufficiency of the War Office reasons for shirking them this year.

Finally, LORD CARDWELL had the calm and congenial satisfaction of posing as Mars of Autumn Manœuvres, and doing the magnanimous over the military muddling of the Government.

(*Commons.*) MR. CROSS confirmed the incredible story of the Spalding *Shallows'* sentence of a little girl to fourteen days' in prison and four years in a Reformatory, for plucking a geranium-leaf! He had released the girl, and rebuked the *Shallows*—one of them a "Reverend," to mend the matter. (The Reverend Gentleman has since explained, appropriately enough, at an Odd Fellows' dinner. He wanted to play Providence. The Reformatory was not a prison—only a boarding-school (with extra bolts), and he really thought the girl would be much better done by there than at home. Spalding evidently rejoices in a "paternal" magistracy.)

MR. SULLIVAN wants a Science and Art Department in Dublin—with Boilers of its own (and a hot Cole of its own, too, MR. SULLIVAN? Surely, there are combustibles enough in Ireland already.) SIR STAFFORD promised that Government would see what could be done. Ireland—to judge by what she has done, unaided—would surely pay, and pay well, for Art-teaching, in results, if not in money. Whatever she has *not*, Sister *Cinderella has* a taste.

MR. P. A. TAYLOR wants the publication of the annual returns of crime and punishment in the Navy resumed. The Admiralty object that the return, unexplained, is injurious to discipline, and exposes officers to misconstruction. Is there not a return published of punishments in the Army?

MR. WHALLEY moved for a Select Committee for his great Jesuit Hunt.

"He moved, but nothing followed—the dead air
Was mute and motionless."

No one either seconded or opposed him, and so the matter—*commissione infectâ*—dropped. What was the Doctor about? WHALLEY is doubtless great, but is there no BIGGAR?

Wednesday (*Commons*).—Two "Previous Questions" and an Adjournment.

MR. HEYGATE wants cumulative voting in Election of Aldermen by Town-Councillors. Very good as far as it goes. But why not in Elections of Town-Councillors? Opinion on cumulative voting generally wants ripening.

SIR C. DILKE moved a Bill to enforce the Allotment Acts—the last dating from 1873. Doubtful if the Bills, as they are, do not provide sufficient coercive machinery; and, besides, there has not been time to test the working of the last Act.

Adjournment of debate on MR. M'CARTHY's Motion to turn the Irish Public Works Commissioners into Reclaimers of Waste Lands, for selling or letting. Ye gods, and loaves and fishes! what a gigantic vista of land-jobbery—

"Heights piled on heights, and depths in depths withdrawn"—

rises to the dazzled view!

Thursday (*Commons.*)—The vote for the PRINCE OF WALES's India Bill was fought through the House, with just enough haggling to deprive the appropriation of perfect graciousness.

Everybody, but MR. DISRAELI and MR. GLADSTONE, seems to think the Government has done the thing shabbily. To be sure, the Government ought to know best.

Punch, with MR. FAWCETT, would have preferred that England should have paid every penny of the bill. India has certainly *not* invited the PRINCE, and is as little in a position to invite him as she is to decline his visit: is certainly *not* as well able to afford the expense of entertaining him as Canada was. As to the feeling of the Working-men (*Punch* is a representative Working-man, and knows), nineteenth-twentieths of them—as MR. BURT, with characteristic straight-forwardness, admitted—neither think, nor care a ha'penny about the matter: the other twentieth, including the blatant gentlemen who get up nasty noisy little mobs in Trafalgar Square, and who claim to speak for the Working-men, because they speak, peculiarly, for themselves, oppose the visit and the grant for it—as they oppose everything suggested by their betters, and, in particular, all grants to members of the Royal Family. They have found just enough voice in Parliament to show how thoroughly they stand opposed to general opinion.

SIR WILFRID, for once, was rather forced, than gracious, in his fooling. The only hit of his speech worthy of himself or *Punch* was the suggestion that, if the PRINCE's trip was to be recommended from the educational stand-point, it should be in the interests rather of Ministers than the PRINCE. For example, what a good thing it would be if the President and Secretary of the Board of Trade could have the opportunity of a voyage to India to learn *some*thing about shipping!

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A DISCUSSION ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

SIR HERCULES FITZANAK ADMITS THAT WOMEN OCCASIONALLY RIVAL MEN IN INTELLECT AND CHARACTER, BUT CONTENDS THAT THEIR INFERIORITY IN STRENGTH AND STATURE WILL PROVE AN INSUPERABLE BAR TO THEIR EVER BEING PLACED ON A FOOTING OF EQUALITY WITH THE STERNER SEX. MISS MILLICENT MILLEFLEURS SAYS NOTHING, BUT THINKS A GREAT DEAL.

MR. BRIGHT'S was the happiest suggestion,—that the PRINCE'S unfailing and unforced courtesy, kindliness, and graciousness might, perhaps, serve as a lesson to Anglo-Indian Officials, in their dealings with the "niggers."

This set up SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL'S back, and brought him on to his legs. Now SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL *on his legs with his back up*, is an animal so formidable that the House—faint and hungry, and hard on dinner-time,—absolutely howled in horror of the onslaught. They were reduced to submission by the Chairman's stern threat to clear the Bar—and then SIR GEORGE was allowed to clear the House without farther expressions of dismay.

At ten, progress was reported to allow SIR CHARLES DILKE to bring forward his Motion in favour of making our next Leap, not in the dark, but in as much light as inquiry can bring to bear on it. MR. FAWCETT and MR. GOSCHEN supported the Motion. MR. DISRAELI, author of the Ten Minutes' Bill, opposed it. "Anomalies?" Of course. We were a people, as well as Parliament, of Anomalies. Nothing in our political machinery worked so well as Anomalies. He would stand or fall by Anomalies. He declined to be bound by the judgment of any number of Quarterly Reviewers, which of the rival schemes for the representation of Minorities had least practical good sense in it. Only two things. He set his face against equal electoral divisions, and put his foot down *on* the Boroughs. The Boroughs would last his time. *Après nous le déluge.* He did not see what could be the good of a Royal Commission to inquire into antediluvial arrangements. That is about the English of the PREMIER'S highly educational, philosophical, and far-sighted discourse, which preceded the rejection of SIR CHARLES'S Motion by 190 to 120.

Friday (*Lords*). — Another suggestion (from LORD GALLOWAY) that we should pull up CARDWELL'S Army-seed, to see how it is growing. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE gave the usual warning—not yet often enough repeated, it would seem—that nothing can be so bad for the Army as constant change, or suggestion of change, which is almost as bad.

(*Commons.*) In Committee on the Labour Laws Bills. Fog of Tuesday apparently clearing up, but only to settle down again over the Bills at last, thicker than ever. The united wits of MESSRS. CROSS and LOWE have elaborated a new clause—of general application—in lieu of the Criminals Law Amendment Act, 1871 (the Picketing Act). It proposes three months' imprisonment "for intimidation, or serious annoyance, by violence or otherwise, with a view to compel any person to do or abstain from doing anything he has legal right to do or abstain from doing."

Everybody approved of the clause as a whole, and then proceeded to pick holes in every part of it.

It is objected that it would apply to the tradesman with a small account, who pervades MR. BRIEFLESS'S front door or club steps, with a view to the pleasure of an interview with that impecunious gentleman.

It really seems as if, in *this* Bill, the labours of CROSS, LOWE & Co. have only ended in making vaguer what was too vague already, and in stretching the law which they profess a desire to restrain.

Again, in the Employers and Workmen's Bill, MR. CROSS has succeeded in getting rid of imprisonment, only to bring it in at a further stage, as the remedy of the surety who has to pay damages for the defaulter.

ST. SWITHIN'S tail of fog has apparently invaded the House and the heads of Honourable Members. "Good intention and bad invention" seems the only appropriate description of MR. CROSS'S and the House's labours at these Labour Bills thus far. They might be called the Labour-in-vain Bills. The red-fire for the blaze of triumph (see our last Cartoon but one)—we sorely fear—has been lighted too soon.

The last battle of the Session, (it is to be hoped) over the Judicature Act. Grand triangular duel between those "eminent combatants," SIR W. H. HARCOURT, W. E. GLADSTONE, and SIR H. JAMES. SIR W. HARCOURT says the strength of the Bench is wasted by bad arrangements—that the number of Judges, "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." MR. GLADSTONE said the same thing, and sang, to boot, the pæan and dirge of economy—a virtue once dear to statesmen, now (he says) respected and bewailed by himself alone. A fig for efficiency!

SIR H. JAMES, on the other hand, maintains that it is arrears, not Judges, that have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished.

Who shall decide when Q.C.'s disagree?

(*Evening Sitting.*) — Shannon navigation—the old old story. The O'CONNOR DON complains of extravagant plans, and useless expenditure. SIR M. H. BEACH complains, that though the Landlords are very willing to tap the national purse to the tune of hundreds of thousands, they refuse to drain their own pockets of a penny.

MR. BUTT draws the moral that the House of Commons is incapable of dealing with Irish Local affairs.

Mr. Punch is unable to draw any moral.

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But he sees there never is any spending of money in or for Ireland, but it is sure to lead to a cross-fire of charge and countercharge of plunder, jobbery, and mismanagement, which tempts JOHN BULL to wish he *could*, with a clean conscience, and a clear balance-sheet, wash his hands of the whole troublesome and dirty business.

DR. LUSH urged the grievances of Army Medical Officers.

MR. HARDY showed a fair readiness to deal fairly with them.

THE PLAINT OF A PIGMY.



PITY me, kind *Mr. Punch*.

I am a small man, and am troubled by small matters, which to greater men may seem of insignificant account. Just now one of my annoyances is the custom which prevails of Ladies wearing high-heeled shoes, and piling up their hair in the very height of fashion, which at present is an altitude of highly inconvenient extent. Thanks to this, although I really measure fully five feet and four inches and a quarter in my stockings, I appear a perfect pigmy when I venture to a flower-show or other fashionable place of feminine resort.

Although an energetic dancer, I rarely go to balls, for I dislike to dance with partners by whose side I look a dwarf. As for the Academy, all the pictures on the line are utterly eclipsed by the head-dresses in front of me, and I vainly stand on tiptoe to get a passing glance at what I came to see. So too at the Opera I can only catch a glimpse of *Amina*, or *Rosina*, or *Elsa*, or *Zerlina*, as they flit across the space between the piled-up curls before me. Indeed I seriously think that MESSRS. GYE AND MAPLESON should in charity reserve some few front rows of the Stalls, for the exclusive use and benefit of simple gentlemen of short stature, who are otherwise debarred from a full sight of the stage.

In common fairness, then, I hold that persons of the fair sex, if they would deserve that epithet, should diminish their unfair proportions when they appear in public places, and should abandon the unnatural excrescences of fashion which add so hugely to their height. At present, though in point of mere material fact they are looked up to, they hardly can expect to be held in high regard, at least, by those to whom their presence is so highly inconvenient as it now continually is to

Yours, SAM SHORT.

P.S.—Somebody in SHAKSPEARE somewhere says something about the waves "curling their monstrous heads." Swell Ladies now are like the waves—the swells of the sex—when they are at their toilette and preparing for a party.

DIRT AND DOLLARS.

A Modern Morality (from over the Atlantic).

"TOUCH not pitch!"—an ancient saw!
Time has brought a 'cuter teacher.
Stir it well, then go to law,
(If you 're a sensation preacher)—
Go to law, display the dirt,
Make parade of public laving;
Reputation *may* be hurt,
But in pence you 'll find a saving.
Easy dupes of holy gush—
Stuff to make old Mawworm blush—
There will press to make a purse
(Sickly cant finds ready scholars)
All your costs to reimburse:
Dread not dirt—it brings the dollars!

"MASTERLY INACTIVITY."

An Apologue.

Ursa. Nice jungle that of yours, good neighbour Lion.
Leo. Humph! Glad you like it!
Ursa. I have ne'er set eye on
A neater. And your hunting-ground 's extensive.
Leo. *Yours* is not narrow! Not to be offensive,
You 're good at *stretching!*
Ursa. India Rubber beats
Mere Russia Leather at *elastic* feats!
Leo. Well, *I've* no wish to widen my domain;
But let them 'ware who 'd trespass!
Ursa. 'Tis with pain
I mark suspicion in that dexter eye.
Some *Gobemouches* have been hinting *I* would try
That foolish game!
Leo. You 'd hardly find it pay.
I look a drowsy brute, at least, by day,
But I have eyes,—and claws;—may seem to bungle,
But mean to be sole master of my jungle.
So, *verbum sap.!*
Ursa. Now, after all my labours,
Such hints *do* hurt me! We should be good neighbours.
Leo. Only too near me, please, don't poke your nose,
Or we may jostle.
Ursa. Why, you don't suppose——
Leo. No need for supposition, just at present,—
But among friends *some* elbow room is pleasant.
Ursa. A "neutral zone" you would perhaps encourage,
Wherein our Cubs might mingle, but not forage?
Leo. Thanks, no; they *might* get squabbling, and the quarter
Become a chronic kettle for hot water.
A neutral tint *sounds* safe, yet black and white
Might think the rival tints not balanced quite,
And then!——
Ursa. But is there *nothing* can be done
To keep the peace between us?
Leo. If each one
Stick to his jungle, we can hardly quarrel;
If not, there 'll be a shindy,—*that* 's a "moral"!
And, spite of talks and treaties,—by the past
I'm judging,—it must come to that at last.
Ursa. What, fighting?
Leo. No, the alternatives I mention.
But *I* shall seek no pretext for contention.
I've had enough of fighting in my time.
Ursa. Your calm indifference is quite sublime!
'Tis fine for you, who 've collared all you want,
To cry "No grabbings!"
Leo. Well, I own that 's cant.
Some of my backers talk a deal of bunkum.
I 'd not fie-fie my—*friends*, we 'll say,—nor funk 'em.
Between crass napping and a chronic scare
I 'd take the middle course. This is my lair,
A crib I've fought for, and intend to keep:
I don't like fidgets, but I 'm not asleep.
I guess I 'm safe, but mean to watch my border,
With one eye open, and my claws in order!

Wimbledon under Water.

DRENCHED by Wednesday's and Thursday's incessant rain last week, the butts on Wimbledon Common must, remarked a donkey, have become water-butts. The continued down-pour of cats and dogs, however, put out no bull's-eyes, and failed to prevent competing riflemen from making sundry. But weather unfavourable to the presence of muslin, even under canvas, precluded the gallant Volunteers almost, if not quite entirely from the possibility of making any of those sheep's-eyes which many and perhaps most of them are prone to cast on every suitable occasion.

Prayer to Ladies with Parasols.

(At the Pig-pens of Agricultural Shows.)

"THE rude four fathers of the ham let sleep."

M.P.'s MOTTO (TOWARDS THE RECESS).—"Fiat justitium,* ruat cœlum." *Anglicè*, "Adjournment, at any price."

* No, it isn't a misprint. "*Justitium*" *is* good Latin for a "cessation from business."

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SONG ON ST. SWITHUN'S DAY.

(HAWFINCH *sings.*)



SING St. Swithun,
Pace be with un,
We 've had too good call to say;
Rain a pourun,
Tempests roarun,
All droo-out his live-long day.

Rest and bless un—
I 'd address un,
If so be dead Saints could hear;
Say unto un,
"Doan't 'ee rewun
All the whate, and wutts, and bere.

"Though the apples,
In their chapels
As the Popish Priesties says,
Thee hast christen'd,
Hope thee bissent
Gwiun to souse us varty days.

"Hay and clover
Scarce got over
Carryun droo the showers o' rain—
Ha' compassion;
Spare for thrashun,
Plaze doan't drench and spile the grain.

"Never scatter
From thy water-
Pot no wus than gentle drops.
Doan't upset un;
For to let un
Flood our fields and swamp our crops.

"Turmuts, mangul,
Swedes, thee spangle
Like wi' glitterun dimunds pure.
Flush the roots up,
Plim the fruits up,
Gie 'um what they wants—not moor.

"Safe the golden
Ears, a-holdun
Harvest-whoam in thankful frame
For fine weather,
Altogether,
Then we 'll prize St. Swithun's name.

"Kill the fatted
Pig; wi' platted
Straa whilst all our heads be crowned,
Banquet dish up
Fit for Bishop.
Let the good strong beer goo round."

RIFLES AND TRIFLES.

IT is no uncommon thing at our rural rifle-meetings to see some paltry little prizes "donated" (as our cousins say) by certain of the enterprising tradesmen of the district, who want to see their names paraded in the newspapers. Prizes of this sort are generally fitter for a raffle than a rifle-meeting, for they not infrequently consist of such small articles as a cigar-case, or a corkscrew, or a pair of leather gaiters, or a bottle of old port. With the knowledge that the eyes of all the "constant readers" in the country are upon them and their presents, MR. STITCHER gives a pair of his famed fifteen-shilling trousers, and his neighbour (MR. SCISSARS) presents one of his celebrated patent seamless shirts; while MR. PUFFER perhaps offers a small photographic album, and MR. DUFFER makes the gift of a pair of hobnailed boots.

Everybody knows that prizes such as these are chiefly given as advertisements, and everybody knows, too, that there is a proverb about looking at gift-horses in the mouth. A walk through the prize-tent at Wimbledon this year will show that such advertisements have crept into the Camp, and, for the credit of the one great meeting of the year, it might be well to keep such little things in check. Unless more care be taken in revisal of the prize-list, we may live to see a Bath bun or a penny trumpet presented to be shot for, or perhaps a box of pipe-lights or an ounce of lollipops.

NULLI Secundus—"Seconded by None." (New translation by the Member for Peterborough.)

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

(*Adapted to the present times.*)

One, two,
At the Zoo.
Three, four,
Rifle Corps.
Five, six,
Ritualist tricks.
Seven, eight,
Adulterate.
Nine, ten,
Fast Young Men.
Eleven, twelve,
"Bills" to shelve.
Thirteen, fourteen,
Flirting, courting.
Fifteen, sixteen,
Porci pepsine.
Seventeen, eighteen,
Ladies skating.
Nineteen, twenty,
Humbug—plenty!

THINGS INDIFFERENT.

THERE is common sense in the declaration by the REV. E. H. PLUMPTRE in the *Times*:—

"I, for one, would hope that there are yet seven thousand men among us who have not bowed the knee to this Baal of passionate partisanship, and who would be equally ready to orientate and wear a chasuble to-morrow, or to adhere to the surplice and the north end, according to the interpretation which LORD PENZANCE may put on these conflicting and scarcely intelligible rubrics."

Sensibly said. Never mind how loudly the Baalites of passionate partisanship, right and left, cry out that this is the language of *Mr. Facing-both-ways.*

POEM BY A PARIENT.

On "Earth to Earth."

FRIENDLY Societies, afore,
Used to be called a ugly name,
Which now it won't be right no more
As Corfin Clubs to brand the same.

With wickerwork instead of wood
The corfins will be done away.
So much to a Insurer's good
More for to sack, and less to pay.

So, while the Missus rocks the kid,
I smokes my pipe, and bears in view
The cradle will but want a lid
To sarve the t'other purpose too.

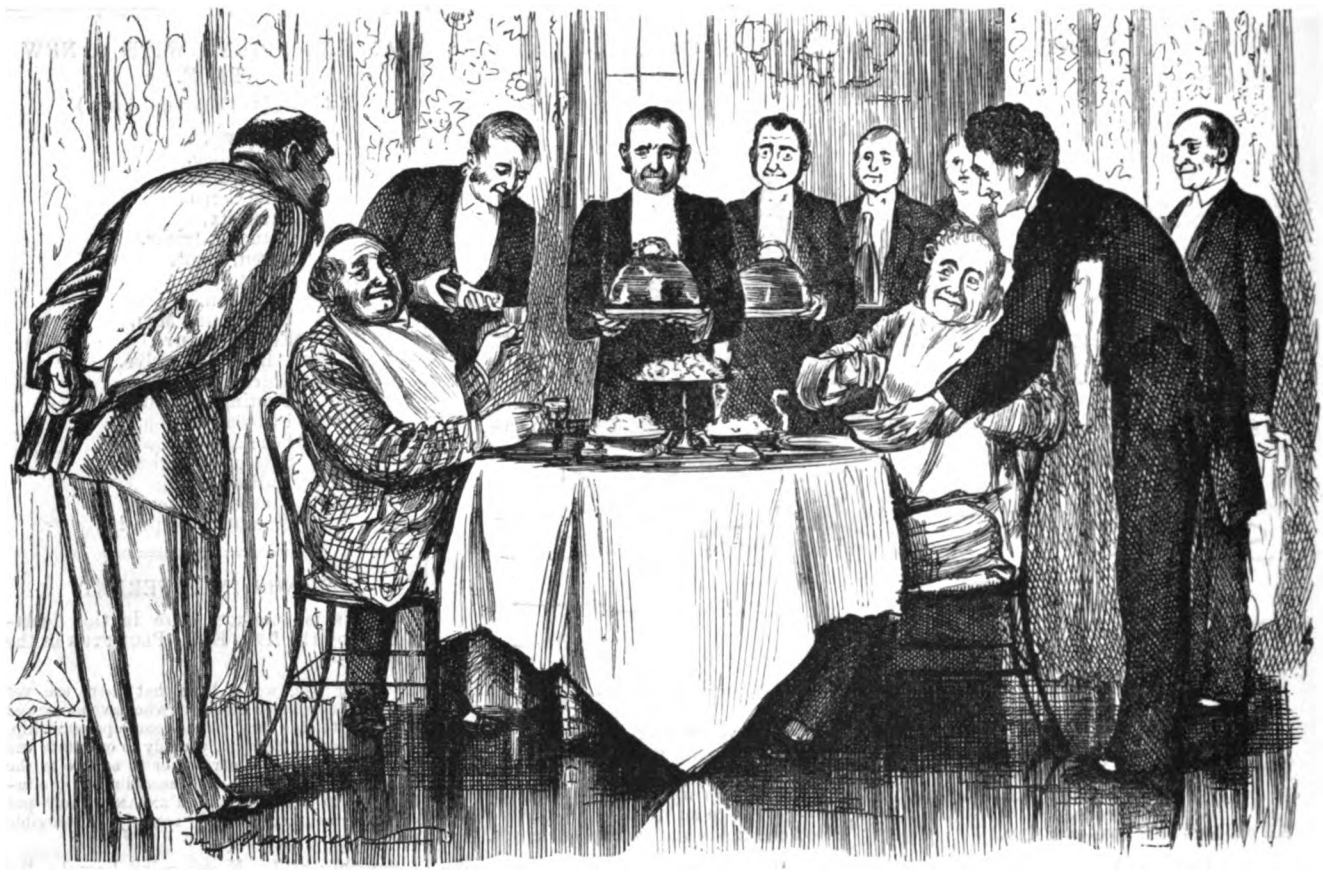
RÉUNION IN THE RAIN.

THE Garden Party which was to have been given at Holland House on Wednesday, was postponed till Thursday, when, owing to the still unfavourable weather, it took place in-doors. This information we owe to an Irish correspondent, who adds, that had the Garden-Party at Holland House been given in the garden on either of those days, it would have been entirely a water-party on shore.

MR. GLADSTONE'S AWKWARD QUESTION.

THERE may be different answers to W. E. G.'s question, "Is the Church of England worth preserving?" but one thing is clear—the *jars* are ready

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"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY."

(MRS. WILKINS AND MRS. TOMKINS HAVE DETERMINED TO SPEND THE AUTUMN HOLIDAY, WITH THEIR FAMILIES, AT SOME FASHIONABLE FRENCH WATERING-PLACE. TO SAVE EXPENSE, THEY SEND WILKINS AND TOMKINS OVER FIRST, TO LOOK ABOUT THEM, AND TAKE CHEAP AND SUITABLE LODGINGS. TO SAVE TROUBLE, W. AND T. GO TO THE BEST HOTELS, AND LIVE AT THE RATE OF ABOUT FIVE THOUSAND A-YEAR EACH.)

MINE HOST WISHES TO KNOW "IF THE MESSIEURS ARE CONTENT!"

Wilkins. "'CONTONG!' JE VOO KRWAW, MON GARCONG!"

Tomkins. "'CONTONG!' JUSTE NE LE SOMMES NOUS PAS, VIEUX COQ!"

A "DAGGER-SCENE" OF TO-DAY.

A Dramatic Fragment.

SCENE—*Seat beneath an old Cherry-tree in a "careless-ordered Garden."* EDWIN *and* ANGELINA *discovered—say, philosophising.*

Edwin (*pointing to thing of silk and sheen in* ANGELINA'S *hand*)—
"Is this a dagger that——"
Angelina. O spare your breath!
You've scarcely the physique to play *Macbeth.*
Leave that to MR. IRVING!
Edwin. Hyrcan creature!
Your words at least are lethal. But this feature
In—shall I say your *panoply?*—does stagger
Your most devoted.
Angelina. Frightened at a dagger?
Edwin. Ahem! Not quite; but what with châtelaines,
And bossy belts, and queerly clanking chains,
You girls are getting mediæval, very,
Not to say Amazonian!
Angelina (*proffering fruit*). Have a cherry?
Edwin (*insinuatingly*). Yes, of *home-growth!*
Angelina (*brandishing dagger-sheath*). Hold off, audacious man!
Or dread the— — (*Draws weapon.*)
Edwin. By the powers of Love—a Fan!
Angelina. Ah, what a falling-off!
Edwin. I'm not so sure;
A lunge may be less fatal than a lure.
A well-played fan's a cunning captivator.
You see I've not forgotten my *Spectator.*
Angelina. Who's he?
Edwin. Why ADDISON.
Angelina. *I* think, "Eavesdropper"
For that *Paul Pry* had been a name more proper!
Edwin. Aha! he saw and heard too much! And yet
There *did* exist the species "Fan-Coquette."
Of course it's now extinct. I make apology
For my excursion into Palæontology.
Angelina. *Please*, don't be crackjaw!
Edwin. Well, I swear, a fan
Hid in a dagger-sheath's none other than
Mischief in guise of Murder. Fancy CIRCE
Armed *cap-à-pie*, like JOAN OF ARC!
Angelina. O, mercy!
You're airing *all* your lore!—and with the sun
At seventy-eight!—I'll doze till you have done.
(*Covers her face with fan.*)
Edwin (*daintily lifting fan*). *Now* for those cherries!
Angelina (*starting up, and smiting him sharply*). Sir! Upon my word!
Edwin (*deprecatingly*). I crave your mercy—not your *Miséricorde!*

"Virtue is its own Reward."

THE *Times* supplies this excellent illustration of the good old saw:—

LOST, a BROWN BUCKSKIN PURSE, in vicinity of Alliance Bank (Limited), containing £30 gold, &c. The finder will be liberally REWARDED by returning the same to ——, New Cavendish Street, Portland Place.

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"POSITION OPTIONAL."

(THE COMMONS TEAM. WIMBLEDON, 1875.)

DIZZY. "WHAT POSITION SHALL *YOU* TAKE?" HARTINGTON. "THE *EASIEST!!*" DIZZY. "*SO SHALL I!!!*"

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THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., *and Hon. Member of the Dulli-dillitanty Society.*

AT this point you will generally find in Grammars what is termed an

EXERCISE ON THE ARTICLE.

Our instances shall speak for themselves: *e.g.*—

I ride on a Chair. My Brother dances on the Table. Our Grandmother is rolling on the Hearth-rug. Your Sister is tearing a Window-sash. Tommy is kicking the Door. The Boy is thumping the Piano. The Girl is playing Cricket with the China Ornaments.



And so on.

Of Substantives and Gender in furnishing, we will not treat at present. Perhaps we shan't say anything about them at all. We'll see.

Number.—No Grammar of Decorative Art would be perfect were "Number" left out. There can, in furnishing, be any number of anything. This rule can be best comprehended by the following examples: *e.g.*—

We bought two hundred and sixty Pokers with brass handles. He bought fifty Stoves and seventy Side-boards. She bought three hundred China Cups, seventy Ornamental Vases, sixty specimens of Wedgewood, and a hundred Louis Quatorze Tables.

This will give you some idea of Number in Decorative Art. There is also, as in Greek, the dual number. Things go in pairs, as candlesticks, sugar-tongs, &c., and cannot be sold separately.



Of the use of the *Adjective* and *Adverb* in Decorative Art not much need be said here. Everything is "O, quite too lovely!" "O, what a little duck of a thing!" "How deliciously frightful!" "How frightfully charming!" "How quite too inexpressibly horribly lovely!"

Adjectives are considerably used by the vendor, as *e.g.*, "That little table there is really beautiful." "You couldn't get so perfect a pair of candlesticks if you were to try everso!" "That lovely escritoire, Ma'am, is a decided bargain at thirty-six guineas," &c., &c.

Possessive Adjectives. — The use of these is evident. You buy a chair and it's yours. This is, by the way, how to make chairs into washing-basins. Do you see? Why, you buy my three chairs, and then *my* three chairs become *ewers.*

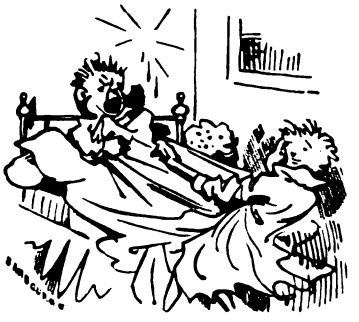


"Ewer another!" as the sugar-basin said to the washing-basin.

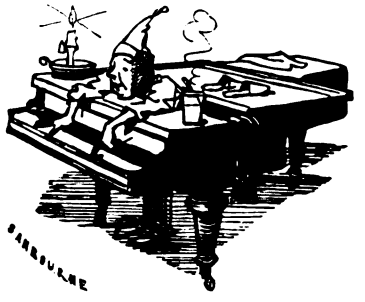
Exercise on the Possessive Adjectives in furniture is simple: *e.g.*—

Here, jump up! that's my *Chair. Get out! that's* my *Bed. It's* thy *Table, is it? then thou wilt pay for* thine. *It's* his *Piano. I say, those are* our *Carpets you're beating so cruelly! &c.*

Cases.—As for Cases in such a Grammar of Furnishing Decorative Art as this, there are various cases:—Book cases, writing cases, wine cases, spirit cases, music cases, pillow cases, brush cases, cigar cases, glass cases, &c., &c., which we must notice in due order, that is, as you order them, beginning with wine cases—say a case of Pommery *très sec.* (Addressed here, of course, to the Author of this work.*)



If you would be really original, be guided by me, and never follow precedent for precedent's sake. For instance, if it strikes you that a grand piano would be admirably adapted for a four-post bedstead, do not hesitate to fit the mattress on to the strings, your pillow near the keyboard, space for your hands to pass through on to the notes, and, after a very little practice, your fingers would wander easily and lazily over the



octaves, and you could play yourself drowsily to sleep. A banjo upside down would form a first-rate looking-glass for shaving.



If a carpet would, in your opinion, serve better for a blind, have it up, and make a blind of it. If anyone says to you, "You can't make a looking-glass into a feather bed," at once seize the opportunity for trying it. Depend upon it, there are many uses to which glass may be put, at present quite unknown, because hitherto untried. Had the idiot, who laid down the maxim that "there is nothing like leather," been able to prevent anyone from using glass, we should still have been drinking out of the "leather bottel," and decanters would have yet to be invented.

* Opportunity for advertisement. Never were such times! I take the opportunity of informing Upholsterers, House Decorators, &c., that here is a splendid chance for advertisement. Being committed to no one taste in particular, I am open to the best offer, and am prepared to give, in the course of these useful hints, the names and addresses in full, with list of cheapest prices, of all those tradesmen *who have the true interests of art in view.* My artist will also execute designs for furniture, with the name and address of the maker appended. We, the author and the artist, are willing to take it out in part cash, part furniture, or articles of *vertu,* and our motto is "*Ars longa,* but business is business."

P.S.—The Editor takes this opportunity to warn tradesmen against the artist calling at their shops and undertaking to execute designs in this work on his own account for value received. He is unauthorised to do anything without the Editor. Share and share alike.

(*To be continued.*)

"THE SADDLE ON THE RIGHT HORSE."

PARIS has got an International Exhibition of "Maritime and Fluvial Industries." It includes, in the French Export Department, "a trophy of Saddlery." For a moment we were at sea on reading this piece of information, and at a loss to account for the presence of Saddlery in a Maritime Exhibition; but then we remembered our old friends "the Horse Marines," and understood at once that the trophy must consist of their equipments.

ECCLESIASTICAL MEM.

WHAT the two great Church parties want to do to each other—Turn the Tables.

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PUNCH AT WIMBLEDON.



ET! Wet!! Wet!!!

"Water—water all around,"

But, happily, we are saved by MR. JENNISON from the horror of the other half of COLERIDGE'S couplet –

"And not a drop to drink."

Yet, in spite of Saint Swithin (a gentleman who, like many another Saint and many another Sinner—is not rain a sin in July?–*will* go down to look at the Volunteers at Putney), in spite of the cracks of the rifles, the dust or mud of the road, in spite, in fact, of every possible drawback, *Mr. Punch* decided upon paying a second visit to Wimbledon. Why did he make up his mind to perform a deed so full of devotion to duty, so strikingly characteristic of the virtue of self-sacrifice? Why did he, like a second CURTIUS, throw himself into the gulf—he means the Camp? These questions are easily answered. A few days since he received a letter, through the post, of a very remarkable character. Although the envelope was free from the penny postage-stamp, the emissary of LORD JOHN MANNERS who had carried it to Fleet Street had on this occasion neglected to put in a claim for the customary "tuppens." With some curiosity *Mr. Punch* opened the letter, and read the following words:—

DEAR PUNCH, *W. O., Wednesday Morning.*

YOU are the best and kindest of men, and you know it. Look here. I have got an awful lot to do. What with speaking in the House, and acting as Umpire-in-Chief at Aldershot, I really can't attend to Wimbledon. Will you go there? If you do, wake them up a bit. Make 'em "smart," Sir! Ha! ha! I dare say you will make 'em *smart!* (Must have my joke, you know.) *A propos* of jokes, wasn't that a bit of fun at Aldershot the other day, when HENRY DE BATHE, you know, got into the town by a

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back way, when we all expected him to knock at the front door? It amused the foreign *attachés* immensely. Can't write any more just now, as I am off to Shoeburyness to see some pretty, but rather expensive, fireworks. Don't forget Wimbledon.

Yours ever, GEORGE.

Mr. Punch, who is the most amiable of men, at once consented to comply with a request so becomingly expressed, and, without delay, travelled down to the Camp. At Clapham Junction he was invited to change carriages, and found that the Railway Companies, with that forethought for which they are renowned, had prepared a little preliminary puzzle for the Volunteers, evidently with a view to testing their knowledge of military tactics. The tunnel underneath the Station was in the hands of the plasterers; and as all the ordinary directions on the walls had been carefully painted out, it was a matter of chance if you turned up on a platform "right" for Brighton, or got into a train warranted to carry you all the way to Exeter in something less than no time. After an hour spent in a fruitless search for a conveyance bound for Wimbledon, *Mr. Punch* entered a vacant carriage, and soon found himself safely landed at Putney. The comparative dexterity with which this feat was accomplished, was strongly suggestive of a third-rate conjuring trick performed by a fourth-rate conjuror. However, *Mr. Punch* did certainly arrive at Putney, and Putney is, as everyone knows, but a step from Wimbledon. Remembering the beauties of the Cedars, and the fashions of the Camp, he begs to add that he found that step was the step that divided the Sublime from the Ridiculous. On his way to the ground the Great Creature was invited to have his portrait "done" by a Photographic Artist, who was "taking off" a gentleman of melancholy appearance, "*pour encourager les autres.*" The offer was refused.



Passing the Camp gate, with its guard of policemen, *Mr. Punch* found himself in the enclosure. He noticed immediately that, in the majority of cases, the Volunteers, in pitching their tents, had neglected to follow the golden rule of camping out, "When in doubt (of the weather) dig a trench."

With a deep sigh, *Mr. Punch* gloomily pursued his way. "In spite of the camp flag of the Victoria Rifles, which I see, very appropriately, contains a skull and crossbones," said the Great Man, "I fear the Volunteers will never exactly understand the duties of real soldiers. Stay, what have we here!" he added, as a bold yeoman, in martial array strutted past, with all the majesty of a Lord Mayor, and more than the dignity of a suburban peacock. "Come, this is very fair, indeed," murmured *Mr. Punch*, approvingly. "Boots, tunic, helmet, and pouch-belt. And now for the side-arms. Ah! as I feared! That fatal, that death-dealing blow—an umbrella!" And *Mr. Punch* felt very much inclined to weep long and bitterly. Had he no cause for sorrow? Yes, indeed, indeed he had. On all sides the same utter disregard for appearances met his view. Volunteers in wide-awakes of all colours, and of every description, Volunteers in straw hats, Volunteers in "chimney-pots," Volunteers in caps! The same old story—carelessness and lack of discipline turning a magnificent force of patriots into a body of mock marksmen—into an army of sham soldiers!



Walking away from the absurd umbrella-bearer clad in a helmet, *Mr. Punch* prepared to enter one of the tents. There were beds of flowers on either side of the opening, and in one of the beds stood a board, bearing the inscription "CAPTAIN S. BOUQUET, 443rd Loamshire Rifles—the Soldier's Retreat." "Here, I say," murmured the proprietor, languidly, "you mustn't come in until you have wiped your feet." *Mr. Punch* left some mud on a cocoa-nut mat, and entered "The Soldier's Retreat." The soldier seemed to have retreated very comfortably. A thick carpet was spread over the boarded floor. On the carpet stood marqueterie tables, easy chairs, and a piano. The atmosphere was suggestive of a perfumer's shop; and the *ensemble* would have been invaluable to an artist drawing (for a periodical circulating in the kitchen) an illustration to a story of excessively high life. A sketch of the interior of the tent would have done nicely for a picture representing "The Boudoir of the Wicked Duke."



"Rather snug, eh?" said CAPTAIN BOUQUET, "next year I shall have the canvas papered and hung with pictures. Can't do more than that! You must rough it you know, when you get to Wimbledon."



"Enough of this," cried *Mr. Punch*, "I will have no more of it," and he hastened to the happy shooting fields where small bore men after firing their rifles become (if they can only secure an audience), big bore men, in their explanation of why they did not make a "bull," or wherefore they neglected to score even an outer.

He was particularly pleased with the new positions. They seemed to be both easy and effective.

"Must shoot in uniform," said a stout Rifleman, who seemed to shrink from "trying his size" for certain weighty reasons.



"Very proper regulation, indeed," commented *Mr. Punch*; and he noticed that one of the competitors (evidently a soldier every inch of him) had complied with this rule by wearing a complete suit of *mufti* plus a sword-belt attached to an umbrella.

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"Come," said he, "that is what I call entering into the spirit of the thing! Would that there were more men like that Gallant Rifleman in Wimbledon!"

The wish of *Mr. Punch* was granted—he noticed before leaving the Camp that there were many more men like the Gallant Rifleman in question.

Clasping *Rifle Exercises and Musketry Instructions, Pocket Edition by Authority*, fondly to his breast (regardless, it will be seen, of the regulation printed on the cover, ordering him to carry it in his pocket), the Hero of a Hundred Sights continued to notice the shooting. *Mr. Punch* (easily tired with the monotonous occupation) was about to turn away when he saw his old friend Full Private (very Full Private) BUFFLES preparing to add another "bull" to his fast increasing score. He remembered the Full Private's saying in days gone by, "If you want to make a big figure at the targets, fire *on the top* of a good meal—never empty, my boy." And here was BUFFLES as large as (after dinner) life preparing to shoot in his accustomed style. His left arm rested on its habitual support, no one who looked at him could doubt it for a moment—BUFFLES was evidently firing on the top of a good meal!



And now *Mr. Punch* was fairly taken by surprise. The clouds gathered together into a compact mass, and, to his intense astonishment, it began to rain again! Rain at Wimbledon! Who ever heard of such a thing! And then it was that the skill of the tent-pitcher was tested. Those who had dug trenches and had cast their camp on the side of a hill were rewarded for their forethought; those who had done neither of these things soon assumed the appearance of heavily-moistened sponges.

"CAPTAIN S. BOUQUET in "The Soldiers' Retreat," and the rest of the Bandbox Brigade, must be very, *very* happy!" and *Mr. Punch* laughed long and heartily.

The First General of his Age now waited for the rain to cease (those who know *how* long he had to wait will keenly appreciate his self-sacrifice), and hurried to his tent. The sun shone brightly as he made the champagne cup. The birds sang their best, and the crack of the rifle in the distance was pleasant indeed. *Mr. Punch* sat down near his own tent-pole, and welcomed his guests—Comely Canada, Arch America, and Juvenile Japan. He pledged them with three times three (three cheers for each of them—COCKER), and they were simply delighted. He saw near him, in happy fraternisation, JOHN BULL with his rose, PAT with his shamrock, SAWNEY with his thistle, and YANKEE DOODLE wearing the feather of a Macaroni. Everything was delightful, and Wimbledon never looked so well. And why was this? The question was easily answered. When *Mr. Punch* looked at Wimbledon for the last time, he was following the fashion, and wearing a pair of glasses. Those glasses (evidently with a view to counteracting the glare of the sun) were stained. The colour of the stain was—*couleur de rose!*

"CREDE BYRON."

"I desire that my body may be buried in the vault of the garden of Newstead, without any ceremony or burial service whatever, and that no inscription, save my name and age, be written on the tomb or tablet."—BYRON'S *Will*. (*See* "*Times*," *July* 14.)

WHAT perils posthumous environ
The mighty Poet's radiant fame
Which fools and scoffers sought to shame!
The Churchmen, prejudiced and shabby,
Denied him entrance to the Abbey:
And wherefore so? Because, forsooth,
In Days of Sham he wrote the Truth—
Wrote it with keen, indignant ire,
In letters of eternal fire:
"Crede BYRON!"

When that strong soul began to tire on
Its upward flight, its haughty way,
Into the worlds where song hath sway,
He, thinking of his final rest,
Dreamt of the place he loved the best,
Longed that soft earth should crumble o'er him
Where slept his passionate race before him,
Nothing thereon except his name—
Two syllables of deathless fame:
"Crede BYRON!"

Clay mingled with his strength of iron:
But he was greater far than they
Who dare to call him wholly clay.
If England wishes something done
For her last Age's strongest son,
Be it his statue, calm and grand,
By the first sculptor of the land.
Touch not his homely churchyard stone—
"My Monument my Name alone:"
"Crede BYRON!"

What can we do for Him?

DIVING the other day into the columns of the *Times*, we happened to fish up this pearl of an advertisement:—

A Gentlemanly BACHELOR, of excellent social position and means, wishes to RESIDE, or become acquainted with any one who will introduce him into Wealthy Society. London, or within 20 miles preferred. Address, &c.

A man who can describe himself in florid terms like these can hardly, one would think, have a deficiency of cheek. Instead of losing time and money in advertisements, why does he not call upon LORD DUDLEY, or the DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, or any other wealthy member of Society, and ask for introductions to their family and friends?

Working-Men's Questions.

WHY do the Workmen (some of them) rage against the proposal to grant £140,000 for defraying the expense of the PRINCE OF WALES'S visit to India? Which of them will contribute more than a mite towards it, except by the consumption of intoxicating liquors?

TO LET, for Next Season, A FIRST-RATE MOOR. Applications to be made to SIGNOR SALVINI, Stage-Door of Theatre Royal Drury Lane.

SPIRITS OVER PROOF.—Printers' Devils.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ESSION closing in
jostle and jar:
A block of growlers
at Temple Bar:
Bills prest forward,
and nobody glad
of it:
Bills dropt that
earnest men go
mad of it;
Hunting with
hounds, and run-
ning with hare;

The best fight a Cross-fight, everywhere,
Till BENJAMIN'S mess, swelling more and more,
Threatens the Parliament Pot to boil o'er!"

"*Facit indignatio versum.*" Would there were less reason in the rhyme.

Slavery may easily creep in under the guise of apprenticeship. Knowing what horrors have been perpetrated in unregulated Coolie-traffic, under the Portuguese flag above all (*Lords, Monday, July* 19), we may be glad to learn, from the answer to LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY'S question, that since a Commission reported on that traffic, LORD CARNARVON is not taking the matter coolly, but preparing an ordinance for the better protection *in transitu* of these ill-used black cattle.

Reaction in favour of Knightsbridge Barracks and the much-maligned Six-foot Guards found a voice through LORD LUCAN and H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief. The soldiers were exemplary. The blackguardly beershops and music-halls in the neighbourhood were the fruit of lax licensing, not of barrack customers. The barracks were not fever-nests, though they were not so sweet as they might be, if proper care and cost had been expended on keeping them in repair. Lastly, strategical considerations pointed to the site; and, as the Duke said, sensibly, the houses had come to the barracks, not the barracks to the houses.

(*Commons.*) Now the summer exodus is about to begin, the British traveller may be glad to learn, on Foreign Office authority, that passports are *not* abolished in Austria; that in Italy F. O. is still writing about their abolition; that in France, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Sweden, and Germany they have been abolished, but may still come in useful, to prove identity or stave off suspicion.

The Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition wants to know what are the business arrangements for the rest of the Session.

The Leader of Her Majesty's Government not knowing, cannot say. All he knows is, that they mean to go on with Committee on Agricultural Holdings Bill; then with Merchant Shipping Bill (*vide* the scene of Thursday); then with Land Transfer and Judicature; and then with any little unconsidered trifles there may still be time for whipping up, in the fag end of any odd days or hours that may still be left over.

With that love of labour which distinguishes him, the Marquis congratulated the House on a programme that promised to carry the Session well into September. A general chorus of groan and grumble, in which an undertone from the Government side was distinctly audible.

MR. WHALLEY complained he could not get a Seconder for his inquiry into the Jesuits, so completely had the underhand machinations of the Order paralysed the House itself!

MR. DISRAELI protested against being expected to jump up "in a harum-scarum manner," and doom Measures to death without full consideration. As to the Jesuits, he always understood it was one of the dodges of the Order to keep a lay brother to go about abusing them up-hill and down dale. He left it to the House to draw the inference.

The rest of the night was devoted to talk on the Motion for going into Committee on the Agricultural Holdings Bill, when a great deal of fire was wasted that should have been kept for Committee.

SIR T. ACLAND said the Bill would not do for Devonshire.

MR. ASSHETON that it would not suit Lancashire.

MR. GOLDSMID that it wasn't at all the thing for Kent.

LORD ELCHO condemned it as big with the germs of rank socialism, and looked on it with alarm, not for what it contained, but what it would lead to.

SIR W. HARCOURT approved of it for the very same reasons. Then there was a fight for adjournment, and finally progress was reported before any progress was made.

Punch is really inclined to think better than he did at first of a Bill that partizans and hobby-riders on all sides seem so dissatisfied with. At the same time, he must say nobody seems to want it.

Tuesday (*Lords*).—The DUKE OF RICHMOND declined to reassure LORD CAMPERDOWN against an indefinite increase of water-rates, *pari passu* with assessment-valuations. London is to be congratulated on the prospect of unresisted and irresistible "pilling and polling" from both Water Companies and Vestries!

(*Commons.*) Conspiracy and Protection of Property Bill huddled through Committee, under protest from MR. LOWE that he felt humiliated to be Member of a Parliament that had passed the Bill as it stood. The Bill has been drawn as might be expected of a measure meant to carry out Cross-Purposes. Thus when MR. PLIMSOLL moved to include Seamen in its operation, MR. LOWE had to show him that Sailors were the only persons exempted from the penalties of the Act to which their champion wished to subject them.

In Committee on Agricultural Holdings Bill a long and desultory preliminary fight over SIR G. JENKINSON'S Motion to exempt all holdings held under written agreement. Evident division of opinion in the Government camp; MR. DISRAELI fighting shy. His Party clearly suspicious of the Bill; and, if they could have their way, glad to wash their hands of the business altogether.

MR. HUBBARD, on Local and Imperial Taxation, counted out just after nine. The House tired to death, and MR. HUBBARD, on any of his hobbies, a decidedly heavy-goer.

Wednesday.—The regular hobby-riders protesting, of course, against the cruel discipline of the Count-Out, as administered the night before.

MESSRS. NEWDEGATE, WHALLEY, MONK, P. A. TAYLOR, and MITCHELL-HENRY, very plaintive on the practice—

"They best can paint it who have felt it most."

The House knows better what its time is worth, and how precious is its one weapon against the ever-threatening bore.

MR. M'CARTHY DOWNING moved his Bill to make Irish paupers irremovable home after a year's residence north or south of Tweed. MR. DOWNING wants not only "Ireland for the Irish," but so much of England and Scotland as the Irish pauper stands on. The whole subject of settlement and removal for Scotch and English as well as Irish paupers will have to be considered during the recess; and on this understanding the Bill was thrown out.

Thursday (*Lords*).—Sale of Food and Drugs Bill passed without the "knowingly," but with a provision that a seller of falsified articles should escape penalty if he could prove he did not know of the falsification. If the Bill as passed is not all it should be, it is at least better than it was—thanks to Her Majesty's Opposition; and so *Punch* may say of the

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"CANTAT VACUUS."

Armed Burglar (to Brown, who had pawned his silver Watch and his only Tea-spoon that afternoon to pay the Water-rate). "IF YOU DON'T INSTANTLY GIVE UP ALL YER PLATE AND JEWELRY, I'LL BLOW YER BRAINS OUT!"

Friendly Societies Bill, in which LORD ABERDARE has restored the provision to prevent parents from making profit of their babes' deaths by excessive insurance in burial clubs.

LORD DERBY gave an instructive history of the French folly, by which £800,000 in the shape of bounties is added to the price of refined sugar, but wisely declines to crown that folly by any retaliatory folly on our part in the shape of a duty on French refined sugar.

(*Commons*). After a long cross fire of question and answer, crowned by an inquiry peculiarly *à propos* to the present state of Parliamentary business, as to the prospect of the Infanticide Bill, MR. DISRAELI rose to announce the withdrawal of the Merchant Shipping Bill, overlaid by the Agricultural Holdings Bill. What are losses of life to leases for life? The scene which followed is no subject for comic comment. *Mr. Punch* will only express his deep sympathy with MR. PLIMSOLL, whose indignation at seeing once more dashed from his lips the hope of remedying a great wrong, to the righting of which he has devoted his heart and soul and strength, overcame his self-control, and led him into a fierce defiance of the rules of the House of Commons, for which, in his cooller moments, he will be the readiest to ask pardon. The House behaved well throughout the painful scene. But what *does* MR. PLIMSOLL mean by being so terribly in earnest?

Friday (*Lords*).—Angry attack on the Examination turnstile, admitting to Commissions. EARLS HARROWBY, STANHOPE, GREY, and LORD STRATHNAIRN can no more understand the connexion between CHAUCER'S *Canterbury Tales* and a Commission than LORD DUNDREARY could that between cows and shrimps. A good deal of dirt was flung, by the way, into CHAUCER'S "pure well of English undefiled." H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief and LORD CARDWELL both explained that the examination was meant to test, not military, but general education. As it was found that the best officers came from the Public Schools, the point was to examine in what the Public School taught.

The EARL OF HARROWBY was curious to know in what public school CHAUCER was now read?

LORD GRANVILLE frankly admitted that not one word of English was taught in the public school in which *he* was.

(*Mr. Punch* is bound to make the same admission. Things may be better *now*. If the public school *curriculum* is to be the guide to the Examiners for Commissions, it seems to *Mr. P.* that rowing, cricket, football, and hockey ought to be the telling "subjects" for marks in the competitive examinations. And not at all bad ones either. The complaint is that there is too little of that sort of thing in the "exams" as they are; that being conducted by bookworms they are naturally bookwormish, and calculated to bring bookwormish boys to the top. If they sifted out the lads who come to the front by "natural selection" in our public school playing fields, they would give us just the right raw material for soldiers—the JOHN BULL instead of the JOHN CHINAMAN element of England's youth.

The whole subject of competitive examination wants overhauling by the light of common sense. Standing between our public schools and our public service, it ought to be working to the improvement of both. But it may be worked to the advantage of neither, and by and for that pernicious person, the crammer, wholly and solely. Is it? This is what their Lordships want to know. And the country has a right to know too.)

A long and instructive discussion on the Constitution of Natal. That colony, like the rest of the lot, seems in uncommonly capable hands while LORD CARNARVON looks after them. He gave a screed of excellent advice to the Natalians (from the Bishop downwards)—to bury the war-hatchet, and "take up de fiddle and de hoe"—tools of good fellowship and industry.

(*Commons*). Lengthy, and let us hope, instructive discussion on manures, crops, seeds, chalking, and other points of agricultural chemistry. Pleasant to see how anxious Honourable Members seem, like Honourable Lords before them, to be left free to contract themselves out of this best of all possible bills. If tenants are equally anxious, *Mr. Punch* is puzzled to think who will *not* be contracted out of the Bill.

Long argument on the nice question—has MR. MAPLESON got the whip-hand of the Board of Works, or the Board of Works the pull of MR. MAPLESON, in settling the arrangements for the site of the New Opera House? If the end is a model Opera-House, *Mr. P.* would not consider the matter too curiously. London will be the gainer.

If MR. GREGORY and the Commission whose report he quotes are sound in their conclusion that there are a million of acres in England fit for enclosure and cultivation, he is right in moving that the schemes of the Enclosure Commissioners, embracing 83,000 acres, and now waiting for Parliamentary sanction, ought to be proceeded with. With two provisoes: First, that the Enclosure Commissioners don't play any tricks such as the Office of Woods proposed to play with the New Forest (happily, as we see by the Report of the Select Committee, to be placed beyond further risk of desecration); and, secondly, that for every acre given to the Lord of the Manor a liberal equivalent is secured to the poor whose rights will be ousted by enclosure.

In this connection, MR. FAWCETT is quite right. Before any enclosure schemes are proceeded with, the Enclosure Act ought to be amended, with a view to better provision for the rights of the public and the poor.

THE STUDY AND THE CAMP.

(*A Contrast, in Two Letters.*)

LETTER I.—*The Study. Fancy.*

MY DEAR EDITOR,

I WRITE to you because I wish to air my theories, and I do this in spite of my knowledge of the fact that whatever you publish is published to all the world. What of that? I must do something. Accordingly, as I have allowed my sword to rust in its dust-covered scabbard, I am all the more anxious to use to advantage my more natural weapon, the goose-quill. "Honesty is the best policy," and there you have my case in a nut-shell.

I write in my library. I am wearing at this moment an ample dressing-gown and a pair of satin-quilted slippers, and reclining in the easiest of air-cushioned arm-chairs. I enter into these details so that you may understand that my body being perfectly comfortable, I am able to give my mind (such as it is) entirely to the task I have before me.

I wish to prove to you and the world generally that

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our Army is utterly valueless. I insist upon it that our soldiers are merely children of tender years and no stamina—that their number is as limited as their powers of endurance.

You may tell me that the Authorities declare (a declaration not without proof) that the recruits are excellent and numerous, that the Summer Manœuvres are a perfect success, that, in fact, everything I advance is reckless and wrong.

To these assertions I return the unanswerable reply: All these statements may be perfectly correct (I have no doubt they are), but—and here comes my point—*I don't think so.*

Although I have said above all that I can say upon this subject, and all that I have ever said upon this subject, I would still write a great deal more about it, were it not that I am now going quietly off to sleep. Yours, very dozingly,

S. BOUQUET MUTTONHED,
(*General—half-pay*).

LETTER II.—*The Camp. Fact.*

MY DEAR BILL,

I WRITE to you because you asked me to; but I tell you what it is, my boy, we haven't much time for scribbling. No, my lad, what *we* have got to do is to work; and, though I say it who shouldn't, work we do with as good a will as needs be.

We have had such a time of it at Aldershott! Rain day after day, and march morning after morning; and marching in "heavy order" is no joke. Do you think we minded it, my boy? Don't you make no mistake. Why, we were as cheery as possible, a doing the work of horses, and such like, as if it were the pleasantest thing in the world. Grumble? Not a bit of it! Why, we don't know how to; but I tell you what, my boy, the singing in the camp was something to listen to, and the laughter would have done your heart good if you 'd been there to hear.

And then on the march! Why, the only thing as really was unpopular was the Ambulance Cart. You see it was no manner of use to us. We weren't a going to get into it—not a mother's son of us!

Ah, BILL, they write a deal of nonsense about us. Why, the other day, my lad, as I looked at the old Rag on parade, with "Waterloo" and "Inkerman" and the rest of them a fluttering in the wind, I couldn't help a thinking of the chorus of an old song I heard sung a long time ago. It was something like this:—

"What Old England once has done
Why can't she do again?"

There 's a deal of sense in that chorus, I can tell you. But there—I hear the bugle a calling me back to work. So no more at present from Yours all right, and no mistake,

TOMMY ATKINS,
(*Private—full pay*).

WISE MEN ON VACCINATION.



ITY the Court of Queen's Bench has sat its last, if it can now no longer puniah Contempt of Court. Can it? This question has been raised by the Wise Men of Keighley.

The *Bradford Observer* reports a meeting of these Wise Men, to wit the Guardians of Keighley Union, held the other day in the Board-room of the Workhouse. The Sages met to deliberate upon

THE MANDAMUS!

This Writ, issued against the Keighley Guardians, recites, that they have neglected to carry out the Vaccination Act, and commands them forthwith to make their Vaccination Officer do his duty, or to show cause to the contrary. It is signed by LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN. The Wise Men's Clerk having presented it to the Wise Men, who in their wisdom object to Vaccination, there ensued a debate which had a most apt sequel. But many wise things were said first.

The Chairman, MR. MILNER, read a number of wise resolutions which he had received. One, from a public meeting at Bingley, denounced the vaccination laws, thanked the Keighley Guardians "for fighting for the freedom of the people," and promised "to support them in every way required." In another, from Middleton, "admiration for and sympathy with the Keighley Guardians were expressed for refusing to be made the ignoble tools of the Local Government Board." Also, the Cheltenham and Gloucester Anti-Compulsory League sent to say, through their Secretary, "that they had contributed to the defence fund." Were not they of the wise of whom it is said that they and their money are soon parted?

A Wise Man, MR. CRABTREE, "asked if the last was from the Magna Charta Association?" This eminently wise question excited "laughter;" and then another Wise Man, MR. JEFFERY, answered, "No, we have nothing to do with that lot." More laughter. The Wise Men laughed at something in which they saw wit—surely not at the suggestion of fellowship with the Magna Charta Association and the "lot" who follow WHALLEY the Wise and KENEALY the Conscientious.

MR. JEFFERY went on dropping pearls of wisdom. The non-prosecution of vaccination defaulters had been practised at that Board for twenty years. The Local Government had only now discovered that it was illegal. The only difference was that previously the majority of the Board had been for prosecutions, and now all the breaches of the law took place when there was a majority that voted against vaccination. Those opposed to prosecutions had been returned to the Board by a majority of one thousand in most cases. The people who so elected them believed that disease was engendered in their children by vaccination, and in some instances the children had been brought to the grave by it:—

"For his part, he could not see that they had done any wrong. There had been some talk about breaking the law, but they had only voted on the question of *pro* and *con.*, the only difference being that a majority was now opposed to vaccination. He would give the Court of Queen's Bench that answer."

Time was when that answer to the Court of Queen's Bench would have got a rejoinder which the Wise Men might not have liked. Will it yet? The Wise Men will see.

MR. JEFFERY added that:—

"He gave them his ideas in bits and chops, and other gentlemen could put it into shape?"

The Mandamus having now had paid to it all the attention which the Collective Wisdom of Keighley thought it deserved, thus spoke

"The CHAIRMAN (after a pause): Unless any gentleman has anything to move, I'll pass on to the next business."

But a Wise Man, wise otherwise than his colleagues,—

"MR. REDMAN begged the Chairman's pardon. Here they had a Mandamus calling upon them to obey the law, which in this matter was interpreted by the Judges to be absolute, and they had the first opportunity of answering it by showing cause."

In this strain MR. REDMAN proceeded to point out the wisdom which the Wise Men would exercise by treating the Mandamus with some degree of respect, and he proposed a Motion accordingly. This occasioned an argument replete with logic, of which space only allows a specimen. Wise Man JEFFERY having said that "he did not believe it was the law that they could be forced," this dialogue followed:—

"MR. REDMAN. The Judges say so.
"MR. JEFFERY. O, yes, the writ says so, but we don't believe it.
"MR. REDMAN. We had better ask the Law Clerk's opinion.
"MR. JEFFERY. No, no; he has already given his opinion. He stands as a pivot between us, and does fair by both parties. But what this paper says is that we are to show cause.
"MR SEDGWICK. We may do so or not.
"MR. JEFFERY. We are to make a return."

Then the Chairman uttered words of wisdom concerning the communication of diseases by vaccine lymph—wisdom mostly unutterable except to a Board of Guardians. And he said, meaning either the Vaccination Act or the Mandamus—

"He really hoped that they would pass on to the next business, and not take any notice of such a law. He moved that they do so accordingly."

The motion to pass on to the next business having been carried against MR. REDMAN'S amendment by eight to five—

"The Board immediately after arranged to visit the West Riding Lunatic Asylum at Wakefield, on the 27th inst., and to apply for a Magistrate's order for admission."

An appropriate end of their proceedings!

A wise "commencement" was succeeded by "an answerable sequestration." No doubt the Wise Men of Keighley have since visited the Lunatic Asylum. Of course the Magistrate to whom they applied instantly granted them an order for admission. Any medical man would have written them a certificate. The only question is—Have they been let out again?

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FOR WET WEATHER.

WATERPROOF CLOTHING IS SAID TO BE UNHEALTHY. WHY NOT ADOPT SOME SUCH COSTUME AS THAT DEPICTED ABOVE?

SOMETHING LIKE A LIFE-BOAT.

THUS writes the *Times* Correspondent on the Exhibition "*De l'Industrie Maritime*" at Paris:—

"There are said to be two hundred and fifty Exhibitors, but, to tell the truth, not one is ready. When I say not one, I make a mistake, for, as I was passing through the department, a gentleman arrived, having a parcel some four feet long under his arm. He was immediately surrounded by numerous idlers, and, in less than three minutes, he had opened his parcel, and produced a waterproof boat, with oars, seat, and bottom boards, and capable of holding three or four persons. In appearance this portable boat had a certain look of security which augured well for its practical use on the water. It is the invention of the REV. E. L. BERTHON, of Romsey, Hants."

A boat that can be carried under one person's arm and yet can carry three or four persons safely beats BOYTON's swimming-suit hollow. When *Punch* emigrates, may he have his berth on the ship that carries BERTHON's collapsible boats!—in which lies, as *Mr. Punch* honestly believes, the solution of the problem—as yet practically awaiting a solver—how to carry boats enough aboard an emigrant or troop-ship to accommodate all the passengers, without hopelessly lumbering the decks.

CONTRIBUTIONS THAT *MIGHT* BE THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

WE have been inundated with a flood of bad jokes—if possible, in taste worse than the jokes—about Toulouse and the inundations there. The funds for the sufferers by the French floods would be largely increased if our correspondents would send to the Mansion House the amount of their contributions at their own valuation.

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APPROACHING DISSOLUTION.

(ON THE BABY FARM.)

MRS. BENJAMIN. "'WHY NOT PUT 'EM OUT O' THEIR MISERY?' NO, MRS. 'ARTINGTON, MEM!—WHAT I SAYS IS, LET THE PORE HINNOCENTS LIVE AS LONG AS THEY CAN! THEY 'LL BE TOOK SOON ENOUGH, BLESS 'EM!—WHICH IT 'S WELL BEKNOWN, MEM, BOTH TO YOU AND ME!!"

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A NOVEL EXHIBITION.



Dog Shows and Donkey Shows, Horse Shows and Hound Shows, Cat Shows and Cattle Shows, have been plentiful of late; and at last by way of novelty the Crystal Palace has been tempting us to go and see a Goat Show. Baby Shows we have beheld, which some may have called Kid Shows; but a Goat Show is a new thing in the way of Exhibitions, and if it be found successful, it will doubtless be succeeded. Perhaps we may ere long be treated to a Bore Show, and this, if got up properly, would we daresay prove attractive. The only fear is lest the Bores, being mostly private persons, would not quite like to be exhibited in public; and though each of them is perfectly well used to make an exhibition of himself, we may doubt if they would wish to be advertised and shown "*en masse*." The Crystal Palace is quite welcome to our notion of the Show, and we venture to append a catalogue of Bores, who might with great propriety apply to be exhibited.

That the Show would be attended well we entertain no question. Indeed there cannot be a doubt that their friends would all flock thither to see—at a safe distance—such immense Bores as the following:—

The Bore who interrupts your story with irrelevant remarks, and asks, "Well, what happened then?" when you have come to what your emphasis has shown to be the climax.

The Bore who fancies he is gifted with poetic inspiration, and publishes small pieces "for private circulation," and expects to hear them quoted by his friends.

The Bore who takes you by the button-hole when he meets you at the Club, and bothers you to death by asking your opinion on some family affair, which he describes with such prolixity that long before he finishes you have utterly forgotten what he said at starting.

The Bore who falls asleep behind you in the Stalls, and, by his snoring *obligato*, spoils your hearing of the Opera.

The Bore who, having spent a fortnight in Calcutta, seizes every chance of lugging in allusions to his Indian experience.

The Bore who has the fame of being "such a funny fellow," and thinks himself obliged to sustain his reputation by making silly puns and senseless practical jokes.

The Bore with a big voice who bawls your name out like a toast-master when he sees you in society, and slaps you on the back when he accosts you in the street.

The Bore who always tries to travel with the carriage-windows shut, and kicks up a great row if you insist on opening one of them.

The dyspeptic Bore who takes delight in talking of his ailments, and often ends by making you feel out of health yourself.

The æsthetic Bore who worries you with lectures on fine Art, and tempts you to buy pictures which you think extremely ugly, but which he assures you are "worth their weight in gold"—which, if you were to weigh them, would not come to very much.

The Bore who, somehow or another, always manages to forestall you in telling the good thing which you were told the other day, and which you meant to tell yourself if you could anyhow lead up to it.

The Bore who waltzes at a pace peculiar to himself, and causes endless collisions in his circle of (dance) acquaintance.

The Bore who, if he hears you say that you like music, treats you to a sermon upon *Lohengrin* and Wagner.

And, finally, the Bore who with some vehemence starts off talking "shop" while you are talking "shop," and you discover, to your horror, that his shop is not your shop!

Sports of Last Week.—Aquatics everywhere.

PARAPLUIE *v.* PARASOL.

'T was the voice of the Sunshade, I heard her complain,
"I 'm of no use at all, for we' ve nothing but rain!
Bright Sol is deposed by the Demon of Damp,
And I' m put in the shade by that odious Gamp!"

Stout Gingham laughed loud till her ribs seemed to split.
"Aha! Madame Upstart, you 're *lowered* a bit.
Your flauntings and flirtings with Phœbus are over,
I warned you the God was a changeable lover!
Hoho! but you used to look down upon me,
As the symbol of Dowdiness! Fiddle-de-dee!"
No doubt your supreme self-conceit, Miss, it vexes
To see me the favourite friend of *both* sexes;
In the sunshine of fortune so upstart and proud,
What a poor thing you are, now you 're "under a cloud!"

THE ASTRONOMER-ROYAL AMONG THE SPECTACLE-MAKERS.



The Honourable Company of Spectacle-Makers gave Sir George Airy a dinner the other day. He in return gave them some good advice, which was—to learn to make Spectacles! "He knew only one capable maker of glasses." This advice, strange to say, was very kindly received; and, after dining last week at the Castle at Richmond, the Spectacle-Makers determined to turn over a new leaf and study their business. Hitherto, evidently, the blind have been making glasses for the blind. But *Mr. Punch* begs leave to inform his friend the Astronomer-Royal that when *his* keen sight fails, if anything so improbable should occur, he will ask him for the name and address of that "one capable maker of glasses" already in existence.

Competent judges, if invited to dinner by other Honourable Companies, might give them equally useful and appropriate advice—*Cuique in suâ arte credendum est.* The best dressed man in England (commonly reputed to be the Master of Her Majesty's Buckhounds) should be banqueted by the Merchant Taylors, that he might give them his opinion as to how many of them can cut a coat properly. The Lorimers should certainly invite the Chairman of the Four-in-Hand Club, who could tell them what he thought of their bits and chains. The Bowstring-Makers could not do better than entertain the Member for Orton, as he draws the long bow with fatal facility. As to *Mr. Punch*, he reserves himself for the Vintners, who may rely on his being quite as candid and instructive as to the difference between sound and unsound liquor, and the importance of the choice of houses, as affecting your chances of getting one or the other, as Sir George Airy on the qualities and makers of spectacle-glasses. The Vintners' glasses, by the way, have this advantage over the spectacle-makers'—that they make one see double.

New Reading of an Old Rhyme.

(*Written under St. Swithin's Wet Blanket.*)

Dirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
And from February until May
The rain it raineth every day.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Without a single gleam of sun;
And if any should have thirty-two,
They 'd be dull and dirty too.

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"NO FEAR."

Fisherman. "TAKE CARE, DONALD—YOU'LL BE DROWNED!"

Donald. "TROONED!—IN A DUB LIKE THUS! IF I WAS, I'D BE ASHAMED TO SHOW MY FACE IN OBAN AGAIN!"

EPITAPH ON THE INNOCENTS.

"WHOM the Gods love die young"—
"Gone to a better place!"
As the keeper said, when he hung
O'er the dead outang's face!

Sleep, slaughtered Babes, in peace!
From troubles and woes and ills;
Why mourn such blest release?
Rest ye, poor little Bills!

On the tomb of one or two
"Resurgam" we may write;
"Death, Life's gate" passing through,
Again to see the light.

Innocents, pure of wrong!
As doth the name express,
Had your lives been more long,
We might have mourned you less.

A PAIL SHERRY.

IN a newspaper advertisement invalids are invited to try what, in parliamentary language, must be called an intoxicating liquor, being described as:

"KOUMISS, a Real Milk Wine."

Milk Wine may be presumed to have, in a degree, the same properties as those of milk punch, and, in excess, to produce the same effects as those which milk punch produced on *Mr. Pickwick*. There are beings who will not scruple to suggest that a real milk wine ought to yield genuine cream of the valley; but that kind of cream is not to be obtained from Koumiss. They may, however, some day catch a Tartar, who will inform them that the original Koumiss is obtained from mare's milk; as MR. BRALLAGHAN says, by a curious coincidence. He hopes this Koumiss may prove a hit in the bull's-eye.

Sors Shakspeariana.

(*For the London and Westminster Bank, à propos of some recent proceedings.*)

"And passion having our best judgment *collied*,
Essays to lead the way."—*Othello.*

THE BYRON STATUE.

SCENE—*No matter where.* TIME—*No matter what. The Statues are heard speaking in Voices of the Night.*

George the Third (*Cockspur Street*). What—what—what! Another—another—another! They are going to give BYRON a statue. Yes, BYRON a statue. Bad style of fellow, I'm afraid? What, what? *Don Juan*, you know—naughty—naughty. Eh, eh, eh!

George the Fourth (*Charing Cross*). And why not, Sir? He added something to the glory of my glorious epoch. Besides, he knew how to dress—not exactly in my style, perhaps, but still deuced effective. By all means let him be rewarded—moderately.

Shakspeare (*Leicester Square Fountain*). In good time. Thrice a hundred years had passed, e'er this fountain, crowned with my statue, rose to testify to those who listened to the weekly band of Leicester Fields that MASTER WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was still remembered in the city he loved so well.

George the Third. There—there—there! What—what—what! You literary gentlemen are so jealous! I say, so jealous!

Shakspeare. Jealous!

Milton (*Park-Lane Fountain*). Jealous!

Prior (*Westminster Abbey*). Ha, ha, ha! Jealous!

George the Fourth. Don't quarrel, gentlemen, I beg. I am sure literary men are all very well—as long as they don't write memoirs like—h'm—I've no patience with the rascal—or political squibs, like that clever little rascal TOMMY MOORE——

William the Fourth (*King William Street, E.C.*). Hear, hear, hear! Bravo!

George the Fourth. In fact I always rather liked 'em. There was poor old SHERRY and TICKELL, always sadly out at elbows, both of 'em—but most amusing dogs. But about BYRON. I wonder how they'll turn him out? On foot, of course. He mustn't have a horse. Chargers are reserved for warriors like myself and my gallant comrade WELLINGTON—the twin heroes of Waterloo, you know.

Duke of Wellington (*Hyde Park Corner*), *with a dry chuckle.* Ha! ha! ha! *You* a hero of Waterloo, indeed!

George the Fourth. Come, come, my dear ARTHUR, pray don't begin that sort of thing. You know how it irritates me! Besides, if they give him a horse like mine, he will never be able to ride it. I have taken half a century to grow accustomed to——

George the Third. Yes, yes, yes! Very comical indeed. They gave you no saddle! No saddle—and no stirrups! How do you manage to keep your balance? Eh, eh, eh?

George the Fourth. Sire, you are pleased to be facetious! At any rate, *I* am not riding a prancing screw; *I* am not taking off my hat gracefully, in recognition of the indifference of a local crossing-sweeper; *I* am not wearing a projecting pigtail! No, thank goodness!

George the Third. Eh, eh, eh? What, what, what! Pigtail, indeed! Who wears a wig and a Roman tunic? Pigtail, indeed!

Victory (*Waterloo Place*). Pray don't quarrel in the presence of a lady, Gentlemen! Look at me!

George the Third. What, what, what! Look at you? Look at you? Eh, eh, eh? I can't. My head's turnod the other way—turned the other way!

Victory. For nearly twenty years I have been standing on the summit of a monument, at the end of Waterloo Place, mournfully offering to passers-by a few quoits, myrtle-wreathed like the sword of HARMODIUS, and no one will take them! Alas, poor Victory!

Viscount Nelson (*Trafalgar Square*). Shiver my timbers, Madam, but you are out in your reckoning! I read in the newspapers the other day (you know I can see most things from here), that you are not Victory at all! They put you there for Honour.

Victory. Put me here for Honour! Impossible!

George the Third. Yes, yes, yes! They have queer notions now-a-days. But where will they put BYRON? Eh, eh, eh? What, what, what?

Shakspeare. There is room for him at my side.

Milton. Or mine.

George Peabody (*behind the Royal Exchange*). Or mine—if he have no objection to the City.

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TRUE DISTINCTION.

Mamma (improving the occasion). "I LIKE YOUR NEW SUIT IMMENSELY, GERALD! BUT YOU MUST RECOLLECT THAT IT 'S NOT THE *COAT* THAT MAKES THE GENTLEMAN!"

Gerald. "NO, MAMMA! I KNOW IT'S THE *HAT!*"

A PLAINT TO A SAINT.

DAMP Saint, whom we Protestants even invoke,
Is not this sort of thing a great deal past a joke?
May not the most patient of Jobs complain
Of your far too long protracted rain?
Oh remember, ere past the season's prime is,
That excellent maxim, "*Ne quid nimis.*"
Our climate once could boast to be various,
Now all signs are merged in one—*Aquarius.*
Monopoly so monotonous misses
Approval of all the signs but *Pisces!*
Taurus (JOHANNES), at the Camp,
Has been ploughing an ocean of dirt and damp,
And only in damming and trenching been hearty;
Virgo's done out of her garden party;
Leo, his occupation vain,
Shakes more than due-drops from his mane;
Libra feels these superfluous showers
The balance upset of the skyey powers.
So does *Punch*, and hopes the Zodiac soon
May recover the equilibrium of June.
But for *you*, chief cause of our complaints,
The wettest blanket of all the Saints,
Our Nature already is far too fond
Of playing NIOBE. Beyond
Her spontaneous tribute to the tearful,
Urge not one already none *too* cheerful:
Her waterworks need no aid from you:
So drop your water-can,—damp Saint,—do!

AN ELEMENT OF CONFUSION.

FROM a Report just issued by a Committee of the Society of Arts, on the Application of Science and Art to the Street Paving and Street Cleansing of the Metropolis, it appears that the Streets of London lie for those purposes under the divided jurisdiction of some fourteen separate Vestries, who mend their ways indifferently and in vicious independence of each other. Their agency for misrule in the regulation of the thoroughfares the Report denominates the Vestral element. But, inasmuch as parochial maladministration is mainly selfish, ought it not rather to be called, in the aggregate, the Nostral element? Chemically, that element might be styled Bumbleine.

REGIMENTS IN THE RAIN.—BOTH the gallant troops at Aldershott, and Volunteers at Wimbledon, have given their country good earnest of their conduct in the face of an enemy. No doubt they would behave as well under fire as they have been lately behaving under water.

Duke of York (*Waterloo Place*). Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing when I look at you poor devils down there in the fog. What has poor BYRON done that he should be brought down to your level? If they must give him a statue, better give it a lift—well out of sight—like mine.

Viscount Nelson. No, no—must be a Sailor, your Royal Highness, really to like going aloft. I don't believe your Royal Highness is particularly comfortable up there.

Duke of York. Nonsense, my Lord. I consider myself the most fortunate statue in London—no one owes so much—

George the Fourth. Gad, that's true, Bishop!

Duke of York. Hang your wit, GEORGE. How about your own bills?—Owes so much to his situation, I was going to say. I stand here on my capital—

George the Fourth (*sotto voce*). Your creditors', that is—

Duke of York. Above the smother of the London fog, beyond the fire of contempt, and out of the range of criticism! Which of you, except NELSON, can say as much?

[*Morning breaks. Cock crows. Voices of the Night are heard no more.*]

HYMN AGAINST HUMBUG.

IN a letter to the *Times* on the American Revivalists the REV. CHARLES N. EDEINGTON animadverts on "one essential charateristic of MR. MOODY'S teaching," to wit, "his persistent preaching of religion without righteousness." There appears to be a good deal of that religion in America, and perhaps we have not a little amongst ourselves. Let us hope that little has not been increased by the preaching of MR. MOODY. Indeed MR. EDEINGTON, in arguing that it has, adduces a quotation which may be thought to prove the reverse. Speaking of MR. MOODY'S sermons in general, he observes: "The burden of his song is expressed in the Revivalist hymn, which was one of his collection,—

'Doing is a deadly thing;
Doing ends in death.'"

When we consider how many hearers of MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY were retail shop-keepers, too probably in the habit of "knowingly" practising adulteration, and using false weights and measures, we may descry a possibility that the burden of MR. MOODY'S sermon, and MR. SANKEY'S hymn, has impressed with the fatal consequences of "doing" some converts, who, before their conversion, did whomsoever they could, and without any sense that "doing" was otherwise than part of the whole duty of (shop-keeping) man.

Ireland's Victory.

Wimbledon, July 22, 1875.

WE know that Irish bulls have long been famed in Irish story
And Irish bulls'-eyes now may claim their share of Irish glory.

Sir R. Phillimore's Judgment.

(*See* MRS. JENKINS'S *Evidence, in* JENKINS *v.* COOK.)

"LET him say, 'I believe in Old Nick'—and I give in that minute."
——If that's good Christianity, why then—the Devil's in it!

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"THE JESUITS!"

Officer of Militia. "WELL, SIR, WHO ARE YOU? AND WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Excited Citizen. "ME? I'M THE BAILIE—THE HEID BAILIE, MON! I CATCHED THIS WEE LADDIE FESHIN' ON THE SAWBATH DAY! 'SAYS HE'S A CAATH'LIC—A ROOMAN CAATH'LIC!! E-H, IT'S JUST DREADFU' TO THINK O'—FESHIN' IN A PROTESTANT LOCH!! AND O' THE SAWBATH! LORD SAVE US!"

SOMETHING LIKE AN EXPEDITION.

(*A Circular translated from the Russian.*)

THE Russian Government, always anxious to spread the blessings of civilisation in every quarter of the globe, beg to inform the World in general and Great Britain in particular, that the Expedition recently dispatched to Central Asia has been organised merely and entirely with a view to advancing the interests of Science and Art.

The Artillery (when not engaged in action) will seize every opportunity of collecting geological specimens from the breaches made in the fortresses captured on the line of march.

The Engineers will be careful to mark in the maps of the countries through which they may pass all hills, forts, rivers, stockades, and military stations they may find *en route*, so that the charts may subsequently prove of the utmost utility to the men of science, on whose behalf principally they will have been prepared.

The Infantry will preserve the skeletons of the strange beasts they may shoot down in the course of an engagement, for presentation to the Anatomical Museum at St. Petersburg.

The Cavalry will burn villages that have been built without taste, so that towns of more refined architectural character may be built on their sites.

That Central Asia may be thoroughly examined from a scientific point of view, the country may have to be occupied for an indefinite time. Should this expedition prove successful, a similar experiment will be made in Affghanistan and the other provinces intervening between the Russian frontier.

JUST LIKE 'EM!

ST. SWITHIN'S day was carefully selected this year for the last grand *fête* at the Royal Botanical Gardens! The band played "Long to rain over us!" with enthusiasm.

A PLEA FOR PLIMSOLL.

WHAT though the passion in him tore away
The dams and dykes of senatorial phrase?
What though the words that spoke his mind outweigh
The weights of Parliamentary dispraise?
What though, brain-wrung by stress of ruth and rage,
And sudden-baffled hope of help, long nursed,
Against all rules of the St. Stephen's stage
Forth in accusing earnest wrath he burst—
Of greed that, ghoul-like, feeds from watery graves,
Of homes and hearts that desolate abide,
Of brave men's lives foredoomed for gain of knaves—
And, so denouncing, flung his charges wide,
And gave his enemies a scoff and boast,
"Lo! you, the Sailors' champion!" Through their sneers,
Still let his bitter cry ring in our ears—
"They drown by hundreds round our England's coast!"

Absit Omen!

MR. PUNCH was rather startled the other day by reading an announcement at a certain Railway Terminus that "during August and September, Excursion Trains will run asunder." It was a relief to be informed by the Traffic Manager that "as under" was intended to be the reading of the latter portion of the announcement.

EMBARRAS DE CHOIX.

OF two pain-killers doctors ask whether
Is better, but patients may say
"How happy could I be with Ether,
Were Chloroform out of the way."

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"USED TO IT!"

Officer at firing-point (who thinks that it's raining). "Sergeant Mauchline, hadn't you better wear your Great Coat till it's your Turn to Fire!"

Sergeant Mauchline (frae the "Land of Lorne"). "Hoo! No the noo! I'll pit it on when it comes Wat!"

CABMAN EXTRAORDINARY.

It is not always that Virtue is its own reward, and gets no other. At the Middlesex Sessions, the other day, one John Morris, a shoemaker, who had stolen a purse containing £1 10*s.*, the property of George Hardwicke, from his person, was brought to justice. This satisfactory result was owing to the exceptional courage, steadiness, energy, and self-denial—if not honesty—of a certain cabman, badge 5665, living at No. 17, Great Warner Street, Clerkenwell. The offence was committed on the person of an old gentleman taken into 5665's cab. The old gentleman was drunk and incapable. He and the prisoner together were taken into the cab at Cockspur Street, and 5665 was directed to drive them to Moring's Hotel, Dean Street, Soho. Suspecting the old gentleman's companion, 5665 on the way was led to lift the trap on the top of the cab, and peep in, to see what he was about. That, he perceived, was picking the old gentleman's trousers' pocket. Thence the prisoner extracted a purse of gold. He transferred it to the pocket of his own waistcoat. Cabman 5665 called out to the prisoner that he was robbing the man. The prisoner offered him a dollar to pull up short of, or beyond, Moring's Hotel. The Cabman indignantly refused the bribe, and threatened the thief that he would give him in charge. Hereupon, the thief jumped out and bolted—5665 after him, leaving his cab in the street, unattended. When he came up with him, the thief threatened violence if he followed further, and 5665 saying he would do so, struck him a violent blow in the face. The Cabman, showing fight, the thief took to his heels.

"It's no use your attempting to get away," said 5665, "for wherever you go I'll follow you."

He accordingly followed him through several streets about Soho for nearly half-an-hour. At length a policeman was found. What a wonder! The prisoner of course was collared.

In the meanwhile 5665's cab had stood where he left it, taking care of itself. After a long search it was found with the old gentleman safe inside. There is a sweet little cherub that takes care of drunken men and fools. "The prisoner expressed his willingness to go to the station-house, but wished to go there in the cab with the prosecutor." But—

"The cabman appeared to have had considerable acuteness here, for he told the policeman that if he was allowed to go in the cab with the prosecutor alone, there was no doubt that he would put back into his pocket the money he had stolen from him."

No less downy than valiant and true. The thief having been found guilty, the true man received at least some recompense besides that to which virtue is proverbially limited. The Assistant-Judge then ordered him to stand forward, and said that "the Grand Jury by their presentment had expressed their high approbation of his conduct, and of his great energy and skill in apprehending the prisoner." The Judge added that—

"He had much pleasure in endorsing their approval, and should order him to receive a reward of £2, in addition to his ordinary expenses."

Virtue thus, for once in the way, got £2 reward in addition to its own. It remains only to state the name of the gallant, resolute, and honest Cabman, 5665. He is named Samuel Isaacs. There! And we should not be surprised to hear that he had a hooked nose. This is only a surmise; but we mention it in order to take an opportunity of doing all possible justice to hook-nose gentlemen of the name of Isaacs.

Appeal for a Lincolnshire Worthy.

(*Once on, now under, the Turf.*)

Dear Mr. Punch,

A Church is about to be erected to the memory of the late "Mr. Launde." May I suggest that it should be dedicated to St. Leger, and that the Bishop of the Diocese should lay the foundation-stone during the pilgrimage to the shrine of the Saint at Doncaster during next September. Is an *Apology* necessary if I ask for subscriptions?

Holy Friar.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OOR Irish Peers! LORD BEAUCHAMP informed the Lords (*Monday, July* 26) that HER MAJESTY did not mean to interfere between them and the wicked will of their cruel brethren of the Upper House.

Prince Edward's Island (LORD CARNARVON tells us) was raffled for over here, in lots of 20,000 acres, more than a hundred years ago. The present freeholders of the Island represent the absentee winners of these lots. Naturally enough, the resident tenants have long kicked at paying them rents; and, holding the best cards in the Local Parliament, have at length, after a protracted squabble, forced on the Legislature of the Dominion a Bill for enforcing compulsory sales by the proprietors. The Governor-General thinks it best for all parties to sanction the Bill, which appoints three Commissioners (the one of the Governor-General's appointment being "our" MR. CHILDERS) to assess the compensation prices to be paid the ousted proprietors. LORD DUFFERIN and his nominee may be trusted to make the best terms for the proprietors that the case admits, and to sanction no arrangement glaringly unjust to them. All parties (proprietors included) will be so much the better for the healing of an old raw, that the proprietors and their friends will, probably, be wise not to haggle over the conditions—though they may not get all *they* think justice. The tenants, probably, don't quite see it as they do.

LORD STRATHEDEN is a pertinacious person, with no sense of humour, who *will* insist on poking into awkward questions in a way very troublesome to the Foreign Office. At present, he wants to know if LORD DERBY has not been putting the national dignity in his pocket, and knocking under to the three great northern Powers, *in re* those troublesome Roumanian provinces, with which Austria, Russia, and Germany have concluded commercial treaties, as if they were Sovereign, not suzerain, States. The Porte says the provinces have no right to conclude such treaties without leave of the SULTAN, and LORD DERBY admits as much. Austria, Germany, and Russia do not see the need of the SULTAN'S leave being asked. The Porte says, "Only let the Powers ask leave for the Provinces to conclude such treaties on their own hook, and we will issue a firman to that effect," and begs LORD DERBY to back up the SULTAN in insisting on his right to at least so much show of diplomatic deference. LORD DERBY submits the suggestion to COUNT MÜNSTER, with a friendly "Come, can't you oblige the poor dear SULTAN?" COUNT MÜNSTER, with a masterly inactivity, feels no more bound to favour LORD DERBY with an answer than the SULTAN with a request for a firman, and LORD DERBY, after waiting a week, recommends the Porte to issue a firman, without waiting to be asked for it. The Porte declines, and its Foreign Secretary may be asking LORD DERBY, not without reason, "Call you *this* backing of your friends?"

But when these very big Powers *will* have their way, what is left for poor little England (in LORD DERBY'S hands), but to knock under; and after all, this is only a diplomatic snub, and JOHN BULL does not get savage over snubs in diplomacy. He waits till the row begins. Quite time for him to get his blood up when he sees the red rag, or smells powder.

"A stitch in time does not save nine" in Foreign Office correspondence.

Labour Laws Bill read a Second time, after LORD CAIRNS had tried his hand at a final tinkering of the Penal Clause which MR. LOWE and MR. CROSS have so failed to make a good job of.

Query if LORD CAIRNS have not left the quibble-pegs as big as ever.

(*Commons.*) The undertow of MR. PLIMSOLL'S out-of-doors wave of popularity evidently sweeping the House strong in the direction of Merchant Shipping Legislation.

MR. ROEBUCK moved the Second Reading of MR. PLIMSOLL'S Bill for Thursday.

SIR C. ADDERLEY gave notice of the Government Stop-Gap Bill (hurriedly knocked up to block PLIMSOLL'S) for Wednesday. MR. DILLWYN gave notice of a motion for precedence for MR. PLIMSOLL'S Bill on Thursday.

Savings Bank Bill, Rivers Pollution Bill, Offences Against the Person Bill, sacrificed by their Parliamentary Parents. If only they would *not* give reasons. But when MR. CROSS talks in a breath of "panic legislation," and the mass of information from Judges, Stipendiaries, Chief Constables, &c., English and Scotch, on which his withdrawn Bill was founded, he is performing LORD CASTLEREAGH'S famous feat of "flying in his own face." Why not manfully confess the truth, that the Bill is a bungle, and better withdrawn?

MR. HARDY, *Punch* is glad to hear, does not mean to throw on officers and men the cost of making good the damages caused by Summer Manœuvres and St. Swithin together to uniforms and accoutrements.

Then the House plunged into the sea of the Agricultural Holdings Bill; and of the cheerful subject of Manures and the effects thereof, "found no end, in wandering mazes lost," till nearly three in the morning.

Tuesday.—A whiff of the Plimsoll breeze ruffled the smooth waters of the Upper House! LORD CARLINGFORD wigged the Government for their abandonment of the Merchant Shipping Bill, for which they were now about to "do penance" (see *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon) by what he feared would prove "hasty, wild, and bad" legislation.

MR. DISRAELI'S defence was undertaken by LORD MALMESBURY and LORD CAIRNS—*impar congressus.*

(*Commons.*) Morning Sitting devoted to smoothing the way for MR. PLIMSOLL'S apology on Thursday, and to securing the introduction of the Government Stop-Gap Bill to-morrow, in time for some detailed information as to its contents.

In the Evening, the House up to its neck in the dung heap till nearly two.

Wednesday.—After a few hours on Agricultural Holdings Bill, in which an attempt to limit freedom of contract (on motion of MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN) was defeated by 178 to 116, SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY—the Whipping-boy of the Government, for its big sin of the Session,—rose to take his punishment meekly, after his manner. Judiciously blinking the fact that, but for the universal voice of popular indignation, the Stop-Gap Bill would never have been heard of, he proceeded to describe its meagre features,—yet harsh as they are meagre. It will authorize the Board of Trade to appoint surveyors, armed with the full powers of the Board to stop ships they have reason to believe unseaworthy, whether from improper loading or otherwise, and will empower one-fourth of a crew to complain of unseaworthiness, without giving security for costs, or the preliminary desertion of any of their number. SIR CHARLES gave statistics strongly corroborating the worst MR. PLIMSOLL has charged against ship-knackers and coffin-ship-owners, and striking away all justification of the Government which abandons a measure called for by malpractices involving such risk and sacrifice of life.

He did not state how many of the detentions of unseaworthy ships by his Board were due to PLIMSOLL'S persistent poking up.

No man need wish to see his worst enemy in a more humiliating position than the Head of Her Majesty's Government has made for himself in this matter. *Punch* will not aggravate his penance, or embitter his humble-pie. He hates hitting a man when he is down.

MR. GOSCHEN, in tempered terms, pointed the moral of the moment, and complained,

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as did everybody who spoke with any weight of knowledge, of the insufficiency of the Bill as described.

Mr. Reed announced his intention of supplementing its deficiencies, by so much, at least, of Mr. Plimsoll's Bill as prohibits deck-loads and the stowage of grain cargoes in bulk—two of the most common causes of wreck in winter. John Bull and Jack Tar may not be able to get more, but, as the Cheap Jacks say, they "will positively take no less."

Thursday (*Lords*).—Labour Bills got through at last, with the Lord Chancellor's last touch to that *crux* of a clause which attempts the definition of offences in the nature of picketting, or rattening.

(*Commons.*) A perceptible marine flavour pervading the House. Questions as to cases of unseaworthiness flying about. The House artistically wrought up for the appearance of Mr. Plimsoll in the character of apologist, which he performed in a manly and dignified fashion, but with a due reserve, withdrawing and apologising for all such terms and expressions as were in transgression of Parliamentary usage, but not withdrawing any statement of fact.

Mr. Disraeli received the apology, so becomingly offered, in a manner as becoming—and with a graceful (apparent) unconsciousness of the fact that it was the Government's abandonment of the Bill on which Mr. Plimsoll had set his hopes of ameliorating the lot of the merchant seaman that had led to the offence for which, as the representative of the House, he now accepted the offender's apology.

How do the maker and the acceptor of that apology respectively stand at this moment in the estimation of the country?

Mr. Bentinck and Mr. Newdegate expressed themselves not quite so satisfied with the apology as Mr. Disraeli. They wanted a further withdrawal of all charges implicating honourable Members.

Mr. Plimsoll may safely say his charges were never meant to include *honourable* Members.

Before getting to Agricultural Holdings, Mr. Dillwyn made an ill-advised attempt to force Government to take up Mr. Plimsoll's Bill, and complaining of Government waste of time, laid himself open to a well-planted "counter" from Mr. Disraeli.

The House was drifting into personalities, when Mr. Lewis stopped it by announcing Mr. Plimsoll's wish that his Bill should give place to the Government measure, to which Mr. Reed announced his intention to tack certain of the clauses from Mr. Plimsoll's Bill, for the prohibition of deck-loads and stowage of grain in bulk, and perhaps for a compulsory load line. Then the House plunged once more, with apparent enjoyment, into the marshy waste of the Agricultural Holdings Bill.

Friday (*Lords*).—The evils of our own old unregulated system of Factory labour are growing up with the growth of the Cotton manufacture in India. Lord Shaftesbury does well to call attention to them. We are glad to hear from Lord Salisbury that Government have their eye on the Indian factories—are aware of the gradual growth of over-work and oppression of Indian innocents, and mean to do their best to put them down. Their difficulty is the native notion that all we do to protect Indian women and children in the cotton factories is a hypocritical sham, meant to mask our determination to sustain Manchester factories against Indian competition.

Sir Joseph Whitworth has not only given £3000 a year to found scholarships in mechanics and the cognate sciences, but wishes to hand over to the nation an estate of that value for their perpetual endowment. He sets as good an example in his way of giving as in his gifts, for he empowers Parliament at any time to overhaul his foundation and bequest. There can be no objection to relaxing the Mortmain Acts for the purposes of this wise and munificent act of public spirit. For this the Lord Chancellor now introduces the necessary Bill.

(*Commons*). Morning Sitting on the Stop-Gap Shipping Bill. A very practical morning's work, creditable to everybody concerned. Government, by Sir Stafford Northcote, agrees to allow of the discussion—presumably with a view to acceptance—of grain-cargo and deck-load clauses, but objects to doing as much for clauses securing compulsory survey and load-line. Mr. Reed will have a fight for their introduction. Mr. Plimsoll and Mr. Goschen want full discussion, at least, of these clauses. Mr. Disraeli made one of those masterly changes of front which leave us all so proud of the tactician, whatever we may think of the statesman or legislator. By a dexterous twist he gives his penitential sheet the hang of a triumphal robe; and calmly and complacently thanks the public for the roar of execration which has "*assisted*" the Government to bring in its Stop-Gap Bill!

Now this is is *really* clever.

Before the House got to Merchant Shipping, a merchant shipper, Mr. Bates, the Member for Plymouth, very properly asked for a Select Committee to inquire into the charge Mr. Plimsoll, by implication, at least, brought against him of being a "ship-knacker."

Mr. Plimsoll's worst fault as a strategist is his readiness to make and endorse specific accusations. It shows his good faith as a man, but gives a powerful handle against him as a Parliamentary tactician. Dirt flung in the House is pretty sure to splash back in the face of the flinger. Better overlook it than stoop for it, in nine cases out of ten.

THE WRONGS OF WOMEN.



Courteous Mr. Punch,

I trust that your known gallantry and gentlemanly interest in the wrongs of Suffering Humanity—or, I might even say, Womanity—will induce you to spare a very *tiny little* of your *valuable* space for the insertion of this paragraph, which I read lately in my newspaper:—

"Originally, ladies were eligible to become members of the Order of the Garter. Henry the Eighth decreed that they should no longer enjoy this privilege. Charles the First and George the Second proposed to restore the old arrangement, but the project in both cases was never executed. After they shall have attained the Parliamentary franchise, women may agitate for the restoration of their ancient right to have the Garter bestowed upon the wealthy or well-born of their sex."

I fear extremely that a sneer is latent in these last few words, though wherefore this should be so I am puzzled to imagine. Why should not we poor women have the franchise granted to us, and the Garter also, if we so desire it? Why should honours such as these be reserved for only men, and we who pay our *coal bills* and our gas and taxes are not so much as suffered to sit upon a Jury?

Hoping somebody in Parliament will be chivalrous enough to take the matter up, and get our ancient rights restored to us, believe me, *Mr. Punch*, your weekly reader and *adorer*,

Minerva Cottage, Friday. Sophonisba Smith.

P.S.—That monster Henry the Eighth! I always have *detested* him and now I'm sure we Ladies all must hate him more ferociously than ever.

THE SERVANTS' COLLEGE.

Mr. Punch rejoices to hear that "the greatest plague of life" has a slight chance of being abated by the establishment of a College for Servants, who will be educated in the most careful way to do justice to their employers—the main idea being that most lucidly stated by the Dean of Saint Patrick's, that it is the chief duty of every Servant to ascertain the full amount of his master's income, and to spend the whole of it on his own department. Having been favoured with an early copy of the subjects with which the courses will commence, *Mr. Punch* is glad to give to this useful undertaking the advantage of his world-wide publicity.

Class 1. *Lady Housekeepers.*—"How to manage a Widower with young Children. In three heads: 1, Domestication; 2, Flirtation; 3, Temptation."

Class 2. *Cooks.*—"How to make the Kitchen-fire too hot for the Missus, and too cool for the Sirloin."

Class 3. *Butlers.*—"How to substitute Marsala for Madeira, and *Vin Ordinaire* for Château-Lafitte."

Class 4. *Lady's-Maids.*—"How to look much prettier than the young ladies when there are visitors in the house."

Class 5. *Footmen.*—"How to make a fortune out of six feet two in height, and calves nineteen inches round."

Class 6. *Men and Wives.*—"How to keep their quarrels to themselves, and feed their 'incumbrances' in the neighbourhood."

Class 7. *Coachmen and Grooms.*—"How to make the corn supplied to the stables more useful than if wasted on dumb animals."

Class 8. *Housemaids.*—"How to train that noble animal, the harmless necessary cat, to break glass and snap up unconsidered trifles."

It can scarcely be doubted, from this preliminary syllabus of lectures, that the new Institution will do much for the comfort, economy, and refinement of our households.

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RATHER VAGUE.

"EVA, DID YOU HEAR THAT LADY'S NAME THAT 'S COME TO SEE MAMMA?" "YES. MRS. ABEL."

"I WONDER IF SHE 'S THE MOTHER OF THOSE TWO BOYS MAMMA TOLD US OF. AND ONE OF THEM WAS NAUGHTY, YOU KNOW, AND KILLED HIS BROTHER."

"WHAT NONSENSE, EVA! WHY, THAT HAPPENED EVER SO LONG AGO! IF SHE 'S *ANYBODY*, SHE MUST BE THEIR *GRANDMOTHER!*"

NICK OR NOTHING.

[The following lines have been dropped into *Mr. Punch's* Letter-Box. The signature is partly undecipherable, but, from internal evidence, and a certain unusual odour about the sealing-wax, he conjectures that the missive may have emanated from the personage whom MR. DISRAELI euphemistically called "a peculiar potentate." *Mr. Punch* prints the communication without further comment.]

MR. PUNCH,

YOU are getting most iconoclastic,
You mannikin mortals, but *this* is *too* strong—
A new dose of dogma exceedingly drastic
Such sceptical laxness will call for ere long.
Tradition and Tale you have turned topsy-turvey,
But this last attempt to cut *me* from your creed
Is far worse than wicked—it 's stupid and scurvy,
Although—please the parsons!—it shall not succeed.

I 've had many flouts in my time, but, like DIZZY,
(*Nous autres* admire *him!*) I care not for those;
Saint Dunstan declared he once made himself busy—
Of course the old Mulciber fibbed!—with my nose.
But granting the tongs and the tweak, they were trifles
Compared with this insult from Clifton that comes;
I swear indignation my voice fairly stifles
When I hear myself branded as chief of the Hums!

Ah, JENKINS of Clifton! *your* future *my* care is!
You think me—O Lucifer, here is a fall!—
A sort of a swart subterrene *Mrs. Harris*,
And doubt if there 's "any sich person at all!"
If seeing 's believing—aha!—but no matter,
The parsons *plus* PHILLIMORE bay on your track,
A victim to clerical chasing and clatter,
Might envy Actæon his peacefuller pack.

I'm safe, for the orthodox can't do without me,
The *sine qua non* of their Church and their creed,
To serve me would shock them far less than to doubt me,
To Niebuhrise *me* were destructive indeed.
I 'm the parson's own pet, and these reckless attackers
Of me will find *them* at their heels double quick,
With the sinners for thralls, and the saintly for backers,
A fico for JENKINS!

Yours gaily,

OLD NICK.

NONAGE AND DOTAGE.

AT the Maidstone Assizes, the other day, a British Jury, on a case of breach of promise of marriage, actually found a verdict for the defendant. But they had no choice. Defendant's Counsel pleaded infancy, and proved his client to be under twenty. The learned gentleman argued "that an infant was only liable for necessaries supplied to him," and that "marriage could not be treated as a necessary"; and JUDGE DENMAN put the question of infancy as the only one to be tried. It is quite clear that a wife cannot be a necessary anyhow for an infant, unless a very forward one, but a nurse may and generally is. Sometimes the defendant in a breach of promise case is an old man in his second childhood, who, if he wants a wife at all, wants her only as a nurse. On behalf of an aged ninny in cases of this description, would it not be advisable to legalise the plea of infancy?

The Situation in Spain.

THE Alphonists, by not cutting off supplies from the Carlists in their retreats, have been said to have given them a *modus vivendi*. They seem to have rectified that mistake by active measures through which they are giving their adversaries a *modus moriendi*.

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"DOING PENANCE."

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A CITY MAYOR'S NEST.



Place—*The Guildhall.* Time—*An hour before the dawn on the 2nd of August*, 1875. Gog, *the giant of Progress, and* Magog, *the symbol of Statu Quo, discovered on Guard.*

Gog. Well, Brother, I trust you are pleased. I really think the International Demonstration (taken as a whole) has been a great success. Don't you think so too?

Magog. Well, it wasn't so werry bad. It wos wot I call a himmertation—something like that there feed we 'ad when the furreign Suff'rings came Citywards in the beginning of this 'ere new-fangled cent'ry.

Gog. My dear Brother, pray call their Majesties—Sovereigns. Look to your pronunciation, my good fellow, look to your pronunciation.

Magog. I tell yer wot it is—you leave my grammar alone, can't yer! Although you 've taken up with the new style, I tell yer I 'old with the old. At the beginning of this 'ere new-fangled cent'ry we called 'em "Suff'rings."

Gog. My dear fellow, we need not quarrel. I have no doubt (when I take into consideration the crushes at the old City banquets) that "Suffering" was not an inappropriate title.

Magog. An inner—wot? I tell yer what it is, Gog, I don't understand 'alf yer say. You 've grown so werry fine of late years, that there 's no knowing yer! Wot 's come over yer?

Gog. I have merely marched with the Spirit of the Age. There is nothing absurd about an Alderman now-a-days.

Magog. Well, there never was, was there?

Gog. My dear Brother, you have the *entrée* to the City Library. I will give you a reply by asking a question. Have you ever looked at the back numbers of the periodical published at the Office of the Greatest Sage of this and any other century?

Magog. You mean *Mr. Punch.* In course I 'ave. Who ain't?

Gog. Pray use the aspirate, my dear Brother. You positively shock me. Your education must have been sadly neglected.

Magog. Neglected indeed! Now I tell you wot it is, don't you begin a chaffing me about my haches, coz I won't stand it.

Gog. I apologise. Let us change the subject. To return, you must have been pleased with the International gathering. It was better, far better, than the banquet given to the Allied Sovereigns, because it was held in the honour of peace. It was a congress of doves.

Magog. Right you are—*turtle* doves!

Gog. You are pleased to be facetious! But was not the sight most gratifying? Did it not prove that Municipal Government had received a new lease of power and popularity?

Magog. Guver'ment, indeed! A lot of guver'ment we 'ave in the City now-a-days! Why, 'aven't we been obligated to give up almost everythink? Didn't they make us turn Smiffel into a butcher's shop? didn't they meddle and muddle with the Thames? and 'aven't they put down the men in brass? A coming into the City and turning of everythink upside down!

Gog. I am delighted to say that everything that was capable of improvement twenty years ago is now greatly improved. The Lord Mayor of London is no longer the laughing-stock of the whole nation.

Magog. And why shouldn't he be?

Gog. Because he has taken his proper place. He is the National Host, and the Head of Public Philanthropy.

Magog. Fine words butter no parsnips! I like the old style best. Give me the days when the Lord Mayor and the Corporation did nothing but heat and drink and go to sleep in the Justice Room of the Mansion 'Ouse!

Gog. My dear Brother, I fear your tastes are unrefined.

Magog. I s'pose yer means "low." Low, yerself! Who haaks scribblers and hartists, and such like chaps, to dinner nowadays? Yah!

Gog. I rejoice to say that after many years of "black neglect" (I quote from a recent speech of that distinguished novelist Mr. Disraeli), the City has redeemed its reputation by recognising the claim of Genius to share the honours bestowed upon the Soldier and the King.

Magog. Well, if that aint low, I don't know wot is! But it 's too 'ot for rows. Let 's go to Margate awhile nobody 's looking.

Gog. Margate!

Magog. O, don't you be shocked. It 's quite genteel now. Don't yer know as 'ow the Prince took 'is wife (bless 'er sweet face and kind 'eart!) with 'im the other day. Where 'is Ry'l 'Ighness can go, surely you and I can.

Gog. Well, really, I should like a little sea-air. Do you think we could get away without attracting attention to our departure?

Magog. In course we can! Now, then, down yer comes! 'Old 'ard! Get back!—just our luck!—'ere comes a Peeler! We must wait for another hopertoonity!

[*We may add that when our parcel was made up, the City Giants were still on guard, and London slept in peace.*

A SAINT'S WARNING.

Your Meteorologists may refer the late rains and floods to natural causes, but the truly weather-wise will know what to think when they read the subjoined extract from a Hampshire journal—the *Andover Advertiser*:—

"A startling rumour has lately been current in this county to the effect that the authorities of the Cathedral are about to disturb the repose of St. Swithin, by either removing the slab which is dedicated to him in the Presbytery, or by placing on the top of it the proposed cenotaph of Bishop Sumner."

It may be that this report is unfounded, for the deluge on St. Swithin's Day, and the subsequent floods, have been followed by some fine harvest weather. Or perhaps the authorities of Winchester Cathedral have abandoned a vile intention. But in so far as they are the same as those who, a few years since, turned the bones of Rufus out of his grave, because towards the end of eight centuries they discovered that the tomb over it stood in the way, they are capable of anything. To be sure Swithin as saint had the advantage of Rufus as Sinner. On the other hand, Bishop Sumner has the better of St. Swithin, by his reign of forty years to the Saint's of forty days.

Offence may also have been given to St. Swithin by the sale of Winchester House, and by the enlargement of the new diocese of Rochester, through the diminution of the old one of Winchester, now shorn of Putney, Mortlake, Wimbledon, Richmond, and Kingston-on-Thames. The Saint may have resented this curtailment of his old domains by throwing cold water upon that proceeding. However, his wrath seems to have abated; at least, his waters have. Should the former rekindle, and the latter be renewed, perhaps, with the view of appeasing St. Swithin, devotees at the approaching season, instead of going to Lourdes or Paray-le-Monial, might make a pilgrimage to Winchester. They would be heartily welcomed there by the tradesmen and licensed victuallers.

But as it is an ill wind that blows, so it is bad weather that brings, nobody good. If St. Swithin, as successor to Jupiter Pluvius, is injurious to the farmer, he is gracious to the mycolo-list and mycophagist. If he drowns the hay and wheat, he quickens the mushrooms and toadstools. Among these last, *Mr. Punch* is told, there is an esculent variety sacred to a Saint—the St. George's agaric,—which comes up on or about St. George's Day. But the Patron Saint of fungi and their eaters at large is clearly St. Swithin. In this connection it is remarkable that the general form of mushrooms is that of an umbrella.

NEW NAVAL MONSTER.

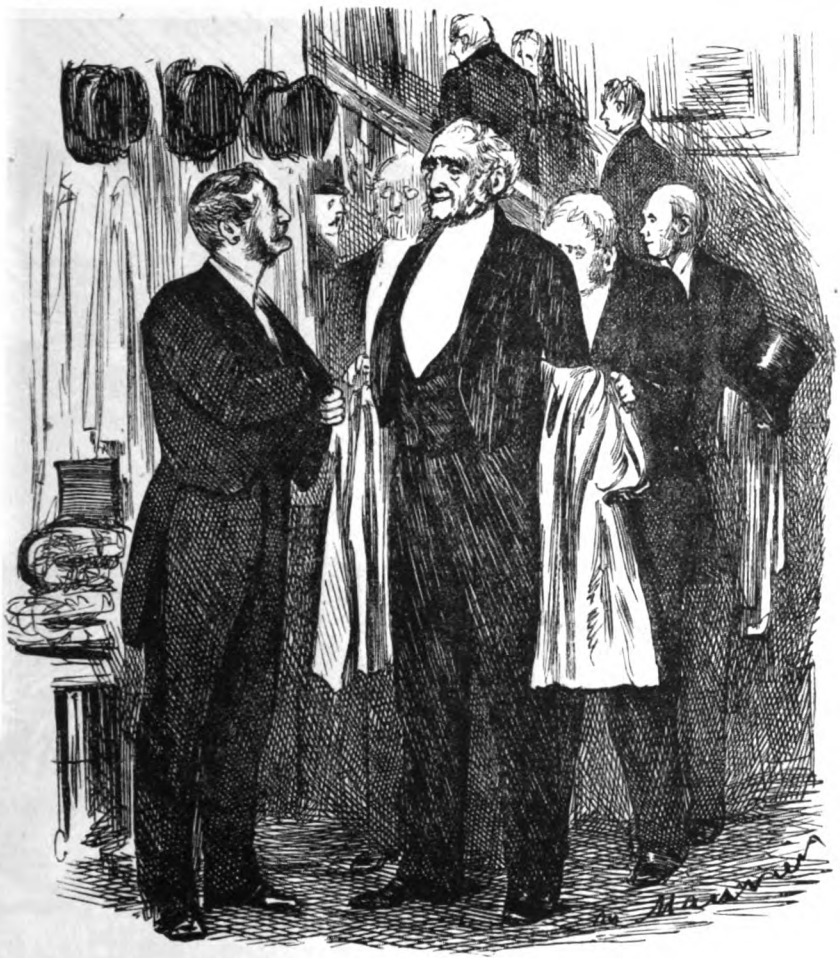
The last new thing in naval architecture is a Russian novelty, the *Novgorod*, designed by Admiral Popoff, and highly commended in the *Times* by a no less authority than Mr. E. J. Reed. She carries armour eleven inches thick and guns of twenty-eight tons, goes eight knots an hour, has steamed from Nicolaieff round the south of the Crimea to the Circassian coast, thence back as far as Sebastopol, then on to Odessa, and lastly into the Sea of Azoff, through the Straits of Kertch in a depth of only fourteen feet of water. The *Novgorod* is described as a "Circular Ironclad." She does rather fast work for a sort of vessel that our old naval heroes would have styled a saucepan and a tub. In another kind of phraseology than the purely nautical, to wit, the horsey, or, so to speak, the horse-marine, she might be said to be "a rum 'un to look at but a good 'un to go," and the Admiralty might as well perhaps consider the possibility that the *Novgorod* might some day prove an ugly customer.

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THE END OF THE SUMMER MANŒUVRES.



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"FOREWARNED, FOREARMED."

Our Reporter (before Public Dinner). "BEG PARDON, MY LORD! BUT COULD YOUR LORDSHIP KINDLY OBLIGE ME BY GIVING ME A HINT AS TO WHAT YOUR LORDSHIP IS GOING TO SAY, IN REPLY TO THE DUKE, WHEN HIS GRACE PROPOSES YOUR LORDSHIP'S HEALTH?"

His Lordship. "HOW CAN I TELL YOU WHAT *I'M* GOING TO SAY UNTIL I'VE HEARD WHAT THE *DUKE* SAYS?"

Our Reporter. "O, *I* CAN OBLIGE YOUR LORDSHIP WITH WHAT HIS *GRACE* IS GOING TO SAY. I'VE GOT IT ALL IN MY POCKET!" [*Produces Manuscript.*

REPENTANCE.

(*By a Domesticated Stockbroker.*)

WELL, here I am, MATILDA,
I've brought you the fish and ice;
It isn't turbot, it's brill, dear,
And I hope that you'll find it nice;

And give me a chair, my poppet,
And something that's cool to drink;
And Eau de Cologne, dear—drop it
On my forehead before I sink;

And open the window wider,
And bring me my slippers, love,
And order a cup of cider,
And lend me your fan, my dove;

And where is the cool silk jacket
I purchased last year for ease?
If it isn't unpacked, unpack it,
And give it me, if you please;

And I think that I'll take a nap, dear,
Or at least just close my eyes,
And bring me my smoking-cap, dear,
And a pillow, and—drat the flies!

For all this blessed day long, love,
I've been toiling in the heat,
And I feel I've been very wrong, love,
As likewise have you, my sweet;

And we'd better make up our minds, pet,
That in future we'll promise not
To complain of the chilling winds, pet,
For to-day it is much too hot.

City Sports.

FOR some years past the all-absorbing amusement east of Temple Bar has been Kite-flying. Fashions will change, however, and this pastime has had to cede the palm lately to some very smart Cricketing,—in which many of the most successful Kite-flyers only came off second-best. Several of them were soon stumped—some experiencing a difficulty in finding their bails after they were bowled over.

On the side of the field, both long and short slips were found at the Banks—by no means their proper places. In some games leg was not square, and in one case he disappeared with the bail. The most effective bowling has been that of a *Young* hand, who has made several good catches, and seems the only player likely to reap at the same time honour and profit from the late City games.

A BAG OF TRICKS!

PROFESSOR DISRAELI, Wizard of the East, Inventor of the "Asian Mystery," &c., &c., presents his compliments to the Members of both Houses of Parliament and the Public generally, and begs to state that he has recently added the following amusing tricks to his already extensive *répertoire* of Political Illusions:—

The Magic Mess.

The Professor will take a dozen first-rate Bills (collected haphazard from the ranks of the Ministry), and after allowing them to grow to an extraordinary size, will cause them to vanish, by the waving of a pen, into thin air. In the place of the dozen first-rate Bills will be found a small and unpopular Measure of the Professor's own construction.

The Phantom Paper.

In this trick the Professor will take a popular Bill and destroy it in the presence of the Public. A storm will immediately arise, upon which the Professor will speedily restore the Bill to what (the Public will believe) was its original condition.

The Changeable Order Book.

The Professor will cause the names of a number of Bills to appear on the pages of an Order Book. He will invite the World to get rid of them, and the invitation will not be accepted. Suddenly (when least expected) the page, at the Professor's command, will become a blank.

The Perplexed Party.

The Professor will hold up a number of Measures before a Party, and will ask for the colour of the Measures. The reply of the Party will be "black." Immediately the Professor will prove that the Measures are "white," to the astonishment of all beholders.

Sound versus Vapour.

The Professor will take the Queen's Speech and pass it round for inspection. It will be found to contain a large number of promises. By an effort of will, the Professor will change all the promises into smoke.

The Vanishing Majority.

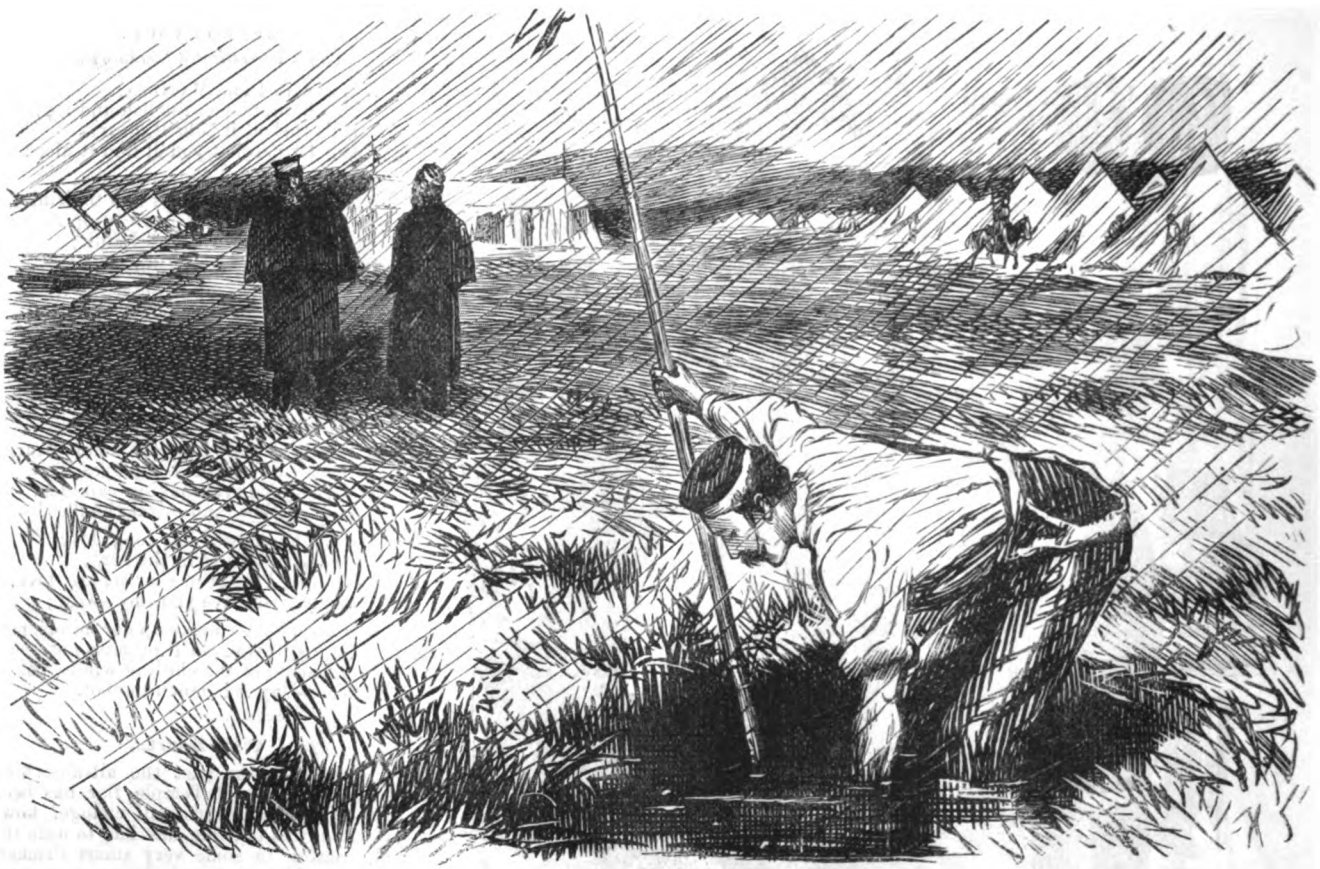
This remarkable feat (in which nearly seventy votes will be made to disappear in the most extraordinary manner) is in active preparation, and will probably be exhibited in the House of Commons shortly after the completion of the Recess.

The Professor pledges himself to perform the last-mentioned feat in a third of the time consumed in its accomplishment by his predecessor, DR. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

On a Proposed Abandonment.

To massacre the Innocents,
We know's a sad affair;
But throwing Sailors overboard
Was more than we could bear.

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SUMMER DRILLS. ALDERSHOT, 1875.

Inspecting Officer. "AUGH! WHAT THE DEUCE IS THAT MAN—AH—DOING THERE?!"
Captain. "O, HE'S ONLY LOOKING FOR HIS SADDLE, SIR!"

JOHN'S BAD DREAM.

JOHN BULL he sat in the Summer dusk,
And brooded o'er his *Times;*
The air was sweet with the rose's musk,
And a sea-breeze shook the limes.
But his heart was hot. "*I've* a precious lot
Of bunglers," murmured he,
Or things better would thrive, 'twixt dead and alive,
On my "Silver Streak of Sea."

"*Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!*" JOHN looked, and lo!
A Thing was standing there,
With lantern-jaws, and legs a-bow,
And a tangle of sea-weedy hair.
"Who are you?" quoth JOHN. With a laugh that fell
Like the rattle of dead men's bones,
Quoth the grisly thing, "*You* should know me well,
For my name is DAVY JONES!

"A partner I in the shipping firm
That is hight 'JOHN BULL & Co.'
I'm the 'Sub-Sea Branch'—'tis the fittest term,
For I manage affairs *below!*"
"The deuce you do!" cried choleric JOHN.
Said the Spectre, "Don't be rash,
For our little games you must see are one,
And our interests scarce can clash.

"Of tars I have always taken tithe,
But my 'perks' rise cent. per cent.
Since we struck hands. O, my heart is blithe,
And my maw well-nigh content.
Auxiliars brave were the wind and wave,
But to cram my locker full,
Here's ho! for the shrewd 'ship-knacker' knave,
And hurrah! for the rotten hull!

"For they came in hundreds who came in scores,
Your 'Jacks,'"—(JOHN gave a groan)—
"From the 'Coffin-Ships' which leave your shores
Bound for a port well known,
For Death, in the pay of Mammon, is there
On each o'erladen deck.
There are few little specs so safe and square
As an unseaworthy wreck.

"All know BRITANNIA rules the waves,
And her 'hearts of oak' are stout,
And to send them down to watery graves
Is a game that pays all out!
Their deaths fill the black sheep's coffers full:
For me, I pick their bones;
So here's hurrah! for the ship-knacker,
And his partner, DAVY JONES!"

* * * * * *

JOHN BULL awoke from a troubled dream,
And he uttered never a word;
But there was that in his eye's quick gleam
Which showed that his soul was stirred.
And if *still* his sailors to death are done,
With an eye to greed, or grouse,
MR. BULL will have a *very* big bone
To pick with a certain House!

Kentish Fire.

(*For the Canterbury Week.*)

No. 1.

IF you wanted to attract the attention of any two persons in Kent, where would you go to for that purpose?
You would go to *beckon 'em* (Beckenham).

No. 2.

What song would the Kentish labourer sing in October?
"*After the Hop Era's over!*"

[*Exit swiftly our Kentish Kontributor.*

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



om Campbell might bid us—
Of Plimsoll and of Bates
Sing the dubious renown
When in personal debates
"Merchant Shipping" settled down.
Reid and Hunt fiercely bandying
Pro and *con.*;
And Sir Wilfrid hand to hand,
'Gainst Sir Stafford making stand,
While Bentinck, big and bland,
Led them on!

Before getting to such serious business (*Commons—Saturday Morning Sitting*) as Mr. Plimsoll's imputation and Mr. Bates's refutation, Mr. C. Lewis and the Attorney-General had a small (but troublesome) bone to pick together. The said Smallbone appears to be an old rogue who, by proceedings which *Mr. Punch* prefers not to characterise in plain—or, rather, ugly—English, having put his brother's widow to heavy costs, for which she had a moral but not a legal claim on him, she was compelled to file a bill in Chancery against him. The result was that Smallbone was ordered by the Court to convey to her certain property which he had "conveyed" to himself, and to pay some £60 of costs. To defeat the claim against him, this amiable old gentleman made not the smallest bones of collusively getting rid of his property, after providing for the costs of the enterprising attorney who had assisted him in his equitable litigation. The upshot was that he found himself committed to prison by the County Court Judge, at the cost of a violation of form, and, through his own stupidity and that of his lawyer, was kept in durance eight months. Admitting the irregularity of the sentence itself, *Mr. Punch* can only say, "Served him right."

The most enterprising and active attorney in the House, Mr. C. Lewis (M.P. for Londonderry), has brought the case before the House with professional eagerness to avenge violated form, and a natural desire to make the most of his Smallbone. The House saw the last of it, it is to be hoped, on Saturday. Mr. Lewis wants to restrict the County Court Judge's power of committing fraudulent debtors. Suppose, instead, he were to try his hand at a Bill for restricting Attorneys' power of committing themselves, by bringing or defending fraudulent suits?

On Civil Service Estimates, a hawk unnaturally proceeded to pike out hawks' een, Dr. Cameron moving to strike off a grant of £200 towards chairs at Edinburgh and St. Andrew's for teachers.

The Scottish Schoolmaster might well have been abroad, and even aghast, at such a violation of the good old Scottish rule—the simple plan—

"That Scots should get who had the power,
And Scots should keep who can."

Dr. Playfair rebuked Dr. Cameron, but the grant was withdrawn from the Estimate—a Cross having been set against it.

Then came a very different vote—£454,368 for National Education in Ireland. Where the National Exchequer gives £85, local contributers only give £14. Luckily the results of little Paudreen's schooling are better than the "results" of old Pat's payments, though even the best might be better. But John Bull owes Pat a heavy debt for past blundering, oppression, and injustice, and will do wisely to pay it in the shape of education expenses. What Ireland wants are better and more loyal National School-teachers. What Irish National School-teachers want are better houses and better stipends; and we rejoice to know that Government is giving both, though still with too timid a hand. Even pensions to superannuated teachers are in prospect.

If the "results" of Irish National schooling are not as good as could be wished, both countries will find better payment by these "results" than any other that is likely to come of money spent for Pat out of J. B.'s pocket.

And then came regrettable *debates in re* Bates. The maritime Member for Plymouth, outraged by Mr. Plimsoll's question if he is, or is not, *the* Mr. Bates who last year figured at a painfully high figure in the Wreck Register, wants a Select Committee to clear himself of the imputation which he feels—and, no doubt, rightly feels—to be implied against him, of shipknacking. As far as classification and insurance returns can clear a man, Mr. Bates has cleared himself, but wants a Select Committee to go into the matter, and bring him out as clean as a man naturally wishes to stand before the House and the country, after the shadow of such an imputation has been flung over him.

Mr. Plimsoll is in too excited and critical a state of health, we are sorry to hear, to be trusted with a "personally-conducted" debate, and Mr. Reed, on whom he leans, contrived to lisp out a "*modus apologendi*," after much heated question how far Mr. Plimsoll had retracted, how far he was bound to retract, and much collision of words and wit, in which the House took that eager and interested part which it may be trusted to take in a personal question. The late Constructor of the Navy showed all his acknowledged cleverness of construction, and his skill in avoiding misconstruction even by two of its most belligerent Baronets, Sir W. Lawson and Sir C. Dilke, and some of its most amiable officials, as Lord Sandon, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Ward Hunt, and the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, besides less minacious outsiders, in the Resolution (accepted *nem. con.*)—

"That in the opinion of this House, no stain rests upon the character of the Honourable Member for Plymouth, in consequence of the statements made in this House by the Honourable Member for Derby on the 22nd of July."

The House has at least shown its sense by not crowning the waste of Saturday's discussion by the blunder of a Select Commission for an inquiry safe to be more personally conducted than the most tribulatory tour of too many Cooks in which broth was ever spoilt.

Best part of Saturday's morning sitting was consumed in this hot and heady fight. It was announced as a sitting for the dispatch of business. In one sense only business was dispatched—it was very effectually killed by overlaying with Bates and Plimsoll. The only thing on which the House is to be congratulated is for not taking its Bates at his word. It would certainly have been drawn into a trap.

Monday (*Lords*).—Last stages of a batch of Bills rattled through. *Q. b. f. f. q. s.* In plain English, good luck to them!

(*Commons.*) A hard night's work, trying to stop gaps in the Stop-Gap Merchant Shipping Bill. This Bill can only be described as "unseaworthy" when it came into the House, and *Punch* sorely fears it will hardly deserve to be called seaworthy when it comes out.

Mr. Reed first tried to carry a Resolution, on going into Committee, in favour of a load-line, whether sanctioned or recorded by Government. This was only meant to ventilate the load-line point, and the Resolution was withdrawn when this had been effected. The real fight came in Committee when the House so unmistakably showed its determination to have *some* load-line, that, after opposition from Sir C.

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THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

First Party (*opening Conversation*). "'Ave you 'eard as Jim Bates's Father says he'll give 'im the Sack?"

Second Ditto (*after pause*). "*Whose* Father?"

First Ditto. "Why, Jim Bates's!"

Second Ditto (*after pause*). "Jim Bates's *who?*"

First Ditto. "Why, Jim Bates's *Father!*"

Second Ditto (*after pause*). "Jim Bates's *Father!* Well, what does *he* Say?"

First Ditto. "Says he'll give 'im the Sack!"

Second Ditto (*after pause*). "Give 'im the *what?*"

First Ditto. "Give him the Sack!"

Second Ditto (*after pause*). "Give *who* the Sack?"

First Ditto. "Why, Jim Bates!"

Second Ditto (*after long pause*). "Ah! I 'eard that the Day before yesterday!"

Addebley, Mr. Disraeli was fain to yield a line to be drawn by the ship-owner, *not* the Government. Mr. Reed then moved the prohibition of deck-cargoes, but was defeated, after a discussion in which Sir C. Adderley and Sir Stafford Northcote had by no means the best of the argument, by 193 to 130.

John Bull and Jack Tar both would have good reason to be obliged to the House of Lords if they could undo the Commons' work in this matter, though it is to be feared that there is little chance of it at this fag-end of the Session. Probably the majority felt that, as they had overborne the Government on the load-line, and meant to force their hand—Mr. Disraeli calls it "assisting" them—in stowage of grain-cargoes, they thought it only due to their allegiance to throw over Mr. Reed's deck-load clause.

The upshot of the night's work was to stop two of the leaks in the Bill, and to leave the third, and perhaps most dangerous, open. But there is an extra plank or two between poor Jack and *death* for this winter. Let us hope there will not be quite so many who go down to the (bottom) of the sea in ships as usual.

Tuesday (*Lords*).—Lord Carnarvon gave a cheery account of the Gold Coast, whose revenue is increasing as it ought to be—pacification going on steadily, and Slave Trade Abolition Ordinances working well. Conflict of jurisdictions between our settlements and the French at the Gambia are the worst dangers!

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

And when, besides idleness, new rum is cheap, the thermometer at boiling heat, and swamp-fever waving her yellow wings over every un-woolled head within the margin of that White Man's Grave, the Old Gentleman ought to be having a peculiarly lively time of it.

Lord John, who loves to have his dear old fingers in every pie, came forward with a zeal for poor Jack that does honour to his heart, to move an address to Her Majesty to give special directions for every precaution, between this and next Session, to preserve the lives of our sailors from danger of unseaworthy ships.

Luckily, Plimsoll and Parliament together will give Poor Jack something better than such directions to trust to.

"Pretty," as Pepys would say, to see everybody so zealous for Poor Jack all of a sudden!

(*Commons.*) Sir C. Adderley formally announced Her Majesty's intention to issue a Royal Commission on Copyright. Not before it is wanted. Hitherto, when one hears of Mr. C. Reade's eighteenpence and Archbishop Whately's eleven and twopence (was it?) from the Pactolus opened for British Authors by Canadian law, one cannot feel that, up to this time, whatever else they have got by the sale of their works, they have got such a "Royal Commission."

A long and strong fight—Mr. Shaw Lefevre heading the one force, and Mr. Hunt the other—between the *pro* and *con* of competition for Naval Cadetships. Much sense spoken on both sides.

The Government have determined on doing away with Competition for the first step in naval service. There is much to be said against competition as actually conducted, not for Naval Cadetships only, but for Army Commissions and Civil Service Clerkships. It has been conducted, as far as *Mr. Punch* can learn, so as to strain to the uttermost the case that can be made in its favour. There is nothing that stands in more need of the constant influence of sound sense and the diplomatic discouragement of pedantry and red-tape. But the remedy is not to do away with competition—for that means the re-establishment of jobbery, back-stairs' favour, and personal influence, and the casting back again into the cold shade of unfriended ability, and energy that cannot reach high or low enough for a patron—but the conducting of it with a sensible regard to the demands of the Service, and the actual training, natural strength, and knowledge and reading reasonably to be looked for from boys of the age to be examined.

John Bull should look to this, and neither allow Competitive Examination to be discredited by the pedantry and unwisdom in the misconduct of it, nor the country to be robbed of the unassisted energy and ability to which it should open, and was meant to open, a career.

The Battle of the Guns—already fought once this Session—opened again by Captain Price. He insists on experiments to test our Woolwich "Infants," bigger and lesser, as they would be tested in action—not with violet and iris-powder, but villanous sulphur and saltpetre.

These "Infants" are certainly too dear to be left without very close looking after. Mr. Hunt promised careful, nay, crucial experiment.

Wednesday.—Additional Estimates of £417,000. Dodson may gnaw at the Exchequer file, and welcome, while Sir Stafford is able to announce a rise in Customs, Excise and Stamps large enough not only comfortably to cover the big body of Supplementary Estimates, but to tuck in on each side with a million margin! To be sure, "there's many a slip between the cup and the lip"; and only four months of the twelve are over yet.

Mr. Gladstone once more donned his favourite costume—the dark mantle of Jeremiah, Prophet and Economist—and delivered himself of a wail not only over the wicked extravagance of John Bull's household, but, still more, over John's own light-hearted indifference to it. John absolutely declines to work himself into a wax over any amount of wasted candle-ends and cheese-parings not fully accounted for.

Mr. Gladstone has added another to his famous series of political Triads—"the Three Roads to Ruin of a Government—to increase expenditure, not to reduce debt, and never to impose new taxes."

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THE ALDERSHOT CAMPAIGN.

Private Sweeny (Highland Regiment). "COLONY BOG, IS IT? THIN BEDAD! I WISH I WAS BACK IN TIPPERARY!"

A WET BIRTHDAY.

THE column of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in the *Times*, if carefully watched, will often supply food for serious reflection. Perhaps its latest phenomenon is the announcement of a birth, with the special intimation that the interesting little event happened "on the 15th July (St. Swithin's)."

Births on particular days of the year are frequently recorded, and the reason is generally self evident. It is not difficult to understand the degree of parental anxiety that would be felt concerning the future career of a child which had the misfortune to be born on the first of April; and for an infant coming into the world on Michaelmas Day fears might be reasonably entertained lest it should turn out a goose. But what influence St. Swithin can have, either for good or for evil, on the fortunes of a child born on the day appropriated to the rainy Saint in the Calendar, it is not so easy to determine.

The babe, if a boy, might undoubtedly be called Swithin, or possibly Pluvius (like Tertius, Septimus, Octavius, and other appellations of the like description), but such a name would certainly expose the bearer to a good deal of unpleasantness during his schooldays, and it is hard to say what advantage it could be to him at any period of his life. If a girl, the French name, Reine, might perhaps be considered appropriate. (For the contingency of twins we confess we are not provided.) Whatever sex, however, the child born on St. Swithin's may be, it will do well to remember, when of an age to appreciate the moral teachings of poetry, the line in LONGFELLOW which reminds us that

"Into each life some rain must fall;"

and as it grows up into manhood or womanhood, if it proves provident and thrifty, and disposed to put by something against that rainy day which occurs in the lives of most of us with disagreeable frequency, it will have no cause to regret having been born on St. Swithin's, and chronicled in the *Times* accordingly.

N.B.

THE *Post* contains a favourable notice of the Burney Prize Essay for 1873, lately published. It may be necessary to inform some of our friends in North Britain that the Burney Prize Essay is not a treatise on Cremation.

But was not one of MR. GLADSTONE's late quarrels with his successors precisely on the ground of their making too elaborate arrangements for systematic reduction of the National Debt? And we hardly think JOHN BULL will be easily got to turn on them for not laying on new taxes.

And now—

Supply's back is broken, my outworn M.P.!
The last "spoke" outspoken has rendered you free.

Ministers may go and dine with the LORD MAYOR. "The Session's difficulty is DISRAELI's opportunity." If of late sometimes a little below the mark in Parliamentary flow, he was at high-tide again in post-prandial speech. Was he not in the City? and, in the City, is not a man's "good"ness gauged by the credit he takes—and gets? What is the credit commanded, say, by the COLLIES, or any other and happier Lords of Lombard Street, to that taken "for self and partners" by BENJAMIN, the bold speaker for the great House of DISRAELI & Co.?

Thursday.—DR. KENEALY on COLONEL BAKER—unsavoury comment on an unsavoury case. DR. KENEALY thinks COLONEL BAKER—senteneed to twelve months' imprisonment—has no right to the same remission of hard labour which was granted to DR. KENEALY himself, during his imprisonment of one month, for a cruel assault upon his son, in 1851. MAJOR DICKSON reminded the Doctor of the historical parallel. No one else needed this reminder.

Another leak made good in the Stop-Gap Shipping Bill, thanks to MR. SHAW LEFEVRE. Owners are to be liable to Seamen for casualties due to unseaworthiness of their ships.

How the sea-worthies ought to be rejoicing over these heavy blows and sore discouragements of the sea-unworthies!

Hamlet on Covent Garden Market.

(*Adapted to the Circumstances.*)

"BREAK, break, my heart, for I must hold my—nose."

[*Exit* HAMLET, *with his pocket-handkerchief up to his nose.*

TRULY MARVELLOUS OCCURRENCE.

SPIRITUALIST papers, please copy the subjoined extract from the *Cambridge Independent*:—

"DEATH FROM DROWNING.—On Saturday evening MR. C. F. JARROLD, Deputy Coroner, held an inquest at the Hazard Arms, Mill Lane, concerning the death of THOMAS SHIPP, of Russell Street, who was drowned on the following night."

Tale marvellous as brief. There is nothing in all old AUBREY's *Miscellanies* so weird and eerie told as a simple event. Fancy a Coroner and his Jury sitting by anticipation one evening on the body of a man who is to be drowned the next night. What a particularly grim and, at the same time, practical instance of faith in prevision! Eh, DONALD, man, what is there to pattern it in all the annals of Scotch second-sight?

Questionable Announcement.

STUPID persons may be apt to misunderstand the subjoined advertisement in that truly national journal, the *Irish Times*:—

HARCOURT STREET.

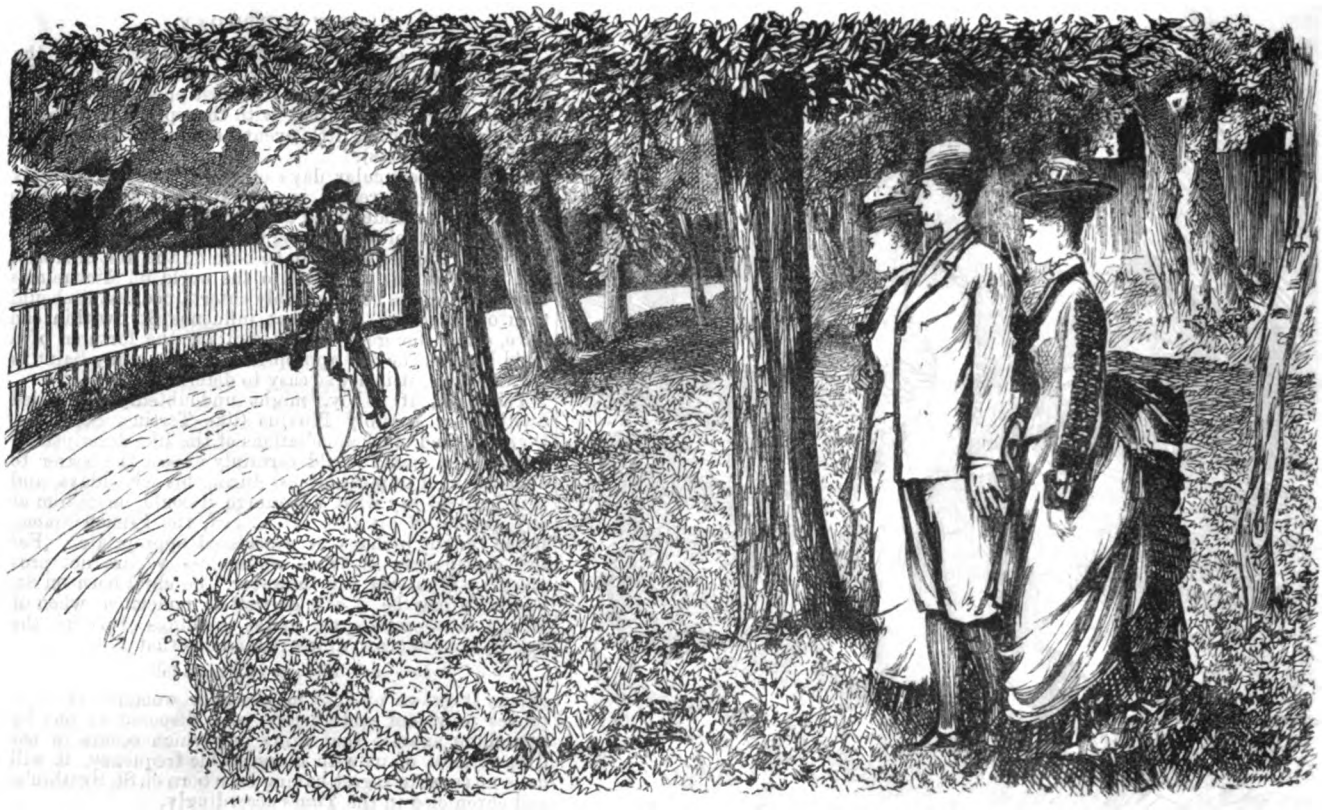
TO BE LET, at 80 guineas per annum, a most desirable HOUSE in the best part of above street, with ample accommodation for a large family, having all modern improvements, and in perfect order.

If old-fashioned as well as stupid, they, perhaps, would like the *Irish Times* to explain to them what the modern improvements of a family are, especially seeing that order, and more especially order in a large family, is at any rate not one of them.

Spotless Character.

A NOTORIOUS Gentleman, who has been in gaol, is reported to have said that he had left prison, after having served his sentence, without any stain on his character. Very likely. Some characters are of such a colour that they never show the dirt.

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AN AMBUSCADE.

Captain de Smythe insidiously beguiles the fair Laura and her Sister to a certain secluded Spot where, as he happens to know, his hated rival, Mr. Tomkyns, is in the habit of secretly Practising on the Bicycle. He (Captain de S.) calculates that a mere glimpse of Mr. T., as he wobbles wildly by on that Instrument, will be sufficient to dispel any Illusions that the fair Laura may cherish in her Bosom respecting that worthy Man.

STOCKS FOR THE CITY.

(*Song by a Small Capitalist.*)

Joint-stock and Loan Prospectus, go,
To light cigars and fires!
No men I trust but those I know;
Doubt all else rogues and liars.
For slender savings though I fain
Would get a trifle more,
Financiers, you conspire in vain
To filch my little store.

O for a Seer who, gazing round,
Could peer all projects through,
Discern the rotten from the sound,
And teach me wisdom true;
How more than three per cent. to gain,
Yet safely to invest,
The highest interest to obtain:
Security the best!

There's nothing but the Nation's Debt
To credit I can dare,
In that alone will caution let
Me purchase any Share.
Ah where, except in risky trade,
My nest-egg could I lay,
Suppose the Debt in full were paid,
Consols wiped clean away?

'Mongst all your Stocks, ye City Men,
Where most you're wont to meet,
You lack a certain Pair to pen
Therein your swindlers' feet.
That, and a Pillory, too, at hand,
In which, like knave of yore,
Your leading rogues were forced to stand,
Might confidence restore.

WILD BEASTS CHEAP.

Mr. Punch observes that, at the sale by auction of Mander's Menagerie, whereas a Gorilla brought a hundred and five guineas, a Russian Bear brought only a sovereign, and an American Wolf twelve shillings and sixpence! Unhappily, he was unaware of the intended sale, or he might have purchased those two quadrupeds to guard his sacred portals against all intruders who plague him with contributions before they have learnt to spell.

Might not Mander's Menagerie sale be followed by an auction at the Menageries of Maunderers? A few lots may easily be set down as inviting purchasers, and any experienced Valuer could approximate to the prices at which they would be knocked down. Here is an extract from the report, by *Mr. Punch's* own Prophet:—

Lot 1.—A Chimpanzee from Buckinghamshire, with an original trick every evening. (£1000.)

Lot 67.—A Roman Boar from Peterborough, warranted to sing as well as dance. (2¼*d.*)

Lot 99.—An Amphibious Animal from Carliale, hitherto undescribed. (5*s.*)

Lot 201.—A Merman, caught off Greenwich, with an axe in his hand. He was very hard to capture, and was with difficulty prevented from cutting down a large oak in Greenwich Park. (£1666 6*s.* 8*d.*)

Lot 392.—A bigger Laughing Hyæna than any yet exhibited, from the County Cavan. (11*d.*)

Lot 656.—A Lion, from Stoke-upon-Trent. Very tame. Has been taught to shake his mane when sprinkled with dew. (½*d.*)

The bidding was not brisk, everyone appearing anxious that the Lots should be knocked down. Indeed, the Lots were of the same opinion, as the majority of them knocked themselves down.

SALT WATER FOR SCOUNDRELS.

Nobody can eat water. But when Shipowners send unseaworthy ships afloat, they might at least be compelled to drink their leak.

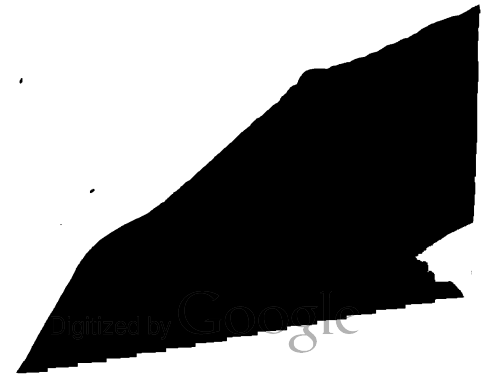
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PICKPOCKETS IN THE CITY.

ACCOMMODATION BILL AND FOREIGN-LOANS MO' "DOING BUSINESS."

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THE SEASON SUMMED UP.

By one of its Slaves.



A season of rushing and struggling to squeeze
And scramble through crowds for the shake of a hand,
Of nine o'clock dinners, and five o'clock teas;
Of wanting a cab when not one 's on the stand.
A season of wishing the Countess of This
Would ask one to dinner and not to a drum;
Of watching at Prince's some very fast Miss,
And feeling quite sure that to grief she will come.

A season of coaxing and scheming to get
Invitations to anything out of the way;
Of swearing that never again you will bet,
And of trying to smile as your money you pay.

A season of polo and poker and balls,
Of wet garden-parties—passed, yawning, in-doors.
A season of making most wearisome calls,
And enduring returns from more wearisome bores.
A season of mirth and success to a few,—
To many a season of failure and pain.
A season of yearning to see something new,
A season of seeking for pleasure in vain.
O Season of Slavery! why do we shrink
From breaking the fetters that bind us to thee?—
Good gracious! it 's time to be off to the Rink!
I promised the Dashes to meet them at three!

HOW THEY FIGHT IN FRANCE.

Letter I.

Monsieur, *St. Petersburg, January* 1.

I have discovered that, twelve years ago, you were good enough to accuse me of telling an infamous falsehood. I have taken ten years to obtain a copy of the wretched print in which the libel appeared. That miserable periodical you edited twelve years ago, and, if it still exists, you edit it still. You must edit it still, I repeat, because it is too barbarous to be edited by any one less mean, less despicable, less dishonourable than yourself! You hear me! The never-to-be-sufficiently-hated journal is, or was, called *Le Gamin de Deux Mondes.*

I courteously invite you to explain to me what is the meaning you attach to the words "infamous" and "falsehood."

I may add, for your information, that recently I st[illegible] into the cemetery in which is situated the grave of your [illegible]other. I (the writer of this letter—you understand) danc[illegible]t grave!

Accept, Monsieur, my co[illegible]derations the m[illegible]ed.

Hect[illegible]

[illegible]TTER [illegible]

Monsieur,

Yo[illegible]

mercena[illegible] the

words [illegible] You are

a ma[illegible] confer upon

yo[illegible] of your literar[illegible]

i[illegible] information [illegible]

[illegible] the histor[illegible]

[illegible] denoun[illegible]

your late father and your mother's uncle as poverty-stricken pick-pockets and low-salaried spies!

Accept, Monsieur, my considerations the most distinguished.

Agamemnon de Pommes de Terre.

Letter III.

Monsieur, *Leicester Square, May* 1.

I hurry to answer your miserable and pretentious communication. As an explanation it is unsatisfactory; as a contribution to periodical literature it is beneath contempt! If you are not in the hands of the Police for having committed petty larceny, I invite you to meet me—to meet me to fight a duel to the death! You hear what I say—to the death!

First, let me inform you, however, that you are a villain, a ruffian, and a vagabond!

My friends, M. le Comte de Foie de Veau, and M. le Chevalier de Vingt-cinq Centimes, will represent me.

Accept, Monsieur, my considerations the most distinguished.

Hector de Vin Ordinaire.

Letter IV.

Bureau of Le Gamin de Deux Mondes, July 1.

Monsieur,

You will see that your weak-minded challenge is accepted at once. I rejoice that spoon-stealing is not punishable with death, for the Law has thus saved you from the guillotine to fall a victim to my vengeance!

It will be no news to you to hear that you are a bully, a card-sharper, and a coward!

My friends, M. le Vicomte Piffpaff-Pouf, and M. le General Boum, will represent me.

Accept, Monsieur, my considerations the most distinguished.

Agamemnon de Pommes de Terre.

Letter V.

Messieurs, *Paris, September* 1.

We have the honour to declare that we are acting on behalf of our Principal, M. Hector de Vin Ordinaire. Our Principal (claiming his rights as the insulted party) demands to choose weapons, distance, and conditions. He proposes pistols as the weapons; for the distance, three paces; for the conditions, that the pistols be loaded with powder, paper, and bullets.

We await with impatience the reply of your Principal.

Accept, Messieurs, our considerations the most distinguished.

Le Comte de Foie de Veau.
Le Chevalier de Vingt-cinq Centimes.

Letter VI.

Messieurs, *Paris, October* 1. 2 P.M.

We have the honour to announce that we have hastily submitted your proposal to our Principal. M. Agamemnon de Pommes de Terre hurriedly accepts the weapons, the distance, and a part of the conditions. He will meet your Principal, pistol in hand, at three paces distance. However, although the pistols may be loaded with powder and paper, they must not be loaded with bullets. His honour (which is far dearer to him than life) demands this sacrifice!

The incident must therefore be considered at an end, unless your Principal accepts our Principal's proposition, which is as follows:

The weapons to be rapiers, the distance four feet, and the conditions to be that the rapiers shall have blades at least three feet long.

We await your reply with anxiety.

Accept, Messieurs, our considerations the most distinguished.

Le Vicomte Piffpaff-Pouf.
Le General Boum.

Letter VII.

Messieurs, *Paris, October* 1. 3 P.M.

We have the honour to announce that we have tardily and regretfully submitted the proposal of your Principal to our Principal. After much and long consideration, our Principal finds that he can [illegible] agree to rapiers and the distance. He objects to the conditions. [illegible] feels that his courage—his reputation as a brave man, demand [illegible] the rapiers, instead of having blades three feet long, should [illegible]ve no blades at all!

Under these circumstances, the incident must be considered at an end.

Accept[illegible]rs, our considerations the most distinguished.

Le Comte de Foie de Veau.
Le Chevalier de Vingt-cinq Centimes.

* * * * *

[illegible]e to say, the incident *was* at an end!

The Bakerian Lecture.—Justice Brett's Address.

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A FAMILIAR FOE.

Captain (during a passing Shower in the late Manœuvres). "I WONDER WE DON'T SEE THE ENEMY!"
Rheumatic Major. "ENEMY! EGOD, I FEEL HIM IN BOTH KNEES A'READY!"

SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

Suggested for discussion at the Social Science Congress.

If you invite to your table the Wife of a Dean, and the Niece of an Archbishop, which of them do you hold entitled to precedence?

When the Girls and their Mamma remind you of your promise to let them give a ball, and instead of it you offer them a visit to the Continent, are you justified in mentally reserving to yourself the right to take them to Boulogne one day, and back the next by Calais?

If, when dining at the Club, you chance to come across a dear old friend of yours, whom you have not met for years, do you consider that the meeting may be held as an excuse for your not going home till morning?

When you take down a Lady who is an utter stranger to you, and who replies in monosyllables to everything you say, are you justified, before the joint comes, in leaving her to her fate, and offering your small talk to your left-hand neighbour?

Supposing a young gentleman in the Civil Service earns a salary (less Income-tax) of two hundred pounds a year, to what expenditure per week ought he in prudence to restrict himself in the way of (1) gloves, (2) cigars, and (3) button-hole bouquets?

Is there any prospect of solving the vexed question, whether the Host or Hostess ought to lead the way to dinner?

When you are informed that the Doctor says the children require change of air, and are told with the same breath that Cook desires a holiday, and that your study *must* be painted, what more proof do you require that the Season is at an end, and that you had better make your mind up to leave Town within a fortnight?

Weighed in the social scale, which is the lighter fib—to say that you are indisposed, or that you are not at home, when your dear friends the BOREINGTONS expressly call to see you?

When you are invited to dine *at* half-past seven—the *at* being underlined with considerable emphasis—do you think that punctual eight would really be considered premature for your arrival?

Is it possible for two Ladies of average acquirements to converse with one another for upwards of five minutes without talking of their balls, their babies, or their bonnets?

If you happen to meet your friends the SWELLBOROUGHS in Town in the middle of September, how much credit is attached to the pretexts which you mutually advance for being visible?

Supposing that a Gentleman accompany his Wife upon a round of morning calls, and afterwards is treated to a dinner of cold mutton, to what revenge in the way of dining at his Club is he socially entitled?

Do you consider that an invitation to dine, which has been declined on the plea of a previous engagement, is an equivalent for a dinner which has actually been eaten?

If, while travelling abroad, you chance to stumble on your tailor, to whom you are in debt, is it wise to greet him affably or to endeavour not to see him?

If you are asked to what you know will be a dismal dinner, how many days do you consider you may wait before replying, in the hope that something better may prevent your acceptance?

PARSON AND GRAZIER.

IN giving judgment on *Keet* v. *Smith*, SIR ROBERT PHILLIMORE explained that, by law, the Churchyard is the Incumbent's freehold—subject to the right of parishioners, or strangers dying in the parish, to simple interment, but no more. He added:—

"Indeed, the Incumbent has the right to pasture animals which do not injure the bodies interred in the Churchyard, and every gravestone, of course, interferes with that pasture."

The Parson is bound to respect existing gravestones. But it appears that, if he stood on his rights, he might refuse to have any more set up, and could, if he chose, devote all the available space in the Churchyard to growing meat. He might then advertise, if he thought it likely to pay, Burial-ground Beef or Churchyard Mutton. The Reverend Gentleman would thus exhibit himself in a twofold capacity of Pastor.

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"PRIVATES, BUT NOT FULL."

First Driver (*after a long Day*). "The 'Orse 'rtillery 's a gettin' quite Aristercratic. It don't Dine till Eight o'Clock!!"

Second Driver. "Stroikes me to-morrow the 'Orse 'rtillery 'll be too Aristercratic to Dine at all!!"

THE LORD MAYOR'S DESSERT.

"Mr. Disraeli was somewhat alarmed at the Lord Mayor's intimation that a critical summary of the Session should be part of the dessert at the Mansion House."

Cruel, indeed!
In the Egyptian Hall and famous feed;
Banquet divine,
Most luscious turtle and the iciest wine:
But with your pine
And melon and fantastic sweets, you mix
Crude politics!

For shame, Lord Mayor!
This is a thing no Premier ought to bear:
He 'd fain be witty,
And with his epigrams delight the City.
It is a pity
That you should make him play the old, old tricks
Of politics.

Punch was not there:
But he hath known your classic style, Lord Mayor:
Hesperia's trees
Never produced such delicate fruit as these;
And faith! one sees
That the device of adding politics
Was sour old Nick's.

No loss at all:
Egypt loomed dimly in the Egyptian Hall.
The diner winks
At th' orator who hides the thought he thinks—
The modern Sphinx;
And asks no questions that are like to hurt
About desert.

Punch does not see
Why, if the team of Progress gallops free,
A Premier wise
Need from a sumptuous City banquet rise
T' apologise.
Dull choicest dinner, if dessert must mix
With politics.

COMPARATIVE JUSTICE.

Why reproduce the "Enormous Gooseberry" at this season when you can invent an enormity so much more astounding than that as the one thus reported in the *Eastern Morning News*?—

"Pulling out a Horse's Tongue.—John Jameson, farm-servant with Mr. Michael Owston, of Harpham, farmer, was charged with pulling out the tongue of a mare, his property. Defendant was working in a field with the mare, which did not please him, in going too fast, as he alleged. He therefore tied the leading-string on a draw-loop round the horse's tongue, and, by jerking the string, completely cut out the poor animal's tongue, which fell to the ground. For this cruel act defendant was committed to the House of Correction, at Beverley, for three months, to hard labour, and the wages in Mr. Owston's hands were to be forfeited."

If a wretch had the heart to pull out a horse's tongue, yet could he have the strength to do it? The idea of such a thing seems absurd, and the story of it a seasonable, but a shocking, if not a too monstrous hoax. However, the above paragraph is published under the head of "Police Intelligence—Driffield Police," which is not the place in a paper for seasonable enormities. It can hardly, therefore, but be horribly true, and *Mr. Punch* is asked to say if the Reverend Gentleman who has made himself famous on the East Lincolnshire Bench thought fourteen days' imprisonment and four years in a reformatory not too severe a sentence on Sarah Chandler for plucking a flower, what punishment does *Mr. Punch* suppose that he would have felt bound to award to John Jameson for plucking out a horse's tongue? And does not *Mr. Punch* think that John Jameson may think himself a lucky fellow that he lives in the East Riding of York, and not in East Lincolnshire? *Mr. Punch* hardly knows. A Magistrate capable of passing an uncommonly cruel sentence on a child for a peccadillo, might, for aught *Mr. Punch* knows, have a fellow-feeling for an uncommonly cruel fellow, and perhaps if Mr. Jameson had been had up in East Lincolnshire for pulling a horse's tongue out, then, instead of being punished (as he ought to have been) with the utmost rigour of the law, he might have been let off altogether.

PRODIGIOUS!

This is an attractive advertisement in a Sporting Paper:—

TO NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN.—TO BE SOLD (by private arrangement only), a fine FREEHOLD ESTATE, in South Wales, containing upwards of 700 Acres, with a good family Mansion thereon. The Property commands, from the local advantages it possesses, a baronetcy, and a seat in Parliament. First-class Fishing and Shooting. Principals only treated with. Apply, &c.

What are the "local advantages" of the land? Turnips, mangel-wurzel, gooseberries, or what? Do these give the title, namely, for example, Sir Timothy Turnips, Bart., Sir Mangel-Wurzel, Sir Gregory Gooseberry, and so forth? Or do the Fishing and Shooting give the title, as, again, Sir Francis Fish Pheasant, Sir Peter Pike Partridge? And then to be able to "command" a seat in Parliament!! Why, here 's a big chance for Dr. Kenealy and his son Ahmed! The Doctor could be the Baronet, and his son could have a seat in Parliament, next to the Convict-Baronet's advocate, without a struggle. At all events, it is worthy of immediate attention.

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HAYMAKING IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE, 1875.

"WELL, I CAN'T SAY AS I THINKS THIS YER 'AY 'LL BE GOOD FOR MUCH WHEN WE DO CATCH 'IM!!"

TRIBUTE TO AN AGITATOR.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,

THE Irish have been "celebrating" what they call a "Centenary" festival in honour of DANIEL O'CONNELL. It is described as a "tribute to his memory," and a pretty addition it is to the tribute which he used to receive under the name of "*Rhint.*" I have never had any tribute whatever paid me. My "Centenary" occurred in 1862, but nobody then proposed to pay any "tribute" to my memory. Why, then, have the Irish been paying tribute on tribute to DAN O'CONNELL? "O!" they say, "because he was our Great Liberator!" Was I not your Great Liberator, and a Liberator a precious deal Greater than theirs, though, to be sure, people never called me a Big Biggarman? Were not my writings and speeches the original means which in the end liberated you from the borough-mongers? I shall be told that my Centenary has gone by, but that is all the more reason why a tribute which has been long owing to my memory should now be paid. What tribute do I want? Not a statue, which is a tribute only fit for such a fellow as SHAKSPEARE, or such another fellow as BYRON. No; pay me a tribute more durable than a thing made of brass, which will, by-and-by, turn to verdigris. Let your tribute be the publication of a handsome edition of my works, which everybody who has read them acknowledges to be the most useful and best written in the English language. That is the only sort of tribute for me. Pay me that, and, in so doing, you will render an imperishable and everlasting tribute to the memory of

Hades, August 7, 1875. WILLIAM COBBETT.

Appropriate Music.

LAST week a dinner was given at the Mansion House in honour of Her Majesty's Ministers. The band of the Coldstream Guards attended. To those jaded Members of the Houses of Parliament who were present, the last piece in the programme must have suggested the most delightful anticipations—it was the galop "*Up and Off!*"

EASTWARD HO! OR, PITY A POOR PRIEST!

(*See* MR. MACKONOCHIE'S *Letter to the* BISHOP OF LONDON.)

THERE were Wise men of old, and they came *from* the East
To worship. Alas for the latter-day Priest!
For the poor Western Wiseacre, Bishops to gall,
Must turn *to* the East, or not worship at all:
O, what *can* he do for a peace-seeking soul,
"With a Surplice alone, Sir,—*not even a Stole!*"
Since he holds that his holiest rite 's of no worth
If he 's robbed of his vestments, and "stands to the North."
A Philistine laic may laugh at this rumpus
Concerning one point in the Clerical Compass;
But how if the "pastoral care" of the nation
Depends on the practice of "Orientation"?
What hope of preserving the flock from perdition,
Without due regard to the "Eastward position"?
Where to worship aright—so they tell us, at least—
We *must* stand, like fire-worshippers, facing the East,
Midst rites that are formal, and lights that are garish,
And led, in full dress, by the Priest of the Parish?

"Please the Pigs."

A GOOD HOUSE TO LET, with Accommodation for Pigs.

THIS advertisement is sure to attract a considerable amount of attention. There are too many people living like pigs to whom such an offer of accommodation will be irresistibly tempting. The advertisement may also be regarded in another light, as an interesting example of increasing refinement in the use of the English language. Now-a-days it is evidently thought improper to mention such a vulgar thing as a pig-stye: in its stead we are taught to say "accommodation for pigs."

A NECESSITY FOR SHIPOWNERS.—You must draw the (load) line somewhere.

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"NOTHING LIKE LEATHER."

Bookseller (to Lanarkshire Country Gentleman who had brought his back Numbers to be bound). "WOULD YOU LIKE THEM DONE IN 'RUSSIA' OR 'MOROCCO,' SIR?"

Old Gentleman. "NA, NEVER MAIND ABOOT ROOSHY OR MOROCCY. I'LL JUST HAE 'EM BOOND IN GLASGY HERE!"

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

MR. PUNCH has much pleasure in giving the *menu* of the Ministerial Whitebait Dinner. It will be seen at once that the following Bill of Fare must be authentic. In spite of this, *Mr. Punch* declines to hold himself responsible for either the broken English or the shattered French of the very interesting document in question.

Potage.

Broth à la Trop de Cuisiniers.

Poissons.

Plim-sol à la Merchants-Shipping-Acte
Place à la Cabinet.
Eels à la tactique du MONSIEUR DISRAELI.
Mull-it à la Session, 1875.
White-bait à l'Expédition de North-Pol.

Entrées.

Calf's-head in torture à la Majorité Conservative.
Bubble and Squeak à la Queen's-speech.
Epigram of Sweetbread à l'explication du Premier.

Rots.

Roasted Beef à la pauvre MONSIEUR JOHN-BULL.
Goose à la Tory Innocent.

Légumes.

Irish Potatoes à l'eau chaude.
Scarlet Runners à la standard-five-foot-one.

Entremet.

Cabinet Pudding à la so-many-thousand-pounds-a-year.

Dessert.

Fruits of the Session à la Château-en-Espagne.

Melody and Memory.

ACCORDING to a report of the Centenary celebration dinner the other day at Dublin, the memory of O'CONNELL was drunk with due solemnity:—

"One of the guests then sang with fine effect '*The Harp that once through Tara's Halls*,' with an accompaniment on the harp."

De mortuis nil nisi bonum. But is not the memory of O'CONNELL associated with rather more than Tara, namely, with taradiddles?

MR. PUNCH'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

(Compiled for the Use of Tourists, Excursionists, and others.)

Hints about Ticket Taking.

BEFORE purchasing your ticket, it will be as well to accustom yourself to the manners and modes of address of the Booking Clerks. This task may be easily accomplished by a series of early morning strolls in the celebrated Fish Market, Billingsgate.

Never address a Clerk when he is relating an anecdote to a colleague. If you do, you may very possibly spoil the point of his story, and consequently subject yourself to a not-to-be-unexpected display of official insolence.

If you have to receive any change, you will find a weighing-machine (Troy weights) and a bottle of *aquafortis* very valuable.

Station Suggestions.

If you are fond of walking upon the platform, be careful to wear india-rubber buffers attached to the toes of your boots. At this season of the year you will find luggage-trucks rather heavily laden.

If you are fond of ladies' society, ask the Guard to put you into a smoking-carriage.

If you wish to save your hat from being sat upon, your coat from being torn, and your legs from being kicked, do not get into a compartment occupied by children come home for the holidays.

Necessary Preparations for the Incidents of Travel.

You should choose a seat in a carriage as near as possible to the engine, to avoid a lingering death.

As an ample amount of luggage is permitted to passengers on English Railways, you should always tie up your coffin with your sticks and umbrellas.

Never forget to insure your life. The trifling outlay will probably be returned a thousand-fold to you, or rather to your heirs, executors, and assigns.

Something about Railway Refreshments.

If you propose to lunch on your journey, a small hand-saw will be found very useful in cutting up fowls and sandwiches.

Never neglect before starting to consult your Doctor as to the best antidote to Railway Refreshment-Room Sherry.

Buns should be well soaked in water before they are eaten by travellers with tender teeth.

If you have determined upon drinking a glass of ale, see that you have time to wait for the next train before you ask that the beverage in question may be served to you. A speaking-trumpet is sometimes useful in attracting the attention of the persons behind the counter—sometimes—not always.

Railway Law.

In the eyes of the law railway travelling is not considered as an attempt to commit suicide. This strange view of the matter has been adopted by all the Coroners' Juries who have sat upon victims to railway accidents. A verdict of "Temporary Insanity" has consequently never yet been recorded in cases of this sort.

Railway Reading.

A short course of gymnastics will be useful as a preparation to reading a large-print novel in a train, an hour and a half late, making up for lost time.

Persons subject to nervous excitement, melancholia, or hysterics, should never attempt to understand *Bradshaw*.

Mr. Punch's Golden Rule—a Sequel to the Above.

Travellers should as seldom as possible travel by Railway!

AN OLD PROVERB NEWLY APPLIED.

A SPORTING friend has lately had a favourite racer photographed, and wishing to show the animal its likeness, he put the Carte before the Horse.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FRIDAY, *August 6th*, begins the last week of the Session. No more Essence of Collective Wisdom till next February! No more burning and shining light from the Clock-tower beacon above, or the benches below. No more displays of dizziness in Office, or drowsiness in Opposition. JOHN BULL and the *Times* must combine to exist without that *pièce de resistance*, their "Imperial Parliament," for five months to come.

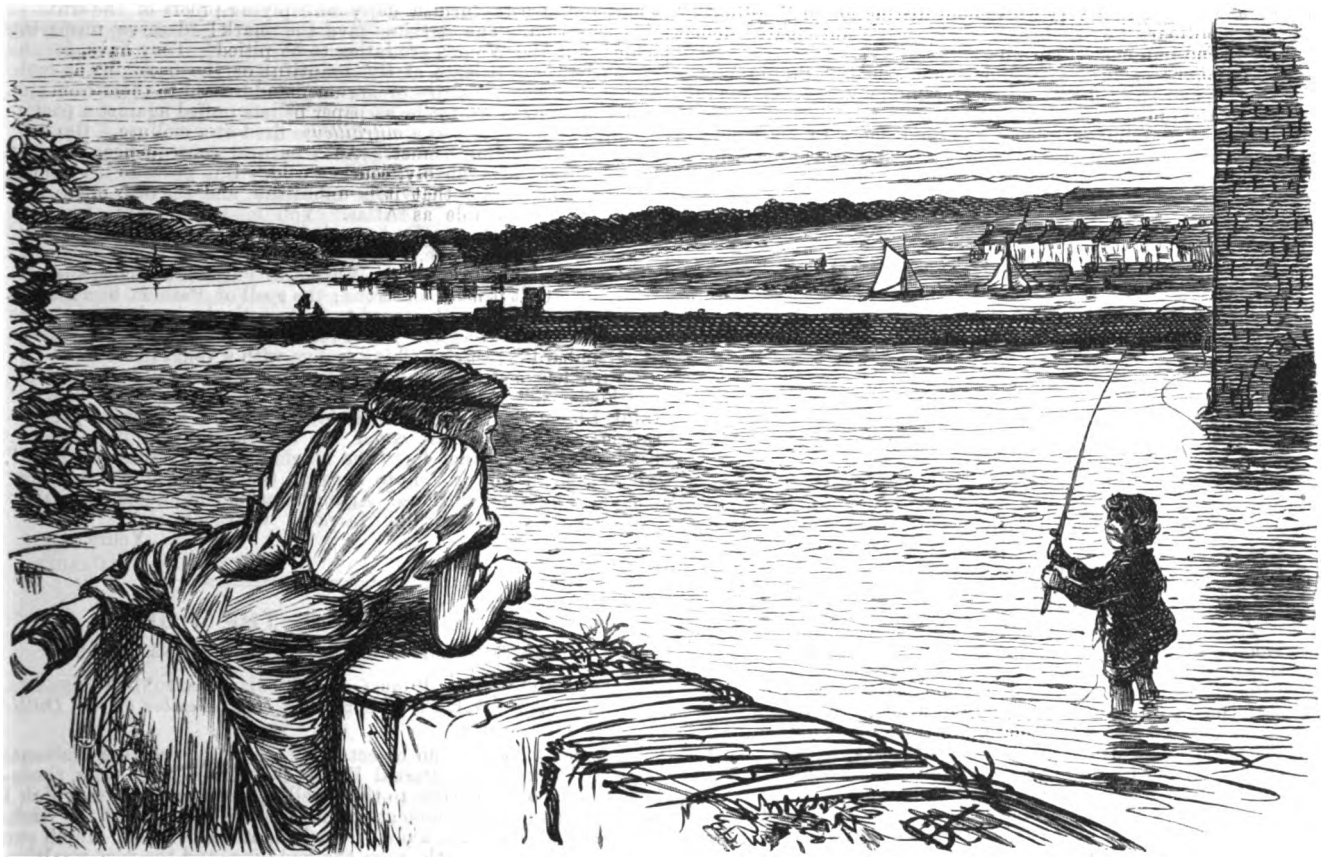
"*Finis coronat opus*" says the old saw. But "*Opus coronat finem*" is the rule of British Parliamentary practice. What week of the Session sees such a marvellous amount of work knocked off as the last? Look at the Lords, and the Bills they have made happy despatch of in these last eight days; the interchange and consideration of amendments between the two Houses; the last shots fired, as the two lines of battle sheered asunder! the Notices of Motion for next Session! to say nothing of such bagatelles as a Review of the Session from the Hartingtonian stand-point and the Disraelitish, the Indian Budget, and a Ministerial Whitebait Dinner.

To come to particulars. The next time LORD ORANMORE (*Lords, Friday, August 6th*) wants to know the particulars of CARDINAL MANNING'S reception at one of the PRINCE OF WALES'S Chiswick Garden-parties, *Punch* would recommend him to get an invitation, and see for himself, rather than trust to some unauthorised JENKINS.

(*Commons.*) Unseaworthy Ships Bill (Stop-gap) read a Third Time, after notice by MR. REED of MR. PLIMSOLL'S intention to move for a Select Committee on Marine Insurance next Session. JOHN BULL may depend upon it, *that* is where the shoe pinches; and so long as your ship-knacker can recover more than the value of his rotten hulls from the underwriters, he will find means to sail, and sink them, in spite of all the Unseaworthy Shipping Bills and Board of Trade Surveyors with which you can dog his rascally heels.

The report of the Judicature Bill brought up a breeze with it. The Attorneys are beginning to be a power in the House now, and they showed it to-night in a not unreasonable onslaught on some questionable points of Barristers' practice, as

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AN EVENING'S FISHING (BEHIND THE DISTILLERY AT SLIGO).

First Factory Lad. "Dom'nick, did you get n'er a Bite at all?"
Second Ditto. "Sorra wan, Pat. Only wan small wan!"
First Ditto. "Yerrah! Lave it there, an' come Home. Shure you'll get more than that in Bed!"

the taking retainers in more cases than a man can attend to; the employing of clerks to screw up their masters' fees, and so forth. Barristers' fees, like physicians', once came under the description of "*honoraria*," the honour of the recipient dispensing with the need of legal bond between employer and employed. Physicians' fees are now recoverable at law. No wonder if, under the influence of such malpractices at the Bar as the above, a feeling is growing up that the sooner Counsels' fees are made matters of common contract—where money paid on the one hand means work done on the other—the better.

With the Second Reading of the Appropriation Bill came the Review of the Session—both sides of the shield. Lord Hartington took the black, in discharge of his duty as Head of Her Majesty's Opposition. Could he do less, after the stupendous coolness of that Mansion-House mystification?

"Labour Laws, about the best thing Government had done—but all the good in them picked out of the pigeon-holes, or brains, of the late Administration; Public Health Act, mere draughtsman's work; Artisans' Dwellings Act a big Towns Improvement Bill made general; Friendly Societies Act, great cry and little wool—without security against dishonest, local administration, or provision for trustworthy audit; Unseaworthy Ships Act, a stop-gap, run up in a scare; the Judicature Act, another stop-gap, forced on Government by a mutiny; Agricultural Holdings Act, a law for Landlords and Tenants to contract themselves out of; wasted time of the Session, due not to the factiousness of Opposition, but to the feebleness of Government.

"Summary of the Session:—Public business mismanaged; Parliamentary prestige lowered; Legislation emasculated."

Disraeli, Q.C., *contra*:

"So much for Opposition's criticism on Government. Opposition having been a nullity, Government cannot criticise Opposition. Our Labour Laws *do* embody a principle, and we did *not* find it in our predecessors' pigeon-holes: it is Abolition of Imprisonment for Breach of Civil Contract.

"Our Public Health Act is more than a consolidation. It contains alterations and amendments of the existing law. If our Artisans' Dwellings Act merely invites to Town Improvements, why did you leave *us* to give the invitation? Besides, millions are waiting to be invested under it. Our Friendly Societies Bill does all that was practicable. Our own Merchant Shipping Bill Opposition amendments forced us to give up, willy-nilly; and we were very glad to get the help of public excitement to save what we have saved out of the wreck of it. Our Judicature Bill is, at least, an improvement upon yours. If the Agricultural Holdings Act does little, you would fain have had us do less; you were always advising us to put it off to another year. If our measures want the element of compulsion, it is because we prefer that of persuasion. If time has been wasted, it has been the fault chiefly of a headless Opposition. If the dignity of the House has been lowered, thank the Members for Stoke and Louth for it—not Her Majesty's Government, or me its head. What case has the Honourable Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition made out? Has he proved that *we* have done nothing, or that it has done anything?"

Punch, C.J.:

"An unsatisfactory Session. Little to raise the credit of Parliament in the matter of Legislation—a great deal to lower it in the manner. Her Majesty's Government and its Leader, and Her Majesty's Opposition and its Leader, equally below the mark."

With this duello of the Leaders really ends the Session. No Essence is to be extracted from the dregs and driblets of the last few days—devoted in both Houses to Third Readings, and consideration of Commons' Amendments by Lords, and Lords' by Commons.

Only on *Monday*, when the Session was really over, and the House had dwindled to the faggest of its fag-end, Lord G. Hamilton brought in the Indian Budget. Mr. Fawcett moved a Resolution censuring the Government for this mockery.

Mr. Grant Duff, from his own experience, does not think the House would pay a bit more attention to the Indian Budget if it were brought in in the prime of the Session.

Much depends on its introducer.

Lord G. Hamilton had a pretty good account to render, with

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the aid, at least, of that very convenient distinction of "ordinary" and "extraordinary" expenditure. Last year's anticipated deficit is likely to end in a modest surplus.

Mr. Smollett made a savage onslaught on the Public Works Department, and charged Expenditure on Public Works—his red rag, much after the taurine manner—with his eyes shut.

Save this belated Budget, there is nothing more to note, beyond the happy flight of the House on Friday—the pilgrims to the shrine of Saint Grouse (all but the poor Office-hacks) having sped on their devotions before the formal fall of the curtain.

A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

From a Representative Root.

"Our wondrous roots."—Mr. Disraeli *at the Mansion House.*

Dear Punch,

One may hail without show of servility
A tribute from genius to humble utility;
And Dizzy, that master of phrases and flourishes,
At last does *us* justice. The tuber which nourishes
Patriots *par excellence*, begs on behalf of
All roots to acknowledge the compliment. Chaff of
Sour critics to carp at his diction as tumid,
And tell us he said that our climate was humid
In sentences pompous and sesquipedalian,
Fit for some dull dithyrambic Deucalion
Telling the tale of his deluge!—these fellows I
Doubt not are moved by professional jealousy.
"Wondrous roots!" 'Tis henceforward a watchword among us.
What poet (save Gwyer, of Penge) has e'er sung us?
Our blessings on Benjamin: Mangel and Swede,
Prime "Regent," poor radish, all hope *he'll* succeed.
May the "split" Opposition, like rain-beaten corn—
As he phrased it—be "desolate, prostrate, forlorn."
May he dish all his foes, from the gout to Kenealy,
May his critics be mute, may his "murphies" be mealy.
Bulb, tuber, or radix, he has all *our* suffrages.
(Roots are not *radical!*) Many a muff rages
Hotly against him, he heeds not their chatter,
Well knowing he 's right in the "root of the matter."
For me, every eye I possess shed a tear
While his eloquent tribute I gloried to hear,
To a much-tried Potato such kindness is balm
For the ills we are heir to in tuber and haulm.
Though blight may beset us, and beetles affright,
While Benjamin blesses us all shall be right.
A fig for the fears I have long been a prey to!
Colorado be blowed! I am Yours,

A Potato.

FASHION-BLINDNESS.

(*A Contribution to the Philosophy of Ugliness. By a Social Seer.*)

Dear Punch,

The *Saturday Review* says that—

"Ladies can never see ugliness in a dress, so long as it is made in the height of the reigning fashion."

Why, of course they cannot; and I hold that their inability to do so is a beneficent ordinance of Providence. Free taste and bondage to *la mode* are simply incompatible. Fashion has not—never has had, and probably never will have—anything directly to do with Beauty. It is here that would-be satirists of the sex shoot beside the mark. Why does a Woman dress? In order to look beautiful? Not at all. Not one woman in a hundred cares a snapped hair-pin for Beauty in itself. Your average she-creature has as little sense of pure loveliness—in dress, at least—as of pure humour or abstract honour. To be in the fashion is the great primary object of the woman who dresses: to attract attention, to eclipse rivals, and to spend money, are strong but subordinate motives.

The love of change is perhaps at the bottom of the business. The sphere of mere Beauty is not wide enough to give full play to this feminine craving, and so Woman makes bold incursions into the illimitable realms of Ugliness. But—and here comes in the providential provision I have referred to—she is not conscious of the difference between the two worlds. Some people are afflicted with a disease known as colour-blindness. Well, the great majority of women are what I call "fashion-blind." If they were not so, *if* they were at all aware what frights—there is no stronger or more awful word in the feminine vocabulary—they make of themselves in their devotion to Fashion, their lives would be a burden to them.

Art and Fashion together are fast forcing on a sort of apotheosis of Ugliness. Our picture galleries, our illustrated books, and our shops and streets, furnish daily multiplying proofs of the truth of this assertion. The Artists—save the mark!—deserve unsparing blame, but the Women are rather to be pitied. They have, for the most part, *no* real sense of the beautiful or the becoming as such, and that is why all satire or argument addressed to them from this point of view is as futile as paper pellets puffed against a pachyderm, or, more aptly, as a *mitrailleuse* fired at a mollusc. Belinda buys an unbecoming bonnet. As a natural consequence, Belinda looks a guy, and, probably, courts a cold. But prove to her that it is ugly, demonstrate that it is unhealthy, and the dear creature is smilingly immoveable as Atlas. You miss the point, I repeat. Belinda does not want a becoming or a convenient bonnet, but simply a fashionable one. A Fashionable Fright is to her an absurd self-contradiction in terms. When the Fashion changes, she will freely own that it *was* monstrous; the spell of Fashion-blindness is no longer upon her with regard to that particular *mode* at least, and Free Taste has a chance. But Free Taste against Fashion—pooh! 'Tis Lombard Street to a China orange with a vengeance!

Satire has couched many a keen and glittering lance against the Fool-goddess Fashion, but always, and inevitably, in vain. I think I have shown why. Saturday Reviewers, and other pseudo-satirical Mentors, please copy. If Woman care infinitely less for beauty or health than for "the height of the reigning fashion," where is the use of proving to her that the height of the reigning fashion is ugly or injurious? Against Fashion-blindness, as against stupidity, even the Gods fight in vain. *Q. E. D.*

Yours,

Cancer.

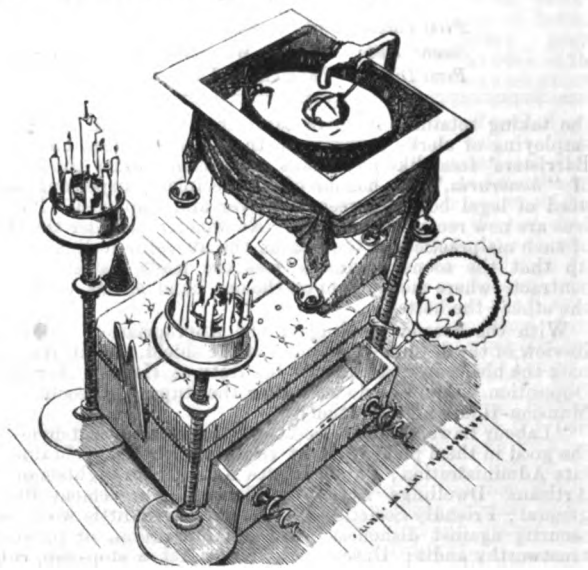
THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By Leonardo Della Robbia de Tudor Westpond Tumpkyns, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., *and Hon. Member of the Dulli-dillitanty Society.*

Expense should be no object. My aim is to create a National taste in internal and external House Decoration. My hints, therefore, will be as applicable to the dwellings of the Poor (to which I intend to give considerable attention) as to the mansions of the Rich.

Here, for instance, is a plan for a Bed, and a Bedroom, which can be equally adapted for the poor, the middling, and the very wealthy. Its great merit is its originality and its cheapness.



The Early Italian Style.

Four posts supporting candelabra at the feet and oriental fans at the head.

Pointed hangings, with bells attached, to be set by machinery to tunes and time. These could form a perfect *carillon*.

Between the posts, at the bed-head, is a suspended circular perforated pan to hold cold water. A string hangs down, which, at a pull from the person in bed, will release the water, and immediately a refreshing *douche* will be given. This can also be used as a bath by a person above without disturbing the sleeper below.

The pillow forms a writing-desk.

The mattress is easily opened in the centre by pressing a spring, and allows the sleeper to descend suddenly into a full-length bath

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below, which lies between two chests of clothes-drawers, forming the side supports of the bedstead. The handles of the drawers can be taken out and used as corkscrews and pipe-pickers. The boot-jack fits in naturally at the foot of the bed, so as to be useful whenever you happen to go to bed in your boots.

This bed in full operation is admirably adapted to the necessities of a poor family, where economy of space is an object. Thus: One person can sleep in the cistern above; the mattress dividing in the centre (as described above), can open out so as to make two couches, allowing air for a fourth person to sleep in the bath below, while a fifth would find a most comfortable bed in the corkscrew drawer. N.B.—A clock in a mattress is also most useful; it gives the hour, its alarum calls you, and it supplies the ticking.

One great moral principle must never be lost sight of, whether by builder, architect, furnisher, or tenant, and that is,



No matter what your appearance outside may be, as long as you are all right inside.

Can you ever accurately judge of a man's moral worth by his looks? No, no more than you can speculate on the amount he has at his banker's by the cut of his hair, the shape of his coat, or the turn his conversation may take.

When a woman is described as comfortable, she is no longer praised for her beauty. Greek statues are beautiful, but they never look comfortable.

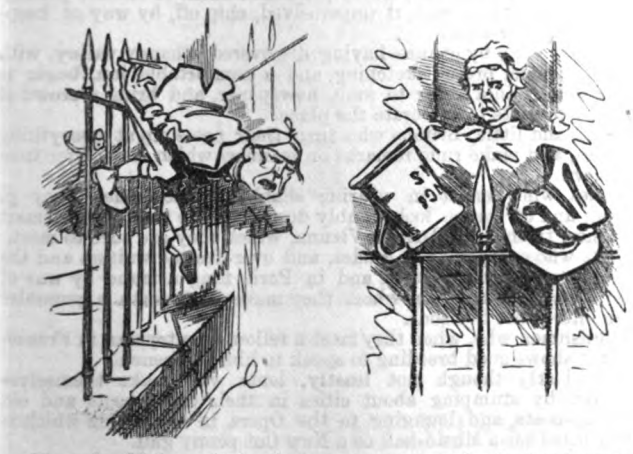
A word, therefore, on Exteriors would not be inappropriate in this place.

No London house can be perfect without iron rails in front. Every London house might be accurately described as within a minute's walk of a line of rails. These ornaments are intended to keep up the good old English maxim that "an Englishman's house is his castle." A castle was fossé'd all round by its moat. The Feudal Baron gave his order to the Architect, finishing with, "And don't forget the moat."

To which the Architect replied, "So *mote* it be;" a phrase which is still preserved in English Freemasonry.

About an Englishman's Town-house there is no room for this moat; the nearest approach to it, therefore, is an area guarded by strong iron railings.

The spikes of these rails should be formed for use as well as ornament. They should be musical, never flat, but always sharp. The ironmonger should look sharp in putting them up, and they should be of sufficient acuteness to offer a pointed repartee to the insidious burglar.



They should be sufficiently long to serve as hooks for beer-cans, pint pots, and hat-pegs.

They should be ornamental and graceful, so as to suggest to the passing shop-boys, errand-lads, and cabmen the notion of "elegant raillery."

While on the subject of ironwork a few hints may, nay I am sure will, be useful. I mentioned burglars just now. When one of this fraternity is trapped, it will save time, if instead of calling in a policeman (unless you have a pretty housemaid in your employ, in which case you may leave all your doors and windows open, and let the burglars beggar your neighbour—they won't come near you) you send at once for your laundress, who will at once attend, and for a comparatively small sum your freshly caught burglar will soon be heavily ironed.



Modern door-hinges are an utter mistake. Never by any chance use modern door-hinges.* *The only place* to obtain really useful hinges, and in fact all articles of ironmongery, is *Mr. J. Bellows's*,† *No.* 3, *Huxter's Rents*, *Charles Alley*, *near Gray's Inn Lane*.

If a common hinge (I do not mean any one of those manufactured by J. Bellows, of No. 3, Huxter's Rents, Charles Alley, near Gray's Inn Lane, W.C.) gets out of order, and there's a screw loose, so that the hinge hangs down on one side, you will soon find that this state of affairs will be followed by some other great external *hinge-awry* to the door. (N.B.—This capital joke was made by Mr. Bellows, of the above-mentioned address, who has a ready-made stock always on hand; and when he has a sore throat he always has his hand on his ready-made stock.)

A door once in this condition soon comes to utter grief, or as that eminent disciple of Quentin Matsys, Mr. Bellows, Ironworker, of Huxter's Rents, facetiously puts it, "Sich a door is a dying by hinges."

As by this time the student, for whom I write, must have had a dose of iron, I will proceed to another and no less interesting question.

* I say this emphatically, and most feelingly. Not a single modern-working ironmonger has sent me an advertisement, or entered into satisfactory arrangement with me.

† Except this most respectable tradesman, and just see how it is in my power to puff *him*. (P.S.—My opinions are still open to a change.)

(*To be continued.*)

THE GONE GROTTO.

Now the holiday time of the year we have got to;
  Now the husbandmen hasten to garner their grain;
Now the streets should resound with "Remember the Grotto!"
  But of that bore we now can no longer complain.

There was one ragged urchin heard something to mutter,
  Whilst in fingers unwashed he extended a shell;
But so low was the voice of this child of the gutter,
  That his gesture was all that his meaning could tell.

Alas!—though young beggars disturbed meditations,
  When they plagued us and pestered like flies or as gnats,
And dogged us and teased us, till wild execrations
  We broke out in against those importunate brats,

O how glad we should be if once more, at this season,
  We were met with the old cry by each passing child,—
Once again, if occasion afforded it reason,
  And the grotto again in the alley were piled.

Of two things one used ever the other to follow,
  But now of that sequence cessation we mourn;
The return of the oyster and that of the swallow,
  To the mouths of the Million too dear to return.

Ah, we well recollect, in Life's race when we started,
  Then Best Natives were eightpence a dozen, galore,
But now, save as a dream of an era departed,
  We "Remember the Grotto," my tulips, no more.

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JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS.

Ethel (much impressed). "O, Miss Grumps, *do* look! That *must* be Adam!"

PERSONS WHO OUGHT NOT TO TRAVEL.

Idiots who scrawl their names upon the walls, or else carve their initials on the trees, or rocks, or turf, as a memento of their visit to places of repute.

Snobs who strut and stare about them in the middle of the streets, and crack jokes upon the names which are displayed over the shops, whereof perhaps the owners are sitting underneath.

Persons who not merely quarrel with their bread-and-butter, but find fault with everything they either eat or drink; and though at home they often dine on cold or lukewarm mutton and badly-boiled potatoes, growl and grumble at the choicest cookery abroad.

Men who act upon the principle that "every Englishman is an island," and hardly condescend to answer civilly when addressed with common courtesy at a *table-d'hôte*.

Women who persist in carrying their lapdogs, which snarl and snap at you without the slightest provocation on your part.

Simpletons who scrawl their names in the hotel books, make nonsensical remarks upon the beauty of the scenery, and express themselves delighted with the "excellent accomodation" (with one "m"), or else astonished at the reasonable charges of "mine host."

Swells who, journeying *en prince*, and dressing every day for dinner, superciliously stare at men who travel with a knapsack and without a change of coat.

Men who use the tablecloth to clean their knife and fork, between the courses, and cannot sit through dinner without picking their teeth.

Persons who persist in airing their bad French, or still worse German or Italian, in cases where plain English is distinctly understood.

Fools who, when they stray into an unfrequented district, where the sight of British tourists is phenomenal and rare, spend their money recklessly, and tempt the simple natives to be extortionate and grasping to the strangers who come next.

Ladies who hate smoke, and really can't exist without their tea three times a day.

Men who never raise their hats when entering a *Café*, or take the trouble to conform to common courtesies abroad.

Snobs who, even during service, stare about a Church, and talk in loud tones of the pictures hung around the walls.

Bores who take their shop-talk with them when they travel, and, when you would enjoy a pleasant scene or sunset, bother you to listen to their details of a case.

Ladies, unattached, who cannot stir from home without innumerable packages, which exact *les petits soins* of all the men they meet.

Roughs who, when they go to see a monument or statue, perhaps of world-wide fame, will, if unperceived, chip off, by way of keepsake, a finger or a toe.

Donkeys who, by chance having discovered a happy valley, with a trout-stream, pretty sketching, and a comfortable inn, begin to bray about it in a letter to some newspaper, and bring a crowd of Cockney tourists to desecrate the place.

Great, and little, Britons who turn their noses up at everything they see, and make rude remarks on manners which may differ from their own.

Ladies who persist in wearing shabby dresses when they go abroad, and of course look doubly dowdy by the side of the smart costumes, fresh from Paris or Vienna, which they are sure to meet.

Dolts who overpay their guides, and over-fee the waiters and the railway guards and porters, and in Paris fling a franc by way of *pour boire* to a cabman, whom they make henceforth a grumbler when offered his five sous.

Englishmen who, when they meet a fellow-countryman in France, think it shows good breeding to speak to him in French.

And, lastly though not leastly, louts who make themselves abhorred by stumping about cities in their thick boots and old shooting-coats, and lounging to the Opera in a costume which is better fitted for a Music-hall or a New Cut penny gaff.

SUITORS' SUFFERINGS.

As Law is to Rheumatism, so is Equity to Gout. The fusion of Law and Equity may be said to form the counterpart of Rheumatic Gout.

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"PERMISSIVE" GOVERNMENT.

LORD H. "AFTER ALL'S SAID AND DONE, YOU EXIST ONLY ON SUFFERANCE, YOU KNOW."
RIGHT HONOURABLE D. "'SUFFERANCE,' MY DEAR HARTINGTON!—
'SUFFERANCE IS THE BADGE OF ALL OUR TRIBE'!!!"

Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 3.

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WANTED, A LOCUM TENENS.

N.B.—CHILDREN OBJECTED TO.

(*Vide* "*Guardian*" *passim.*)



I want a *Locum Tenens*, but in vain my hopes I build,
Since I find the quivers clerical so uniformly filled.
Each unencumbered Benedick, each baccalère so bold,
Disdains my *locum* "tenency"—they call it so!—to hold.

In vain I seek for anchorites. Instead there come, in shoals,
Parents too philoprogenitive, whose children, pretty souls!
So "sadly want a change" that into any place they 'll poke 'em.
I cannot bid such quiverfulls come here *tenere locum.*

I am not myself a celibate. I 've daughters from their teens
Long since run wild to chignon, polonaise, and crinolines.
They make my parsonage pleasant, the parishioners must feel
The rectory in all details is thoroughly genteel.

Whereas each demon boy from school set free, and Tomboy miss,
Who find in tops and toffee their supremacy of bliss,
Would ruin all its neatness. No; the prospect is too dreary:
Such imps shall never have a chance their *locum* here *tenere.*

Still, I must find a substitute; my boy has just come down
From College; and the girls require at least their month in town:
One's wife *must* see the fashions—still, I 'm forced to bide a wee bit—
O, who, without a family, my *locum* here *tenebit?*

I offer easy duty—no Dissenters—landscape fair—
Rectory charming—servants boarded—pony and basket-chair;
And I want a *Locum Tenens*, single—and, by failure nothing daunted,
Still I state my want, and Echo—sportive Echo—still says, "Wanted!"

THE IMPORTANCE OF BRAINS.

As regards injuries of the nervous system the present day is, probably, much like the past.

"The times have been
That when the brains were out the man would die."

Those times do not appear to have ceased to be. Nobody has ever been known to survive an entire loss of the brain. But, at one of the late meetings of the British Medical Association at Edinburgh, in the course of a discussion of some experiments on the brain of monkeys, Dr. Fletcher said he had known a case "in which a boy had lost two ounces of his brains, and was none the worse of it." He added that "he had watched the career of that boy afterwards, but never found there was any difference in him in any respect after the occurrence, compared with his condition previously." Whereupon:—

"Dr. Lowe asked whether the boy, when he came to manhood, could drink as much alcoholic liquor as other people?

"Dr. Fletcher said that could not be ascertained, as the boy had always been a teetotaller. (*Laughter.*)"

The Doctors were evidently tickled by the idea that a teetotaller lost nothing of any consequence in losing brains. But that does not quite follow. A boy who had lost two ounces of brain appeared to Dr. Fletcher to be as wise as he was before. He might have had wisdom to lose or he might not. The medical philosophers at Edinburgh, having had their laugh, could have gone on to ask Dr. Fletcher a few questions. *Dr. Punch* would have proposed these inquiries to Dr. Fletcher: What did you know about the boy's mind previously to his loss of brain? How far did you subsequently test its powers? Did the injury of the brain extend to both hemispheres, or was it confined to one of them? May it not be that as loss of one eye is to sight, so is lesion of one hemisphere of the brain to mind? Or else, then is the brain anything more than mere padding, as little connected with mind as pudding, and of so much less noble use than pudding, that there would be something rather complimentary than otherwise in calling anybody—for instance, a scientific M.D. and physiologist—a pudding-headed fellow?

HOW TO ENJOY A HOLIDAY.

A Social Contrast.

I.—The Wrong Way.

Pater. Here at last! A nice reward for a long and tedious journey!

Mater. Well, you were always complaining in town.

Pater. Broken chairs, rickety table, and a hideous wall-paper!

Mater. Well, I didn't buy the chairs, make the table, or choose the wall-paper. Discontent is your strong point.

Pater. And is likely to remain so. Really, that German band is unbearable!

Mater. My dear, you have no ear for music. Why, you don't even care for my songs! You used to say you liked them once.

Pater. So I did—thirty years ago!

Mater. Before our marriage! And I have survived thirty years!

Pater. Eh? What do you mean by that, Madam?

Mater. Anything you please. But come—dinner 's ready.

Pater. Dinner! The usual thing, I suppose—underdone fish and overdone meat!

Mater. Well, I see that you are determined to make the best of everything, my dear!

Pater. I am glad you think so, my darling!

[*And so they sit down to dinner.*

II.—The Right Way.

Pater. Here at last! What a charming spot! A fitting sequel to a very pleasant journey!

Mater. And yet you are very fond of town!

Pater. This room reminds me of my own cozy study. Venerable chairs, a strange old table, and a quaintly-designed wall-paper.

Mater. Well, I think if I had had to furnish the house, I should have chosen the same things myself. But had they been ever so ugly, I feel sure that you would have liked them. You know, Sir, that content is your strong point.

Pater. I am sure that I shall find no opportunity of getting any merit (after the fashion of *Mark Tapley*) for being contented in this pleasant spot. What a capital German band!

Mater. I don't believe that you understand anything about music, Sir. Why, you even pretend that you like my old songs!

Pater. And so I do. Every day I live I like them better and better. And yet I heard them for the first time thirty years ago!

Mater. When we were married! And so I have survived thirty years!

Pater. Eh? What do you mean by that, Madam?

Mater. That I am a living proof that kindness never kills. How happy we have been! But, come—dinner 's ready.

Pater. Dinner! The usual thing, I suppose—a nice piece of fish and a juicy joint. Now, that 's just what I like. So much better than our pretentious London dinners! Not that a London dinner is not very good in its proper place.

Mater. Well, I see that you are determined to make the best of everything, my dear.

Pater. I am glad you think so, my darling!

[*And so* they *sit down to dinner.*

DEPARTURES.

The Marquis of Hartington has gone to Brighton to practise elocution (like Demosthenes) on the beach.

Mr. Gladstone has gone to study in the Vatican.

The Lord Chancellor has gone to Dunrobin.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson has gone on a round of visits to the various Aquariums.

Mr. Newdegate has gone into a Monastery, for the recess.

Mr. Spurgeon has gone to the Mendip Hills.

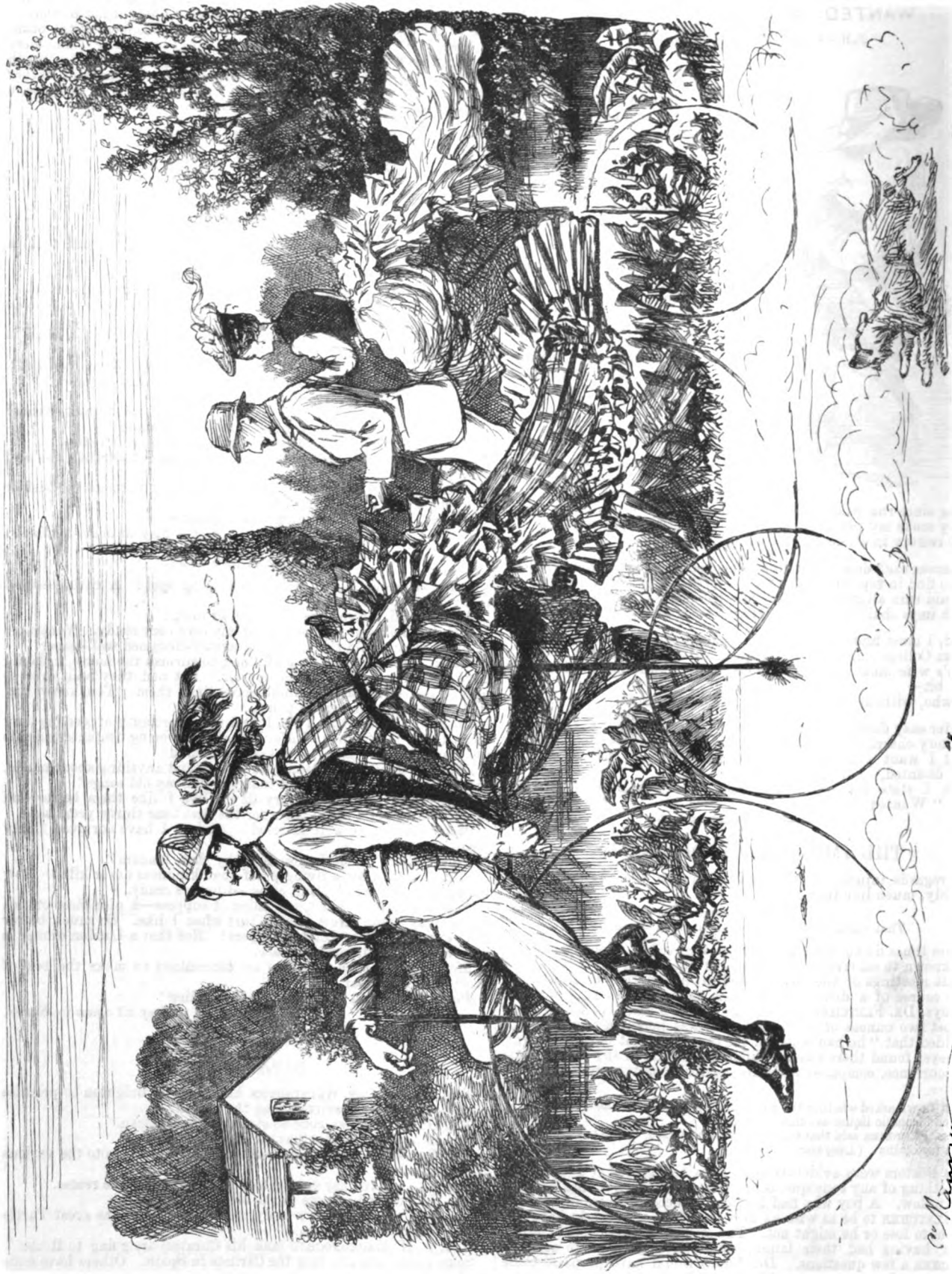
The City Aldermen, in a body, have gone to see the great Turtle at the Brighton Aquarium.

Rev. A. H. Mackonochie (and his Curates) are going to Rome.

Some people are shooting the Carlists in Spain. Others have gone to shoot the Moors.

Our stout Uncle and Aunt have gone to Broadstairs.

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THE PILLION-BICYCLE.

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HARD OF HEARING.

Polite Stranger (*in a hurry, thinking he had grazed an Old Gentleman's ankle*). "Beg Pardon!"

Old Gentleman. "Eh?"

Polite Stranger (*louder*). "I beg your Pardon?"

Old Gentleman (*unconscious of any hurt*). "Why?"

Polite Stranger. "I'm afraid I kicked you——"

Old Gentleman. "Eh?"

Polite Stranger (*shouting*). "I kicked you."

Old Gentleman (*surprised*). "Wha' for?"

Polite Stranger. "It was quite by Accident."

Old Gentleman (*not catching it*). "Eh?—'Beg your Pard——"

Polite Stranger (*roaring in his ear*). "*Accident!*"

Old Gentleman (*starting*). "Bless my Soul! You don't say so! Where? Where? I hope nobody's killed——"

[*Polite Stranger rushes off, and loses his Train!*

HISTORICAL ACHIEVEMENT.

The *Surrey Comet* confirms Sir John Lubbock's announcement in the *Times*. It fears "that the last chapter in the history of Cæsar's Camp has been reached." For—

"Navigators have been employed during the past week levelling the ramparts and foss, which may be ascribed either to the great conqueror or to his brave opponent, Cassivelaunus. The trenches which are said to have seen the first slaughter of Saxons by Saxons, will, if the work of demolition continue, soon cease to exist."

What an exploit will then have been consummated! Its author is covering himself with glory.

The Conservators of Wimbledon Common are said to have offered to purchase the site of Cæsar's Camp at a fair price. It is reported that the proprietor is a Mr. Drax, M.P. A Mr. Drax is M.P. for Wareham. This will be news to most people except the hon. Member's constituents. Very few besides, probably, have ever heard him named. The name of Drax came before the public for the first time when it appeared in connection with the Camp of Cæsar. Now, unless connected wrongfully, it will remain everlastingly celebrated in that connection. It will go down to Posterity as that of the Destroyer of Cæsar's Camp. Drax, in relation to Cæsar, will live with Brutus.

In a nominal list of the House of Commons the Member for Wareham is marked with a "C." That means "Conservative." Yet Cæsar's Camp is destroyed, whereas it might have been spared at a good bargain. This seems to indicate extremely Destructive principles. Apparently, a mistake has been made about the politics of the hon. Member. He has seldom opened his mouth. But his acts speak for him. If the effacement of Cæsar's Camp be one of them, Conservatives—and Liberals, too—will cry, "Confound his politics!"

But the Electors of Wareham—of course Destructives nearly to a man—will boast of their Representative. Better late than never; but now he has done them credit indeed. That is, in case it is really true that he has directed or authorised the improvement of improving Cæsar's Camp off Wimbledon Common. And should he, one of these days, ever stand again for Wareham, the Electors of that evidently thoroughgoing Radical and Destructive borough will some of them, with good reason, shout, "Who destroyed Cæsar's Camp?" whilst others will rend the air, in reply, with roars of "Drax for ever!"

PUNCH TO THE CITY.

Merchants of England, has there come the day
When foulest fraud will make the realm decay,
When, after living a strange sumptuous life,
Each nerve close strung by agonising strife,
'Twill be the fashion of the Merchant Prince
To vanish from the scene, nor ever wince,
Until, poor slave of the Almighty dollar,
The hand of Scotland Yard shall grasp his collar?

The honour of old English trade was knightly;
No man signed bill or note or bond too lightly:
Of many a merchant it could well be told
That, come what might, his simple name was gold,
And, if disaster came, as come it may
To the most prosperous master of his day,
The trader did not stoop to felon tricks,
Nor rascal dodges with fair business mix,
But took his trouble calmly, well aware
No act of his had ever been unfair.

The modern monster speculators stand
On higher level, and are far more grand:
Surely a Newton mercantile was he
Who made a three months' bill a ship at sea,
Built mighty mansions, delicate pavilions,
By help of nonexistent paper millions,
Lived a short, noisy, miserable time,
Then vanished, cowardly, from the scene of crime.

City of London! World-Metropolis!
The question *Punch* is driven to ask is this:
Can you not check these felons who have made
Men wholly doubtful about honest trade?

We wonder when some mighty bubble's burst;
But take this fact—the City knows it first.
A telegraphic tremour passes through
The centre of Finance, and some one knew
If Rufus forged, or Balbus overdrew.
Now, as the tide of gold flows up and down
From all this universe, by London town,
Punch, censor morum, makes severe demand
For sterner discipline in Money land.
Prevention is a better thing than cure:
Fugitive swindlers may some ills endure,
Yet, picking oakum, they will feel quite vain
That dupes have paid them for much dry champagne.

Great firms we have in London: honour, bright
As the keen rapier of the ancient knight:
But there are rogues, on villany intent,
Who 'd sacrifice their souls for cent. per cent.
Cannot the Princes of the City stand
Between the public and this pirate band,
This crew of rogues who have their glorious day,
Defraud whoever trusts them, run away?
It can be done, so *Mr. Punch* declares;
Golden the wheat, too numerous are the tares:
No longer to the coinless rogues show pity,
But from dishonest traders purge the City.

"Increase of the Episcopate."—Bishops grown stout.

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THE LORD WARDEN ON MUSIC.



"Music hath charms," we have all of us heard:
Many a statesman sings like a bird.
One of the pleasantest possible things
Is when GRANVILLE listens while GLADSTONE sings.
Wherefore should not melody's strain
Drive political puzzles out of the brain?
'Tis true the House hath a minstrel wight,
But WHALLEY carols not every night.

Punch agrees with the gallant Earl
That a singer sweet is the English girl:
No need for a COSTA to tell us that—
The man who doubts it is just A flat.
No need for the sculptor MAROCHETTI
To tell us English girls are pretty.

In the land where Venus sprang from the foam,
There 's nothing to touch our girls at home.

Through the world of verse a graceful rover,
The Earl could assure the people of Dover
That Music had the Poets' benison,
From CHAUCER and SHAKSPEARE to BROWNING and TENNYSON.
"Right you are, my noble Earl,"
Says *Punch*, of poets the perfect pearl;
And he says to the grouse, "Sing a dirge, wild birdie,
We 've stopped Saint Stephen's hurdy-gurdy."

"THE TWO VOICES."

AT a Meeting held last week, at Dover, to promote the establishment of Free Scholarships at the new National Training School for Music, EARL GRANVILLE, who presided, in the course of a capital speech, made the following announcement:—

"The late Prime Minister, he could say from personal and pleasurable experience, had one of the finest musical voices he ever heard, and he believed that MR. GLADSTONE continued to sing to this day. He was happy to add that his own party spirit was not such as would lead him to deny that MR. DISRAELI, though he never had the privilege of hearing him sing, was equally harmonious."

This interesting, and probably by the majority of the people of England, unexpected information touching the vocal powers of the past and present Premier, naturally suggests a few questions, to which we are certain LORD GRANVILLE, with his never-failing courtesy, will return prompt and explicit replies:—

What sort of a voice does MR. GLADSTONE possess—bass, baritone, tenor, or alto?

Who was his singing-master? (The value of this information, as an advertisement, it is needless to point out.)

What are his favourite songs? Homeric ballads? Is "*The Pope*" to be found in his repertory?

Does he require any pressing to induce him to sing, and what voice-lozenges is he in the habit of using? (Another invaluable advertisement.)

Can he accompany himself?

Nothing seems to have been said about MR. GLADSTONE being an instrumentalist, or the further pertinent question might have been asked—Does he not always play "first fiddle"?

Would it be correct to describe MR. DISRAELI's style of singing as partaking somewhat of a *bravura* character?

Can his voice ever be said at all to resemble a *falsetto*?

Does he oblige his party with "*The Standard-Bearer*" or "*Awa', Whigs, awa'!*"?

Do both MR. GLADSTONE and MR. DISRAELI continue to give great attention to the "Register"?

Would it be possible to induce MR. GLADSTONE and MR. DISRAELI to take part in a duet together in public—"*All's Well*," or some other old established favourite—for a charitable purpose?

Is there any probability that MR. DISRAELI will ever "sing small"?

HOW THE RECESS WILL *NOT* BE SPENT.

BY SIR WILFRID LAWSON, in starting a Brewery and Distillery for the conversion of the Bands of Hope.

By MR. PLIMSOLL, in purchasing venerable vessels for the stock in trade of the Coffin Ship Company (Limited).

By SIR HENRY JAMES, in financing a new Loan for the Government of Honduras.

By MR. ROBERT LOWE, in accepting foreign decorations from the Presidents of South American Republics.

By MR. WHALLEY, "in retreat" *chez* His Eminence CARDINAL MANNING, with a view to qualifying for the long-expected "Hat."

By DR. KENEALY, in state at Stoke-upon-Trent—his leisure hours (those not devoted to receiving compliments from his constituents) being given up to the education and correction of his family.

By SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, in congratulating himself upon his forethought in trusting to an abundant harvest for the surplus of next year's Budget.

By LORD HENRY LENNOX, in preparing plans for the new Barracks at Millbank, that it is proposed shall take the place of the military buildings at Knightsbridge.

By SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS, in writing a book of poems in praise of the Directors of the Civil Service Co-operative Stores.

By MR. GLADSTONE, in dignified inactivity far away from the offices of certain Magazines—monthly and quarterly.

By MR. DISRAELI, in pleasant contemplation of the many brilliant successes of the past Session.

And, lastly, the Recess will *not* be spent by the RIGHT HON. MR. PUNCH in going to sleep. *Verb. sap.*

ODD FREAK OF FATE.

THE following piece of Shipping Intelligence reads like an invention. But it is a veritable entry on *Lloyd's List* of August 9:—

"FALMOUTH, 7th Aug., 9 P.M.—The *Enrico* (Ital. barq.), Guagnino, from Mazagan to this port, for orders, with beans, sunk last night, 20 miles W. of the Lizard, immediately after collision with the SAMUEL PLIMSOLL (ship), from London to Australia. A Falmouth pilot and two of the crew of the Italian barque were drowned; the remainder of the crew landed here by No. 6 pilot cutter."

The contrast between SAMUEL PLIMSOLL (ship) and SAMUEL PLIMSOLL (M.P.) apparent in the casualty above narrated, seems remarkably striking at the present moment. Just while the M.P. is doing his best to save seamen from drowning, the ship sends a vessel to the bottom. Whilst the shipowners (of the baser sort) are running down SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, the SAMUEL PLIMSOLL runs down a ship. So seasonable and unseasonable a coincidence perhaps never was known. Might not our friend, Old AUBREY, have booked it amongst his "fatalities"? He probably would have cited it as an instance of bad luck going with a good name.

Perplexing Passage.

THE Local Correspondent of a morning contemporary concludes his narrative of the particulars of an inquest by saying that:—

"The deceased's relatives had not heard of his death, as he had omitted to write on purpose to surprise them."

This was no case of presentiment. The deceased had been suddenly killed by a simple railway accident. He had tumbled out under the train. If he had committed suicide by throwing himself under it on purpose, then indeed the foregoing statement would be intelligible.

Great Consternation at the West End.

THINK of their exhaustion, their utter prostration! Think of the restoratives they must have required after such unheard-of exertion! Imagine the anxiety of their wives and families, when they were so long past their usual hour of returning home! Picture the amazement of their domestics when they opened the door to them! One night last week the Lords sat until five minutes to eleven!

GEMS OF THE NAVY.

IT is estimated by MR. BRASSEY that unarmoured vessels of the *Amethyst* type, which would carry fourteen guns and be of three hundred and fifty horse-power, would cost £71,000 So much for *Amethysts*, even without a setting! These *Amethysts* are costly jewels.

A BANKERS' CLEARING-HOUSE.—The late House of COLLIE.

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NEWS FROM BOSHNIA.



HORTLY before six o'clock on the evening of Thursday last an enormous Aerolite fell in a turnip-field in the neighbourhood of the Capital, not fifty yards from a merry pic-nic party. The report made by the fall was so violent that no fewer than sixty-eight highly respectable inhabitants had the drum of the ear nearest to the field where the phenomenon occurred, broken by the concussion. All the Police who could be spared from duty, with the Fire Brigade, were immediately despatched to the spot; but they proved insufficient to surround the hissing stone, which was so deeply imbedded in the earth that a powerful engine from an adjoining ginger-beer manufactory had to be employed before it could be dislodged. When the flames had been extinguished by the Brigade, the aerolite was at once conveyed, gaily decked with ribbons, on a dray drawn by twenty-four horses, to the Opening Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, where it was received with open arms and boundless enthusiasm. It is sixteen times the size of the famous meteoric stone which fell from the tail of the great Comet in the Archipelago, in 1796; and presents the appearance of a gigantic fossilised plum-pudding, numerous stalagmites of igneous feldspar being distributed over the entire surface.

We have been favoured (writes the deputy Editor of the *Boshnian Bedouin*) with a private inspection of a most remarkable vegetable production, in the shape of a gigantic Cucumber, which had attained the unusual dimensions of six feet four inches in length, and two feet in girth. It has since been removed, in a covered conveyance, kindly lent for the occasion by a sympathising member of our Vegetarian Society, to the Town Hall for public exhibition; and we are happy to be in a position to state that negotiations have been set on foot with the proprietor of this interesting abnormal growth of the vegetable creation, which there is every reason to believe are likely to result in satisfactory arrangements being concluded for pickling and presenting it, enclosed in a handsome glass jar, to the Museum belonging to the Greengrocers' Company.

At an early hour yesterday morning, a prodigious Mushroom (*Munchausenius incredibilis*) was gathered in a field adjoining the farmhouse recently in the occupation of the Bailiff of the Right Hon. the Earl of Grassendale. Owing to its amazing size, this fungus had just before afforded ample shelter to an intelligent little fellow, three years and a half old, who, with his attendant, had rambled out before breakfast from the cottage where he was staying to recover from the effects of hooping cough, and been overtaken by a sudden shower of rain. The Mushroom yielded six dozen of excellent ketchup, and has been admirably photographed by our rising young townsman, Mr. Montgomery Cleck.

There is now on view in the shop-window of Mr. Diamond Smith, plumber and glazier, 184, High Street, a hailstone which fell in the storm that burst over this town and neighbourhood on the 30th of last month. The stone is a perfect rhomboid in shape, and measures four inches and a fraction in a diagonal direction from the apex to the base. It was picked up by a poor boy, not a stone's throw from the magnificent range of conservatories Messrs. Wood and Stone are now engaged in erecting for Sir Tavistock Ropsley, Bart., M.P. for the Northern Division of the County.

Medical Monomania.

Mr. Punch has lately received several anti-vaccination pamphlets, which he has known what to do with. These treatises, however, should not have been presented to *Mr. Punch*. They should have been sent in to a competition for the Colney Hatch Prize Essay. The Prize to be awarded by the most dangerous lunatic in the Asylum.

NOTE BY A COCKNEY NATURALIST.

The common blackbeetles (*Scarabæus niger*), which so abundantly infest the culinary regions of Cockaigne, are alleged to be agreeable, although profuse, in flavour, provided they be delicately larded before crimping, and then fricasseed or simply fried. Care should specially be taken not to injure their antennæ, which, when crisp with egg and breadcrumbs, exquisitely tickle the palate of the gourmet, and provoke him to the liveliest of gastronomic feats. There lurks in vulgar minds a savage prejudice against these interesting insects, by reason, very likely, of the popular impression that at times they have been manufactured into Soy. But this may be assumed to be mere idle superstition, and Soyer, the great *chef*, wisely set his face against it, remarking, as he did so, "*Honi Soy qui mal y pense.*"

Among the warblers which abound in the vicinity of the Metropolis, one of the most interesting is the Little Mudlark (*Alauda Greenwichiensis*), whose plaintive cry may nightly be heard upon the shore of the river, where these little creatures congregate in flocks, and pick up any grub which they may chance to meet with.

Doubts have been entertained by sundry Cockney Naturalists whether the pyramids of oyster-shells, which in the early part of August used to be noticed in the streets, should be regarded as a proof of the migratory habits of the mollusc. That the oyster is a sluggard and objects to leave his bed seems pretty generally admitted; but that he is endowed with the power of locomotion has, fortunately for science, been placed beyond a doubt. Whether oysters shed their shells when they are crossed in love is a point on which the Naturalist is still somewhat in the dark.

The Londoner's Diary.

(*For August.*)

Monday. — Got up at nine o'clock. Lounged to the Park. No one there. Went to bed at twelve.

Tuesday.—Got up at ten o'clock. Walked to the House of Commons. Closed. Went to bed at eleven.

Wednesday.—Got up at eleven o'clock. Looked in at Prince's. Deserted. Went to bed at ten.

Thursday.—Got up at twelve o'clock. Strolled to the Club. Shut up for repairs. Went to bed at nine.

Friday.—Got up at one o'clock. Stayed at home. Dull. Went to bed at eight.

Saturday.—Got up at five A.M. Went out of Town at six.

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AUGUST DELIGHTS.



AUGUST! unto thee an ode I must
Build up Pindaric, calling thee august:
Which is more sweet, thy thunder or thy dust?

As on the lawn the soda-water pops,
Into the icy Badminton there drops
The dusky hornet or more lively "wapse."*

As lovely LAURA, in divine repose,
Brightens with wit the stream of talk that flows,
The stinging gnat makes red her Grecian nose.

As on the Thames the happy stream we woo,
And the accompanying naiads too,
Down pours the electric flood—we're all wet through.

At some snug Inn there's refuge from the rain—
The watery nymphs we comfort with Champagne:
But how the deuce shall we get home again?

O August, once thou wert a month of *nous*,
Bringing repose to jaded Commons' House,
But now, how desperately shy thy grouse!

Thy epicure delights were manifold—
Thy grouse to London poulterers now are sold;
Thy oysters fetch almost their weight in gold.

And the unhappy and perplexed M.P.,
Who cannot choose his way 'twixt D. and G.,
Sultry August, will not welcome thee.

For when will Parties reach their proper level,
And Parliament in wiser guidance revel?—
Meet his Constituents!—better meet the Devil!

* Oldest form. *Vide* HENSLEIGH WEDGWOOD'S Dictionary.

SOCIETY ABROAD.

AT LUCERNE.

Member of Parliament (*ending a long explanation of a pet measure*). And, so you see, my dear, by the law of supply and demand, Capital *must* be benefited without injury to Labour. I hope I make myself clearly understood? Perhaps you might give me your view of the subject. The suggestions of fresh minds are frequently very valuable. I have noticed that you have been pondering over something for the last half hour. You were thinking, perhaps, that greater liberty might be given to the framers of the initial contract?

Mrs. M.P. No, dear. The fact is, I have been considering all the morning which of my dresses I ought to wear to-night at the *table d'hôte*!

AT INTERLACHEN.

Cockney Tourist (*to Perfect Stranger*). Must 'ave been a 'ard frost 'ere last night, Sir.

Perfect Stranger (*startled*). Dear me! Why?

Cockney Tourist. Why, look at the top of that there 'ill, Sir (*points to the Jung Frau*). Ain't it covered with snow!

AT BADEN-BADEN.

Captain Rook. Yes, my dear Sir, although they have closed the Public Tables, still, if you really want a little amusement, I think I can introduce you to a very good set indeed. Where they play low, you know—only to pass the time.

Young Mr. Pidgeon. O thank you. I should like it very much indeed. But I am giving you a great deal of trouble?

Captain Rook. Not at all!

AT ANTWERP.

Artist (*amateur*). "*The Descent from the Cross.*" Hem! Not a bad bit of colouring, but out of date, Sir,—out of date!

Artist (*professional*). You think so! Well, perhaps you are right. Splendid subject—splendid work; but it mightn't have sold now-a-days. In 1875, RUBENS would have painted portraits of fat Mayors and sketches from the nursery.

Artist (*amateur*). Talking of sketches from the nursery, you should have seen my "*Coronation of Henry the Eighth!*"—the picture, you know, that they were afraid to accept at the Royal Academy. Afraid, Sir!—that's the word—afraid!

Artist (*professional*). Quite so!

AT DIEPPE.

Edwin. Awfully jolly here! Awfully jolly band! Awfully jolly waltz! Awfully jolly, isn't it?

Angelina. Quite too awfully nice!

Edwin. Waltz over. Awfully nice moon! Awfully jolly to be a poet, I should think. Say heaps of civil things about the moon, don't you know! Rather jolly, eh? TENNYSON, and that sort of thing, don't you know?

Angelina. Yes, isn't he a perfect love?

Edwin. Yes—great fun. Next dance—square. Awfully stupid things—squares, eh? You're not engaged?

Angelina (*archly*). Not yet!

Edwin. Then let's sit it out.

AT PARIS.

Professed Linguist. Look here! Moi et un otrer Mossoo—a friend of mine—desirong der go par ler seven o'clock train à Cologne. Si nous leaverong the hotel at six o'clock et ung demy, shall nous catcherong le train all right? Comprenny voo? Voo parly Français, don't you? You understand French, eh?

Polite Frenchman (*who speaks the English*). I understand the French? Ah yase! Sometimes, Monsieur!

AT BOULOGNE.

Mater. Now, before we leave the hotel for the Folkestone boat, to go home, let us see that we have all our luggage right. Eighteen trunks—mine and the girls', you know. Twelve bonnet-boxes, three dressing-cases, and CHARLEY'S portmanteau, and two hat-boxes. Six folding-chairs, four bundles of rugs, the perambulator, and JANE and Nurse's things. Yes, I think that's all.

Pater. You have forgotten something.

Mater. Dear me! What!

Pater. My carpet-bag!

VERY PALPABLE HITS.

THE divine WILLIAMS makes *Oberon*, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, refer to an occasion when "certain stars shot madly from their spheres." The Star named in the following statement, which lately appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is clearly not such an one:—

"MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS has distinguished herself as a volunteer riflewoman. The Bideford and Torrington Rifle Corps have just obtained a new long range, which was formally opened by MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS on Thursday. In the presence of SIR EDWARD GREEN, the local gentry, and the officers and men of the respective corps, MRS. SIDDONS took a Martini-Henry rifle and fired at the target, making a 'bull's-eye' the first time, and a 'centre' with her second shot. She was loudly cheered, and the Devon volunteers boast that they have now in their county the best marksman and the best markswoman in England."

Thus MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS is seen to be a Star that shoots true; hits the "centre" and the "bull's-eye." Now we perceive that she can hit targets as well as audiences. But hitherto, undoubtedly, her best and most numerous hits are those which she has made in other characters than the part of a Riflewoman.

EARL RUSSELL'S CURRICULUM.

EARL RUSSELL has kindly supplemented his *Further Thoughts* on Education (see *Times* of August 19) by some still *Further Thoughts* in the form of suggestive Examination-Papers. *Mr. Punch* gives them the benefit of his prodigious publicity:—

Q. Who is the true inventor of proverbs?

A. They have been erroneously attributed to KING SOLOMON and the scarcely less illustrious MR. TUPPER, but their true inventor is EARL RUSSELL.

Q. Who is the heaven-born Admiral of the Channel Fleet?

A. EARL RUSSELL. He is typified in the Union *Jack*, and also in the famous *Jack* who had a sweet little cherub sitting up aloft to look after him.

Q. Whom should the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's call in to complete the work of SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN?

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A. The Statesman who rebuilt the English Constitution—Earl Russell.

Q. Who was the real hero of that delightful romance, *Jack the Giant-Killer?*

A. The famous destroyer of Tory Ogres, Earl Russell.

Q. Who first succeeded in extracting sunbeams from cucumbers?

A. That erudite Professor in the University of Laputa, Earl Russell.

Q. Who is the sutorial politician who always sticks to his *last*—his very, very last?

A. The author of the immortal adage, "Rest, and be thankful"—Earl Russell.

Q. Who is the best driver of four-in-hand in the present Coaching Revival?

A. Earl Russell, who only once "upset the coach."

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By Leonardo Della Robbia de Tudor Westpond Tumpkyns, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., *and Hon. Member of the Dulli-dillitanty Society.*



Lizabethan Exterior.—This style was invented in the days of the magnificent Betsy Tudor, when jewelled stomachers, hoops, and ruffs were in vogue. The Elizabethan style should be highly patronised by sporting men, as reminding them of the Great English Bet, and of her costume, which was at that period *Ruff's* guide. She was in her time the Madame Elise who set the fashion, and, by my halidome, gadso, and marry come up, she would have taken off a man's head with the same ease, and enjoyment too, forsooth, with which she was accustomed to take the head off a pot of old ale in the drawing-room of the Palace. "Tap for Tap, and so part fair," was the line which our noble Betsy best appreciated and most applauded, and by "part fair" she meant the top half of the pewter for me, my dear young friend. These considerations are absolutely necessary before entering, however slightly, into an Elizabethan—or as the better educated classes call it, Elizabethian—Mansion. She was a gay young woman was Betsy Tudor, and finally an obstinate old woman—

Sing *proh pudor!*
Betsy Tudor!

And earned the introduction of Tudor into this distich, which was found scratched with a diamond on one of the panes of the Palace.*

The Tudor or Two-door Style.—This, at first, seems simply to limit itself to a front and back door, an entrance and an exit. This notion gives the idea of quiet and repose, and is, in reality, derived from the word *Tudor* itself in its original French form—that is the fourth form in which French was taught wherever Edward the Sixth's Grammar was used—which was "*Tu dors, thou sleepest.*" In keeping with this derivation, the Elizabethan houses present such a comfortable snug snoozling appearance, that you feel inclined to come to anchor in a bay-window, and lie down in sweet slumber for the rest of your life, soothed to sleep by the gentle monotonous

* "The Panes of the Palace" are, or have lately been, Old Paynes in the opening, and Harry Paynes as Harlequin in the after part. I never lose an opportunity, nor do I expect that others will. "Panes of the Palace"—why, heavens! what a chance is here offered to the Crystal Palace Company for next Christmas. The idea is evident: the Palace is glass, therefore the Paynes—the Pantomime Paynes—are absolutely indispensable. "No glass building complete without its Paynes!" "No expense has been spared, and all possible Paynes taken to render," &c. The Secretary of the C. P. can obtain further information on this subject by applying straight to me, Leonardo D. Robbia de T. Tumpkyns, Esq., S.A.S., &c, compiler and editor of the present work. N.B.—Mind, the Artist is not authorised by me to call and arrange terms for drawings by way of advertisement in these pages, unless by previous arrangement in writing made unto me, and no such arrangements are genuine without the signature Leonardo D. R. de T. Tumpkyns.



cawing of the rooks, those ancient Christy Minstrels, who never perform out of the nooks and corners of Old England.

The Pointed Style.—This, wherever it occurs, is most objectionable. A pointed style is most difficult to get over.



Still, this sort of architecture has about it a business-like air, resembling an acute-angled nose (the appearance of which in our juvenile ancestors so struck the great and good Pope Gregory), which, to its praise be it spoken, *comes to the point at once*, and be blowed to it.

It is a style of architecture which has been lucky enough to attract the attention of the artistic Mr. Poynter, who may be called the retriever of mediæval designs.*

The Early Pointed, or Night-Cap style, was much patronised in Bedfordshire, but seldom used elsewhere, as, from time immemorial,



Elevation of Bedfordshire Mansion.

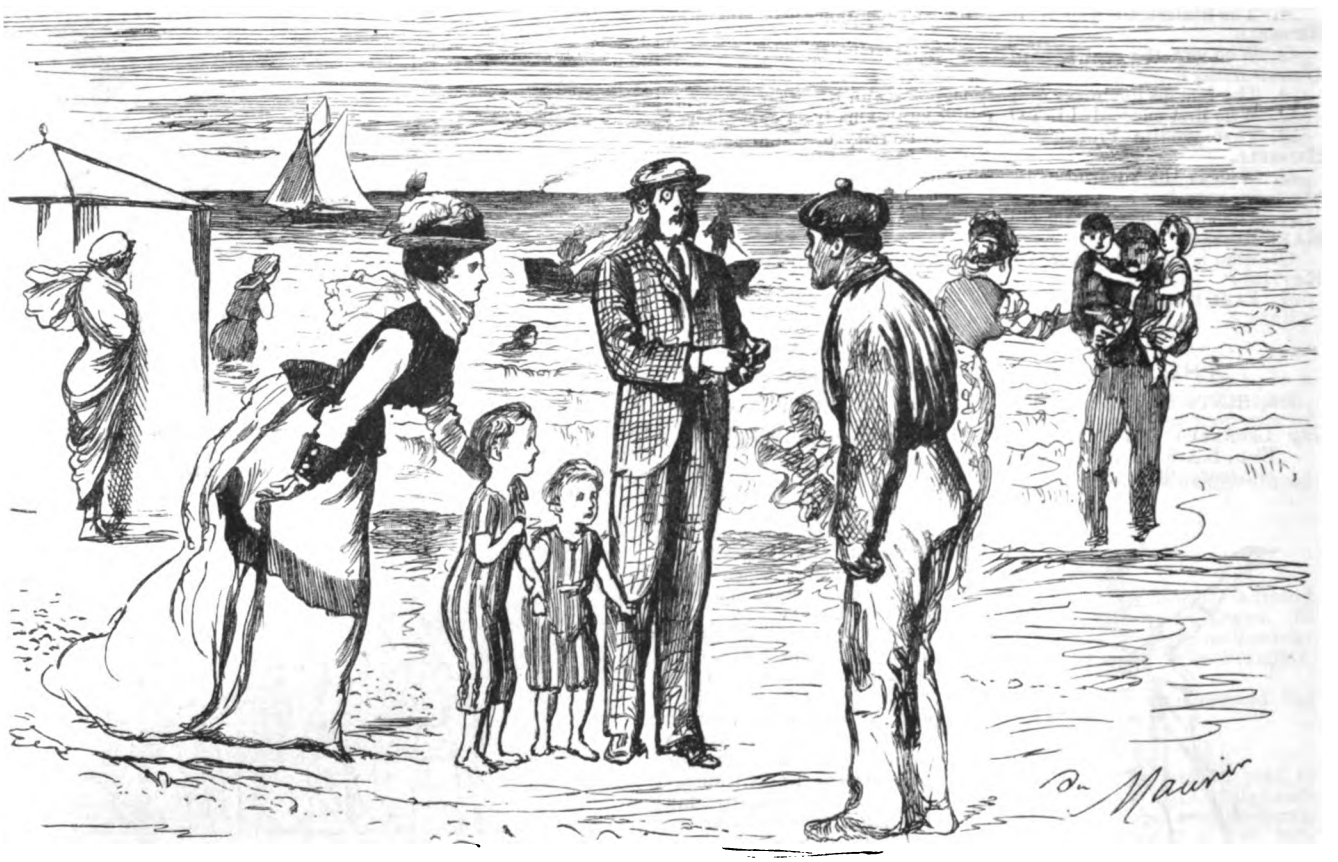
it has always "been considered rude to point," and, therefore, "the Pointed" soon came to be considered as the architecture of a rude period. It belongs to a time when the hymn-books, though comparatively unknown, were all *noted*, and when the music, though of a monotonous character, was all pointed. But one thing is certain, that, however great the objections may be to "the Pointed" style, it is infinitely superior to the "pointless" buildings of the present day. The Architect's motto should be, "Build with an object in view, but don't let the building in view be an object."

Now, after these general remarks, to return to Ornamentation.

* Another chance offered to Artists for advertisement. Regular scale of charges for mentioning name, address, &c.

(*To be continued.*)

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A POSER.

Materfamilias. "Algernon, dear, *do* Explain to the Man! You can do it so much better than I can!"

Paterfamilias. "All right, my Love. (*To Attendant.*) *Ecooty, mon amee*—I want you to teach my *petty Ongfongs* to Swim—*aprond a najjy*, you know. And look here—you mustn't keep them in the Water more than Fifteen Seconds by the Watch! *Par ploo ker kangs Seoongs dong l'o. Comprenny?*"

THE CARDINAL'S PROPHECY; or, A VATICAN VISION.

The Cardinal sat (in his brand-new hat), and he dreamed a lugubrious dream:
He heard Europe's battle-drums beating for war, he beheld all her bayonets gleam;
And he says, says he, one may easily see a catastrophe cannot be far;
Seven millions of men, and all armed to the eyes, must portend a most terrible war!

Heigho! it is sad; yet the world is *so* bad that it calls for this bloody self-scourging,
For which, unaware, all the nations prepare, as directed by Heaven's own urging.
The ill wind of war, which I sniff from afar, shall blow good to the See of St. Peter,
And, 'stablish, I hope, the sole sway of the Pope. Could a Nemesis well be completer?

The rascal apostles of Red Revolution have pulled down the temporal power;
Heaven's justice *must* seat Humpty-Dumpty again, while his enemies grovel and cower.
But chastisement dire and a scourge as of fire are a *sine quâ non* for redressing
That hideous wrong, and so armaments strong claim a Cardinal's—sorrowful—blessing!

Threat is not my intent; 'tis a pious lament. I'm exceedingly grieved to foresee it,
But the great *Dies Iræ* of "Reds" is at hand, 'tis too late they'll discover to flee it.
I plainly perceive that the Counsels of Heaven have settled the term of *their* tether;
Sear of blood must atone, and the Pope have his own—*then* we all may be happy together.

Not in Döllinger's fashion,—the mooning schismatic! how dares *he* to prate about Unity?
Those blundering babblers at Bonn must be shown that they can't shunt the Pope with impunity.
The Sirens of Schism sing vainly of peace, though they warble as sweetly as Patti can,
The only true *pan*-pipe to marshal the flock of the Church is that played at the Vatican.

On woes men *must* sup, Messrs. Armstrong and Krupp are preparing the meal most unwittingly;
Big gun and torpedo shall 'stablish *our Credo;* so Providence fashions it fittingly.
Saltpetre shall fume for St. Peter—an incense unpleasant, but yet an oblation
Supplied unawares by those foes of the Church who are destined to self-immolation.

Steel, powder, and shot, they will soon make it hot for thy spoilers, Infallible Vicar!
On that deluge of blood the Sole Ark of the Faithful shall float to its haven the quicker.
It is sad—that of course!—but if murderous force prove the backer of Church, School, and Nunnery,
No doubt it is true that, from this point of view, there 's a sort of a Gospel in Gunnery.

Laus Deo!—yet stop! No, the mask must not drop. I'm a peace-loving man and a pastor.
No firebrand am I, though I see in Fate's sky all the omens of woe and disaster.
The *rôle* of Cassandra I grieve to assume, and lest any should find it alarming,
I'll put up a pious and fervent petition for—Unity, Peace, and Disarming!

Pun on River Pollution.—Caveat Empt-or.

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"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!"

HIBERNIA. "MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY T' YE, DAN!"

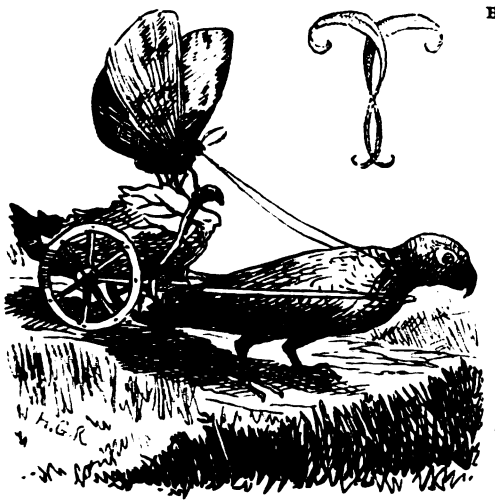
SHADE OF O'CONNELL. "'HAPPY RETURNS' IS IT, DARLIN'? BEDAD, THE FEWER THE BETTER! *LOOK* AT 'EM NOW!"

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TRIPS FOR TRIPPERS.

(Being a few Seasonable Hints for Vacation Voyageurs.)



THIS is the time of year to be caught tripping. At this season every one who can packs up his traps, goes for his trip, and joins the order of Trappists and Trippists. Mister Indecision stays at home; Mister Decision is off and away.

A Guide, who will give useful and valuable information in a few words, is, just now, most welcome. Everyone wishes to give himself airs — sea airs, of course — and as naturally as one would go to a tallow-chandler's for a candle, so everybody goes to the sea-side for a dip. How many dips go to a pound is a question which the bathing-machine proprietor will decide.

Here is a direct line for the Undecided. Go to Deal. It is really a Dealightful place, Dealicious, in fact quite the *beau i-deal* of a quiet sea-side place. You need not stop there long; for the Tourist has this advantage over the Leopard, that he can change his spots just as often as he likes. But *how* go to Deal? Simply thus, and let yourself down easily: leaving the bustle of London at Victoria, go by the sea-coast line past Rochester, famous for—well, ROCHESTER was famous for his jests and poems, from the sale of which he made so much money as enabled him to build Rochester Castle, as "every schoolboy" knows,—past Chatham, famous as being called after the celebrated Premier, who gave his name to that part of the Theatre where he always used to sit, and which to this day bears the name of the Pit,—past Faversham, famous for being the place where the London, Chatham, and Dover Collectors request the pleasure of seeing your tickets,—past Herne Bay, so called as being the favoured spot where *Herne the Hunter* invariably went for his holiday, out of the hunting season, and when there was nothing doing at Windsor Castle,—past Margate, that is unless you stop at Margate, now celebrated for what the cobblers call the "Awl by the Sea,"—and then to Westgate, where no person fond of tranquillity would think of staying, as it is said to be "such a rising place." Of course there are many objections to a "rising place." At this time of year, the Session being ended, and the House having risen, you don't want to hear of anything or anybody rising: it sounds revolutionary. So take a glance at Westgate (the porters call it "Westkit," which suggests an easy costume of shirt-sleeves and no coats), and pass on, *vid* Broadstairs, to Ramsgate.

Here pause. Go down to the Sands early, and take a front seat to see the tide come in. You can book this a week in advance. No fees.

The amusements here are—trying your strength, shooting at the Shah (for nuts), hearing the niggers, listening to two bands playing different tunes at the same time, both being a trifle weak in the high notes, but strong in trombones and drums, throwing at the sticks, taking galvanic shocks from a gentleman with a perambulating battery, seeing the entire play of Punch and Judy, and having your likeness taken *al fresco* with such astonishing results that even your best friends wouldn't recognise your portrait. Then you can see the London Boat come in, and inspect the passengers, making audible remarks on their personal appearance (on every *safe* occasion, *i.e.*, when the subject is not too big), with observations on the luggage.

Having thus let himself down gently, the visitor may now let himself down another peg (so as not to deprive himself of all his wonted excitement at once), and walk over the cliff (which he will probably do, if he attempts going to Broadstairs from Ramsgate, as there are no railings, or posts, or anything to tumble against) to Pegwell Bay.

Pegwell, or the Well of MARGARET, corrupted into the Well of PEG, and so into Pegwell. The story of MARGARET's grim ghost will be told the tourist by any one whom he may ask for the legend.

Pegwell is the home of the Shrimps. The Pegwellians live *on* Shrimps, and *by* Shrimps; that is, they *sell* Shrimps, and the stranger will buy Shrimps.

It was our luck to enter a Shrimp-seller's shop and hear the following dialogue:

Visitor. Are these Shrimps fresh?

Shrimp-Shopman. Fresh! Bless you, Sir, we can't get 'em fresh enough!

The Aquarium mania has seized on Pegwell, and two men and a boy, with five ladders, a wheelbarrow, and two spades, are hard at work scooping out the sand, and doing whatever they can towards making an Aquarium. The Shrimps object to the innovation.

Walk on, and pass the Coast-guard Station. Here is the place for real sport. A splendid cannon is kept here for sportsmen who come down to pot their own shrimps. A small charge for each shot, which includes the powder.

The visitor may have a talk to the Coast-guardsman on duty, without any extra payment.

The visitor will now return to Ramsgate for the evening, where he can, if inclined for real fun, amuse himself by hiring a small boat and going out with a supply of fireworks. He will sail, or row, towards the Goodwin Sands, and there will send up a rocket. This will be taken as a signal of distress, and will be immediately answered by another rocket from shore. Then out will come the life-boat and its crew, with a steam-tug, perhaps a spare man-of-war or two, and the Harbour and Coast Police Boat, with constables rowing. Now you can send up more rockets, or Catherine wheels, or squibs, or anything, in fact, *only, be off as quickly as possible*, or the fun of the proceeding may be spoilt. If they catch you, you can say you were only lighting a Roman Candle to go to bed by, or you can deny it altogether, and say, "Please, Sir, it wasn't me; 'twas t'other boy!" and point to any buoy that may happen to be in sight.

Having thus finished a happy day, with real fireworks and real fun, you can (if unprovided with a lodging for the night by the Ramsgate authorities) go ashore, find a cradle in the shipbuilding yard, and go to rest.

Having thus played your hand here, remember that, next day, it is your turn to Deal. Of which place, anon.

SOBRIETY AT SOUTHAMPTON.

A GRAND Temperance Demonstration and Festival was announced to take place on the 23rd instant, in the Southampton Cricket Ground, and to comprise a meeting under the Presidency of the REV. BASIL WILBERFORCE. According to a bill of the proposed entertainments, "a variety of variegated balloons" were to be sent up, "including 'JOHN BARLEYCORN' and a life-size elephant." What a truly excellent name, JOHN BARLEYCORN, for a Temperance balloon! True temperance is shown by partaking of JOHN BARLEYCORN in moderation. For typifying this truth much credit is due to the "United Good Templars" of Southampton, and their President, the REV. BASIL WILBERFORCE. Nor is this all. At the foot of the bill above referred to stands this agreeable and well-considered notification:—

"REFRESHMENTS of every description will be provided at moderate charges by MR. CLAPHAM, St. Mary Street."

The REV. BASIL WILBERFORCE and the Southampton Good Templars know how to win tipplers from excess in "intoxicating liquors." They proclaim tolerance of their moderate use. At the same time they place those refreshments in competition for preference with others which cheer but not inebriate. They express confidence in ginger-beer and moral suasion as against compulsory total abstinence and spirits or beer. The Good Templars of Southampton are the best that have turned up yet, and the REV. BASIL WILBERFORCE has evinced a filial inheritance of the tact, sound sense, and genuine sobriety which distinguished the late BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

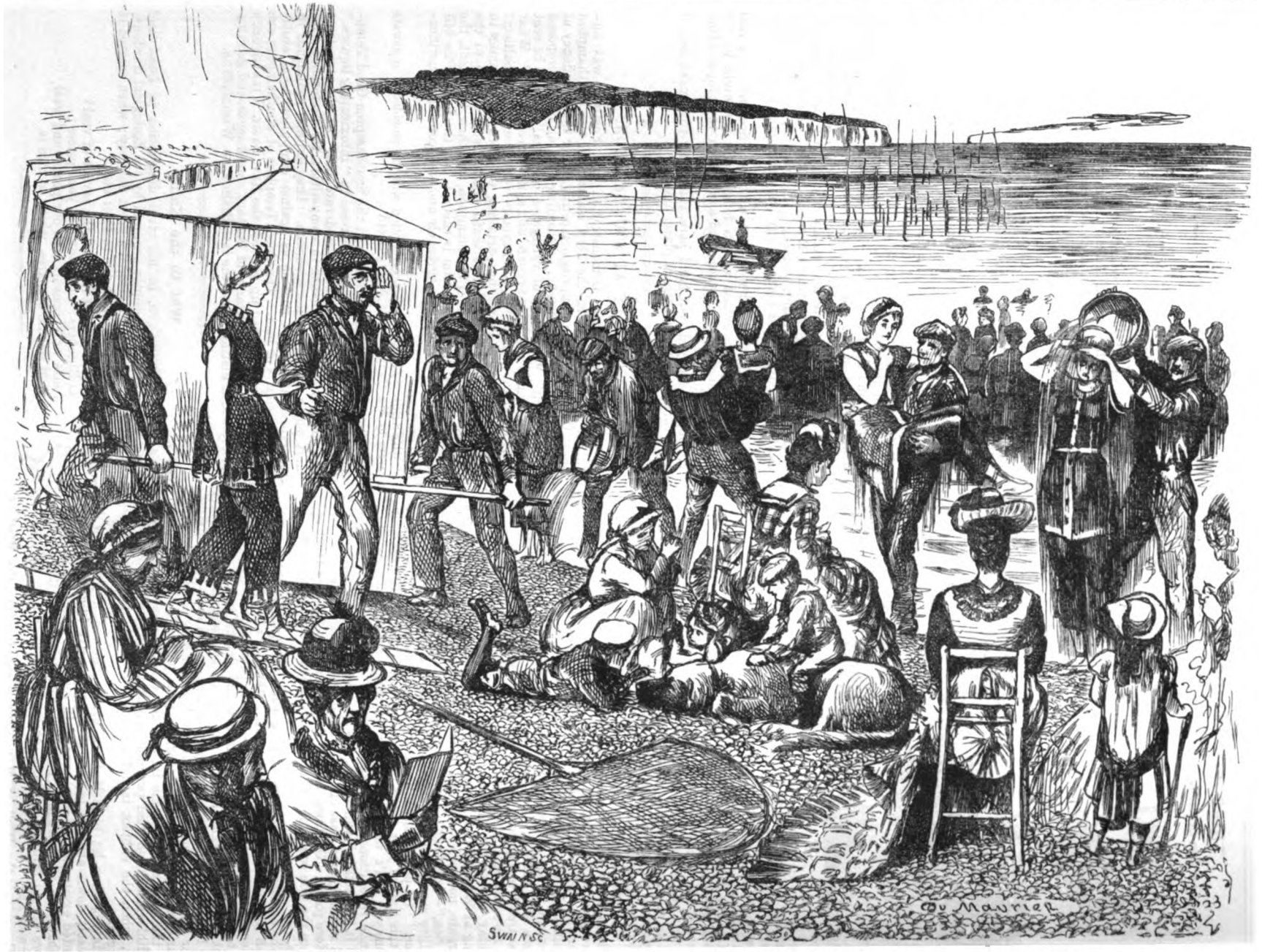
War to the Knife.

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND, in his vivid description in *Land and Water* of the Manatee recently acquired by the Zoological Gardens, says that "the flesh is considered a great delicacy; when roasted it has the flavour of pork, with the taste of veal."

THE flavour of pork, and the savour of veal!
O Butchers! come down in your prices;
Or else we'll consult both our pocket and weal,
And import Manatee, which so nice is.

TEST AND TRIAL.—The *Spiritualist* announces the departure of a DR. TEST for America. This DR. TEST appears not to be the Doctor Test that "Mediums" can never stand.

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ON THE FRENCH COAST.

Mrs. B. (*compassionately*). "WHAT TERRIBLE HARD WORK FOR THOSE POOR BATHING-MEN, MR. B.!" *Mr. B.* (*doubtfully*). "HUMPH—ER—ER—WELL—A—AHEM!"

Mrs. B. (*severely*). "PRAY WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY 'HUMPH—ER—ER—WELL—A—AHEM!' MR. B.?" [*Mr. B. relapses into discreet silence.*

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THE RUN OF THE HOUSE.

First Flunkey. "Won't you come in, John, and take Something?"

Second Ditto. "Thanks, no; I'll look you up next Week. 'Be on Board-Wages then, you know!"

FOUNTAINS OF WHAT?

Two Fountains bubble in the Square,
Whose pillar, towering nigh,
Hoists Nelson up, as though he were
Stylites, to the sky.

When bubbling in their usual way,
They foam like ginger-beer
Uncorked upon a sultry day
In summer time of year.

To boil, as well as bubble, they
At times, however, seem,
And like a pair of Geysers play,
Emitting clouds of steam.

And, hinting somewhat like the pest
Which River Nile turned rouge,
One day last week each Fountain's crest
Was tinted with gamboge.

Thy Baths and Washhouses are near,
St. Martin: know'st thou why
Those Fountains twain hot springs appear,
And whence their yellow dye?

Tinged, save with rainbows' native hues,
Should fountains ne'er be found,
But cool refreshment still diffuse,
A healthful influence, round.

Most in hot weather ought they not
As crystal pure to gush,
At no time vomit reeking hot
Slops, scourings, suds, and slush?

Sweet Saint, from sordid tricks withhold
Parochial persons mean:
And make those Pumps keep fountains cold
Supplied with water clean.

ANSERINE UTTERANCES.

Several letters have lately been written to the *Times* respecting the "Brent Goose." Certain effusions of Ritualism, which appear from time to time in the papers, make it proper to state that the Brent Goose (*Anser bernicla*) does not hail from East Brent.

REVIVAL AT BONN.

What have we heard? A Conference talking theological metaphysics; debating on prepositions, if not diphthongs; the next thing to Homoousion and Homoiousion over again—an actual revival of argument on Athanasius's Creed—"*filioque*." And all this in hot August, and within sight of the twentieth century!

Something like a conclusion, however, has certainly been come to by Dr. Döllinger's Old Catholics and others at Bonn. There are Old Catholics and Old Catholics, so calling or deeming themselves. Some seceded from the Pope five years, others three centuries, and others eight and more ago.

Dr. Cumming probably considers, if he does not call himself, an Old Catholic. So, perhaps, does Mr. Spurgeon. Yet neither Mr. Spurgeon nor Dr. Cumming attended Dr. Döllinger's Conference. But Canon Liddon was there. So was Dean Howson.

Dr. Döllinger's Old Catholics have taken that title to distinguish themselves from the Roman Catholic body, who swallow the New Dogma. But now there are so many kinds of Catholics, that really the word "Catholic" has ceased to have any particular meaning. Might not all Catholics, except Ultramontanes, just as well call themselves "Protestants"? They are Protestants. Don't they all protest against the pretensions of the Pope and the decrees of what the Pope calls a General Council? Yet most of them, except such Old Catholics as Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Cumming, are offended if you call them Protestants. Why ashamed of their name?

Your Ultramontane, on the other hand, hates to be called a Papist. But he is a Papist. His exact speciality is that he goes the whole Pope. Popery is his distinct creed. Papist and Popery have now, at any rate, become simply definitive, and not opprobrious, expressions. People and things might as well be called by their right names—mightn't they?

In the meantime, let the Old Catholics or New Protestants who have been conferring with other Protestants, or Protestant Catholics, at Bonn, have all due credit for the agreement at which they have, in a measure, arrived. They have agreed upon the adoption of forms of words signifying ideas, if any, which are inconceivable by the human mind—things which, by any reasonable being, no fellow can be expected to understand.

TO A COUPLE OF THAMES NAIADS.

Row, Ladies, row! It will do you good:
Pleasant the stream under Cliefden Wood:
When our skiff with the river drops down again,
Glad will you be of some iced champagne.
O, a boat on the river is doubly dear
When you've nothing to do but adore and steer.

Row, darlings, row! Whether Stroke or Bow
Is sweeter to look at, better to row,
Is a question that plagues not me, as I laze,
And on their graceful movement gaze.
'Tis the happiest hour of the sultry year:
The swift oars twinkle; I smoke and steer.

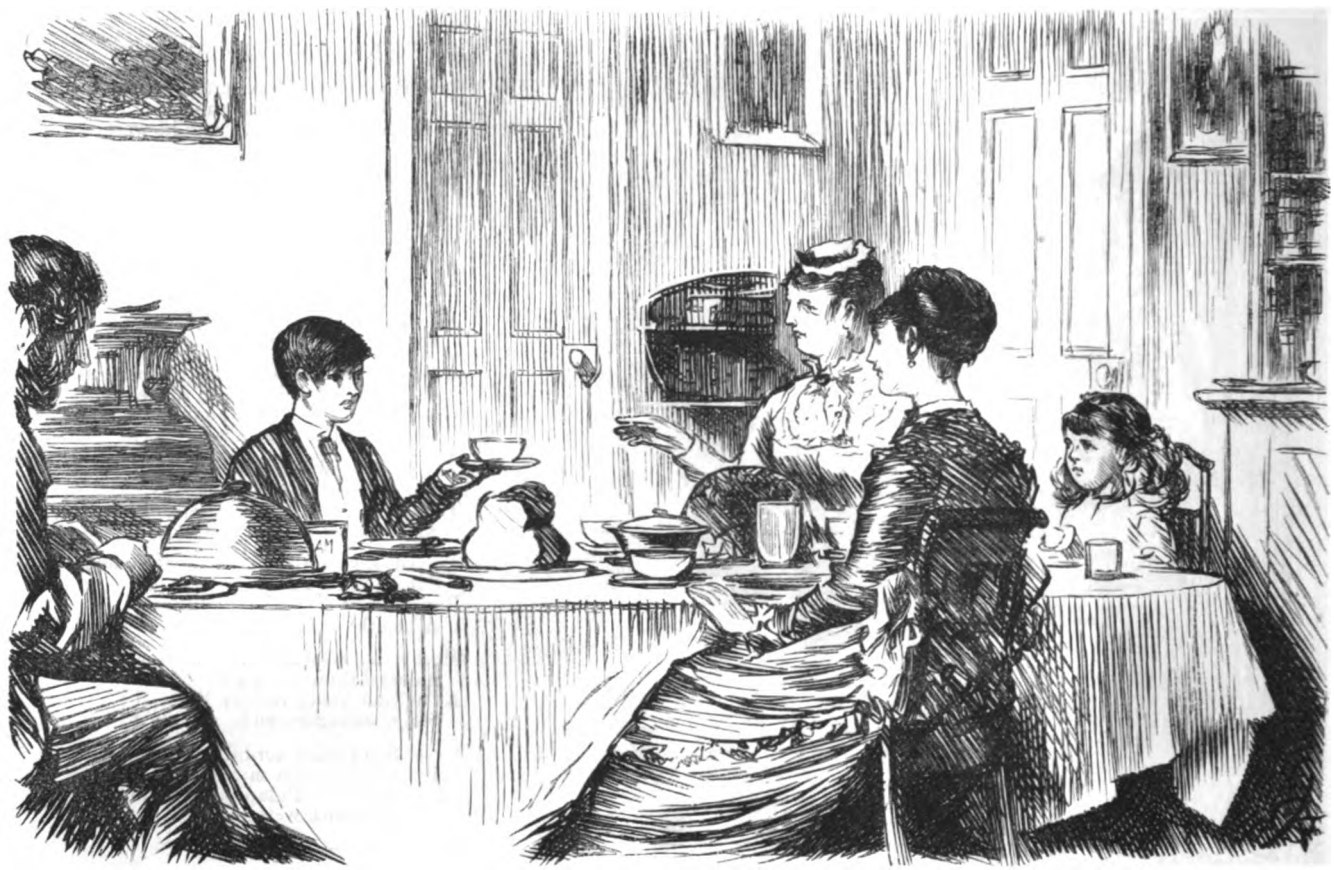
Row, beauties, row! 'Tis uncommon hot:
I *can* row stroke, but I'd rather not.
As we meet the sunset's afterglow,
Two absolute angels seem to row;
Wingless they are, so of flight no fear—
Home to dinner I mean to steer.

Canine Sagacity.

"Madame Hazer has had the honour of exhibiting her dog *Minos* before the Queen and the Royal Family, and Her Majesty was much pleased with the performance."—*Court Circular.*

"Every dog has his day"—
Yours, *Minos*, must have been,
When you trotted Osborne way,
And performed before the Queen.

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"THE WAY WE LIVE NOW."

Mamma (to her Eldest Son). "MY DEAR GEORGE, WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS? YOU SHOULD ALWAYS SAY 'THANK YOU!' WHEN ANYTHING IS HANDED TO YOU!"

George. "O, BOTHER HAVING TO SAY 'THANKS!' EVERY TIME, MA'! CAN'T A FELLOW HAVE A *SEASON-TICKET?*"

SUMMER MANŒUVRES.

Second Series.

MRS. FOXE HYMEN will attempt to bring about an engagement between her eldest daughter and the son and heir of SIR CRŒSUS TALLOW, the commercial *millionnaire*.

The Eldest Daughter of MRS. FOXE HYMEN will enter into a secret correspondence with the Enemy (her Cousin ARTHUR), with a view to counteracting the tactics of her Mother.

MISS FLORENCE FLIRTINGTON will exercise herself in Field Exercises (Croquet and Lawn Tennis), with a view to cutting out her dear friends the GAWKY girls.

Old MRS. TWENTYSTUN will make a descent upon Karlsbad, with a view to inaugurating an improved system of condensation.

MRS. SMITH will attempt, by a forced march on the feelings of her husband, to lure him to the Sea-side. She will be supported by the Infantry, and will advance under cover of the Family Doctor.

MR. SMITH will make a demonstration of business, and hastily retreat (in company with a bachelor friend) to the Continent.

MR. PERCY FLUTTERKITE will communicate with his maiden Aunt in the country, with a view to effecting an advance (pecuniary).

MESSRS. TAG, RAG, and BOBTAIL (late of HER MAJESTY'S principal Gaols) will make a masked march to the Sea-side, with a view to indulging in a course of rifle practice.

Tribute to Correspondents.

PUNCH keeps receiving volley upon volley
Of puns on Collie dogs and MESSIEURS COLLIE.
Wag after wag goes on informing him
That, born web-footed, WEBB was made to swim.
Sense thus extensively with sound combined
Exalts our estimation of our kind.
Cease to pour in your too, too brilliant jokes,
And take a crown of thistles each, ye Mokes.

A PHILOSOPHER AT EIGHTY

(*Soliloquy on a late Sultry Day.*)

I AM evaporating, like a piece
Of camphor in the sun, or so as wastes
A mass of carbonate of ammonia
Unstoppled, or as though my lard had all
Become transmuted into paraffine,
Which force of heat sublimes. I rise apace
In vapour; am dissolving by degrees,
And mingling with thin air. If this goes on
Much longer, nothing will be left of me
Save earthy salts, besides residual
Phosphate of lime. But if the temperature,
By Fahrenheit now eighty in the shade,
Stand but a little longer, and then fall,
So as to check offgoings at the point
Of just attenuation, then my waist
Will to its normal amplitude return,
And I, who from mine youth have aye grown bigger,
By loss of fat shall have regained my figure.

What the Prince Found at Sheffield.

THAT Steel is capable of the highest polish.

That the Diamonds born of Coal are not nearly so black as they are painted.

That Arms of Iron are generally directed by Hearts of Gold.

That a Sheffield welcome is not always smoke.

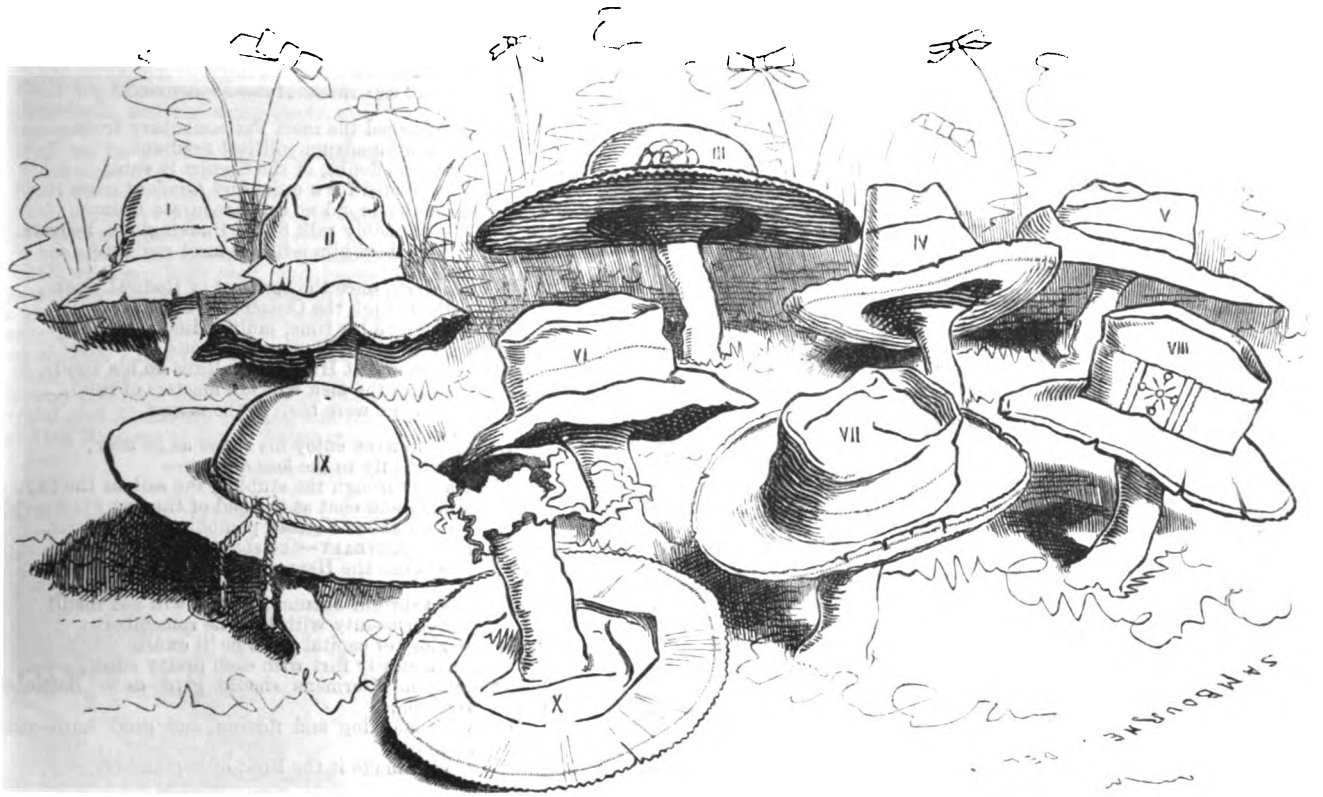
That, notwithstanding their sharpness, Sheffield Blades are the last things in the world to cut their friends.

And, finally, that certain self-elected Representatives of the Working-Man are (to put it mildly) very much mistaken.

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FINE GROUP OF FUNGI.

AUTUMN is the special season for Fungi, and, at that very time, fungoid growths appear on the heads of English travellers, as their terrestrial congeners do in our woods and fields. The latter have been classified. The former still await their BERKELEY. Suppose *Mr. Punch* attempted to supply the desideratum. Here, named and numbered, is a group of specimens which were lately met with, mostly on board a steamer between Folkestone and Boulogne, on the heads of Clergymen of the Church of England :—



I. *Marasmius clericalis.* II. *Coprinus curatorius.* III. *Clitopilus vicarius.* IV. *Cortinarius incumbens.* V. *Pleuropus episcopalis.* VI. *Russula decanalis.* VII. *Amanita rectoria.* VIII. *Hygrophorus prebendarius.* IX. and X. *Clitocybe archidiaconalis.*

It is, perhaps, as well to state that no Fungi of the foregoing species are esculent. Annually, at this time of year, many people kill themselves through eating poisonous toadstools by mistake for mushrooms. Such persons may well be supposed quite capable of trying to eat any of the things above delineated that may fall in their way.

OUT OF TOWN.

An Urban Eclogue.

SCENE—"*The sweet shady side of Pall Mall.*" *Enter* DAMON, *meeting* PYTHIAS.

Pythias (*amazedly*). Not yet out of Town?
Damon (*peevishly*). You're the fool of a phrase!
My good friend, there *is* no "Out of Town" in these days.
Pythias. What, DAMON turned cynic? Then Stocks *must* be down!
Or is it that She, or the "Dragon" doth frown?
Damon. You miss with both barrels. They've "flitted" to Brighton;
I follow.
Pythias. What, called by the horn of old Triton,
And Cupid's alarum?
Damon. Pooh! Fiddle-de-dee!
Your only sea-god now is Proteus, and he
Sways fashions, not floods; while for conquering Cupid,
Midst sand-shoes and shrimps, that young god seems half stupid.
Pythias. Hipped! hipped! my dear DAMON! Tell PYTHIAS the reason.
Damon. Fact is, I am fagged with the frets of the season,
And pine for a taste of the restful and rustic,
My prospect of which now appears nubibustic.
Pythias. With sweet AMARYLLIS to toy in the shade
Of——
Damon. A Small silken circlet, on Pier or Parade!
Pythias. With PYRRHA to——
Damon. Potter about on the sands,
Or lend ear to the wearisome bray of the bands!
Pythias. With a latter-day LYDIA, lovelier than she
Who could charm the Venusian——
Damon. Stare at the sea!
Pooh, pooh! my dear PYTHIAS, poetry, even
So modish as that with which HORACE could leaven
The life of old Rome, can have nothing to do
With a Cit's "out of Town" in these days. There are few
Of the freaks of fool-fashion such burdensome slavery
As this annual worship of Neptune.
Pythias. Your bravery
Stops short at Philippic; pray why don't you lead
A sublime insurrection?
Damon. I should not succeed.
Your Cit could not live far from pavement and kerb; he,
Inverting the pleasant old rule, *rus in urbe*,
Takes Town with him everywhere. Nature's best scenes
He invades with his shops and his bathing-machines;
With his family gods in a flock settles down,
And then calls the whole thing—save the mark!—"out of Town."
O, for true sylvan solitude!
Pythias. That is, *à deux*
With books, "bitter," and—*baths*, eh, as well as *beau yeux*?
Damon. Well, y-e-es!
Pythias. Ah, my very dear DAMON, I see
That your hatred of Town is a thing of *degree*.
The *odi profanum* may move you, but, think:
We can't *each* have a bower on a waterfall's brink,
With a PYRRHA to pet, with no tourists to throng,
And a dinner-bell sweet as a nightingale's song.
Poor gregarious man—though you're dreadfully down
On his foibles—is *lost* when he's quite "out of Town"!
[*Exeunt Clubwards.*

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"SILENCE IS GOLDEN."

Chatty Old Gent. "HAVE YOU LONG HOURS HE-AR, PORTAR?"

Railway Porter (*whose Temper has been spoilt*). "SAME AS ANYWHERES ELSE, I S'POSE—SIXTY MINUTES!"—— (*Bell rings, Railway Porter touches up Old Gent's favourite corn, and rushes off!*)

Old Gent. "PH—O—O—O—O—!"

THE FIRST!

Lo, September is here before Summer 's begun!
For some of our many offences,
The Clerk of the Weather has kept back the sun,
The riotous rain has come down with a run;
But now that the pulses of Autumn are stirred,
We 'll trudge through the "turmuts" in search of the bird
That was rarest *Ausoniis mensis.**

We 've dragged the inert Parliamentary train
Up a humdrum political gradient.
DISRAELI, no doubt, of the Session is vain,
Since he wished for a quiet and *fainéant* reign;
He unluckily found no commensurate foeman,
So he 'll plausibly talk to the Buckingham Yeoman,
And show him a future most radiant.

Vivian Grey, once the sprucest of Radical bucks,
Bears high the Conservative banner:
He has run, in his time, multitudinous mucks,
Has quietly taken his varying lucks,
And now down at Hughenden leans on his spud,
And lectures the men who are masters of mud,
As if he were born to the manor.

Let the PREMIER enjoy his recess as he may,
We 'll fly to the *loca amœna*—
The tramp through the stubble, the sail on the bay,
Gay dinner and chat at the end of the day;
Not a word about Vatican pamphlet Gladstonian,
Of blatant KENEALY—the sham Ciceronian,
Or even the Herzegovina.

No, misty-bright autumn, *Punch* will not insult
Your beauty with bosh he remembers:
In the glory of capital sport he 'll exult,
And shamelessly flirt with each pretty adult.
Though the Germans should give us a Battle of Dorking,
He, with shooting and flirting, and good knife-and-forking,
Will make it the First of Septembers.

* MARTIAL. xiii. 65.

MOTTO FOR MAJOR DICKSON.—For AHMED forewarned.

USING GOOD NAMES.

FAR be it from *Mr. Punch* to puff a Music-Hall singer, whether he be a "Giant Comique" or a "Little Wonder," or "The Unequalled" Somebody, or "The Great" Nobody. But *Mr. Punch* has just received a programme of the "Great VANCE'S" entertainment, with a picture of the immense comic vocalist himself (and, by the way, the Great Creature's hairdresser should insist upon advertising himself underneath this charming "portrait of a gentleman"), and extracts from various papers, stating the almost unutterable enjoyment they (the writers) have derived from the Great One's "unexampled," "admirable," "artistic," "eminently successful" impersonations, delineations, &c., &c. So far, "live and let live" being the motto, and every man his own trumpeter in the World's Fair, there 's no harm done to any one, and much good may it do the Magnate of Mimics—a new title to which the Great Artiste is welcome.

But, at the head of all this puffery, there is an announcement which *Mr. Punch* reads with regret, and it is this:

"*Patron*—H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES. *Patroness*—H.R.H. PRINCESS OF WALES."

Are the names of their Royal Highnesses used with, or without, permission? If "*with*," it is a great pity: if "*without*," the Great One should be politely requested to omit them from his programme.

There is one delicious puff which, however, should *not* be omitted,—

"N.B.—It is a noted fact that the Aristocracy, Clergy, and Gentry of the Three Kingdoms recognise VANCE'S Varieties as the most refined Comic Entertainment of the day."

It calls to mind "JARLEY'S Waxworks." It is a wonder that the Clergy do not ask him to perform at the next Festival, and request him to give "*Lord Swoon; or, the Exhausted Swell*," "*The Shah*," "*The Beautiful Blonde*," "*Slap Bang!*" "*Old Brown's Daughter*," and other choice tastes of his quality, which have doubtless contributed vastly to the amusement of their Royal Highnesses, above advertised, and still more to that class of young men of the period, of the cheap swell order, with the rakish air, the unwashed hands, and the bad cigar, who, we suppose, are included among the "Gentry" that patronise the Great VANCE. But surely, surely, our Princess and our Prince are not really giving their countenance to this sort of thing!

PRELIMINARY.

SHALL we go at all?
When shall we go?
Where shall we go?

Shall we go to Pierpoint, where the mortality, according to the Registrar-General, is only 11·2 per 1000, or to Sandbeach, where the same authority reckons it at 11·19? (Shall we study decimal arithmetic, to comprehend the exact difference between these two rates?)

Shall we go down, beforehand, to both these places, and see which of them we like the best; and ascertain which has the most thorough system of drainage, and the purest water, and the best air, and the nicest people, and the most comfortable beds?

Shall we go to Shingleton, where there is a pier and no sands, or to Glareville, where there are sands, but no pier?

Shall we ask the DARTLETTS, who are at Billowsmere, to look out for rooms for us there?

Shall we take a furnished house, or lodgings?

If we decide on a house, shall we take our own plate and linen?

Shall we take SARAH with us, as well as ELIZABETH?

If we settle on lodgings, shall they be expensive and close to the

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sea, or economical and away in the town (with a sea-view from the back-bedroom window)?

Shall we take the dining-room, or the drawing-room?

Shall we shut up our house at home; or leave SARAH in it on board wages, and give her the company of MRS. NIGLETT, the charwoman (SARAH being of a timid nature); or shall we send SARAH home for a holiday, and put Police Constable SHADLOCK and his wife in command of the premises?

What shall we do with the plate?

What arrangement shall we make about the cat?

Shall we take baby's cot, and the perambulator, and the travelling-bath, and the camp-stools, and the gun-case, and the large telescope?

Shall we have to pay for extra luggage?

What class shall we go?

Shall we take return tickets?

Shall we go for three weeks, or a month?

What train shall we go by?

What additional extra shall we find this year?

Shall we come back well, and happy, and contented, cherishing the most agreeable reminiscences of Chearmouth and MRS. FAIRFAX; or shall we return dyspeptic, and cross, and dissatisfied, resolute never to set foot in Kelpside again, and dwelling on the recollection of MRS. FILCHER with fierce hate and unconquerable aversion?

Shall we stay at home this year, and have some drives and little dinners, and take the children to the Zoological Gardens, and the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces, and the Thames Embankment, and the Fish Museum at South Kensington, and Kensington Gardens?

CONSIDERATIONS ON COOKERY SCHOOLS.



ALL the arrangements of Cookery Schools should, of course, be made, as the bumpkin said, with a view to Eton.

In the First Form of a Cookery School the instruction should be rudimentary. The earliest lesson might be how to toast a piece of bread, which not everybody knows. The next, perhaps, how to boil potatoes. Yes, "perhaps;" because the ability to boil potatoes properly is uncommon. It may even be considered by some persons as the test of scholarship in Cookery, and thought worthy to constitute the principal exercise of the Sixth Form.

The Second Form might learn the rudiments of roasting, boiling, and frying after having received sufficient instruction in Chemistry. One of the first lessons to be impressed on the tender mind is that all cookery is essentially a chemical process, an operation based on principles. An unprincipled cook is as bad as an unjust steward.

Made-dishes of the simpler kind might be commenced in the Third Form. For instance, plain hashes, minces, and stews—including Irish Stew.

The Fourth Form might go as far as bubble-and-squeak and toad-in-the-hole.

In the Fifth Form the course might comprise the ordinary Three Courses; not MR. GLADSTONE'S, but those of the well-to-do middle classes.

The composition of "French kickshaws and toys" should be reserved for the Sixth Form. At the top of the School the students could learn to prepare such dishes as *potage de tortue clair* and turtle *purée, dorée à l'Italienne, riz de veau, mazarine de foie gras à la Lucullus*, and so on with all manner of *salmis, fricandeux*, and fricassees—such as *suprême de volaille*.

These hints have been partly suggested by an interesting report in the *Standard* of an official visit by MR. BUCKMASTER, deputed from the Committee of Council to inspect the Cookery School of St. Mary's, Soho, an academy originated by the REV. ROBERT GWYNNE, Vicar, and MR. THOMAS BLACKWELL, Churchwarden, with the object of teaching "Cookery for the poor and invalids." In this establishment education does not soar quite so high as *mazarine de foie gras à la Lucullus*. But it is sound as far as it goes. Some idea of it may be derived from the following extract from a diary:—

"'Went to market at 30 past 9, February 20th, 1875.—Two lbs. of tripe at 8*d*., 1*s*. 4*d*.; dripping, 4*d*.; two sheep's hearts, 10*d*.; giblets for pie, 6*d*.; onions, 4*d*.; pork for soup, 3*d*.; flour, 2*d*.; currants, 1*d*.; potatoes, 8*d*.; carrots, sage, and leeks, 3*d*.: total cost, 4*s*. 9*d*.' On this date from these purchases eighteen persons dined."

In this School it will be observed that economy is taught as well as cookery; and the Vicar and Curates sometimes sit down to dine in the kitchen on dishes provided from such as the above-named materials.

In the Soho Cookery School prizes for proficiency are awarded to successful pupils. In the higher Schools which must soon be generally instituted, competition will probably be promoted likewise; but it is to be feared that in Cookery Schools, beyond all others, there will inevitably be a peculiar tendency to cram.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

THE Commissioners appointed to examine into the cases of corruption alleged to have taken place at the Bribeborough Election resumed their inquiry.

MR. CASH examined: He said he was a member of the firm of CASH, DISCOUNT & Co., Universal Merchants. He knew nothing about the bribery said to have taken place at the election. The fact of the matter was this—the Commissioners would have their trouble for nothing. (*A laugh.*)

The Chief Commissioner. Don't be so sure of that! (*Renewed laughter.*)

The Witness resumed: What was the good of dragging him into that room when he had nothing to say?

Commissioner Wagg. Come, Sir, I have no doubt you are very fond of a drag at Epsom! (*Roars of laughter.*)

The Witness resumed: He admitted that the Commissioner was right—on this occasion only! (*Laughter.*) Well, he had said his say, and there was an end of it. He could give no further evidence of any value on any subject to any one. (*A laugh.*)

The Chief Commissioner. What is your favourite Party?

The Witness. A dinner-party! (*Roars of laughter.*)

Commissioner Clever. Very likely. But we don't mean that. What we want to know is this, do you belong to the Pinks or to the Blues?

The Witness. Well, at the election I belonged to the Pinks, but, since I entered this room, I have been in the Blues! (*Shouts of laughter.*)

THOMAS CLODD was next examined. Witness said he was a labourer. He had a vote at the election.

Commissioner Clever. A what?

The Witness. A vote. Don't you know what a vote is? (*Laughter.*)

Commissioner Clever. Do you? (*Renewed laughter.*) Come, what is a vote? (*The Witness hesitated.*) Try and describe it. Well, perhaps I can help you. Is it a vegetable? (*Laughter.*) Is it good to eat?

The Witness. No, it 's good for drink. (*Roars of laughter.*)

The Witness resumed: He was a poor man.

The Chief Commissioner. And fond of your beer? (*A laugh.*)

The Witness. Yes, when it ain't brought to me by the undertaker. (*Much laughter.*)

The Witness resumed: He did not know why he had been brought before the Commissioners. He could offer no evidence. At the Election he had had some beer. He took it as a medicine. (*A laugh.*) He was not very well.

Commissioner Wagg. In fact it was a case of ailing! (*Laughter.*)

The Witness. You make a pint of the beer. That 's wrong—it was a quart! (*Renewed laughter.*)

Commissioner Wagg. I see that you will give me no quarter! (*Roars of laughter.*)

The Witness resumed: He did not know why the Commissioners had come down to Bribeborough. They (the Commissioners) would make a mess of it. (*A laugh.*)

The Chief Commissioner. Well, a Bar Mess is a very pleasant thing indeed! (*Much laughter from the other Commissioners.*)

The Witness having no further evidence to offer, the inquiry was adjourned.

A Peculiar Plant.

SOME apparently poetical party has advertised in the *Daily Telegraph* for a—

VEGETABLE MAID WANTED at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden.—Apply after six o'clock.

Roses belong to the vegetable kingdom; so do Lilies. Is the foregoing a matrimonial advertisement for a Virgin Flower?

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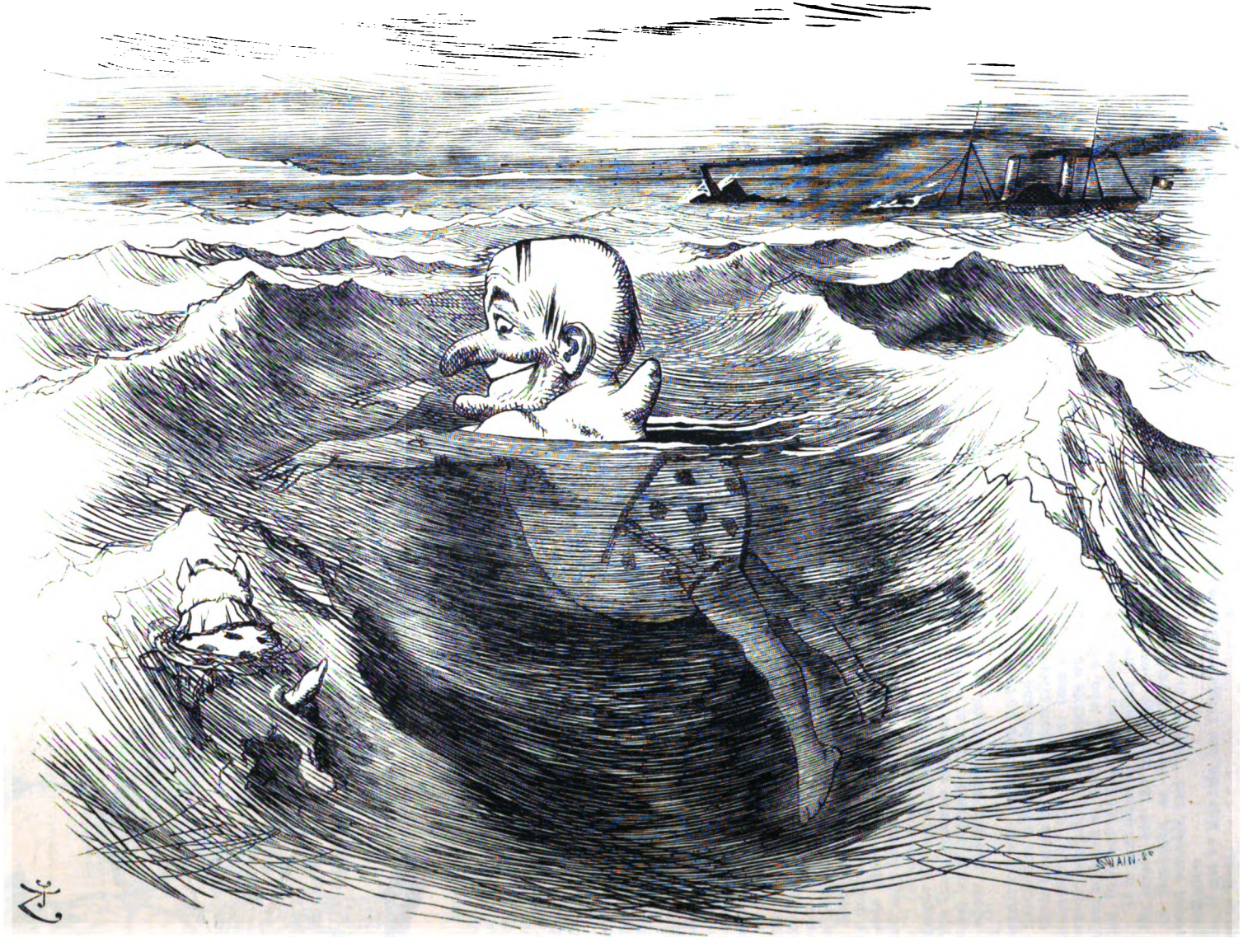
POLITENESS ON THE "PÉRISSOIRE."

"PARDON, MONSIEUR, BUT COULD YOU INDICATE TO ME THE SHORTEST ROAD TO ARRIVE AT TROUVILLE?"

"SOUTH-SOUTH-WEST BY SOUTH, AND STRAIGHT ON, MADAME! BUT AS I HAVE THE HONOUR OF VOYAGING IN THE SAME DIRECTION AS MADAME, PERHAPS SHE WOULD DEIGN PERMIT ME TO HAVE THE DOUBLE HONOUR OF ESCORTING HER?"

[*The "périssoire" consists of two boats joined by a seat and footboard, and is common on the French coast. Probable derivation: "Péri," a Peri; "S'asseoir," to sit down.*

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THE CHANNEL QUESTION SOLVED.

"COME ALONG, TOBY! WHAT CAPTAIN WEBB HAS DONE, WE CAN DO!!!"

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TRIPS FOR TRIPPERS.

Seasonable Hints for Vacation Voyageurs.



HERE are all sorts of Trips from Ramsgate for Trippers. By rail, by road, and by sea. You can be like "Little Water Wagtail," and "sit upon a rail," or you can "put yourself up for sail," and go for very little,—that is if you go on board what is called "a pleasure yacht," at a shilling a head for two hours, in which case you might be entered in a catalogue as among "an odd lot for the next sail." Some people enjoy this sort of thing *per se*, but, if you'll enjoy it more *per land*, don't you go. Should you, however, feel that you are a born Tar, then, avast heaving and step on board the *Saucy Emma*, and away, with a fair wind, to Deal, to the home of *Black Eye'd Susan*, to the scene of the true love of that able seaman *William*, so hardly treated by that unable seaman *Le Capitaine Crosstree*, R.N., both devoted to *La Fille de Madame Hatley*. Though, on reconsideration, it occurs to me that *William* was *Mr. Hatley*, and *Susan* was no relation to the *Hatleys*—but the subject without a pedigree, or a chart, or a bill of the play to refer to, is somewhat obscure.

If the sea does not take you, the train will.

En attendant, while making up your mind (the lightest luggage, by the way, you can take with you), you can look round at Ramsgate for the Pier, and wonder why, with all its advantages, it is not to Margate what Dieppe is to Boulogne,—only that for *us*, it should be rather Boulogneish than Dieppish in its opportunities of amusement. Ramsgate has the advantage over Boulogne in being what the Guide Books call "a salubrious spot,"—being, in fact, about the salubriousest spot that ever we did see. No sea-side place is without some sort of odour at some time or other of the year, and at some particular spot. Even Ramsgate may once and away, with a south-easterly breeze, get a sniff of the mud in its own harbour at low tide. But Boulogne, with regard to smells of all descriptions, puts Cologne in the shade, the latter being unable to hold a scent-bottle to Boulogne in this respect.

The Tripper to Boulogne will find the smells there so thick, that he will be positively *compelled to cut them*—and that as quickly as possible. In Boulogne the Tripper, who is following his nose, will be perpetually obliged to stop it in the street.

Every sea-side place has its season and its seasoning, and the French proverb may be adapted to the French watering-places, and be read thus; "*Chacun a son égout.*" At certain hours of the day Boulogne is simply Covent Garden by the sea—only worse. In your hotel, if on the Quai, you are not safe from the incursion of the odour. A young lady Trippiste might at Boulogne complain to her father of the odour, and say with *Hamlet*, on *Yorick's* skull, "and smells so! *Pa!*"

Yet our compatriots who would turn up their noses at Ramsgate, do not object to stand on a foreign shore, and "hold their own," and even to hold their tongues on the subject afterwards. Indeed, they seem to be attracted by the smells as bees are by the scents of flowers. However, our beloved compatriots who, when abroad, can make themselves so much at home, and who, when at home, are so often all abroad, have but one use for their noses, and that is, *to pay through them*. It is next door to impossible (we forget the number and name of the street, but the foregoing direction will suffice) to order rooms in Boulogne, as our countrymen would say, "*ong sweet.*" Go sweet yourself, and "sweets to the sweet" would be, of course, superfluous.

By this time, if not by this tide, the Tripper will have determined how he will go to Deal.

Much of the material for the "wooden walls of Old England" used to be supplied by Deal.

Before arriving there, it will be as well to say that should you find Deal not so warm as you had expected, you can go to a place that is Walmer.

Temperature is a matter for each individual traveller, as you can soon make even the Arctic regions too hot to hold you.

Notice the coast. See the Flats of Deal. These flats have not yet been taken in by anybody; and not having been taken in, they are, strange to say, not let out; though when lodgings and hotels are at fancy prices at Ramsgate, it would surely pay any enterprising Company to let these out, advertising them as "Several airy Flats, with considerable accommodation for large or small families, to be Let, in the neighbourhood of Deal."

If you go by train, you won't see much of these; but read *this*, and "imagine the rest," as the lodger did when he was kept awake by fl**s.

The Pedestrian will have a good time of it. Naturally it will occur to him that, if hungry, he can walk into Sandwich.

He will also see, somewhere about here, the commencement of a splendid building, probably another Aquarium, in these Aquaria-maniacal days.

Apropos of aquaria, a Frenchman on a visit to a compatriot residing in London, came suddenly upon the New Winter Garden and Aquarium in Westminster. He mistook it for a new Railway Station, and exclaimed, "*C'est magnifique! cette Gare!*" His friend corrected this wrong impression by his reply, "*Oui, mon cher, vous avez raison, 'c'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la Gare.'*"

En voiture, Messieurs, for Deal! *Carthago est delenda!* which, being translated, "Carthage was uncommonly like Deal."

Forwards! To Deal, to Dover, and then—

> Over the Sea! Over the Sea!
> Let us away to the Stinkomalee!
> Over the Sea! Over the Sea!
> To Calais, and so to Boulogne!

Avoiding Folkestone, which is too full to be pleasant. Not that you will meet with the dregs of the people there, but you cannot help coming across the Lees.

Au plaisir.

WEBB ACROSS THE WATER.

COME, now at last there 's something new we 've seen beneath the Sun;
A swim from England's shore to France, which CAPTAIN WEBB has done.
So kudos be to CAPTAIN WEBB—and he 'll get it from the QUEEN,
As an ornament to his Country and the Mercantile Marine.

He stripped himself to his *caleçons*—of merino made, or flannel?
He anointed his skin with porpoise-oil, and plunged into the Channel.
And, whilst bystanders let their tongues in cheers uproarious loose,
Some fools cried, "What a duck of a man!" and others, "What a goose!"

Hurrah for daring CAPTAIN WEBB, that resolute Commander!
He has far outdone LORD BYRON, MR. ERENHEAD, and LEANDER.
As for LEANDER, now his fame must sink to nearly zero;
For what is he compared with WEBB—who 's in himself a Hero?

LEANDER was a Grecian youth, but CAPTAIN WEBB 's a Briton.
Our WEBB is to LEANDER as a large cat to a kitten;
Or rather, since above all things a cat objects to water,
LEANDER is a water-rat to WEBB, who is an otter.

Our Merchant Navy's mostly manned by men of this man's stuff;
A man of might and valour, and endurance firm and tough.
When shipknackers, O PLIMSOLL, send seaworthy men like him
Afloat in unseaworthy ships, they need know how to swim!

Now, JONATHAN, let WEBB's exploit drive none of you too frantic,
So as to lead to more than talk of swimming the Atlantic.
You may cross it in a fragile barque—not to choose an A 1 clipper—
But O, don't perish in the attempt to excel our doughty Skipper.

Dedicated to the British Association.

"It occurred to a chemist of Pontresina to distil an essence from the Iou, a little white-starred flower, with a delicate aromatic bitter. He named his new liqueur after the plant it comes from, and it gained him a medal when exhibited at the Paris Exhibition. What is more, in our opinion the honour was deserved, for the Iou 'sweet' or 'bitter' is equally to be recommended as an appetiser, or a *chasse*."—*Times, August* 12—*Article on* "*The Engadine.*'

> No cleverer conjurer ever has been
> Than this chemist who lives in the Engadine—
> The *Times* has omitted to mention the name
> Of a Swiss so deserving the chaplet of fame—
> For what do you think he is able to do?
> Extract a liqueur from an I O U!

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PRETTY MANNERS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Gallant Scavenger. "VERY MUCH THE GOOD DAY,* MADAME! AND HOW FARES MISTER YOUR HUSBAND, THIS FINE WEATHER?"

Polite Applewoman. "MUCH BETTER, I THANK YOU, MONSIEUR! RECALL ME, I PRAY YOU, TO THE AMIABLE RECOLLECTION OF MADAME YOUR SPOUSE!"

Gallant Scavenger. "WITH PLEASURE, MADAME. VERY MUCH THE GOOD EVENING!"

Polite Applewoman. "GOOD EVENING, MONSIEUR, AND GOOD NIGHT!"

* In the original, "*Bien le bon jour, Madame.*"

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

IT is strongly to be hoped that, as education spreads, and School-Boards multiply around us, a knowledge of something more than the Three R's will be gradually instilled into the smallest of Great Britons. Little boys now run the risk of being nabbed by the police, and even put in prison, because they have not studied the law of gravitation. In ignorance, no doubt, of the force which is acquired by the impetus of falling, they drop brickbats upon trains when passing under bridges, and incur thereby the peril of being tried for manslaughter. Unversed in physics, they project small pebbles with their catapults or with their tiny fists; and these projectiles, coming into sudden contact with the window of a railway-carriage, pierce the glass, and injure, or, at the least, affright, the passengers.

As a preventive to these pastimes, a course of physical instruction might with wisdom be prescribed; and a fair notion of the forces of contact or collision might be fittingly imparted to the minds of little students, by exposing a small portion of their bodies to a few blows with a birch, which should be so wielded as to come into collision with them.

MECHI IN ANOTHER MOUTH.

(*That of* MR. HAWTREY.)

ZING a zong o' MAKEY,
'Bout zummut moor than rye;
Whate and wutts and barley:
Spell o' weather dry,
Which, in time o' harvest,
Meaks we birds to zing;
None but robins else no more
Wun't afore next Spring.

Four fine weeks o' sunshine
Ha' dried the sodden ground,
Sorry soaked craps ripun'd,
And brought their heads all round.
Kernels med be bigger,
And moor on 'um, no doubt;
The Miller, for all that, 'ool find
'Um prove a good turn-out.

Barley laid and matted
Wi' weeds and clawver got,
But now there's hopes o' savun
A purty tidy lot.
Zum on 't mun be wasted,
Thof the crap wun't fail.
Shan't ha' not much malt this year
To meak the best pale ale.

This ha' ben the sazun
For wutts above all graain,
Little though they promus'd
Afore they got the raain.
A second crap o' clawver
'Ool make the Farmers blithe:
'Tis now in vlower already,
A bidun vor the zithe.

The Winter banes be prime uns;
The Spring do middlun grow.
The paes I can't zay much for,
As they be but so-so.
The Zun ha' saved the taturs
By manes o' hate and light,
A dryun up the vungus,
And burnun out the blight.

The root-craps altogether—
There's time afoor 'um yet—
Though now they looks perfecshun,
Be ready for moor wet.
Let's whoap the land 'ool vurnish
Enough—and that's a veast:
Abundance o' provizhun
And food for man and beast.

Music o' machinery
Hereabouts plays now,
Rippun ingion's puffun,
Throbbun o' stame-plough.
All the sarial straa-craps
Be bulkier, like, this year.
Charge the pipe wi' baccy;
Fill the glass wi' beer.

Here's to MR. MAKEY!
Med a live and thrive
Long to teach we farmers
Our hosses how to drive.
Wisdom for the smock-frock
Bid 'un change the gown:
Who 'ood bide a Cockney
When he med be a Clown?

The Cheapest Channel Route.

Pat (*in an economical mood*). Shure, and isn't it myself that 's found the cheapest *route* to the Continent!

Sawney. Ye dinna say so! Ma gracious! I 'd like to knaw hoo to save the bawbees.

Pat. Faith thin, bedad and I 'll tell ye. See now. Isn't it taking a wee bit of a swim from Dover to Calais?

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John. But you don't know how to swim, PAT.

Pat. And it 's that, is it? It 's that that 's causing a botheration? Be aisy! Wouldn't there be toime now to learn how to swim, in an elegant manner, during the passage? Come now. Get out wid ye!

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., *and Hon. Member of the Dulli-dilletanty Society.*

OCCASIONAL NOTE.—Remember that French polish is most useful. When you want an old piece of furniture done up to look rather better than new, you must go smilingly to the upholsterer, and address him thus, putting on your best French polish, "*Voulez-vous veneer?*"

Not sufficient attention has been hitherto given to tables.

A table, like a ballet-dancer, should have good legs. How much of them should be shown to the public is a question for the lady of the house, or, in her absence, for the master, who will act as Lord Chamberlain.*

Do not lose sight of the fact that there is poetry in furniture; though this would not warrant you in calling on MR. ALFRED TENNYSON and asking him, "if, being such a good hand at turning neat compliments in verse, he would kindly turn you an elegant set



of legs for your dining-table." The Laureate, his fine eye in frenzy rolling, would probably be inclined to turn the modest visitor out among his own laurels in the front garden.



Here at once is a device for a Shakspearian Table, a figure of *Hamlet* intersected in the centre by the table which *Hamlet's* legs support underneath. *Hamlet's* hands are raised, each holding a little carved miniature table, while round his waist is written the quotation,—

"My tables! Meat it is!
Set it down."

This is a highly artistic conception.†

The Addition Table is so constructed that by the simplest possible mechanism another place can be added at a moment's notice. Most useful (where friends drop in accidentally) to a really hospitable person. It will be satisfactory to explain to a host of a truly liberal turn of mind that this table cannot be, and is not intended to be, worked by a Screw. Our illustration, showing the arrival of an unexpected but welcome guest, say the Author of this work,‡ and the table at once enlarged, to one



place more. We cannot inform the public *how* it is done. That is our secret. But when 'tis done, 'tis well and quickly done.

The Multiplication Table is something of the same notion, only made to suit Hotels and Families arriving.

In few articles of furniture can so much variety in taste and fancy be shown, combined with the strictest economy where necessary, as in tables.

For a West-End Moneylender's Dining-room what more suitable than an *Interest Table*, with, in the middle, a small fountain, with equally-distributed jets throwing up into the air *Scent per Scent?* The Interest Table should be divided into four quarters and supported by twelve legs. The legs should be of ebony. We append a design (our own) for an Interest Table, supported by Twelve Black



Legs. The rich ornamentation should be executed in gold, silver, and as much brass as possible.

(*To be continued.*)

* The LORD CHAMBERLAIN, by the way, doesn't *act*, he only controls those who *do*.

† Orders (enclosing cheques in advance) for the new Shakspearian Table to be sent to the Editor of the Decorative Grammar, which will be immediately attended to and executed with celerity and despatch.

‡ *Foot-note (by the Artist) on the Artist.*—To make the idea intelligible (and to prevent any ill-feeling), I have made them both coming in unexpectedly together, and everybody of course delighted to see them.

(Signed) THE ARTIST.

A Material Mystery.

THE *Fanfulla* has lately published a minute description of the habits and manners of the POPE. In this interesting contribution to natural history we are informed that—

"By nine o'clock the POPE is always to be found sitting in his arm-chair under his canopy, before a large writing-table, on which stands a crucifix and an Immaculate Conception, besides papers and an inkstand."

Who can conceive a Conception standing on a table? Such an object, so situated, appears about as imaginable as a hypothesis on the mantelshelf or an assumption in the grate. The mind might as well try to form a notion of a chimæra buzzing in a vacuum, eating its second intentions.

AFTER CLASSICAL PRECEDENT.

AT Worship Street, one day last week, a little matrimonial difference was discussed, on which occasion it appeared that the Lady had threatened to break her Husband's head with a pitcher. This may be said to be a renewal of the Jug-Earthen War.

THE PORT OF LONDON.

OUR own Medical Officer reports that in sixteen cases out of twenty the Port of London is rather worse than the Sherry.

THE LAST OF THE "THAMES VALLEY ELEPHANTS."—The one at the Elephant and Castle.

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A LITERAL FACT.

The Young Master (to new Valet from the Emerald Isle). "I SAY, CONFOUND YOU, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH MY BOOTS HERE?" (*The night had been rainy.*)

Pat. "SHURE, SORR, YOU TOULD ME LAST EVENING TO PUTT 'M ON THE THRAYS!"

HIS OWN MASTER!

(*A Farce, in One Short Scene.*)

SCENE.—*The Sultan's Palace. The* SULTAN *and his Grand Vizier discovered in consultation. Unpaid Bills* (RIGHT *and* LEFT). *A tottering Throne* (CENTRE).

The Sultan. And so you say I *must* see them?

The Grand Vizier. It is Fate, O mighty Father of the Faithful, and what is stronger than Fate?

The Sultan. Very well. Tell the Dogs to come in.

The Grand Vizier. The meanest Slave upon the Earth hastens to do the bidding of the all-powerful Master of the World.

[*Exit, and re-enter immediately, ushering in the Ambassadors of Austria, Russia, Germany, France, and England. The Ambassadors bow themselves down to the ground before the* SULTAN.

The Sultan. Well, Gentlemen, and what do you want with me? But first, with your permission, I will raise my right hand to my head, to arrange my turban, which (as you see) seems to be falling off.

The Austrian Ambassador. With the greatest possible respect for your Majesty's wishes—which are to all of us law—I most humbly but distinctly protest against your Majesty using your Majesty's right hand.

The Sultan. Well then, Gentlemen, I will raise my left.

The Russian Ambassador. Your Majesty of course can do absolutely what your Majesty pleases; but I, on behalf of my Government, respectfully but firmly insist that your Majesty shall not use your Majesty's left hand.

The Sultan. Well then, Gentlemen, you will notice that my footstool appears to be slipping away from me. With your permission, Gentlemen, I will pull it back again with my right leg.

The German Ambassador. Of course we (without exception) are prepared to treat your Majesty's slightest suggestions as positive commands. Still I have the honour to inform your Majesty that your Majesty cannot be permitted to move your Majesty's right leg.

The Sultan. Well, Gentlemen, my left leg will do equally well.

The French Ambassador. We have only to know your Majesty's ideas to carry them out instantly, in the most perfect integrity. Still, France will not consent to your Majesty advancing your Majesty's left leg.

The Sultan. Well, Gentlemen, what *can* I do?

The English Ambassador. I am desired by Her Majesty's Government (who are prepared to give each and every of your Majesty's plans the most unqualified moral support) to inform your Majesty that your Majesty will be respectfully permitted *to do nothing!*

[*Scene closes in.*

Regula sine Exceptione.

(JACK *loquitur.*)

BILL BOWLINE comes and he says to me,
He says to me, he says, says he,
"What is the Rule of the Road at sea?"

I says to him, says I (that 's me),
"Whether ashore, or whether at sea,
The *Rule* of the Road, folk seems to agree,
Is to suddenly launch in eternity
Any one not quite handy to see
If the helm turned to starboard or port should be,
As we learn by a late catastrophe."

A Rotten Pair.

(*To* ALEXANDER-WILLIAM & CO.)

WHAT has been the fruit of your sad transactions?
Melon-Collie!

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DISGUISED IN TARTAN.

MOSSOO HAS BEEN INVITED NORTH FOR A FEW DAYS' SHOOTING. HE ARRIVES *TOUT À FAIT*—"*EN MONTAGNARD*"!

DISCOVERIES IN LONDON.

During the Dull Season.

If by accident you happen to remain in Town just now, you will probably discover—

That, although everybody who is anybody has long ago left Town, there seems to be a myriad of nobodies still moving in it.

That London, after all, is a vastly more agreeable city in the autumn than its fashionable visitors would imagine or believe.

That you may cast away your "Chimney-pot" and wear a comfortable "Billycock," and yet be safe from all reproof by your feminine relations.

That, if you wish to give a dinner at some river-side Hotel, you can do so without writing down beforehand for a room.

That there are many ancient nooks, and lots of modern sights in Town which are really well worth seeing, and which, in the hurry-scurry worry of the Season, you never have the time to dream of, much less try to go to see.

That even Hansom Cabmen can be civil in September, and will condescend to drive you nearly two miles for a shilling, even though forewarned by you that such will be their fare.

That you need not pay for booking your place now at the Theatre, for you are sure of a good seat by simply paying at the doors.

That the penny papers issue still great placards of their news, although it puzzles you perhaps to imagine how their columns can daily be fresh filled.

That now is just the time for trying your new Shooting-boots, and persuading them, by gentle ambulation in the Park, to adapt their creases neatly to the contour of your feet.

That you may absent yourself from your seat in Church, without a tremble lest your neighbours should take notice of the fact.

That your Club is all your own now (if the painters be not in it), and you may read the papers leisurely, and lay your legs up cosily, and even take your forty winks without a chance of interruption.

That, though your Wife perhaps may grumble at being kept in Town without a soul to speak to, the novelty of such a solitude is really not unpleasing to the meditative mind.

That you never need be dull while you have your tradesmen near you, who, for dearth of other customers, will welcome you most heartily, and lend you their ears cheerfully whenever you drop in.

That if you want a joint cut after your own fashion, you will find your butcher most willing to oblige you, and to throw you in a sweetbread gratis just to turn the scale.

That you can get a chair now in the Park without a scramble for it, or may ride along the Row at any pace you please.

That you can pass by MESSRS. CHRISTIE'S without running any risk of being tempted there to bid for something which you well know that you can't afford to buy.

That, if your tailor comes to see you about that small account, you may relax your mind by having a few minutes' conversation with him, and hardly need apologise for taking up his time.

That, should you desire to see the Lions fed, you need not fear the crowd, nor be nervously afraid that you may have your pocket picked.

That you may practise small economies by wearing your old clothes and riding outside omnibuses, without offending MRS. GRUNDY—who, of course, is out of Town now.

That, when your hair wants cutting, you can get it done directly, and need not waste your time and temper by waiting to take your turn while the Artist operates on preceding patients.

That even so-called quiet streets are really quiet in the autumn, for all the blaring bands and barrel-organs are gone to the Sea-side.

That when the Tax Collector calls—strange though it may seem—you are not sorry to see him, if merely for the sake of seeing somebody you know.

If by good luck you chance to find a friend still left in Town, what a capital good fellow you find him to be! and what unsuspected virtues you discover in his character, especially if he insists upon your dining twice a week with him, and you have previously tested the merits of his Cook.

And, in conclusion, that as to all the rest of your acquaintances, you will probably learn that you get on very well without them; though you will also very probably be vastly glad to see them when they return to Town.

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HELPS OF A HIGHER KIND.

SCENE—*The Domestic Board after Dinner.* PATERFAMILIAS, DAUGHTERS, *and* UNCLE.

Daughters. What nice weather this would be for the sea-side, Papa!

Paterfamilias. H'm! How nice it has been for the harvest, and the British Association.

First Daughter. And so like it. So dry.

Uncle. Well, this time the Association was, perhaps, a little drier than usual. But you should read MRS. CRAWSHAY'S paper on "Lady Helps." That might interest even you.

Paterfamilias. Will her plan ever answer?

Uncle. Not as it ought to, I am afraid. Not among the higher classes.

Paterfamilias. Why?

Uncle. It requires the Lady of the House personally to work it out. She won't, unless she has a very exceptional taste for doing good. Too much trouble. But poor gentlefolks might manage it, if they chose.

Paterfamilias. How?

Uncle. By having Lady Helps, who would be helps in reality, helping the young ladies of the family do the household work, all of it—no common servants being kept at all.

A Daughter. What, help clean knives and forks?

Uncle. Yes, my dear, and boots and shoes; scrub floors, wash plates and dishes; perform all the offices of maids-of-all-work, cooks, kitchen-maids, and scullions.

Daughters. O, Uncle!

Uncle. O! Yes. O! I know. *Non possumus*, as the POPE says. But in poor genteel families Lady Helps could hardly expect any wages. They would have to accept association with the family on equal terms, and board, as sufficient consideration.

Paterfamilias. Common servants are better off in their way than that.

Uncle. Considerably. But there are people, rich people, who could well enough afford good wages—if they were only inclined to put the "Lady Helps" scheme in practice.

Paterfamilias. What sort?

Uncle. Uneducated people; persons of low origin who have grown wealthy. Any of them, capable of treating poor ladies with proper respect, might derive a double advantage from Lady Helps. In addition to getting the work of servants faithfully done, boots and shoes, for instance, thoroughly well cleaned, they might acquire a degree of polish themselves by habitual intercourse with persons of higher culture than their own.

Paterfamilias. A benefit for them, indeed.

Uncle. Their children, too, by conversing with Lady Helps, would unlearn dropping their aitches—just as, on the contrary, you know, little boys and girls usually learn from common servants to talk bad English.

Daughter. O, Uncle, how can you!

Paterfamilias. I wish the project could be brought to bear. Anything to save girls from the necessity of marrying merely to live.

A Daughter. That must be a sad life for them.

Uncle. Yes. Still sadder for their husbands.

Paterfamilias. Eh? I say. Mightn't there be Gentleman Helps, too?

Uncle. Certainly. We know—and I am sure you girls know—numbers of young gentlemen who are exactly fit to be Helps. They are sons of small gentry or professional men. They inherit neither property nor brains. Are perfectly honest, obliging, and civil, but utterly incapable of learning enough to enable them to pass any examination. All the higher walks of life are as completely closed to them as to women; and they loaf about at home with nothing to do but smoke short pipes, stupefying the moderate intellect they possess. But nature has admirably adapted them to be valets, footmen, butlers, buttonses, grooms, and coachmen—especially grooms and coachmen; for they mostly do know how to ride and drive. Were Gentleman Helps practicable, then youths might be rescued from a life of idleness, and, in helping others, also in some measure get to help themselves.

Paterfamilias. Eh, now, after that discourse, practise your preaching. Help yourself, and pass the wine. And let us drink—"The Dignity of Domestic Service." Paterfamilias, at any rate, can appreciate the endeavour to promote it which has been made at Cyfartha.

Tear'em Complimentary.

"We are a polished people."—MR. ROEBUCK'S *Speech at the Master Cutlers' Feast.*

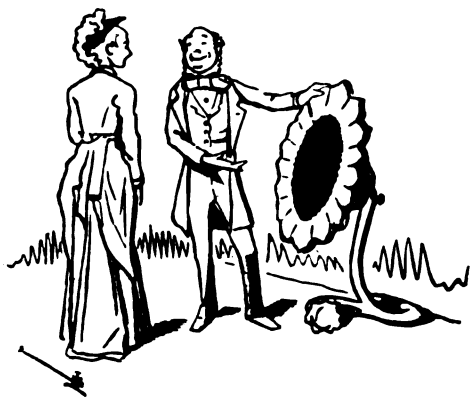
AND what should Sheffield Blades be, but polished?

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., *and Hon. Member of the Dulli-dillitanty Society.*

Astronomical Tables.—Our designs for these will, we feel sure, be praised up to the skies. They can be specially ordered, and will be adapted, according to the order received, to the use of stars of the first magnitude. We impartially advise MESDAMES NILSSON, PATTI, TITJENS, and the other operatic stars, to inspect our Catalogue.



The one idea of increasing a table has hitherto been to split it up into leaves. These leaves, being invariably brown, or some dull colour, give the table an autumnal appearance, far from exhilarating. Our design for a Sunflower Table, without leaves, meets every possible contingency, and overcomes all difficulties.

N.B.—To carry out our magnificent designs, we have already rented a large space in a well-known table-land. The address, for various reasons, cannot be published at present.

The Tea Table ought in every way to carry out its name. Nothing for simplicity can compare with the accompanying illustration:—



In houses where green and black teas are mixed, in obedience to the rule "always cross your teas," it will be as well to have another sort of table in use. But, really, if you trust to *us*, you can't have too many of these tables [designed at our place, patentea'd and sold only by US.]



This symbolises the mixture abovementioned, and is called the Cross'd Tea Table.

There can be no possible doubt that much space is wasted in our rooms, while much space is inconveniently occupied. Thus, what are legs of tables, as a rule, but difficulties in the way of our own legs? "I beg your pardon, is that your leg or the leg of the table?" is a common question. The situation is most awkward. But if there were no legs—if all tables were what we shall henceforth term (having patented the name) "Biffin Tables," the difficulty would be cut away from under our feet.

It is evident that guests round a table are not likely to knock their heads together: heads have eyes: legs have not.

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The space *above the table is free and unoccupied.* I do not say, let us put our legs on the table; no, but let us, in the interests of Decorative Art, and in the name of all that is commonly sensible in furnishing, utilise this vacant space, and let us either support the table by four strong wires from the centre of the ceiling attached to the centre of the table, or by the same number of wires fixed to the four corners.

The wires can be golden-coloured or silver; *or* they may be as chains of flowers supporting the banqueting table. Or, if another plan be adopted, a handsomely carved brass rod, of bed-post circumference, could descend from the



ceiling to the centre, representing the trunk of a tree, while the branches would serve for light, and the effect would be what is expressed in the additional title, the "Picnicky Biffin Table."

(*To be continued.*)

THE GUIDE OF THE CYNICAL TOURIST.

Compiled by SIR CHARLES COLDSTREAM, *Second Baronet.*

Aberystwith.—Chief occupation of visitors—pebble collecting. Here they speak Welsh, and dine at one o'clock. Principal attraction—the Atlantic Ocean, which, at this point of its career, is strongly suggestive of the River Thames off Gravesend.

Boulogne.—Rather more English than Ramsgate. Bathing on the sands, with the occasional use of a Tidal Wave. Bone-breaking and other attractions on the Skating-rink. *Port odorifĕrant* three P.M.

Cologne.—Sights limited—drains unlimited. To prevent any unpleasantness, it is as well to remind travellers that, strange to say, killing a Cathedral Commissionnaire is considered murder, and *not* justifiable homicide.

Dieppe.—French watering-place of the usual character. Sun-dresses and chatter. The Casino will be found an excellent cage for jackdaws and parrots.

Exeter.—Should only be seen from the window of a railway-carriage. Enemies may be recommended to visit this City, with the certainty of vengeance.

Folkestone.—Dear and dull. During the calm weather, even the Boulogne Boat loses its attraction, except when Frenchmen are on board.

Geneva.—Brussels is a bad imitation of Paris, and Geneva is a worse imitation of Brussels. Mont Blanc is sometimes on view—when on view, Mont Blanc is uninteresting.

Hastings.—Pronounced by many of its visitors 'Astings.

Interlachen.—Decidedly slow. Cockney accessories prominent and unpleasant. Jung Frau in the sunset—rather "loudly" dressed. Scenery—overdone.

Jersey.—Better than Guernsey, but not to be compared with Southend.

Knightsbridge.—Near the Park and the Barracks. Capital place at this season of the year. No one there!

Lucerne.—*Table d'hôte* at the Schwerzerhof Fair. This meal consumes about one hundred and twenty minutes—the remaining two-and-twenty hours of the day will be found excessively depressing.

Margate.—Several cheap excursions daily from London!

Naples.—After you have seen the Bay, take the advice of the natives, and die. You will have nothing else to do.

Ouchy.—Music and mist. The Lake monotonous. Company genteel, and the Sunday Scotch.

Paris.—At this time of the year an excellent place for old melodramas, dear hotels, and sun-strokes. French spoken on the Boulevards, near the Palais Royal, and in the Rue de Rivoli, as at the best finishing schools of Clapham and Putney. Costumes of the visitors quaint and unpicturesque.

Quebec.—Comparatively new. When the electric telegraph is brought to perfection, you may spend an afternoon in travelling to Canada and back with some amusement. At present the trip is rather impracticable, unless you are passionately fond of ballooning.

Ryde.—Would possibly be a very pleasant place indeed were it not for the yachts, the sea, and "the Island."

Scarborough.—The Margate of the North. Much patronised by Birmingham, Sheffield, and Lower Tooting.

Tunbridge Wells.—Good place for Cemeteries. The decease of Her late lamented Majesty QUEEN ANNE accepted here as news.

Uxbridge.—Capital spot to drive a coach to—and back again.

Venice.—Damp.

Waterloo.—Place to be carefully avoided by patriotic Britons staying at Brussels.

X.—A sign signifying the unknown. A splendid place, if you could only find it.

Yarmouth.—Cheerful town for people who live entirely upon bloaters.

Zurich.—Go to Zurich, and be happy. Don't go to Zurich, and be happier still.

N.B.—*Mr. Punch* wishes it to be clearly understood that he has no sort of sympathy with the rather extreme views of his "used up" contributor.

AUCTUMNALIA.

AY, the gay time is here,
Sweetest of all the year,
Cool be the bitter beer,
Straight be the cartridge.
Session and season o'er,
Girl-flirt and Statesman-bore,
Seek we the joyous shore,
Worship Saint Partridge.

HORACE, that demirep
(Known as a fifth form step),
Sang of the quiet *Septembribus horis:*
And it appears to me,
Even by land or sea,
This month must surely be
Mensis a moris.

Yes, when the toil is o'er,
When we forget the bore,
Then, by some happy shore,
Quiet the pulse is:
Far from the City's fuss
Bright eyes rain joy on us,
Deep woods are glorious—
Latebræ dulces.

D., who would catch the tide,
G., with his notions wide,
Each is temporicide—
Time's reckless murderer:
Past now; the moon is bright
O'er sea and sand to-night;
Lady, with dainty sleight,
Ice me the Rœderer.

Confound their politics!
Plague on their knavish tricks!
Doubtless, in Seventy-Six,
Stalks some fresh spectre in.
But 'tis September now;
Far off be any row;
Sea-breezes cool my brow—
Hand me a nectarine.

BUTTER AND BEEF SUET.

A CONTEMPORARY informs us in an advertisement that there is—

WANTED, eight miles from Town, a respectable, middle-aged Woman, R.C., as GENERAL SERVANT, to wash for four in family, and make butter of two Cows.

Most people will flatter themselves that they have never tasted butter made of Cows. But does not adulteration render it too true that a very considerable quantity of the butter sold in the shops is made of Oxen?

A Hint in Season.

REMEMBER, remember,
The month of September—
Partridges, rabbits, and hares:
Any hamper you send,
My breech-loading friend,
Put "Paid" on the label it bears.

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O FLATTERY, THY NAME IS FRENCHWOMAN!

JOHN HENRY JONES THINKS HE WILL DO A LITTLE BIT OF MARKETING FOR HIMSELF, AND ASKS THE PRICE OF TOMATOES. WITH A KILLING GLANCE AND A WINNING SMILE, THE VENDOR REPLIES THAT FOR *HIM* THEY WILL BE A FRANC APIECE, BUT THAT HE MUSTN'T MENTION IT. THE MODEST J. H. J. BLUSHES, AND BUYS, IN SPITE OF SOME MISGIVING THAT FOR ANYBODY ELSE THEY WOULD BE ABOUT SIXPENCE A DOZEN.

ON THE SPOT.

SHALL we like Pierpoint, to which favourite and healthy seaside resort we finally resolved to come, after a period of much indecision and uncertainty, and where we arrived, in heavy rain, in two cabs, with thirteen packages, on Saturday?

Shall we be comfortable at 62, Convolution Street, dining-room floor, two guineas and a half a week, and all and perhaps rather more than the usual extras?

Shall we like MRS. KITTLESPARK?

Shall we find KATE all that a KATE ought to be?

Shall we look everything up, or repose a noble confidence in MRS. KITTLESPARK and KATE?

Shall we get to know the people in the drawing-room?

Shall we subscribe to the Pier, or pay each time we go on it?

Shall we subscribe to that most accommodating Circulating Library, PIGRAM'S, where we can exchange our books at pleasure, *but not oftener than once a day?*

Shall we relax our minds with the newest novels, or give our intellects a bracing course of the best standard works?

Shall we dine late or early?

Shall we call on the DENBIGH FLINTS, who, according to the *Pierpoint Pioneer*, are staying at 10, Ocean Crescent?

Shall we carefully avoid the WILKIESONS, whom the same unerring guide reports at 33, Blue Lion Street?

Shall we be satisfied with our first weekly bill?

Shall we find in it any unexpected and novel extras, such as knife-cleaning, proportion of the water-rate, loan of latch-key, &c.?

Shall we get our meat at ROUND'S, who displays the PRINCE OF WALES'S Feathers over his shop-door, and plumes himself on being "purveyor" to His Royal Highness; or at CLEAVER'S, who boasts of the patronage of the Hereditary GRAND DUKE OF SELTERSLAND?

Shall we find everything dearer here than it is at home?

Shall we be happy in our laundress?

Shall we be photographed?

Shall we, as MRS. KITTLESPARK has a spare bed-room, invite our Cousin AMELIA STATTHORP, from whom we have expectations, and who is CONSTANCE EDITH AMELIA'S Godmother, to come down and stay a week with us?

Shall we be praiseworthily economical, and determine not to spend a single unnecessary sixpence; or shall we, as we *have* come to Pierpoint, enjoy ourselves to the utmost, go in for all the amusements of the place—pier, public gardens, theatre, concerts, Oceanarium, bathing, boating, fishing, driving, riding, and rinking—make excursions, be ostentatiously liberal to the Town Band, and buy everything that is offered to us on the Beach?

A month hence, shall we be glad or sorry to leave Pierpoint, and go back to Paddington?

Extra-Parliamentary Utterance.

(*From a Hughenden Hammock.*)

WHERE the tree rooks, there rook I,
Far from question or reply;
Silent still when owls do cry,
Extra-Parliamentary.
East or West, *canards* may fly,
Out of duck-shot here I lie,
After Session, sleepily.
Dizzily, dizzily, leave me to drowse,
Under the shadow of Hughenden boughs!

£1000 Reward!

WHAT is the object of the subscription for CAPTAIN WEBB? Only to reward merit. It surely cannot be to keep his head above water. He has shown us that he is able to do this for himself. However, no one knows better than the Hero—or, rather, the Leander—of the hour that "There *is* a tide in the affairs of man, which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune,"—*viâ* Dover and Calais.

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"PERMISSIVE" RECREATION.

"DIZZILY, DIZZILY, LEAVE ME TO DROWSE,
UNDER THE SHADOW OF HUGHENDEN BOUGHS!"

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PIETY AND POLICY;

OR, PASSING WORDS WITH A PILGRIM.



He'd a very keen eye and a fair double chin,
And the set of his lips was more sly than demure.
"Whither bound?" we inquired. With an affable grin,
He replied, "On a Pilgrimage, friend, to be sure!
Out of date? Not at all! 'Tis a day of revivals;
Time's clock is turned backwards, the POPE holds the key.
The Palmers of old have their latter-day rivals,
Well fugled by PIUS, GRAF STOLBERG, and *Me!*

"Who *am* I? Well—ahem!—I'm *incog.* for the nonce;
But I'm very well known, though I'm not to be named.
I used to wield sceptre *and* crosier once,
And—well, well, *we* shall see! Pious zeal is inflamed
For the Paray-le-Monial Nun. We're supplied
With badge and with banner, with legend and motto.
In honour of her—it must fill her with pride!—
We are off on a pilgrimage now to her grotto.

"*Cui bono?* Good friend, time would fail me to mention
The gains to be looked for, there's such a variety;
'Twill keep us *en évidence*, stir up contention,
And give a fresh fillip to Catholic piety.
Sauvez Rome et la France! A good cry, and we hope
It may help to put BISMARCK—the brute!—in a panic.
He's had rather the pull in some rounds with the POPE,
But we'll play off the Gallic against the Germanic,

"And checkmate him yet. We've the POPE's special blessing;
The fair Teuton *fraülleins* have broidered our banner;
So I think, on the whole, we're—for tyros—progressing
In a pleasant and highly professional manner.
No need for sore penance, or peas in our shoes;
Such stuff is, of course, obsolete and absurd;
No civilised comforts we're called to refuse,
While *en route* for the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes!

"*Notre Dame des Victoires!*—a nice rendezvous surely
For patriot Teutons who *never* could plot to
Set Faith against Fatherland! Piety purely
Inspires them. O yes! Thy miraculous grotto,
MARIE ALACOQUE, is a godsend indeed
For a Pontiff sore put to it. Hope sweetly sings
That the new Holy Pantomime's bound to succeed
Since the Pilgrims are puppets, the POPE pulls the strings.

"*Vive* the Virgin of Lourdes, and hurrah for the road!—
Of the Pilgrims, I mean—we are dropping the leaven.
Processional piety, quite *à la mode*,
Must further the views of the Vicar of Heaven.
Farewell! I 'fall in'!" He adjusted his cloak
And his face, till he looked like a Saint orthodox;
None had dreamed that a sinister smile ever broke
O'er the lips of this latter-day Reynard the FOX!

HOPPING IN KENT—UNRIVALLED FEAT.—The other day, a Kentish labourer took one hop from Faversham to Canterbury. He is none the worse, and backs himself to repeat it on the first opportunity.

TRIPS FOR TRIPPERS.

(Seasonable Hints for Vacation Voyageurs.)

AT Deal. Deal is not only unfinished, it is hardly commenced. It is a charming place for a Tripper, but for anybody who aspires to be *more* than a Tripper,—well, this carefully-compiled Guide is not "for the likes of him." A Tripper should never be caught tripping,—and this he might be if he once ceased the rotary or merry-go-round-the-world movement, and became, what the celebrated bad oyster was, and what a "welcher" never is, a settler.

There *is* a new terrace at Deal—but it *is* new; and the road is new; and, as the song used to say, "Wait a little longer."

But, *per contra*, there is a first-rate pier, with a tramway (price one penny) right up to the end of it; and at the end of it there are baths, as good as you'll find anywhere; and the Deal Band can come out there strong on occasions, pretending to be Brighton—at a distance. Though, as to saying a word in favour of Brighton, *now-a-days*, be that far from this Guide, which seeks to introduce the Tripper to cheerful, but comparatively quiet, places, where London-over-again is less an object than a pleasant lounge on a beach, a walk on the sands, and sufficient amusement within reach, if you feel inclined for it.

Sailing, bathing (not very great), lounging on beach under shadow of an awning (an excellent idea of a spirited proprietor—*on spec*), rowing, piering, sailing, and plenty of fishing,—these are *the* recreations of Deal.

The Tripper will go over to Walmer Castle, and visit Richborough, which belies its name, being, apparently, a Poor-borough. However, the Guide-book purchased on the spot will tell you all this, and time is getting on, the Long Vacation will be over, and the undecided man will not have left London, unless this Guide becomes his familiar friend, and tells him where to go.

From Deal to Dover by Coach.—Yoicks! tantivy! tallyho! and any other sporting ejaculation inspired by the sound and sight of the word "Coach"—that is, as a means of conveyance, not as it sounds to Undergraduates' ears, who would only connect *coach* with *cram*. And, by the way, on most occasions, the Coach from Deal to Dover is connected, very closely connected, with cram. It is usually crammed inside and crammed outside, and the weakest are left behind in the struggle for places—for "booking" is a mere form with the proprietor of the Deal and Dover Coach. How the luggage is managed, the Proprietor and Providence (who most assuredly watches over him) only know. How ten people manage, on an emergency, to squeeze into space which is a tight fit for six, Providence may know, the Proprietor doesn't. But here it is advertised, in large letters over the office-door, with two "o's" in Dover, either because that is *the* way to spell it, or because the Printer was out of the letter E. So the Tripper will read, staring him in the face—

"THE DOVOR COACH,"

and will ascertain, on inquiry, that it starts from that office.

Ah, my Trippers! Imagine a neatly appointed turn-out, buff and blue, or dark maroon, drawn by four greys, richly caparisoned, with chinking bits and burnished buckles, tight reins, roses in their ears, knowing leaders, strong, hard-working, but sprightly wheelers—imagine the Coachman in his long white coat, with pockets in every possible place, and a flap over his shoulder to protect him from rain, airily flicking a fly off the leader's ear with his long whip, and tooling the "tits" with a dexterous turn of the wrist and the slightest movement of the left foot on the foot-board, as they whisk round a right-angled corner—imagine the Guard, in scarlet and gold, perched up behind, guarding the bags, beguiling the passengers with his stories of the road, and occasionally awaking the echoes with his post-horn—imagine all this, and anything sporting the Tripper likes to add to the picture;—for, when he sees the reality, the ideal will vanish, "leaving not a wrack behind," except the "Dovor Coach" as it really is, *viz.*, a second-rate ordinary omnibus, with a knife-board outside, and a couple of steady useful animals to draw it from Deal to Dover.

Montez, Messieurs les Trippers, montez! En route!

A Palace for the Parisians.

THE deliberations of the Committee appointed by the Versailles Parliament to consider what should be done with the remains of the Tuileries, have resulted in a report, drawn up by M. MONNET, recommending a faithful restoration of the external features of the building, but mentioning the circumstance that—

"M. GLAIS BIZOIN proposes that it should be the vestibule of an immense glass building, exceeding the Crystal Palace in splendour and utility."

It is obvious to the meanest capacity that this idea of M. GLAIS BIZOIN is worthy of a master—glazier.

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EXCESS A FAULT.

"LA POLITESSE" CAN BE CARRIED TOO FAR, EVEN AMONG THE POLITEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD—FOR INSTANCE, IT CAN BE CARRIED RIGHT ACROSS THE PAVEMENT, SO AS TO STOP THE WAY.

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ROMANCE OF THE KITCHEN.

Cook (from the Area). "O, 'LIZA, GI' ME MY WINIGRETTE—I 'VE 'AD A—OFFER—FROM THE *DUSTMAN!!*"

"WHERE SHALL WE GO?"

AMANDUS exclaims to AMANDA,
When Roses are richest in bloom,
And Clematis climbs the verandah,
And full is the air of perfume,
"To go out of Town in September
Is an absolute duty, I know:
I 've done it since first I remember—
But, where shall we go?

"I don't care for Alps in hot weather;
Hill-climbing don't suit men of *nous;*
Very pleasant a tramp through the heather,
But scarce, as I hear, are the grouse:
Iceland sounds nice and cool, but they say it
Is turning to lava and snow,
Since volcanos and earthquakes betray it:
So, where shall we go?

"There 's your Uncle, whose partridge and pheasant
Uncommon good shooting afford;
But he potters away on the peasant,
Until one is awfully bored.
When a fellow gets so philanthropic,
They should send him to Hanwell, you know.
I can't stand the horrible topic—
So, where shall we go?

"There 's Trouville and Deauville patrician,
Where fashions in bathing are fine,
And the nymph is a very nude vision,
And it costs you a guinea to dine:
There 's Brighton for fun and flirtation,
The Thames, for a jolly good row:
But I say, with a strange hesitation,
O where shall we go?"

Then AMANDA she said to AMANDUS:
"There must be some corner divine,
Where the countryfolk can't understand us,
And won't charge us double for wine;
Where, escaping from civilised fetters,
We can hear the cool rivulet flow,
And never be bothered with letters—
Aye, there let us go."

LONDON IN SEPTEMBER.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH, *September* 4, 1875.

I AM quite sure that you sympathised with me, when I was forced, by circumstances over which I had no control, to refuse your very kind invitation to accompany you and two other "guns" over the stubble on the ever-glorious First. If a proof were needed that your sympathy was sincere, a certain hamper, labelled "Game," received at my solitary lodgings yesterday, afforded the proof required. Your happiness was indeed a contrast to my misery. In my mind's eye on Wednesday I saw you the whole day. First you were blazing away behind the dogs; then, under the cover of a leafy hedge, you were exploring the succulent treasures of the luncheon-basket: then (a few hours later), you were driving merrily home in the dog-cart, so that you might reach the hall in ample time to dress for dinner. Yes, we both of us know that a certain amiable and accomplished hostess likes to see her husband and his guests assembled in the drawing-room before the sounding of the second gong. A pleasant dinner, some claret, a little music, and a pipe in the smoking-room after the ladies had retired. That was your programme, was it not?

And what was I doing on the First? Alas! I was all alone in London the deserted, London the dull! As everybody knows, there is not a soul in Town in September. This year is not an exception to the general rule. As a proof that my assertion is what the French would call "exact," I send you the diary of my day's work.

After breakfast I walked down Regent Street, and could scarcely make my way along the pavement for the crowds of red-cheeked people who blocked the way. Staring into every shop were fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers.

Driven from Regent Street, I lounged into the Park, and for my pains was deafened with the hearty shouts of a thousand vigorous children. Not satisfied with this cruel outrage, they knocked off my hat with india-rubber balls, and broke my shins with hoops of wood and iron.

Hurried thus from the streets and the gardens, I determined to visit some of the "morning entertainments" which during the Season are so very popular. I looked in upon three, and quickly looked out again, for I found the rooms crammed to suffocation.

"There is evidently nobody in the West End of the Town," I murmured; "then let me try the East."

I walked into the City. I was pushed right and left, and took ten minutes to cross from the Royal Exchange to the Mansion House.

"The East is every bit as empty as the West," I cried, bitterly, and turned my face homewards.

Tired out and weary, I went to my second Club (my first is closed for repairs), and had to wait half an hour for a table. At last I managed to dine, but the meal was not served comfortably. The waiters seemed overworked, and the Members were numerous. However dinner is a great restorative, and I was soon merry and sociable. I met a Club friend.

"You here!" he cried, in surprise.

"You here!" was my very satisfactory answer.

We discussed the dreariness of Town, and after a small cup of coffee, a smaller glass of curaçoa, and a mild cigar, decided that the only thing to be done was to go to the play. We sent out for Stalls, and would you believe it, my dear *Mr. Punch*, not a single place could be obtained for love or money!

From this letter you will at once gather that London (as is usually the case in September) is unquestionably empty.

Yours very mournfully,
THE LAST MAN LEFT IN TOWN.

The Model Man-of-War.

ABOVE half-a-million of public capital invested in the *Vanguard* has been added to the Treasures of the Deep. But the money sunk at the bottom of St. George's Channel is not all thrown away. Now we know what to look out for in case of a war. And, seeing that the *Iron Duke* poked her ram through the mail of the *Vanguard*, we now clearly discern that all our Ironclads of the future must be of the *Punch* type.

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SELF-CONFIDENCE OUT SHOOTING.

Nephew. "JUMP, UNCLE! I'LL CLEAR YOU!"

[*But he didn't "clear" him, and old Brown says he'll carry the marks to his grave!*

A TEMPERANCE LINER.

A CERTAIN Marine Engineer had his certificate suspended the other day for twelve months, by the Hull Local Marine Board, for drunkenness. He had signed Articles to go from Hull to New York in the Wilson liner *Navarino*, as Chief Engineer. He got down in a cab to the dock just as the steamer was going out of it. Witnesses declared him to have been so drunk as to be incapable of getting on board. Happily, perhaps, for others as well as himself, he was left behind. But we are not sure. For, according to the proverb, there is a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to keep watch for the life of drunk JACK—amongst other drunkards. And the crew of the *Navarino* appear to have been, in respect of sobriety, the mates of their Chief Engineer. The *Times*, in a paragraph headed "Unseaworthy Sailors," and containing the above particulars, further states that:—

"The vessel left the dock at Hull on Saturday the 29th ult., the bulk of her crew being intoxicated at the time appointed for sailing. One of the sailors fell overboard, owing to his drunken condition, as the vessel passed through the dock lock. Later, whilst she was at anchor in the roads, another of the men jumped overboard, while intoxicated, and was drowned."

It will of course occur to almost every reader that although the *Navarino* had gone no further than the roads, her crew were already half-seas over. We can only hope that the vessel herself ever got so far as the middle of the Atlantic, and did not, very soon after she left Hull, go down to the bottom of the German Ocean.

Cause and Effect.

"LOUISE LATEAU, according to a letter from Brussels, is again a stigmatist. For some weeks, her sister having kept priests and sightseers aloof, she reverted to normal habits and conditions; but relapsing into a state which led to priestly services being called in, the former symptoms, fasting, trances, and stigmata, have reappeared."

THIS case of miracle (so-called) abroad,
We stigmatise it as a case of fraud.

SCOTTICISM AND WUTTICISM.

A PUBLIC-SPIRITED act of an ornament to the Scottish Peerage has received a due acknowledgment from grateful citizens. Witness the annexed paragraph in the *Times* respecting—

"THE EARL OF AIRLIE.—At a meeting of the Dundee Town Council yesterday, it was unanimously resolved to confer the freedom of the burgh on the EARL OF AIRLIE, in recognition of his generous assistance to procure a new water-supply for the town."

This resolution having been voted by the Dundee Municipality, there is too much reason to fear that more than one Member of that corporate but national body took occasion facetiously to remark that "it 's aye the Airlie bird that picks up the worm."

PERFECT BEINGS.

"Wings are very much worn as ornaments."—*Le Follet for September.*

WE'VE all of us heard it,
And most of us said it,
And even the sceptic
Must now give it credit—
I mean the belief
Universally rife,
That women are angels,
Maid, widow, and wife;
But one thing was wanting
To make them *en suite*—
The wings, which they're wearing,
So now they 're complete.

[Some tiresomely accurate person insists that the "Wings" are worn on the hats, not on the shoulders,—but this is a mere detail.]

Change of Name.

(*For the Scene of the late fatal Railway Collision near Bradford.*)

FOR *Kildwick* read *Killed-quick* Station.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.—A "Lover of Equity" desires to enter his protest against the fusion of Chancery with Common Law.

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THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., *and Hon. Member of the Dulli-dilkitanty Society.*

IT may be objected that my designs are impossible except for *millionnaires*. Quite the contrary. I am prepared to furnish anybody and everybody with a hundred varied designs equally adapted to the peer or the pauper, the private house or the public-house, the palace or the pavilion, the homestead, the hut, or the hovel.

N.B.—The present writer has turned his attention largely to Hovels. Hovels furnished entire on the most reasonable terms, and taken to any part of the kingdom.



N.B.—All builders of Castles in the Air I am able to furnish with ideas—at a moderate charge. As the patient says, who is going through the system of Harrogate or Aix waters, "A considerable reduction made on taking a quantity."



The Hall.—The Hall, where you leave your hats, should be paved with tiles. This is what is termed "corresponding affinity" in decorative art.

A School-Room.—A School-room should be furnished exclusively with cane chairs. A boy inclined to be obstreperous will be reminded of the fate in store for him when told to seat himself in one of these chairs.



The Drawing-room should be as attractive as the magnet; for a drawing-room is a room which, like a successful piece, draws. There should be in it several cabinets or chiffoniers (called in Lodging-house English "sheffyneers"), because these are full of drawers.

These are general notes which may be of some use to my readers.

It is a great pity that the principle of Pantomime tricks has not been introduced into furniture. Why should we avoid the Pantomimic in one art when we have adopted it in another? Why reject in furnishing what we jump into in clothing? At one time no well-dressed gentleman was without a pair of pantaloons, and



the French tailor still has the "*pantalon*" on his list. Again, in the garden, the most jealous and the strictest of housewives would not object to seeing her husband utilising his leisure hours by training



Columbines. While, in some instances, when the landlord took an interest in the cottage of his ploughboys and other yokels, he might, like a fine Old English Gentleman, make them a present of half a dozen Columbines apiece, and let the clowns themselves train them up in the way they should go.



This is no digression, but merely a note or two on the road to the application of the Pantomimic Principle on furnishing.

(*To be continued.*)

A Nominal Euphemism.

AT Bow Street, the other day, a prisoner was committed for trial on a charge of theft. He was named JOHN SHOESMITH, but had at one time gone under the name of DUVAL, and many different names. Of all the *aliases* MR. SHOESMITH could have selected, the most appropriate one would surely have been COBBLER.

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OUR MAID-SERVANTS.

Mistress (opening Post-Bag). "FOURTEEN LETTERS FOR YOU AGAIN TO-DAY, MARY! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT."

Mary. "WELL, MA'AM, I OUGHT TO HAVE GIVE YOU NOTICE, BUT I HADVERTISED. YOU SEE HOW GOOD SERVANTS IS SOUGHT AFTER."

UP OR DOWN?

WHITHER, lovely Lady, say?
Up or down the Thames to-day?
See, the great stream glistens:
Just to hear what we betray
Silently it listens.

Richmond Hill, where nightingales
Tell the ancient passionate tales
Full of love's emotion?
Greenwich, with a thousand sails
To and from the Ocean?

Everywhere the river-marge
Hath its beauty—tardy barge,
Steam-launch fast and fretful.
Whither shall we roam at large,
Carelessly forgetful?

Whether up or down we went,
How those magic hours we spent,
Ask: I cannot answer.
One there was who gave content—
Love, th' Oneiromancer.

Note by Mr. Punch.

Wise, O rhymer, 'mid the strife,
'Mid the Ups and Downs of life,
This your pleasant bias.
Still I fear, upon my life,
'Tis but ὄναρ σκιᾶς.

Rationalism and the Reverse.

PROTESTANTISM, CARDINAL MANNING has told us at Manchester, ends in Rationalism. But has not Roman Catholicism, a good deal of it, in the land of VOLTAIRE, and other "Latin Races" than the French, made the same end? Still, to some extent, no doubt, it has ended in the reverse of rationality. Few reasonable persons will deny that the doctrine of Papal Infallibility and the legend of MARIE ALACOCQUE, are entirely contrary to reason. However, people who profess belief in absurdities are not always so unwise as they seem. If CARDINAL MANNING will only try to analyse his own thoughts, perhaps he will discover that a man can at most only believe that he believes in propositions which express not any ideas that are conceivable, and in dogmas which he has swallowed whole without first having chewed them.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(One Evening in Town en route.)

SIR,—No one, at this out-of-town Season of the year, would dream of representing You in London, except *en passant*. Having to leave the grouse in the North in order to join my yacht in the South (this is, of course, what I say to anyone I meet in Town) it occurred to me that London would be an excellent *via media*.

"To think, with me, is to do," as JULIUS CÆSAR said, on the celebrated occasion when——but as this ought to be known to every schoolboy, I will not pause for the historical details.

"Take me," said I to the Cabman, whose emotion on seeing me arrive was most touching to witness, "take me to mine Inn, the 'Bedford,' Covent Garden, where I take mine ease. Away!"

The Cabman touched his hat. It was a sign that I had touched his heart.

By the way, is there no voice that can make itself heard about the disgraceful state of Covent Garden Market? Of this another time. For the present, *passons*.

What was to be my evening's amusement?

Sir, Your Representative unhesitatingly chose *The Shaugraun*; first, because I hadn't an idea what the word meant; and, secondly, because a Sensational Drama is, to my mind, the easiest way of being amused without any mental effort,—a strong recommendation for hot weather. A Drama finds more employment for the eyes than the ears, and an Irish Drama by MR. BOUCICAULT would be sure to be full of sensational situations, with a relief of Irish fun. This being settled, it occurred to Your Representative that, at this time of year, when no one is in Town, he would be able to have his pick of tables, and the very cream of the *menu* to himself, at the now famous Holborn Restaurant. I lounged in. "Can't have a table, Sir, for another quarter of an hour," said the most civil and obliging of Managers, "unless you wouldn't mind going *into the hot room!*" He seemed to imagine I wanted a Turkish Bath. But the place was crammed. "London is here!" exclaimed Your Representative, to himself. Then a Happy Thought occurred to him: London is empty—so am I; therefore, we both come here. After dinner, London will be full—so shall I be.

"*Garçon, le menu!*" Bring me "*Purée à la Tomate*," and "*Côtelettes à la Cardinal*" (evidently His Eminence's idea of what 's good—*à votre santé*, MONSEIGNEUR MANNING!), while the melodious band discourses for me *La Gazza Ladra*, and that delight of the waltzers, known as *La Manola*. Now the fragrant cup of coffee, and the cigar (here, at a certain time, you can light up, without quitting the table,—a great luxury to the after-dinner smoker), and then, all hail McHansom and to Old Drury, to see Her Majesty's Servants perform *The Shaugraun*.

Heavens! London empty! Well, if London be empty by this time of the evening, it must be because Drury Lane is full.

In a stall chair I sat and saw the lately produced Irish Drama.

"'Time writes no wrinkle on *thy* brow,' MRS. BOUCICAULT," observed Your Representative to himself, on seeing the most charming and perfect delineation of the Irish Maiden trip on to the stage as comely, as neatly-ancle'd, as bright, as bewitching as ever she was as *Arrah-na-Pogue* or the *Colleen Bawn*. "And Time puts *you* up to a good many dramatic wrinkles, MR. BOUCICAULT," was my next observation, as the piece proceeded. It was all good; all admirably put together; slow in parts; very little new from beginning to end, not even the perpetual mention of the faithful dog *Tatters*, who, without being either heard or seen throughout the piece, raises the same kind of interest in his behalf as was felt for "Mein tog *Schneider*," when MR. JEFFERSON played *Rip Van Winkle*. The Irish Wake was a novelty, and the Scene a good one. In spite of the heat, there was no doubt as to the enthusiasm of the audience, from the first row of the Stalls up to the Sixpenny Gallery, and assuredly no doubt as to the success of the piece, in which MR. BEVERLEY's scenery was no small ingredient.

It was over at 10·30, as all principal pieces should be in these early closing days, and Your Representative was able to step into

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the Promenade of Covent Garden, see HERR JOSEF GUNG'L conduct one of his own waltzes, and hear the new cornet-à-piston player, who, on my arrival, seemed to be having a nice blow-out.

One can't be in "more than two places at once," but altogether this was not bad as an evening, *en passant*, for

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A PIS ALLER.

(See last Number.)



THEN AMANDUS exclaimed to AMANDA,
"I think I have hit the right track,
Let us hurry away to the Forest—
I don't mean the New, but the Black.
To get out of Town in September
Is always a pleasure, I know,
And that Forest how well I remember—
In days long ago!

"'Tis a place where you're quite clear of tourists—
Of the terrible COOK and his band!
Who swarm elsewhere like locusts in Egypt,
And eat up the fat of the land.
There living is cheaper and better
Than in most other forests I know;
Yes! that Forest's the place of all others
To which one should go.

"There the traveller meets with innkeepers,
Who of honesty still have a share,
And don't think that because you are English,
To cheat you is perfectly fair.
Who really seem glad to see you,
And civil—though prices are low;
And whose bills do not always want checking,
As when elsewhere we go.

"You may wander in beautiful valleys,
Refreshed by the cool water's flow,
With the pine forest murmuring above you,
And the rivulet babbling below.
They've no waterfalls lit up to bore you,
Like that dreadful Swiss Staubbach and Co.;
One is free to see just what one likes to—
O say, will you go?"

Then AMANDA replied to AMANDUS,
"Call a Hansom, and let us away,
For London grows dustier, drearier,
And stuffier, day after day;
You have not a Club fit to dine in,
I've not a soul left that I know;
No Black Forest on earth can be duller—
So *do* let us go!"

DISTINCTION—WITH A DIFFERENCE.

SAID MR. ROEBUCK the other day, by way of something sharp to suit the blades of Sheffield,—

"There is no nation in the world so distinguished as England by a House of Commons."

Collectively, we brag of our "Collective Wisdom," yet our M.P.'s are not all wise, regarded individually. So we may call our House of Commons "distinguished" if we like, but we can scarce apply that epithet (at least, by way of compliment) to certain of its Members. For instance, the Member for Stoke is a distinguished man, no doubt, but few of his fellow Members would covet his distinction. So the Member for Peterborough likewise is distinguished—but we will not attempt to say for what he is esteemed to be so. MR. BIGGAR, too, has made himself distinguished this last Session, though, perhaps, not in a manner that most persons would think enviable. And not to prolong the list, MR. DRAX, M.P. for Wareham, may also claim to rank among our Members of distinction. He is distinguished as the man who is destroying CÆSAR'S Camp, in spite of the appeals which have been made both to his pocket and his patriotism.

SIGNS OF SWEETNESS.

NOW-A-DAYS we defy augury. We have renounced, at least, that superstition. No alarm will probably be created by the following piece of seasonable intelligence:—

"PORPOISES IN THE THAMES.—During the past fortnight several porpoises have been seen disporting themselves below and above London Bridge. One has been shot near the Cherry Tree Garden landing stage, Rotherhithe, and another was captured near Waterloo Bridge, and the carcase has been exhibited in the neighbourhood of the New Cut. The body of a dead porpoise has for the past week been floating up and down the Thames, to the great annoyance of excursionists in the neighbourhood."

We are not as our forefathers were when, as Old AUBREY notes in his *Miscellanies*,—

"A little before the death of *Oliver* Protector, a *Whale* came into the River Thames and was taken at Greenwich. . . . Foot long. 'Tis said, *Oliver* was troubled at it."

Nobody would now take the appearance of Porpoises in the Thames to portend that anything was going to happen to anybody. If such visitors may be regarded as ominous, they can only be looked upon as good omens. Perhaps Porpoises seen in the *Thames* are signs that we shall soon have better fish there—Zoologists, pray pardon the misnomer of calling a Cetacean a fish. They testify to the comparative purification of the Thames. A few years ago, the body of a dead Porpoise in the River would have added little to the annoyance of excursionists on it. Could you, dear friends and fellow-citizens, only contrive duly to dispose of all your sewage, then there might be a river of Middlesex which would resemble a river in Macedon and a river in Monmouth likewise, in the special circumstance that there would be "salmons" not only in two of those fortunate rivers, but in all three.

Ducks and Dripping.

O WHITHER hie, the heat to fly?
Of course a sea-side trip!
Perspiring down we steam from Town,
And dripping take a dip.
To wipe us dry, in vain we try,
For drying makes us drip,
And so again we seek the main,
And strip, and drip, and dip!

No Vegetarian.

BY the composer of an advertisement extracted from the *Aberystwyth Observer* there is—

WANTED, unfurnished, a small Garden and House, near Aberystwyth, within a mile of the town preferred.—Address ——, Post Office, Aberystwyth.

The want of an unfurnished Garden as well as House, above expressed, may suggest that there are Welsh bulls as well as Irish. It is, however, obvious that anybody who wishes for a Garden without furniture can as little delight in leeks as rejoice in potatoes.

Dear Old England!

THE Sea hath its sharks,
And so hath the land:
They fall on their prey
By shingle and sand;
At Brinesmead or Groyne,
Congerwhinkle and Breeze,
There are ravenous things
In and—out of the Seas.

Jupiter Tonans.

THE Newspapers report that, on the evening of Thursday, a terrific thunderstorm broke over the north of Scotland. *Punch* does not wonder at it, considering how close the weather has been. Were he a heathen, he should ascribe the thunder and lightning to the awful puns of which he has lately received so many from Scotch correspondents.

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A DREAM OF THE SEA.

ETHEL, WHO IS NOT TO HAVE A SEA-SIDE TRIP THIS YEAR, DREAMS EVERY NIGHT THAT SHE AND HER MAMMA AND AUNT AND SISTERS SPREAD THEIR SASH-BOWS AND PANNIERS AND FLY AWAY TO THE YELLOW SANDS.

A SEAT OUT OF SESSION.

He. This is better by far than St. Stephens!
She. Indeed, Sir!
"M.P.-rial interests" bow at *my* shrine?
'Tis more than you *once* were inclined to concede, Sir!
He. A proud fledgling Senator's *dictum*,—once mine,—
I beg leave to retract, and make open confession
I've altered my views on the choice of a Seat,
And think, in September, the pleasantest "Session"
Is—one at your feet!

She. Mere flattery!
He. Nay! as the sands of Sahara
Contrasted with *these*, was the Session gone by
As compared with our *causerie* here, *mia cara*.
Alas that such moments so swiftly should fly!
While howl of KENEALY, or wailing of WHALLEY
Will handicap Time, till his wings seem as lead.
But raising laid ghosts is the flattest of folly,—
We'll dream, dear, instead.

She. Of what?
He. Why, of coming events,—that wee finger,
That bright cheek, or anything *couleur de rose*.
She. 'Tis only the sunset.
He. Well, well, let us linger
And watch out this wonderful day to its close.
Quite cool? *May* I venture? This nook, I am certain,
Was built for a Nereid's shore-going seat:
It needs but a couch, and a seaweedy curtain,
To make it complete.
Now the Treasury Bench should not tempt me, my NINA,
To quit this snug seat where black care may not bide;
What talk about Trade or the Herzegovina
Is worth one more hour of such eve at your side?

She. An hour? I must go.
He. Now the low beams begin
To gild our sea-grot, would its Nereid be flitting?
To leave it just now would be something like sin,—
So stay, Nymph!

(*Left sitting.*)

COSTLY EXPERIMENTS.

HER Majesty's Government, having learned that the loss of the *Vanguard* is considered by the nation "a costly but valuable experiment," are said to be arranging the following "trials," with a view to obtaining information:—

To Test the Endurance of the Travelling Public.—To allow accident after accident to occur on the Railways without taking any steps to fix the criminal responsibilities upon the Companies in fault.

To Test the Popularity of Recruiting for the Militia.—To repeat the experiment made this year in Somersetshire, when a Regiment was kept encamped on marshy ground, in tents half full of water, for a fortnight.

To Test the Good-Nature of the London People.—To allow (as heretofore) all the principal thoroughfares of the Metropolis to be blocked up annually for weeks, that certain officials may have ample leisure to turn their attention to the mending of a gas-pipe or the reconstruction of a water-supply.

To Test the Power of our National Existence.—To allow our Army to remain disorganised, and the ships of our Fleet to be proved dangerous only to one another.

To Test British Prestige in Foreign Parts.—To allow our Flag to be insulted with impunity; to permit, further, our Representatives (in Asia) to be ill-used, and our Ministers (in Europe) to be outwitted.

And, lastly, to Test the Patience of the Nation.—To repeat the half-hearted policy that was the disgrace of last Session.

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LOSS AND GAIN.

JOHN BULL. "HALF A MILLION O' MONEY GONE TO THE BOTTOM AT ONCE!!!"

MR. PUNCH. "YES, MY DEAR JOHN, IT 'S AN EXPENSIVE EXPERIMENT! BUT NO LIVES WERE LOST, AND *NOW* WE KNOW WHAT WE 'VE GOT TO TRUST TO!"

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THE FATAL CONTRACT.

(A Warning to Travellers.)

SCENE I.—*The Saloon of a Steamship bound from the Port of London to* —— *(passage two or more days). The* Steward *discovered discoursing affably with his* Subordinate.

Steward (*smiling*). Soup and biscuit. They will do well for the opening luncheon. A modest refreshment truly, but one that will be pardoned for the sake of the glories of the coming dinner.

Subordinate. Ha, ha, ha! The *coming* dinner!

Steward. You like the jest!

Subordinate. Right well. It is a merry one—a very merry one! Ha, ha, ha!

Steward (*smiling*). Well, I confess it lacks not quaintness. But come, we must be serious. Have you prepared the final breakfast—the breakfast that will be eaten at our destination by the thoughtless and unwary?

Subordinate. Ay, ay. That indeed I have.

Steward. 'Tis well, 'tis very well. And now, Boy, back again to deck to whistle away for the kindly storms that will keep our larder sacred. (*Exit* Subordinate.) Clouds! (*looking out of porthole*) clouds everywhere. 'Tis well, very well. Ah! I hear the fall of footsteps. The sound denotes the arrival of passengers, with whom I must contract. Ha, ha, ha! But let me dissemble. (*Enter* Imperfect Sailor *and* CHARLES, *his Friend.*) Good morrow, Gentlemen. I am the Steward of this pleasant ship. The journey will be a fine one. You will contract?

Imperfect Sailor. Faith, yes—if I do starve.

Charles (*his Friend*). Good! very good, indeed!

Steward. You speak truly, Sir—a very merry quip, indeed! Ha, ha, ha! Your pardon, Sir, but you will be the death of me! But you will not starve if you contract with me for your provisions. First, lunch—a slight collation, some simple soup, a broken biscuit, a little cheese and butter, nothing more. And then a good Old English dinner: Salmon, meats of all kinds, fruit pies, nuts, cheese, grapes, plums, pears, and everything you can require.

Imperfect Sailor. A noble meal!

Charles (*his Friend*). A noble meal, indeed!

Steward. So you will say when you do see it. After dinner a rich meat tea—not devoid of kippered herrings. Supper for those who will. The next morning coffee with the rising sun, to be followed by a glorious breakfast (with fish, meat, and many eggs)—a breakfast worthy of our sires. Another good Old English dinner, and then tea, supper as before. Do you like the picture?

Imperfect Sailor. Much.

Charles (*his Friend*). Very much, indeed!

Steward. And for all this—a dozen paltry shillings!

Imperfect Sailor. Done with you, Sir Steward.

Charles (*his Friend*). Ay, indeed—a goodly bargain. I too say done.

Steward. Indeed, fair Sirs, then it would be uncourtly not to echo "done!"

[*The contract is signed, and the* Imperfect Sailor *and* CHARLES (*his Friend*) *gaily discuss the lunch—soup and broken biscuits. The* Steward *regards them with an air of triumph.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Off Greenwich.*

Imperfect Sailor. This boat appears to breast the waves most bravely. See, a gale is springing up. Already we have weather that old sea-horses, making for Battersea Bridge from Westminster, would call "dirty." Come, good Sir Steward, is dinner ready?

Charles (*his Friend*). Yes, indeed,—we ask for dinner.

Steward. Anon, fair Sirs, anon. [*Exit, smiling.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. Two hours later.*

Steward. Dinner waits, my masters. Salmon—the finest meats—boiled mutton, and white-sauced fowls. Come, and be merry.

Imperfect Sailor (*struggling with his emotion*). Begone!

Charles (*his Friend—ditto*). Begone, and quickly!

SCENE IV.—*The Same.* TIME—*The evening of the second day.*

Steward. I have called you once to breakfast, twice to dinner, and still you will not come. You are eating nothing. Nay, good my masters, let me urge you to take something—say a tiny piece of good fat ham, cut thickly, and smothered well in large broad beans and savoury melted butter.

Imperfect Sailor (*faintly*). You torture me! Begone!

Charles (*his Friend—very faintly*). O dear! O dear!! O dear!!!

SCENE V.—*The Same. The Steamer has arrived in Port.* Imperfect Sailor *and* CHARLES (*his Friend*), *having recovered, are seen eating breakfast.*

Imperfect Sailor (*giving money*). Take thy cash, false Steward, for food we did not eat—for phantom dinners and for shadowy teas.

Steward. They were there for you to eat. Why did you not come for them? I own the passage was a rough one, but was that fault mine?

Imperfect Sailor. Fault or no fault, begone! Let us enjoy at least in peace the one poor solitary meal we have been able to eat since leaving London.

Steward. Your pardon, fair Sirs. For *this* meal we charge you each four shillings extra!

Tableau and Curtain.

WORDS TO THE WISE.



AT this season of the year, when so many of *Mr. Punch's* friends cross the seas in search of distant lands, "advice to those about to travel" rises to a premium. Under these circumstances, the Greatest Sage of this or any other age jots down a few opinions of more or less value—opinions which must be taken for exactly what they are worth; an unknown quantity. It will be seen by the intelligent that the following advice is tendered with a view to enabling the recipient to avoid what our "lively neighbours" (by the way, they are not particularly "lively" on the Channel) call *mal de mer.*

Angelina's Advice.—Choose a day for the passage when there is a magnificent sun-set and (insist upon this) a glorious moonlight. Pass the afternoon in reading TENNYSON, and, as the evening star appears, accompanied by the silvery moon, begin to talk softly (after having disposed of Mamma in the Cabin) to EDWIN. In *his* company, the voyage will prove a very short one.

Mr. Decimal Point, M.P.,'s Advice.—A mere question of figures. Take seventy blue-books, and find out the average of shipwrecks in the summer months and the average of shipwrecks in the winter months. Calculate the proportion of shipwrecks to the vessels (taking care to distinguish between sailing vessels and steamers) leaving the Port of London. Repeat the operation with the other British Ports. Having obtained these figures, be guided by the result, and choose a day for your passage which would seem to warrant you in the belief that the statistics, properly considered, should yield you a fine passage.

Mr. Thomas Nipper's Advice.—Keep it up, Sir, keep it up. Choose any day you please. It don't matter a rap whether it's rough or fine. All you have to do when you come on board is to order the Steward to bring you a brandy and soda. Drink it. Next smoke a pipe. This done, drink a quart bottle of stout. After that take another pipe and another quart bottle of stout. Repeat the remedy every ten minutes until you arrive at Calais, and when you get there you will find yourself quite able to hold your own with the Mossoos who want to examine your luggage.

The Hon. Plantagenet Vagueboy's Advice.—The simplest thing in the world. Tell your Fellow to choose a good thingummy for you, and be careful when you go on board to see that the what-you-may-call-'em is on a line with the thingumbob. Before you turn in, ask for a glass of what-d'ye-call-it (mind you don't take what's-his-name, as it is never good on board ship), and be careful to regulate the—dear me, what is it?—by the—h'm, I had the word only a moment ago. If you make no mistake in carrying out these directions, you are sure to be as right as possible in the very roughest weather.

Mrs. Materfamilias's Advice.—Before going on board, mind you have a good meat tea, and be careful to drink a bottle of champagne. The moment you are in the cabin, put large lumps of ice on your head and lie on your back, eating every now and then a mixture of glycerine, ketchup, and camphor. These remedies were furnished to me by the Family Doctor. I am not altogether sure that I have given them *quite* correctly.

Mr. Punch's Advice (*warranted infallible*).—Take all the above remedies, and choose the most comfortable berth in the vessel. Then, if you want to be *quite* well, come ashore, and allow the steamer to start without you.

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A LOVELY BURDEN.

Fine Woman. "TENNY—VENNY—PRENNY—PORTY MWAW—COM CET HOM LAR PORT CET LAR FAM!"

AN EARNEST REMONSTRANCE.

"I have almost forgotten *myself* in the universality of my remarks."—MR. ROEBUCK *at Sheffield.*

SELF-forgotten? Nay, Tear'em, mellifluous Mentor,
As well might a circle forget its own centre,
The planets lose sight of their sun, or their axes,
Poor PAT of his wrongs, or JOHN BULL of his taxes!
Bethink thee, our ARTHUR, ere yet 'tis too late,
Thou pride of the People, thou prop of the State!
And in "universality" merge not that Ego,
That serves to Creation as pivot or peg. O!
Oblivious optimist, what should we do
For a pocket omniscience, if barren of *you?*
Who would fugle our princes, and polish our *plebs?*
Who would shear, Sheffield-blade-like, through sophistry's webs?
Who would rub up our rulers, and rub down our "roughs?"
Who could mix, as you mix them, Philippics and puffs?
All coming events from incredible distance see,
And contraries clearly invest with consistency?
Identify rabidest Rads with tame Tories?
Extol of our great House of Commons the glories?
Give the Cutlers their kudos, the *Times* its jobation,
And say complimentary things of Creation?*
Great Briareus-Argus, compendious host,
What comfort there lurks in that saving "*almost*"!
Remember, you rule the round world, JOHN,—as thus,
We govern all nations, and *you* govern *us!*
At once prophet-pedagogue caustic and drastic,
Political posturer polished and plastic,
Thersites-cum-Pangloss! Forget yourself? Fie!
Sweet Tear'em, stand fast by the infinite "*I*,"
Or we all are undone, and your followers fond
May be plunged once again in that Slough of Despond!
Though your programme 's fulfilled, and you 're satisfied quite
With the ROEBUCK *régime*, yet but deign to delight
All our ears with a little thrasonical bounce,
Just to show how Old Tear'em *could* tickle and trounce,
And we too are content; but so long we have known
The bold bray of that big brazen trumpet (your own!)
That, without an occasional solo, we might
Forget,—but ah! no! that 's impossible quite!
Yet tootle, sweet Tear'em, and earn our best benisons;
And ho! all ye small budding MILTONS and TENNYSONS,
With epic ambition, materials grand
For a modern "Arthuriad" lie to your hand.
Mighty HOMER might murmur, for never such luck he had!
Who 'll run down to Sheffield and write the "Roebuckiad"?

* "Nobody can admire God's creation more than *I* do."—*Tear'em's Tribute.*

WONDERS AT A WATERING-PLACE.

(*From Our Special Penny-a-Liner.*)

THE inhabitants and visitors of Shrimply-upon-Sea have been thrown into a state of considerable excitement by a series of discoveries which have recently been made there. Shrimply-upon-Sea, as our readers are aware, is a well-frequented watering-place, fast rising in repute, and its lodgings-letters long have enjoyed the doubtful fame of being among the surliest and most slovenly of their kind. It is, therefore, the more singular that the discoveries have been made there, which we may proceed, without more prelude, to relate.

The facts are briefly these. On the arrival of the mid-day train last Monday afternoon (it being, as is usual, about fifty minutes late), a gentleman from London, of the well-known name of SMITH, engaged a sitting-room and bed-room, with a good view of the Sea, for the mutual accommodation of himself and better half. The simple word "APARTMENTS" attracting his attention, and no friendly introduction having led him to the house, MR. SMITH was much surprised at finding the door opened by a clean and civil handmaid, instead of by the dowdy and draggle-tailed young person who usually waits upon the lodger near the Sea. On entering the house, his astonishment was heightened by finding that the door-mat was not threadbare, nor the stair-carpet in holes; and his surprise was much increased by the subsequent discovery that the door

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A FAIR OFFER.

Athletic Barman. "NOW, IF YOU DON'T TAKE YOURSELF OFF, I'LL PRECIOUS SOON TURN YOU OUT!"

Pat (with a yell). "TUR-R-RN ME OUT! IS IT TUR-R-RN ME OUT! THIN, BEDAD! COME OUTSIDE, AN' TUR-R-RN ME OUT!!"

A BORE FOR JOHN BULL.

On wooden walls, in times of old,
Well-manned, we placed reliance,
Our own against the world could hold,
And bid all foes defiance.
On canvas wings our ships could speed
Athwart old Ocean wavy,
Till Steam arose, and we had need
To reconstruct the Navy.

Still men-of-war were heart of oak,
By foreigners unmated,
Till we to the discovery woke
They must be iron-plated.
Lest, quick, new monster-shells should send
Our ships to JONES, called DAVY,
Our millions we'd again to spend,
To reconstruct the Navy.

So, fast enough, we built a fleet
Of Warriors, iron-sided,
Which not a foe could dare to meet,
As fondly we confided.
Still "*Rule Britannia*" was our song,
No Briton be a slavey!
We never dreamed we'd have ere long
To reconstruct the Navy.

Our ocean-bulwarks, iron-bound
Soon after we had got 'em,
Torpedoes, to our grief we found,
Could penetrate at bottom.
And now that to our cost we know
A Ram their sides can stave, we
With sorrow once again must go
To reconstruct our Navy.

O task recurring without end,
Each time with more expenses!
But untold millions better spend,
Than trust to vain defences.
Out then, JOHN BULL, your money pour,
As beef that yields much gravy;
And brave that everlasting bore—
To reconstruct the Navy!

A COMPROMISE AT FULHAM—ON THE DISTRICT RAILWAY. — The Eastern position at the North-end Station.

of the bed-room could be shut without a bang, and that the windows of the parlour did not rattle to his tread.

Being induced by these allurements to engage the rooms forthwith, MR. SMITH was further able, at his leisure, to discover that he could sit at table without hurting his knees, and could recline upon the sofa without injuring his back. The easy chair, moreover, was not devoid of stuffing, nor fractured in its springs, nor was there any sign of weakness in its legs. Still more wondrous to relate, the white curtains were evidently recent from the wash, and upon the table-cover there was neither trace nor spot of candle-grease or ink!

Subsequent disclosures showed the like result. Both the bed-room candlesticks were furnished with extinguishers, and the two decanters were liberally provided with a stopper each. The wall-papers, though cheap, were not offensive to the eye; and the vases on the mantelshelf were neither of them cracked. MR. SMITH, moreover, found that he could even lift the water-jug without an inward tremble for the safety of the handle, and that his looking-glass did not need any propping with a hairbrush to prevent its twirling round upon a sudden while he shaved. His comfort, too, at meal-times was considerably heightened by his finding that the pepper-box, when shaken, very rarely lost its head, and that the two salt-cellars had a spoon apiece. Moreover, the carving-knife was *not* lose in the handle, and would actually cut; while, to his wife's astonishment and infinite delight, the lid of the tea-pot was so securely fastened, that it never took the liberty to drop into the cups.

As a climax to his comfort, MR. SMITH likewise discovered that not a single (nor a married) flea, nor any heavier insect, disturbed his light repose; nor did his mutton, nor his muffins, nor his marmalade, nor his money, stand in any danger of consumption by the Cat.

RARÆ NATANTES.

"*Dux fœmina facti*," says VIRGIL,
"*Ducks fœminæ factæ*," says *Punch*;
And *his* ducks are MISS BECKWITH and PARKER—
Web-footedest ducks of the bunch!

BAPTISM WITH A BOTTLE.

Two large canoes, according to the *Court Journal*, each hollowed from a single log of wood, were one day last week recovered from the bottom of the Loch of Kinnoord, Aberdeenshire, where they are supposed to have been lying for more than one thousand years, and whence another such canoe was fished up some time ago. "The largest canoe, on being drawn ashore, was christened by the MARCHIONESS OF HUNTLY, and a bottle of whiskey was broken over the bow."

This proceeding suggests questions more or less grave.

Everybody almost will be ready to ask what was the use of christening a canoe which had been for more than one thousand years under water? Had it not had more than enough of water—and that by immersion?

The answer, perhaps, will be that water is not the matter wherewith vessels—of that kind—are wont to be christened. They are christened with wine or spirits—as in the present instance with whiskey. In fact, their christening is a baptism to Bacchus.

A doubt might possibly arise in the minds of Ritualists whether the canoe christened by the MARCHIONESS OF HUNTLY had ever been christened before; and some of them may, therefore, suggest that her Ladyship ought to have given it merely a conditional christening. This point will perhaps be considered by MR. MACKONOCHIE and ARCHDEACON DENISON.

What do SIR WILFRID LAWSON and the United Kingdom Alliance think of christening a boat by breaking a bottle of whiskey over its bows? That it was about the best use which could have been made of a bottle of whiskey? Or, on reflection, will they not be rather inclined to regard the practice of christening vessels with ardent spirits or wine a vicious glorification of intoxicating liquors? What say the Teetotallers and their anti-Bacchic Momus, their *Falstaff*, who has abjured sack and addicted himself to thin potations? That is, if he himself really practises the dismal abstinence which he longs to have the power of enforcing upon others.

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SO CONSIDERATE.

Page. "PLEASE, 'M, COOK WISHED ME TO SAY WHEN MASTER 'LL BE DONE WITH THE *TIMES*,—AS SHE'S A WAITIN' FOR IT!!"

CAUSIDICUS AD CANEM.

My old Dog stands by the Temple Stairs,
Watching the water's turbid flow,
And he thinks, as the Autumn sunlight glares,
This is a river he ought to know.

He gives a strange suspicious sniff
As he sees the dark stream eddy along,
And dreams of a lazy loitering skiff,
Of a Lover's laugh, of a Lady's song.

First drops of a deluge, heavy and warm,
Under Marlow Bridge had driven us three,
And we rocked in our boat in the thunderstorm:
If either grew tired, dear Dog, 'twas he.

Ah, the days are here for the straining oars—
The life and the love our toil to crown!
You shall splash, old boy, from the soft green shores
Of a river unsoiled by London town.

INTOLERANCE IN TURKEY.

ACCORDING to the *Osservatore Romano*, the POPE, the other day, in replying to an address from some pilgrims, complained that Catholicism is persecuted in certain countries, especially in Germany and Switzerland. His Holiness added that—

"Even the Turk, who was lately tolerant, had become the protector of Neo-Schismatics."

The world at large imagines that, in thus acting, "the Turk" has only afforded another instance of his accustomed toleration. Not to protect the "Neo-Schismatics," or any other Schismatics needing protection, would be intolerance. But the protection of Schismatics, apparently, in the judgment of the POPE, is the persecution of the Church. Who shall dispute it, if His Holiness is really the infallible judge of faith and morals?

TITIENS WITH THE TROWEL.

ON Tuesday last week the first brick of the New National Opera House on the Thames Embankment was laid by MLLE. TITIENS. Here was a Brick laid by a Brick; a Foundation by a Songstress who has long been a main support of the Opera. The *Times*, in reporting this event, says, speaking of that Brick of a Vocalist—

"The lady descended by a stairway dressed with red cloth to that corner of the foundation which had been chosen for the honour, accompanied by MR. MAPLESON, MR. FOWLER, the architect, and some dozen gentlemen well known or interested in music, and all people and things musical, while about an equal number watched the proceedings from above."

There is one statement in the foregoing extract which in the minds of fair readers less thoughtful and more frivolous than those of *Punch*, will no doubt have created a sense of disappointment. MLLE. TITIENS, they are told, "descended by a stairway dressed with red cloth." Yes, that is all very well to know; but what dress did MLLE. TITIENS wear herself? This they are not told; whereas for them, it is just the one point in connection with the ceremony in which she figured about which they care to know, or take any interest.

Hero and Leander.

MRS. BROWN *to* BROWN, *who has a bad cold.*

CALL *yourself* a man,
Sitting there wrapped in flannel?
Rouse up, if you can—
And swim over the Channel!

BROWN *respondeth.*

I *will*, I declare,—
'Tis not gammon and spinach,—
If *you'll* do your share
By swimming to Greenwich!

[*Tallows his own nose in triumph.*

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L'INVITATION À LA VALSE.

SCENE—*The Weekly Children's Ball at the Casino, Briocheville-sur-Mer.* (*Entrance, to Non-Subscribers, Fivepence.*)

Master Isidore Bouchenœur. "VILL YOU, MEES MARY, MEK ME ZE HONORE OF TO DANCE ZIS VALSE VIS ME?"

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A PAGE FROM THE VISITORS' BOOK.

ROYAL HOTEL, TOURISTVILLE, BLANKSHIRE.

Names.	*Addresses.*	*Remarks.*
The EARL and COUNTESS TIPTOPINGTON and Suite	Tiptopington Castle, Chalkshire.	Highly recommended. (*Signed*) A. PERQUISITE, *Courier*.
MR. and MRS. PLANTAGENET SMITH	Birmingham.	Landlord most attentive and respectful. Company very select and genteel.
BARNEY O'TOOLE, Esq., of the Inner Temple (late Trin. Col. Dublin)	London.	Whiskey very good, if you ask for the Irish. Scotch bad.
ROB ROY M'GREGOR, of Gray's Inn (late St. Andrew's, Edinburgh)	London.	Whiskey good. Ask for the Scotch. Irish (almost) undrinkable.
MISS BRIDGET GRIMM and MISS ALLALONE	Clapham, near London.	MISS BRIDGET GRIMM desired me to say, that she found the Mistress of the local Sunday School most attentive to visitors, and the School children fairly advanced. (*Signed*) PRUDENCE ALLALONE.
THOMAS SNOOKS, Tourist	Dalston, London.	Beer good. Baccy indifferent.
CAPTAIN THE HON. HECTOR FEATHERBED	St. James's St., London.	Not bad hotel. Only take care to tell the Boots to use varnish instead of blacking.
COLONEL GOSH, U.S.A., Family, and Helps	New York, U.S.A.	Waited here ten minutes for dinner fixings while on the road to Paris, *viâ* Persia, Constantinople, Berlin, Scotland, and St. Petersburg. Slow.
MAJOR-GENERAL WELLINGTON BOMB and Family	Woolwich.	Found everything correct, and all on the alert. (*Signed*) W. BOMB, *Major-General*.
MRS. FLIRTINGTON and the MISSES FLIRTINGTON (3)	From Scarborough.	Found ourselves very comfortable. Farewell, dear Touristville! (*Signed*) MAUD F. Parting is such sweet sorrow! (*Signed*) NELLIE F. When shall we meet again? (*Signed*) ALICE F.
MARMADUKE MODS, CECIL SMALLS, FRANK FRESHMAN (Reading Party)	Ch. Ch., Oxford.	Fun; but bad place for cramming.
MR. D. I. S. PEPTIC	From Cheltenham.	I am afraid that the sheets were damp. (*Signed*) D. I. S. P.
MRS. MAJOR STINGY and Daughter	Bon Marchais, near Brussels.	The hotel was not so moderate as we were led (by friends) to believe it to be. (*Signed*) CHARITY STINGY.
Mr. Punch	85, Fleet Street, E.C., London.	Off at last. There is no place like home. By Order (*Signed*) TOBY, *Private Sec.*

THE HOUSE OF CALL FOR COUNTRYMEN.

MR. GLADSTONE the other day told the labourers of Hawarden that in a village like theirs there ought to be an institution which should—

"Assert its own existence and be a familiar, every-day part of life—an institution in which all families may take an interest, and in which they may find opportunities for culture united by judicious arrangements with opportunities of rest and recreation."

Perhaps Hawarden is, as it were, a village in Arcadia peopled with nymphs and swains, shepherds and shepherdesses, both equal to sing and prepared to reply in pastoral eclogues. The institution proper for a village like that would be, of course, a rural Athenæum. But are not the majority of English villages, unfortunately, so little like Hawarden that an average specimen of a rustic villager, if asked what sort of an institution he understood by that described in the eloquent language above quoted, would be almost certain to name the "White Horse" or the "Red Lion"?

A SECOND VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

Being an additional Chapter to "The Tour in the Hebrides."



"SIR," said DR. JOHNSON, "let us take a walk down Princes Street."

Finding the Great Man in so excellent a humour, I seized upon the opportunity to put to him many interesting questions.

"Sir," said I, "pray what do you think of Edinburgh?"

"I think, Sir," replied the Doctor, "that its name is most appropriate."

"Sir," I continued, in a fever of anticipation, "I shall be very much obliged to you if you will explain your meaning in greater detail."

Dr. Johnson. Sir, I am sorry that my meaning should require explanation. I say that the name Edinburgh is appropriate, because I find the City primitive and beautiful. ADAM and EVE would, doubtless, have held it in high consideration had they had the advantage of its possession. In short, Sir, they would have called it the Town of their Eden, or Edinburgh."

Mr. Boswell. A pun, Sir!

"It was a pun, Sir!" cried the Doctor, very angrily, and I hastened to change the subject.

"I am surprised to find, Sir," said I, "that HER MAJESTY does not reside at Edinburgh. Do you not think, Sir, that she might use her Scottish Palace at Christmas time?"

"No, Sir, I do not think so," replied the Doctor, "and I can find no reason for your surprise."

"Indeed, Sir!"

Dr. Johnson. Sir, were Her Most Gracious MAJESTY to dwell at Edinburgh at Christmas time, she would be put to great inconvenience. Her Most Gracious MAJESTY exhibits excellent sense in selecting Balmoral for her residence.

Mr. Boswell. Sir, I trust you do not call in question my loyalty to the House of Brunswick?

Dr. Johnson. Sir, I do not; I only question your wisdom.

Mr. Boswell. Sir, if I do not trouble you, will you explain to me why HER MAJESTY should avoid Edinburgh at Christmas time?

Dr. Johnson. Why, Sir, the very branches put up in honour of the festive season would treat her with disrespect!

Mr. Boswell. Indeed, Sir!

Dr. Johnson. Sir, if Her Most Gracious MAJESTY visited Edinburgh at Christmas time, would she not find *Holly-rood*?

Mr. Boswell. Another pun, Sir!

"It was another pun, Sir!" cried the Doctor, very wrathfully, and I said no more.

The next day we visited Stirling. We walked up to the Castle, and admired the magnificent view we there obtained of the surrounding country. We next examined the ramparts.

"These old walls, Sir," said I, "must weigh many thousand tons avoirdupois."

"Sir," replied the Doctor, "you should have said pounds *stirling!*"

"Another pun, Sir!" I exclaimed.

"It was another pun, Sir!" roared the Doctor, and I thought it best to hold my peace.

The next morning found us at Perth. Here we were received

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(LOCH) FYNE GRAMMAR.

(A Sad Fact for the School Board.)

Tugal. "DUD YE 'LL EVER SEE THE *I-OO-NA* ANY MORE BEFORE?"
Tonal. "SURELY I WAS."
Tugal. "AY, AY! MAYBE YOU WAS NEVER ON POARD TOO, AFTER THUS——"
Tonal. "I DUD."

A CYNIC ON CENTENARIES.

Two more Centenaries! The World 's gone mad
About this latest fashionable fad!
Here 's a suggestion—why not celebrate
The birth of ADAM? "Who will fix the date?"
What matter? He *was* born (ah! more 's the pity!)—
Be the exact date left to a Committee;
Say MANNING, HUXLEY, LIDDON, SMITH—a dozen
Of priests and savants equally well chosen;
And when by calculations just and joint
They 've settled *that* preliminary point,
Doubtless the human race will be quite ready
To answer with subscription stiff and steady.
National pride 's a localised insanity,
Our noble selves shown up by reflex vanity;
(That 's why the Teutons find such wondrous charm in
The glorifying of their hero, ARMIN;)
But ADAM all may claim: no learnèd German
Has yet made out *his* name, at home, was HERMANN.
Our *last* find is, four centuries ago
Was born the mighty MICHAEL ANGELO;
So, in pursuance of the latest fancy,
We must proclaim the fact with loud jactancy.*
Upon our tall talk it might clap a stopper,
Could BUONAROTTI 's spirit play eavesdropper
At R.A. council-doors! He who shook men so
In the strong days of JULIUS and LORENZO,
How would that eagle flutter our tame sparrows
Of Art, whose small strength braves small critics' arrows,
With prurience, half voluptuous, half ascetic,
Or puling commonplace, miscalled pathetic,
False mediævalism's fantastic flummeries,
Or mock Catholicism's vapid mummeries?
That Titan-thewed exalter of high themes,
How would *he* rate our Art's distracted dreams,
The petty peddling of its puny toilers,
And all the modern mystery of pot-boilers!
In fight for fame, which *now* would come off victor—
This giant, or the dainty West-End *pictor*,
Whose highest inspiration must be sought
In dull or doll-face, tame truth over-wrought,
Or in a well-paid manufacturer's order,
And dealer's *fiat*, *our* Art's best rewarder?
What a new light would glow upon "the Line."
From bull's-eye of the fierce old Florentine!
Punch recommends the thought to his Art-brothers,
As fitting *this* Centenary, of all others!

* Why should not *Punch* add to the language his translation of the French "*jactance*"?

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most hospitably by the gentry and the people. In the company of our host (a gentleman of the highest consideration in "The Fair City"), we ascended Kinnoul Hill, and greatly admired the splendid scenery.

"A very lovely spot, Sir," I ventured to observe.

Dr. Johnson. Sir, you are right. Sir, I have here found the people so kind-hearted, the City so handsome, and the scenery so magnificent, that I confess it would give me infinite satisfaction were I able to call the town in which I was born the place (as the Highlanders have it) of my *Perth!*

"A pun, Sir!" exclaimed our excellent host, and I could not help noticing that he seemed greatly surprised.

The Doctor made no reply, but I could see by the working of his countenance that he was suffering pain.

We came to our journey's end at Wick.

"What do you think of this place, Sir?" I asked.

Dr. Johnson. Sir, I think that the title of "The Modern Athens" should be conferred upon Wick rather than upon Edinburgh.

Mr. Boswell. Indeed, Sir! May I ask why?

Dr. Johnson. Why, Sir? Sir, you must be very dull. I say, Sir, that Wick should be called "The Modern Athens."

Mr. Boswell. I confess, Sir, that I am dull, and yet I cannot perceive why Wick should be called "The Modern Athens" rather than Edinburgh.

Dr. Johnson. Sir, you indeed must be dull if you do not associate Wick with the centre of *Greece!*

I was silent for a few minutes, and then I ventured to make a remark.

"Sir," said I, "you once expressed a very strong opinion about pun-makers. Sir, you asserted your belief that a man who would make a pun would be capable of picking a pocket."

Dr. Johnson. Sir, I believe so still.

Mr. Boswell. And yet, Sir, during the course of our tour, you have made a large number of puns.

Dr. Johnson. Sir, you have good grounds for what you assert. I admit, Sir, with a feeling of sorrow, that I have made many puns during our tour.

Mr. Boswell. Sir, may I venture to ask you why you have made so many puns?

"Sir," said DOCTOR JOHNSON, "the puns you have noticed are symptoms of a painful disease, known to men of letters as 'the Silly Fever.' I attribute the commencement of this melancholy malady to the depressing effects of a Scotch climate upon a Londoner in September!"

SING A SONG OF BRIGHTON!

SING a song of Brighton!
Pockets full of gold;
Skating-rinks, Aquarium,
Piers new and old.
When the Season opens,
The Stars begin to sing;
Wasn't it a famous place
When GEORGE THE FOURTH was king?
Pater, in the counting-house,
Slaves to make his money;
Mater, on the Esplanade,
Spends it, sweet as honey:
The girls are in the balconies,
Showing off their clothes—
And here comes a family
Distinguished by its nose!

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"PLEASANT ALL ROUND."

"Enfant Terrible" (after contemplating Visitor for some Time). "O, MR. BROWN, LET'S HAVE A GAME! WE'VE GOT A WHACKING BIG SPONGE UP-STAIRS! I WISH YOU'D SPONGE ON 'PA NOW; IT'D BE SUCH FUN! HE SAYS YOU ALWAYS DO AT THE CLUB——!!!"

[*Tableau!*

JOHN'S GROWL.

(*In re Aries* v. *Taurus.*)

JOHN BULL he stood, in no merry mood,
O'erlooking his silver streak.
Sighed he, "I have prided myself on my JACKS,
As a set-off to Red Tape and Sealing-Wax;
I never yet thought my Sea-doctors were quacks;
If they are, a new lot I must seek.
With my rivals in reg'ments I may not compete,
But, by Jingo, I *did* pin my faith to my Fleet!

"And when wooden walls and white wings were no more,
Done to death by the Iron-ribbed Demon,
I sighed, but submitted. Thinks I, while my shore
Is guarded by seaworthy ships as of yore,
I must bow to the change, though it 's rather a bore,
For at least it has left me my Seamen!
Trim hulk or black bulk, all is one; I've no fear,
While my Blue Jackets know how to fight and to steer.

"But now, by St. George, it is pitiful quite!
When the cannon-balls volley and hurtle,
What chance will my Iron-clads have in the fight,
If in peace—and a fog—JACK can't steer them aright,
But they ram one another—go down in my sight,
Run blindly ashore, or 'turn turtle'?
I've a nice show of ships, if on paper I tot 'em,
But they won't serve me much if they're half at the bottom!

"I have paid for them, too, at a pretty stiff rate,
These lumbering mountains of metal:
If matters go on as they have gone of late,
These lubbers of mine, high or low in the State,
Who can't build a seaworthy ship, or steer straight,
With me will accounts have to settle.
What with Public Opinion and Purse, 'twill be funny
If I do not get value received for my money!

WILLIAM THE WOODMAN.

IN one sense, MR. GLADSTONE is certainly a leveller. According to a Liverpool paper, two hours before the meeting at Hawarden on Tuesday evening:—

"MR. GLADSTONE was engaged in his favourite exercise of felling trees. For a portion of two days he has been wielding the axe upon a large tree in a lane at the outskirts of Hawarden village, and he succeeded in bringing it to the ground late yesterday afternoon. Those who saw him say that he went to work in true woodman fashion, with his braces thrown off behind him and his shirt collar unfastened. After completing his task, he walked home with his axe slung over his shoulder, and two hours afterwards was at the meeting, looking not tired and weary, but quite refreshed with his bodily labour."

The Right Honourable ex-Premier, depicted by a competent artist in the guise above described on his walk home, would most admirably serve for a wonder and a sign; namely, for the sign (*pace* SIR WILFRID LAWSON) of the Man in the Moon. Although his followers are disunited, he might be suitably represented carrying a bundle of real sticks. Long live the People's WILLIAM to fell timber, if he prefers that occupation to the Liberal Leadership and lopping national expenditure. It is an employment which may typify advanced Liberalism; but whilst WILLIAM is physically cutting down the Monarch of the Forest, his mind, when not engaged upon Vaticanism, is doubtless often most profoundly absorbed with the rumination of the wisest designs for the support and preservation of the British Monarchy.

OVERLOADED.

POWDER! what folly! why, you 're fair enough:
Your face speaks for itself and needs no—puff!

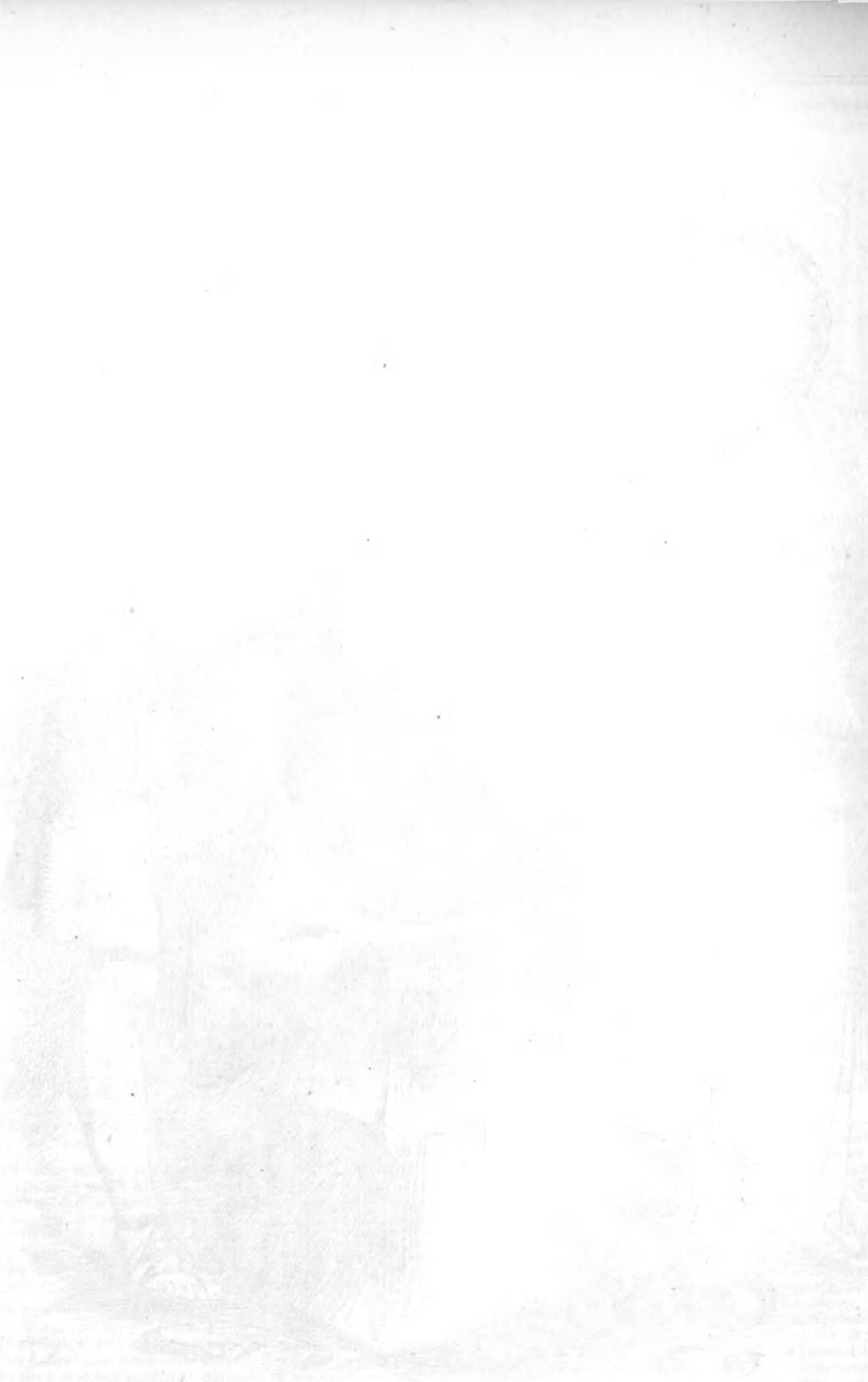
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WHO'S TO BLAME?

VULCAN. "IT'S NO FAULT OF MINE! I CAN MAKE A RAM; I CAN MAKE A TORPEDO; AND I CAN MAKE AN IRON SHIP! BUT I CAN'T TEACH YOU TO USE THEM!"

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SOME WONDERFUL WANTS.

THE wants of our fellow-creatures, some of them, claim our sympathy. Others may contribute to our amusement. Subjoined are a few of the latter kind, extracted from sundry both local and London journals. The first of the series, for which thanks are due to a country paper, might be imagined to have appeared in the *Medium*, the *Spiritualist*, or some other of *Mr. Punch's* necromantic contemporaries:—

IF MRS. FRANK BEVEN wishes to see her Mother before she is buried, she will come to her lodgings at once.—Address, &c.

In these days of "materialised" apparitions of the dead-alive at "dark *séances*," to those at least who credit them, not the slightest difficulty can present itself in the idea of a corpse walking to give anyone wishing to see it a look in. The Ghost does indeed walk now-a-days out of the theatre, and in the flesh, which naturally occasions wags, especially if Scotchmen, to remark that Spiritualism is all Walker.

A want rather unlikely to be readily supplied is experienced at—

HARTLEPOOL SCHOOL-BOARD.—WANTED, by the above Board, a FEMALE INFANT PUPIL TEACHER, in her third or fourth year.—Apply, not later than August 31st, 1875, to, &c.

A female infant pupil teacher in the third or even the fourth year of her age would be an infant very much more precocious, probably, than the world has for some time seen.

In another quarter there is—

WANTED, a ROAST COOK, also VEGETABLE MAID, thoroughly experienced, for first-class Hotel by seaside.—Reply, stating age, wages required, and where last employed, to, &c.

How a Roast Cook could want wages is a question which has not occurred to the mind whence this requisition proceeded. It is evidently in a frantic state. The postulant of a Roast Cook, perhaps, labouring under the mental delusion that he is a native of the interior of Africa, contemplates eating his Vegetable Maid, boiled, together with his Roast Cook. Cooks would really seem to be delicacies in the imagination of a certain insane class of advertisers. Subjoined is another inquiry for an esculent Cook:—

WANTED, a PLAIN COOK, to Bake. Two Cows kept; no family.—Address, &c.

The imaginary anthropophagist may be supposed to dream of eating his baked Plain Cook without sauce.

A story has lately gone the round of the papers about a father who rescued his child from the jaws of a crocodile; an incident which, whether it occurred or not, nobody can be surprised to see reported at this season. Perhaps the account of it put an idea into the head of a party who announces a—

NURSE WANTED. Four miles from Tonbridge. Two children. Able to take a baby from the mouth. £16 and all found. Help given in the Nursery. Address, &c.

Now that the better sex has so generally taken to swimming, it is at least conceivable that a Nurse could emulate the exploit of taking a baby from the mouth of an alligator.

A not uncommon want is expressed in an odd fashion by apparently an eccentric man of letters:—

A. E. I. O. U.—A Man, possessing the Five Vowels, Ability, Energy, Industry, Originality, Usefulness, seeks a Situation of emolument and trust.—Address, with particulars, &c.

Besides the five vowels, initials of the virtues abovenamed, there are, as LINDLEY MURRAY says, sometimes W and Y. W stands for Wisdom, which a man can hardly possess who expects any answer to an application for a place so very indefinitely described as the one which he means by a "situation of emolument and trust." It is, however, too probable that he could add Y to his vowels—Y for Yokel.

That same appellation may likewise be deemed applicable to the gentleman who meditates marriage in the circumstances thus candidly stated:—

A Respectable Single Gentleman, age forty-seven, income £50 per annum, would be glad to correspond with a Lady, with a view to marriage.—Address O 26, at the Printer's.

O 26, indeed! A better thing than matrimony for O 26 would be the employment which he could doubtless obtain by replying to the notification following:—

WANTED, a good-looking DONKEY, free from vice, to draw a Bath Chair.—Apply, &c.

Or this situation might also suit the man of five vowels and virtues, if the virtues are unqualified, and the advertiser is indeed justly describable as a "donkey free from vice."

Let us conclude this string of wants with the want of a droll individual who wants to sell a very extraordinary animal:—

JUST ARRIVED, a WILD BOAR, from the Brazils. Perfectly tame. To be SOLD.—Apply on board, &c.

This is obviously an advertisement to which there would be a peculiar impropriety in appending the notice that "No Irish need apply." Who indeed but an Irishman could expect to buy a tame wild boar? And, of course, if PAT came to be a customer for such a bargain, he would find that he had to deal with a compatriot.

It is a pity that advertisements such as the foregoing are dispersed throughout various newspapers. They would form pleasant reading arranged altogether in a continuous column, which might be set apart on purpose for them in an organ possibly to be established, and turn out a success, under the title of the *Colney Hatch Gazette*.

SWEETS OF THE SEA-SIDE.



Shingleton, near Dulborough.

SYMPATHISING MR. PUNCH,

WITH the desire of enjoying a few days of tranquillity and a few dips in the sea, I have arrived and taken lodgings at this "salubrious watering-place" (as the guide-books choose to call it), having heard that it was quiet, and possessed of a steep, cleanly, and bathe-inviting beach. As to the latter point, I find that fame has not belied it; but surely with a view to tempt me into suicide, some demon must have coupled the term "quiet" with this place. Quiet! Gracious Powers of Darkness! if this be your idea of a quiet spot to live in, I wonder what, according to your notion, need be added to its tumult to make a noisy town. Here is a list of aural tortures wherewith we are tormented, which may serve by way of time-table to advertise the musical attractions of the place:—

1 A.M.—Voices of the night. Revellers returning home.

1·30 A.M.—Duet, "*Io t'amo*," squealed upon the tiles, by the famous feline vocalists MADEMOISELLE MINETTE and SIGNOR CATTERWAULINI.

2 A.M.—Bare-arole and chorus, "*Bow wow wow*" (BACH), by the Bayers of the Moon.

3 A.M.—Song without words, by the early village cock.

3·30 A.M.—Chorus by his neighbours, high and low, mingling the treble of the Bantam with the Brahma's thorough bass.

4 A.M.—Twittering of swallows, and chirping of early birds, before they go to catch their worms.

4·45 A.M.—Meeting of two natives, of course *just* under your window, who converse in a stage-whisper at the tip-top of their voices.

5 A.M.—Stampede of fishermen, returning from their night's work in their heavy boots.

6 A.M.—Start of shrimpers, barefooted, but occasionally bawling.

7 A.M.—Shutters taken down, and small boys sally forth and shout to one another from the two ends of the street.

7·15 A.M.—"So-holes! fine fresh so-holes!"

7·30 A.M.—"Mack'reel! fower a shillun! Ma-a-ack'reel!"

8 A.M.—Piano play begins, and goes on until midnight.

8·25 A.M.—Barrel-organ at the corner. Banjo in the distance.

9 A.M.—German band to right of you. Ophicleide out of time, clarionette out of tune.

9·30 A.M.—"Pa-aper, mornin' pa-aper! *Daily Telegraft!*"

9·45 A.M.—German band to left of you. Clarionette and cornet both out of time and tune.

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10·15 A.M.—A key-bugler and a bag-piper a dozen yards apart.

11 A.M.—Performance of Punch and Toby, who barks more than is good for him.

11·30 A.M.—Bellowing black-faced ballad-bawlers, with their banjoes and their bones.

Such is our daily programme of music until noon, and such, with sundry variations, it continues until midnight. Small wonder that I have so little relish for my meals, and that, in spite of the sea air, I can hardly sleep a wink. I shall return to Town to-morrow, for surely all the street tormentors must be out of it, judging by the numbers that now plague the sad Sea-side.

MISERRIMUS.

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., *and Hon. Member of the Dullidillitanty Society.*

OLD furniture fanciers should avoid the localities where their taste has been especially consulted by the vendors of antique specimens.

Let them keep their eyes open, and remember that there is all the difference in furniture between a venerable appearance and a *veneer*-able appearance.

I know a clever man who can manufacture Elizabethan chairs and tables for a mere nothing, and turn them out as good as old. [Name and address on receipt of twelve stamps.]

To furnish Actively is to carry in your own furniture yourself, and place it where you like. This action need not be limited to your own furniture. You can carry in other people's. Only, to make such an action worth your while, it should be carried into your own house.



To furnish Passively is to give a general order, and let the Upholsterer carry it out, while you lie on a sofa and give yourself no further trouble about the matter. This is what a tradesman likes, whose motto is "Order is Heaven's First Law," and he will write to you to inform you that your "esteemed order" will receive every possible attention.

The conscientious Upholsterer will carry out your instructions, will carry in your furniture, will (as is said by SHAKSPEARE, who furnishes us with quotations) "set down ought in malice" and carry one, and go on carrying one, until he calls on you with his Little Bill—



and you say, "Dear me, how he 's grown! I had no idea he was so big!"

DECLENSION OF NOUNS AND ADJECTIVES.

The following Nouns, with their disqualifying Adjectives, should be declined altogether by every student of my Grammar of Decorative Art: *e.g.*,



Nominative. — A broken old cheap chair.

Possessive.—I have this broken old cheap chair (implying, "And I will sell it to you a bargain").

Objective.—I don't want your broken old cheap chair.

But remember your French polish, and invariably let such a qualified Noun be declined with thanks.

The Verb "To Furnish."—Of this Verb, as of all similar Verbs, there are three kinds, the Active, Passive, and Neuter: and it is also divided into Regular, Irregular, and Defective.

Neuter.—This relates to the tint of the papers, coverings, blinds, curtains, &c., &c.

First, in Wall Papers.—You must cautiously guard against the wall-papering so common now-a-days in external mural decorations.

The Art Student, having avoided the above, must be very careful in his choice of papers.

The first paper for choice will of course be *Punch*. *Cela va sans dire*. For your Dining-room you can't do better than choose certain low-toned papers. An example of

A Low-Toned Paper is the *Englishman*. I should unhesitatingly say, do not bring *this* into your dining-room or drawing-room, or library. There are a few other low-toned papers, whose tone is not quite so low as this, which may perhaps suit the taste of the present day. *A propos* of low-toned papers, it is a marvel to me (the author of this work) that the Authorities (whoever they may be) do not ask



me to decorate St. Paul's. Here is my suggestion for the Whispering Gallery: give it a low-toned paper. The Deans and Canons are welcome to this hint gratis. I trust the Canons are canons of good taste. But to resume.

There are some papers, which, for their washed-out appearance, might be called the weakly papers. But do not forget that, according to the sort of paper on which you ultimately decide, so must you choose your articles. A light paper will require light articles: a heavy paper, heavy articles. A neutral-tint would represent the political opinions of a Liberal-Conservative, and if this idea is carefully acted upon throughout, what opportunities for conversation will be afforded! The paper, whatever its tone, will speak for itself, and will speak for its proprietor.

Papers and Borders.—The question of borders will, perhaps, only occur for the parlour. Of course you must decide by your means whether you will have parlour-borders or not. Borders are placed at the extremes of papers; but this is less a question of extremes than of means. If you *do* have parlour-boarders, humour them, and avoid "crossing the boarders" in any way.

(*To be continued.*)

MELLOW PHILOSOPHY.

"I HAVE ceased," remarked a *blasé* cynic, "to care enough about my species to take any pleasure in saying disagreeable things."

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IN PROPRIÂ PERSONÂ.

First Medical Student. "THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION APPEARS TO COUNTENANCE VIVISECTION!"

Second Ditto. "I SHOULD THINK SO, AFTER THE WAY THEY CUT ME UP AT THE COLLEGE!"

THE ANGLO-FRANCO VOCABULARY.

To those about to Travel.

ALL the World and his Wife and Daughters are now thronging the Pier at Dover, crossing the capricious duckpond, clambering up the ladder on to the Quay at Calais, and, probably, many of the World's Daughters (British branch) will be afraid to air what little French they possess.

It should be a great comfort to these young ladies to know that now our beloved language, grating and harsh as all our continental neighbours declare it to be, is taking wider and surer root in fashionable foreign conversation.

ADA MARTINGALE would be astounded, after wearying her brain at MISS ATHENA GAMBOL'S over *cheval* and *chevaux*, to hear her chestnut called a "step-pair," or her brother's cob "un pau-nee."

The SLIPPERSON girls, who have left the Rink for the Righi, will ask in vain for any other translation of the "outside edge" than "ootzeeda ayshe;" and, though English spoken with a foreign pronunciation may not as yet *quite* supply the place of French, the following letter, from a lady of rank in Trouville to her friend at Etretat, will show what a long way it goes in that direction:—

MY DEAREST POPOTTE,

Tous les fashionable high-lifeurs de Paris, et même les tiptoppeuses de la vie aristocratique, se sont donné the meet sur la beach ici. Jamais, nevare no nevare je n'ai vu tant de keepsake vignettes, tant de splendid swells, tant de darling bébés together. Beautiful Meeses, Parisiennes charmantes, schöne damen, m'entourent. Les plus vaillants Gentlemen arrivent sur leur English Steppers ou leur American Trotteurs. Là c'est un breack à la Daumont, ici un Forinhan coché par LORD JIM JONES.

Remember, il faut absolument que tu sois introducée à Milady. Elle porte un amour de watterproof, et une billicoque garnie d'un aile de grouse, tout bonnement ravissante. Milady est aussi book-makeuse que n'importe qui, et je parierai 10 contre 1 qu'elle handicappera les fillies à marier par ici mieux que la PRINCESSE CHOCNOSOFF elle-même. "To be, or not to be," voilà la question, my dear.

A propos, l'Aquarium est all there à l'heure qu'il est; à nous maintenant le Rink, pour les flirteuses qui savent patiner, et le petit Rottinrô pour nos trotting girls, sur leur jolis hacks, et pour nos jumping gentlemen-riders et leur little grooms. Le lunch m'appelle, rien qu'une cotelette mottin-shope, et du pale-ale.

Mille kiss: à bientot. Good-baye.

Postscriptum.—Je suis invitée à prendre le five o'clock tea à bord le steamer-yacht de Milord. Son petit cherubin de midshipman, SIR JENKINS, ESQUIRE, m'attendra ce soir avec ses hearts of oaks dans leur gig. Comme disait ce cher Prince à Marlbrook House, "it will be orflée jolly." Encore good-baye. Shake hands for ever.

Postscriptum.—Retour du yacht. Après tout, ma très chère, les deux langues se ressemblent enormément. Je me suis entendue appeler par SIR JENKINS, ESQUIRE, "dam jolly." Evidemment ceci ne veut dire que "jolie dame," en langue de midshipman. Je m'en servirai à la première occasion. Good night.

A WAITER'S WARNING.

"ENTOMOLOGY IN PARLIAMENT STREET.—MR. FRANK W. DUFREY, 55, Parliament Street, writes to the *Field*:—'It will interest your entomological readers to hear that a fine specimen of the Death's-head Hawk Moth (*Acherontia atropos*) was taken in Parliament Street on Monday evening. It flew into the dining-room at the Red Lion Tavern, and was captured by one of the waiters, who was alarmed at its size and the peculiar noise it made. Apart from its being rather rubbed, it is a very good specimen of the largest of our lepidoptera, and is now in my possession."

"WILLIAM, where 's JOHN?
What, is he gone?"
"Not gone away, Sir.
Sorry to say, Sir,
JOHN ill a-bed, Sir,
Bad in 'is 'ed, Sir.
'Ad a great fright, Sir.
Turned 'is 'air wite, Sir.
Last Monday night, Sir."
"Struck down with fear!
How? Let me hear."
"'Orrible thing, Sir,
Came on the wing, Sir;
Window in through, Sir,
Suddently flew, Sir,
Into this room, Sir,
A shape from the tomb, Sir.
'Twasn't a bat, Sir;
No, Sir, not that, Sir:
Moth, Sir, we thought, Sir.
But wen it was caught, Sir,
Huttered a shriek, Sir,
A scream, Sir, a squeak, Sir!
Hinsect, you know, Sir,
Couldn't do so, Sir.
Wot should we find, Sir,
On its back, Sir, be'ind, Sir,
Printed, exact, Sir?—
A skull, Sir,—a fact, Sir!
JOHN gapsed for breath, Sir;
Thought it was Death, Sir—
Notice to quit, Sir.
JOHN was that frit, Sir,
JOHN 'ad a fit, Sir—
Went a'most mad, Sir.
JOHN very bad, Sir;
Better, bimeby, Sir:
'Opes JOHN won't die, Sir.
Doctor 'e said, Sir,
Moth, named Death's 'Ed, Sir,
In Natteral 'Istory, Sir;
Rare; but no mystery, Sir:
Honly a prize, Sir,
A catch in 'is heyes, Sir,
As a medical gent, Sir;
No call to repent, Sir—
That 's 'is belief, Sir.
A sirloin of beef, Sir,
Just up—very nice, Sir.
Bring you a slice, Sir?
Potatoes and greens, Sir—
And any French beans, Sir?"

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COMING DOWN IN THE WORLD.

Yearly Visitor to Sea-Side Shop. "YOU 'VE NOT GOT SO MANY JET ORNAMENTS AS YOU USED TO HAVE, MRS. BLACK!"

Mrs. Black. "AH, NO, MA'AM! YOU REMEMBER WHAT A RESPECTABLE CLASS OF GOODS I USED TO HAVE. NOW, FOLKS IS SATISFIED WITH ARTIFICIAL JEWELLERY AT 'ALF THE PRICE!"

LITERATURE *VERSUS* SCIENCE.

"Literature—that is a very high flight. Science—that is a higher flight still."—MR. GLADSTONE *at the Hawarden Literary Institute.*

YOUR pardon, dear GLADSTONE. We seldom dispute.
Are you rightly reported? *Punch* cannot be mute.
As a recognised leader and lover of Letters,
He will not admit the Professors his betters,
Or let ARCHIMEDES fly higher than HOMER,
Through whose infinite realm you 're a fortunate roamer.
Our NEWTON reached Science's summit, we know,
But on Poetry's peak was great SHAKSPEARE below?
Imagine the wrathful discussion 'twould kindle
If we had to decide 'twixt the Laureate and TYNDALL!

Punch, Proctor of Letters, designs no defiance
To the absolute definite value of Science;
But he holds that by logic 'tis clearly deducible
That the Pen beats retort and alembic and crucible,
Beats compass, theodolite, sewing-machine,
Creates or suggests them, and tells what they mean.
It gives us the easiest record of thought,
And without its strong aid all our Science were nought.

September's long lights cross the lawn and the garden,
You, statesman retired, enjoy autumn at Ha'arden;
Punch hopes, when you 've felled the due number of trees,
On the turf by the Castle there, sitting at ease,
You 'll just reconsider that saying of yours—
Since you 're one whose terse apophthegm always endures.
The different grooves which are occupied scan:
See, Science takes Nature, but Letters take Man—
Take Woman as well, a most exquisite field!
Think over that matter, dear GLADSTONE, and yield.

The Binomial Theorem 's something to strike; it
Was clever, no doubt—I prefer *As You Like It.*

ARCHIMEDES was deucedly wise on the cone,
ARISTOPHANES' *Birds* suit me better, I own:
And though Science must have her keen Surgeons with lancets,
Her Astronomers sage to watch Venus's transits
(From boudoir to drawing-room, doubtless, and back again),
Yet as long as life lasts men will tread the old track again,
Will follow the Pen, that can wing them afar
To regions beyond the least visible star,
Will smile just awhile at the Science experiment,
Then welcome pure Poetry's music, depth, merriment.

Since School-Boards have come a great change there must be,
And even ex-Premiers have learnt Rule of Three:
So, as Letters to Science is Dinner to Lunch—
Thus verily sayeth

Yours verily,
PUNCH.

Head and Foot.

THE following advertisement, extracted from a newspaper, might, if the Compton Hotel at Liverpool were not a respectable Inn, be capable of misconstruction:—

HEAD BOOTS WANTED, for the Compton Hotel, Liverpool.—Apply to MR. RUSSELL.

In too many common public-houses at Liverpool "Head Boots," it is to be feared, may be taken to mean boots with which ruffians are accustomed to kick people's skulls in.

THE NEW WORK.

O! TENDER-hearted sex,
What instincts in you work,
That you should take delight
In doing *crewel* work?

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"VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES."

Ragged Party. "Ah! I should never a' been reduced like this 'ere if it hadn't been for the Lawyers!"

Raggeder Ditto. "And look at me! All through my Title-Deeds bein' made into Banjos an' such like! Why, I spent a small fortun' advertisin' for one Tambourine as was supposed to a' been made out o' my Grandmother's Marriage-Settlement!!!"

LAWSON'S LAST.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson is a merry man. Indeed the adjective and the substantive might be very fitly conjoined, and the Honourable Baronet called a Merryman; a Mr. Merryman, but for the handle to his name. Say, as a Frenchman would, Sir Merryman. The Member for Carlisle has constituted himself a sort of Clown in the Temperance Ring. He may be regarded as the United Kingdom Alliance *Yorick*, whose jibes and flashes of merriment, in Liquor Law Debates and at Total Abstinence Tea-parties, are wont to set the tables in a roar. Such a *Yorick*, it may be suggested, would not have done in Denmark. We don't know that. Our Jester's jocosity is a great marvel you may suppose—he drinks no wine. Doesn't he? See *The Draper's* report of an entertainment lately given by a "Mr. George Moore, in his Cumberland Home," whereat—

"A Champagne luncheon was served in a large marquee.

"Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., presided; Mr. Moore sat on his right.

"Sir Wilfrid Lawson proceeded to say—'Gentlemen, I have to propose the health of our worthy host. . . . And . . . let us pay honour to our worthy host—the kind, the hospitable, the generous, the popular Mr. Moore; and I call on you now to drink his very good health with all the honours.'

"The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm."

Drunk in what? Champagne, doubtless, by the majority of the drinkers. But by Sir Wilfrid Lawson? As President of a Champagne lunch party, one would think, in Champagne too. At any rate, he not only countenanced people in drinking Champagne, but also warmly exhorted them to drink it in drinking a health which he well knew very few would drink in water. The President of the United Kingdom Alliance, in presiding at a Champagne lunch, proposing a toast to be drunk with all the honours in an intoxicating liquor, and presumably drinking it himself, has joked a joke immensely surpassing the most brilliant witticism he ever uttered; and the best of it is that the joker of this high joke is the Mover of the Permissive Bill in the House of Commons, and the Permissive Law Orator, who, liquoring up in Champagne, goes about clamouring for leave to be enabled "to rob a poor man of his beer."

ADDENDUM TO "YANKEE DOODLE."

Yankee doodle, doodle, doo,
Glory to the cross keys,
Scarlet Hat, Sirree, to you,
First of the M'Closkeys!
Pio Nono showed more sense
Than bespeaks a noodle,
Biretting of your Eminence—
And singin' Yankee doodle.
Yankee doodle, doodle, doo,
Yankee doodle dorum,
Yankee doodle slick right through.
Per sæcula sæculorum.

Mac is now a Papal Prince.
The Pope, by his creation,
A sense intended to evince
That we're a glorious nation.
Although we do not, in the main,
Belong to his communion,
He valleys neither France nor Spain
A cent above our Union.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Long years may Pius live to see,
But, sooner or else later,
'Tis like St. Peter's Chair will be
To fill, in course of Natur.
The Cardinals thereto will call
Some Cardinal or other;
'Taint no ways sure their choice won't fall
Upon their Yankee brother.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The Prisoner of the Vatican
Remains in self seclusion,
Because he is Eu-*ro*-pean,
And cherishes delusion.
A Yankee Pope would in Old Rome
Ne'er stay and sulk so frantic;
He'd shift the Holy See to home,
Make Popedom transatlantic.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The Pope of Rome, United States,
By our free Constitution,
Might curse whatever Prince he hates,
Nor fear a persecution.
Anathema by name might fling,
Accordin' to his adviser,
At Victor, the "Sub-Alpine King,"
Bismarck, or William Kaiser.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Rome Number Two Rome Number One—
Jeerusalem the Golden!—
Would flog, as in the cent'ry gone
New England flogged the Old 'un.
I reckon old St. Peter's Chair,
Or what them Romans call so,
We'd ship to home from over there,
And all its fixins also.
Yankee doodle, &c.

And Pilgrims then with Peter's pence,
Which his Successor collars,
Would shortly to arrive commence,
And bring no end of dollars.
Our Pontiff he'd be, I expect,
A valuable attraction,
And every soul of every sect
Would sing with satisfaction
Yankee doodle, &c.

So in the room of that old Hoss,
Which might be soon vacated,
M'Closkey may be made the Boss
That's to be venerated.
I reckon now he's got the Hat,
That he may come to wear a
Considerable more than that,—
The ginocine Tiara!
Yankee doodle, &c.

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NUPTIAL REFORM.



THE *Pall Mall Gazette* records a marriage in humble life, transacted with an exemplary simplicity. The bridegroom, a MR. JONES, employed at the Old Brentford Gasworks, had to be sent for thereto from Church, to which he came from his work coatless, with tucked-up shirt-sleeves, and smoking a pipe:—

"There being nobody present but the bride and another woman, JONES was asked who was to give the bride away, when, turning to the sexton, he replied, with much feeling, 'You can do that, Guv'nor.' On the conclusion of the ceremony the happy pair adjourned to a public-house, and after 'partaking of some refreshment,' they departed—the bride to her new home, and JONES to his work at the gas factory."

How glad many young men of the middle and even higher class, meditating matrimony, would be to be enabled to contract it with as little ceremony as what attended the nuptials of MR. and MRS. JONES! Of course, their customary morning dress including a coat, they would not come to Church from their employment in their mere shirt-sleeves, and if they adjourned from the altar to a public-house, it would be such an one as a decent restaurant or hotel. Thence the bridegroom, going like MR. JONES about his business, would go, after having partaken of a moderate refreshment, sober of course, and there would be nobody to remain behind drinking intoxicating liquors. The bride, satisfied to go home and wait there for her husband, would spare him all the expense of a wedding tour.

Too much praise cannot be given to MRS. JONES, and to MRS. JONES's relations, if she have any, for the readiness with which they entered into MR. JONES's views with regard to hymeneal ostentation. She is doubtless a sensible woman, and may be expected to make a wise man as happy as any husband can be who has to work for his living.

The subject of funeral reform has lately undergone much appropriate discussion in the dead season; but that of nuptial reform is equally suitable. Indeed, as a philosopher pleasantly remarked at a wedding breakfast, the marriage list in the newspapers, involving that of the births, represents the conditions necessary to those of the obituary.

MONSTERS AND BOGIES.

ARTILLERY, MR. MILTON tells us in *Paradise Lost*, was originally employed by a certain Generalissimo of Legions, one of which, considered to be under his special command, is that of the Inns of Court Volunteers. The original cannon appear, from MR. M.'s account, to have been monster guns, and may well be imagined to have resembled the 81-ton gun thus described in the *Times*:—

"The gun is mounted for proof on a sleigh or carriage composed mainly of iron—portions of the cheeks only being of wood—and carried on two six-wheeled bogie trucks. The bogies are pivoted under the sleigh by centre-pins working in square iron blocks, having springs fore and aft of each block."

The ordnance wherewithal the military Old Gentleman or Veteran, ex-Archangel, and Commander of the Rebel Hosts, assailed the Loyal troops under Major-General St. Michael, was invented by a Bogy, and constructed, as well as carried, by Bogies. It is natural to suppose that the Bogies introduced their own forms into the design of their field-pieces for ornament, like the dragons which decorate the now comparatively little, but formerly enormous, mortar in St. James's Park. A good sense of congruity and keeping was displayed in mounting the 81-ton gun on bogies. We trust that the bogy-borne gun will play Old Bogy with all at whom aggression may compel us to fire it.

GENEROSITY AND GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

ACCORDING to a letter in the *Times*, by MR. J. HARDCASTLE, the Trustees of Felsted Grammar School, Essex, and the Visitor, the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, have been behaving in a most generous and gentlemanlike manner to the REV. W. S. GRIGNON, Head Master of the School for nineteen years up to last June, when the Trustees and the Bishop summarily sent him about his business.

It is true MR. GRIGNON may pretend to have done the School some little service. He raised the number of boys from sixty-eight to two hundred and sixteen. Many of them have gained University and College distinctions. One of his pupils was last year's Senior Wrangler. When first MR. GRIGNON came to Felsted School, it was in a bad way. Under the clever management of a House Steward, it had fallen into debt eight hundred pounds, for which the Trustees were personally responsible. MR. GRIGNON, at their request, took the House-Stewardship on himself, paid off the debt, reduced the School expenses twenty per cent., and put an end to complaints of long standing about the diet. But then, finding double work too much for his strength, he gave the Stewardship up, so that his self-sacrifice was not entire. The Trustees hereupon appointed their own Clerk Steward. He was seventy years old, and lived six miles off. So he visited the School once a week, and his duties were almost wholly entrusted to, and equally neglected by, the Matron.

But, of course, no complaints from parents or guardians were made to the Trustees. MR. VELEY, their Steward, was also their Clerk. Complaints as to the Steward's department would have had to be carried to them through the Clerk. MR. VELEY would have had to complain of MR. VELEY. MR. VELEY is no Essex calf.

MR. GRIGNON did not follow MR. VELEY'S wise example.

In August last year diarrhœa and sore throat broke out in the School. In February last, scarlet fever. The drains, among other little matters, had been neglected. One boy, who sickened of scarlatina, was placed by the Steward or the Matron in the wardrobe-room, whence clothes were distributed to all the boys—certainly a slight mistake. All this may not have been quite the thing; but was there any occasion to make a fuss about it?

Nevertheless, in March, MR. GRIGNON sent the Trustees in a protest against the mismanagement of the School by the Matron and the House Steward. The Trustees perhaps took time to consider their reply. But MR. GRIGNON could not wait longer than till April, when he wrote a circular to the parents and guardians of the boys, disclaiming responsibility for the state of the School, and apprising them of his protest, and its failure!

That was bad enough—in the eyes of the indignant Trustees. But MR. GRIGNON was not content with that. About the same time he actually applied to the Charity Commissioners for an inquiry into the state of the School and its Trust!!

Accordingly, on the 6th of June last, the five Trustees—who ought, by the scheme of the School, to be eleven, but have omitted to fill up vacancies—met, and passed a resolution, subject to the approbation of the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, cashiering MR. GRIGNON. The Bishop approved of this noble and righteous resolution. It was communicated to MR. GRIGNON six days afterwards, when he was in the midst of a school examination.

MR. GRIGNON immediately forwarded a protest to the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER. DR. CLAUGHTON took no notice of it. MR. GRIGNON, in a fortnight, wrote to DR. CLAUGHTON again. DR. CLAUGHTON answered him through MESSRS. DAY AND HASSARD. Prompt and polite.

MR. HARDCASTLE says that MR. GRIGNON is fifty-two years old, received only £500 a-year, "is thrown on his own resources, and dismissed with a quarter's salary, with as little compunction as if he had been a drunken butler or a poaching gamekeeper." But had he not committed high treason against the majesty of the Trustees? Had he not been guilty of flat blasphemy in murmuring against their inscrutable ways? So, apparently, thought BISHOP CLAUGHTON. It is difficult to say which is the more admirable in this business—as told by MR. HARDCASTLE—the magnanimity, considerateness, and courtesy of the Trustees of Felsted School, or the behaviour of the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER. The Trustees, however, did perhaps only what might have been expected of them; but the conduct ascribed to the Bishop must be acknowledged to exceed everything that could have been imagined. It is, indeed, lovely if true.

IN-SOLENT BEHAVIOUR.—Getting too near the Royal Yacht.

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"UNCO CANNY."

Noble Sportsman. "MISSED, EH?"

Cautious Keeper. "WEEL, A' WADNA GANG QUITE SAE FAUR AS TO SAY THAT; BUT A' DOOT YE HAV'NA *EXACTLY* HIT."

FIE! FIE!

(*Aberdeen Station, Saturday, September* 18, 1875.)

THE account, in the *Times*, of the journey of the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, on their return from Scotland to Sandringham, records the following extraordinary incident:—

"Aberdeen was reached at nineteen minutes past twelve, or one minute late. On the platform were a few of the public officials and an unusually large concourse of the general public, embracing representatives of the leading families of the county and city."

WE 'VE heard of Scottish pride,
And something have believed,
But such a scene at Aberdeen
Must show us we 're deceived;
For rank and caste disowned,
This rather stiff-backed nation
Have taught us all, both great and small,
Our duty in our Station.

The Prince's train arrived—
What met the princely gaze?
A great surprise for Royal eyes,
In these decorous days:
Officials, steady men,
The Public, in high feather,
The county swells, the city belles—
Embracing all together!

BLOWING GREAT GUNS.

THE 35-ton Gun, named at its birth "The Woolwich Infant," was a strange monster; well, the 81-ton Gun may be fairly said to be a little Stranger.

OUR EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

AT STEIGITON not long since, on the meeting of the School-Board, there ensued a briak debate as to the duties of their Clerk. Certain members pleading ignorance as to what they had a right to expect their Clerk to do, it was explained by the Chairman that:—

"The duties of the Clerk were to give notice of meetings, and to mention special subjects to be considered; to keep the accounts, and to have them printed twice a year; to make any returns which the Education Department asked for, or which he required, and, under any circumstances, to make them once a year. The Clerk might appear for the Board in legal proceedings, and he must keep his office open at all reasonable hours that the rate-payers might inspect the books."

In addition to these trifles, it seemed to be considered that a Clerk should be a sort of general overseer and educational policeman, as well as a man of all work to the members of the Board.

Said one speaker, somewhat shrewdly:—

"Certain duties were defined, but the Act did not prevent other duties being done by the Clerk, which it might be proper to put on him in order to save a multiplicity of officers."

Considering their multiplicity of duties, candidates for School-Board Clerkships ought to be examined, with the view of testing thoroughly their fitness for the place; and, as there seems to be no knowing what a Clerk may be called upon to do, some few "flahing" questions like the following should certainly be put to him:—

1. What is your age, and weight, and power of physical endurance?
2. Can you write shorthand, and are you acquainted with the use of the boxing-gloves and globes?
3. For how long will you be satisfied to pocket without grumbling a salary not exceeding ninety pounds a year?
4. Can you clean boots, and will you be too proud, if called upon, to do so?
5. Who dragged whom, and when, round the walls of what?
6. Explain in a clear manner, and also with conciseness, the differential calculus, the origin of the digamma, and the atomic theory as applied to neutral salts.
7. Have you any taste for Art, and does your wife prefer chintz or *cretonne* for the covers of her drawing-room?
8. Cite the leading cases where the legal *cestui qui* trust of a copyhold assignment has established a contingent claim to the remainder, under the Act abolishing the use of lease and release?
9. When were you last vaccinated, and how much did it take?
10. Have you a good temper, and are you prepared to keep your office open until midnight, for inspection by the rate-payers, and to supply them gratis with pipes and gin-and-water whenever they drop in?
11. In case of sudden illness of any Teacher in your district, could you, at five minutes' notice, undertake to give instruction in Welsh, Russian, Greek, Turkish, trigonometry, therapeutics, geography, gymnastics, Hebrew, High Dutch, singing, dancing, Chinese, and thorough bass?
12. Do you go to Church or Chapel, and at which do you sleep best?
13. Explain and give the derivations of the following:—Cephalonian, Bacchante, Spectroscope, Herzegovina, Bunkum, Chiar-oscuro, Consols, Contango, Baker's Dozen, Bosh, and Baily's Beads.
14. Does your wife wear a Chignon, and, if so, how much did she pay for it?
15. Transpose the first six bars of the music of the Spheres, pointing out, by counterpoint, their melodic progression in A minor from B flat to F in alt.
16. Who were the Old Masters, and in what Schools did they teach?
17. A. having sold a horse to B. and his co-heirs, state under what circumstances the assignees of C. can claim a limited co-partnership of the estate in tail.
18. Does your Mother know that you are out of place?
19. Can you cook accounts, and make an apple dumpling?
20. If a boy persists in saying that C-a-t spells Dog, where do you conceive that he expects to go?

M'Swiney Corrected.

WHAT LORD MAYOR M'SWINEY'S NEW CRY *SHOULD* HAVE BEEN.—"Faith and Holy-Father Land."

THOUGHT BY A TOURIST.—Too many COOK'S Excursionists spoil the *table d'hôte*.

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POLO ON THE SEA.

AS IT IS TO BE PLAYED NEXT YEAR AT ALL THE FRENCH WATERING-PLACES.

BRITANNIA OBJECTS—

To the Admiralty Circular, of July 31st, to Captains of H.M. Ships, on the subject of fugitive Slaves.

"EH! what!" cries BRITANNIA, rubbing her eyes,
With a look of exceedingly startled surprise,
"'Supplementary Slave-Trade Instructions'?
I thought I had settled that little affair.
A pretty *postscriptum*, my Lords, I declare!
But I don't see my counterSign set anywhere,
To this newest of naval productions.

"My will, I conceived, was made clear to the world,
That, wherever my Union Jack was unfurled,
The Slave should find freedom thereunder.
That's a fair and square rule which all quibbles should quell,
But, as for this roundabout 'Circular,'—well,
It would tax a Sea-lawyer its bearings to tell:
One thing, though, is plain,—it's a blunder!

"No need for tall talk about ruling the waves,
But, at least, my 'broad rule' does not recognise Slaves,
Whether stretched o'er green land or blue ocean.
A legalised Serf on a free British ship
Is a novel conception not easy to grip.
Re-rivet the chains he has managed to slip?
I rather rebel at the notion!

"With Slave-owning powers my Sea-dogs and I
Will find it stiff work to keep terms,—if we try.
We hold them in scorn, and they hate us.
O! I fancy I see a Committee of JACKS
On a fugitive wretch coolly turning their backs,
Or holding palaver, like shore-going quacks,
With a view to 'determine his status'!

"My ships may not court the poor runaway thrall,
But, if once he's on board, upon Britons to call
Their prey to the sharks to surrender,
I fancy is coming it rather too strong.
I demur to the 'claims' of the shackle and thong,
And to 'rights' which are based on the blackest of wrong
One may be just a trifle too tender.

"Let them look to their 'chattels'! my craft were not made
To play any part in the Slave-snatching trade.
I have spent blood and bullion to burk it.
My stand has been taken, and if it should lead
To some trifle of trouble,—as well may succeed
When Honest Intent counters Villanous Greed,—
It is not my intention to shirk it.

"No, my Lords; your solicitude's thoughtful and kind,
I regret the result is not more to my mind.
When you give my old rule a new reading,
I might be consulted. At present, I hold
That your course in the case is a little too bold;
You had better hark back, for your counsels are cold,
And your glosses obscure and misleading.

"What philanthropists fought for, and legists confirm,
Shall not be evaded by wriggle and squirm,
Nice quibble, or politic paltering.
My Law is writ large for all Nations to see,—
Ashore or afloat, 'neath my Flag all are Free!
That's a very plain rule, and you'll reckon with me
If you think it requires any altering!

Riotous Religion.

THE papers have lately been enlivened with some edifying reports of "Roman Catholic Riots at Montreal." It is a wonder that the denomination thus applied to Riots has not brought out SIR GEORGE BOWYER with a protest against it. The idea that a riot can have a religion, Catholic or Protestant, appears very absurd, but the fact, nevertheless, is undeniably so; at least, wheresoever there is a Latin Race or an Irishry.

INSTANTANEOUS COMMUNICATION BETWEEN GUARD AND PASSENGERS BY RAILWAY.—A Tip!

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THE "FLAG OF FREEDOM."

First Lord of the Admiralty. "A RUNAWAY SLAVE, JOHN! YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE HIM UP, YOU KNOW! SEE OUR CIRCULAR OF 31st OF JULY."

John Bull. "GIVE 'IM UP, YER HONOUR!! AS WELL ORDER ME TO HAUL DOWN THAT THERE FLAG AT ONCE, SIR!!!"

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HOMEWARD BOUND.



IERPOINT—Are we materially better for our month's sojourn here?

What shall we give KATE?

Will MRS. KITTLESPARK, on the plea that we were a large family, and that the boys have been a good deal in and out, and not so observant of the scraper and mat as they might have been, make some charge at the last for the extra cleaning of the front-door steps?

Have we sufficient money to pay all our bills and take us home?

Shall we calculate exactly how much it has cost us, dividing our expenditure under different heads, and comparing our expenses here with what they would have been at Kilburn; or shall we waive all disturbing questions of finance, and rest contented with the reflection that we know now in middle life what a yawl is, have discovered a new kind of fancy bread, formed a nice acquaintance with dogfish and horse-mackerel, have been led to take an interest in the wind and the weather—which we hope to keep up in the North-Western suburbs of London—take EDMUND and EDWARD back bent on going to sea as soon as they are of an age to follow that precarious calling, and are all very brown?

Will Baby be good on the journey?

How many things shall we leave behind?

Shall we get all our fifteen packages (not to mention fresh prawns, pieces of seaweed, and cages with dormice) home safe?

How many cabs shall we require, and what will the Cabmen charge?

Shall we find the painting, papering, and cleaning at 58, Windermere Gardens, N.W., thoroughly and satisfactorily done, and quite finished?

Will absence have improved the servants, or the contrary?

Will Cook give us warning the morning after we arrive, because her present is not so good as SARAH'S?

Shall we find the cistern in good order, the gas all right, the roof sound, the spouting unexceptionable, the back garden door locked, the wardrobes and drawers undisturbed, and the wine-bin intact?

Will the garden be a wilderness?

Will the beds be well aired?

Will the joiners and masons still be hammering and knocking at No. 49, directly opposite?

What sort of weather will it be in London?

Will there be as much East wind at Kilburn as at Pierpoint?

Will it rain when we arrive?

Shall we find anybody in Town?

Shall we not, on the first evening of our return, say (children, perhaps, excepted) "After all, there is no place like home"?

Shall we feel to have very much the advantage of our friends and neighbours, the MUSKHAMS, who have stayed at home this year, or shall we, on the whole, envy them?

Will this be the very last time we shall go to the Sea?

VERY IMPORTANT!

BY some unaccountable mistake, the following "Extra Parliamentary utterances" have not been reported in the London Newspapers. *Mr. Punch*, ever anxious to do full justice to the wisdom of our Legislators, begs to supply the omission. It will be noticed that the following speeches do not differ materially from the orations so frequently telegraphed to the Metropolis for publication at this pleasant season of the year:—

TORYSHIRE.

On Monday last SIR PERCY PROSY, Bart. (M.P. for the Eastern Division of this County), attended a meeting of his Constituents, held in the Banqueting Hall of the Blue Lion Inn and Hotel, Dullborough. The Hon. Baronet was supported by the greater part of the Bench of Magistrates, the Town Clerk, and others of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. So great was the interest taken in the proceedings, that at one time no less than fifteen persons were present in the magnificent saloon provided for the auspicious occasion by MR. CIDERBEER, the enterprising landlord of the Blue Lion Inn and Hotel at Dullborough.

The Hon. Baronet said that he had great pleasure in meeting his Constituents once again. Although he had not had occasion to speak in the House of Commons during the past Session, those of his Constituents who had perused the local Conservative paper of Dullborough would have noticed that his votes had been always given for those measures which had received the sanction of that Great Man, that Magnificent Statesman, that Excellent Financier, his Right Hon. friend MR. DISRAELI. ("*Hear, hear!*") He had much pleasure in telling them that the country was prosperous, and that, at the present moment, England, he might say Great Britain, was at peace with all nations. (*Cheers.*) There had been some heavy rains in the summer, but now they seemed to be enjoying fine weather. ("*Hear!*") This was very satisfactory. ("*Hear, hear!*") He could further say that the great question of granting a Government grant for the improvement of that noble structure—the Dullborough Town Pump (*cheers*) was now under consideration. (*Enthusiastic cheering.*) Nay, more, he had been assured by one of the Ministry of this great fact. (*Great cheering.*) He knew the question of the Dullborough Town Pump was a matter of deep interest in the County, and he was glad to be in a position to give them such welcome news. (*Cheers.*) The Member of the Ministry ("*hear, hear!*") from whom he derived his information very kindly added that the Cabinet, as a body, extended their great appreciation of the Town Pumps of Dullborough to the Pumps of Toryshire collectively and individually. ("*Hear, hear!*") He was pleased that a Merchant Shipping Bill had been passed, and was very well satisfied with the Budget. He had nothing more to say. (*Cheers.*)

After the meeting had listened to two or three speeches of purely local importance, a vote of confidence in SIR PERCY PROSY, Bart., M.P., was passed unanimously.

GLITTERBOROUGH.

On Tuesday last MR. WAGG, M.P. (of the firm of MESSRS. WAGG, CASH, AND WAGG, General Merchants), met his Constituents at the new hotel recently erected in this rapidly rising town. The magnificent saloon was crowded in every part. On the platform were the Mayor and MESSRS. THOMPSON, SMITH, SNOOKS, BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, MR. ALDERMAN WILKINS, and other persons distinguished in the worlds of Fashion, Literature, and Art.

MR. WAGG said that he felt like the Clown in the Christmas Pantomime when he observed "Here we are again!" (*Loud laughter.*) Well, he had nothing much to say. (*A laugh.*) His friend the Prime Minister (*a laugh*) had at length reached the summit of his ambition—what he might call a "Dizzy" height. (*Shouts of laughter.*) Peace seemed to be the order of the day—not the DEY OF ALGIERS ("*hear, hear!*") in China. This was most fortunate, as everybody knew that China was a very brittle article. (*Loud laughter.*) He was glad, therefore, that the Government had been tender with China. (*Renewed laughter.*) He did not think that a single Act that had received the Royal Assent during the past Session could be of any service to anyone. ("*Hear, hear!*") He could not give his reasons for this assertion—was he not a Liberal? (*Cheers.*) As a Liberal, he claimed the right to do, to say, and to think what he pleased, without consulting anybody. ("*Hear!*") Of course he excepted his Constituents, whose will was at all times his very sternest law. (*Cheers.*) As for the Session, like old *Mother Hubbard's* cupboard—there was nothing in it. (*Shouts of laughter.*)

A vote of confidence in the Hon. Gentleman was then passed in the customary manner, and shortly afterwards the meeting separated in great good humour.

POCKETBOROUGH.

On Wednesday the MARQUIS of PERKYBOY (grandson of His Grace the DUKE OF CURFEW, to whose title he is the heir) met the tenants of Pocketborough at a luncheon given in the Duke's grounds.

The Noble Marquis said that he had much pleasure in meeting his Grandfather's tenants. (*Enthusiastic applause.*) Their greeting was so very kindly that he wished he could call them his friends—but that he could not do, as he regarded them as his enemies. He called them enemies because he knew perfectly well that he did not in the least represent their opinions. (*Murmurs.*) They were enemies to the Constitution of their country. (*Renewed murmurs.*) He justified his assertion by pointing out to them that they made no sort of use of that noblest of institutions, the Ballot. (*Loud murmurs.*) His opinions, he knew, were not shared by his Grandfather. (*Loud and long-continued cheering.*) He told his Grandfather (*renewed applause*), years ago, when he (the Noble Marquis) was a boy at Eton—in fact it was in 1873—that without the Ballot the country would be lost. As to the past Session, his Constituents, or

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rather his Grandfather's tenants, would notice that he had been Counted Out when he had made an attempt to abolish the Established Church and the House of Lords. (*Cheers.*) Well, as he said before, he knew that he did not represent them. That was their fault. Why did they not get another man? (*Loud murmurs.*) In common fairness, however, he must warn them that so long as he retained a seat in the House of Commons he would certainly work with might and main to change England from a Kingdom into a Republic. (*Loud murmurs.*)

MR. PAIDWELL (Agent to His Grace the DUKE OF CURFEW) admitted that the sentiments of the Noble Marquis were perhaps a little extreme. They were charmingly expressed; but perhaps, taking everything into consideration, they could scarcely be said to be quite the sentiments of a High Tory. Now they were all High Tories in that town (*loud cheers*), and as High Tories he was quite sure that they would not forget that Pocketborough, from time immemorial, had been represented by the heir to the estates and title now belonging to his (MR. PAIDWELL'S) noble employer, His Grace the DUKE OF CURFEW. (*Enthusiastic cheering.*) He therefore begged to move a vote of entire confidence in the Noble Marquis who had so ably represented them, during the past Session, in the Junior Chamber of the Legislature.

A vote of confidence in the views of the Noble Marquis was then passed unanimously amidst much enthusiasm.

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, ESQ., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., *and Hon. Member of the Dullidillitanty Society.*

Walls have Ears.—This is a sufficient reason for not giving them *tongues* as well, or they might be dangerous. The tone therefore should be as low as possible, in fact a *dumb pattern* would be by far the best. I have seen the shapes of blue bells worked into such a paper. This might be adopted in dumb-bells.



Note.—While mentioning dumb-bells I would strongly advise all those about to furnish a house, to well consider the subject of bell-hanging and bell-ringing. Why should we have those startling sounds disturbing your slumber, frightening you out of your repose, and startling you at your studies? No, I have a new plan of dumb-bells, which I think will be *the* invention of the age.

Your wires (electric) should all work in one room, and one servant, a page boy, should be kept to attend solely and only to the bells.

At the end of each wire is a dumb-bell, and the boy sits on a stool in the centre of the small office down-stairs.

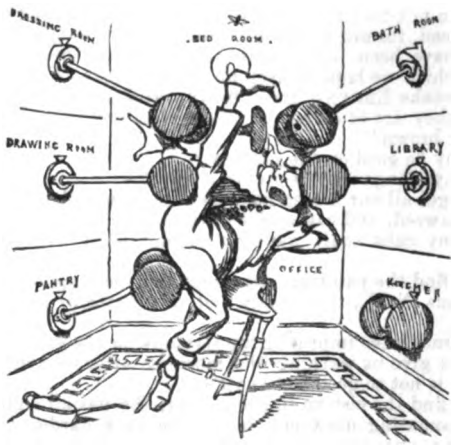
SECTIONS SHOWING ACTION OF DUMB-BELLS.

1. Dressing-Room.	2. Bed-Room.	3. Bath-Room.
4. Drawing-Room.	5. Dining-Room.	6. Library.
7. Pantry.	8. Bell's Messenger Office.	9. Kitchen.

1. Gentleman in a hurry ringing for his boots.
2. Lady ringing for her cup of tea.
3. Gentleman ringing to say he has turned the hot water on and can't turn it off again.
4. Lady ringing to show visitors out.
5. Gentleman ringing to know why he is being kept waiting for his pudding.
6. Gentleman ringing to know what the dickens they've done with his blotting-paper.
7. Butler and footman discussing politics.
9. Cook, housemaid, and ladies-maid entertaining their cousins the civil and military.
8. The Dumb-bell Boy.



DUMB-BELL BOY SEATED. NO BUSINESS BEING TRANSACTED.



THE DUMB-BELL SYSTEM IN FULL OPERATION.

Having for the time exhausted this portion of the subject of bells, I leave my *casus belli*—this joke is a side-board splitter, calculated to set a table in a roar—and return for awhile to the peaceful topic of paper patterns and walls.

(*To be continued.*)

PUNCH ON THE BRIDGE.

(*Common-sense Counsel for Common-Councilmen.*)

PUNCH "stood on the bridge at midnight," when Big Ben was tolling the hour,
And an Autumn moon was gleaming through the mists above the Tower.
The Bridge was that self-same structure on whose wreck MACAULAY'S Maori
Will sit to portray, at no distant day, St. Paul's as a ruin hoary.

Thinks *Mr. Punch*—"Should that Maori bring a bit of the Bridge his view in,
'Twere well that he and his public should see the grandeur of greatness in ruin.
But if these confounded Councilmen are allowed to mess and mull,
What unlimited scorn critics yet unborn will heap on the late JOHN BULL!

"Methinks I hear the Sketcher's sneer, his pencil as fast he plies,
'O land of WREN and RENNIE, thou wert wealthy, but not wise!
Yon dome is a decent dome, indeed, in contour and proportion;
But the Bridge—O buried London, what a nondescript abortion!

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SYMPATHY.

Plain-featured Party, who is a strong advocate for Cremation, begs his Friend will see that his remains are submitted to that process, in case of his sudden death.

His Friend. "ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN. BUT—A—HADN'T YOU BETTER WAIT TILL THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER?"

MISTAKES ABOUT SCOTLAND.

(Contributed by a Converted Cockney.)

IT is a mistake to believe that every Scotchman, when he goes to Edinburgh, immediately walks down Princes Street clad in the ancient costume of the Highlanders.

It is a mistake to believe that the *pièce de résistance* at every Scotch dinner-party is a Haggis.

It is a mistake to believe that a Scotchman does not enjoy a joke every bit as much as an Englishman.

It is a mistake to believe that a Scotch Sabbath in the country is a whit more *triste* than an English Sunday in the provinces.

It is a mistake to believe that a Scotchman sets a greater value upon his "bawbee" than an Englishman upon his shilling or an American upon his dollar.

It is a mistake to believe that inns in Scotland are dearer and less comfortable than hotels in England.

It is a mistake to believe that we have a City in England that can compare favourably (from an architectural point of view) with the town of Edinburgh.

It is a mistake to believe that it always rains in the Isle of Skye.

It is a mistake to believe that there are no more "Fair Maids" in the houses of Perth.

It is a mistake to believe that Hampstead Heath is as beautiful as Dunkeld.

It is a mistake to believe that the Caledonian Canal is at all like the Serpentine.

It is a mistake to believe that Aberdeen is less imposing in appearance than Chelsea or Islington.

It is a mistake to believe that the countrymen of SCOTT and BURNS do not appreciate the works of SHAKSPEARE, MILTON, BYRON, DICKENS, THACKERAY, and TENNYSON.

And, lastly (this is added to the Cockney's list by the wisest Sage of this or any other age), it is the greatest mistake of all to believe that *Mr. Punch* does not like and respect (in spite of an occasional joke made at their expense) the kindly, homely, sound-hearted people who live North of the Tweed.

A LITTLE DIALOGUE AT "THE C. S. C. STORES."

"AUSTRALIAN Beef has gone up,
I'm sorry to see, MRS. BROWN."
"Alas! my dear MRS. SMITH,
With us it has never gone down!"

"'And yet 'tis written that once it stood, the pride of the Thames that washed it,
Till a league of Common Councilmen—the boobies!—went and boshed it.
JOHN BULL, no doubt was a Trader stout, but methinks it seems a pity
That tasteless greed had so tight a grip on the purse-strings of his City.'"

Quoth *Mr. Punch*, "This will never do! These turtle-gulping Vandals
Must not be permitted to perpetrate this sorriest of scandals.
JOHN'S happiest part is not High Art, and Æsthetics rather fog him,
But to make him kick at this sort of trick, there is only need to jog him.

"I, *Punch*, must play the *Pontifex*, and quash this skinflint quorum;
(The only bridge *they* should meddle with is the old *Pons Asinorum.*)
On rival plans, and piers, and spans, let the rival C.E.'s squabble,
But a bridge like this is no thing, I wis, for the dolts to botch and cobble.

"Trade must have way, and if JOHN 's to pay, he has cash, and is good to give it;
But he shan't be lured into bogus schemes by the spell of a gilded rivet.
Though boiler-plate be a blessed thing, and the paint-pot Sham's sheet-anchor,
Yet the patchwork span these potterers plan might inspire a Saint with rancour.

"The *Gradgrind* theory's sway is wide in this money-grubbing grim age;
But a bridge as heterogeneous as KING NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S image
Is a quite superfluous eyesore, a gratuitous concession
To the Demon of Utter Ugliness which holds us in possession.

"Up, up, æsthetic RUSKIN, then! Come forth with lash and lecture,
Thou foe of jobs and jumbles and hybrid Architecture!
Thy scourge and *Punch's bâton*, JOHN, together plied, must trounce ill,
If they do not wake to wisdom e'en a Court of Common Council."

CONSERVATIVE EDUCATION.

MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—I hear people call the present Ministry Tories. Sir, I say they are not even Conservatives. Here is MR. CROSS actually opening an Educational Bazaar at Orwell, and making a speech in which he tells workpeople that they might as well starve their children as not send them to school! MR. FORSTER could not have said more, and I don't see a pin to choose between FORSTER and CROSS, nor indeed between DISRAELI and GLADSTONE, for the matter of that. Education! Why, wasn't it DIZZY himself who boasted that he had educated his Party, and now his Party begins to talk, not only of educating the People, but of compelling them to be educated. He has given them a "Liberal education" with a vengeance. But he hasn't educated me. I hold to the belief that popular education is as dangerous politically as it is pecuniarily expensive. It will only make the working classes dissatisfied with their lot in life. Don't tell me education will prevent drunkenness. A sufficient preventive of drunkenness would be the Stocks, if we had a genuine Conservative and Tory Government to revive them amongst other good old Institutions insanely abolished. I know there is no hope of such Conservative legislation as that. Some say CROSS is what they call in advance of his colleagues; but, no doubt, they will soon all give in to the cry for education to keep in office—the time-servers! They 're all alike to

Yours, in disgust,

AN UNEDUCATED TORY.

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PREPARATION!

Parson's Daughter (to the Squire's Keeper). "WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THE PHEASANTS, MUGGINS?"

Keeper. "WELL, MISS, THERE'S A LOT O' CITY GENTS A COMIN' DOWN WITH MASTER TO SHOOT ON THE FIRST, SO I 'M A TAKIN' A FEW O' THEIR FLIGHT FEATHERS OUT!"

GENTLEMEN HELPS.

(Apply to Punch's Registration Office.)

REGINALD DEUCRACE wants an Engagement in a decent Family. Snobs objected to, and needn't come bothering. He doesn't intend to do any dirty work, and he is going to get up when he likes; but in return for a liberal salary, he will teach his Employer any or every game of cards that exists, give him a few wrinkles for Pool, make him a book on the next Derby, and teach him to mix American drinks.

MEDICUS (Middlesex Hospital) has studied this question, and sees that Helps are only to be used when there can be three or four of them. He knows three other first-rate fellows (all ploughed in last Exam.) who would be very happy to join him, and get an Engagement in a comfortable house (as their present lodgings are beastly), where there is a billiard-table. In return for their grub and bed, they will all be delighted to perform operations on their Employer, to write him as many prescriptions as he likes, and if they kill him, will dissect him in the most artistic manner. Troublesome dogs or cats in the neighbourhood promptly vivisected. N.B.—No old frumps, or Ladies who object to Beer or Birdseye, need apply.

HON. FITZROY PLANTAGENET has heard of this sort of thing, and thinks it will suit him down to the ground. He has no objection to living in anybody's house, and being treated as one of the Family, if he is paid a pot of money for it.

F. O. CLARK wants an Engagement in a Provincial Family desirous of entering Society. His terms are high, but he is worth the money, having been in good Society all his life. He will teach the men of the family to walk, talk, bow, ride, and generally behave themselves everywhere, from the ring at Doncaster to a ball at Buckingham Palace. He will impart instruction to the girls in dancing, flirting, and polite conversation. If his efforts meet with success, he will furnish his employers with some good introductions.

JOHN (generally called JACK) HARKAWAY, having come a howler over the Leger, is stumped. Wishes to come across a muff, who wants it taken out of his horses. Doesn't mind tooling a drag or tandem in the Park, but objects to a one-horse brougham. Will drive his Master to fires, but won't wait outside theatres, and will be blowed if he 'll put on livery.

WOOD B. BENEDICT thinks it 's all very well talking about ninety million (he is not quite certain about the figures) superfluous women, but there seem to be a jolly lot of superfluous men. He is one. He has got five hundred a year, and only spends a thousand, but he wants to marry and settle down, only the girls of the present day are so sharp. If any of this superfluous stock (under forty, and with more than two thousand pounds a year) will marry him, he don't mind. P.S.—He never advertised before, but, while he is about it, will do the right thing. N.B.—Reduction made on taking a quantity.

AN UNLUCKY OMISSION.

IT is much to be regretted—considering the comments called forth by the letter which COLONEL PONSONBY, by HER MAJESTY'S command, lately addressed to the Commodore of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club—that the letter was not printed in its entirety. It was written on two pages, the second of which seems to have been detached by some unlucky accident before the letter reached the papers.

Punch is glad to be able to supply the missing passage:—

"At the same time, the QUEEN has commanded me to remind all Officers of Her Majesty's Navy of the importance, especially in the navigation of much-frequented waters, of keeping a careful look-out, and never, under any circumstances, exceeding such a rate of speed as will leave them in thorough control of their vessels. Above all, the QUEEN hopes the Officers of her Navy will bear in mind that the maritime rule of the road—according to which vessels under steam shall give way to vessels under sail, as being less manageable—admits of no exception, whatever be the dignity of the flag or rank of the passengers on board of the vessel on which steam is employed."

Had this passage of the letter accompanied the portion already made public, we should probably have heard nothing of the disagreeable comments provoked by the publication of the first part only, without the context.

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A STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY.

SCENE—*A French Shop at the Sea-side.*

Young Lady (*wishing to improve her French*). "O—ER—ESKER VOOS AVVY——"
Tradesman (*wishing to show off his English*). "O YES, MEESS—SAIRTENLY!"
Young Lady. "ALORE VOOLY VOO ONVOYAY——" *Tradesman.* "VATEVARE YOU VILL PLEASE, MEESS!—VARE?"
Young Lady. "ER—JE DEMURY ROO DE L'ECKEW, NEWMERO——" *Tradesman.* "VAT NOMBARE, MEESS?"
Young Lady. "O, KATTER-VANG-KANGS; VIZERVEE LE BEWRO DE——"
Tradesman. "YES, MEESS—IN FAICE OF ZE OFFECE OF POST.—VAT A BEAUTIFOOL TIME IT MEKS TO-DAY!" &c., &c., &c.

THE LATEST FASHION.

SCENE—*Pall Mall.* TIME—*Three* P.M. Perfect Swell *discovered lounging down the shady side. He wears the costume of "a Gentleman of the period." To him enter* Imperfect Swell, *attired in a suit of huge cheque dittos and a Prussian Helmet wideawake hat. They encounter one another.*

Imperfect Swell (*surprised, but hearty*). Hallo, you here! How are you?

Perfect Swell (*annoyed, but polite*). How are you? (*Trying to avoid* Imperfect Swell.) Good-bye. See you again soon.

Imperfect Swell (*laughing*). I don't think you will for some time. Fact is, I came from Switzerland yesterday, and to-morrow am off to the Highlands. Only passing through, you know.

Perfect Swell (*making another attempt to get away*). Hope you'll enjoy yourself. Good-bye.

Imperfect Swell (*not to be put off*). But I say, look here. Why are you wearing a frock-coat and all that sort of thing, eh? Been to a wedding?

Perfect Swell. No.

Imperfect Swell (*surprised*). No! Then why do you wear 'em?

Perfect Swell. I am wearing them, I suppose, because every fellow wears them. I mean to say (*looking at Tourist costume with intention*), they seem to be the sort of things *most* fellows are wearing just now.

Imperfect Swell (*subdued*). Really! Well, you see, I've been away such a long time, that I'm quite out of it. But, I say—what are you doing here? Passing through, eh?

Perfect Swell. O dear no. Been staying in Town for the last three weeks.

Imperfect Swell. Come, you are joking! Staying in Town in October!

Perfect Swell. Of course. Everybody here. But I am so sorry. Really must run away—promised to meet a fellow at PRINCE'S at four. Ta, ta! [*Exit, with a sigh of relief.*

Imperfect Swell. Everybody in Town! Well, then, the Highlands must wait!

[*Exit, to "wake up" his Tailor. Later in the day he dines at his Club* (*established* 187-), *in full evening costume, to the surprise of his friends, and the envy of his acquaintances.*

MORE CIVIC IMPROVEMENTS!

IN consequence of the very successful manner in which the plan for the degradation of London Bridge has been devised and accepted, several proposals for the further improvement of the Metropolis will be brought forward at the next meeting of the Common Council:—

1. To avoid the *détour* of St. Paul's Churchyard, it will be proposed to throw open the Cathedral as a public thoroughfare. Carriages and carts will pass through at a walking pace.

2. Owing to the complaints made by several members of the Common Council, who are also members of St. Stephen's Club, of the interruption to their slumbers by Big Ben, a suggestion will be made to the First Commissioner of Works to pull down the Clock Tower, and melt the bells into something useful.

3. Temple Bar being both dangerous and unsightly, it will be proposed to leave it in its present condition.

4. It will be proposed to excommunicate *Punch* for having dared to impugn the taste of the Common Council!

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THE HOUSE AND THE HOME:

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, ESQ., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., *and Hon. Member of the Dulli-dillitanty Society.*

THE *Wall-flower Pattern* for a ball-room is charming.

Of course you will decide what sort of ball-room it is to be before settling your pattern.

Shall it be a cricket-ball-room or a tennis-ball-room? A soft ball-room, or an elastic ball-room? Patterns are at once suggested by these distinctive appellations.



Summer Room.—Decorate this cool apartment with a frieze all round. Get a friezingly polite artist to do it for you. You can speak of this as "A*n ice* room." If you don't speak of it like this, you won't have your little joke, and you *must* have your little joke. [N.B.—You needn't speak of it at all unless you like.]

A modern writer on paper patterns says there's "nothing so dreary as an unrelieved pattern." I beg to differ from him; an unrelieved Sentry is far more dreary than an unrelieved pattern. If it's damp, the Sentry, unrelieved, must stay where he is; not so a pattern of unrelieved colour on a wall, which, in the damp, can run, and ultimately go away altogether.

However, if you want to be kind to a fault, you can relieve your patterns as they do the sentries at certain times of the day. The Artist can (if he likes, and you can shoot him if he won't do what you want) indicate this idea on the walls of the room by portraying a soldier saluting his sergeant and guard, and saying, with SHAKSPEARE (who need not be in the picture), "For this relief, much thanks."

Gold.—Gold can be judiciously introduced into papers. Gold can do anything it likes, in fact. The effect on the papers will be—well, start a daily paper, and see for yourself. *Experientia*, &c.

Having omitted to make any allusion to furniture during this disquisition on papers, I consider it advisable to introduce at this point a simple rule—forming part of my present Art Grammar—with regard to *Furniture Verbs*, which are divided into

Regular, Irregular, and Defective.—The Regular is divided into regularly good and regularly bad. The rule is to *avoid the latter*.

The Irregular chiefly applies to clocks, which are, of course, included in the items of furnishing.

The Defective will be evident from the accompanying illustrations.





1. The Necessity Table. "*Necessitas non habet Legs.*"
2. The Old Greenwich Pensioner Chair. Lost a leg. Lost an arm.

You send one to be mended. The Carpenter tells you that it is "weak in the back." To which you will reply, "Then it won't be back in a week?" This is a side-splitter which will send him into tight fits.

With the above furniture "thrown in," I can now beg your attention for a very few moments to the important question of

Mural Decorations.—There are intra-mural and extra-mural decorations. The latter are divided into two classes—(1) those extra-mural decorations which you put up yourself but don't want, and which are simply extra; and (2) those put up for you, outside chiefly, by streets boys gratuitously.

These latter (specimens of which may be seen on the Pompeian remains, and belonged also to the earliest school-time, or out-of-school-time, of youthful Egyptian arts) consist of such designs as a portrait of yourself (not generally flattering), suspended in the air to a gallows, after the model of the hangman whom *Mr. Punch*, in the old legitimate show, hangs on his own gallows-tree, with some legend underneath, professing to give his (the artist's) opinion on you personally, as, for instance, "SMITH is a fool!" "Old SMITH is a Hass!" and so forth.



Intra-mural decoration of the same *genre* will be supplied *gratis*, if you have a small family in your house, and allow them lead pencils. They will practise spelling on your walls. Encourage this talent if you will. By so doing, you may be rearing up pupils of a school of Decorative Art of which your countrymen will be proud (a "Proud Countryman" would be a fine subject for the wall of a rustic villa, or would make a good sign for an old inn), and, if this satisfies you,—you are very easily satisfied, and at a small cost.

(*To be continued.*)

MACBETH AT THE LYCEUM.

THERE is little to be said about MR. IRVING'S *Macbeth* which has not been said already, with quite unusual accord, by the critics in the papers. It is a picturesque and energetic performance, based upon and working out a very distinct conception of the murderous Scottish thane, as what the Scotch call a "fey" man; that is, a man borne helplessly along in a career of crime under the sway of an irresistible fate. But MR. IRVING seems to have overlooked, or not to admit, that the impressiveness and pathos of such a spectacle depends mainly on our sense of the height of nobleness from which the "fey" man has fallen; and that the strength of the tide which sweeps him down will be gauged involuntarily by our feeling of the thews and sinews with which the swimmer buffets and bears up against it. Those who can conceive SHAKSPEARE'S *Macbeth* as thin, pale, and haggard in face, meagre almost to emaciation in frame, shrill and high-pitched or hollow of voice, feverish and restless of movement, and hysteric of temperament—those who can clothe in such hectic and sickly flesh and blood that "minion of valour," that "Bellona's bridegroom" who drives in flying swarms rebel kernes and gallowglasses before him, and unseams the merciless *Macdonwald* from nave to chaps—the Thane whose praises, as a valiant warrior, are poured out, post on post, before the king, till he acknowledges him chief of his chiefs—the noble *Macbeth*, who has "won golden opinions from all sorts of men"—may be prepared to accept MR. IRVING'S impersonation, if not as consistent with the text of SHAKSPEARE as it stands, at least as within the limits of fair psychological and histrionic interpretation.

But all must see at once that this is *Macbeth* without the background of stalwart strength and material courage against which his murderous deeds, if they are to have any relief, must stand bloody off; it is, as has been well said, an "abject" *Macbeth*, exhibiting before us, in the utmost elaboration, the extremities of physical terror, and the most palpable and pitiable writhings and wrenchings of remorse. And, as in *Hamlet*, MR. IRVING expunged those passages of the text which he found in the way of his interpretation, so, in *Macbeth*, the introductory scene, of which *Macbeth's* fighting feats are the theme, is bodily struck out, and we lose even our old friend, "the bleeding sergeant," because, for the actor's purpose, the thought of *Macbeth* as a mighty warrior must not be called up in the spectators' mind.

MR. IRVING has gallantly—whether wisely or not is another matter—chosen in *Macbeth* a part, with which every one of his personal peculiarities seems to jar. Now there are some physical barriers from which the utmost histrionic energy and courage must fall back baffled and beaten. Such a barrier nature seems to have raised between the part of *Macbeth* and the person of MR. IRVING.

He is, by physique and temperament, absolutely unfitted to embody a rude, stalwart, fierce, fighting, northern warrior of those stormy times when gracious *Duncan* ruled. His thews and sinews seem unequal to the wielding of heavy bill and battle-axe—his body to the weight of bull's-hide targe and ringed byrnie. The exhibition of physical terror and cowering, shrieking remorse, with no suggestion of strength and manhood behind it, becomes repulsive. We turn from it with a kind of loathing, largely dashed with contempt.

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Even his courage in the last Act—when he is tied to the stake, and, bear-like, must fight the course—is feverish, tetchy, and irritable, more like the waspish petulance of an angry sick woman than the concentrated fury of a strong man driven to despair.

In the presence of this pervading character of Mr. Irving's conception, all details of odd or ungraceful habits of pose, or movement of body and limbs, all peculiarities and tricks of elocution—the sudden shrillings or sinkings of voice, the guttural slurring of some lines, or the long-drawn dragging out of others,—are hardly worth insisting on. They are only to be noted as mannerisms already fast growing into affectations, which, like the abuses attacked by Mr. Burke's famous Bill, "have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished."

Miss Bateman's *Lady Macbeth* had many points of high excellence. She, too, has peculiarities of elocution which sometimes detract from the effect she aims at—as in the Sleep-walking Scene, the slow, drop-by-drop utterance of her "Who-would-have-thought-the-old-man-had-so-much-blood-in-him!" But her strong marking of the different moods of the wicked woman, from the intense determination of the First Act to the breaking strength and failing spirit of the Third, was both original in conception, and powerful in execution. But she should distinguish, by a more decided change of voice and manner, her evil brooding over *Macbeth's* letter from her triumphant greeting as she throws herself into his arms; and she should be more careful to assume a serpentine smoothness and lowly courtesy of subject and hostess as she bows before *Duncan*.

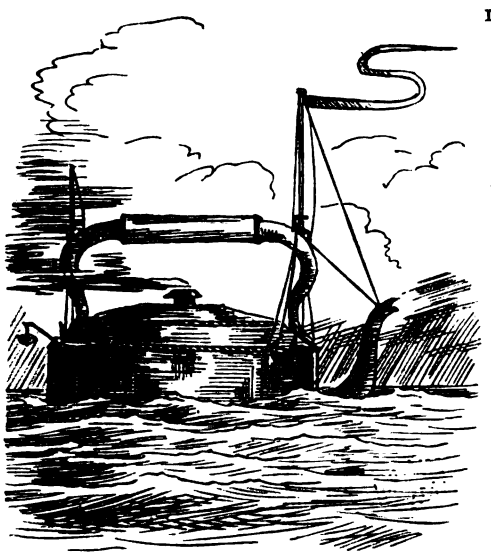
Punch must again protest, as in the case of *Hamlet*, against arbitrary changes of scene running in the teeth of the text.

What is the meaning of bringing *Duncan* and his train in front of *Macbeth's* Castle by moonlight, and setting the Castle at a distance which deprives of all meaning the reference to the martlets' nests under its eaves and cornices? Is it not evident that Shakspeare meant to conjure up in the minds of his audience of the Globe—*he* had no scene-painters—a close view of the grim, grey Castle front, basking serenely in the pleasant air of summer afternoon, as if in contrast to the dark deeds of blood and horror about to be wrought within it after set of sun.

And if there must be not a "moving grove" only in the last Act, but moving miles of the country between Birnam and Dunsinane, at least the management might give us the comfort of a set-piece to mask the raw, straight edges of the shifting cloths.

Punch must congratulate Mrs. Bateman on her courage in getting rid of the chorus of witches, even at the cost of Matthew Locke's music, and bringing back the weird sisters to the original mystic three—The Fates of *Macbeth*—the Eumenides of modern tragedy.

RAISING THE VANGUARD.



Since the Court-Martial has pronounced sentence, *Mr. Punch* has received the following communications on this interesting subject, which are published for what they are worth:—

Sir,

It appears to me that the *Vanguard* might be raised by attaching twenty-five thousand balloons to her hull by means of chain-cables. The only difficulty would be, when and where to drop her.

Yours extraneously,

Earlswouldn't; Sunday out. Balloonatic.

Dear P.,

Concerning the proposed floating of the *Vanguard*, could not the experiment be tried of attaching to her, at low tide, a number of those gentlemen who are so clever in floating Public Companies? The Blue Book of the Foreign Loans Committee recently published will suggest the eminent members of the commercial world whose extraordinary powers of flotation especially qualify them for the task. Even should they fail to float the vessel, and, in the attempt, go under themselves, the loss would hardly be irreparable. Yours,

City, Sept. 19. In Corpore Vili.

Sir,

I have given *intense* thought to the problem of raising the hull of the *Vanguard*, and, up to the present time, I have come to the firm conclusion that one of the obstacles to successfully floating it is its great weight; and another may be found in the fact that there is a large hole in the vessel's side.

Hoping my humble efforts may assist any ideas which may have been formed by others on the subject, I have the honour to be, Sir,

Yours reflectively,

A. Noodle.

The Owl's Nest, Bedford. Monday.

Dear Mr. Punch,

That there are difficulties to be met in raising the *Vanguard* cannot be disputed, but with money and encouragement there are few things impossible to the modern Engineer. Let the Government place £1,000,000 at my entire command, and give me a baronetcy before I commence operations, and I think I may promise that the task of floating the noble ship would appear less formidable than it does at present to

Yours faithfully,

Archimedes Jones, M.I.C.E.

Anvil Lodge, Hammersmith, Sept. 28, 1875.

My *dearest* Punch,

Don't *laugh* at me, if I seem foolish: I was *always* a giddy thing. *Promise* you *won't* make fun of me, and I'll tell you an *idea* I have of how to make that *Iron* thing—*you* know, the something "Guard"—I mean how to make her *swim* again. I'd have a *great big* Boyton's dress to put her in. It must be a *large* one, of course. Am I *very* silly?

Yours affectionately,

Shrimpton-cum-Prawnly, Goose Day. Arabella.

Dear Sir,

I have a firm belief that successive shocks, from seaward, produced by a huge battery charged with a sufficient number of Electric Eels, would have the effect of driving the *Vanguard* into shallow water. Hoping you will not think me officious in making this suggestion,

I am, Your galvanic Servant,

Stockton-on-Tees, Friday. Electrician.

Sir,

I have a splendid idea for floating the *Vanguard*, which I mean to keep to myself. Yours sincerely,

Aut Face aut Tace.

P.S.—Might not water-tight doors be called "Sink Ports"?

Dear Old Boy,

My recent experiences in endeavouring to raise a hundred pounds convince me that the *Vanguard* must remain where she is. If you can drop me a fiver do. Yours ever,

Impecuniosus.

P.S.—I have no present address. Direct—"Vanguard," G. P. O

My Dear Punch,

Of course, long before this, you have come to the same conclusion as myself with respect to raising the *Vanguard*.

You may just as well try to raise the Devil.

Nothing can be done except to censure the *Iron Duke* and give the *Vanguard* what the Court Martial has already given her Captain and principal Officers, Admiral Tarleton and the Captain of the *Iron Duke*, in other words, everybody concerned in her loss—a good "blowing up." Yours, sternly,

Sept. 30th, 1875. Common Sense.

Michaelmas Day, 1875.

Corn may be down and Coal may be dull,
And Indigo puzzle the clever;
But Cotton they say, in the City to-day,
Is soon to be higher than ever.

With him in the Chair of London's Lord Mayor,
He who talk after dinner fears,
Of Mansion House fare may partake without scare—
He'll have Cotton in his ears!

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AWKWARD.

The Aristocratic Jones (rather ashamed of his loud acquaintance, Brown). "YOU MUST EXCUSE ME, BUT IF THERE'S ONE THING IN THE WORLD I PARTICULARLY OBJECT TO, IT'S TO HAVING ANYBODY TAKE MY ARM!"

Brown. "ALL RIGHT, OLD FELLOW!—*YOU* TAKE *MINE!*"

A GIANT'S JUBILEE.

(*Fiftieth Anniversary of the opening of the first Passenger-Railway, Darlington, Sept.* 27, 1825.)

"Now, my lads, I will tell you that I think you will live to see the day, though I may not live so long, when railways will come to supersede almost all other modes of conveyance in this country—when mail coaches will go by railway, and railroads will become the great highway for the King and all his subjects. The time is coming when it will be cheaper for a working-man to travel on a railway than to walk on foot. I know that there are great and almost insurmountable difficulties that will have to be encountered, but what I have said will come to pass as sure as we live."—STEPHENSON'S *post-prandial prophecy.*

O, a flourishing brood are our latter-day Titans,
The children colossal of Iron and Steam;
Though as black as Old Nox, and as ugly as Sheitans,
These promising pets of BRITANNIA may seem.
One strenuous babe, spite of croaking and snarling,
His Jubilee reaches, still crescent and stout,
And so they at Darlington drink to their darling,
Whom STEPHENSON dandled, and HACKWORTH brought out.

He seemed but a rickety bairn to his gossips,
His shape was uncouth, and his action but slow.
Would he flourish or fade? 'Twas the merest of toss-ups,
The quidnuncs opined, fifty autumns ago.
But his sponsors had faith in their black-visaged bantling,
And now, though a youth, as these Titans count years,
He beats ancient Brontes in stature and scantling,
Briareus in grasp, and in speed has no peers.

Fifty years! Men are grey who first saw him at play;
His sponsors are dead, his detractors are dumb;
And he, to the sprawling young gnome of that day,
Seems as huge *Hurlothrumbo* to *Hop-o'-my-Thumb!*
Fifty years! and "Owd Neddy," who took him in tow,
The swart "Puffing Billy" he fostered might fail
To detect in the iron-thewed Titan *we* know,
Our Hercules-Puck, with the thousand-leagued trail!

Our good-natured giant, he's patient and pliant,
Will fetch and will carry at anyone's hest,
A glutton at toil, of fatigue he's defiant,
A sleepless Colossus who never needs rest.
No henchman so stout for so humble a hire works,
What wonder men cheer at his Jubilee *fête!*
And toast him in wine with rhetorical fireworks,
Our sturdiest, steadiest Servant of State!

Yet giants we know have their weaknesses ever,
So soft in the *caput*, or weak at the knees,
And our young Colossus, though potent and clever,
Plays cantrips at times little likely to please.
Though our huge Iron-Horse is not vicious or idle,
Yet to make him run straight, and steer clear of a spill,
He needs a stout rein, a strong hand on the bridle,
And *brain!*—the Bonassus!—to guide his good will.

Small blame to the juvenile Titan, but trainers
Who boast of their favourite's power and pace,
If they hope of the "National Stakes" to be gainers,
Must learn that good jockeyship counts in the race.
This sturdiest servant of civilisation
May stay to the end if they handle him well;
But we want fewer "spills" ere a satisfied nation
Claps hands to this chorus of whistle and bell.

We may drink to the health of our Giant of Fifty—
Punch empties his bumper—yet gladly would find
His trainers of tall-talk a trifle more thrifty,
While yet in the race Matter handicaps Mind.
Brute force is *not* all, nor material progress;
While soul's at a stand, stoutest sinews are vain,
And Civilisation an iron-toothed ogress
Our Titans may toil for, but cannot sustain.

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THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

(Mr. Punch's *present to Vulcan and Vapour on the 50th Anniversary of their happy Union.*)

Mr. P. "LET'S HOPE, MY DEAR FRIENDS, THAT BEFORE THE NEXT ANNIVERSARY YOU'LL HAVE BROUGHT BLOCK AND BRAKE BOTH TO PERFECTION."

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AMONG THE FISH.

(Meditations in the Brighton Aquarium.)



BEWARE the gigantic Turtle. He is "dangerous to touch." Clearly, therefore, this interesting creature may be viewed in three different lights—as a thing "to eat, drink, and avoid." What will be his ultimate fate? Will the Directors and their Staff always be proof against temptation? Suppose some morning he is missing—and the coroner's jurisdiction does not extend to these poor friendless animals — what grave suspicion will rest on those who have access to the building at times when the public are not admitted! Watch long enough, and you will see an instructive sight—Aldermen, Common Councilmen, and other great municipal functionaries devouring the Turtle—with their eyes.

Aquariums make us acquainted with strange tankfellows. When the Golden Eel thus unbosomed itself about the Mud Fish to a friend of both parties, it had reason on its side. A compromise has since been effected. So long as the Mud Fish has the privilege of being the companion of the Golden Eel, it is only to be accosted by its scientific name—*Lepidosiren*.

Have Ichthyologists reflected what may be the effect of captivity upon the fish? Do the Crabs become more crabby, and the Chub more chubby? Do the Carp carp at the passing remarks of the tench, and are the Plaice more or less common-place than when they had the range of the Channel? We trust there is no foundation for the report that the Cray-fish occasionally go crayzy.

The Company should provide intelligent and well-informed persons, of good manners and address, to guide the pronunciation of visitors. Even the best of men may go astray when he is confronted with the Axolotl for the first time; and we know that Anemones and Zoophytes have been stumbling-blocks to many generations, and are yet far from being household words. But there is no excuse for anyone calling a Gurnard a "Cunard," or making the *g* in "Conger" soft. It would increase the public comfort, if one of the officials were to proclaim in a loud voice the proper pronunciation of Octopus every half-hour during the day.

Do not raise your expectations too high. Be prepared for a little disappointment. The Sea-horses are under fourteen hands. It was hardly fair to the Paradise Fish to give them such a pretentious name. The Telescope Fish are scarcely six feet long, and the Boar Fish, whatever rumours you may have heard to the contrary, show no indications of tusks.

Great sympathy was expressed for the Toper. Not a drop of anything to drink but salt water. Common humanity might surely prompt the management to do something to alleviate such sufferings. One suggestion we will presume to offer. Put Bass in the same tank with Toper, and there will be no more discontent. The Monk Fish might be safely trusted to see that there was no approach to excess.

Smokers should not neglect the Pipe Fish, and an important section of the artisan class will do well to make acquaintance with the Weevers.

We could not learn whether the Skates had been to the Rink.

The Herrings and Sprats are together. We waited some time, hoping to see a long standing question satisfactorily settled, but we had to leave without seeing a sprat catch a herring.

Happy Aquarium which shall first exhibit a live Sea Serpent, and happy those who may hold shares in the concern! The only chance for any rival establishment would be to secure a Mermaid.

A NASTY DOSE.—The thing to put London Bridge to-rights (according to the Common Council)—"GREGORY'S Mixture."

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

(A Chapter from Punch's "Pilgrim's Progress.")

PUNCH dreamed a dream.

He was walking in a dreary and desolate country. On either side of the dark-coloured road were stunted, leafless hedges. Every now and again there was a mile-stone, and once or twice he saw a pool of murky and stagnant water. The sky was hidden from sight by heavy lowering clouds, and although he knew that it was mid-day, everything seemed to him to tell of night. The hedges were black, and so were the mile-stones; so, also, were the pools of stagnant water. In the distance he could see tall factory chimneys belching out huge volumes of smoke, and the air was dense with a yellow and loathsome fog.

And as he went his way, he came upon a house—a house which those who saw it might have called a hovel. The glass of the windows was shattered, or replaced by rags or boards; the door was broken, and all but hingeless. The little garden space was full of weeds, and in the weeds lay broken bottles.

Punch was curious. He pushed aside the broken door, and looked in. He saw a miserable room nearly bare of furniture. The table had three legs—one shorter than the others. A couple of tottering chairs, a heap of rags to represent a bed, and the inventory was complete. Seated in this room were a couple of half-naked children, with hollow cheeks and large hungry eyes. As the door was pushed open, these children raised their hands in silence, and *Punch* felt, as he looked upon them, that they had no strength to cry, even for the bread for want of which they were pining away.

Punch was glad that he was only dreaming. He left the hovel, and walked on. Again the road seemed to be utterly deserted. The factory chimneys were still adding their volumes of smoke to the dense overhanging clouds. He saw no living creature. He murmured to himself, "Where are the men of this strange country? Where are its women?"

His question was answered by a voice from under the smoke-cloud.

"The women are over yonder, working," and a dirty finger was pointed at the factories.

"Do *you* work?"

"O, yes," was the reply. "I am a Fogger. It is I who beats down the wages of the wives. You see, women can't combine like men, and I can get them to take almost anything. Lor bless you, *they* don't stand out for tommy and beer. *They* think themselves lucky if they can get anything to feed their half-starving families with! We give *them* eight shillings, instead of twelve—and quite enough too, for the sort of work *they* do."

"Is it not good work?"

"Well, it's hard work." And then came a laugh. "Making chain-cables is no joke. But, as to its being *good* work, well, that must be proved at sea."

"And what are you?"

"Can't yer see—a man!"

And, for a second time, *Punch* was glad that he was only dreaming.

Punch walked on. He grew nearer and nearer to the smoke, and soon the air resounded with the sounds of heavy blows, soon the walls were red with the glare of fiery furnaces. *Punch* entered a workshop. What did he see?

Haggard and slatternly women doing unwomanly work. Some were carrying heavy weights on their heads: some were wielding iron hammers,—all were labouring beyond their strength; all were more like African slaves than English maids and matrons. Health, youth, and beauty, maidenliness and mannerliness, had all been sacrificed in the hard struggle for bread.

"And have these poor creatures no fathers, brothers, husbands, lovers, to save them from this?"

Again *Punch* was answered.

"I have a brother, but he was taken years ago from the Tavern to the Hospital."

"I have a husband, but he spends all he earns in gambling and drink."

"I have a lover, and when I get bigger wages he will take me to the church, and then I'll work for him instead of father."

And once more the air resounded with the din of the heavy hammers, and once more the walls were red with the glare of the fiery furnaces.

And for the third time *Punch* was glad he was only dreaming.

So *Punch* went his way, and now he found himself in a crowd of respectably-dressed people, and the crowd of respectably-dressed people cried to him with one voice—

"*Punch*, we complained of you, years ago, for painting the Black Country too black. But we were wrong, and you were right!"

And they spoke so loud that *Punch* awakened from his dream, to find himself seated in his study, his right hand resting on a book with a blue cover, inscribed "Factories Inspectors' Reports" (MR. BREWER *on the Iron Manufacturing Districts, S.W.*).

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A GROWL FROM JACK FROST.



INKS, more Rinks! I have no patience
With their asphalte imitations
Of my favourite reality—
Ice-sheet smooth, of glassy quality,
Where, if young feet should come croppers
(As at first they *will* come,—whoppers!)
There's some pleasure in a tumble
So clean, it seems a shame to grumble.
Then the air—exhilaration
Quickening venous circulation,
Mantling blood in rosy faces;
And the motion—one for Graces
To display their pretty figures,
Fur-enfolded 'gainst my rigours!

But this Rink, that gives no heeding
To the seasons swift succeeding,
Spring and summer, autumn, winter,
Joints will twist and bones will splinter,
On these go-cart things with wheels,
Skates, forsooth—without the steels.
Skates whose waggly wheel-born motion,
Is to that of skates indeed,
As duck-pond's flow to tide of ocean,
Or donkey's jog to lightning's speed—
Is a parody, at best,
Of motion's poetry confest,

When, through winter vapours hazy,
Beauty, with my breath more bright,
Cuts the ice, in circles mazy,
Winding, whirling, wheeling light;
While man's strength, on skates beside her,
Finds its proudest task to guide her;
And o'er strength and beauty skating,
Jack Frost, at his task of mating,
Hovers happy and hilarious—
Braving Pisces, or Aquarius!
Rinks, indeed! In spite of fashion,
They put Jack Frost in a passion!

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

VANGUARD COURT MARTIAL.

By the Court. CAPTAIN D., why did you slacken speed when you got into a fog?

Captain D. If you please, Sir, I thought——

By the Court. What the devil business had you to think? Up to the mast-head immediately, Sir!

* * * *

By the Court. CAPTAIN H., why did you *not* reduce speed when you got into a fog?

Captain H. If you please, Sir, I did not think——

By the Court. What the devil business had you not to think? Up to the mast-head immediately, Sir!

RAVENS ON THE "RAILWAY JUBILEE."

SCENE—*A Chimney Corner.* SMELFUNGUS *and* MUNDUNGUS *croaking behind pipes.*

Smelfungus. What a fuss and parade they have been making up there at Darlington, to celebrate the starting of the first passenger train fifty years ago on their Railway!

Mundungus. Wonder how many railway accidents have happened from then till now?

Smelfungus. A Railway Jubilee! Why Jubilee? What is there to rejoice at in the invention of railways?

Mundungus. After fifty years' experience, less, I should think, than there is in a golden wedding.

Smelfungus. A fast would be fitter than a jubilee for either anniversary.

Mundungus. Railways have brought, on the whole, more mourning than joy.

Smelfungus. Yes. As undertakers and mourning-linendrapers especially may say, "Good for Trade."

Mundungus. Mourning, even sincere, is always much aggravated by mourning bills. But, how many persons have Railways made to mourn in earnest, turned out of house and home?

Smelfungus. By cutting through their parks, and spoiling the beauty of landscapes.

Mundungus. Hush! You'll be called an aristocrat if you talk like that. Say, rather, cutting through their shops, and ruining business, for which no award could possibly compensate.

Smelfungus. So individuals are sacrificed to the community.

Mundungus. As though by cannibals.

Smelfungus. And with what results?

Mundungus. Of course we are told, unbounded Prosperity and Progress.

Smelfungus. Beef at one shilling and sixpence a pound.

Mundungus. Fowls nine shillings a couple. Geese eleven shillings each.

Smelfungus. Oysters three shillings a dozen.

Mundungus. Continually increasing excess of population.

Smelfungus. Competition and struggle for existence in every walk of life daily getting more and more wolfish.

Mundungus. Greater and greater difficulty for young men to get on.

Smelfungus. And young women to get off. What with the expensive habits and dress which have resulted from Railways and prosperity, what young fellow of the middle class not in business, and not doing a roaring trade, dares to marry? In these days, and at this season, nobody, however silly, would venture, even in the newspapers, to propose marrying on two hundred a year.

Mundungus. Well; there, perhaps, is an evil tending to work its own cure. If half the population would only keep single, its rate of over-growth would decline. Meanwhile, the lot of the unmarried is all the better—if they would only think so.

Smelfungus. But they don't. So they

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THE SILLY SEASON.

Brown (reads from Newspaper). "'STURGEON PICKED UP DEAD ON THE BEACH AT WEYMOUTH——'"

Mrs. B. "LOR', BROWN! AND IT AIN'T A MONTH AGO YOU AND ME 'EARD HIM PREACH AT THE TABBYNACLE!!"

A PLEA AGAINST THE BEE.

A CERTAIN "C. R." has announced in the *Times* the discovery that the Bee, from time immemorial reputed a model insect, the embodiment of virtuous diligence and industry, is, instead of that, a truculent and noxious pest, no better than a wasp, a cockroach, or an earwig. This discovery is news indeed. It is also just now particularly seasonable, as this is the season of fruit, especially of monstrous pippins and gigantic peaches and pears. "C. R." accuses Bees not only of devouring his own wall-fruit and that of other people, but also of having wantonly pitched into and stung himself, and being prone, without provocation, to fly at and sting mankind. His denunciation of Bees has naturally raised a swarm of gainsayers about his ears, and the character of the Bee may, perhaps, be considered to have been satisfactorily vindicated; but, if "C. R.'s" assault upon it could have been sustained, the immortal poem in which it has been extolled by DR. WATTS would have to be re-written. Instead of being represented as an entomological pattern to a moralising infant, the Bee would deserve to be proposed as a study to an idle and vicious boy, abandoned to the indulgence of a swinish appetite, and glorying in it. The verses of DR. WATTS might then be replaced by the following perversion of his panegyric:—

THE BEE.

How doth the gorging greedy Bee,
Destructive little brute,
Hum all day long from tree to tree,
And spoil the choicest fruit!

Behold how deep she scoops a cell,
When peaches she attacks,
In nectarines and pears as well
How big a hole she makes!

Likewise to eat and drink my fill
I should be happy too;
For Nature has disposed me still
But little else to do.

In prog and grub, by turns with play,
Might all my life be past,
Till I, perhaps, should come to weigh
Good fourteen score at last.

However, there is every reason to think that "C. R." has mistaken a sort of blow flies for Bees, and that, having, as he says, been stung by a Bee, he is labouring under melissophobia.

---

pine—and repine—in unwilling celibacy, while the rich tradespeople and the proletarians go on increasing and multiplying like Colorado beetles, and overrunning the earth with their Cockney abodes.

Mundungus. Impregnating our air with noxious gases and noisome effluvia.

Smelfungus. Turning our rivers into filth.

Mundungus. That is, turning our filth into the rivers.

Smelfungus. And what are we the better for railways? What have we got by them that we had not in the old coaching times?

Mundungus. Facility of locomotion, as the phrase is—quick conveyance from place to place. But then one place is daily getting more and more like another—and all more like suburbs of London.

Smelfungus. Railway receipts grown to £22,000,000 in one year! What have we got to show for it?

Mundungus. About the greatest blessings I see from the railway system, and steam, and commerce, and communication between man and man, are cheap pine-apples, gutta-percha, and india-rubber.

Smelfungus. In the meanwhile an Ironclad costs above half a million, and we have to reconstruct the Navy every two or three years.

Mundungus. Every shot or shell we may have to fire from a monster gun, bang will go from five-and-twenty to fifty pounds.

Smelfungus. Public expenditure and private extravagance, grasping and squandering, increase yearly, at the rate of thousands of millions. And every now and then there is a smash for three or four.

Mundungus. All the fat 's in the fire.

Smelfungus. And—with the Iron Horse all over the civilised earth to feed—all the coals. There at least they will be before long. Prosperity is blazing up, but when our coal-fields are exhausted? How then?

Mundungus. Prosperity will have burnt itself out.

Smelfungus. Darlington won't be much inclined to celebrate a centenary Railway Jubilee, I take it.

Mundungus. If the world lasts so long.

Smelfungus. Let us hope it won't.

Mundungus. We shan't, at any rate, old man.

Smelfungus. No; long before that we shall both of us have fallen martyrs to bile and indigestion.

Mundungus. And so have got rid of a world of sorrow, stink, steam, rheumatism, ritualism, roguery, and rhodomontade!

Smelfungus. And a good riddance, too!

(*Curtain falls on them croaking severally.*)

GRACIOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

Or, Pour Encourager les Autres.

IT is rumoured that, in consequence of the general satisfaction given by two of their most recent official communications, the Lords of the Admiralty intend sanctioning the invariable use of the following form of letter, to be used in all cases where the recognition of assistance rendered at sea becomes absolutely necessary. The same form to be adopted by the Board of Trade:—

Whitehall, [Date].

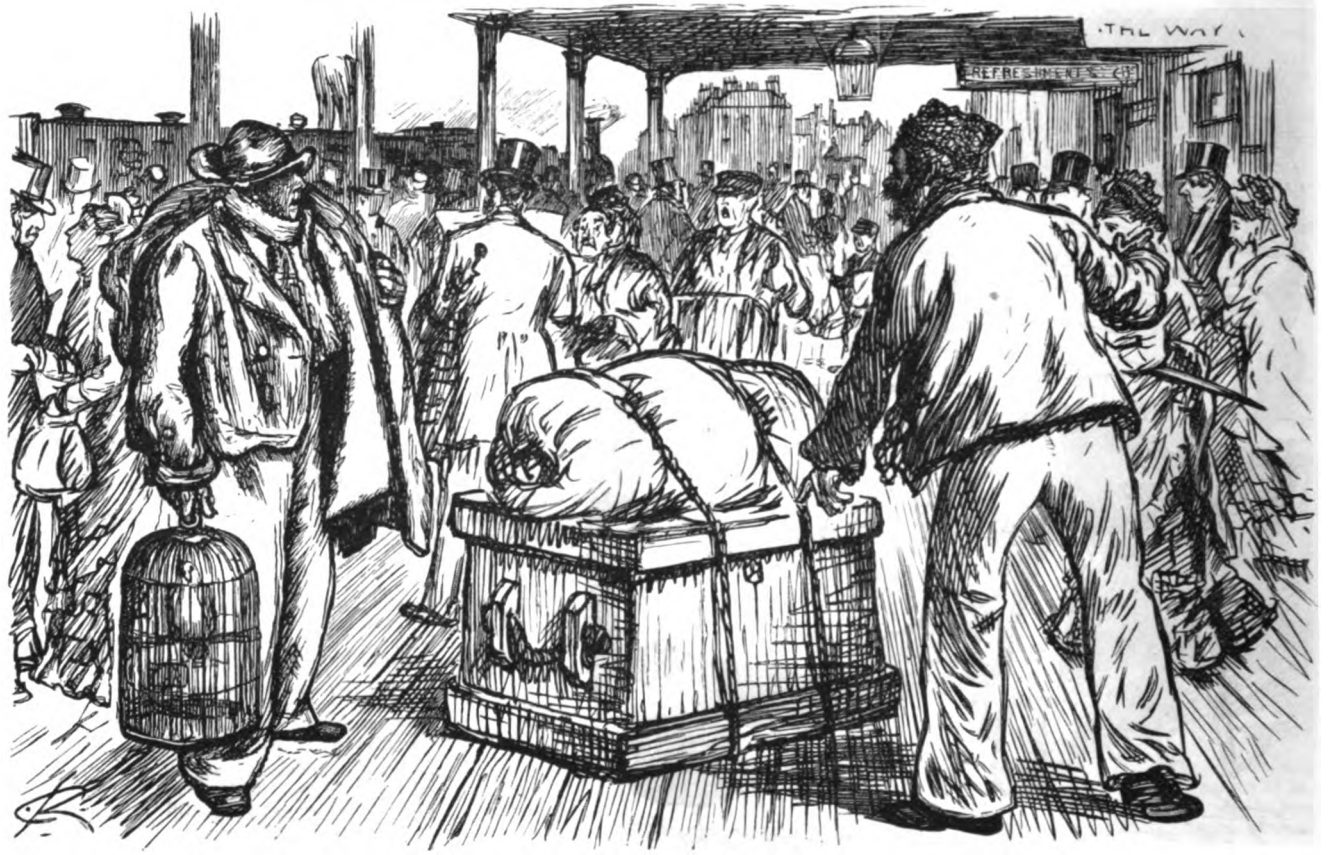
SIR,—I am directed by the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Admiralty to inform you that, in consequence of your heroic gallantry in saving the crew of the ship ——, during a heavy gale, you have made it necessary for their Lordships to take notice of the matter; and, on your enclosing a stamped receipt for Five Pounds, and a letter of thanks, I shall be directed to forward to you, in the course of the next financial year, the above-mentioned sum, together with a concertina, or any other article you may, within the above-mentioned period, select from the Lowther Arcade.

Their Lordships, however, desire me to warn you that, should you at any future time render like services at sea, you must not look for any further recognition of such service.

Your Obedient Servant,

To CAPTAIN ——, *of the* —— [SECRETARY FOR TIME BEING].

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"THERE BE LAND RATS."

Jack Ashore. "Bill, just keep a Heye on my Jewel-case 'ere while I go and get the Tickets. There's a lot o Sharks always cruisin' about these Railway Stations, I've heard!"

FLOURISH FELSTEAD!

Now that the Rev. W. S. Grignon has been dismissed by the Trustees of Felstead School, a new Head Master will probably be required for that once rising educational establishment. *Mr. Punch* has great pleasure in preparing an Examination Paper which should be immediately submitted to Candidates for the appointment. A single answer in the affirmative to any of the following simple questions will of course be an ample proof that the competitor does not possess the necessary qualifications for the peculiar position he wishes to occupy.

1. Do you think it advisable that a Head Master should call the attention of Parents and Guardians of his Pupils to the existence of a neglected fever raging in a School over which he has (theoretically) the supreme control?

2. Do you think a Head Master, who properly represents his subordinates, should feel aggrieved if his Assistants are told to go to the Matron to get the cheques for the salaries due to them?

3. Do you think a quarter's notice, given with the scantiest courtesy, an improper or insufficient warning of dismissal, when addressed to a respectable Clergyman, who has spent twenty of the best years of his life as Head Master of a School he has rescued, by his exertions, from debt and obscurity?

4. Do you think that the aged Clerk of the Trustees of a School is an improper person to become the Steward of the School of which his employers are the Trustees—do you, in fact, object to his filling two positions, in which the duty of servant and master are strangely jumbled together?

5. Do you think there should be any appeal to a higher power in the case of the Trustees neglecting to perform the duties they were appointed to perform?

6. And, lastly (most important of all), in the event of your being appointed Head Master of Felstead School, will you expect to be treated with the courtesy and respect generally accorded to a person claiming to be a scholar, a gentleman, and a divine?

NATIONAL MISTAKES.

(*By a Dyspeptic Newspaper-Reader.*)

It is a mistake to imagine that water-tight compartments can be relied on to keep iron-clads afloat, if they strike on a rock, encounter a ram, or are struck by a torpedo.

It is a mistake to imagine that our Naval Officers understand their business.

It is a mistake to rely upon our Navy as a first line of defence against invaders.

It is a still greater mistake to rely upon our Regular Army as a second.

A greater still to trust to the Militia as a possible third.

And the greatest of all mistakes to regard the Volunteers as anything better than an armed mob.

It is a mistake to imagine that the British Flag is the standard of freedom, and that slaves setting foot upon British ground (including the quarter-decks of Her Majesty's ships) "never, never, never shall be slaves" any more.

It is a mistake to imagine that with the freest and finest Constitution in the world, we are free from the lowest political vices.

It is a mistake to believe that our houses are our castles, so long as we live under the sway of Bumbledom.

In fact, it is the greatest mistake in the world to believe now-a-days that Britannia rules the waves, or that John Bull has the slightest right to turn up his nose at the follies, shortcomings, or vices of his neighbours.

Potato Show, Alexandra Palace.

Exhibitors, Committee too,
Around the tables moved with air profound,
Wearing the looks of men who knew
The Eyes of England on them, and around!

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UP AND DOWN STAIRS.

Young Mistress (at the Parlour-Door). "Eliza, what is that Bell Ringing for so violently!"

Cook (below). "It's on'y me, M'um. I want you down in the Kitching a Minute!!"

THE OTTOMAN OUT-AT-ELBOWS.

So the Turkish Government is obliged to come to a composition with its creditors, whom it proposes to pay, for the next five years, half in cash and half in paper! This is the result of gross extravagance, especially in two principal branches of lavish expenditure—money squandered to satisfy the demands of the Harem, and to pay for the Fleet. Both the ships and the ladies are more ornamental than useful. It is difficult to say which the Sultan has found the more costly—his Ironclads or his Silkenclads. This cool act of repudiation will swell the ranks of the rising against Turkey, by adding to the other rayahs in revolt all the British creditors of the Porte, who will now be just as eager to get rid of their Turkish bonds as the Bosnians or Herzegovinese

Vindication of Wales.

In the course of his discourse on Crime before the Social Science Congress at Brighton, Lord Aberdare mentioned that the crime of Wales, in proportion to the population, is but half that of England. This statement may help to remove from some minds a prejudice they have been imbued with in the nursery, that—

"Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief."

This slanderous nursery-rhyme should be cancelled, or re-written, now that Lord Aberdare has vindicated his countrymen from the aspersion it implies. He has demonstrated, by figures, that Taffy is not half such a thief as John Bull.

Ward Hunt to his Friend Punch.

We haven't hauled down the British Flag
(See one of your recent productions),
But we 've chosen the other alternative—
We've hauled down our Mis-instructions.

A STRONG CASE FOR PLIMSOLL.

If the report of *Bishop Claughton's* conduct in the dismissal of the Head Master of Felstead Grammar School be correct, his Lordship is clearly un-see-worthy.

A SPEECH TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.

An exceptional "introductory lecture" was delivered on the first instant, in the Medical School of the Westminster Hospital, by Mr. Richard Davy. In marked contrast with discourses reported the next day, and filling much space, it must have greatly disappointed many respectable persons who love to read, or sit and listen to, a succession of moral and scientific platitudes. Mr. Davy—according to a summary of his address—began by saying candidly that:—

"He disapproved *in toto* of introductory addresses, but, at the request of the Medical Council, conformed to custom. Both students and teachers preferred a day's pheasant shooting to hearing or giving an 'introductory.' As a surgeon, he should cut down his sermon from an hour to fifteen minutes, and his successor might still further reduce the volume of these fruitless harangues."

Mr. Davy wronged himself in calling his lecture a "sermon." It could have had no effect in common with morphia or mesmerism. Still, in point of brevity, it was a model which preachers might study.

Having touched on the subject of medico-chirurgical reform, the Lecturer next, in a few strokes, gave his audience a sketch of their professional prospects. He told them what honours and payment they might hope to obtain by the practice of their noble calling. Thus did he set forth the generosity with which an appreciative Government, and a grateful Public, are accustomed to requite the services of medical men:—

"Their salaries were simply miserable; hospital physicians and surgeons were, for the most part, unpaid. Poor Law Officers most piteously; surgeons in the services very badly, and young practitioners not at all. For seven years' hard work in the Marylebone Dispensary he had received one guinea, and a very distinguished London assistant physician had found that his salary equalled that of the man who put the skid on the omnibus wheels at Holborn Hill."

Who, then, would enter the medical profession but a wealthy philanthropist? We should say nobody except a poor fool. Perhaps this consideration may, in a measure, account for the shortcomings of medical science, as well as for the general quality of the introductory lectures delivered on the First of October. Possibly, in some cases, for that of the whole course.

Mr. Davy warmly supported a prophylactic Act of Parliament denounced by sentimentalists. Moreover—

"He was pained at the nonsense which had been let off over vivisection. Practical experiments were as important to medical men as to the Royal Artillery at Dartmoor."

In conclusion—

"He advised every one to resign at once any and every thought of becoming a medical man unless he possessed three qualifications:—First, independence; second, an aptitude and love for the profession; third, the readiness to pay a heavy premium in this world for his prospects of reward in the next."

It may be hoped that Mr. Davy's introductory lecture will, if in any sense a "sermon," at any rate not prove a "fruitless harangue." The "lastly" of this "sermon" is commended to the attention of all young men who dream of living by the practice of the medical profession.

Longevity at Felstead.

Dear Mr. Punch,

I see in the *Guardian* that the Felstead Rump have advertised for a new Head-Master. They promise him £200 a-year, and "five pounds capitation fee for every boy beyond 25 and up to 75, two pounds for every boy beyond 75 and up to 150, and one pound for every boy beyond 150." Will you please to let me know, per return, whether these are the common ages of boys in Essex, and if the longevity of that county extends to girls? If so, I shall migrate thither.

Yours truly,

An Old Maid.

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BILLINGSGATE À LA FRANÇAISE.

Miss Mignonnette Millefleurs has mastered the Grammatical Difficulties of the French Language, and is anxious to familiarise herself with its Idioms. During a short sojourn on the French Coast, she adopts the plan of Marketing for herself and her Family, and acquires thereby an idiomatic Fluency that is quite appalling.

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HARMLESS AMUSEMENT.

Mr. Muckleston (after missing his Bird for the twentieth time). "I say, Gaskins, I do believe the Birds are frightened at me!"
Old Keeper (blandly). "They didn't ought to be, Sir!"

PLAIN WORDS WITH A PROPHET.

Concerning certain predictions from the Pulpit of the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington.

"It is my duty to show that the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in England is not only a grace to the Catholics of this land, but a benediction upon England itself. . . . The mind of England is infinitely nearer to Catholic truth than it was twenty-five years ago. . . . Englishmen know the Catholic Church better than they did.

"If England ever come again into conflict with the Catholic Church, though I am no prophet, I will foretell the result . . . it will lose the last fragment of its Christian inheritance. But I do not believe it will."

Cardinal Manning *at Kensington.*

Most reverend Cardinal! mellifluous Manning,
A vastly pretty programme you are planning!
But though the project has your *imprimatur*,
Punch dares to traverse it with his *negatur!*
Your benediction 's bold, but, as you state it
(You 're quite correct!), we *don't* appreciate it.
We 've snapt the golden link? Most true. The fetter,
Though gilded, galled us. Freedom suits us better.
That English common-sense you laud so sweetly
Runs counter to your Eminence completely.
Dreading free play of individuality
Far less than Rome's infallible finality.
"Do we not know the Catholic Church?" Well, slightly—
And, but that *Punch* desires to speak politely,
(While fires—*pro tem.*—are out and pikes are rusted,)
He 'd hint that Church is "better known than trusted."
For we have memories: and, when holy touters—
Dupes to decoy and silence stubborn doubters,
With that fine mingling of the bland and bounceable,
Which irritable listeners wish were trounceable—
Paint her an unambitious, loving Mother,
Why, then, your Eminence, 'tis hard to smother
Irreverent laughter, for the sketch *is* risible.
Your Church has long been audible and visible,
And if we do *not* know her voice and features,
We English must be very purblind creatures.
"Great, solid, calm," you call us. Flattering, very;
But then your application makes us merry.
You kindly show us—thanks for the civility!—
Our greatness measured by our—gullibility.
Unarmed, submissive, poor, without ambition—
'Tis so you paint the Church's meek condition
Within our borders, most persuasive *Pictor!*
But give the Ultramontane Boa-Constrictor
The power, and tightening of the coils *might* follow;
And then—we know the Creature's power of swallow!
Nay, nay, your Eminence, there are no terrors
For us in any Syllabus of Errors,
Pea-bladder which the Pope may shake at pleasure
Against the very things we trust and treasure;
But Mother Church's milder voice of suasion,
Which she so deftly uses on occasion,
Will hardly coax our Common-Sense to closing
With her bland offer. No! John may seem dozing,
But *if*, with his experience, he hark back again,
And, lamb-like, tread the well-known Romeward track again,
Lured on by wandering prophets of things pleasant,
Like—shall we say your Eminence?—at present!
Punch, his pet spokesman now, will yield his function,
And, though he 'd mark with pity and compunction
The double-dupe's decline—a sorry sight, John!—
Could scarce resist the verdict, "Serve you right, John!"

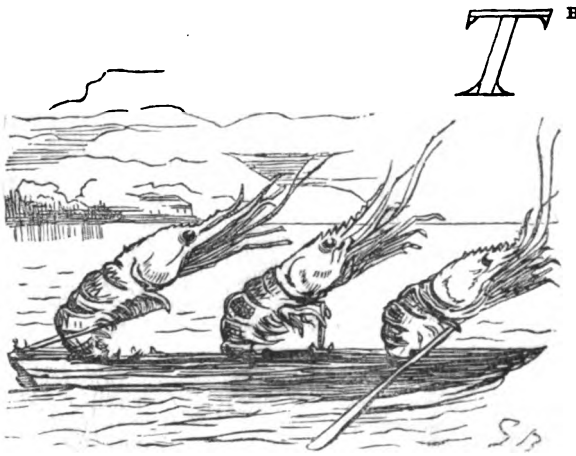
"BACK AGAIN" AT THE ADMIRALTY.

Suspension of the Slavery-Circular is all very well, as far as it goes. The next step will, of course, be suspension of the blundering official who framed it.

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THE NEXT NAVAL NOVEL.

Chapter XLV.—"*The Lively Polly.*"



THE *Vulcan* was ploughing the sea bravely. In spite of the immense thickness of her iron sides, she was moving at a speed of at least two knots an hour. It is scarcely necessary to explain to the nautical reader that she could have attained even a greater rate of speed, had not the Lords of the Admiralty issued their celebrated instructions regulating the consumption of coal.

"And so, Mr. Simple Simon," said our First Lieutenant (a Fellow of Trinity, by the way), "our Junior Midshipman will join us at Portsmouth from Cambridge."

"Yes, Sir," I replied. "Mr. Muttonhead has done well. You will have noticed, from reading the newspapers, that he joins us as Senior Wrangler."

"Yes, yes, very fair," commented my superior officer. "Still, I must confess that I should have been greatly disappointed had he *not* joined us as First of his year."

"I suppose, Sir, he will resume his ordinary duties when he reports himself?"

"Quite so. He will personally superintend the weighing out of the rations, and will occasionally (in his official capacity) test the quality of the grog."

Our conversation was interrupted at this point by a cry from the sailor on the look-out. The Second Lieutenant hurried on to the quarter-deck, and, after the customary salute, addressed himself to his senior.

"Sir," said he, "it is my duty to inform you that black care often sits at the back of the helmsman, and that, therefore, *post equitem sedet atra cura* may have a wider meaning than the glorious old Roman was inclined to give to it."

"Always classical, Sobersides," remarked the First Lieutenant, with a smile; "but I hope you bring no bad news. Remember *garrula lingua nocet!*"

"Well said!" exclaimed Sobersides (who, I must admit, was something of a sycophant). "But I wish merely to report to you that the look-out, through his telescope, has made out a boat in the offing. She appears to be steering for us. How shall we get out of her way?"

"How far off is she?"

"Some five-and-twenty miles."

"We may yet have time to save ourselves!" exclaimed the First Lieutenant, gallantly. "Mr. Simple Simon, will you be good enough to get the Book of Signals."

Of course, I complied with the request; and for the next three hours the First Lieutenant, Sobersides, and myself were engaged in perusing the mysterious volume.

In the meanwhile, the boat discovered by the look-out continued on her reckless course. She seemed to be a deserted pleasure yacht, of about two tons, and, from the fact that she carried the name of *Lively Polly* painted in white letters on her bows, I took it that she hailed from the Port of Margate.

By degrees, she came nearer and nearer, until she was within half-a-mile of us. Then there was a cry of astonishment from the lips of the younger of our crew. She was carrying a sail—an article of nautical perambulation scarcely known to the rising generation.

"*Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno*," I heard one of our Second Class boys observe to a companion.

"Tuttoo!" replied the other, suiting the action to the word.

"Really, Mr. Simple Simon," said our First Lieutenant, "I do not like to disturb the Captain in the midst of his experiments, but I think I must trouble you to request his presence on deck."

"Aye, aye, Sir," I replied, and I descended below, and knocked at the door of the laboratory of my Commanding Officer.

Chapter XLVI.—*The Captain of the "Vulcan."*

"Come in!" And I entered.

The Captain of the *Vulcan* was a thin, intellectual-looking student. He wore long hair, and his eyes were shielded from the glare of a small fire (in which several crucibles were glowing) by a pair of azure-coloured spectacles. His laboratory, or (to use the nautical term "cabin") was furnished with a library of dusty volumes, a stuffed alligator, and a few skeletons. He was standing near a camera, and held in his hand a penny whistle.

"This interruption is very *mal à propos*," he exclaimed as I entered. "What is the matter, Mr. Simple Simon?"

"We are in danger of a collision, Sir," I replied, respectfully.

"We are always in danger of a collision," he murmured, petulantly. "Really, I must leave the matter in the hands of the First Lieutenant. I have every confidence in him."

I bowed, and was about to leave the apartment, when an irresistible impulse seized me to put a question to my Commanding Officer.

"Your pardon, Sir," I said with some hesitation, "but the experiment upon which you are engaged seems to interest you deeply. Is it indiscreet to ask you what you are doing?"

"Not at all!" he cried, with the enthusiasm of an inventor. "I am attempting, with the aid of photography, to fix and depict a ray of sound." And he blew the penny whistle, and concealed his head in the curtains of the camera.

On my return to the deck, I found that the *Lively Polly* was within a few yards of the *Vulcan*. We consulted the Signal-Book for the last time, and prepared to meet our fate like Officers, Gentlemen, and Scholars.

The crew of the *Vulcan* stood still, and closed their eyes, and then came a shock. The *Lively Polly's* bowsprit had made a hole in the side of the *Vulcan*, and all was lost!

At this moment the Captain appeared. He was calm and resolute. He spoke to the First Lieutenant—

"What is the size of the leak?"

"Two inches by three, Sir."

"At what rate is the water coming in?"

"About a pint an hour, Sir."

"Then get to the boats, and save yourselves!"

Within five hours of the collision, every man belonging to the *Vulcan* had left that hapless ship to her melancholy fate. And such is life on the waves!

Chapter XLVII.—*The Last of the "Vulcan."*

It was many years after the events related in the last Chapter that I (now Sir Peter Simple Simon) was coasting in a steam-launch off the Isle of Thanet. On board were my eldest son, his wife, and their youngest daughter, a charming little maiden of nineteen. My grandchild, who was called Wolfhilda (a family name), was standing near me, looking through a pair of opera-glasses at some object seen dimly in the distance.

"O, Grandpa!" she cried, with a little joyous laugh, "do let us see what it is! I *am* so curious!"

Willing to please her, I smilingly put the helm hard-a-port, and we soon neared the subject of our conversation. It turned out to be a very old ironclad, covered with sea-weed. In the starboard side was a hole, which had evidently grown larger, in the course of years, from rust and the action of the waves.

"O look, Grandpa!" cried Wolfhilda, pointing to the stern of the vessel. "See, the name is written up!"

I put on my spectacles, and then leisurely looked at the boards at which my descendant was pointing. Then I uttered a cry of surprise.

It was the *Vulcan* that we had deserted five-and-forty years before; and as we gazed upon the wreck, the brave old ship at last began to sink.

Two months afterwards, the spot once occupied by the *Vulcan* was occupied no longer!

Clerical Conference Question.

In the course of a discussion, at the Oxford Diocesan Conference, on the subject of Church Patronage, the Bishop of Oxford made a remark which may have raised a question:—

"As to the appointment of Clergymen for terms of years, it must be remembered that Governors of Colonies and others had retiring pensions, and a Clergyman without an incumbency would be in a cold place as far as this world's advantages were concerned."

But, it may have been whispered among the Bishop's diocesans, is not a cold place in this world preferable to a warm berth in the other?

A King in a Fix.

What Alfonso, knave and cad-rid,
Can do, is a mystery hidden;
When his capital is Mad-rid,
And the race he rules mad-ridden.

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"CAB, SIR?"



Considering that we have had a show of Cabs, Cab-horses, and Cabmen, it seems to be only just to the employed that we should have an exhibition of the employers. Should the scheme come to anything, *Mr. Punch* will expect to hear that the Cabmen of London have agreed upon the following list of prizes.

First Prize.—Lieutenant and Captain the Hon. Bertie Dangle (Life Guards, green). Is in the habit of paying cabmen at the rate of two shillings a mile. Has a very small bump of locality. Considers the distance between the Guards Club, Pall Mall, and the Bank of England, Threadneedle Street, to be seven and a half miles. Forgets to dismiss his cabs, and pays willingly and handsomely for keeping the vehicles waiting.

Second Prize.—Mr. Walter Crœsus Thompkins. Connected with the City Money Market and South Belgravia. Although he is a keen man of business, he pays his cabmen half-a-crown a mile, because he wishes them to consider him a votary of fashion and the "West End." When addressed as "My Lord," adds an extra shilling to the fare.

Third Prize.—Major Alf. Pay. Recognises a good horse when he sees one before him. Pays only a shilling more than the legal fare, but gives his cabman a cigar before parting. Never bullies the driver when there is a mistake in the turning.

Fourth Prize.—Miss Lily Heartsease. Pays nothing, but makes her Mamma give an extra shilling when the weather is showery. Says "Thank you!" when the door is closed for her.

Fifth Prize.—Mr. Jeremiah Grumbleton. Growls on entering the cab, and pokes his umbrella through the trap-door when anything displeases him on the way, but who always pays double fare at the journey's end.

Sixth Prize.—Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Know the fares, know the distances, and know that cabmen have to live, and very often, moreover, have to support wives and children, and, knowing all this, are not too hard upon poor fellows who are out all hours of the day and night in all sorts of weather.

Grand Extra Prize.—For saying a good word for the Cabmen (who, mind you, are not an ungrateful set!), *Mr. Punch.*

N.B.—*Mr. Punch* begs to say that he will accept, in lieu of a prize, future good conduct and civility.

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.

A Pæan of Modern Progress, disrespectfully dedicated by Mr. Punch to the Black Country Niderings, ironically called British Workmen!

"The women are said to take the place of fathers as well as of husbands, while the men are idle and drunken. . . . At Bromsgrove I heard also of the growing custom of idle, lazy young lads looking out for skilled industrious wives, in order to obtain an easy life."—Mr. Brewer *on the Black Country.*

Brave Britons of Bromsgrove! You 've hit on a plan
Which redounds to the praise of the creature called Man!
The term sounds archaic. It once, so 'tis said,
Stood for one who 'd a fancy for winning his bread
Before he devoured it, and held it foul scorn
To sponge on the sex which to motherhood 's born.
You have altered all that, and the heads of *your* houses,
Brave lads, are your stout Amazonian spouses.
You loaf, "train your whiffets," and guzzle and gorge,
While they sweat at the anvil and puddle and forge.
Ingenious scheme! Let us hope it may solve
Some of those puzzling problems which sages revolve.
Want work for our women? Absurd! while they 're able
To hammer a spike or weld links for a cable.
These swarthy she-Vulcans set fancy agog.
The old rule marital of knuckle and clog,
One would think, should be waning, since women must work
At the toil their protectors are eager to shirk.
Brute-force in its bondage too long must have held her,
This "Oliver"-wielder and chain-cable welder,
Once known as Weak Woman! 'Tis pleasant to think
That the sex in the stithy can swelter and swink,
Whilst husbands and fathers,—these titles are nominal,—
Reserving their vigour for duties abdominal,
Grow fat on her toil, and their idleness cheer
With such light recreations as skittles and beer.
"Our Amazons?" Nay, 'tis not quite one's idea
Of a latter-day version of Penthesilea.
Those virile viragoes of old played the man,
As masters, not serfs; but the Black Country plan,
A happy contrivance, as cunning as brave,
Unsexes the Woman, but keeps her a slave;
Shifts at last to her shoulders Man's share of the Curse,
Yet leaves him sole lord of her person and purse.
The British Workwoman! Up, pencil, and ply,
And bid *her* appear to the general eye!
No Lely or Lawrence is wanted to limn
That Daughter of Drudgery, grimy and grim.
A sight to raise dandified Chivalry's gorge,
For her skin is not sleek, and the reek of the forge
Hides, not the cheek-roses the bardling be-sings,
But the pallor which ill-tended motherhood brings.
Yes, paint her, true limner, in hues of eclipse,
Toil's grime on her forehead, shame's seal on her lips,
Our Nymph of the Hammer, hard-worked and ill-paid,
The scapegoat of sloth, and the victim of Trade!
Paint her so, and present her, the tribute of truth,
To the chivalrous souls of our stout British youth,
In the Black Country hives who the parasite play
Upon creatures, though loathly, less wormlike than they,
And contrive to lead easy and jovial lives
On the toil of their mothers, and sweethearts, and wives!

Hurrah! These magnanimous males may well cheer
For material progress, *plus* "tommy" and beer!
If the poor Woman's part in our grand Iron Age
Be the heaviest toil and the scantiest wage,
Give they not sweet assurance of family joys,
These she-smiths and their partners, the Black Country boys?
Where men drink, drowse, and dawdle, reserving their force
For that physical discipline, needful, of course,
When the bread-winner's restive. A chain-welding slave,
To coward marital and mercantile knave!—
Say, is there a creature more hopefully human,
Than this pride of our Progress, our Black Country woman?

ANOTHER GLORY GOING!

As if it were not enough that Temple Bar should have given way, another of the most venerable institutions of the City of London has come to such grief as will necessitate its abolition, or at any rate its disuse. Witness the subjoined paragraph of melancholy news touching Aldgate Pump:—

"Aldgate Pump Water.—The *Sanitary Record* says it has had a sample of water from the Aldgate Pump analysed by Mr. J. A. Wanklyn, whose report shows that the water contains of solids 8; chlorine 11·1; ammonia, free, 0·01; albuminoid 0·76. It is, therefore, positively impure, contaminated, and dangerous water."

Even if not absolutely removed from the site which it has occupied almost from time immemorial, Aldgate Pump will remain where it now stands only as it were a defunct carcase and a doleful monument. From the dignity of a hydraulic engine it will have sunk into the abasement of a supernumerary post. Aldgate Pump, if permitted still to exist at all, will drag on a miserable existence, divorced, so to speak, from the vitality it possessed as a fountain of living water, which, however, it perhaps really ceased to be, when the spring whence the neighbourhood derives water to drink coming to contain, among other matters, "albuminoid" enough almost to make that water "thick and slab," became converted into a truly dead well. Alas, poor old Aldgate Pump!

A Safe Speculation.

"The *Investors' Guardian* publishes the following list of Companies, which were registered during the week. . . . . Virtue & Co.," &c., &c., &c

Do you wish to be happy, lighthearted, and brisk,
With nothing to harass or hurt you?
Do you want an investment without any risk?
What can you have better than Virtue?

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THE ORNAMENTAL v. THE USEFUL.

Servant. "I SUPPOSE, MA'AM, I SHALL NOT HAVE TO WAIT AT TABLE?" *Lady.* "O, NO! I WANT A HOUSEMAID."
Servant. "I SUPPOSE, MA'AM, I SHALL NOT HAVE TO MAKE THE BEDS?" *Lady (surprised, but composedly).* "CERTAINLY NOT!"
Servant (thinking the place will suit). "AND I SUPPOSE, MA'AM, I SHALL NOT BE EXPECTED TO ANSWER THE DOOR?"
Lady. "OF COURSE NOT! THE FACT IS, I WANT A SERVANT TO *LOOK AT, AND I DON'T THINK YOU WILL DO!*"

CARDINAL POINTS OF FACT.

IF there is sometimes wisdom in the wig, how much must there always be in the Hat—the gift of an infallibly wise donor? Although it is just possible that a Cardinal may err, who can point out any mistake in the eloquent discourse delivered by CARDINAL MANNING on the twenty-fifth anniversary of that benefaction to England by heretics misnamed Papal Aggression? Mark, for instance, the extraordinary accuracy of the statement that:—

"The English Church, which remains established by law and endowed with property, is so divided and subdivided by the internal conflicts of religious belief, that but the other day it was necessary to invoke an Act of Parliament to determine their conflicts—nay more, to settle how Almighty God is to be worshipped."

Now that we are told by CARDINAL MANNING, we see the full scope of the Public Worship Act. Its framers no doubt thought they had merely devised a statute to compel the observance of the law which had long ago settled what public worship was to be, but was only not strong enough to prevent the Ritualists from mimicking Roman Catholic ritual. But the Legislature may learn from CARDINAL MANNING that they meant not only to settle much more than that in respect of worship, but also to determine conflicts of religious belief—as though Parliament had pretended to be a synod. Who dares to think that he knows better than what CARDINAL MANNING says? Of course the Cardinal doesn't know better himself.

Here also is wisdom, in part perhaps prophetic, though our MANNING disclaims the pretensions of our CUMMING:—

"He did not pretend to be a prophet, but he ventured to foretell that if ever England again clashed with the revelation of Divine Truth, she would lose the last fragment of her Christian inheritance. But he did not think England would, for Englishmen now knew that the Catholic Church had nothing to do with politics, or with the Crown, except to obey it like good subjects."

As long as the Ultramontanes, or as CARDINAL MANNING calls them, the Catholic Church, do that, there is small chance that England will ever clash with what he also calls the revelation of Divine truth. Nor is there any fear that English Ultramontanes, any more than Irish, will meddle with politics, or will do otherwise than obey the Crown like good subjects, as long as the law allows them the liberty they now enjoy, or any further liberty they may claim. How loyally doubtless the Bishops would all behave in Germany, if BISMARCK and his King would only desist from enforcing education laws, which, being calculated to make the children of German Catholics not only Catholics but Germans too, are therefore opposed to Papal policy!

Good Works.

"The Commissioners of Works intend to distribute, this autumn, among the working classes and poor inhabitants of London the surplus bedding-out plants in the Metropolitan parks."

YOUR bedding-out plants you may offer the poor,
Now Autumn her leafage is shedding;
But Winter will teach you they want something more,
And then you can offer them—bedding.

A Rare Opening.

TALK of Women wanting work! Here's a chance—from the advertising columns of the *Daily Telegraph*—for an accomplished and industrious young Lady:—

WANTED, a DAILY GOVERNESS. Hours ten to six. For three Children, aged eight, ten, and eleven. Requirements, English, French, Music, and Needlework (and perhaps Drawing). Salary to commence at seven shillings per week.

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"BON VOYAGE!"

"GOOD BYE, MY DEAR BOY! AND MIND YOU GIVE MY LOVE TO INDIA."

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IN AND OUT OF TOWN.

The Confession of a Voluntary Trappist.



SAYING what is not true, I know, is a sin, or at least as a baby I was taught to think so; but I find it difficult to believe it, since making the charming acquaintance of so many ribbons of Diplomacy, stars of the two Houses, and lesser lights of the Legal and Medical professions, who assure me by their daily practice of the contrary; so that I suppose it is only some latent *souvenir* of a Puritanical code of morality which makes me shudder as I sit in the back dining-room in Stucco Square, when I hear that worthy but dilapidated Mrs. Shrub, with the chronic snuffle which peppermint and prevarication engenders, answer the knock at the front door with a responsive—

"Hout of Town, Sir. The fam'ly is at presink on the Riggy, and don't return afore the hend of October."

The "fam'ly" being myself and my two daughters.

When a widow in Society,—the best Society (well, not Marlborough House, you know, and Carlton Gardens, but next door)—is expected to be everywhere during the Season, from pigeon massacres at Hurlingham to Son-slaughter on the Rink at Prince's, it is difficult on limited means to bring both ends to that affinity which a plump banking account renders so easy: so when Society goes out of Town we must go out of Town too.

Accordingly, we go out of town, that is, we close the shutters, send away our servants (who are engaged by the month, and, most unaccountably, are found fault with just four weeks before the Ministerial whitebait dinner), carefully dress all the furniture in Tussore polonaises, call in the invaluable Mrs. Shrub, and retire with our *Murrays* and *Baëdeckers* to the back dining-room, where Ethel and Winifred study the route we have chosen for our trip, and study it till I am satisfied they can both pass a thorough examination in it when we go down to my brother-in-law's in November.

I had seriously thought of covering the small area of leads which forms our landscape with cotton-wool or salt, which, with an old Christmas-tree and a couple of alpenstocks, might have added to the illusion: but as strict economy is the order of our vacation tour, I have thought better of it, and simply put the refrigerator there, which suggests ice, you know, though there is never any in it.

Ethel practises the zither (the lessons are cheaper than a first-rate pianofortist), and Winifred has set up the tails of a brace of black game, as a souvenir of the Tyrol, where we think of spending a week as soon as the Righi has been sufficiently explored in the pages of *Baëdecker* and *Murray*.

My French and German, both learnt at Highgate some years ago, are, happily, sufficiently polished to admit of teaching my dear girls the necessary phrases which waiters and guides consider indispensable; so that I feel sure that no tourist, and few foreigners, will ever know that we have never left the back dining-room of 44, Stucco Square, South Kensington.

"I wonder who it was that called!" Mrs. Shrub says. "The gent wouldn't leave his name. But he come on foot, and 'is ginral appearance warn't by no means haristocratic."

There are always a few men in town rushing through on their way from Cowes to the Continent, or from the Grampians to Germany, which makes it awkward sometimes, for my dear girls can never take exercise until the evening.

After all, the parks are lovely when no one is in town, and I send them sometimes down to Battersea, where they are sure to meet no one of their acquaintance, and where they can get up some of the plants Murray will speak of so continually.

Lucky thought, to ask for Gouffe's *Cookery* at Mudie's. A cutlet, or chop is the most we indulge in; but it becomes quite exciting to know what dish we shall have for lunch, as I never allow my girls to mention the word chop, or cutlet without an addition, or an alteration.

Chaudfroid à la Maréchale means cold cutlets. *Epigrammes à la Montmorency*, does not sound like chop and potatoes, but it gives an additional zest to our somewhat monotonous meal, and, as we sometimes vary the entertainment by the substitution of mutton-broth, it does not jar on our nerves when one hears it, in the dear girls' voices, dished up as *Potage à la Reine Pomaré*, or *Purée de Gibier aux Quenelles Impériales*.

The only luxury I allow ourselves is a cup of coffee. This we take sitting on the leads outside, with the refrigerator as a table. We make believe it's a *café*, and Ethel pretends to be waiter, and calls out "*Pavillon à gauche-Boám*"—as to the manner born. We have no neighbours but the cats—all the others being really absent either in Switzerland, or Shepherd's Bush, at the Hague, or, perhaps, only at Littlehampton.

The blacks are unpleasant, it is true, but we try to think they are snow-flakes, and we wrap ourselves in our rugs and chorus the *Ranz des Vaches*, certain that we shall be able to describe our autumn tour as well as any of our friends we may meet this winter.

MYNHEER VAN DUNK.

(*A new Version.—Ad usum Sir Wilfrid Lawson.*)

Mynheer Van Dunk,
That he might not get drunk,
Drank milk and Thames water gaily,
After ridding the first
Of what it had worst,
By a Lipscombe's filter daily.
Singing, O, that our London milk might be
As pure as it is in Alderney!

Milk mixed with water, as one to four,
No Londoner thinks of scorning;
But of milk unwatered he sees no more
Than the cow supplies,
Milked under his eyes,
In the Park on a summer's morning.
And his milk, like his water, should filtered be,
And drunk, even then, most cautiously.

SHORN OF THE SHOULDER-KNOT!

Mr. Punch.

Sir. Grate constunnation have been occasun'd in fashonable Alls by the startlin enounsment in the *Harmy and Knavy Gazette* that "the uniform of deputy lieutenants has been subjected to a reform which may be described as radical, seeing that the swallow-tails have been developed into tunic-skirts, the lovely epaulettes abolished, and the sash changed into a sword-belt." Wel may this inavation unda the nam of Refaum be call'd Raddicle. Honly that ain't a bad enuf wurd. Revolucianery I calls it, and if heppalets is abollisht in Her Majesty's Sarvis wot next? Wy verry soon the Uniforms of gentlemen in Domestic Imployment will be stripped of the same deckerations. This is a prospect witch hevery gentleman, and gentleman's gentleman of true consawvative feelin must regaud with the gratest Alawm and disgast. Hand when Shouldanots go, in cawse Lace and Plush, and likewise Cockt Ats, and abuv all Air Powda will go too. Has the *H. and K. G.* truly obsawves—"The new tunic may look smart, but what is a deputy lieutenant without his epaulettes?" True and wot is hany uther Gentleman in Livary? Hand, though possible a Tewnic may look smart enuff in certing suckemstences, honly fancy *Mr. Punch*, honly pictsha to yourself me and William in Tewnics beind our Caridge. We too shal be put hinto Tewnicks next, and then it won't be no long time befaw you'll beold on the foot-board 2 pair of lowa limbs not to say legs in—O orra the thort is too Dreddful to contumplait in—Trowsas. I think I sea my swallow-tails develupt into tewnick skirts, and my carves envellupt and id in loose cloth overhauls instead of exibited in silks and tites. Our unifawms will be diwested of heverythink distanguy. At last it will cum to plane close. The ideaw makes me fit to sink into my shoos. I can no maw. In a state of utta Colaps and Postration, I remane, honna'd Sir, eva your most abeedjient umble Servent,

John Thomas.

Belgravy, Oct. 8, 1875.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

What certainly will *not* put down the rising against Turkish rule—Consul-tations and Capitulations.

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BELLE À LA MÉCANIQUE. (A RINK WRINKLE.)

RAILWAY JOKES.

As Played Daily on the Principal Lines.

***TURNING** Business into Pleasure.*—Take a Traveller pressed for time, and induce him to enter a train supposed to be in correspondence with another train belonging to another line, and by which other train the Traveller proposes to proceed to his destination. As the first train arrives at the junction, start off the second train *en route* for Town. The dismay of the Traveller when he finds his journey interrupted will be, to say the least, most mirth-moving.

The Panic-stricken Passengers.—Allow an express train to arrive at the station of a rival Company two hours behind its time. The Travellers will, of course, be anxious to learn the cause of the delay, and will (again of course) receive no sort of information on the subject from the servants of the rival Company. Should there be any nervous Ladies in the train, the fun will become fast and furious.

A Lark in the Dark.—Start a train ten minutes late, and gradually lose time until it arrives in the middle of a long tunnel, and then stop the engine. Stay where you are for half an hour, whistling and letting off steam every now and then, to increase the excitement. Should it be known in the train that an express is due on the line of rails already occupied by the carriages, the humour of the situation will be greatly improved. Before playing this joke, it will be as well to lock the carriage-doors, and to carefully sever the cord of communication existing (on some lines) between the Passengers and the Guard.

A Comical Meal.—On a long journey promise that the train shall stop at a stated station ten minutes for refreshments. Lose time in the customary manner, and allow the train to arrive at the stated station half an hour late. Permit the Passengers to descend and to enter the Refreshment-rooms. The moment they are served, drive them back hurriedly into the carriages with the threat that if they are not immediately seated in their places they will be left behind. When the Passengers are once more in their compartments, the carriage-doors should be securely locked, and the train can then remain waiting beside the platform for three-quarters of an hour.

The Strange Companions.—Invite Ladies and Gentlemen to travel in a First-Class Carriage. When the compartment is a third full, over-fill it with "merry" excursionists holding Third-Class tickets. The contrast between the "merriment" of the excursionists and the disgust of the Ladies and Gentlemen will be found a source of never-ending amusement.

A Wholesome Joke (added by Mr. Punch and suggested to the Passengers).—Whenever you find yourselves subjected to the "fun" of the Railway Officials, write to the Newspapers and obtain a summons against the Directors of the Company which you believe to be in fault. *Verb. sap.*

PUNCH TO OCTOBER.

Joyous Month of the Pheasant!
Gamely come to the front:
Give us a time that 's pleasant—
Menses tristes sunt.
Now and then a disaster
On the bright blue sea—
Royalty steaming faster
Than safe, where sails fly free:
Now and then a collision
'Twixt ships of monster power,
Bringing a sudden vision
Of battle's terrible hour.

Come, awaken, October!
Give us a happier time:
England's oaken *robur**
Should shake off folly and crime.
What can there be absurder
In a land of progress and pith,
Than every morning a murder
And every evening a myth?
O for October weather
Out on the moorland wide,
Birds in covert and heather,
Beauty at eventide!

If the Winter chills us,
If the Spring is severe,
If a wet Summer fills us
With fancies utterly drear,
Yet our English Autumn
Ought to have days divine:
Fair month, have you brought 'em,
With game, and peaches, and wine?
Ministers turn one acid
With blunders worse than crimes:
O for an Autumn placid—
And nothing new in the *Times*.

Come, russet, ripe October!
Month when England's ale,
Sipped by Judges sober,
Doth o'er all drinks prevail.
Bring thy calmest weather,
Spare the yellowing leaves:
Punch, with his lengthened tether,
Over their downfall grieves.
Ay, and Youth at the portal
Of life will grieve much more
Than *Mr. Punch*, the immortal,
Who has seen some Autumns before.

* Stabat ingens animoso robore quercus.

THE GAME FOR RACKETY BISHOPS.—Lawn-tennis.

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"TURN ABOUT."

George. "I say, Tom, do take care! You nearly Shot my Father then!"
Tom. "'Sh! Don't say anything, there's a good Fellow! Take a Shot at mine!!"

THE RUNAWAY COACH.

"Many a Layman has been somewhat startled of late by the pace at which the Clergy run away with the old Coach of the Establishment whenever it is repaired."—*Times.*

A propos of Disraeli! How sad the reproach,
That he cannot pull up the runaway Coach,
That off the brisk team at a gallop will go,
The leaders too High and the wheelers too Low,
While the Whip who maintains he can best understand 'em,
Is driving the Pope and old Homer in tandem!

Ben's a judge of a horse too: indeed, there are few men
With eye that is keener, or truer acumen.
We remember his speech, when, with humour to flavour it,
He backed Angel to win, although Ape was first favourite.
But what can he do—ask his warmest adorers—
When Rectors will jib, and when Bishops are roarers?

Away down the hill goes the runaway team;
The old woman who sits on the box doesn't scream;
For though the old coach has been many times patched,
Its early materials are not to be matched.
And the Coachman observes, with no atom of doubt,
"Only give them their heads, and they'll run themselves out!"

Punch must needs shake his head o'er this coaching revival:
And, whether 'tis Ben on the box or his rival,
Only hopes that the team (if they must have their kick),
Won't smash the old Coach by some rascally trick:
And whoe'er holds the reins, if the horses go wrong,
Let us wish him strong wrists, and a whip with a thong.

THE RULE OF ROME.

An "Inquiring City Clerk," fresh from his Roman History, writes to ask if "S.P.Q.R." stands for "Small profits, quick returns."

LADY HELPS.

On this subject much nonsense has been written. They are quite as suitable (perhaps more so than otherwise) to the cottage as to the castle. The cottage need not have a name spelt with a Celtic series of dissonant consonants. A few hints may be advisable to the numerous "Lady Helps" at present in the market.

A Lady may efficiently help the mistress of the household to snub her husband, by adroitly echoing (and improving) the said mistress's remarks of a personal character.

A Lady may help the Cook to produce an original dinner, by suggesting fresh combinations, which will make the said Cook indignant, and even furious.

A Lady may help the Butler effectually, by decanting the '45 port, and shaking it a little first, as you would Daffy's Elixir.

A Lady may help the visitors to the house by reading all the letters that may chance to be thrown aside, and taking advantage of any private intelligence they contain.

A Lady may help the master of the house by a flirtation in the library, while the mistress is away on a round of visits.

A Lady may help the daughters to quiet talks in the Park with ambitious Curates.

A Lady may possibly help the son and heir to—herself.

You see, there are ladies and ladies, as there are *fagots et fagots*, and *Mr. Punch* has his suspicions of the Lady Helps of the future.

An Experienced Envoy.

A telegram from Berlin announces that:—

"The Arnim Case will come on before the Supreme Tribunal on the 20th of October."

By-and-by, perhaps, Bismarck will discern Count Arnim to be a person possessing one important qualification at least for an office of trust. He must see that he is a well-tried man.

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PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

(From Our Own Special Eavesdropper.)



LORD SKYNFLYNT has invited a small party of his friends to stay a few days with him at his mansion in Ayrshire. But, as a rumour is abroad that His Lordship's guests last autumn were chiefly fed on rabbits, there are reasons for supposing that His Lordship's invitations will this season be declined.

SIR THOMAS NODDY has accepted a seat on the directorate of The Aldgate Pump and Hounsditch Milk Adulterating Company.

LADY PRATTLEWELL is suffering from the loss of two of her front teeth, which she has sent to be repaired by her dentist, MR. TUGWELL.

The EARL OF STARBOROUGH has purchased the St. Giles's Theatre, and there will shortly make his *début* before a British audience, in a burlesque, which has been expressly written for him by his wife.

The HONOURABLE MR. SCAMPERTON has just returned from a short tour upon the Continent, wherein he visited Vienna, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg and Moscow, returning by the way of Amsterdam, Constantinople, Athens, Norway, Venice, Heligoland, and Rome.

LADY BOOBIE is at present on a visit at LORD OGLEWELL'S, near Greenock, where she is enjoying some fair sport in her favourite amusement of fishing—for compliments.

CAPTAIN SHARK is just now living with, and on, his friend LORD LOOSEFISH, to whom he is imparting some, but not much, of his knowledge in whist, billiards, and *écarté*.

VISCOUNT NINCOMPOOP has laid a wager with LORD POPPINGTON that he will shoot a score of sparrows, sing a comic song, swallow a pint of shrimps, and swill a quart of soapsuds, standing on his head, all within the space of sixteen minutes and six seconds.

MAJOR SLYBOOTS has returned from a campaign in Dumfriesshire, where he has been laying siege to the widow of LORD MONIBAGGE.

MR. HOOKITT, after vainly trying to negotiate a loan upon some Honduras and Ojibbeway Ship Railway State Securities, shot the moon last quarter-day without taking out a gun licence, and since has not been heard of, even by his Uncle.

LADY ROUGELEY has contrived, after several attempts, to bring LORD CRŒSUS on his knees (figuratively speaking, for his Lordship has a wooden leg) before her eldest daughter.

MR. BORER has again been blackballed at the Snarlton Club, although on this occasion he was both proposed and seconded by Members of the Government.

The EARL OF MAGNUMBURY is unfortunately laid up with a sharp attack of gout, in consequence of a week's visit to his friend LORD BEESWING.

MR. DUNDER HEAD, M.P. for Muddleborough, took the chair, on Monday last, at a meeting of the Anti-Vaccination and Small-Pox Insurance Society.

MR. SNOBLEY has started in his yacht for Alexandria, with the intention to waylay the Prince when he proceeds to India.

LADY BUTTERFLY has been fluttering about among her friends. She is now on a flying visit to LORD CHRYSALIS, at Grubwell.

COLONEL LONGBOW is enjoying some rare sport in Central Africa. According to his letters, which have not yet been credited, his average bag per diem has consisted of six elephants, eight gorillas, ten ostriches, twelve tigers, fifteen lions, twenty reindeer, and a brace of hippopotami.

VISCOUNT LIQUORUP has proposed, and has been declined with thanks by the HONOURABLE MISS BELINDA GOODIE GOODIE.

SILENCE IS BRAZEN.

O WHERE is the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER?
On a jaunt beyond the seas?
And where, out of reach by goad or spur,
Are the Felstead School Trustees!
The GRIGNON affair—what an ugly tale!—
Could they not, if they chose, explain?
Do they let it pass by, like the idle gale,
As a slander they all disdain?

Again and again is the story told,
Which a word might at once confute;
But from pen, ink and paper their hands they hold,
And their tongues keep also mute.
In the pride of a conscious rectitude,
Can it be they forbear reply?
Are they, Bishop and all, in too haught a mood
To a fiction to give the lie?

The world may believe that a Board of Trustees
Did an act of ungenerous spite,
Which a careless Bishop confirmed at his ease,—
Whereas both may be in the right.
They are silent still, they are silent all;
They are dumb while accusers shout.
They are deaf, as it were, to a trumpet-call—
Will nobody draw them out?

COTTONOPOLIS.

MR. ALDERMAN COTTON has expressed his intention of reviving the glories of the Lord Mayor's Show on the 9th of next November. On that day London is to be rejoiced with a glimpse of Trade Deputations and Volunteer Detachments marching gaily from the Guildhall to Westminster. The Prophet *Punch* begs to give an anticipatory programme of the Procession.

750,000 Soldiers, Sailors, Tinkers, Tailors, Ploughboys, Apothecaries, Gentlemen, and Thieves.

Policemen getting out of the way.
Enthusiastic Mob, who have got no work to do.
Military Band playing "*See the Conquering Heroes come.*"
Shop-Assistant carrying Banner. Motto—"By Adulteration we Live."
Deputation of Grocers in their own Carriages.
Trade Trophy. Pickles, Copper, Sugar, Sand, Red Lead, Cut-up Birch Brooms, and Tea.
First Volunteer Detachment. Sixteen Captains and a Private.
Military Band playing "*Take this glass of Sparkling Wine.*"
Bar Attendant carrying a Banner. Motto—"Rob a Poor Man of his Beer."
Deputation of Licensed Victuallers in Carriages (the vehicles kindly lent for the occasion by several eminent Brewers).
Trade Trophy. Liquorice, Strychnia, Gin, Cayenne Pepper, Whiskey, and Oil of Vitriol.
Second Volunteer Detachment. Seven Sergeants, a Colonel, and a Bugler.
Military Band playing "*O the Roast Beef of Old England!*"
Boy carrying a Banner. Motto—"Two and two make five."
Deputation of Butchers driving in Carriages and Six (attended by Wholesale Dealers asking for a larger share of the profits).
Trade Trophy. Scales, Bones, Fat, and Cheque-Books.
Third Volunteer Detachment. A Provincial Pioneer.
Banner of the City of London. Banner of MR. ALDERMAN COTTON.
Standard of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES. Standard of H.I.H. *Mr. Punch.*
The late Lord Mayor in a Brougham (wishing that he had thought of "the Procession notion" himself last year).
A strong guard of Cavalry, with Carbines loaded with blank Cartridge.
Carriage and Twelve containing the Rt. Hon. Baron *Toby* (attended by His Lordship's Veterinary-Surgeon in Ordinary).
Some Trade Deputations, with their Trophies (a little late).
Some Volunteer Detachments (just a trifle disorganised).
An Assortment of City Officials (in Carriages of unequal merit).
Guard of Cavalry guarding Nothing.
A State Coach, moving very unsteadily, containing THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR (attended by his Chaplain, Mace-bearer, Common Crier, Secretary, and a few Friends).
City Trumpeters playing extempore Voluntaries on horseback.
Guard of Infantry. Guard of Artillery.
Guard of Cavalry.
State Coach and Sixty-Six, carrying The Staff of His Imperial Highness *Mr. Punch* (representing His Imperial Highness).
Guard of Infantry. Guard of Artillery.
Guard of Cavalry.
Gigantic Mob, enthusiastic but disorderly.
Policemen getting out of the way.

750,000 Soldiers, Sailors, Tinkers, Tailors, Ploughboys, Apothecaries, Gentlemen, and Thieves.

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THOSE TERRIBLE TURKS!

"My dear Fellow, your're Looking quite Blue. What is it? Indigo?"
"No. Turks."

"OUR BULWARKS ON THE BRINE."

On Seamanship when Sailors disagree
How can John Bull expect to fare at sea?
Fault sinks a ship; on whom should censure fall?
Chiefs judging Chiefs, are snubbed by Chiefs of all.
Our Sires could trust their Navy. Are their sons
As safe with Ironclads and monster guns?
In time of war protection we must owe
To ships which may be foundered at a blow.
Then, if we wish in ease at home to dwell,
Commanded they need be, and handled, well,
Now that the day of wooden walls is o'er,
And Jack can board his enemy no more,
But they will conquer who the best can steer,
And fight the battles of the Engineer,
The Fleet whereon our sole insurance lies
Would be well officered, if fools were wise!
There, with the Navy to construct anew,
May be some room for "reconstruction" too.
But where will Admirals, conflicting, end?
How far does "unseaworthiness" extend?
Our iron walls are 'gainst *teredo* good;
But has that insect not bored heads of wood?
These thoughts may somewhat tend to waken fears,
Which bid us cry, "Call out the Volunteers!
Them with the regular troops in camps combine,
And double the Militia and the Line,
To fight for hearth and home as best we can,
Now *Vanguards* can no longer guard our van."
But Seamen, as to seamanship at sea,
In one particular at least agree;
"My Lords" and the Court-Martial, all the same,
A culprit both condemn to bear the blame.
To whom "My Lords," not erring on the side
Of legal usage, add a man untried.
For half a million sunk the waves below,
Two ruined officers we have to show—
No single scapegoat his superiors saves:
Long may we sing, "Britannia rules the waves."

The Worst Result of Vivisection.—Eve. (*By an incorrigible Old Bachelor, who is hiding himself for fear of consequences.*)

BEYOND A JOKE.

Scene—*A Board-Room in Whitehall.* Naval Lords *in Council.*

A Naval Lord. Ha! ha! ha! The best things I have heard for years. Ha! ha! ha! You will be the death of me!

Another Naval Lord. We *have* had a fine time of it! Ha! ha! ha! [*Roars of sympathetic laughter from other Naval Lords.*

Enter Mr. Punch.

Mr. Punch. I beg your pardon—perhaps you are busy?

A Naval Lord. Not at all, my dear Sir, not at all. We have nothing particular to do at this moment for a wonder.

Another Naval Lord. I say, tell him that good story—you know, the one about the Niggers. Now do. It will make him roar.

Other Naval Lords (*to Mr. Punch*). The funniest thing you ever heard. Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. Punch. Perhaps it was reported in the papers?

A Naval Lord. I don't know. Why, bless you, my dear Sir, *we* never read the papers. But there, I will tell you the story, and if it doesn't make you shriek, well—I was talking to these fellows about that affair on the Solent. One of our ships ran down a yacht, don't you know, caused a couple of inquests, and then we said that the matter wasn't of sufficient importance to call for any official investigation! Wasn't *that* good? Ha! ha! ha!

Other Naval Lords. Ha! ha! ha! Eh?

Mr. Punch. Hum!

A Naval Lord. What! It doesn't make you laugh! Well, here's another story. We got a Paymaster (on full pay) to come up to Town to draw up a Circular. He was a Barrister, don't you know, and he drew up *such* a Circular! He said that Captains commanding Her Majesty's Ships must give up fugitive slaves seeking freedom under the shadow of the Union Jack! Well, we sent it out, and it made *such* a row! Ha! ha! ha!

Other Naval Lords. Ha! ha! ha! Good, eh?

Mr. Punch. Hum!!

A Naval Lord. Why, that doesn't make you laugh, either! How dull you are!

Another Naval Lord. Tell him about that ship—what was her name? The one you know we put in this month's *Navy List* with a note saying that she was at the bottom of the sea. Ha! ha! ha!

A Naval Lord. Ha! ha! ha! You mean the *Vanguard.*

Another Naval Lord. That's it. Ha! ha! ha! The *Vanguard.* (*To Mr. Punch.*) Now this *will* make you roar.

A Naval Lord. Well, Sir, a squadron of Ironclads went into a fog, by order of the Admiral in command, at full speed! Funny notion, wasn't it? Ha! ha! ha! Well, one of the ships, having no fog signal (a capital joke that was too—wasn't it?), ran into another ship, and—ha! ha! ha!—ship No. Two went to the bottom! Wasn't that a joke? Ha! ha! ha!

Other Naval Lords. Ha! ha! ha! Go on.

A Naval Lord (*with difficulty suppressing his merriment*). Well, Sir, of course there was a Court Martial, and the verdict was "Guilty" against the Captain of ship No. Two, and (as a rider) "Guilty" against the Captain of ship No. One, and "Guilty" against the Admiral in command of the squadron. And what do you think we did? Ha! ha! ha! You will never guess!

Another Naval Lord (*shrieking with laughter*). Tell him, tell him!

A Naval Lord. Why, Sir, we did—nothing! Now, wasn't *that* a joke? Ha! ha! ha! Wasn't that a joke?

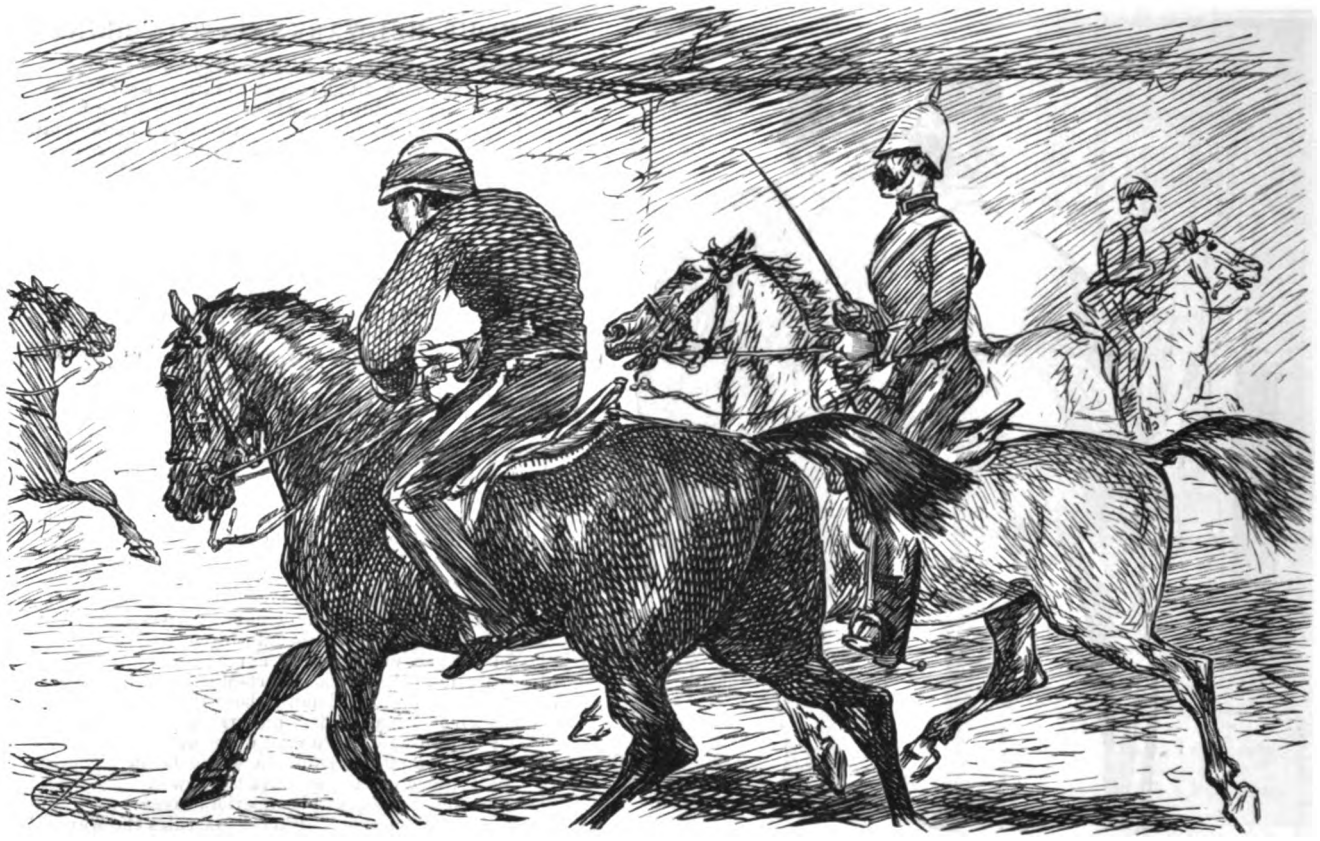
Mr. Punch. Hum!!!

[*Exit* Mr. Punch *abruptly, so that the stage may be left clear for the appearance of* Mr. John Bull. Mr. John Bull *is expected to do his duty.*

Hope and Heterodoxy.

From a letter in the *Times*, signed "Plunket," it appears that Mr. Beresford Hope is anxious that the Irish Church "would replace in its rubric the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed"—which though it retains on paper, it has determined shall no longer be read. No Hope for anyone who cannot accept the whole of Athanasius' dogmas, "damnatory" and all. No Hope for the heterodox!

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THE RIDING LESSON.

Riding Master (to Sub, who is qualifying himself for the Punjaub Cavalry). "IF YER 'EAD WAS ONLY TURNED THE OTHER WAY, WHAT A SPLENDID CREST YOU 'D 'AVE, MR. BOWDRIB!"

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

Dated (en route) Oct. 11, Brandypaunee, India.

SIR,—When the subject of H.R.H.'s visit to India was first on the *tapis* (this is *not* an Indian word), the question you naturally, yet artfully, asked, in my presence, was, "Who will go for *us*?" There was no response. Silence *may* speak consent; and *I* (hitherto Your Representative) was silent. So also was the rest of the party. *Enfin* (again *not* an Indian word), to quote the Immortal Bard, the rest was silence. Then came the rumour that the Prince wouldn't go. *I* knew that the Prince *would* go. I remembered the ancient song, which said, "If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,"—but we had a Prince who had said he *would* go, and go he meant to, and go he decided to, and gone he has!

Going! going!! gone!!!

But not there yet.

Now where's the fluster? Everywhere. Every newspaper Editor rushing to me; my room besieged from dewy morn to foggy eve, Editors, Proprietors, everywhere at my doors, at my windows, all beseeching me and crying out, "You're the man *we* want! Come out of your ambush! Name any terms you like! India and back for five millions. Only *do* go."

"Gentlemen," I replied, seated at my rosewood desk, in my damask dressing-gown with silk tassels, and the smoking-cap of *her* work on my glossy locks, "Gentlemen, I cannot. I am another's. My word is my bond—better than Turkish, more durable than Khedives. The *séance* (*not* an Indian word) is dismissed."

They left, blowing their noses to conceal their emotion. It was a touching sight. I put my *pince-nez* (French word, not Indian) to my eyes, and took a sip of chocolate to conceal my emotion.

Then, Sir, I came to you.

In five minutes it was settled. I was to go as Your Representative in India—as Agent in advance, to let you know how the boilers of the *Serapis* were getting on, and make things generally pleasant for the Royal party.

Of course the Public will be fed from time to time with accounts of what is doing on board, and then will come "how gallantly, how merrily," &c., we passed the day on the broad expanse of ocean. You will hear how (also to be found in the song of *The Admiral*) "strange things came up to look at us"—to take a sight at us—"the monsters of the deep." Of all this you will be duly informed. But where the interest *must* commence is in the Second Act of the Drama, with the arrival of the Prince on Indian soil. Till then, the saucepan of journalism can only be kept simmering—*then* it must boil over.

But this climax it is my aim to anticipate, that is, to a certain extent. By the time you have printed and published this I shall have arrived in India. I, Your Representative, will be *on the spot*, rehearsing the Indian Rumjams, Rajahs, Burrumpooters (troublesome fellows these Burrumpooters—always have been), and my first telegram, which you can append to this letter, will put you *au courant* (French, not Indian, this—but I'm a master of both languages, and have sincere friends in both countries) with my doings, and will give the Public *some sort of idea* of what the Prince will have to expect when he is welcomed here by the swarthy natives.

You may depend upon me for genuine local colouring. Indian ink shall not be spilt in vain by *me*. Of course this erudition and labour can't be done for nothing, and Your Representative expects something considerably extra for the local touches, Indian phrases, &c., &c.

I have obtained introductions to the best society, and special information on every subject from the intelligent REGENT RUMMUN, now a resident in London—a worthy and noble Indian, who is amassing a colossal fortune. He takes care of the pence, and lets the pounds look after themselves. He is a Parsee-monious gentleman. [*Vide Foot-Note.*]

I am, with real Indian warmth,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. (*by Telegram*).—10 A.M. Only a *Rajpoot* and a *Kitmagar* have come to rehearsal. Thermometer 150° in the shade. Regimental native band in attendance. I'm now talking to a distinguished *Tom-Tom*, who is their hereditary leader. He is what they call here a *Chittabac Jugmul*,—but I've a little forgotten my

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CROSSING THE DESERT.

(*Fancy Sketch of a Royal Bird of Passage.*)

MY BROKER.

Who leads me on to fields Elysian,
Where golden prospects greet my vision,—
And charges but a small commission?
My Broker.

Who, while I trudge through muddy ways,
Rides (for that small commission pays)
Behind a handsome pair of bays?
My Broker.

Who, sitting at Pactolus' fount,
Buys, sells, or holds for "next account,"
Charging, of course, a *small* amount?
My Broker.

Whose tone is soft, whose manner bland;
Who, lightly holding by my hand,
Talks figures I don't understand?
My Broker.

When panics come, who seems to wear
A calm, serene, superior air,
As if it wasn't *his* affair?
My Broker.

Whose villa's somewhere in the West;
Whose wife's in silk and sealskin drest;
Whose wines and weeds are of the best?
My Broker's.

Whose waist expands? Who still can sport
A face of roundest, ruddiest sort,
Through drinking forty-seven port?
My Broker.

Whom did I look on as my friend,
Till he those "Turks" would recommend—
Yet knew the inevitable end?—
My Broker!

Such a Rammer!—England's Vanguard—the *Iron Duke*.

Hindoostanee. I must brush it up again. Twenty-four hours' brushing will do it; and, until I *have* brushed it up, I don't think it safe to call him a *Chittabac Jugmul* to his face.

11 A.M.—The *Bungalows* have arrived. They are as fine a set of men as I've ever seen. Their chief is a *Howdah*—a real *Howdah*,—*i.e.*, a genuine native Prince, all jewels and gold, daggers, swords, pistols, and moustache. They are most willing to accept any instruction from Your Representative. We are arranging terms for lessons as to "How to receive the Prince." A nice mess they'd have made of it without me!!

The *Howdah* rode in accompanied by a guard of *Tiffins* (mounted). After *kincob* (an Indian meal for which there is no equivalent in England), he treated me to a cigar and a review. To see the agility of each *Tiffin* is marvellous! While his horse is at full gallop, the *Tiffin* swings himself out of the saddle, rushes back three hundred yards, fires his *betel* (a peculiar sort of Indian pistol), executes a supposed enemy, and is on horseback again in less time than it has taken me to recount the feat. I doubted, I said to the *Howdah*, whether this particular *Tiffin* would have had time to cut off the head of a *real* foe. It is dangerous to hint a doubt to a *Howdah*. He frowned, and said something in Hindostanee, *which I would rather not translate*. The result, however, was that an unfortunate *Punkah* was ordered to represent the enemy, and, in the next charge, the *Tiffin* (whose agility I had questioned) leapt from his horse, and, before I could wink, his *coolie* flashed in the air, and the poor *Punkah* rolled down-hill a lifeless corse at my feet! The *Howdah* smiled . . . This telegram leaves while he is still smiling. Y. R.

Foot-Note.—This indiscreet hint from our Correspondent lets in more than a ray of light on his proceedings. We have strong reason to suspect that the so-called "Regent Rummun" is the ancient swarthy sweeper who for years has swept a crossing in Regent Street. We are informed that our Correspondent was seen in conversation with him, and, *if still in England*, he will be closely watched. As to the extra pay for "local colouring," it will depend upon the colouring itself, and the locality it comes from. We can only in honesty warn our readers, and print our Correspondent's letters and telegrams as they arrive. If he is going to try on *us* a repetition of the "Old Sheik" and "Brummy," let him beware. The Bowstring—we mean the Bow Street—will be his portion.—Ed.

Melancholy Announcement (*under the Judicature Act*).—The last of the Barons—Sir John Walter Huddleston, Knight!

WANTED!

The Lady and Gentlemen Help Association can find excellent positions for—

A Lady Help with twenty thousand a year, who can help her husband to enjoy existence.

A Lady Help with deft fingers, who can open oysters, peel walnuts and prawns, and make toast.

A Lady Help who can draft a speech that will suit an ex-Secretary of State at a Social Science Congress.

A Lady Help who can do the same for a mild and moderate Bishop at a Church Congress—extra wages will be given for assistance in the composition of Charges.

A Lady Help who can drive Four-in-Hand, for a Coach to be started from Hatchett's Hotel to Coventry.

A Lady Help who is absolutely helpless—none need apply unless they can show that they are good for nothing.

A Lady Help who can look into Messrs. Emmanuel's or Madame Elise's shop-window, with the house-money in her pocket, and not wish to help herself.

Also—

A Gentleman Help who can nurse babies, and comb their hair carefully.

A Gentleman Help who can choose good cigars, and assist in smoking them.

A Gentleman Help who can work a Sewing Machine and a private apparatus for the distillation of whiskey.

A Gentleman Help who can assist the Sultan of Turkey to pay the interest on his debts.

A Gentleman Help who can help the Clerk of the Weather to turn on a little more sunshine.

General Shut-up.

(*Aldgate Pump included.*)

O'er 'Change still hangs the fatal spell—
Clerics and spinsters Turkish sell;
Egyptian Drafts, too, downward jump,
And none may draw on Aldgate Pump!

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GUILDHALL IN THE GREENWOOD.

"It had been the custom for the City Aldermen, after transacting their ordinary business at Guildhall, to proceed to Epping Forest to hunt the deer." —*Times Report of the visit of the Corporation to Epping Forest on October* 14.



O, Aldermen, to the Forest—but not to chase the deer;
'Tis a triumph there they celebrate with pageant and good cheer.
Such a Lord Mayor's Show in the greenwood glades is a novel sight indeed,
Yet the Wood Nymphs well might welcome it as it winds through famed Fairmead.
Guildhall in all its glory amidst the beeches dines,
And though the cold may Turtle chill, or the rain dilute the wines,
They may not damp the doughty Cits, or arrest the fluent flow
Of the toasts that pass o'er a brimming glass as through the card they go.

And *Punch* is there, and gladly drinks to the health of the Corporation.
These Civic Champions well have earned the cheer of a thankful nation.
They stood to the front, and bore the brunt when the battle's storm waxed sorest,
And from the ghoul Enclosure's prowl they saved the People's Forest.

MAID MARIAN'S self to such a "Mayre" a brimming stoupe had quaffed,
ROBIN HOOD had greeted such "Sheryfes" with shout instead of shaft;
Stout FRIAR TUCK had wished them luck, fair quarry, and full bag,
If as of wont, the Epping Hunt meet again at the "Bald-faced Stag."

For "mery it is, in grene forèst among the levès green,"
To see London's happy, holiday folk enjoy that sylvan scene.
And as they revel in "Englyshe shaw, under the green-wode tre,"
They shall bless the Corporation bold of London's fair Citye!

Five thousand acres well secured, ten thousand thanks well earned!
Be sure from Bethnal Green those thanks with interest are returned;
Pale Spitalfields its tribute yields, when its dense Easter throng,
With voices stout shall swell the shout, two hundred thousand strong!

Three cheers for the Common Councilmen who could take the people's part,
With a better eye for Nature, than some of them show for Art!
Judicial *Punch* must shrug his hunch, when taste's bounds they 're o'erstepping,
But he gladly owns a good set-off in the rescued glades of Epping.

THE CAT FOR CRUELTY.

LORD ABERDARE, in his speech on Crime, at Brighton the other day, called in question the hitherto undoubted fact that the decrease of robbery with violence was owing to the punishment of that offence by flogging. From the tone of his Lordship's remarks, he does not appear to enter into those feelings which are solaced by the consideration that a cruel ruffian, by whom a person's teeth have been knocked out, or his skull cracked, or his nose smashed on his face, has been scourged to the effect of making him howl some time for mercy. To this extent LORD ABERDARE is evidently deficient in the heart that can feel for another.

However, it is idle to argue the point whether or no flogging has diminished garotting. If this were at all doubtful, it might be tested by a very practicable and most desirable experiment. The crime of wife-beating and wife-kicking is just now prevalent. Extend the punishment of flogging to savage assaults, and see whether it does, or does not diminish them.

LORD ABERDARE should consider that for crimes of violence the cat-of-nine-tails is not merely an instrument of retribution. It is a means of commencing the moral education of the criminal by teaching him what it is to feel physical pain, which he did not consider when he inflicted it. The Cat appeals to his sensitive nerves, in which resides all the feeling he has, and to arouse this is, necessarily, the first step in a process of development tending, as highly as possible in his case, to the elevation of our fellow-man.

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., *and Hon. Member of the Dulli-dillitanty Society.*

Paperhangings.—The most important feature in this portion of decorative art is "The Dado."

Origin of the Dado.—It is supposed originally to have been the feminine of the now extinct *Dodo*. The Dodo and the Dado were formerly, of course a very long time ago, caught, stuffed, and kept in glass cases in the *Atrium* or Hall of the House. In order to display the plumage, the wall forming the back-ground to the Dado, and visible through the glass, was coloured plainly in paper, or if the bird had not been in good health, in "distemper"—but, as the Latins said, *Distempera mutantur*, and as we haven't now got the Dado, and are forced to do without her, so we perpetuate the remembrance of her stuffed existence by colouring the wall of the hall to a height of three or four feet from the floor. Whatever colour you choose, bear what I have told you in mind, and don't forget the Dado.

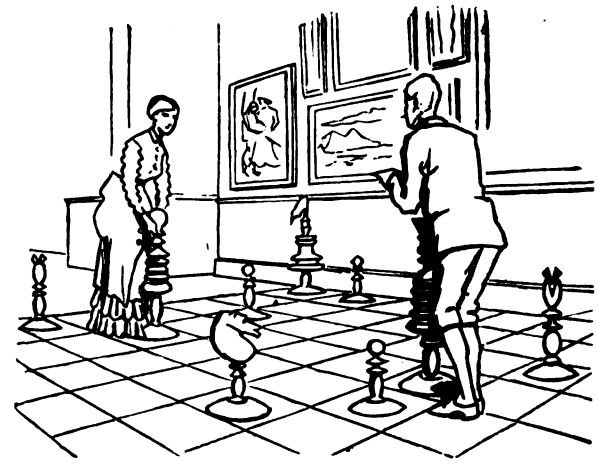
Flock patterns are, as might be supposed, a sheepish sort of design, and I cannot recommend them.

For the pavement of a hall—and by a hall I mean something more than a narrow passage between the front door and the dining-room, lighted by an outside gas lamp—tiles should be used.

How to Collect Tiles.—Give several parties. At each party several guests will do what *Bo-Peep's* sheep did with their tails—and leave their "tiles" behind them. These tiles can be easily arranged for the hall.

As for patterns in tiles, buy a kaleidoscope. It will supply you with an endless variety of patterns.

But if you require REAL NOVELTY, take my advice, and combine the useful and amusing with the ornamental. Make your hall a place where to spend, happily, a rainy day. Every householder should make provision against a rainy day—and here you are; here is your *modus operandi: Lay down a chess-board pattern in*



tiles. Have chess-men made as big as skittles. You can then walk about and play the game.

The same pattern forming a chess-board will also do, of course, for *draughts*. But, as draughts should always be avoided in a house, specially in a hall, I will not be the first to introduce them.

A skittle alley, and an alley for American bowls, should form part of every well-regulated hall.

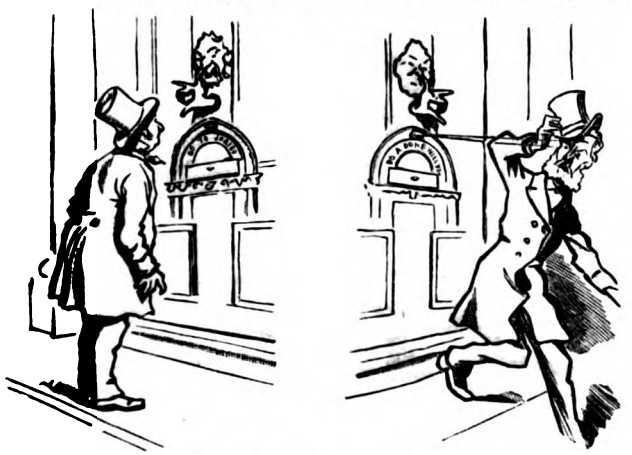
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While so near the front door, it will be as well to pay some attention to the exterior decoration in knockers and bell handles.

The knocker, which might be a Roman nose, or a fist, should be so arranged *as to answer its own requirements.*

I will explain. When a person knocks at a door, it means that he wants *something.* Now, the first thing he wishes to know is, whether any one is at home. Now, the knocker may be so arranged as to touch a spring, with one knock, which shall immediately shoot out a white metal plate with "*Not at Home*" on it. Two raps would produce "*Return Uncertain.*" Three raps, which would show obstinacy, and would indicate an unfriendly spirit on the part of the rapper,—an unfriendly spirit-rapper,—should produce a metal plate bearing the words "*Be Off!*" Four raps, evincing pertinacity, animosity, or clearly the hand of a dun, should produce a plate with the words "*Go to—Jericho!*" on it. All this can be managed with a circular shield, of mediæval design, affixed to the front door at a small cost.*

A fifth rap should touch a percussion exploder, and project a small but sharp-hitting pea, with the words "*Do 'a done! will*



you?"—or, instead of the percussion, a piston-worked squirt which would discharge a small quantity of water into the rapper's face.

Bells could be arranged on a similar principle. Unless they were entirely done away with, and speaking-tubes used.

The Master or Mistress is then able to go to the window, or without doing so to recognise the voice of the caller. In which case, if there is a piano at hand, Dr. Watts's Sluggard's Hymn can be adapted and sung as follows:—

'Tis the voice of the Caller,
I heard him complain,
"Not at home! Always out!
I won't call here again."

Or, without wasting time in song, the answer can be at once given, "No, gone out," or "Not at home," or you can call down through another tube to the footman in the pantry, and say, "Master's not at home—gone out—won't be back for ever so long," &c., &c.



These Tubes can be, externally, in floriated metal of exquisite design, representing flowers of speech.

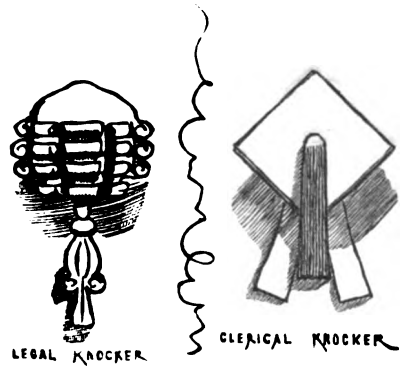
These speaking-tubes save the servants' legs, if that is an object, and your servants' legs *should* be an object—of admiration.

À propos of "saving your servants' legs"—every Lady of fashion should have a cupboard where she should save her servants' legs—I mean a cupboard which should represent a *Domestic Magazine*, for the use of male servants, and be filled up with plenty of *padding.*

A Lawyer, a Doctor, a Clergyman, a Dentist, an Artist, an Author, an Actor, &c., &c., each one ought to have a special and peculiar style of furnishing his house, instead of bringing down the decorative art to one dead level uniformity.

* Send to the Author of this work; *he* knows the man to do this cheap. Small commission; no other charge. Orders punctually attended to.

For example, a Barrister's door knocker should be a tail of a legal wig; a Clergyman could publish his bands outside; a Dentist could have a tooth and nail, and so forth.



(*To be continued.*)

(POLICE)-COURT THEATRES.

It is stated, on the best authority that can be found for the rumour, that the delay which has taken place in providing proper Police Courts in several districts where the existing ones are disgracefully inadequate, has been occasioned by the consideration of a scheme which would necessitate buildings of an entirely different character. It has been thought that the large amount of "applause," "laughter," and "cheers, which were taken up outside the Court," continually occurring, might warrant the establishment of an auditorium where such manifestations would appear less out of place. The ordinary design for a bijou theatre would be all that could be desired.

In this the worthy Magistrate might occupy the centre of the stage, and persons of distinction, instead of being "accommodated with a seat on the Bench," could be shown into a private box. The Chief Clerk might be accommodated in a prompter's box, such as is used at the Opera House, where his various suggestions and expoundings of the law would not appear so derogatory to the Magisterial capacity as is occasionally the case at present.

Prisoners, accompanied by a Policeman, might come up a trap from the cells. On conviction, they might descend amidst flashes of red fire. On acquittal, they might be allowed to bow to the audience and retire at the wings, amid applause. Any defendant informed that he, or she, left the Court "without a stain on his (or her) character," might at his, or her, exit, have the limelight turned on, as a visible and sensational symbol of innocence triumphant!

On such a stage the worthy Magistrates and Counsel, who are now so often witty under every disadvantage, might crack their jokes to their hearts' content, and receive naturally the national tribute of laughter and applause.

On these boards the Comic Witness might "gag" till he brought down the house; while the Comic Prisoner might rouse "the Gods" to that enthusiasm which expresses itself in the cheering which at present is so often "taken up outside the Court."

The question of refreshment-rooms, and a small orchestra to play appropriate airs during the unavoidable pauses in the proceedings, such as adjournments for lunch, might be considered at leisure. While, however, "laughter," "applause," and "cheers," cannot be suppressed in the Courts that exist, Police-Court Theatres do not strike us as a very great innovation. If Justice cannot be administered with gravity, in the present temper of the public, we see no reason why the temples of Themis should not be invested with all the attractiveness that now belongs to those of her popular relatives Melpomene and Thalia.

What Can It Be? or, the Sphinx of the Sea.

The Correspondent of the *New York World*, on board the *Pandora*, hailing from Disco, transmits his log; wherein occur the following entries:—

"*Monday 19th.*—Begins with calm. At three A.M., Davis, A.B., catches three 'moley-mokes.' At eleven we see two seals. . . . We also see several bottle-nosed whales."

A bottle-nosed whale may be imagined a sea-*Bardolph*, an emblem of a man who drinks like a fish, as a whale drinks, if either a fish or a whale drinks at all. But what is a "moley-moke"? There are said to be sea-horses. Can the "moley-moke" be a sea-donkey? We hope the People will shortly be enabled to study a "moley-moke" in the Westminster Aquarium, some fine Sunday.

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EQUALITY.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere. "CAN YOU TELL ME, JANE, WHAT YOU MOST WANT FOR YOUR WEDDING?"

Jane. "REALLY, MY LADY, I CAN'T 'ARDLY SAY. I AVEN'T GOT NOTHING. BUT *YOU'D* KNOW BEST, MY LADY—ANYTHING JUST WHAT *YOU'D* WANT, MY LADY, IF *YOU* WAS IN THE SAME POSITION."

A WONDERFUL SHOW.

ENGLAND is a showful country. But we question whether any of the Shows and Exhibitions which have allured millions of shillings during the last quarter of a century can vie, for variety and comprehensiveness, with one which is being held this week at the Alexandra Palace.

The mere recital of the extraordinary attractions now on view at the Alexandra must convince the most hardened sight-seer that there is still something left to stimulate his attention, and satisfy his curiosity.

Pouters.—We put these first, because of the place they occupy in the advertisement. But why they should hold such a prominent position, or why they should be thought to possess any merit at all, we are at a loss to understand. Pouters ("one who pouts," *Dict.*) may be found in most domestic circles, particularly where there are children, but this must be the first time that the idea of rewarding them with prizes can have entered into anyone's head.

Carriers.—A most useful class, who deserve all the encouragement that can be parcelled out to them. The success of the Cabmen's Show has, no doubt, suggested the propriety of awards to Carriers.

Dragons.—This class ought of itself to fill the Palace to overflowing, and to bring in a fabulous amount of money. There is not a Zoological Garden in the world which can boast of even a single specimen. Having the repute of being very ferocious creatures, we trust all proper precautions will be taken to ensure the public safety.

Tumblers.—No rarity either at the Alexandra or Crystal Palace. Perhaps these may possess some extraordinary elasticity of limb, some singular strength of nerve, calling for special commendation.

Barbs.—Out of place here. Ought to have been sent to the Horse Show.

Jacobins.—Very interesting. Rather a surprise to find they are not extinct, at least under this name. *See* CARLYLE'S *History of the French Revolution.* Not to be confounded with Jacobites, of whom there are no specimens in the Collection.

Fantails.—A complete puzzle. The hats of peculiar shape, worn by coalheavers, dustmen, and other industrious classes, are, we believe, called "Fantails;" but such articles scarcely seem interesting enough for public exhibition.

Nuns.—None so remarkable as these in the whole Show. All our conventional notions of the seclusion and retirement of these excellent persons are shattered to pieces for ever. It is needless to add that they are without exception carefully hooded. (We looked in vain for prize Monks to match them.)

Trumpeters.—Novel, but noisy. Probably supplied by the bands of Her Majesty's Regiments. Perhaps more suitable for a National Music Competition.

Owls, Magpies.—Attractive to bird-fanciers, Judges, and chatterers.

Runts.—Can this, after all, be a Cattle Show?

Turbits.—Is this a misprint for Turbots?

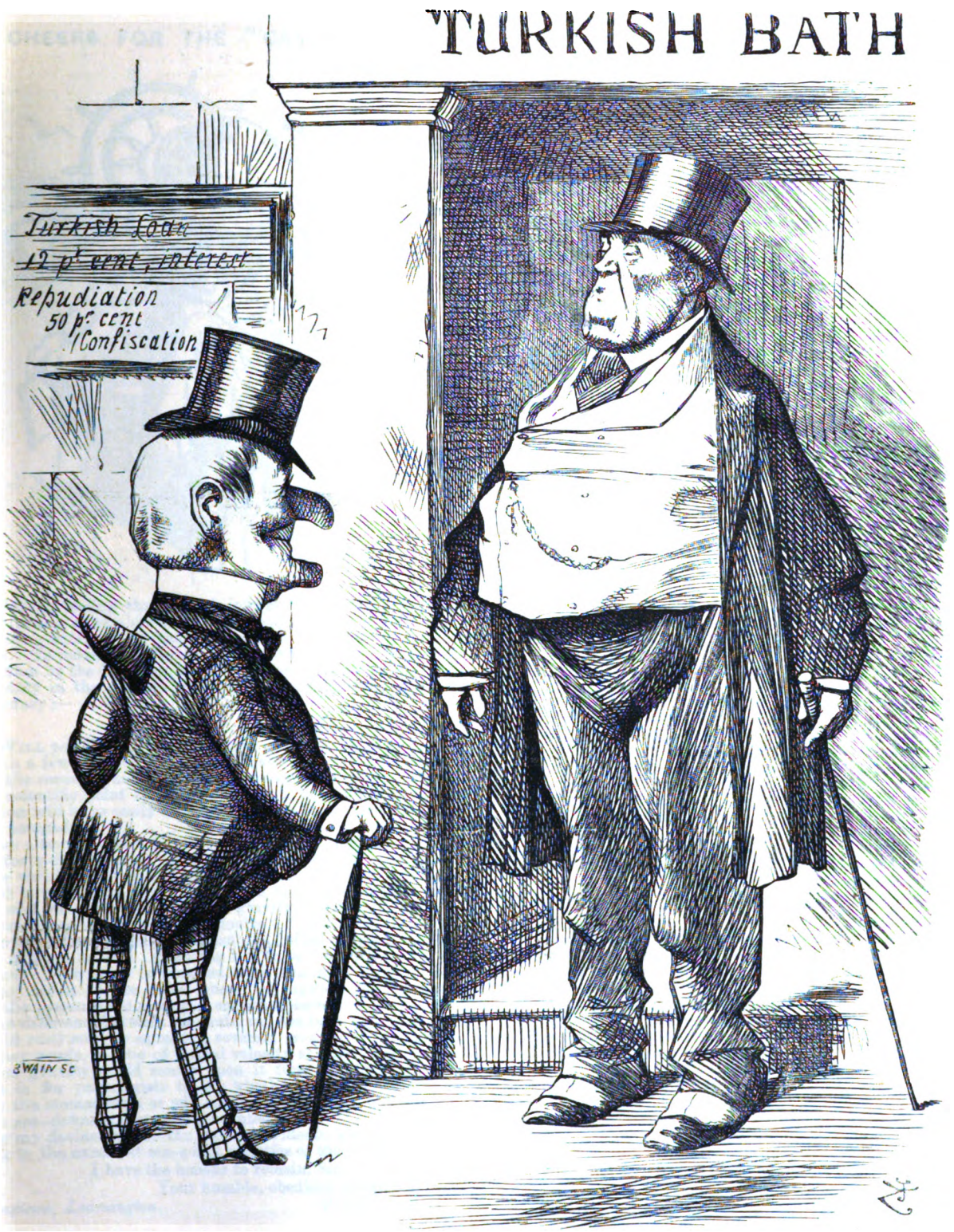
Antwerps.—For mysteriousness may be bracketed with Fantails and Nuns. There is but one Antwerp in the world, and to transport it from the Scheldt to Muswell Hill, even with all the appliances of modern scientific ingenuity, is simply an impossibility.

Archangels.—This Show *must* be a hoax. Nothing of the sort! It is really a Pigeon Show. Poultry also; but these we must entrust to other pens.

Useful Knowledge in Yorkshire.

HOORAY for the Yorkshire Training Schools for Cookery!—established by the Yorkshire Ladies' Council of Education in various Yorkshire towns, particularly York, Leeds, and Wakefield, to teach Cookery in all its branches, from those at the top of the tree downwards, and so instruct the poorer classes how to better and cheapen their meals; which perhaps may be said to be going to the root of the matter. It is confidently anticipated that the effect of these Yorkshire Training Schools will even extend to a very considerable improvement of Yorkshire Pie. Let them take care: "*Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.*"

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A TURKISH BATH.

(*In the City.*)

MR. PUNCH. "GOOD GRACIOUS, MR. JOBBERSTOCK! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

PORTLY CITY MAGNATE. "MATTER, INDEED! JUST HAD A TURKISH BATH! LOST THOUSANDS O' POUNDS IN LESS THAN NO TIME! PHEUGH!!!"

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CHEERS FOR THE "CASTALIA."



Mr. Punch, feeling the deepest interest in the success of the *Castalia* (a most admirable vessel), has great pleasure in publishing the following letters which have reached his office during the last few days. To judge from their contents, some of them seem to have been written by the Correspondents who have been airing the subject recently in the columns of a highly respectable and respected contemporary:—

Sir, *October 16th*, 1875.

Will you allow me space in your excellent pages to supplement with a few words of popular explanation the valuable observations of the *savants* who have treated the question of sea-sickness from a scientific point of view? I think the following simple illustration will be as easily understood by the most frivolous as by the least learned.

Suppose a smooth sphere to rest on an inclined plane at an angle of—say forty-five degrees. To fix our ideas, we will imagine that the plane weighs a pound, and that the smooth sphere is of globular form and is vertical in direction. When the smooth sphere is at rest, we will imagine that the lateral gravity is virtually impressed with a weight varying from zero to double (or even more) the weight of the intermediate velocity between the initial reaction and the artificial upward motion. Assuming this to be the case, it stands to reason that if the brain is removed (with becoming gravity) from the lowest point to the place where the upward motion would increase the pressure between the smooth sphere and the inclined plane, the difference between the brain and the table (upon which it now would rest) must be equal to a reversed pressure of two pounds, or, in other words, a ratio of lateral velocity exactly corresponding with what gravity would confer upon it from the rest. Now, of course, it is for pathologists to say whether this variable gravity acting on the stomach will or will not produce nausea; but if it *will*, why then sea-sickness is at once accounted for.

Adding my declaration to the mass of evidence already collected testifying to the excellent sea-going qualities of the *Castalia*,

I have the honour to remain, Sir,
Your humble, obedient servant,

The Lexicon, Leamington. Plain English.

Sir, *October 16th*, 1875.

I think there can be no doubt now about the success of the *Castalia*. She has only to be well known to gain a large and lasting popularity.

Faster engines have been suggested as a mode for securing this very desirable publicity, but I think I can propose a far better plan. In years gone by, there was (I am given to understand) a coach running between London and the Provinces, which was wont to carry its passengers for nothing. This plan was adopted to ruin the prospects of a rival conveyance. Now, Sir could not the Directors of the *Castalia* take the hint, and convey their travellers at a similar rate? The scheme might be greatly improved upon by the addition of a gratuitous dinner offered to the passengers *before* starting.

If the latter valuable suggestion is adopted, I, for one, shall be very happy indeed to patronise the *Castalia* daily for weeks and months—nay, perhaps, even for years to come.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Rather a large Holder of Turkish Bonds.

Post Office, London, E.

Sir, *October 16th*, 1875.

The *Castalia* is unquestionably an excellent vessel—perhaps a little too excellent. I am a first-rate sailor. I have been all over the world, and have never been ill in my life. My wife, on the contrary, is invariably reduced to silence the moment we leave the harbour. The other day, to my great annoyance, she insisted upon travelling in the *Castalia*. I opposed the plan, because I have been accustomed to enjoy peace and a cigar on the deck of the Mail Boat when my wife has been helpless in the cabin below. However, she would go by the Twin ship, and, thanks to the disgusting steadiness of the vessel, on this occasion I enjoyed neither peace nor a cigar. My wife remained on the deck the whole time, and favoured me with her views (very decided ones)—anent latch-keys and late suppers.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Rose Bank Cottage, Loamshire. Married For Money.

Sir, *October 16th*, 1875.

As a very old sailor, who has made the passage between Dover and Calais at least a score of times, I trust you will permit me to say a few words about that greatest of modern inventions, the twin-ship *Castalia*.

In the olden days, I have seen the Mail Boat crowded with pale men and suffering women. The miserable hour and a half has been miserable indeed, especially at times when the weather has been described (excuse my nautical phraseology) as "dusty."

A few days since, I determined to cross the Channel in the *Castalia*. The sea was tolerably calm, and the sky was beautiful. As a thorough salt, I made my customary preparations to secure a painless passage. Before starting, I consumed a hearty lunch of salt herrings, boiled mutton, lobster, champagne, and Chartreuse *vert*. My pockets were full of rose cough lozenges and liquorice, and next to my back I carried a good sized linen bag, containing crushed ice, mustard seed, and powdered camphor.

Thus fortified, I went on board, and took up a position near the centre of the vessel. I lighted a cigar, and enjoyed, for the first time, a splendid view of Dover Castle. The *Castalia* began to move, and we slowly left the harbour. The moment we were in the open sea, I noticed a slight (a very slight) rolling—as comforting as the rock of a cradle. I took out my note-book to chronicle further observations, when, I am sorry to say, I was suddenly seized by a strange indisposition, which caused me to lie on my back for the rest of the journey.

The Steward (who was most attentive to me) informed me on our arrival that only one passenger had been ill during the passage.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
The Sea Gulls, Blackheath. An Admirer of Nelson.

Dear Master, *October 16th*, 1875.

In compliance with your honoured instructions, I have just been from Dover to Calais and back in the *Castalia*. The sea was rough, but the movement of the vessel was so pleasant that we, none of us, felt in the least unwell. The ship (when she has new engines) will be a great success in every particular.

I hope you will not be angry with me for biting a man who said something about my "bark being on the sea." I could not help it. He told a story—I did not bark at all.

Yours respectfully and affectionately,
On Board the "Castalia," Dover. Toby.

Does a Bad Ending make a Good Beginning?

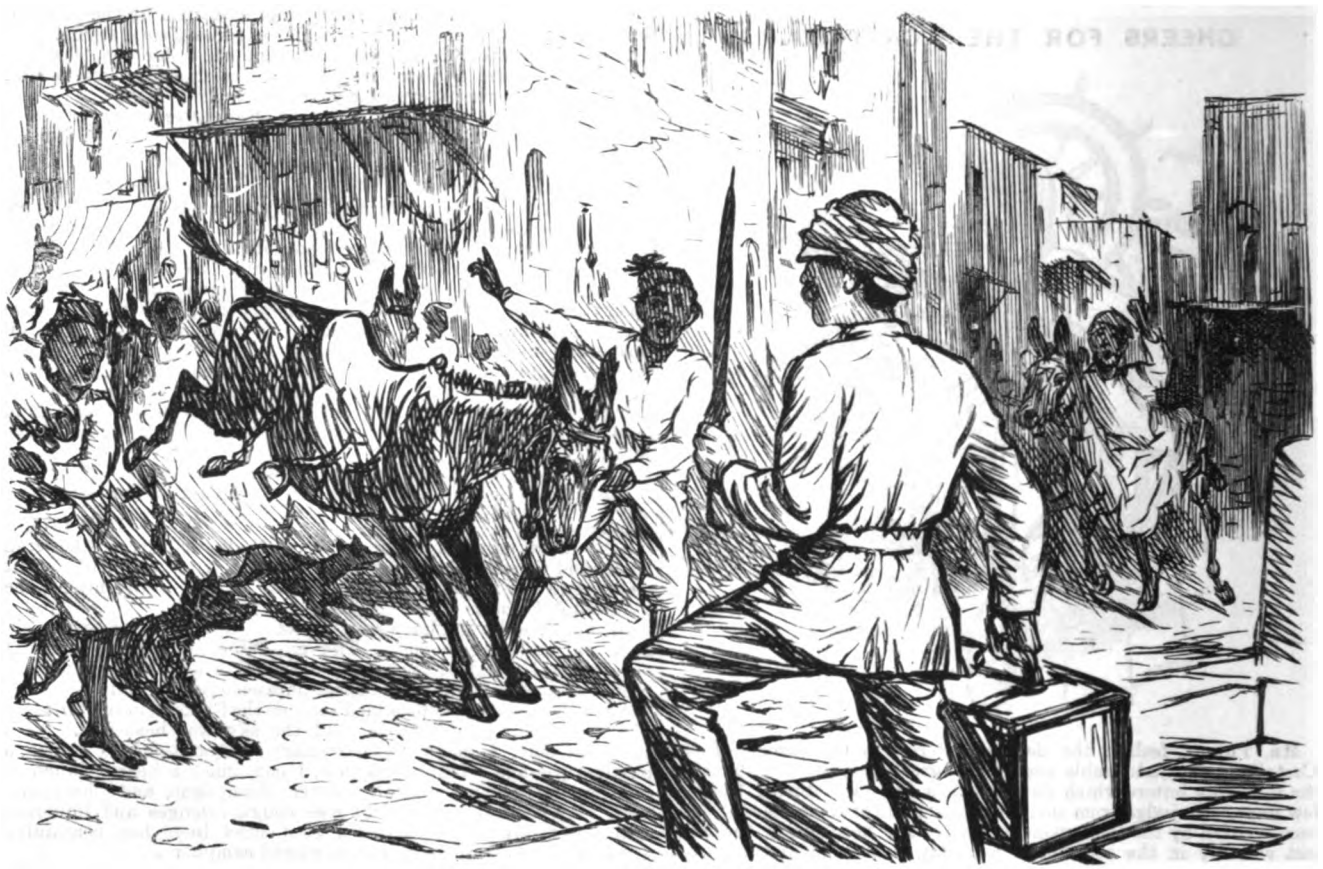
If so, there is much hope for the new Servian Ministry, which, as we learn from the *Daily News* of the 11th instant., contains the following names: M. Kaljevic, M. Pavlovic, Major Sdravkovic, Colonel Pickovic, and M. Jancovic. Colonel Pickovic is probably a member of an Eastern branch of the Pickwick family; but, be this as it may, one cannot but regret the appointment of so wicked a Ministry at such a critical moment.

To the Serapis.

"The boilers (of the *Serapis*) have been found to prime to an extraordinary degree."

Your boilers are "priming," and just at a time,
When, consid'ring your errand, they ought to be prime.

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FAME!

Donkey Boy (to Britisher, landing at Suez). "DIS BERY SUPERIOR DONKEY, SAR! DIS 'DOCTOR KINEELER,' SAR!!"

SCHOOLS FOR SCARLET FEVER.

IT is possible for School Board visitors to be not a little too active in the execution of their office. Some of them exceed it by the exercise of considerably too much zeal. Witness a case related by "A MEDICAL MAN" in the *Standard*, "*à propos* of compulsory school attendance." The children of a family he usually attends have lately been suffering from severe, if not malignant, scarlet fever. During its continuance, they having been removed from the Board School which they had previously been attending, remained some time absent, when—

"The visitor called on the mother during the week to learn the cause of their absence, of which he was informed. 'How long had they been ill?' 'Some ten days; one was then very bad.' 'One was nearly well?' 'Yes—at least, was much better.' 'She must be sent to school again immediately.' The mother replied that she did not think it would be right to send her, as she would probably convey the infection to the other children in the school; and, upon the visitor insisting, positively refused to allow the child to attend for the present. The visitor, finding her determined, left, threatening to take further proceedings."

Zeal, in the conduct of this official, appears to have dangerously prevailed over discretion. In fact, the latter attribute may be thought so conspicuous by its absence as to constitute an utter unfitness for any function which could not be performed by a fool. According to "A MEDICAL MAN," however, such fools as this one are by no means uncommon amongst School-Board visitors:—

"Yet it is a matter of wonder why scarlatina, &c., have lately been so much on the increase. Often I have been horrified, on calling to see children barely convalescent from scarlet and other fevers, to hear that they were at school; and, on inquiring what could have prompted the mother to send them, have been informed that the School-Board visitor had been and had insisted on their resuming attendance at once."

Not to know that "scarlet fever is a deadly and most infectious disease," that for at least a month after its disappearance it is not safe for a child to return to school, and that the case is the same with measles, chicken-pox, hooping-cough, and typhus, is ignorance through which "A MEDICAL MAN" has found all those diseases, and perhaps even small-pox also, propagated by "hyper-zealous visitors" of Board-Schools. Is not such ignorance on the part of such officers quite as criminal as any which, when it kills people, juries find to be manslaughter?

SCIENTIFIC INDUSTRY.

TO MISTER PUNCH Onered Sir i ear as eow LORD DARBY hev bin a speechifyin at Manchester about the subjick of skilled Labor & a presentin of the prizes at a meetink of the Siety fur the Purmoshun of Skyentiffic Hindstry. which there's me & CHARLEY CLYFAKER is both on us what our french pals ud call us shovellers of Hindstry* leastways we gets a onest living by aputtin of our Ands into other peoples pockets in a skyentiffic manner wich Hif this ere aint skilled labor ide like to no wot is & me and CHARLEY wants to ear if onest fellers sich as we be elligible fur to compete fur prizes which LORD DARBY he mite giv us. Sir we wood both on us be appy fur to show our skill and hindstry at any public meeting purwidin as the Crushers ud be bound to take no notice on us & not to intafere with our leggittimate pursoots—Which if so be as how they'n on'y jest allow us fur to pop the Tickers as we prigged we shoodent ax fur no more Prizes to reward us for our trubble. Umbly oping they 'll elect us both as fellers of this Skyentiffic Siety i remane sir to comand your most obejent PETER PRIGGINS.

* Chevaliers d'industrie?

Comparative Sable.

FROM a letter addressed to LORD LYTTLETON by ARCHDEACON HONE, and published in the *Times*, it appears that the Black Country, in MR. BREWER'S report thereon, looks too entirely black, there being even among the "nailers" a large number of "good and respectable" white spots in it. It is gratifying to discover that the Black Country is not so black as it is painted. But this qualification leaves it subject to a comparison more odious than flattering.

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PROVINCIAL MOSSOOS IN THEIR SUNDAY BEST.

THE PRINCE'S LAST WORDS.

Oct. 12, *Dover Pier.*

Lo, the *Castalia* ready to start,
And our pet Princess, with a tremulous heart,
Thinking of perils by sea and shore—
When there comes a Mayor (don't call him a bore!),
And, to the Mayor a natural pendent,
A Corporation, in robes resplendent,
And the sauve Lord Warden, with patience rare,
Says, "Your Royal Highness, this is the Mayor."

He had an address, which he could not read,
For the Captain wanted to get up speed:
The moon was bright and the sea was calm,
And why should Royalty suffer a qualm?
There was tug and turmoil the deck all over,
So "unabatedly loyal" Dover
Was perforce content with a word in the *Times*,
And immortal fame in *Punch's* rhymes.

Never, since Princes had to be fluent,
Was better speech than our royal truant
Made to the mighty Mayor of Dover—
Who wished him fortunate passage over,—
For he simply said, with his good-humoured air,
"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Mayor."
The Prince's laconic style of reply
We advise all mayor-ridden magnates to try.

"With a Difference."

"I SIT at ten pounds a week," exclaimed *Sir John Falstaff*; and the fat knight wished to make an end of it. "I sit at ten pounds a *day*" might be the exclamation of the Chief Commissioner at an Election Inquisy, "and I have not the slightest desire to make an end of it." *Verb. Sap.*

REASSURING INTELLIGENCE.

A LOAD must have been taken from many minds by the *Times'* statement that the Pump in Aldgate, about to be closed by the City Commissioners of Sewers, "on account of sewage contamination rendering it absolutely unfit for domestic purposes," is another Pump than the venerated engine which has stood so long the ornament and glory of Aldgate, and bears, distinctively, the name of that famous Ward:—

"The offending pump is opposite the Church of St. Botolph, Aldgate, at the corner of the Minories, and must not be confounded with the Aldgate pump *par excellence*, situated at the junction of Leadenhall and Fenchurch Streets, against which no imputation can justly be made."

Let us hope so. Perhaps Aldgate's own Pump descends into a formation below the stratum whence sewage leaks into the well of the mere Pump in Aldgate. Maybe the water of Aldgate Pump *par excellence* excels that of the other in purity, and, particularly, does not contain any of that meaty "albuminoid," which, present as so much, and in any quantity too much, "body," in any water, renders it peculiarly unfit to drink. Alas, this possibility is contested as a fact, but if it were really so, and not otherwise, what good citizen would not rejoice exceedingly to learn that the announcement of conditions implying an end to Aldgate Pump was a false alarm?

NICE NAMES FOR THE NAVY.

ALARMISTS we are not, and have no wish to frighten anybody. Still, we cannot help remarking that there really is some room for some improvement in our Navy. Costly as they are, our ships seem hardly worth the pains and pounds we spend on them. Soon as they stir from shore, they appear to be assured of either breaking down, or else of breaking up and sinking. The *Vanguard* was lost lately, mainly owing to bad seamanship; and the *Serapis*, though chosen for her speed as the right ship for the Prince, has, it is reported, owing to the "priming" of her engines, been steaming at the rate of only seven knots an hour!

In either men or ships, then, it is clear we cannot boast much of our Navy just at present. Put not your trust in Ironclads, must just now be the watchword. As a cautionary measure, it might be wise to change the names of certain of our ships, so as to inspire a wholesome doubt of their seaworthiness. Names expressive of distrust might be judiciously applied, and might by way of warning prove of service to the nation. Instead of choosing names such as the *Victory* or the *Valorous*, it might be well to christen vessels as the *Faulty* or the *Timorous*. As a name of evil omen we should rather like to see a big ship launched as the *Cassandra*. Names such as the *Trusty* we would utterly discard, and in their place make use of others—such, for example, as the *Faithless*, the *Deceptive*, or, still worse, the *Unreliable*. The *Eagle* or the *Lynx* might likewise well be laid aside: and to imply a bad look-out, we would call a ship the *Mole*, the *Bat*, or else the *Blindworm*. For the *Camilla* or the *Swiftsure*, we would advise the substitution of the *Sinksure* or the *Slowcoach*: while in lieu of braggart titles like the *Terrible*, the *Bulldog*, the *Ajax*, and the *Thunderer*, we would recommend the usage of a more modest nomenclature—as, for instance, the *Feeble*, the *Tortoise*, the *Jackass*, or the *Blunderer*.

Herzegovina and Spain.

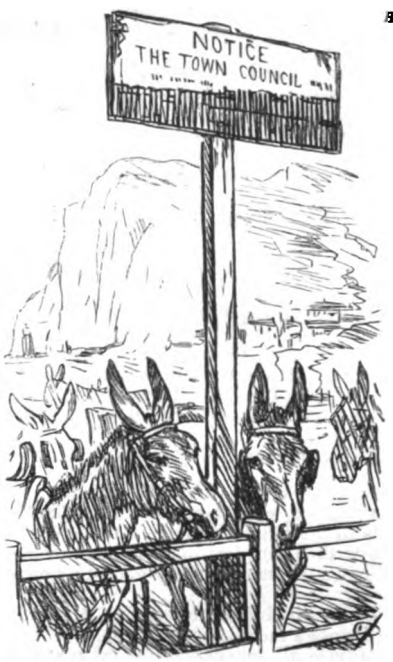
A PARTY in Spain is said to meditate a *pronunciamiento* in favour of EX-QUEEN ISABELLA. While they are about it, they might as well tell us how to pronounce the name of the Herzegovinian Leader LUBIBRATICS. That crack-jaw word looks about as like "Lucubrations" as "Skuptschina" to "Soup-kitchen."

CRUEL, BUT COMPENDIOUS CRITICISM.—MR. IRVING'S *Macbeth* — Mac*Bells*.

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THE CRY OF THE COMMON-COUNCILMAN;

Or, Mr. Alderman Sludge on Public Opinion.



HAT for Public Opinion, *I* say! Why, what next shall we come to, I wonder?
A pretty idea, indeed! This 'ere Court to the Country knock under?
Cave in at the cry of the Press, the Profession, the People—good gracious!
I almost feel my 'air stand on end at suggestions so simply owdacious!

Can't we do what we like with our own, we incorporate Nobs of the City?
If this Court hasn't gumption sufficient to mend an old Bridge, it's a pity.
What, go and rescind resolutions, along o' this Press-botheration?
I do trust my Lud Mayor we shall shun such ridiklus Self-Stultification!

Ahem! That's a capital word, and I think it should settle the business.
Self-stultified? Us! This 'ere Court! Why the notion affects me with dizziness!
The term, I am told, is derived from the forren for something like "duffer;"
Which applying the same to ourselves is a thing which we *never* should suffer!

"Obscure derivation?" Ah, well, MR. ALDERMAN POSE is *so* clever!
No matter! But pander to Public Opinion and Press Writers? Never!
We know 'ow such things are got up. For myself, I regard those with pity
Who talk about taste and all that, and yet haven't a voice for the City!

I'm sick of the stuff that is talked about spoiling the Bridge, and such gammon.
One would think 'twere some Temple of Wenus, and not a mere highway for Mammon,
Leading straight to the heart of our City, the centre of all that is glorious!
Of course 'tis *the Bank* as I mean!
[*Here the Council's applause was uproarious.*

That cheer does me good! I contend Tin has nothing to do with the Tasteful;
And spending the Citizens' cash on such nonsense is wickedly wasteful.
This talk about Hart, and the like, is mere sentiment, silly and sickly;
What *we* want is a Bridge as will bear us, come cheap, and be finished off quickly.

Object to the boiler-plates, do they? By Gog, what could well be absurder?
Our Age is the great Iron Age, and the man who would gird at a girder,
Or talk silly trash about holding the Bridge as a trust for the Nation,
Would turn up his nose at the Bank, or pooh-pooh our sublime Corporation.

These 'ere Engineers, why, of course, of expensiver plans they 've a many;
It's all in the way of their trade. But to talk of respect due to RENNIE
Is rubbish. He built us a Bridge, long ago, and we paid 'im his figger.
What is it to him if we *do* spoil its beauty in making it bigger?

But I see no objection myself to our plan. *I* should pass it instanter,
And not stop to argue the point with each newspaper critic or canter.
This Court should be cock of the walk in the City, and *not* the whole Nation:
So, whatever we do, my Lord Mayor, let us shrink from Self-Stultification!

OUR ADVERTISING COLUMN.

HAVE we Cannibals among us, without going to the Fans of the Gaboon? It would seem so, from such a "Want" as this, openly advertised in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

HAM AND BEEF.—WANTED, a YOUNG MAN for the above.—Apply, &c.

Pecksniff is immortal. Therefore we may be sure *Pecksniff* cannot be dead. He lives and advertises. Here surely we trace the fine Pecksniffian hand, in this advertisement from a recent number of a leading daily:—

GOOD NEWS FOR FATHERS.—An architect, of credit and renown, has VACANCY for ARTICLED PUPIL, on exceptionally favourable terms as regards premium and advantages.—Letter to PALLADIO, 5, Stucco Terrace, South Kensington.

Othello talks of "anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." Had the Moor been a reader of the daily papers of October, 1875, he might have felt that the advertisement which heads our column of Wants was meant for his "anthropophagi." And surely he would have admitted that the "delicate monster" demanded in the advertisement to which we now give extended publicity, would have been worthy to figure beside his men with heads beneath their shoulders:—

TO PLUMBERS, GASFITTERS, &c.—WANTED, a THREE-HANDED MAN.—Apply, &c.

Can anybody tell us why Plumbers and Gasfitters should be considered the likeliest trades to supply such a phenomenon?

Widowers beware! "Lady Helps" are all the cry; and here is a Lady, who evidently, we should say, means to help herself. As an appeal to the Snobocracy, her last touch is capitally imagined. This serene Lady Housekeeper will have nothing to say to *parvenus* or *nouveaux riches*; so, if she accepts a situation, her happy hirer may feel assured that he does not belong to either of these "low" categories. Such a Housekeeper will, of herself, be as good if not as a patent of nobility, at least as a *cachet* of distinction:—

LADY-HOUSEKEEPER.—WANTED, by a Lady, age thirty-two, a SITUATION in the above capacity, in the household of a Widower, with or without children. She is an experienced housekeeper and an excellent manager, calculated to make a home very comfortable. Being a staunch Churchwoman (without bigotry), a thorough Lady both by birth, position, and education, she could not treat with any one avowedly professing no religion, neither with *parvenus* nor *nouveaux riches*.—Address, &c

We can only end as we began—Widowers beware!

And here's a chance for the Clerk of the Weather in London, if—as we admit is very unlikely—he should be short of the article in question for November:—

THIRTEEN ACRES OF FOG TO LET.

We cut this advertisement from the *Leeds Mercury*. Leeds is a good way from London, but no doubt, as fogs can be let by the acre, they are capable of being carried by the mile.

SHAKSPEARE has familiarised us with the notion of "Sermons in stones." What do our readers think of "Sermons on bones?" This happy thought seems to have occurred to the Ex-Indian Chaplain whose advertisement we take from the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*:—

PREFERMENT or EMPLOYMENT SOUGHT, for a period not exceeding Two Years by an Indian Chaplain on furlough. Age fifty-five. Thirty years in Holy Orders. Opposed to all mimicry of Roman usages. *Preaches Extempore from a skeleton.* Ample testimonials. London, Oxford, Cambridge, or South Coast preferred.

Admiralty Blockades (or 'Eads?).

DEAR PUNCH,

I HEAR, on very good authority, that the Admiralty have issued orders that the Channel squadron will proceed down the Channel, in future, on the block system, thereby avoiding all chances of collision.

Yours obediently,

A. SOLDIER.

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"WAYS AND MEANS."

First Country Gentleman. "'Mean Hunting this Winter, Charlie?"
Second Country Gentleman (doubtfully). "'Shall try and 'Work' it."
First Country Gentleman. "How?"
Second Country Gentleman. "Give up the Under-Nurse, I think!"

PUNCH TO THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

Despotic Official!
Punch wants to know
Why in the world you drench us so;
Why, with savage persistence, again and again,
You turn off the sun and turn on the rain;
Why you spoil the frills of the lovely sex;
Why Thames and Severn and Trent and Exe
Of their legal limits pass the line,
And in neighbouring cellars spoil the wine.

The official mind, O Clerk of the Weather,
Is apt to keep to a certain tether:
The Board of Admirals clearly think
'Tis nothing to them if Ironclads sink:
The Postmaster-General scorns all fetter,
And laughs at the fellow who loses a letter;
If on Home Affairs a man 's at a loss,
Little he 'll get from Assheton Cross.

But on Olympus, O Weather-Cleric
(*Punch* respects you as being Homeric),
There are surely officials who manage to beat
The do-nothing duffers of Downing Street:
And now, as the rains are washing away
The splendour of Autumn's divine decay,
Punch, Earth's Zeus, insists on knowing
Who left the tap of the cistern flowing.

It really will not do, you know,
This damp, discouraging overflow:
Clerk of the Weather, think again
Before you order additional rain.
Would you cruelly make your *Punch* rheumatic,
And drown the only wit that 's Attic?
If you turn to a sponge our native granite,
We must emigrate to another planet.

Insolvent Islam.

The Mahometans were, during the ages of Chivalry, stigmatised by Christian knights with the name of "Paynim." This appellation revived, with the difference of a letter, will perhaps very soon be rendered applicable to the modern Turks. There is too much reason to fear that, Turkey becoming utterly insolvent, the Sultan and his people will be soon in a condition to be denominated "Pay-nix," or "Pay-nil."

NEW SPORTING NOMENCLATURE.

Give a dog an ill name, and hang him. By the account of the *Field*, this saying applies likewise to the Horse. Conversely it may be said, Give a horse a good name and—back him. He goes in to win:—

"It is indubitable, so far as the British Turf is concerned, that the euphony and appositeness of his name have often exercised the most potential influence on the fortunes of a distinguished racehorse. It is a singular circumstance that, among nearly 300 horses by which the three historical races of England have been hitherto won, there is not a single animal cursed with an ill-sounding or unseemly appellation."

Hence it appears that *Mr. Shandy's* theory of the influence of Christian names is confirmed by parallel facts proving the like of it to hold good with regard to that noble animal the Horse. *Mr. Shandy* did not wish his son to be "Nicomedus'd into nothing." The same feeling influences the "stable mind":—

"About twenty years ago, Mr. Bowes requested a brother Member of the Jockey Club to lay out a considerable sum for him upon one of the best-bred and best-looking colts that the Streatham paddocks have ever sent up to Langton Wold. 'I will do your commission with pleasure,' was the discouraging answer, 'but I shall not follow it myself; for it is impossible that a horse with the name of *Græculus Esuriens* should ever win the Derby.'"

So even the matter-of-fact horsey man has a spice of superstition in him. As touching horses, at least, he believes in the "magic of a name." Of course he would object to names for racehorses which, if racehorses had sponsors, some sponsors would give them in view of the ignoble purposes to which those noble animals are made subservient. Racehorses then, like Ironclads, as the *Devastation*, the *Warrior*, and so forth, would receive names which, if not eligible for euphony or seemliness, would however be significant. As, for example: *Astuteness*, *Concealment*, *Deception*, *Dishonour*, *Falsehood*, *Knavery*, *Meanness*, *Roguery*, *Rascality*, *Subtlety*, *Treachery*, *Trickery*—appellations expressing the qualities and attributes which chiefly characterise and actuate Betting-men. Also denominations representing the crimes which horsey clerks and shopmen are apt to be led into by gambling, as *Embezzlement*, *Robbery*, and *Forgery*. Likewise the terms denoting the various blackguards who undertake the underhand and dishonest practices which discredit the Turf, as *Touter*, *Tipper*, *Scratcher*, *Welcher*, and *Thimblerig*; to which might be added *Repudiation*, *Levanter*, and—were jockeying bondholders a sufficiently horsey trick—*Grand Turk*.

A LOG OF IRON.

(*A Page extracted from the Journal of H. M.'s Ironclad Teakettle.*)

Monday.—Carried away a couple of anchors, and started. Came into collision with another Ironclad, and made all taut for the night.

Tuesday.—Repaired ram, and got up steam. Weighed anchor, and made good progress until stopped by pier-head. Disentangled the rigging from the Lighthouse, and made all safe for the night.

Wednesday.—Repaired bowsprit, masts, and spars, and accepted assistance of Tug. When cast loose rammed Tug; took her crew on board, and made everything comfortable for the night.

Thursday.—Placed buoy over wreck of Tug, and steamed into smooth water. Saw Pleasure Yacht in the offing. Accidentally rammed Pleasure Yacht in a fog, and made everything cosy for the night.

Friday.—Got up steam, and found that the engines primed famously. Drifted on to some rocks, and made everything shipshape for the night.

Saturday.—Got off rocks, and, finding the vessel sinking, made sail for the harbour. Sank on the Bar, rose to the surface, swam ashore, sent despatches to the Admiralty, and made everything snug for the night.

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A FINE HEAD (BUT NOT OF THE RIGHT SORT OF CATTLE).

PERKINS HAS PAID A MINT OF MONEY FOR HIS SHOOTING, AND HAS HAD BAD LUCK ALL THE SEASON. TO-DAY, HOWEVER, HE GETS A SHOT, ONLY—IT TURNS OUT TO BE AT A COW!

THE "PRIEST OF ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA."

A LAY OF *MODERN* ROME.*

SAYS MANNING, "My Church is the mildest of Mothers!"
JOHN ponders in doubt o'er the plausible text.
One parent, he thinks, should have pity for others;
But here a plain person is slightly perplext.
Rome posed as the type of relation parental?
That sounds very much like pure fiddle-de-dee!
When read, with the comment,—which seems providential,—
Supplied by a "Priest of St. Leonard's-on-Sea!"

Pray what do you think of it, JOHN? Does it strike you
As being conclusive, and much to the point?
This Spirit of dear Mother Church, doth it like you?
Is 't fitted to heal a poor Age out of joint?
How does it appeal to *your* fatherly feelings,
This burst of abuse and of arrogant glee,
Which comes, as the crown of his sinister dealings,
From this kidnapping "Priest of St. Leonard's-on-Sea"?

Priests-militant, even, methinks should fight fairly,
And shrink from back-stabs and from blows in the dark;
But some of these clerical guides chuckle rarely
At finding a dirty backstairs to their Ark.
To the lay mind it seems a strange roadway to Heaven.
"A tool in God's hands!" Surely Satan must be
For a clerical catspaw extremely hard driven,
To stoop to the "Priest of St. Leonard's-on-Sea!"

"Throw mud," my good man? Well, the missiles *you* handle
Are something too filthy for fingers polite,
And perhaps we may thank you for holding a candle
To things which your betters hide snugly from sight.
'Tis a peep we should prize at the sense esoteric
Of prophets who call us the nestlings to be
'Neath the wing of a Church of which you are a cleric,
Most merciful "Priest of St. Leonard's-on-Sea!"

Your doctrines and dogmas you're free to promulgate,
By any fair means it may suit you to try;
Pray pin, if it please you, your faith to the Vulgate,
Not to arts of the area-sneak and the spy.
These are weapons unfit for the service of Heaven;
And JOHN, though he wills that all faiths should be free,
Turns up nose at the ill-smelling Jesuit-leaven
You'd spread, my fine "Priest of St. Leonard's-on-Sea!"

To gloat o'er the capture of foolish young gudgeon
Seems small. But our kidnapping priest doubles parts
Like a knowing *lay*-burglar, he handles the bludgeon,
As well as the picklock of Jesuit arts.
Nay, fatherly tears are a joke to this "pastor."
Friend JOHN, is *this* Rome? Then, methinks, you 'll agree
It were well, if you wish in your house to be master,
To watch spies like this "Priest of St. Leonard's-on-Sea!"

* *Punch* is glad to see both the letter and the transaction herein commented on indignantly repudiated by at least one Priest of St. Leonard's. But there is nothing to show that this *one* is the accredited priest of the place, or that the perversion and letter are not both the work of a Priest of the Holy and Infallible Roman Catholic Church.

Compromise with Nonconformity.

FROM a quantity of breath lately expended in talk at various "Diocesan Conferences," it seems that there are not a few Clergymen who think it wise to resist the claim of Dissenters to bury their dead in parish churchyards after their own manner. Argument in such a matter is useless; but a compromise may be suggested to reverend gentlemen. Might not a portion of every churchyard be set apart for the interment of Dissenters; and could not the Incumbent or the Bishop, if they thought proper, deconsecrate so much of it for that purpose? Who would be in any way the worse for this simple arrangement?

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PROUD OF HIS CLOTH!



S the punishment most appropriate to the offence, H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief, has sentenced an unruly Subaltern, who has disgraced Her Majesty's Service — by taking part, first, in some silly practical joking at Hythe, and, as a sequel, in some ungentlemanlike, and, worse, unfair fisticuffs on a public promenade—to appear for the space of a year constantly in uniform. Until now the Queen's coat has been considered an honour to its wearer, not a disgrace. However, "we have changed all that," and may soon expect to see the publication of the following sentences:—

The Colonial Bishop of Niggerstown, having insisted upon lighting sixteen candles during "Morning Celebration," has been ordered to wear his lawn sleeves at all croquet parties to which he may be invited during the next six calendar months!

MR. CHRISTOPHER SHARP, Barrister-at-Law, having addressed the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE with unbecoming levity, has been ordered to wear his wig and gown at Covent Garden during the Opera season of 1876.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HERCULES HANNIBAL, K.C.B., D.C.L., having spoken with disrespect of the Honorary Degree conferred upon him by the University of Oxbridge, has been ordered to wear his Doctor's gown in Rotten Row every day for a twelvemonth.

And, lastly, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, having made a serious mistake, is hereby desired by *Mr. Punch* not to presume to put on a red coat or a cocked hat until he has learned to appreciate the uniform of his Sovereign at its proper value.

A VICAR ON VANITIES.

(*Some words with the* REV. A. WILLIAMS, *Vicar of Kingston, concerning his Views with regard to "Dramatic Performances" and "Entertainments for the People." See Daily Telegraph, Oct.* 20.)

REVEREND SIR,—MR. PUNCH has a profound respect for honest convictions temperately expressed, however antagonistic they may be to his own opinion. But as it is in the nature of pulpit Philippics, especially when directed against what are clerically known as "Worldly Vanities," to be just a little one-sided, he would like to put to you a few questions with regard to your recently reported Sermon.

In the first place, what *are* "Worldly Vanities;" and are there no Vanities which may be called "other-worldly"? It is not, perhaps, every Stall in Vanity Fair whose badge is motley, and whose sign is the Cap and Bells. Are there not booths there, sombrely enough draped, yet where are vended, at a good price too, such indisputable "Vanities" as spiritual pride, professional bias, purblind dogmatism, and uncharitable construction? "All is Vanity," said the Preacher of old. But modern pulpiteers are apt to be somewhat arbitrarily eclectic, and to brand as Vanities the things only which they individually or professionally dislike. It is well to hold the balance fairly—even in Vanity Fair!

Again you endeavour to give show of logical process to what you please to consider your "argument," by declaring that "amusements of this description" are demonstrably wrong, *because* Scripture pointedly condemns "foolish talking and jesting." But is the *sequitur* so clear as might be wished? Might not the text, with equal show of logic, be twisted into a condemnation of the pulpit, seeing that from that quarter we have such a superabundance of "foolish talking"? Or is stultiloquence more tolerable from the lips of a preacher than from the mouth of a mime?

You do not seem to take the intelligible, though disputable, position, that in the divine economy of things there is *no* legitimate function for mirth or for amusement. It is clear then, that it remains to decide what is permissible amusement and allowable mirth. The inquiry demands discrimination and candour, things not much in favour with such sweeping anathematisers as yourself. But "the Cloth" is fond of the argument analogical. Shall we say then that because so many Sermons are dull, idealess, unprofitable, not to say, "deteriorating," it would, therefore, be well to abolish the pulpit altogether?

You say that "the whole spirit of such things is as worldly and unscriptural as it can possibly be." Worldly? Unscriptural? Vague words, Reverend Sir, which may mean anything or nothing. Is all that is not distinctively spiritual to be condemned as worldly, in an evil sense? Is all that is not specifically enjoined by Scripture to be branded as unscriptural or anti-scriptural? Is *Hamlet* "worldly"? Is the *Midsummer Night's Dream* "unscriptural"? Or are they, like a large proportion of legitimate human works and ways, innocently *extra*-scriptural, but no more antagonistic to the Spirit of the Book we all reverence than a lily or a laugh? Your Philippic, though intended to be pungent, seems to lack point and particularity. There are numberless details of the daily duties of humanity, concerning which Scripture gives no specific judgment or direction; otherwise you would hardly, in your indiscriminating condemnation of the Stage, be compelled to fall back upon doubtful metaphors and distorted texts.

Does it not strike you that the *rôle* of "Spiritual Watchman," which you so readily assume, demands, for its proper discharge, some judicial faculty and fairness, some knowledge of human life, its needs and its possibilities? Do the spiritual policemen who would imprison a child for picking a flower, or anathematise an adult for entering a theatre, exhibit that fairness, or that knowledge—to say nothing of such minor Christian attributes as mercy or charity? "The broader the farce, the more it pleases," say you. But about sundry ecclesiastical performances of late, has there not been all of the farce but the fun? Would it not be well to banish burlesque from the pulpit before falling foul of it on the stage? Finally, doffing "the seven-league boots of self-opinion," would it not be wise to direct the lively battery of clerical energy against the proven evils which beset *all* human institutions, ecclesiastical ones not excepted, rather than sweepingly to condemn dramatic performances and popular entertainments (as one might as fairly denounce the multitude of "pulpit ministration" in which you rejoice) by the aid of illogical appeals to the misread letter or misrepresented spirit of Holy Scripture? I pause for a reply; and holding my lay rostrum of at least equal dignity with a misused pulpit, do not think it necessary to apologise for thus catechising a Catechist before I subscribe myself

Your very obedient Servant,

PUNCH.

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MAKING THE BEST OF IT.



Social Contrast kindly supplied by certain Tourists from England and elsewhere.

PICTURE—"THE SMITH FAMILY ABROAD."

SCENE—*The Hall of a Hotel.* Landlord *bowing at the door to the departing* Members of the Smith Family.

Landlord. Everything has been to your satisfaction, is it not? Gentlemen and Ladies—is it not?

Mr. Smith Senior. Certainly not. The view of the Lake was disfigured by the Hotel flagstaff.

Mrs. Smith Senior. Satisfied! Of course not. The muslin curtains in the bed-rooms had not been changed for at least a couple of days.

Mr. Smith Junior. Satisfied!—and the *soufflé* overdone at the *table a'hôte!*

Mrs. Smith Junior. O dear no! Why, the piano was out of tune in the *salon!*

Mr. John Smith. Satisfied! I like that! Why, the boot varnish was of inferior quality!

Miss Smith. And the Chambermaid was as clumsy as possible in arranging my hair!

All the Smith Family (*together*). Ah, so very different at home!

COMPANION PICTURE—"THE SMITH FAMILY AT HOME."

SCENE—*The Dining-Room of No.* 25, *Prospect Place, E.W. Day after the return of the* Smith Family.

Mr. Smith Senior. That dead wall in front of the window is rather a contrast after the borders of the Lake and the flagstaff we thought so pretty—isn't it?

Mrs. Smith, Senior. Yes, and only look at the furniture. Why the cleanest things in the house are those muslin curtains we put up in the drawing-room last Christmas twelvemonth.

Mr. Smith, Junior. The usual dinner, I suppose, to-day. Cold mutton and jam pudding. Ha!—rather a contrast! A roley-poley! When one thinks of that excellent *soufflé!*

Mrs. Smith, Junior. How absurdly small the piano looks after that splendid grand we used to play upon, you remember, in the *salon.*

Mr. Smith, Senior. With only one servant to wait upon us all, I should be a fool to expect to find my boots properly blacked. I wish I had bought a bottle of that varnish, by the way.

Miss Smith. After getting accustomed to a lady's-maid on the Continent, how can I do without one at home?

All the Smith Family (*together*). Ah! so very different abroad!

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

Letter No. 2.

DEAR SIR,

HERE we are again: in India. Our Indian Empire lies between 80 Fahrenheit and 120 Réaumur. It is composed of divisions, subdivided into *castes*, according to their behaviour. The First Division is the lowest form, and the lowest form of caste is not spoken to, or recognised, here, any more than is a man of "bad form" among ourselves, *chez nous.* The people's religion is mixed: they have the sacred books of the Deccan, and worship Veda, Brushnu, and Bogie alternately, according to the weather. I forgot to add MUMBO-JUMBO, but I rather fancy that his rites belong exclusively to the High Church caste in India. I do not pick these items out of MURRAY, but have obtained them at first hand, either from personal observation, or from the REGENT RUMMUN, the distinguished resident whom I have already had occasion to mention.

On a brilliant November day the Prince will land, and will be received at Bombay with a ceremonial unequalled since the glorious days of the Old Lord Mayor's Show, the time of BUNN, DUCROW, and the Lyceum Extravaganzas.

Subject to alteration, here is the programme (in the rough), which I have already drawn up:—

1. A Band of *Papaws* on the quay, playing, "*God Bless the Prince of Wales.*"

2. The leading *Guava* (a kind of High Sheriff), accompanied by the chief *Jamrocks* (sort of Deputy-Lieutenants), bearing garlands and banners.

3. A Bevy of Nautch Girls dancing up and retiring. Tune, "*It's Nautchy but it's Nice.*"

4. A Hashish with his Suite, who will read an Address between them. Solo and chorus.

5. A Regiment of Mangosteens (the very pick of the Native Troops), mounted on thoroughbred *nullcolls.* (*** I can't explain this, but ask any respectable Indian resident in England, and he 'll tell you.)

6. *Eurasians* playing on *bandicoots.* [This last word, of course, is musically suggestive, and was, no doubt, imported into India from England. COOT'S band is well-known (I think they call it COOT AND TINNEY, or COOT AND BRASSY—I forget which) at balls, and "bandi-coot" is clearly only a transposition of Coot-his-band. I shall bring out an Anglo-Indian Dictionary, with the origin of mixed words. This is *entre nous.*]

7. More Nautch Girls dancing up, scattering garlands, and retiring. (Whenever I am at a loss for any part of the entertainment on the Prince's tour, I shall always throw in the Nautch girls. *They* like it, and so will H.R.H.)

8. *Shurjashes* in chain armour. (These are all that now remain of the ancient chivalry of India, of which you've read so much—and I haven't.)

9. Then will come a procession of *Loquats* (native Barristers without wigs) preceding a *Yam* (a native Judge, with his wig on), followed by *Pumplinoses* (Beadles, Ushers, and Officers of the Native Court, evidently a word of mixed origin for "pimply-nose"), bearing white wands, and singing hymns to Fu-Rangum (Juggernaut's brother—and a great card here).

10. Anglo-Indians and Indo-Anglians led by SIR SAM JAM JEE JELLYBOY, in coat-tails and turban, who will deliver an address.

11. Ayahs, Punkahs, Pundits, and Nabobs, in full costume, bearing insignia.

12. Nautch girls, and bells.

That's as far as I've got at present, and it promises to make a pretty big show.

After spending some time here, H.R.H. will be taken by me to a real treat. He will dine off *Junglewallahs*—a sort of sweet-scented venison,—and drink the soothing *tatous*, a kind of mild champagne, with only two per cent. of sugar.

At this point I have engaged a party of *Western Ghâts* (conjurors), who are the most entertaining dogs in the world. I will tell you some of their tricks, which would puzzle MR. HOME, the spiritualist, and make MASKELYNE AND COOKE wild.

One *Ghât* balances a stick on his nose, while another, a stout man of about sixteen stone, runs up it, bare-footed, and, when he has reached the top, *he suddenly disappears*—apparently into the air, like the witches in *Macbeth.* Then a goat, a horse, and, finally, an elephant,—mind, this is in full daylight, and in an open plain, no *mécanique*, no spring, no deception,—ascend the stick one after the other, and all, in turn, disappear. Five minutes afterwards, the stout man, the goat, the horse, and the elephant, reappear, quietly making their way through the crowd, which receives them with enthusiasm.

This *is* wonderful, and, sharp as I am, I can *not* tell how it 's done. Money won't buy the secret.

This will please H.R.H., as will also the *Cheetah*, a sort of native "Jolly Nash," who sings comic songs racy of the soil, after dinner. Such is life in India.

The next day I shall take H.R.H. to the Begum's Restauration, where he will be received by the *Burra Sahib* (or head waiter), attended by his *Chokees* (*i.e.*, the other waiters in white chokers). The name *Chokee* bears the same relation to the Choker as mortgagee does to the mortgagor. Again evidently Anglo-Indian.

Then the Prince will taste the most lovely iced *durbar* that was

*** *Foot-Note.*—We have a sort of idea that Our Representative is deceiving us, or that somebody is. From information we've received, we learn that a "*Howdah*," described by Our Representative, in his letter last week, as "a genuine Native Prince," is a sort of palanquin on the back of an elephant used by tiger-hunters. There can be no such *corps* as a "guard of Tiffins"—if *tiffin* be the Indian word for Luncheon, as we are now told it is. Again, a "*coolie*" cannot be flashed in the air, *if* a "*coolie*"—as a real Indian, MAJOR RYCE CHUTNEY, has written to us to say—means "a man of low caste." Should Our Representative insist on extra pay for his "local colouring," he shall get it—pretty strongly—when he presents himself at our office. We print his letter, and suspend our judgment. *Only*, we do advise our readers to consult some dictionary of Indian words and phrases—such a vocabulary as may be found in any book about the Sports of India, or MR. SALA'S excellent prospective account of the Prince's tour, recently published in the *Illustrated London News*, where, we are informed, many of the words used in Our Representative's letter appear. But, in any case, if our readers will kindly inform us whenever they catch Our Representative tripping, they will be doing good service to the Public, and conferring a benefit on the Editor.

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ever made. Perhaps you do not know of what this dish is composed? I don't; but I ate it. It is something between the flavour of oranges and shrimps, and when iced to about the consistency of a jelly, you pick it out with an Indian *killar* made of ivory, and closely resembling the mustard-spoon in ordinary use among ourselves.

If the Prince does not stop to taste this, which is eaten as a relish before dinner, he will in the future miss one of the most delightful reminiscences of the Indian *cuisine*.

In haste to catch the mail, I am

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

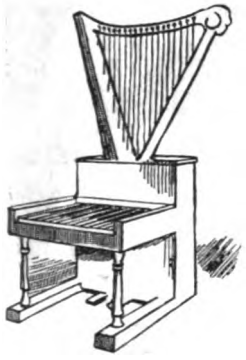
P.S.—Don't forget extra pay for local colouring.

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME:

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, ESQ., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., *and Hon. Member of the Dullidillitanty Society.*

How to Furnish a House for a Composer.—Every article of furniture should be instrumental in affording him assistance at his work of genius. Nothing should be lost.



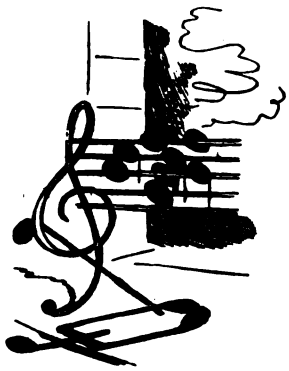
His chairs should combine the harp at the back and the pianette in the seat.

The glasses on his table should be each of a different tone, and so arranged as to produce the most melodious tunes at every meal.

The patterns on his plates should be in musical notes, and these would exhibit his peculiar crotchets in decorative art.

His fire-place should be five bars. His tongs should be two quavers, and his poker another quaver, and they could stand on clefs. Nothing more simple, nor, I may add, to the artistic mind, more touching.

What for a flower-stand can be more suitable than a post-horn?—fitting into a small stand, so as to prevent dust getting into the mouthpiece,





and also not to allow of the escape of the water so necessary for the support of the flowers.

For the Composer's Washing-Stand, what better than a drum,





with movable lid, so that when the basin was removed it would be a drum, and when the basin was restored it would be a washing-stand?

A Tambourine Tray or salver is also suggested by the musician's skill.



His front door-posts would be formed by the uprights of bassoons, if bassoons be the name of those long wooden sticks with a brass mouthpiece sticking out of them; and to these mouthpieces the visitors could apply themselves, and with a good blast would become at once "Somebody with a note—at the door."

A violoncello would form an admirable cupboard, and the pillars of the house could be fluted columns.

The window blinds should be covered with his own compositions. Another would form exquisite patterns for his *portières*. All the stools should be musical boxes, and all the fauteuils likewise.

Venetian blinds lend themselves to bar patterns admirably, and with a couple of strings you can change the tune from time to time.

The lower part of the house should be styled the thorough basement, and the upper the altics.

There should be a key of a different pattern to every lock in the house. One set of major keys, and another of minors.

The staircase carpet pattern (or pavement, if used) should represent the Chromatic Scale.

The Key of A should be that of the Ante-room.
The Key of B, the Boudoir.
The Key of C, the China Closet.
The Key of D, the Drawing-room.
E, the Eating or Dining-room.

(*To be continued.*)

BEEF AT A CHURCH CONGRESS.

(*See Letter by a* "WEST SOMERSET PARSON" *in the Times, Oct.* 20.)

THERE is a Country Parson of Western Somersét,
He seems as wise a Parson as *Punch* has ever met;
He finds the tenant of his glebe at law and justice mocks,
And sends to London market cow by the name of ox:
He finds, moreover, that said cow, seller and buyer weeting,
Died in a state which rendered it most questionable eating.

He does not stay to sermonise—he writeth to the *Times*:
He says that selling beef that 's bad is quite a crime of crimes:
He states that the bucolic lout, extremely fond of pelf,
Will send to Leadenhall Market what he would not eat himself—
He really doesn't think it a wicked thing to do,
Just poisoning with meat diseased a Lunnon chap or two.

Punch likes idyllic country life, and really feeleth loth
To think that *Arcades ambo* too oft means "blackguards both;"
Yet might the term apply full well, he verily must avow,
To the man who sold, and also to him who bought, that cow.
And he thanks the Somerset Parson for coming to relief
Of the unsuspecting Cockney who prefers wholesome beef.

For what says he, the Parson? Unlikely you would guess:
This, that such tricks are the thing to moot at the Church's next Congréss.
Altar or Table battle is squabble very slight;
'Twixt con- or trans- substan-tiate is hardly worth a fight;
Wear alb or surplice as you will—long petticoats, short sleeves:
But High or Low should teach their flocks they ought not to be thieves.

Hail, O West Somerset Parson! Go on as you 've begun,
Archbishop Punch declares the Church has not a wiser son.
You know the way to check the men who swindle and overreach:
If your sermons are not *very* long, he 'll come and hear you preach
And afterwards, right willingly, go home with you to lunch
On steak of ox (with oyster-sauce) fit for the plate of *Punch*.

"THE SILLY SEASON."—The Honeymoon.

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PRUDENCE.

Very Small Mite. "ARE YOU FOND OF SUGAR-PLUMS?" *Lady.* "NO, MY DEAR, THANK YOU!"
Very Small Mite. "THEN, WILL YOU KEEP THEM FOR ME, PLEASE?"

ADMIRALTY GUIDE.

(*Out of the Fog.*)

THERE appears to have been considerable misapprehension among officers of the Royal Navy as to the line of conduct to be adopted under certain circumstances. All doubts, however, on these points must have been removed by the decision of a recent Court-Martial and the Admiralty minute thereupon.

For the benefit of the Service we give a short summary of the instructions which appear to be conveyed.

For Admirals.

Admirals in command of a squadron will regulate the speed of the ships composing it, but will not be responsible for accidents which may arise from the rate of speed being improper.

On the approach of fog, a gun may be fired from the flagship; care being however taken that the gun used is not heavy enough to be heard by the other ships of the squadron. (Suitable pieces of ordnance for this purpose may be obtained at the Model Dockyard in the Strand.)

For Captains commanding Ironclads in Squadron.

No alteration of speed or course must under any circumstances be made on the Captain's own authority.

Should a vessel be unfortunately discovered across the bows, the Admiral must be signalled to, and his directions awaited. If, however, the vessel in danger be the Admiralty yacht, carrying their Lordships, the Captain of the Ironclad may, on his own responsibility, order life-buoys to be got ready; that intended for the First Lord being at once decorated with red cloth.

In the event of fog coming on, steam is immediately to be shut off from the whistle, or it might inadvertently be sounded, thus giving notice of your whereabouts to some other ship, and enabling her to get out of your way, or perhaps to ram you; in which case, of course, you would be held responsible for the disaster.

Should this however occur, the diver belonging to the ship will immediately assume his dress and descend to inspect the leak.

On his return he will prepare a written report of its size, &c., and upon this report, countersigned by the Captain, the necessary quantity of oakum, spare sails, and hammocks will be handed to the Carpenter, in order that he may at once arrest the influx of water.

Should all endeavours be unavailing, and the ship continue to settle down, the efforts to save her are on no account to cease; but when the ship commences her final plunge, and the decks begin to burst up, boats' crews may be piped away and the boats lowered. The men must not, however, be allowed to get into them until the water is level with the hammock nettings. It must be strictly borne in mind that the preservation of the crew is entirely a minor consideration. Men may be had at any time at the usual rate of pay, but modern vessels of war cost both time and money, and the loss of one may even cause the addition of a halfpenny to the Income-tax.

The above instructions have special reference to ships getting into a fog, and by inducing a corresponding state of mind with those in command, may be of the utmost practical utility.

The Vegetable Winebibber.

(*See Account of a gigantic growth in a Cellar at Upper Norwood.*)

SAY, of what wood is formed the tree-like growth
O'er Upper Norwood cellar spreading free?
Perhaps its spring it takes from Port beneath,
And Upper-Logwood may turn out to be.

No Hoax.

A TELEGRAM from Hong-Kong the other day confirmed the report that the *Gordon Castle* had landed at Shanghai sixty tons of Henry-Martini ammunition for the Chinese Government. It does not much signify, but the telegram would have been more welcome if it had announced that the ammunition landed was all Betty-Martini.

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NEPTUNE'S WARNING.

Father Nep. "LOOK HERE, MY LASS! YOU USED TO 'RULE THE WAVES;' BUT IF YOU *MIS-RULE* 'EM, AS YOU 'VE DONE LATELY, BY JINGO THERE 'LL BE A ROW!!!"

Britannia. "I 'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHO 'S TO BLAME, PAPA DEAR!"

Father Nep. "DON'T KNOW!!! THEN PIPE ALL HANDS, AND FIND OUT!!!"

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WEAK MOMENTS.



When I yielded to the persistent solicitations of Mrs. Gilliflower, and migrated with the whole of my family (ten souls in all), for six weeks, from a comfortable home at Upper Norwood, to uncomfortable lodgings at Stragglesea; where we had indifferent cooking, defective sanitary arrangements, a high average of easterly winds, several inches of rainfall, a carriage accident, a doctor's bill, and an unexpected and unwelcome *affaire de cœur*, in which the rapidly advancing tide, a Newfoundland dog, a Lieutenant of Militia, and my second daughter, Mona Frances Caroline, all played a conspicuous part.

When I allowed my eldest daughter, Leila Katharine, to contract an engagement with Mr. Bolingbroke Jaxon, a young engineer, who hopes, through his cousin, who is a connection of the wife of one of the Directors, to get an appointment under a Company now in formation for the purpose of supplying the Fiji Islands with tramways. Seeing that Bolingbroke has been a regular visitor at Upper Norwood twice a week, and always on Sundays, for the last three years, and that his views on politics, Church questions, education, the drama, and smoking, are directly opposed to mine, and that he is subject to violent sneezing fits, and invariably only just catches the last train at night, it will surprise no one—certainly no father—to be told that the Polynesian project has my best wishes for its successful accomplishment.

When I gave my sanction to our two youngest boys, William and Rufus, keeping poultry in the back premises, on the understanding that they should bear the entire expenses of the establishment, and furnish the family breakfast table with a constant supply of fresh laid eggs at a very liberal rate of remuneration. William and Rufus have altogether failed to fulfil their engagements, and I have been summoned to appear at the Police Court, to answer a complaint from the neighbours that our "Bright Chanticleers proclaim the dawn" with distracting loudness and unnecessary frequency.

When I was cajoled into a little dance with refreshments, which was artfully expanded into a regular ball and supper, to the serious depletion of my pocket, the detriment of the furniture, the complete upset of all domestic comfort both before and after the rout, and the chagrin of my wife and daughters at the inability of the Harborough Bakers, "owing to a prior engagement," to accept Mr. and Mrs. Gilliflower's kind invitation for the 27th.

When I was persuaded, contrary to my own wish to send him to Germany, to give my eldest boy, Alured Christopher, all the great educational and social advantages of that ancient and aristocratic seminary of sound and useless learning, Mossington, founded by Stephen Carraway, citizen and grocer, in 1565, where he was diligently instructed in Xenophon's *Anabasis* and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, as the best possible training for his future career as a clerk, and probable partner, in the old-established house of Gilliflower, Dewsberry & Co., Ship Chandlers and General Provision Merchants.

When, at the instance of my old, and, as I thought, knowing friend, Rentmore, I bought Herzegovinian Eight per Cent. Bonds at 164, which to-day are down to 45½; and invested, on the recommendation of the same sage counsellor, a good deal of capital in the shares of the Window and Housetop Gardening Company, which undertaking was, in less than three months' time, wound up in Vice-Chancellor Baggewigg's Court.

When I wrote to the leading journal to unfold my plan for facilitating the recognition of the various trains on the Underground Railway by hurried, timid, and short-sighted passengers, and was so unfortunate as to have my communication inserted—being thereby beguiled to go on writing letters on all kinds of subjects, ranging from brilliant meteors in the heavens to enormous potatoes in the earth, none of which ever found a corner in the columns of the paper in question.

When I deeply offended my Aunt Martha—one of the old school, who had all the washing done at home, insisted on her maids wearing large frilled caps, and would not allow them to speak even to the Postman, if she could prevent it—by needlessly constituting myself the champion of the servants as against their mistresses, so that she made a new will within the week, and left the bulk of her property (sworn under £80,000) to the Home for Blighted Hearts at Nozzlebrooke.

When I began by throwing out that bay-window to the dining-room, and then went on to add the conservatory to the drawing-room, and took another step in building the billiard-room, and greatly improved the sleeping accommodation by the addition of two or three bed-rooms, and finally rebuilt the kitchens, out-premises, and stables; so that for five years, on and off, I was always moving in a circle of masons, carpenters, plasterers, painters, and other costly artificers.

GLIMPSES OF THE FUTURE.

Mr. Punch's prophetic inspiration is a matter of world-wide notoriety, and when in the peculiar mesmeric condition into which he occasionally lapses after dinner he is more than usually *clairvoyant*.

"Rapt into future times" the other evening, *Mr. Punch* distinctly saw a copy of a morning paper (second edition) dated November 1st, 1885, in which were the following interesting items of intelligence:—

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

Plymouth, 4 A.M.

Last night, Her Majesty's Ironclad Ships, *Diver*, *Blunderer*, *Lobsides*, *Crusher*, *Submarine*, *Downshire*, *Founderer*, and *Mudlark*, forming the Channel Fleet, and which had in the morning been got off the sandbank on which they grounded the day before, ran into one another, and all went down in deep water. Officers and crews all saved by taking to the boats a quarter of an hour before the collisions.

7 A.M.

Nothing is visible of the sunken vessels. An Admiralty official with a numerous staff has already left for the purpose of making a minute inspection of the waves beneath which the submerged vessels are supposed to be.

9 A.M.

The cause of the untoward event is supposed to have been the extreme clearness of the night, the brilliancy of the moon having a decided effect upon the commanding officers. The fleet of boats had quite a picturesque effect coming into harbour, the men receiving an ovation. It has already been decided that the Admiralty tug *Washtub* shall cruise in the Channel for the protection of the coast until the fleet can be replaced. She will have her funnel repainted, and be re-christened "*The Tug of War*." A telegram has been received from the Queen, expressing a hope that none of the officers or men have taken cold.

9·30 A.M.

Immediate orders will be issued for the construction of eight new Ironclads—two on the circular principle, two on the three-cornered, two on the telescopic, and two on the upside-down principle. A diver has just been down, and brought up a capstan-bar and a cocked-hat, as well as his breakfast. Nothing further can be done till the Spring.

Constantinople.—A decree has been made that in future all interest on Turkish loans shall be paid half in Turkey Sponge and half in Turkey Rhubarb.

Norwich.—The Election Inquiry Commissioners resumed their sitting this morning. After hearing the evidence of the oldest inhabitant, who is stone-deaf, and the potboy of the "Goat in Boots," who is an idiot, and whose answers gave considerable amusement to the Court, the inquiry was again adjourned.

A new Magazine will appear at Easter. Mr. Gladstone, the late Member for Greenwich, has promised to contribute a series of papers on "The Past, Present, and Future of the Hot-Crossed Bun: its influence on the Established Church and the Digestion," &c.

The Little-Smashington Line was closed yesterday. It is a single line, with several level crossings, and the Authorities have deemed it prudent, considering the loss of the entire rolling stock (with the exception of an engine and a trolly) during the Excursionist Season, to close the Line until next Autumn.

The Detectives are still actively engaged in their search for Alexander Collie. They are confident they possess a clue.

The 81-ton gun burst in Fleet Street yesterday, immediately in front of No. 85, and——

* * * * * *

It was a knock at the door, and *Mr. Punch's* trance was at an end.

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MORE FRIGHTENED THAN HURT.

New Vicar (with a general impression that the Inhabitants of Lancashire are Savages). "I HEAR THE LATE VICAR WAS NOT ON GOOD TERMS WITH THE PARISH."

Loquacious Churchwarden. "NA. AN' YAN DARK NEBT THEBB O' OUR LADS WAD PAY UN AFF, SA OU JEST JUMPED OWER A WALL T' FLEY* UN!" *Vicar (aghast).* "TO FLAY HIM?!!"

Churchwarden (laughing loudly at the recollection). "AYE. AN' OU WERE FLEYED FINELY—OU WERE WELLY FLEYED TO DEETH!!"

[*New Vicar hastily wishes him "Good morning!" takes the next Train back, and resigns the Living.*

* "*Fley*" (Lancashire), *to frighten.*

"GENTLEMEN—LORD DARNLEY!"

LORD DARNLEY has given the Mayor of Gravesend notice to quit a farm of which his Lordship is the landlord and his Worship is the tenant. The Mayor is under the impression that LORD DARNLEY would not have ejected him had he (the Mayor) consented to put pressure upon his son with a view to causing a gap in the ranks of the West Kent Yeomanry Cavalry. LORD DARNLEY is ex-Colonel of the celebrated corps in question, and MR. LAKE (the Mayor's son) is one of the troopers. LORD DARNLEY having incidentally testified to his love for "feudal tradition," expects his tenants to do their duty—that is to quit the service of Her Majesty the QUEEN at the order of their ex-Commanding Officer. The Mayor of Gravesend has refused to put the necessary pressure upon his patriotic son, and *Mr. Punch* rejoices to say, MR. LAKE, junr., is still a member of the West Kent Yeomanry Cavalry. The lengthy correspondence between the Mayor and the Earl has resulted in the QUEEN having one soldier the more and LORD DARNLEY one tenant the less.

Under these circumstances, *Mr. Punch* hastens to inform the Public that there is not the slightest foundation for the report that LORD DARNLEY is about to issue the following characteristic circular:—

D. TO OUR WOULD-BE TENANTS. R.

Cobham Hall, October, 1875.

LORD DARNLEY begs to say that no wish to get rid of the Mayor of Gravesend personally emanated from his pen. On the contrary, so far from it being so, his Lordship might as well have put up his farms to public competition, and indeed it would be foolish not to do so.

LORD DARNLEY would explain that all he wanted the Mayor of Gravesend to do was to make his son follow his example in giving up his commission in his late regiment, where he had found things not pleasant, and which good feeling (as he must know) would have induced him to leave a corps which has been personally a source of annoyance to him. No further wish than this emanated from his pen.

LORD DARNLEY begs to say, that if any one personally has any difficulty in finding out the meaning of the above paragraph, that it is immaterial to his Lordship whether he accepts it as written or according to any other construction he may be pleased to place upon it. However he disclaims the idea of puzzling persons personally. In fact, nothing of the kind has emanated from his pen.

LORD DARNLEY would explain that he expects would-be tenants to be free as the air, and he disclaims the idea that he wants to control anything more of their movements than all the actions of their public and private lives. So long as his tenants do exactly what LORD DARNLEY wishes, they are perfectly at liberty to do what they like, and it is immaterial to him whether they accept anything as it is written or according to any other construction that they may please to place upon it. This is his opinion from a monetary point of view; and had he thought it would not have been sufficient notice, he would have been glad and ready to give it. However nothing of the kind has emanated from his pen.

LORD DARNLEY, moreover, begs to say that any very enterprising gentlemen residing at Birmingham or Liverpool, or wherever else you will, would answer every purpose. LORD DARNLEY would also say that, in conducting an angry correspondence, he is in the habit of addressing his opponent as "Dear Sir," and signing himself "Yours very faithfully," and it is immaterial to him whether any other construction is placed upon it. LORD DARNLEY has adopted these forms because he avowedly claims to write with grace, grammar, and generosity. As he is about to start for Scotland, however, little

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LAYING THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

STUDY OF AN INTERESTING DISCUSSION BETWEEN TWO EARNEST BUT VERY NEAR-SIGHTED GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE LEFT THEIR SPECTACLES AT HOME.

MODERN LOVE-SONG.

By a Young Bachelor in the Black Country.

COME, live with me, and be my bride;
And when the nuptial knot is tied,
Our wedding-day I'll make you rue,
And nightly beat you black and blue.

My temper's ugly, as you'll find,
I'm brutal when with rage I'm blind:
I work as little as I can,
And drink my wages like a man.

There's working-men as spend their lives
In slaving to support their wives;
With such as them I don't agree;
I want my wife to work for me.

Ere half our honeymoon be flown,
You'll hardly call your life your own:
And, when a second month hath sped,
You'll wish you'd died ere you had wed.

Assaulted by my manly foot,
Encased in heavy hob-nailed boot,
A life of misery you'll lead,
And all in vain for mercy plead.

Some day, when I am on the drink,
Of death I'll beat you to the brink:
And if the neighbours interfere,
I'll swear you tried to stop my beer.

Then, should you snivel to the Beak,
Mayhap he'll quod me for a week;
But when I darken next your door,
You'll catch it hotter than before.

So, if you like that sort of "hub,"
Would see your savings spent in "bub,"
And daily tremble for your life,
Come, live with me, and be my wife!

The New Alderman.

THE Cordwainer Ward must implicitly feel
That NOTTAGE's views are the best for their weal;
But if they had added SIR JOHN to the Knights,
They'd have had a good watchman, at least, of their rights.

more than the following and concluding paragraph of this Circular will emanate from his pen.

LORD DARNLEY begs to say that the following paragraph is as follows:—

LORD DARNLEY does desire and intend to have a resident tenant at West Court upon the same footing as his other tenants. He begs also to say that to say (as some of the Press say) that LORD DARNLEY would have lost his head on the scaffold, for trying to break up one of Her Majesty's Regiments, had he lived hundreds of years ago, is immaterial to him. He begs to say (indeed, it would be foolish not to do so) that it would have been utterly impossible to have deprived him personally of his head. Nothing of the kind has emanated from his pen.

By Order of LORD DARNLEY.

LONG LIVE LORD DARNLEY!

Repudiation and Revolt.

PENDING an insurrection in Herzegovina, the Turkish repudiation was peculiarly inopportune. By renouncing their obligations to their bondholders just now, the SULTAN and his Government not only justify the Herzegovinians in throwing off their bondage, but also set Crete, and all their other discontented provinces the example of rejecting their bonds too. This repudiation, if tried, will be preventible only by force, and then, the Sublime Porte just having cheated its creditors, how on earth will it possibly be able to borrow money to carry on the war?

IN THE PRESS.

HALF-HOURS with the Worst Authors, including the Admiralty Minute. Dedicated to the RIGHT HON. WARD HUNT, M.P.

VACCINATION AND WISDOM.

AMONG the Boards of Guardians in England and Wales, there is, whatever satirists may say, a considerable number comparatively at least endowed with immense wisdom. Our friends the Keighley Board lately held a meeting, thus reported by a contemporary:—

"OFFICIAL OPPOSITION TO VACCINATION.—At the meeting of the Keighley Board of Guardians yesterday afternoon, fifty letters were read in answer to an anti-vaccination memorial which had been sent by the Board to all the Boards of Guardians in the kingdom. Not one of the replies concurred with the opinions expressed in the memorial."

The absolute amount of sense indicated by this difference of opinion is, to be sure, no more than ordinary. Relatively to the common understanding it does not appear to be above the average, and might in fact be below it. Nevertheless, it is evident that there are no less than fifty British Boards of Guardians endowed with intelligence in a measure whereby they immensely exceed those of Keighley. Indeed, the replies of some of these fifty Boards evince even a degree of acuteness:—

"The Merthyr Tydfil Board said they thought that the Keighley Board must have gone mad, and hoped the laws would bring them to their senses. The Stafford Guardians enclosed a copy of a resolution which had been passed by them to the effect that 'the Keighley Board ought to be sent to an asylum, and made to pay their expenses.'"

Hereupon it is significantly added:—

"No remarks were made by the Guardians."

Although they could not be sent literally to an asylum for idiots, the Keighley Guardians were, as to their anti-vaccination drivel, conclusively shut up; a reality which it appears they were just sufficiently sensible to feel.

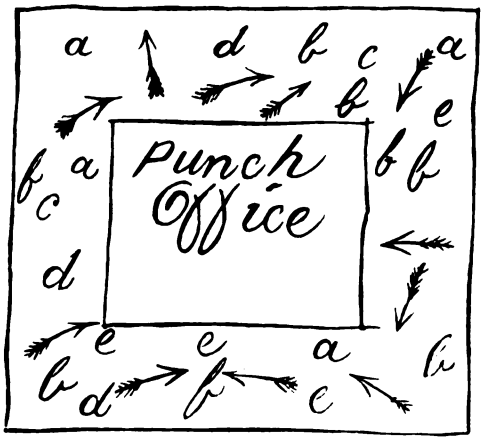
THE SINKING FUND.—The Navy Estimates.

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PUNCH'S WEATHER-EYE-OPENER.

Mr. Punch, resolved not to be behind his contemporaries in enterprise, has determined to publish henceforth a Meteorological Chart. Allowances are requested for his first attempt, as the young man who was engaged (on his own representations) for the purpose apparently knows nothing about drawing, and still less about Meteorology.

WEATHER CHART.



Explanation.—The *arrows* fly with the wind, in fact, *bow* before it. *a*, awful; *b*, beastly; *c*, cursed; *d*, never mind; *e*, everlasting; *f*, frantic.

Rainfall.—Wet through twice a day, and through the ceilings of the attics.

Barometrical Readings.—None. Somebody having smashed the barometer by tapping it too hard with his umbrella.

Thermometrical Readings.—None. A youthful and scientific member of the family having robbed the thermometer of its practical utility by putting it in the fire to see the mercury run up the tube.

General Remarks.—Shan't make any, for fear of using bad language. Dreadful cold in my head.

The Meteorologist to Mr. Punch.

RULE OF THE ROAD WANTED.

The *Iron Duke* has, as Mr. O'Brallaghan says, by cannoning the *Vanguard*, taught us that the Ram in naval warfare is the best Gun. Another lesson is suggested by that cannonade. Pedestrians on land are exposed to collisions as well as mariners at sea. Velocipedes moving with a certain velocity may do similar damage to that done by Ironclads going so many knots an hour. Foot-passengers on public thoroughfares need eyes in the napes of their necks to see them coming. Not seeing them, and particularly in the dark, they are liable to be run into by them. The approach of the Velocipede is as silent as that of the Dromedary, or the Camel, the "Ship of the Desert." Impact from a Velocipede at a high rate of speed is no joke. Would it not be as well if the riders of Velocipedes were obliged to carry little bells, and after sunset lights, in their bows?

Eminence and Innocence.

Cardinal Manning is reported to have lately read a paper to the Catholic Academia, contending that Pope Innocent the Third never condemned Magna Charta, but only the Barons for having obtained it by levying war against their Sovereign. No doubt his Eminence made out to the satisfaction of his hearers that the Pope accused of having anathematised the title-deed of English liberty was an injured Innocent.

New Test of a Gentleman.

Customer. Do you know Mr. Jones?

Newsvendor. O yes, Sir; a customer of ours—a perfect Gentleman—never reads anything under the *Saturday Review*.

Harmless Amusement.

Subscribing to the Herzegovinian Insurrection with Turkish Bonds.

SAPPHICS TO THE SILENT.

Hark to vain outcries on an ugly scandal,
Which with a word, if false, could be refuted;
But the word rests with taciturn accused ones,
Yet to be spoken.

Word to yourselves due, Managers of Felsted
School, the Trustees, and you their supervisor,
Rochester's Bishop, celebrated preacher,
Popular Claughton!

Can you, Trustees, not say it is a lie that
You did in spite expel a good Head-Master,
Only because he trod upon your toes in
Doing his duty?

Bishop, explain what very cogent reason
Made you confirm his merited dismissal,
Show us in truth that 'twas a confirmation
Just, by a Bishop.

Whilst a grave charge you, reticent, lie under,
How will you face your retrospective hearers,
When you deliver, say, a visitation
Charge to your Clergy?

Are you not victim of a vile, atrocious
Calumny, trumped up by a base traducer,
Forging a groundless taradiddle, and cen-
-sorious falsehood?

Deaf the Trustees seem, dumb abides the Bishop.
When to the Public they shall show their noses,
Will they not hear this universal greeting,
"How about Grignon?"

Superstitious Suggestion.

The following piece of intelligence suggests a question which may have occurred to sailors:—

"The 'Iron Duke.'—A Press Association telegram says: 'On Saturday, as the *Iron Duke* was being taken out of Devonport Dock, she ran foul of the *Black Prince*. The latter lost her davits in the collision, but little other damage was done.'"

Happily. But the *Iron Duke* is evidently an unlucky ship. What has made her so? Is it possible that she was, if not launched or christened, begun on a Friday?

Bavarian Misnomer.

The Ultramontane and anti-Liberal Party in Bavaria has an *alias*. The Ultramontanes are also called Particularists. But (see the *Times*) "the Ultramontane Deputies in the recent debate contrived to wound the King deeply by applauding and making mirth over some infamous scurrilities published in a low comic journal imported from the other side of the Main, and quoted with gusto by a member of the Opposition." As the Ultramontane Deputies must be taken to represent their constituents, this outrage proves the Ultramontanes are not all particular.

No Answers.

"Wanted, by a Farmer in the country, a plain Governess.—Apply to &c."—*Western Mail.*

Deluded Farmer, quit your quest,
You 'll advertise in vain:
What woman ever yet confessed,
Or thought, that she was plain?

A Sovereign Remedy.

M. Rouher, who, in the French Chamber as Imperial Minister, by declaring that the Italians should never go to Rome, earned the name of a prophet in association with "*jamais*," has been, at Ajaccio, cracking up Bonapartism, which brought France to grief. Poor France is sick of the Imperial dynasty; and it appears that in recommending her a restoration of the fallen Empire, Dr. Jamais would fain prescribe a hair of the dog that bit her.

A Creed at a Discount.

'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good. The hopes of Missionary Societies may improve in an inverse ratio to the depreciation of Turkish Stock, and discredit of Mussulman faith.

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"OUT O' SESSION."

Grandma' (*from the Country*). "MY DEARS, I COME UP PARLI'MENTORY A PURPOSE, BECAUSE I THOUGHT I'D SEE AS MUCH AS I COULD. BUT WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, THERE WASN'T A SINGLE—NOT SO MUCH AS A IRISH MEMBER O' PARLI'MENT IN THE WHOLE TRAIN!"

THE CAT.

(PUNCH *to* SIR H. JAMES, *touching a weak point in his very good talk at Taunton.*)

WE know, SIR HENRY, the nine-tailed Cat
Is not pleasant at all to the fierce garotter:
No wisdom needed to tell us that.
Does rat like ferret, or salmon otter?

But when you talk about torture, *Punch*
Would hint that we all are sometimes tortured—
The hungry man with no time for lunch,
The schoolboy birched for robbing an orchard.

The Belle of the Season's Mamma, fit to drop,
Who sees that charming creature gaily
(Though Dukes and Earls are ready to pop)
Flirting with detrimentals daily.

Member who fails in his maiden-speech,
Or makes bad jokes, and House won't see the fun of them—
Parson hard up for a sermon to preach—
Are they not tortured, every one of them?

Torture! an *ad captandum* phrase,
'Tis very clear to the English nation
That for brutal crimes in these finnikin days
No remedy equals castigation.

When the red weals rise on the ruffian's back,
For his cruel crime you have not half paid him:
On his vile career when looking back,
Tell us, SIR HENRY, how *can* you degrade him?

You suggest the case of husband and wife—
Husband flogged when wife is accuser;
Well, 'tis a difficult problem of life;
But might *not* dread of Cat make the coward well-use her?

That the Cat's revenge is rather severe
Punch free to confess, nay delighted to own is;
But when woman is crushed by the brute in his beer,
Cat upon cad is *Lex talionis*.

PEACE AND PEKOE.—It will be a blessed thing, says MRS. CADDY, if we escape a war with China. Next to quarrelling with our bread-and-butter, the worst we could do would be to quarrel with our tea.

LAW REPORTS (IN FUTURO).

(*By a Barrister who can't understand the Judicature Act.*)

Before the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Brown v. *Smith.*

THIS case, which has now reached its fortieth year, is of great interest to the general Public. In 1797 PETER BROWN, being then heir in tail to the estates of Llymcromrch and Chatmyallingo, North Wales, married, and had five children, of these THOMAS (*cujus est solum ejus est usque ad cœlum*), was the co-heir, with a contingent remainder to BARBARA.

At this point the Jury said they had made up their minds, and found the prisoner Guilty.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, having ordered both Plaintiff and Defendant to stand in the dock, said, that the Jury were doubtless aware that the intricate gloom of Chancery was henceforth to be illumined by the pure light of Common Law. His Lordship, addressing the prisoners, said that, in the whole course of his professional career, he had never had to try so bad a case as this. The prisoners had tried to find shelter behind the quibbles of Chancery by dubbing themselves Plaintiff and Defendant. That only made their case worse. He would sentence BROWN to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour, and SMITH to seven years' penal servitude, regretting, at the same time, that he could not have them both soundly flogged.

The Plaintiff and Defendant, who seemed very much surprised, if not gratified, at the sudden termination of this protracted case, were then removed in custody.

Before the LORD CHANCELLOR.

WILLIAM SIKES, thirty-five, thief, was charged with the wilful murder of his wife. The case has already been fully reported in our columns. The facts of the murder having been clearly proved,

The LORD CHANCELLOR, in the course of an elaborate judgment of four hours' duration, remarked that all those in Court were doubtless aware that the intricate gloom of Common Law was henceforth to be illumined by the pure light of Chancery. His Lordship, having quoted a great number of precedents, said that the judgment in the case of *Thompson* v. *Green* compelled him to discharge the rule.

The Prisoner, after remarking that he had never been called a rule before, hastily left the Court.

BRAVO, PROFESSOR!

IT is seldom indeed that "Parliament out of Session," or in it either, is redeemed from dulness by such a passage as the following in PROFESSOR FAWCETT'S late speech delivered at the North London and Hackney School of Art and Science Annual Prize Distribution. Speaking of the cultivation of the æsthetic faculties derivable from works of nature, the Professor having, "evidently with the deep sympathy of his audience," referred to the calamity which has for twenty years past denied him the pleasure of looking upon them, said:—

"It was perhaps because he had once enjoyed that pleasure, and could do so no longer, that he could estimate what a precious privilege it was, and during the ten years he had been in Parliament there was nothing in his work he regarded with so much satisfaction as his endeavours to preserve Epping Forest, the New Forest, and the beautiful commons which still remained, from being sacrificed to the selfishness of individuals and a contemptible parsimony."

This declaration was received with cheers, to which might have been deservedly added "three times three" for the LORD MAYOR and Corporation of London, as the saviours of Epping Forest, and as many rounds of hisses and groans for the individuals to whose selfishness that and the New Forest, and sundry beautiful commons, were like to have been sacrificed; and likewise for the Administrators who wished to sacrifice them from motives of contemptible parsimony.

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VENTURING TO PRESUME.



CLERICAL gentleman writes to the *Times*:—

"Presuming—if I may venture to presume—that the recent rainfall has now come to an end," &c., &c.

If such venturesome presumptions are to be made, *Mr. Punch* will try his hand at venturing to presume—

That strikes and lock-outs will soon be things unknown.

That Turkish Bond-holders will not invest money at high interest on worthless security in future.

That foolish flies, who know nothing of business, will hereafter keep clear of a certain financial cobweb in the City, where the spiders grow very stout.

That adulterated articles of food will cease to be sold.

That beef, mutton, and oysters will return to a reasonable price.

That Her Majesty's ships will refrain from ramming each other, and the First Lord of the Admiralty from blundering.

That Her Majesty's yachts will travel slowly through crowded sea-thoroughfares.

That we shall hear the last of Dr. Kenealy.

That the High, Low, and Broad Church will cease to quarrel, and do their duty to the people.

That the Bishop of Rochester will explain his conduct in the Felstead case.

That all Congresses where bores meet to edify each other will be abolished.

That the Irish will lose all their grievances, and be unable to invent a new one.

That Earl Russell will write no more letters, and Mr. Gladstone no more pamphlets, about the Pope.

That railway trains will keep time now and then, and not crash into one another by special arrangements.

That parallel straight lines will at last meet.

And, finally, that the weather will be permanently so fine as to deprive ordinary English people of their chief topic of conversation.

IRISH "AT HOMES."

At a time when the representatives of the Emerald Isle are urging in the House of Commons and elsewhere the necessity of giving to Ireland "Home Rule," *Mr. Punch* does not think it necessary to apologise for calling attention to two little meetings held recently at Waterford and Bally Gricken. The first was a banquet given on the occasion of the turning of the initial spadeful of earth of the proposed new waterworks; the second a meeting of free and independent electors, called together to listen to the eloquence of a certain Irish solicitor, yclept Mr. Henry Sargent.

At the banquet, Captain Johnson, J.P., proposed "The Health of the Municipalities of Ireland." To quote the report:—

"He said that, as the Mayors of Cork, Limerick, Clonmel, and Wexford were present, he felt great difficulty in selecting one of the number to respond. He, however, gave the preference to Alderman Woods, Mayor of Clonmel."

Now this seemed to be a moderate suggestion, and one that, in England, would have been hailed with a mild hammering of knives upon plates—in other words (as the reporters would say), with "enthusiastic applause." Not so in Ireland. Cork, Limerick, and Wexford were disgraced, and the fiery champions of municipal precedence were on their legs in an instant, shouting for justice, and purple with excitement. The scene was terrible.

"Alderman Woods and Mr. Nagle, Mayor of Cork, rose simultaneously to respond.—Alderman Woods: 'I rise——' Mr. Nagle: 'I beg your pardon.' (*Great uproar, and cries of 'Hear* Woods!' '*Hear* Nagle!')—Alderman Woods (*scarcely audible*): 'I must request the Mayor of Cork to take his seat.'—Mr. Nagle. 'I will not, Sir. (*Great confusion.*) As the Mayor of the second city——' Alderman Woods: 'Sit down, Sir, and don't interrupt me.' (*General uproar.*) Mr. Nagle: 'As the Mayor of Cork, I claim ——' (*Terrible uproar, and cries of 'Hear* Woods!') Alderman Woods: 'I will not sit down, Sir, until I am heard.' Mr. Nagle: 'I have been insulted.'"

And now the time had arrived for the treading upon coat-tails, and, doubtless, many a gallant Alderman regretted that he had left his shillelah with his opera-hat in the vestibule. All eyes were turned towards Mr. Nagle, and "an elegant quarrel" was evidently expected. Fortunately, discretion even in Ireland is the better part of valour; and Mr. Nagle, having declared himself insulted, prepared to leave the room, amidst "a scene of great uproar." He was, however, persuaded to return; and after he had once more taken his seat at the hospitable board, Mr. Alderman Woods returned thanks. Mr. Woods' observations are not chronicled, but doubtless they were of the most edifying character. But the storm was not over. To quote the report—

"Mr. Nagle followed, stating that Captain Johnson had exhibited a very ingenious diplomacy in the gingerly manner in which he had proposed the toast, and held that as Cork was the second city in Ireland, he should have priority in responding.—Mr. Hall, Mayor of Limerick, followed, and denied that Cork was more important than Limerick. He denied that Cork was the second city in Ireland. Mr. Nagle: 'I rise to say——' Mr. Hall: 'Sit down. I did not interrupt you' (*Cries of 'Chair! Chair!'*) Mr. Hall. 'Let me explain.' Mr. Nagle (*very firmly*): 'I will not be interrupted.' (*Cries of 'Sit down!' and 'Chair! Chair!'*) Mr. Hall then resumed, and defied any person to show that Cork was more important than Limerick. He represented the city of Sarsfield. The city was the first and last city in Ireland to fight for civil and religious liberty. (*Great cheering.*)"

The "very firmly 'I will not be interrupted'" of Mr. Nagle, the interrupter, was delightfully Irish, and was appreciated at its proper value. But Mr. Hall had more to say. He did not consider that the question of municipal precedence had been satisfactorily settled, so he offered more evidence "on the same side." Said he—

"If parental importance gave a Mayor priority, he claimed it, because he had one of the finest daughters in Ireland—(*great laughter*)—and if the Mayor of Waterford gave any of the fine young fellows he saw round the table a letter of introduction to him in Limerick, he would take care to see that they were properly introduced to her. (*Renewed laughter.*)"

This argument was allowed to settle the question in dispute, and after the Mayor of Waterford had insisted that the town he represented should have priority over Cork, Limerick, or Clonmel, the company (once more to quote the report) "proceeded to spend a very social evening." *Mr. Punch* only hopes that digestion waited on this occasion, on appetite. It is scarcely necessary to say that in England an uproar is not usually adopted as an excellent substitute for "brandy and coffee."

The second little meeting was held, as *Mr. Punch* has already said, in Bally Gricken. Three hundred good men and true, from the City of Waterford, were present, and Mr. Henry Sargent addressed them from a very appropriate stand—the Bull Post; no doubt the post to which, in the old times, Bulls, not M.P.'s, were chained for baiting. The speech began pleasantly.

"Mr. Sargent commenced by calling on those present to give three cheers for old Ireland. He cheered for Ireland from the depths of his Irish heart. (*Laughter.*) He had but one object in view, and that was to be returned the Home Rule Member for Waterford. If they returned him he would succeed in blending the orange and the green. (*Cheering.*) Green was his colour. [A lad who was convenient to him here knocked off Mr. Sargent's hat.]"

Which, to say the least of it, was very rude, and must have been inconvenient to Mr. Sargent. However, Mr. Sargent was equal to the occasion,—and here we have a glimpse of the sort of etiquette that will be observed on College Green when the Irish House of Commons meet once more in their old quarters. Says the reporter of Mr. Sargent:—

"That gentleman turned round, and, with a stick he held in his hand, amidst roars of laughter, began thrashing all round him with it."

These very striking arguments seem to have had their due effect, and order was soon restored.

"Mr. Sargent continued. He said that it was not Sargent that was speaking to them that day. (*Laughter.*)—A Voice: 'Well, maybe it's your ghost.' (*Great laughter.*)—Mr. Sargent: 'No; it was the spirit of the great O'Connell that had come back to them through him, to implore of them to return him (Mr. Sargent) to Parliament. (*Roars of laughter.*)"

And then came a threat that will cause much weeping in Peterborough and Bucks:—

"He assured them that the first time he met Disraeli he would call him and Whalley to account for wanting to pry into the mystery of convent life."

In spite of this warning, so full of mystery and vague terror, Mr. Sargent seemed to have a kinder side to his character, for he immediately—

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—"asked them to remember that they had immortal souls, and he prayed to God he and his dear sisters and brothers would all meet in Paradise."

Now, after so pleasant and pious a sentiment, it is very sad to hear what followed.

"A number of little boys here began to throw caps at him, when he turned on them, amidst a scene of great uproar, and began striking them in every direction with his stick till order was restored."

After this little "divarsion," MR. SARGENT resumed his speech denouncing MAJOR O'GORMAN, and declaring (amidst great laughter) that the PRINCE OF WALES should succeed HER MAJESTY (whom he requested to vacate the throne), with a view to founding "Balmoral in Ireland." After quoting MILL'S *Political Economy* and *Lord Chesterfield's Letters*, he brought his speech to a quaint conclusion by observing that—

"He believed in the spirits of the departed coming back to this world, and hoped no man would wear any colour but green."

A colour, by the way, very appropriate to the believers in Spiritualism.

And yet, after these two meetings, there will be people, *Mr. Punch* will be bound to say, who will still declare that Home-Rule is not a good thing for Ireland!

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

ALTHOUGH a Broker myself, I heartily enjoyed your lines this week, which are true of here and there a case in our calling, though about as applicable to the great body of Brokers as those I enclose are to the generality of Clients. The portrait I have sketched is, however, drawn from nature, and by no means libels a constantly increasing class, whose little game is "Heads, I win; tails, you lose."

Your highly-tickled reader,

Throgmorton Street, Oct. 29. FAIR PLAY.

MY CLIENT.

Who hangs about the Courts all day,
And deals in a most reckless way,
With every Broker who will stay?
My Client!

Who talks a guttural foreign lingo,
And, whilst he wins, still lets the thing go,
Until a panic comes?—by jingo!
My Client!

Who dabbles in a hundred "specs,"
His Broker's hazards little recks,
And chuckles as he takes large cheques?
My Client!

Who, when his ventures, "bear"-hugged, quake,
Commissions, quick, a double stake,
Vowing the thing all right to make?
My Client!

Who, when the threatened crash has come,
And he owes me a stiffish sum,
Fails to turn up—and leaves me glum?
My Client!

Who, for his "little games" out-lawed,
His pockets filled with fruits of fraud,
Coolly retires, and lives abroad?
My Client!

ALTER ET IDEM.

(*From Broker No.* 2.)

Who swaggered down from West End Club,
As fierce as any half-pay "Sub"
Prepared all City Men to snub?
My Client!

Who, when I gave him sound advice,
And "landed" him on "something nice,"
Declared I'd robbed him in the price?
My Client!

Who (though, when things were going well,
He took his profits, like a Swell)
Firmly, for loss, declined to "shell"?
My Client!

Who, on that Panic settling-day,
Just calmly kept himself away,
And left *me* all his debts to pay?
My Client!

Whom did I find "Gone out of Town"?
Whose assets not worth half-a-crown?
And who'd done twenty Brokers "brown"?
My Client!

SOCIAL SLAVERY.



SYMPATHISING MR. PUNCH,

PRAY let me call your notice to this paragraph:—

"The well-known work entitled *Le Monde Slave*, by M. LEGER, has been supplemented by a very timely volume of *Études Slaves*, by the same author."

By "*Le Monde*" I may presume the writer means "*Le Beau Monde*," to which I have the honour, and the labour, to belong. Although the work may be well known, I confess I never read it, for really I've so many other things to do. But I perfectly agree with the title—"*Le Monde Slave!*" Yes, indeed! We slave from morn till night, and from year's end to year's end. It is very fine to say that Britons never, never, *never* will be slaves; but the fact is that we all of us, who belong to *le beau monde*, live a life of constant slavery, from which we never, never, *never* can be free. *Noblesse oblige*. See how hardly we all slave in London through the Season; and when the summer ends, we have the slavery of travelling, when we *so* want to be quiet, or of entertaining people whom we *so* want not to see. Or we have the hard labour of visiting our relatives, and everybody who is anybody knows exactly what *that* means. Then, again, we have to slave to get our daughters off our hands, and get good places for our sons; and what with all the daily work and worry of dressing, driving, dining, and occasionally dancing, I'm sure not even the Negroes in Cuba are greater slaves than we are, and I wish heartily that some one would endeavour to emancipate us, and set us free to live exactly as we like. Meanwhile, believe me,

Yours in thraldom,

URSULA FITZ-BATTLEAXE.

Ovations and Omelets.

BY telegram from Munich we are apprised that:—

"KING LOUIS has declined with thanks to accept an ovation which it was intended to make in his honour on his arrival in the capital."

There is a disaffected party in Munich who might perhaps have attempted to render the KING OF BAVARIA'S ovation in the literal sense an egging. In that sense, an ovation differs materially from an omelet. Omelets, if not sweet, are savoury; but the ovation with which a Sovereign is likely to be assailed by a rebellious faction might turn out an unsavoury one.

Our Compliments to the Chasseurs d'Afrique.

Balaklava Dinner. October 25.

QUE le p'tit speech du BARON DE GRANCEY
Fût bien à propos et grandement sensé!
Qui ne serait fier d'être Français
En écoutant le speech de MONSIEUR DE GRANCEY!

MODUS VIVENDI BETWEEN ITALY AND THE PAPACY.—Cat-and dog.

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A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

"DO YOU EVAH *WINK*, MISS EVANGELINE?" "DO I EVER *WHAT*, MR. SMYTHE?" "*WINK?*" "WHAT *DO* YOU MEAN, SIR?' "WELL, *SKATE*, IF YOU PWEFER THE EXPWESSION!"

THE BISHOP'S BAN.

"THE BISHOP OF RIPON ON MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.—A letter has been received from the BISHOP OF RIPON, in reply to MR. DAVID HOYLE, of New York (U.S.A.), who desired to have cut on the gravestone over the grave of his father, in the churchyard of Marsden, near Huddersfield, the words '*Requiescat in pace.*' The incumbent of Marsden (the REV. T. WHITNEY) refused to allow the inscription to be cut on the stone, and on an appeal to the BISHOP OF RIPON, his Lordship replied:—'I am truly sorry to find myself unable to comply with your request. I cannot sanction the inscription on a tombstone, "*Requiescat in pace.*" I need not remind you that this is, in fact, a prayer for the dead. All true Protestants believe that the state of the departed is fixed the moment after death. The souls of the faithful are in joy and felicity, and do not need our prayers. Lost souls could not be benefited by them.'"—*Leeds Mercury, October* 23, 1875.

THE cleric mind is a continual feast!
Bishop and Rector, Presbyter and Priest,
All seem of late industriously engaged
In giving Charity, PAUL'S crowning gift,
The tautest tether or the shortest shrift.
The war of dogma, long so hotly waged
In pulpit and polemic tome,
To its last stage is surely come,
By such a chief episcopal when led,
And fought above the gravestones of the dead.

This Overseer of the Church declares
That kindly wishes are as bad as prayers,
When humbly breathed above the grave's grim portal
After the spirit of a parted mortal—
Flown—whither? Who may say? In any case,
The Bishop's cold dilemma stops the way
To all who hope, as to the few who pray,
For any grace
Beyond the ken of the prelatic mind,
Which Heaven's own love in cords of creed would bind.
What! Give the faintest hope the feeblest wing?
Solace with vain lip-*vales* hearts that grieve
When "that which all true Protestants believe"
Brands the fond impulse futile? 'Tis a thing
That cock-sure dogma may not sanction. No!
Let the departed go,
Unfollowed by good wishes on their way,
Rather than Faith from her straight line should swerve,
Or Charity—the creedless vagrant—stray
Into God's-acre,—priestcraft's last preserve!

And are we then *so* sure! Have we so sounded
The awful depths of doom,
That hope from the grave's border must be hounded,
And poor affection vainly plead for room
To carve upon the tomb, where hates should cease,
Her yearning—"Rest in Peace!"?
When soaring Science set her iron law
Against the plea for prayer, the cleric host
Rebuked with pious zeal the careless boast
Of Sciolists, and bade *them* kneel in awe
Before the Inscrutable. And now
Cold Dogma, with uplifted brow,
Bids humble aspiration halt before
The tomb's dark door,
Nor dare to desecrate its stone with speech
Of gentler augury than Churches teach.

Nay—stand aside! Let human love have way
Where even hate stays foot! Forbear to play
The Graveyard Cerberus; or else go fix
Your dolorous office on the shores of Styx,
Weigh Charon's freight, assay each erring soul,
Take there your tax and toll,
But cease to ban, with your despotic breath,
These inoffensive courtesies of death.
Brand not for het'rodox poor Hope that dares
Break Creed's fixed bounds, though 'twere with humble pray'rs,
That seek for pangs of parting some surcease
In bidding the departed—"Rest in Peace!"

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BLACK SHEEP IN THE CITY.

CHORUS OF EXCLUDED DIPLOMATISTS. "WHY—YOU 'VE LET *HIM* IN!"

LORD MAYOR COTTON. "YES; AND HE 'S LET *US* IN! BUT WE MUST DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE!"

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THE FLOODS IN OXFORD.



THE following decree of the Hebdomadal Council has this day been published:—

Spire of St. Mary's, Oct. 30th.

In consequence of the unforeseen rise of the waters, and general inundation of the Colleges, the following regulations will be observed by Undergraduates:—

1.—Lectures will be delivered from the highest tower of each College. Undergraduates will attend in the Boyton life-dress, with cap and gown.

2.—Academicals must be worn over the Boyton dress after sunset.

3.—The roll of the Undergraduates will be called at their respective Colleges at eleven P.M., when all are required to moor themselves for the night in their respective quads.

4.—Canoes will be reserved for those who have taken the degree of M.A. Any Undergraduate paddling his own canoe without a written order from the Proctors will be fined ten shillings.

5.—Sculling boats are reserved for the Vice-Chancellor, Proctors, and Heads of Houses.

6.—The Proctors and Bull-dogs will patrol the streets in steam launches.

7.—Any Undergraduate convicted of furious paddling will be severely dealt with.

8.—The Boyton dress worn by Undergraduates must be of a subfuse hue.

Given under our hand and seal this 30th day of October, 1875.

PORTE IN A STORM.

MR. GLADSTONE having refused a Palace on the Bosphorus, and £50,000 a year, in return for his services as a Turkish Financier, the Government of the Sublime Porte are said to be turning their eyes to other quarters in search of a possible substitute for the eminent English Statesman in question. It is rumoured (it is fair to say on very unreliable authority) that the following letters have been received at the Turkish Foreign Office during the last seven days. For obvious reasons the names of the writers are not given in full:—

Stoke, October, 1875.

DR. K——Y, M.P., Q.C., &c. &c., presents his most respectful compliments to his Sublime Majesty, the SULTAN OF TURKEY, and deeply regrets that the toil of literary labour, devoted to the noblest purposes of mankind, prevents him from accepting the very complimentary invitation of becoming Minister of Finance to Turkey, the land of the brave and the free, the nation of heroes, and the terror of slaves. The Doctor feels that he is eminently suited to fill the post with care, punctuality, patriotism, and the most business-like despatch. The Doctor (as doubtless his Sublime Majesty is aware) can speak Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, Austrian, Prussian, German, and Irish. Years ago, too, he could write English. The Doctor, however, will be glad to send over to Turkey, the land of the brave and the free, the nation of heroes, and the terror of slaves, one of his dear sons to represent him. The boy with the Turkish name would be the most appropriate; but the SULTAN can take his choice. His Sublime Majesty may have the pick of the lot. In the event of this proposal being accepted, the Doctor would wish that all subscriptions to the Magna Charta Association (prospectus enclosed) may be sent to the President direct. The Doctor as a man, a father, and a peer of CROMWELL, must insist upon this in the plainest language possible. Accounts audited every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Office hours, from eight to six.

T. R. D. L. October, 1875.

MR. D——N B——T presents his compliments to the SULTAN OF TURKEY, and regrets to say that previous engagements will prevent him from accepting the position offered to him by His Majesty. MR. D——N B——T, however, would suggest that the only way to place the Turkish Finances on a satisfactory footing would be to produce in Constantinople in the off season a new and original Oriental Drama, with gorgeous scenery and novel effects. The features of the piece might be a Race (in sacks) on the Bosphorus, the Burning of a Real Turkish Mosque, and the Celebration (in the third Act) of a Comic Arab Funeral. The present Turkish Bonds might be exchanged for Orders for the Upper Circle not admissible after seven o'clock. Should His Majesty think well of the suggestion, MR. D——N B——T would be glad to undertake the management of the scheme on sharing terms. Provincial Rights in the Herzegovina to be arranged for after the production of the piece in Constantinople.

Peterborough, Oct., 1875.

MR. W——Y, M.P., indignantly refuses to become Finance Minister to the Sublime Porte. MR. W——Y, M.P., begs to say that he believes the SULTAN OF TURKEY to be as wily a Jesuit as CARDINAL MANNING himself.

Dartmoor, Oct., 1875.

A "B. of the B. K." ("Barrinite of the British Kingdum") giv his respeckful respex to the Sultun of the Iland of Tuckey, and regretts that circumstarnces ovor wich he as kno kontrole preventes im from acceptin of the kinde invitashun. Opin the Sultun of the Iland of Tuckey is well, wich it leives me at presente.

England, Oct., 1875.

MR. E. A. S——N regrets to say that it is utterly impossible for him to accept the office of Finance Minister with the title of Pacha. MR. E. A. S——N feels that the SULTAN OF TURKEY has written to him under a misapprehension of the facts of the case. *Lord Dundreary* is merely a creation of the brain. MR. E. A. S——N, however, cordially agrees with His Majesty that were *Lord Dundreary* a real personage, his Lordship would be just the man to arrange the details of Turkish Finance.

85, *Fleet Street, E.C., Oct.*, 1875.

MR. P——CH is surprised at the impudence of the SULTAN. Turkish repudiation is a disgrace to civilisation, and His Majesty deserves to be brought before a Judge and a common jury. *Mr. P——ch* begs to state that should any further messengers be despatched from Constantinople to the *Punch* Office, *Toby* will arrange matters with them on their arrival!

THE PROFESSOR OF THE FUTURE.

THIS Lady Professor's so wondrous wise,
Her very face is a *study;*
She mounts a pair of celestial blue eyes,
And her mouth's small ellipsis is ruddy.

To masculine pupils of various age
She lectures,—for such is her duty;
And the old ones think her an absolute sage,
And the young ones a perfect beauty.

Her small white hand has a clenching force,
If sometimes her facts look like fiction;
And, whate'er be the logic of her discourse,
Her smiles breed instant conviction.

Such sweet little theories doth she advance,
And her eyes emit proofs so thickly,
Her senior disciples fall into a trance,
Her junior in love as quickly.

Now, though *Punch's* opinion should go for nought,
Or be slighted as merely funny,
He holds that if thus the *old* fellows be taught,
The *boys* will get most for their money.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

IN CÆSAR'S time, as he tells us at the beginning of his *Commentaries*, "*Omnis Gallia divisa est in tres partes.*" So it is still,—the three parties being Legitimists, Bonapartists, and Republicans. Only CÆSAR is wanting.

L'AFFAIRE DARNLEY.

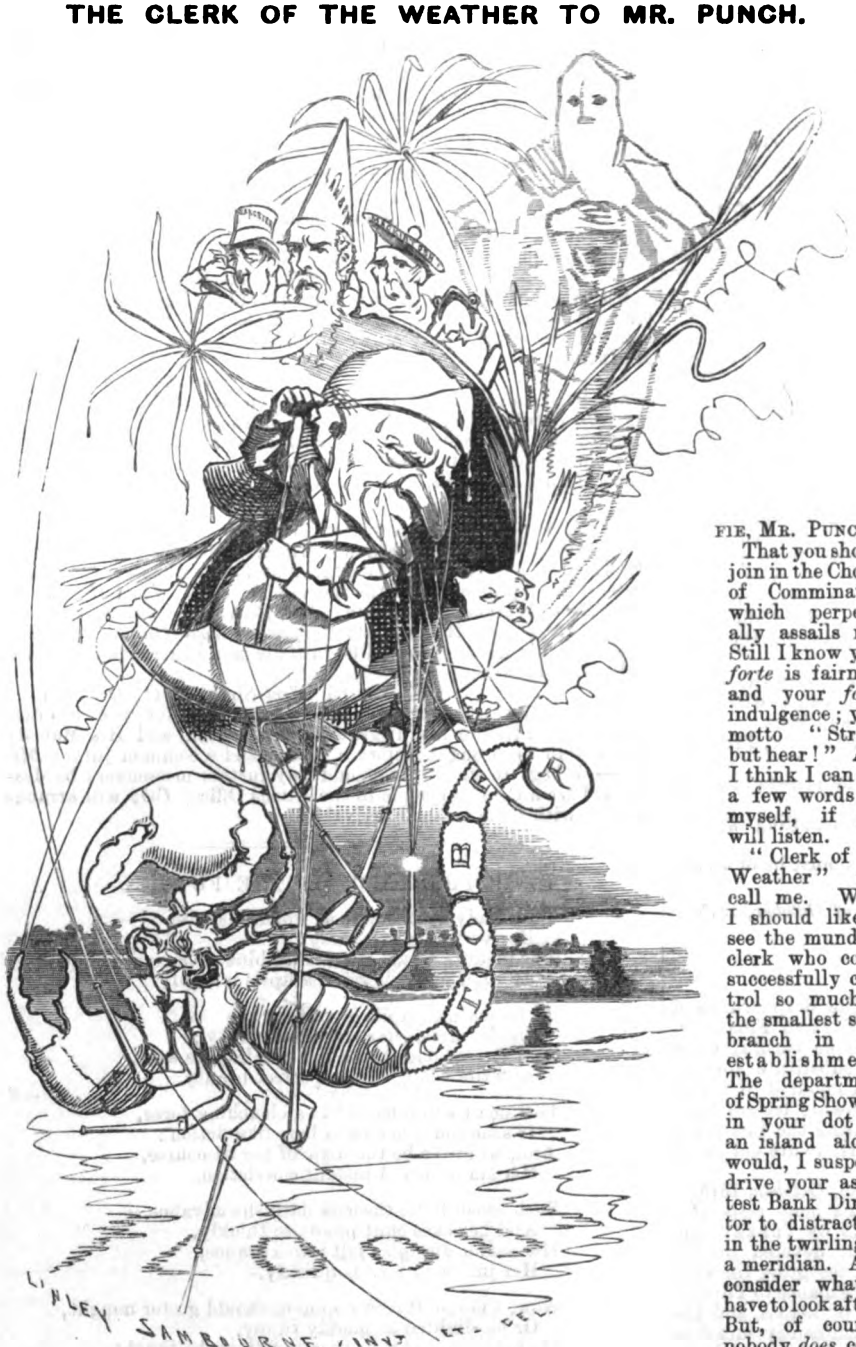
(*By Our Own Nobleman.*)

LORD DARNLEY'S conduct, at the best,
Must be pwonounced infewior,
While Gwavesend's Mayor—exouse the jest—
Comes out as Lake Supewior!

[*Left alone, laughing.*

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THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER TO MR. PUNCH.



FIE, MR. PUNCH! That you should join in the Chorus of Commination which perpetually assails me! Still I know your *forte* is fairness, and your *foible* indulgence; your motto "Strike, but hear!" And I think I can say a few words for myself, if you will listen.

"Clerk of the Weather" you call me. Well, I should like to see the mundane clerk who could successfully control so much as the smallest subbranch in *my* establishment. The department of Spring Showers in your dot of an island alone, would, I suspect, drive your astutest Bank Director to distraction in the twirling of a meridian. And consider what *I* have to look after! But, of course, nobody *does* consider: blind abuse comes so much easier. Of course it doesn't much matter. You may rave till all is blue—in TYNDALL'S sense—and not stay a seemingly superfluous rain-drop, divert a too torrid sun-ray, or ruffle *my* equanimity. Indeed, you may thank your lucky stars that I *am* impervious to abuse as to entreaty, and do not put the reins of my power into the hands of every pseudo-Phaethon of the moment. But I have compassion on the sufferers from meteorological miseries, of which, I confess, you Islanders have a Benjamin's portion, and mean to give mortals a hint or two through their sagest representative—yourself! *You* know what unthankful rule is, and are familiar with the manners and customs of well-tended but recalcitrant donkeys.

Look here, then! Why not try and work *with* me, instead of railing *at me? E. g.* I supply the rain—more than you appear to relish sometimes—you provide the cistern, the watercourse, the sluice, the umbrella, and the waterproof. I furnish the material, you the means of utilisation, distribution, defence or prevention, as the case may be. Carry this partial co-partnership out on the large scale, and there you are. Twig? The rain I send *must* fall on the just and the unjust, the thirsting plain, and the thronged promenade, the turnips, and the turnip-growers, who want it, and the ripening ears and holiday pleasure-seekers, who do not. A Local-Sun-and-Shower-Distribution Company, Limited, is not possible in my realm. I have the round World to look to, not Little Peddlington only. But Little Peddlington can help itself if it will.

The fact is, you monocular mortals suffer far more from drought and deluge, damp and dirt, discomfort and disease than there is any necessity for. Why?—For want of forethought, providence, ingenuity. Prevention of a large portion of the woes you attribute to the vagaries of the Clerk of the Weather are "within the resources of Science," as the newspapers say. Let human ingenuity, which, after so many rain-discomforted generations, achieved the Gingham and the Macintosh, set to work on the great scale at the task of adaptation, utilisation, self-protection, and the Chronic Grumbler's occupation will be pretty nearly gone. You have not half exhausted the sweet utilities of the Conduit and the Tank; nor, in spite of your much-mouthed proverb, do you really cultivate the useful art of providing for or against a Rainy Day. You bear, grumblingly, all the evils incidental to the alterations of draught and deluge, from damp feet to drowning, from scorched noses to sun-stroke and water-famine, when by timely provision and intelligent economy you might strike a normal balance between plentiful lack and unmanageable superfluity, dodge discomfort, shun disaster, and minimise loss.

You don't expect me to play the part of universal Sangster, street-cleaner, hydraulic engineer, and sanitary inspector, do you? If you won't play those very practicable *rôles* yourself, blame your own unwisdom, not the Weather. Grumbling at the Weather is about as wise as tilting at windmills. Set your vanes to the wind, and it will grind your corn for you; direct and store your floods, and they will serve instead of swamping you; rightly manage your streets and subways, and my rains will be not much less welcome or more worrying on the flags than on the furrows. Whether they result in refreshment or rheumatism depends largely on yourselves.

Here be a few examples out of many possible ones. *Verbum sap.*, my dear *Punch*. Sorry to incommode *you*, I'm sure! Would gladly find you a weather-proof private Paradise—a bright little isle of your own, where north-easters never wandered, and St. Swithin was unknown—if you would accept it. But I know you would not. The World and 85, Fleet Street cannot spare you. *Noblesse oblige*, eh? But do just tell the stupids and the *savants* what I say.

How large, of weather-woes which men endure,
The part that sumphs may cause and skill might cure!

No more time now. There's another "tap" requires turning on. *Au Reservoir!*

Yours pluvially,

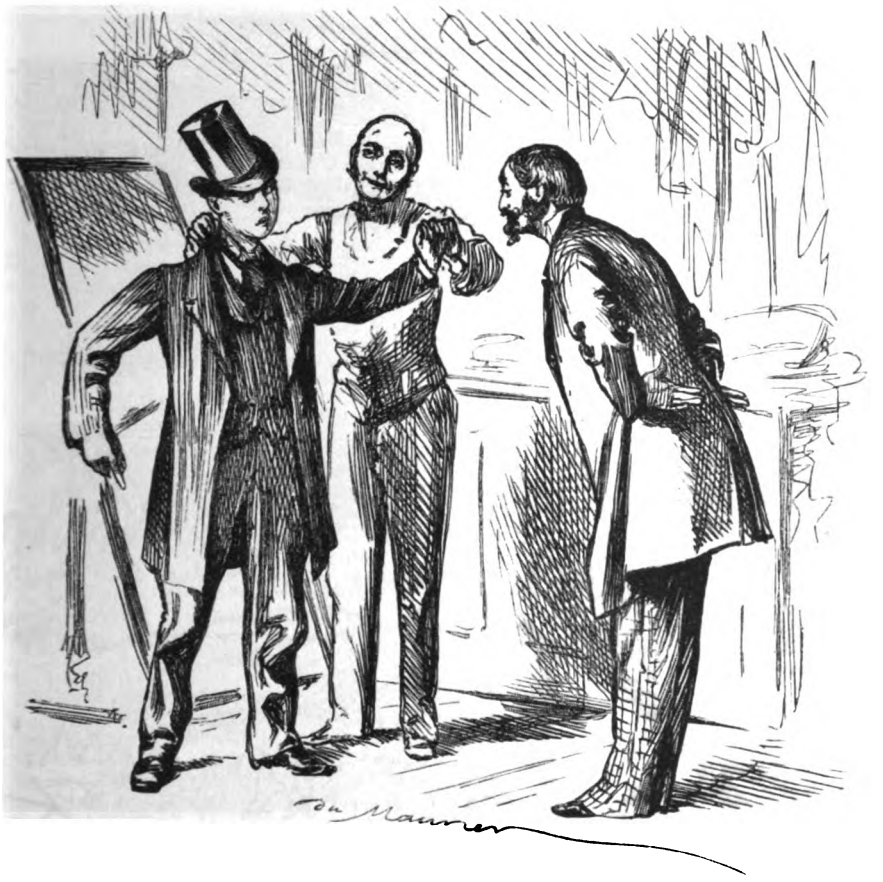
THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

[*Mr. Punch* gladly prints this communication. Even if his accustomed courtesy did not constrain him, the maxim, *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*, would move him to compliance with the C. of the W.'s request. Wisdom may derive a few wrinkles even from a special-pleading *Jupiter Pluvius*.]

Rhymes for the Month.

REMEMBER, remember
The fogs of November,
And wrap up your thorax (or chest),
Beware of bronchitis,
Avoid laryngitis,
And money in sealskin invest.

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THE ROYAL ROAD TO ELEGANCE.

Little Spiffkins (who can only afford one new Suit per Annum, but patronises a fashionable West-End Tailor). "O, BY THE BYE, MR. BROWN, CAN YOU SUGGEST ANY MEANS BY WHICH I COULD PREVENT MY TROUSERS FROM BAGGING AT THE KNEES!"

Mr. Brown. "WELL, SIR, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY *I* KNOW OF, AND THAT'S WHAT *MOST* OF MY CUSTOMERS DO!"

Little Spiffkins. "TELL ME! WHAT IS IT!"

Mr. Brown. "WELL, THEY ORDER TWENTY OR THIRTY PAIR AT A TIME, SIR!"

"CHARGE, CHESTER, CHARGE!"

IMITATION being the sincerest form of flattery, a few admirers of the Light Brigade intend to celebrate the anniversaries of the following charges:—

November 9.—HERR VON CHEATEMDORF, of the Golden Fleece Baden-Baden, celebrates the ninth anniversary of the famous day when he charged VISCOUNT NOODLE five pounds for his bed and breakfast.

November 11.—M. MACAIRE, Hôtel du Grand Voleur, Paris, celebrates the first anniversary of the glorious day when he charged SIR SMITH and SIR BROWN thirty-five pounds for a week's accommodation.

November 20.—ANGUS MCCORKITON, Rob Roy Hotel, Glen Stealach, N.B., celebrates the third anniversary of the unco' guid day when he charged a party of Frenchmen sixteen shillings for eight small glasses of whiskey.

December 2.—The BISHOP OF DOUBLE GLOUCESTER celebrates the eighth anniversary of the pious day when, in his charge to his Clergy, he forbade them the use of scent on their pockethandkerchiefs, and the playing of croquet.

December 17.—A Contented Nephew celebrates the nineteenth anniversary of the fortunate day when his Rich Uncle put so large a charge of powder in his gun that he blew himself to smithereens, and thereby enabled the aforesaid Contented Nephew to take possession of his large estates.

STRANGE COMPANY.

WONDERS will never cease, while people advertise their wants. As for instance, thus:—

A LADY of Good Education desires a POST as COMPANION.

We have heard, when on board ship, of a companion ladder, but we never before heard of a companion post. Really, a post seems an odd thing to desire for its companionship. For ourselves, we had far rather make a crony of a walking-stick. There are so many kinds of posts, too, that we wonder that the lady does not specify her preference. For light company perhaps a lamp-post would be suitable; but at all events at night one might find comfort in a bed-post.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

(No. 2.)

(*At the Alexandra Palace Banquet, October* 25.)

PAYING sight! Left and right,
Crowds pressing onward,—
Sharp Alexandra Board
Dines the Two Hundred!
"Free passes grant them all!"
Veterans, short and tall—
Sharp Alexandra Board—
(Profits will not be small)—
Dines the Two Hundred!

"Go it, the Light Brigade!"
Toast-Master, sore dismayed,
Queered by those heroes' chaff,
Boggled and blundered.
Theirs not to speechify,
Still less to make reply;
Theirs but to drain all dry,—
Into the drinkables
Walked the Two Hundred!

Bottles to right of them,
Bottles to left of them,
Bottles in front of them,
While the band thundered:
They knew no "Captain Cork"—
Boldly they went to work,
After the eatables
Fell to their knife and fork,—
Thirsty Two Hundred!

À La Russe might surprise,
Still they knew joints and pies,
Clearing the dishes there,
Relevés and *entrées*, while
Scared waiters wondered;
Then, plunged in 'bacca smoke,
Glasses and pipes they broke—
Comrades long sundered,
Big with old lark and joke,
Gleefully met again—
Jolly Two Hundred!

Trophies to right of them,
Trophies to left of them,
CARDIGAN'S charger's head,
Piously sundered!
Back they reeled, from the spread,
Straight as they could, to bed—
They that had dined so well—
Nothing to pay per head—
Happy Two Hundred!

When shall their glory fade?
O, what a meal they made!
Cockneydom wondered.
Honour the Charge they made—
Bravo the Light Brigade!
Hearty Two Hundred!

Translation by our Eton Boy.

(HORACE, *Odes*, I. xxxvii. 10.)

"Minuit furorem
Vix una sospes navis——"

"ONE of the ships having got off scot-free has scarcely diminished the public fury."

WITHOUT THE PAIL OF THE CHURCH.

THE *New York Times* informs us of the misdeeds of a certain Long Island Bishop, who, when not attending to the niggers in his church, employs his time in white-washing ceilings! Better, at least, than white-washing blackamoors, an exploit which some Northern dignitaries are bent on.

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A PRECISIAN.

Artist (affably). "FINE MORNING." *Native.* "NO' BAD AVA'." *Artist.* "PRETTY SCENERY." *Native.* "GEY AN' GOOD."
Artist (pointing to St. Bannoch's, in the distance). "WHAT PLACE IS THAT DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LOCH?"
Native. "IT'S NO AT THE BOTTOM—IT'S AT THE FUT!" *Artist (to himself).* "YOU PAST-PARTICIPLED HIGHLANDER!"
[Drops the subject!

"LIE TEA."

"The article known in the trade as 'lie tea.'"—DR. HASSALL, *in the Times.*

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,"
Surely the boredom of the day is past:
With some reward our virtue should be crowned,
"Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,"
Forget the morning, when one's cares return,
"And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
[COWPER despised the naughty man who sups,
Adhering to his liquor like a leech]
That cheer and not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

O peaceful poet! is it not a sin
That this, your fragrant fine and favourite beverage,
Should be so treated in our mighty clever age?
It "not inebriates," but it causes stupor:
And, you, so surely as your name was COWPER,
Would find yourself a sufferer by the trick
That mixes indigo and turmeric,
And other things, with names unfit for rhyme,
In the rare product of old China's clime.

At least they give the poison proper name,
Since as Lie Tea 'tis known to grocery fame:
But comes the deep momentous question, why
False Tea alone should have the prefix "Lie."
Lie-Wine is found on tables of pretence,
Lie-Agitators mock our common sense,
Lie-Hair is seen on heads of ladies bright,
Lie-bloom to cheeks gives dangerous delight,
Lie-Ten-per-Cent. brings house and land to th' hammer,
Lie-Journalists write trash in wretched grammar,
Lie-Politicians somehow fill their purses,
Lie-Christian clerics shock the world with curses,
Lie-Coals are slate and brick, Lie-Broadcloth shoddy,
Lie-Whiskey 'd make a Scot abjure his toddy.

Enough; for *Mr. Punch* is far too wise
Half to exhaust the catalogue of lies:
They flutter in the fine patrician air;
They haunt our shops and workshops, plenteous there;
E'en when you walk beneath the rainy sky,
Your silk umbrella soon begins to lie.
Wherefore *Punch* says, whoever may be able
Lie to detect, should give that lie its label:
If this were bravely done, right soon there 'd be
Reform in other things besides Lie Tea.

Effects of the Wet Weather.

DEAR PUNCH,

WASN'T DARNLEY blown up by MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS? If so, there's a joke for you about DARNLEY being blown up by fire, and LORD DARNLEY being blown up by LAKE or water. I'd work it out myself if I hadn't got such a cold in my head.

Yours sincerely,
CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.

A Suggestion for the Ninth.

To make the Procession a typical Show,
And in Citizens' eyes its attractions to heighten,
A strong deputation should instantly go
To ask, as a loan, the great Turtle from Brighton.

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"THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH," &c.

Affable Parson (in Yorkshire Train). "AND WHAT RACE-HORSE DO YOU THINK WILL WIN THE ST. LEGER STAKES TO-DAY, SIR?"

Bookmaker. "'BLEST IF I KNOW!—WISH I DID. THINK LEGRANGE WILL ABOUT PULL IT OFF. I CAN ACCOMMODATE YOU TO A PONY, IF YOU LIKE, Y' KNOW. BUT" *(seeing no chance of a bet)* "IT MAYN'T BE BAD BUSINESS TO FLUTTER A BIT ON THE OTHER FORRIGNERS, AND TO TAKE THE ODDS TO A QUID OR TWO AGAINST THE FYFIELD PICK, AND BATES'S BEST FOR A PLACE!!"

[*Clerical Gent "gives it up," and retires behind his "Times."*

OUR HEROES.

WHAT shall we do with our Heroes? Say!
"Whatever you please, so you make them *pay!*"
Cries the *Valet*-voice. It has changed its tone,
For the *Valet*-soul has sagacious grown,
And learnt that its venal shouts and cheers
Turn prompter pennies than flouts and sneers.
It has dropped "pooh-poohs" with extreme content
Since praise got quoted at cent. per cent.

What shall we do with our Heroes stout?
Pose them in public, and make them spout!
In public let them be filed and fed—
The sight should pay at a shilling a head.
Walk up! Walk up! Let the long-eared see
How Heroes dine. Bid the *Daily T.*
Grow dithyrambic, and bardlings rush
To greet our Heroes with floods of gush!

What imports, though the hero shines
Little enough when he talks, or dines?
What imports, if his finest points
Scarce come out over jugs or joints?
Bid him perorate, make him feast,
Though he mayn't *pose* well, he will *pay* at least.
And gifts most needed to face his foeman,
Are scarcely those that best suit his Showman.

A double debt to our "Braves" we owe—
First in the battle, then in the Show.
Here's to the man who can fight and feed!
With the gift of the gab for the hour of need.
"Honour" the Hero's mistress? Nay,
Huckster and Humbug have him in pay.
Wouldn't a Bayard be glad and proud,
Trotted out for a holiday crowd?

Who would not yearn a Hero to be,
To live on the lips of SIR FIDDLE DEDEE?
To be gushed o'er in prose and invoked in verse,
And—help to replenish a caterer's purse?
A shilling a day, an occasional feed,
And much tall talk is Our Heroes' meed.
'Tis fine to be brave, but better, no doubt,
To be up to the *rôle* of the *Hero's Tout!*

What shall we do with Our Heroes? Nay!
The problem's solved in the prettiest way.
They find their *Kudos*, at life's grey close,
In penny papers and public shows!
To "Hero Worship" one chapter add,—
How shall we name it—"Hero" or "Cad"?
It's coming to that in our glorious Isle:
What do *you* think of it, THOMAS CARLYLE?

THE ART OF NOMENCLATURE.

By Coe NOMEN, Esq., *Prenomen Place, near Agnomen.*

THE Art of the Nomenclator has been neglected in these modern days. There seems good reason for calling attention to its great importance. A few hints on the subject may lead to its scientific investigation. Names have a great influence on destiny.

Boys.—Call a boy JOHN, and he will be steady; call him CHARLES, and he will deviate into CHARLEY, and go in for flirtation. It is to be remarked that MESSRS. SMITH, BROWN, and JONES are fond of christening their sons STANLEY, HOWARD, CLINTON, GROSVENOR, though they have no claim to connection with those noble families. HOWARD SMITH is a queer combination. Why not go to earlier traditions? As thus:

For the son of a Statesman named SMITH—PERICLES SMITH.
For the son of a Poet named SMITH—HOMER SMITH.
For the son of a Doctor SMITH—ÆSCULAPIUS SMITH.
For the son of a Soldier SMITH—ACHILLES SMITH.
For the son of a Democrat SMITH—THERSITES KENEALY SMITH.

And so on, to the end of a very long chapter indeed.

Girls.—Difficult. All questions about girls *Mr. Punch* finds uncommonly difficult. Would you, pretty reader of this column, rather be KATE or KEZIA, JESSY or JEMIMA, AMY or AMELIA, LILY or LUCINDA, SALLY or SOPHONISBA? Ponder this momentous question, for upon it depends the opinion of you held by that *Arbiter Puellarum* who dwells at 85, Fleet Street. *Mr. Punch* likes to give girls names of poetic form. A famous Poet called his daughter ROTHA, after the river which flowed beneath Rydal Mount. And may not fair christenings be found in English poetry? Have not SPENSER'S *Una*, and SHAKSPEARE'S *Rosalind*, and JONSON'S *Earine*, a right to be remembered?

Streets.—The two chief streets of a certain English city are Wine and Corn Streets. Good. But the old London names are good also. Piccadilly may be connected with peccadilloes: *Punch* can't say. Pall Mall recalls the pleasant game of ball played by the gayest of our kings. The Strand was once the shore of Thames; through Holborn ran the Old Bourne; once there was a gate to commemorate King Lud. Can't modern folk be similarly commemorated? We seem to have lost our inventive faculty—all of us, save *Mr. Punch*, who means to amaze the City with Punch Buildings, and get Apollo and half-a-dozen other gods to meet the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen when the great College of Wit is opened.

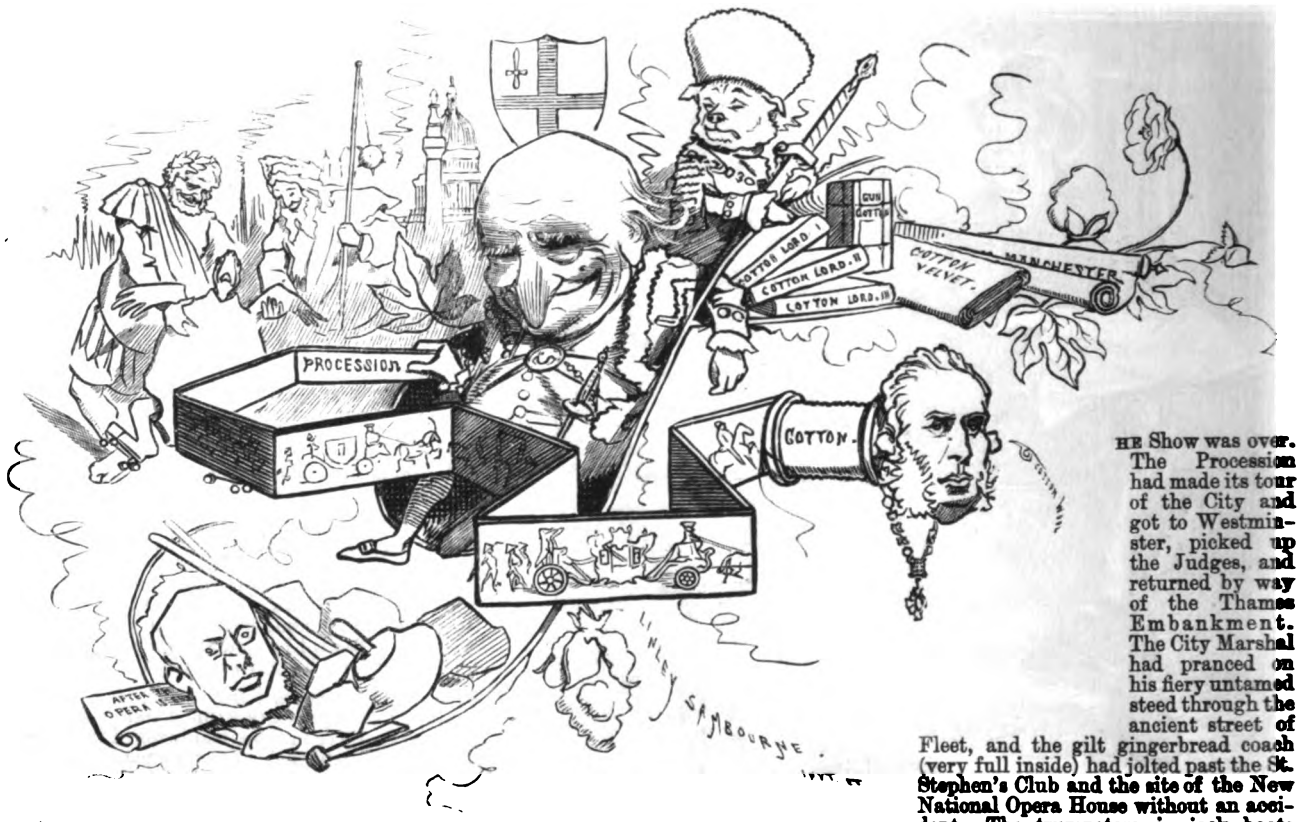
Dogs.—Rover, Lion, Neptune, Dash, are among the stupid old names for dogs which have become stereotyped. Inventive people have other names. *Mr. Punch* has his ancient immortal canine comrade, *Toby*, who in days to come will be transfigured to the skies as *Canis Maximus*, *Canis Major* being utterly eclipsed. This, of course, will be coincident with *Punch's* own apotheosis, the date whereof depends very much on the arrangements to be made between Olympus and No. 85.

Maid-Servants.—Fair LUCILLA ought to have her name legibly written on her face. POLLY and SALLY and SUKEY materially differ. But are there any POLLIES and SALLIES and SUKEYS now? Not a bit of it. MISS MARIANNE comes as Cook, MISS SARA as Housemaid, MISS SUSANNA as Lady's-Maid—all in the latest fashionable attire. The mistress who is deciding whether or not to engage them gets many a wrinkle about the latest fashions from their elegant costume.

THE LARGEST-SIZED TURKEY SPONGE.—The SULTAN.

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PUNCH AT THE LORD MAYOR'S DINNER.



THE Show was over. The Procession had made its tour of the City and got to Westminster, picked up the Judges, and returned by way of the Thames Embankment. The City Marshal had pranced on his fiery untamed steed through the ancient street of Fleet, and the gilt gingerbread coach (very full inside) had jolted past the St. Stephen's Club and the site of the New National Opera House without an accident. The trumpeters, in jack boots and velvet caps, had flourished their loudest flourish, and the principal guests had been cheered by the other guests, and all was joy, cold viands and hot turtle-soup—thick and clear.

Mr. Punch, having only consented to be present at the Banquet on the understanding that his *incognito* should be strictly respected, was seated at one of the lower tables, with a Common Councilman on one side of him, and a gentleman in a Yeomanry uniform—fearfully and wonderfully made—on the other. He was weary of the talk of his neighbours. The first had given him a tedious history of all the less noted pumps in the City of London, and the second had shown him (with the aid of some walnuts, a pair of crackers, and a desert-spoon) how Putney might be saved from the hoof of the ruthless invader, in the event of the Germans taking Herne Bay by a *coup de main*. *Mr. Punch* listened with the amiable politeness for which he is famed all the world over, and was turning round to suggest that, perhaps, 85 Fleet Street might be of some service as a rifle-pit (*Mr. Punch's* military knowledge is sound, as far as it goes, if limited), when he noticed that, in the place of the warlike Yeoman, was seated a lady of most prepossessing appearance. She was dressed in white, and carried in her hand a small mirror.

"My dear *Mr. Punch*," she said, smiling, as her neighbour gazed upon her with a broad stare of astonishment, "you are surprised to see me here?"

"Very much indeed," replied *Mr. Punch*, bluntly.

"As one of my oldest, dearest, and firmest friends," she continued, "I will tell you why I have come. I want to make the speakers to-night talk frankly. In my presence they dare not be guilty of deceit. While they are smiling and attempting to conceal their thoughts, you and I will be listening to the Truth. You know who I am?"

"May I be shot if I do!" replied *Mr. Punch*, again very bluntly.

"Look at this mirror!" *Mr. Punch* looked, and saw a very handsome, clever man—it was the reflection of his own face. "Yes, I see you have guessed my name now—I am Truth; and for the last thirty-four years I have been near your desk, to guide your pen and point your pencil. And here we meet at the LORD MAYOR'S Banquet! What do you think of that?"

"That you are out of place," returned *Mr. Punch*.

"Quite so. It is the first time I have had anything to do with after-dinner speeches, and very likely it will be the last. But hush! There is the LORD MAYOR proposing the health of the QUEEN.

And very pleasantly did the LORD MAYOR perform the duty. In the presence of Truth he could only praise HER MAJESTY. His speech indeed would have been perfect had he omitted the last two or three sentences, which seemed to be forced from him against his will:—

"I am very much pleased to be Lord Mayor," said he; "and before my predecessor was out of office I took care to put myself *en évidence* by explaining that, out of respect to MR. ALDERMAN STONE, I could not take part in any public ceremony. The QUEEN is the fountain of honour, and certain Representatives of Foreign States are still permitted to go to Court. I am sure you will be delighted to learn that, in future, people admitted to the Palace will not be allowed to dine in the Guild Hall. The Crown I admit is the Fountain of Honour, but is not the LORD MAYOR something more—is he not the Chief Cook of Dignity?"

"Really," said *Mr. Punch* to his neighbour, "I think these remarks very *mal à propos*."

"I made him say that," replied Truth, with a smile. "But listen to that Distinguished Officer returning thanks for the Army."

Said the Distinguished Officer: "You do not deserve much praise from us. We know perfectly well that you scrutinise every item of the Army Estimates. Still, I must say something civil, and so I allude to the City Train Bands. I think they must have been, as a body of men, nearly as useless as the Volunteers. I believe they have a large drill-ground somewhere near Finsbury Circus. I hear you have been squabbling about it. All I can say is, squabble as much as you please, but don't bother *us* with your complaints. These remarks are local, but I will add one of general interest. Recruiting is still very unsatisfactory. The young men we wish to draw into the Service consider the Army a disgraceful calling. Under these circumstances, it is most important that we should treat the livery of Her Majesty with the greatest possible respect; that soldiers should be taught that the red coat is the most honourable of costumes. Accordingly, we have ordered two officers to wear their uniforms, as a punishment, for the space of a year; and may,

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HUNTING PROSPECTS FOR 1875.

(NECESSARY PRECAUTION.)

PATERFAMILIAS PROVIDES HIMSELF AND SONS WITH THE PATENT LIFE SAVING AND SWIMMING COLLARS FOR THEIR FIRST DAY IN THE MIDLANDS.

some day, send all the old tunics, returned into store under the new regulations, to Pentonville and Dartmoor, to be re-issued as convict-clothing.

"Surely he did not mean to say *that!*" whispered *Mr. Punch.*

"I don't think he did," replied Truth; "but I put it into his mouth. Silence! here come the thanks for the Navy."

An official in a richly embroidered coat was now addressing the company:—

"The Army is not so popular in this great city as the Navy, for the simple reason that Commerce requires ships, and not regiments. Were England invaded, your hearts and pockets would be equally touched. It is only right therefore to tell you that you have been wasting millions upon Ironclads that run into one another and sink on the smallest provocation. You will be consoled to learn, however, that their loss is of comparative unimportance, as they are out of date, and have long been unable to perform those duties for which they were originally constructed. As to that unlucky Slavery Circular—it wasn't our doing, but those blundering fellows' at the Foreign Office, and they ought to be made answerable for it. I speak for my brothers of the Admiralty, and can honestly say that the Board is a most united one—a perfect happy family. *Vanguards* may sink, *Mistletoes* may be run down, but Patronage will go on for ever. These are my sentiments, and I think I may add are the sentiments of every true-hearted sailor and long-headed civilian who passes his leisure hours in the Admiralty, Whitehall, near Charing Cross, S.W."

"Eh," cried *Mr. Punch*, "surely that is a very painful confession."

"Great is the power of Truth," replied his fair companion. "But listen, here comes *the* speech of the evening."

A well-known Statesman was on his legs.

"In the absence," said he, "of one more worthy to occupy the place I fill, I return you hollow thanks for those hearty after-dinner cheers. The traditional policy of a Tory Cabinet is well-known to all of you. A Conservative Ministry is supposed to be jealous of the national honour, to be the mouthpiece of all that is good and stable in the land. Since we have been in power we have found our Foreign policy laughed to scorn. Turkey no longer looks up to us as a guide and authority. Russia does precisely what she pleases. Considering that the latter country is making great strides towards our Indian frontier, we can scarcely repeat the boast that we are an Asiatic Power of the first magnitude. For all that, we have still a certain amount of influence on the West Coast of Africa. This influence may fade away, and when it does we doubtless shall be able to introduce civilisation into New Guinea and the countries lying adjacent to the North Pole. Thus the power of England will always be in the ascendant. That we are the mouthpiece of the People must be very apparent to you. The Nation told us to bring in a Merchant Shipping Bill, after we had rejected the measure, and we brought one in. The Nation told us that we had issued a disgraceful Circular about Fugitive Slaves, and the disgraceful Circular was withdrawn. The Nation tells us that we are a mistake, and we do not say no. Our opinion of one another, on the contrary, coincides strangely with the opinion of the Nation. However, here we are at the Lord Mayor's Dinner, and now is the time for hiding the truth under a bushel of big words, and smothering plain sense, as far as we can, with ornamental nonsense."

The applause that followed this strange address was so hearty that *Mr. Punch* turned round to Truth to inquire the cause of the enthusiasm. His fair neighbour had vanished, and in her stead was the Yeomanry officer.

"You have been snoring, Sir," said the warrior. "We could scarcely hear that gentleman proposing the toast of the 'Ladies.'"

"And who will return thanks for them?" asked *Mr. Punch.*

"Perhaps ——," and then the Yeoman mentioned the name of a very great Statesman indeed.

"Why should *he* return thanks for the Ladies?" again inquired *Mr. Punch.*

He heard the voice of Truth—invisible as she had made herself—for the last time, "Because, my dear Sir, the Right Honourable Gentleman is the most egregious old woman they can find in the Egyptian Hall!"

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THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, ESQ., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., *and Hon. Member of the Dulli-dillitanty Society.*

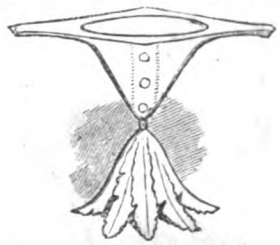
I HAVE but few hints left to make on the subject of furnishing. Already I see an improvement, and I look around me with pride at the first improvement which I recognise as the genuine results of my labour, and as so many steps in a right direction. The right direction being, of course, towards the shops where, by arrangement with the proprietors, I can choose anything for anybody.

Glass is an important item in furniture: as my old friend HERR JOSEPH MÜLLER observes, "Glass offers matter for reflection."

Glass ceilings are amusing, because you can see yourself as others do *not* see you; *i.e.* walking on your head.

In drinking-glasses two things alone have to be considered, quality and quantity; and these have more to do with what you put into them, than what you are likely to get out of them.

But a dinner-giver should get a good deal out of glass. New shapes will be supplied by our Artist, as for instance—



THE COCKED HAT AND FEATHER GLASS. (For a Military Dinner.)



THE TARPAULIN AND STREAMER RIBAND GLASS. (For a Naval Dinner.)



THE SARDANAPALUS CHAMPAGNE GLASS.



THE MITRE TUMBLER. (For Ecclesiastical Dinners.)



THE JOCKEY CAP AND PERSUADERS GLASS.

The last shape, in china, would make a handy coffee or tea-cup. But for designs let inquirers send to *me*, and I shall be happy to furnish them myself.

With a few useful remarks on jewellery and modern dress, I propose to conclude for the present a subject which is interesting to all, from the peasant to the prince, from the penny to the sovereign.

(To be continued.)

THE HON. AND REV. FRANCISCO FARRYSEE TO MR. PUNCH.

Eve of Saint Phylax.

REVEREND SIR,

IT is with much diffidence I write, having failed to receive any acknowledgment in any one of the daily journals to which I have applied for publication, but I feel there is deep significance beneath the motley garments in which you are depicted, and it is this which gives me courage to address you.

I am one of those ministering martyrs who believe that the beauties of the soul must be represented to erring sinners by the glory of the garments we wear.

Are we not told to consider the lilies of the field? Am I not right then in appearing before my congregation in the nearest approach to imitation of Nature's hues that Art and workmanship can devise? They toil not, neither do they spin. Therefore I appeal to all my Christian sisters to devote a portion of the day to albs and dalmatics for my use.

Rome decrees that feasts and fasts should have their various colours. I adore all that issues from Rome, though pecuniary circumstances prevent me from accepting every sacrifice, and martyrs have no right to elude the struggles their conscience has commenced; but I opine that we should clothe our bodies in the colours which illustrate the spirit prevailing in us at the time. Thus: Tulips, yellow and purple, on a red ground—*noble pride.* Lilies on amber and gold—*purity of purpose.* Gardenia on blue—*odour of sanctity.*

Would that I could persuade my brethren to assist me in this noble enterprise! Would that all who hear me would be persuaded that religion is nothing without embroidery; tenets futile without vestments.

Fools and sceptics point the finger of scorn at me, and say, "Look after your poor. Cleanse the inside of the platter." My dear friend, would my congregation be a tithe of what it is, if the eye were not fed with constant variety of form and colour? Every sister wonders as she takes her seat what my state of soul is going to be. Shall I wear Tulips on a red dalmatic, or Jonquils on a silver stole? She sees my vestments, and in them reads her ministering priest's spiritual mood.

There is much controversy going on in the Press about subjects which are as nothing compared with this. Several of the sweetest shades of religious temperament are still unfurnished with their corresponding robes. I appeal again, through your powerful columns, to my beloved sisters. May their needles point the way to perfect happiness!

FRANCISCO FARRYSEE,
Incumbent of Saint Wistoria.

P.S.—I fear you have no space for an exhaustive exposition of my faith; indeed, in moments of discouragement, I doubt whether you will aid the good work by printing my letter. If I see this in type, I shall wear Sunflowers and Dahlias—*modest exultation;* if not, Snowdrops and Violets—*resignation under adverse circumstances.*

F. F.

IMPOSITION ON IMPOSTORS.

COLONEL SCHENCK, the American Minister, has communicated, from the United States Legation, to the newspapers, an exposure of a fraud practised in this country by certain persons in selling degrees and diplomas purporting to be conferred by American colleges and universities so-called; notably by the "Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery," and the "Livingstone University of America," of which there are professed agencies in London and elsewhere, whereas no such institutions exist. Who does not sympathise with COLONEL SCHENK in the feeling which moves a gentleman to try and frustrate the practices of rogues? Yet who at the same time does not feel that, whilst those rogues, the vendors of bogus titles, deserve imprisonment and hard labour, those other rogues, but also fools, their customers, the would-be buyers of distinctions which, if veritable bargains, would be lying testimonials, deserve at least to lose their money.

From St. Paul's Churchyard.

According to the *Graphic*, a Danish Lutheran Church was consecrated last month at Newcastle-on-Tyne by the Dean of Copenhagen, DR. FOG.

In a city	You can see it—
Near home	When fine:
There 's a church	DR. FOG
With a dome,	Would have been
SIR C. WREN'S	That church's
The design,	Fit Dean.

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PUNCH TO THE LORD MAYOR GREETING!



ALVE, my LORD MAYOR! In convivial session,
Punch has seen pass your annual procession;
The City Marshal, on the worst of nags,
Leading the City guilds, whose gorgeous flags
Have made the ancient street of Fleet alive,
And caused a joke or two at Eighty-Five,
Whose wit, no great ones, howe'er gorgeous, spares—
Sultans or Shahs, Khedivès, Czars, or Mayors.

The gaudy pageant has passed Temple Bar:
Punch stirs his fire and lights a fresh cigar,
And ponders over London. How it grows,
This City flushed with luxuries, vexed with woes!
Is it to be a town, for many a day,
"Where wealth accumulates and men decay"?
Epicure Mammon in BEN JONSON'S time
Had scarcely reached our gorgeous heights sublime:
Now he rides rampant, and his splendid dinners
Have magnetising force for saints and sinners.
Who can resist the haunch, the hot-house pine,
The perfect *menu*, the long-cellared wine?
The company befits the bill of fare:
You meet Wit, Beauty, Rank, and Fashion there.
A *prima donna* comes, no singer sweeter:
And Mammon's Rector is right glad to meet her.

And all the while, in many a London hovel,
What myriads of the dangerous classes grovel!
No hope in this world of less load of care,
No knowledge of a happier world elsewhere.
Philosophy, with scientific lens,
Looks on the inmates of those dreary dens,
Finds that the poor existed long ago,
And smirking says, "It always must be so."

Now, LORD MAYOR COTTON, there's a chance for you;
Your race has always been both brave and true.
Your ancient motto,* which in verse won't scan,
Announces you a proper type of man.
The life of fashion, the disdain of fear,
Brought to the front that haughty Cavalier,
WELLINGTON'S friend, the daring COMBERMERE.
Another COTTON, Admiral complete,
In Tagus river seized a Russian fleet.
Earlier, SIR ROBERT, in rare learning dipt,
Collected many a priceless manuscript,
And, with a princely scholar's generous will,
Gave to the people fruit of wealth and skill.

* "In utraque fortuna paratus."—*Motto of Cotton.*

Noblesse oblige! The claims of such a race
Will make you bolder in your civic place:
Besides you are a poet. Very odd:
Punch knew it not till he referred to *Dod.**
Put poetry in practice, dear LORD MAYOR:
Already you have somewhat cleared the air—
See *Punch's* last Cartoon in every street—
Drawing the line 'twixt honest man and cheat.
Go on as bravely as you have begun,
And when your year of civic power is done,
Punch will give London's and all England's thanks
To him whose shield bears the three Cotton hanks,
And hail the falcon in your ancient crest,
The City's scourer of a vermin-pest.

* "Has written poems."—*Dod*, p. 190.

EDUCATION AND CRIME.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

ALTHOUGH the necessity of living, combined with impatience of industry, has compelled me to pursue illicit courses, I am enabled, by having had the advantage of instruction, to read the *Times*, and you. Your contemporary, the other day, published a report, more interesting than agreeable, to me at least, on the "Employment of Convicts." It contains the following particularly unpleasant suggestion:—

"The chaplain of Pentonville Prison suggests that there should be assigned to convicts what he calls the unsavoury occupation of diverting sewage from your rivers, and utilising it for manure."

Diverting sewage, indeed! A high diversion, no doubt, for the Reverend gentleman, situated to the windward of a member of his flock engaged in it, to contemplate. An occupation truly unsavoury, and equally laborious. I cannot but admire the ingenuity of this aggravation—not to say refinement—of punishment. There is, however, another service imposed upon gentlemen in seclusion, of which, regarded as a penal infliction, the annoyance is really refined. In some of the principal Government Prisons, besides hammocks made for the Royal Navy and mail-bags for the Post-Office—

"Clothes are made by convicts for the Police."

The pain of being thus obliged unwillingly to work is enhanced by a sting of studied acuteness craftily envenomed, mental, and nicely calculated to hurt the feelings. To what toil could a convict be doomed more bitter than the task of making clothes for the Police? Only one, *Mr. Punch*, that—under sentence for robbery with violence—of having to manufacture cats-o'-nine-tails.

It is with mingled feelings of approval and apprehension that I transcribe a passage of a nature slightly personal:—

"It may surprise many to learn from this year's report of the Chaplain of Dartmoor Prison, that ninety-five of the prisoners have, since their confinement there, studied and made considerable progress in the French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Latin languages. The Chaplain of Portland Prison states that some of the educated prisoners are among the most difficult to deal with, for their superiority in some respects to the general class leads them to resent the application to themselves of some of the prison rules; and it has been found to check the tendency to a morose, sullen, and insubordinate spirit if a little ambition to revive former studies can be created, or if a man can be induced to employ himself after the labours of the day are over, in enlarging his knowledge by the pursuit of some particular subject."

In the too probable event of my getting into trouble, I trust I may experience the kindly discipline of Dartmoor, where penal servitude appears to consist very much in literary occupation. Should my place of detention be Portland, the difficulty of dealing with me will, I am sure, be much simplified by treating me in the considerate manner suggested by the Chaplain of that Institution, making the "labours of the day" as light as possible, and never subjecting me to the cruel indignity of being utilised as a tailor to the Police, slavery which I should feel to be infinitely more disgusting even than employment in the "diversion" of sewage.

With every apology for trespassing on your valuable space, I remain,

Your habitual Reader,
JIM THE PENMAN.

Swag Lane, Faker Street, Feast of S. Guy.

Not Quite the Cheese.

(*Re Jenkins* v. *Cook*, *Arches Court.*)

Μὴ δίλογοι let Deacons be,
A Bishop no impostor;
And yet upon the Bench we see
Δίγλωσσος—double G———R.

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A HAPPY THOUGHT THAT NEVER OCCURRED.

Mother (in continuation). "AND SO THE WICKED PHARAOH ORDERED THAT *ALL* THE BABY-BOYS SHOULD BE KILLED——"
Madeleine. "BUT, MAMMA! DIDN'T *ANY* OF THEIR MOTHERS SAY THEY WAS GIRLS?"

THE WEDDING OF LAW AND EQUITY.

"This first of November England witnesses the union of Law and Equity."—*Times.*

UNION of Equity and Law!
Who such a union ever saw?
Such fusion must confusion mean!
Can no Queen's Proctor intervene,
Show the plan, ere 'tis born, miscarried—
Being divorced, they can't be married.

This happy union, people say,
Was fitly fixed for All Saints' Day.
Ye warriors of the Devil's Own,
Was such a blunder ever known?
Ye who in Hall eat legal dinners,
Is there no feast that's named All Sinners?

Picture the bridal! Bridegroom gruff,
Made of the very sternest stuff:
No smile o'er that grim visage flits;
His wedding coat is lined with writs.
His honeymoon, no doubt, he fain
Would spend in happy Chancery Lane.

But O sweet Equity, the bride!
A creature to be deified—
With perfect justice in her eye,
She cannot cheat, she cannot lie:
Behold her, dressed in virgin white,
An angel of serene delight.

They're wedded! Wonders never cease:
War in due time will marry Peace;
To seek a husband Truth will range,
And find him on the Stock Exchange;
Religion, jilting Controversy—
Her follower long—will wed with Mercy.

When Law and Equity receive
Their guests, one hardly can believe
That he, of tyrants quite the sternest,
Will take her counsel in good earnest.
But *Punch* the union won't disparage,
And drinks their long and happy marriage.

MOURNING AND GRIEF.

AS a Reformer, MR. GLADSTONE is a little behind MR. BRIGHT with regard to a social question whereon the latter statesman is thorough. Hear our WILLIAM, however, on "Funeral Reform." He thus answers a Correspondent:—

"*Hawarden, Oct.* 29, 1875.

"SIR,—I thank you for your communication, and, though unable to concur with you in the opinion that the wearing of mourning ought to be abandoned, I concur in much that you have said, and think the whole subject requires to be gravely considered by this country.

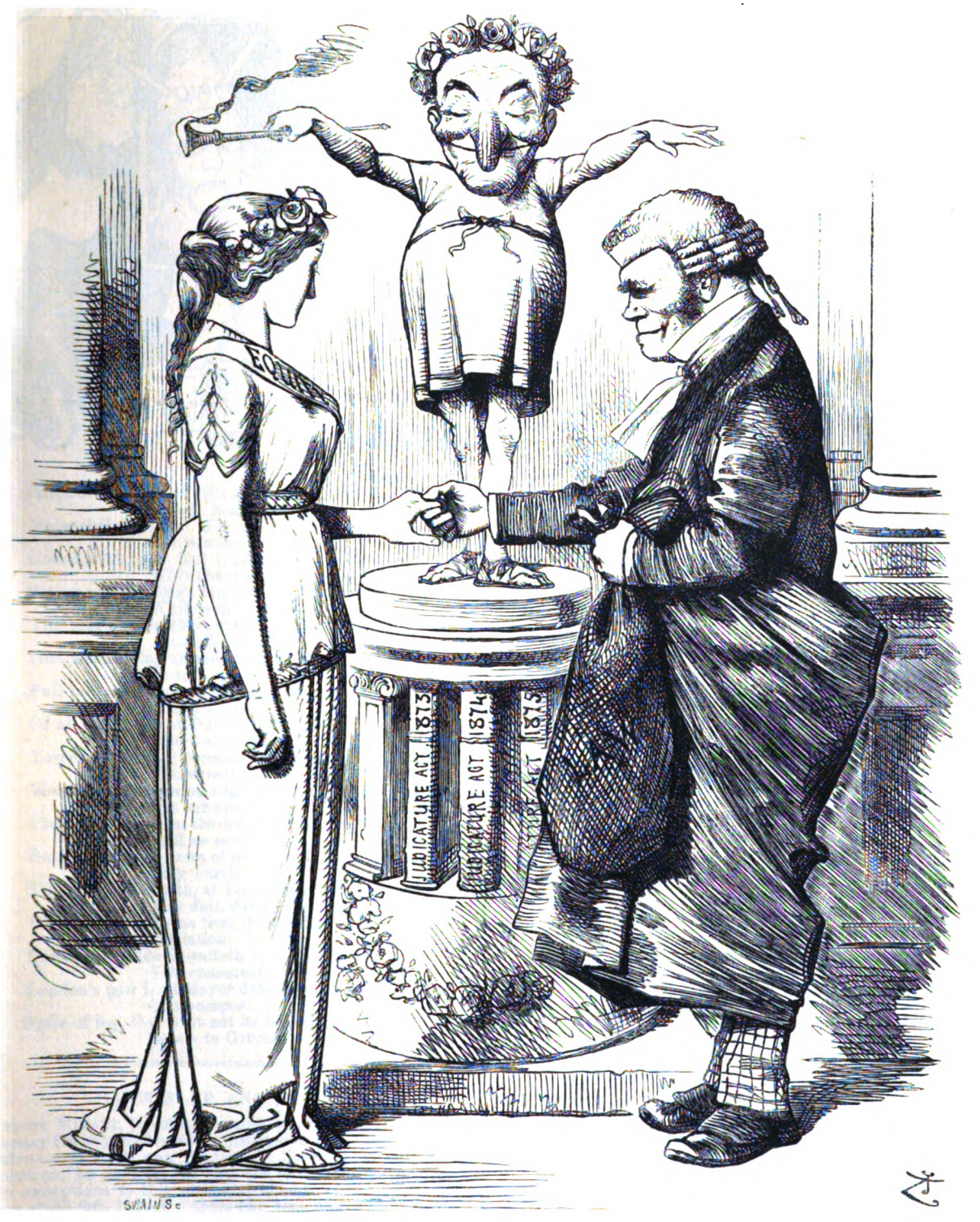
"Your faithful servant,
"W. E. GLADSTONE."

Will not WILLIAM, on further reflection, see that mourning might be advantageously abandoned by influential and independent parties who can afford the expense of it, for the relief of those who cannot, and at the same time cannot afford to ignore MRS. GRUNDY? "Mourning" always aggravates grief, unless the mourners are wealthy, or ladies whom it becomes. It is especially grievous when it has to be worn by survivors for a relation who has left them no money. The whole subject of the haberdashery pertaining to funerals requires, as MR. GLADSTONE says, to be gravely considered. Levity in the consideration of a subject so grave strikes us as unbecoming. Is our WILLIAM also among the punsters?

CONDITIONAL CON.

WHAT class of Officers in the British Army will the Turkish Bondholders be like? Those on half-pay—if they get it.

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SETTLED AT LAST!

HYMEN. "BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN! YOU HAVEN'T 'MARRIED IN HASTE·' THE LESS LIKELY TO 'REPENT AT LEISURE'!"

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NOTES FOR NOVEMBER.



IRKEST Month of all the changeful dozen,
Night's first cousin!
Nature's Nemesis upon the City!
What a pity
Mortals cannot hibernate a little!
Not a tittle
Would be lost by sleeping through *your* thirty
Days so dirty.
For you noon is dim as most midnight is;
And bronchitis,
Fogs and fireworks, civic feeds, and folly,
Are *not* jolly.
We could spare from out the Season's summary
FAUX and flummery,
Sulphury fumes and silly speeches part with
A light heart with,
Melancholy month! Throughout Creation
Obfuscation
Comes with you. But London chiefly suffers:
Wit's sharp snuffers
Scarce can trim life's taper to bright burning,
While you 're churning
The breathing mixture called, by touch satiric,
Atmospheric!—
Into a something nameless, which so dense is
Human senses
Fail beneath its vague and vast oppression.
'Tis full session
Of all the Incubi of Dulness. Dismal
Black, abysmal,
Yawns the gulf of Boredom now beneath us.
O to wreathe us
With sprays of Spring time, or June's joyous roses!
But our noses,
Finger-fended from the fog's foul flavour,
Sniff no savour
But what smells more of soot-bag than of myrtle!
Only Turtle
Thick and clear both, at Lord Mayor's Civic banquet
This dull, dank, wet,
Dirty month redeems from detestation.
Jubilation
For aught beside ill-suiteth grim November!
Yet, remember,
London's new Lord Mayor demands a thumper
Of a bumper!
Spite of fog, *that* must not be forgotten.
Here 's to COTTON!

DARWIN UP AND DOWN.

PROFESSOR MIVART, the other evening, at the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society, delivered an instructive lecture on the subject of ourselves and "our poor relations." Speaking of development and evolution, he pointed out that the animal kingdom presents "certain exceptions to this ascending change." Amongst reptiles and some shell-fish, indeed, "there had been a process of degradation rather than of advancement," especially observable in the lobster and shrimp group. He might have added the oyster—except, indeed, as regards price, in which there has been an advancement too rapid and too high to be pleasant.

"Of late, however, there had been a tendency to extend the zoological area over which degradation was supposed to have taken place. If this view met with acceptance, it was difficult to see where it was to stop; indeed, it might bring our ape friends again before us in a new light, for hereafter some one might profess to find in them not the rude ancestors, but the degraded descendants, of early man."

Hereat there was, of course, "a laugh." It is much better fun to imagine that other people, once on a parity with our ancestors, degenerated from humanity into apehood, than to suppose that we are the descendants of apes. Britons also may complacently regard much in the manners, customs, and conduct—including, they consider, numerous monkeys' tricks—of foreign nations as indicating a process of undevelopment still going on amongst some of our neighbours. As for ourselves, however, let us confidently hope—if we cannot exactly assert—that a daily increasing height of moral aim, and preference of the sublime and beautiful to the ignoble and the grotesque in literature and art, demonstrate us manifestly to be on the rise, and tending, not downwards towards the Ape, but (with MR. DISRAELI) upwards to the Angel.

"RETIRE YOUR MEN, SIR!"

THE premature publication of the proposed Army Retirement scheme in the London papers having caused much confusion in military circles, *Mr. Punch* thinks it right to issue a plan of his own, founded upon precedents that have been for years recognised both in the War Office and at the Horse Guards.

RETIREMENT.

W. O. Circular, 01,423. *Horse Guards, Nov.* 5, 1875.

In future, Buglers will be kept on the strength of their regiments for two years. At the end of that time, if they are found to be efficient, they will be discharged, unless (in the *interim*) they have been promoted to the rank of Sergeant-Majors unattached. If a Bugler at the end of two years' service is found incapable of sounding a single call, he will be kept on the strength of his regiment for a further term of two years. After he has completed four years' service, however, he will be compulsorily retired on a pension of five pence a day, or a lump sum of £1 3*s.* 7½*d.*

Subalterns, having learned their drill, will be compulsorily retired, to make room for subalterns who have still their drill to learn.

Captains who have passed the Staff College will be offered a brevet step and 5*s.* a day. Commutation, £150.

Majors having completed twenty years' service will be ordered to retire on the uniform of a Lieutenant-Colonel and £135 a year. On availing themselves of the privilege of wearing "mufti," they will be deprived of their pensions.

Lieutenant-Colonels with twenty-five years' service (fifteen of which have been spent before the enemy) will be ordered to give up their commands, to make room for untried men. Lieutenant-Colonels so retired will have the right to wear their medals, clasps, and other decorations, at flower shows, agricultural meetings, and private evening parties.

Generals, Field-Marshals, and officers of all ranks who have reached the age of seventy-five, will not be called upon to retire, but will remain in the posts they occupied prior to the Abolition of the purchase system, until severally recommended for further promotion.

By Order of *Mr. Punch*.

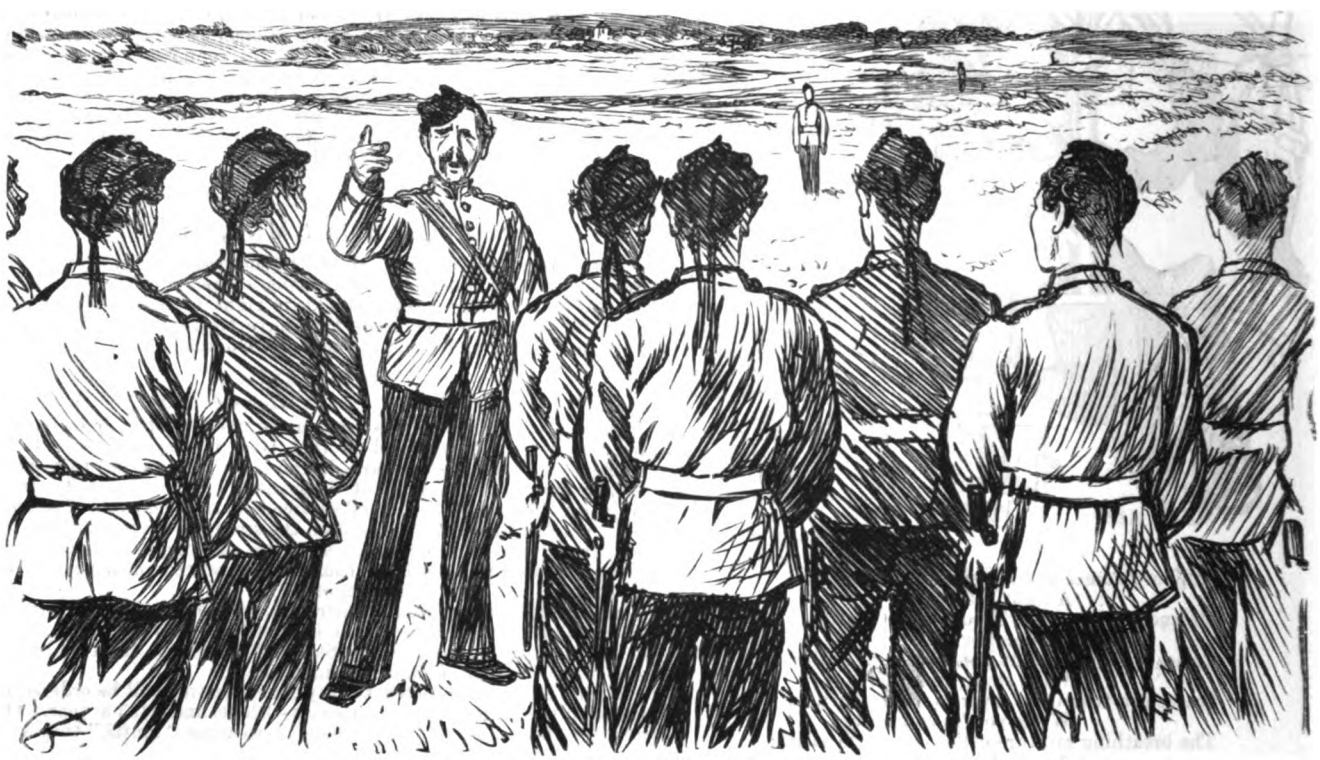
(Signed) TOBY.
Civil Military Secretary.

AN OMISSION SUPPLIED.

AULD REEKIE'S Duchess, hard on Hallowe'en,
Presents another Grandchild to the QUEEN,
Whose Grandchildren, if truth reporters score,
The new-born PRINCESS brings to twenty-four.
So many hours, observe, the day contains,
Coincidence remarked by men of brains.
Ye wise, proclaim it while you can, for who
Can tell how long it will continue true?
How soon the moment may, or not, arrive,
When twenty-four will rise to twenty-five?
Heaven grant HER MAJESTY a reign to see
The number grow as great as it can be
And still her children's children keep in view,
As they to children old add children new!
The strains foregoing are the sort of thing
A Laureate, on occasion, ought to sing.
All well Arthurian poems to indite,
And turn out idylls, in the Isle of Wight;
But, from the wearer of official bays,
Events auspicious ask appropriate lays.
Behold the way to build the lofty rhyme,
ALFRED, do thou the like another time!

HOW TO SUPPLY ST. PAUL'S WITH BELLS AND CHIMES *CHEAP.*—Melt down the Canons.

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LUCID!

Irish Sergeant (to Squad at Judging-Distance Drill). "NOW, YE'LL PAY THE GREATEST OF ATTINTION TO THE MAN AT EIGHT HUNDRED YAR-RDS: BECASE, IF YE CAN'T SEE 'M, YE'LL BE DECEIVED IN HIS 'APPARANCE!!"

A PROCLAMATION!

COTTON, LORD MAYOR.

BE it known, once for all and to all, that from and after the date of this current number of *Punch*, any joke, jest, gibe, pun, quip, crank, or waggery, offered as a voluntary contribution, and fondly intended for publication, answering to the description hereinafter contained, will be treated in the manner hereunder set forth, any statute, ordinance, institute, enactment, or encouragement and approbation of deluded and deluding fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts, and friends to the contrary notwithstanding.

Any written communication, designed for a joke on Threadneedle Street, in connection with the surname of the LORD MAYOR, will be instantly torn into ten thousand (more or less) fragments.

Any contribution which, on being opened by one of *Mr. Punch's* private secretaries, shall disclose at the first glance such expressions or phrases as "cotton to" "dropping the thread of his discourse," "winding his way," "wound up his speech," and the like, will, without a moment's hesitation or delay, be thrown contumeliously into the waste-paper basket.

Any piece of paper bearing on its surface, in characters inscribed either in ink or pencil, a suggestion to the effect that the LORD MAYOR, on those public occasions when he has to return numerous salutations, will have to go through a great deal of bowing and bobbin', will be forthwith flung contemptuously into the office grate.

Any note, letter, or other missive, whether with or without an envelope, proposing that, for the year 1875-6, the name of Cottonopolis should be transferred from the City of Manchester to the City of London, will be twisted up into the form and shape of a spill, and used as an instrument for lighting a pipe or kindling a cigar.

Any person being so misguided as to allude to the possibility of the LORD MAYOR giving a Cotton Ball, and plunging still deeper into crime by associating reels with an entertainment of this description, will, if he can be traced, be handed over to the proper authorities, to be dealt with as the Supreme Court of Judicature may direct.

And, generally, any correspondence which may have for its object the establishment of a playful connection between a soft white vegetable substance, largely imported into this country from America and India, and the name of the LORD MAYOR, will be zealously guarded from all other eyes but those of the butterman and his customers.

PUNCH.

85, *Fleet Street*,
Lord Mayor's Day, 1875.

N.B. The foregoing proclamation is to be construed as applicable in its main purport—the discouragement of unseemly jesting on the names of great civic dignitaries and the diminution of *Mr. Punch's* correspondence—to MR. ALDERMAN and SHERIFF KNIGHT. It seems hardly possible that the most disordered imagination, the most perverted ingenuity, can extract any material for its nefarious practices from the name of MR. SHERIFF BREFFITT; but time and the post will show. *Mr. Punch* knows only too well what human nature is capable of daring.

Sors Horatiana.

(*On the* PRINCE'S *Visit to India.*)

"SERVES iturum Principem in ultimos
Orbis Britannos, et juvenum recens
Examen, Eois timendum
Partibus, Oceanóque Rubro."
Carm., lib. i. 36.

L'Entente Cordiale.

THE delightful sympathy between England and France has another illustration in the all but contemporaneous loss of the *Vanguard* and the *Magenta*. What charming reciprocity! Let both countries rejoice until the bills are sent in.

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OTHER PEOPLE'S HOBBIES.

Mr. Jones. "WHAT A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF WALKING-STICKS, MR. BROWN!"

Mr. Brown. "WELL—YES! THERE ARE NINETY-SIX OF THEM. AND WHAT MAKES THE COLLECTION *REALLY* INTERESTING IS THAT *EVERY ONE* OF THEM HAS A HISTORY. TAKE *THIS* ONE, FOR INSTANCE—LABELLED No. 1. IN 1837 I HAPPENED TO BE——"

[*Mr. Jones suddenly recollects he has a Train to catch, and bids a hasty farewell.*

CURSING AND SWEARING.

WE know that good Society has now for some time relinquished the bad habit of cursing and swearing. So, SIR GEORGE BOWYER maintains, has the Roman Catholic Church—although he cannot deny that, at one time, it cursed as terribly as ever the British Protestant troops swore in Flanders. On All Saints' Day the Defender of the Ultramontane Faith appropriately communicated the following explanation to the *Times*:—

"Sir,—In answer to your Correspondents of to-day, I will only say that I did not assert that curses had been never used in the fulmination of excommunications. But I assert that curses are no essential part of excommunication, for it is defined by the Canonists simply as *a communione exclusio*."

Just so. Curses, in excommunication, as well as in common talk, are unnecessary. Excommunication, in its ultimate effect, means all that can be expressed in the strongest language. Going into detail from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, with a special malison on each of the intervening organs, is simply superfluous. Ecclesiastics, like other gentlemen, have discontinued the use of vulgar expletives. It is now only the coarser portion of the populace who are accustomed to utter imprecations on the organs of sight, the circulating fluid, and the members of those who displease them. The declaration added to the foregoing statement will perhaps be frankly accepted by MR. NEWDEGATE, or even by MR. WHALLEY himself:—

"I assert that those old forms are either abrogated or obsolete. Our present POPE repealed a great number of old excommunications, and, among others, the Bull of POPE CLEMENT excommunicating Protestants."

Had not this Bull, however, practically repealed itself? What was the use of a Bull to excommunicate persons who were never in communion? A Pontifical Bull which had come to be as it were a capital sentence on dead men had surely degenerated into a Bull of the Irish species.

However, it is some news to hear from SIR GEORGE BOWYER that the POPE has repealed Bulls. If present Infallibility can allow itself to repeal bygone Infallibility's Bulls, there is no saying to what rational conclusions future Infallibility, guided by Common Sense, may not one of these days find it possible to arrive. In the meanwhile, let us allow all due weight to the assurance that, in "the fulmination of excommunications," unparliamentary language is now unusual, if not uncanonical.

A FUNERAL ANTI-REFORMER.

(*Sings.*)

WEN we 'ears the knell a tollin'
Wile the 'earse along is rollin'
To the Parties 'ow condolin';

Slow and solemn, wilst in others,
Wakenin' feelings wot they smothers;
Yourn and mine, beloved brothers,

In our melancholy duty,
Mindin' us 'ow rich and fruity
Black jobs is in gain and booty.

But there is a agitation
For mean burials, and "cremation,"
'Orstile to our havocation.

BRIGHT advises people turnin'
"Friends" he calls 'em, as to mournin';
Not a rag the bier adornin'.

Nare a mute, nor wand, nor weeper,
All in plain clothes, nothink deeper,
For to make interment cheaper.

"Friends," and all the world not show to
Due respect deceased they owe to!
Where do they expect to go to?

Then there's Clergy a combinin'
In a resolution jinin',
'Atbands, scarves, and gloves declinin'.

Funeral show sitch check at Sutton,
Maidstone, Kent, they've been and put on,
From our mouths to snatch the mutton:

Sich you might expect of Quakers—
But the Church, to back the makers
Of a war on undertakers!

Also there's the leadin' papers,
For the shabby funeral-scrapers,
Foes to we and to the drapers.

Wot will then be our condition,
Stopped from funeral exhibition,
In the day of abolition?

To the knell of the departed,
In their plumeless 'earses carted,
We should 'earken 'eavy 'earted.

Not, as now, with innard gladness,
In the decent garb of sadness—
No more—that there way lies madness!

Change may come, by slow degrees on.
But, in their bereavement's season,
Folks is deaf to stingy reason.

In their rooted inclination
For funereal hostentation,
Dead agin all reformation,
Long will yet lay our salvation.

WHICH Jewel does Russia hope to add to her Crown? Turk wars or an Oriental Purl?

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"Vaticana bibis, bibis venenum."
MARTIAL. *Epig.* lib. vi. 92.

"GLADSTONE'S CLARET."

LORD MAYOR'S DAY AS IT MIGHT BE.

(*Extracted by Clairvoyance from the City Chronicle, A.D.* 1975.)

WE often hear remarks about the wisdom of our ancestors, yet we are not seldom filled with pity when we patiently reflect upon the follies of our forefathers, such, for instance, as they perpetrated in their foolish Lord Mayor's Show. How vast is the improvement since a hundred years ago! Who would ever dream now of stopping for some hours the whole traffic of the City, that stupid simpletons might stare at a stupid, senseless show? And who would dream of sitting squeezed and sweltering at what was called a "banquet," where, after scrambling for some soup and a slice of lukewarm mutton (christened "venison" in the *menu*), you were doomed to sit half-stifled and to listen to dull speeches which you vainly tried to catch?

But, now that women have their rights, and the Lady Mayoress reigns as Empress of the City, how much altered for the better are our old Civic ceremonials, since they have been confided to the care of the fair sex! In lieu of gingerbread state coaches, and men in pasteboard armour, and tawdry flags and trappings, which of old were suffered to impede the traffic of the City, and attracted crowds of idlers to be plundered by the pickpockets and pommelled by the roughs,—in place of this tomfoolery which was termed the Lord Mayor's show, what is it that now constitutes the principal attraction of our Lady Mayoress's Day? Let us briefly chronicle a part of what occurs.

The happy day is welcomed by a peal of merry laughter from the mouths of the Bow belles, who attend as maids in waiting on the Lady Mayoress, and are all a-Gog (and Magog) for the Show. They proceed to deck her Ladyship in her official robes, and scatter roses in her path as she proceeds to the Guild Hall. Here the Show of Civic Beauty is annually held, and the prettiest girls in London are arranged for exhibition, previous to their reception and appearance at the Ball. On the entrance of her Ladyship, the band strikes up "*See the Conquering Charmer Comes!*" and the young ladies all drop curtseys, and present bouquets. In order to prevent blushes, as well as scrambles for admission, the Show is strictly private, and no unmarried reporter is permitted to intrude.

To satisfy the Public, a few photographs, however, are suffered to be taken, and these are sold by auction, and the various civic charities share the proceeds of the sale.

After the Show, the Lady Mayoress entertains the fair assemblage at an elegant repast of sugarplums and sweeties, whereat their partners are by courtesy invited to assist, on production of certificates (signed by a Court Dancing-Master) that they are chatty in square dances, as well as active and untiring in a galop or a valse. None but known good dancers are suffered to obtain an entrance to the ball-room, and all chaperones and wallflowers are most rigidly excluded. Dancing generally begins as soon as it is dark, and is kept up with ceaseless vigour until midnight; when the Lady Mayoress, being wiser than her foremothers, instead of sitting up till daybreak, bids her guests good-night.

THE INFALLIBLE TRUTH.

"WHAT is Truth?" asked PILATE,—
But that he asked in vain.
"O! what Truth is," says MANNING,
"I can soon make plain."

"Truth is this—this only—
The one Infallible Church;
Doubt, and at Day of Judgment
You 'll find you 're in the lurch."

"*Ach! ist das so?*" says BISMARCK.
"Your notion is not mine."
"Ten times accursed," cries MANNING;
Says BISMARCK, bravely, "*Nein!*"

LORD REDESDALE says, "Inform me,
And you 'll oblige me much:
What thing can be Infallible
That does not 'act as such'?"

Says MANNING: "My good gracious!
You beg the question quite.
Can't you—or won't you—understand?
Whatever 's right is Right!

"A Church divinely founded—
Is this not clear to you?—
Cannot but act divinely,
Whatever it may do.

"I hope that proposition
Has set your mind at rest?"
Says REDESDALE, very sharply,
"If it has, I am—blest!"

Powerful Peacemakers.

THE Paris Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the other day telegraphed as follows:—

"There are rumours to-day of a Russian Circular inviting the Powers signataries to the Treaty of Paris to a pacific intervention in the affairs of Turkey."

If the Russian Circular were a Circular Ironclad, a summons from such a pacificator, to judge by MR. REED'S account of it, would perhaps command attention.

Suggested Epitaph

(*For those who fell at Balaklava*).

DEATH was our end, that end was great,
And saved us from a sadder *fête*.

Aristocracy and Ale.

THE *Hampshire Independent* contains a statement that MR. BASS has declined a Peerage. If this is true, it shows the distinguished Brewer to be a supporter of whom the Government thinks no small beer; and the House of Lords has failed of a reinforcement by one more able man of business. It is whispered that the title destined for the Honourable Gentleman was that of the "EARL OF BURTON."

CHANGE OF NAME.

IN consequence of a recent decision of the Lords of the Admiralty, a distinguished sailor-officer will probably for the future change his name from TARLETON to TAR-LET-OFF.

"SIX TO ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN TO THE OTHER."

THE SULTAN has now promised half the interest on his debts. No doubt his Word will prove as good as his Bonds.

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AUTUMN LEAVES.

Operator (*commencing Attack*). "'HAIR'S FALLING OFF VERY FAST, SIR!"

Patient (*carelessly*). "Y-E-S."

Operator. "I CAN REC——"

Patient (*gaily*). "'GENERALLY DOES THIS TIME O' YEAR. FRESH CROP IN THE SPRING, Y' KNOW!!" (*Snores.*) [*Operator sighs, and raises Siege.*

"TELL MAMMA WE ARE HAPPY."

THE Prince is out among the Orient race,
Who must, some day,—
Remote, *Punch* hopes,—be subjects of his sway;
He gazes on the grey East's changeless face
In far Bombay,
And he will be, in days of undreamt wonder,
Chequered, mayhap, with War's irrational thunder,
In that far Orient earth's foremost man—
Emperor of Hindostan!

Why, what was PRESTER JOHN, a traveller's whim,
Or the Great Mogul,
To him who, from this island masterful
Goes forth to regions vague and strange and dim,
Fresh flowers to cull?
New-censused myriads humbly bow before him—
A mighty Empire, eager to adore him,
Gladly his actions and his face will scan
Who must rule Hindostan.

Simple Bombay brightly illuminates
With "*Tell Mamma*
That we are happy" 'neath her sceptre fair,
Whose power is felt through all the Eastern States.
The pariah
Feels beneath English rule an equal calm
With son of MAHOMET and breed of BRAHM,
And thinks of when VICTORIA'S rule began—
Empress of Hindostan.

And Hindostan is happy. *Punch* says "YES."
Why should it not,
So long as England's rule is strong and wise,
Have a fair share of human happiness
Beneath the skies?
And when the Prince returns from hunts and durbars,
May he have pacified all weak disturbers,
And learnt, as such a Prince on Progress can,
The worth of Hindostan.

VERY WELL DEVILLED.

MR. BULL having been very properly reproved by his wife for using bad language in connection with Turkey, has bound himself not to say anything worse of that repudiative power than "Devil take Turkey" till Christmas. After which he *must* use stronger language.

BURIAL IN BEDS.

WE must not believe all the world says; but the *Christian World* at least should speak the truth; and, if it does, the Established Church appears to be in danger of losing a valuable Clergyman. The REV. HARRY HOCKEN, Vicar of Cople, Bedfordshire, is, the *Christian World* says, "a fanatical member of the Ritualistic School." Ritualism is not commonly combined with logic; and the Ritualists who secede to Popery are exceptions. But—still if we may credit the *Christian World*—the Vicar of Cople has lately delivered himself of utterances sadly suggestive of the fear that his Ritualism is too essentially Papistical to allow the hope that he can continue much longer to hold his Protestant vicarage. The late Archidiaconal Conference at Bedford included a debate on MR. OSBORNE MORGAN'S Burial Bill. In this controversy MR. HOCKEN took part; and some of his remarks are quoted by the *Christian World*. They were directed principally against the REV. HUGH BLAGG SMYTH, Rector of Houghton, a previous speaker, who, in moving an unsuccessful Amendment to a Resolution denouncing the proposed measure of concession to Dissenters, "had delivered a speech admirable for its kind Christian feeling and statesmanlike moderation; but it seemed to have almost a maddening effect on MR. HOCKEN." Transcribed from out the text of the *Christian World*, and with only the needful grammatical changes, set simply together in the first person, the selections from the speech ascribed to that Reverend Gentleman may be read as under; it being premised that the name of "MR. HUGH BLAGG SMYTH," was "repeated contemptuously" by him "at least a score of times:"—

"I wonder how MR. BLAGG SMYTH could dare so dreadfully to violate his holy orders by introducing a motion so contrary to his profession. . . . . I am horrified at the thought that this MR. HUGH BLAGG SMYTH can be a parish priest. . . . Some ladies with whom I lunched . . . also expressed their horror at MR. HUGH BLAGG SMYTH being now a priest in the Church of England. . . . . I must enter my protest against this horrible amendment, which is so dreadfully discreditable to holy orders. . . . Such a horrible amendment would be a curse to the Church of England; and I should not be surprised if MR. HUGH BLAGG SMYTH, who would thus shake hands with the Dissenters, would not hesitate to shake hands with that horrible man who introduced that measure into Parliament, MR. OSBORNE MORGAN."

Does it not strike the reader how extremely the foregoing invective resembles that which his Holiness the POPE is accustomed to hurl at parties who have incurred his animosity? Only the Holy Father never abuses anybody by name. He always limits himself to vilifying the object of wrath by implication, or else under a pseudonym, calling him, for example, HEROD, or JUDAS, or PONTIUS PILATE. If MR. HOCKEN did really blackguard MR. HUGH BLAGG SMYTH as above, he will probably learn how to talk as a "temperate controversialist," and curse in due canonical form, very soon. Moreover, not only does he scold in a Papal style, but, in denouncing a Clergyman for shaking hands with Dissenters by concession as to the Burial Bill, he expresses an exclusiveness founded on ideas of the effect of consecration on churchyards, quite special to Romanism. Let us hope, however, that he has been misreported, and that the Church of which he is an ornament need not hopelessly make up her mind to lose him.

A Week after Marriage.

Mr. Law (*angrily*). But I tell you "Equity follows the Law."

Mrs. Law—formerly Miss Equity—(*calmly*). O, that was so *before* marriage; but *now* I am to rule.

[*See Judicature Act*, 1873, *sec.* 25 (11).

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.—The Porte and its promises to pay.

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THE PRINCE'S VISIT TO INDIA.

(*Our Own Representative at Bombay, and all over the place.*)

DEAR, VERY DEAR SIR,

HERE 's local colour for you! Here we are again! I send you a picture—a mere sketch—"a poor thing, Sir, but mine own," which I knocked off on the spot. Isn't there about it a life and a go—quite a man-go—(ha! ha! Indian joke too!)—which is racy of the soil?—Yes, you won't see many illustrations so up to the time of day as this.



THE INDIAN VISIT.

MR. BLANK CALLING AND GIVING CARD TO "THE BUTLER."

The Ayah (knowing he wishes to see the Daughter of the House). "MASTER CAN'T SEE MISSEE. MISSEE IN BATH-TUB, EATUM THE MANGO FRUIT, SAR."

Of course I do not say who the Gentleman with his back to the audience is. No. Fine man, isn't he? But delicacy forbids to make any remark behind a Gentleman's back, which I would not make to his face. I mean before his face. Look at my puggaree! Look at the umbrella! There 's Local Colouring, my boy! When I told the story—which this cut illustrates—to the gallant ——th, at mess, they yelled and shouted. It went immensely. Of course I imitated the native dialect, which I can do to admiration, so if the picture seems to go a little flat, try reading the words underneath out loud. I need hardly say that directly a certain Exalted Personage, in whose company I happen to pass most of my time just now, heard it, he clapped me on the shoulder, and exclaimed, "By jove, BILLY, it 's the best thing I 've heard for years! It 's a side-splitter! It 's a screamer! Send it to *Punch*."

So, Sir, it is at his wish I have forwarded this now invaluable sketch to you. Treasure it, cherish it, prize it, for England's Royalty has laughed at it, England's Hope and Star of India has approved of it, and what more can you want?

We had an interesting Masonic ceremony at Bombay. We laid a stone: pretty sight! You should have seen me with my orders, sashes, buckles, sword, and apron, with a trowel in my hand, and H.R.H. leaning gracefully on my shoulder, haranguing the assembled Brethren, I prompting him.

"Brothers," said he, "when I come to this foreign shore, which is my own home, I feel that whether the sun is in the East, the moon in the West, or the stars are shining bright, there is but one sense of universal Brotherhood, which we experience in following the commands of our Great Master HIRAMABIFF. (*Masonic applause.*) Brothers, let us make the signs secretly to one another (*here all made signs secretly to one another*), and let each place his hand on his heart, and in the presence of the two elder Pillars of Brotherhood, BROTHERS JACHIN and BOAZ, let us pronounce the Shibboleth of the password; and giving the grip in the third degree (*here every one gave the grip in the third degree, a most touching sight*), let us say, with one voice, 'Fidelity, Fidelity, Fidelity!'"

Myself. So mote it be.

Then the Masonic hymn was sung:—

O, Masons all, with one accord,
Sing out with tuneful fire,
And praise the great KING SOLOMON,
And HIRAM King of Tyre.

Let Indian Brothers hymn the strain,
O'er mountains, hills, and dales,
And after SOLOMON and HIRAMS twain,
God bless the PRINCE OF WALES!

You 'll observe that the third line in the second stanza is a trifle out, but it exactly suits the tune which has here a florid passage. The chorus was repeated enthusiastically. The author was called for, then the composer. Need I say that representing both, I stepped forward and bowed my acknowledgments. This was one of the first and biggest successes of the Prince's tour as far as we 've gone.

On Tuesday last we saw a Nautch dance in a *Chuprassee*, and walked round a *Cummerbund*. After this we returned to our *Bheiree*, where we partook of *Aukoos* and a *Hackery* (iced). Before retiring for the night, we smoked a mild *Jemadar*, and had a short conversation with a native *Chunam*, played three games of *Chowrie* (at which I politely and loyally came off second best. H.R.H. is *so* pleased, even if its only half a *Gongwala* on the rub—he *does* like winning)—and then turned in,

Yours ever,
YOUR OWN INDIAN REPRESENTATIVE.

Foot-Note by the Editor.—Once more we have our doubts. On referring to an Indian dictionary we find that a *Chuprassee* is "an upper servant;" a *Cummerbund* is "a waistcloth;" a *Bheiree* is "a long-winged hawk;" *Aukoos* "a goad for driving elephants;" *Hackery* (which he says he drank iced), "a cart;" *Jemadar* (which he represents himself as smoking) is "a Sepoy sergeant;" *Chunam* (with whom he says he held a conversation) is "a cement made of shells;" *Chowrie* (which he speaks of as a game at cards) is "a fly-flapper formed of the tail of a Thibet cow;" and the *Gongwala* (which he mentions as a coin) is "a villager." Either Our Correspondent is incorrect, or a new Anglo-Indian dictionary is a want which should be speedily supplied. But we have our suspicions.

PYROTECHNICS AT THE PYRAMIDS.

An Allegory on the Banks of the Nile.

"After dinner came the event of the evening—the illumination of the Great Pyramid . . . First Bengal fires, placed at short intervals round the Pyramid, were lighted, and each stone shone out as clear as day. Rockets, Roman Candles, and other more complicated *feux d'artifice*, filled the air with many colours. Then lights of all imaginable colours, which had been placed on every course of stone, and up each angle of the Pyramid, were so simultaneously lit that the blaze seemed to run up the vast mass, and, in a moment, enveloped it in one great blaze of variegated fire, while magnesium wire shone out bright and clear from the apex. Every sort of firework crackled and blazed and made cascades of coloured stars in the heavens. . . . Soon all was grey and cold again, and the lonely, sad-eyed Sphinx was left behind in the gloom."—*Times.*

Father Nile. Are there no Gods in Egypt? Hath the Sphinx
No voice to startle these mad fools?
Sphinx. Methinks
E'en Memnon might find utterance! 'Tis a crisis
To move his lips to murmuring. Though, by Isis,
Silence is sweetest!
Father Nile. Silence never more
Shall haunt thy spreading sands, my reedy shore.
The West overwhelms us!
Sphinx. Could not Horus bid
These blatant Britons spare the Pyramid,
Leave the lone Sphinx in happy, haughty scorn
Of the false fires of Sydenham and Cremorne;
Nor shame old Egypt's night—the vulgar Vandals!—

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With flare of rockets, squibs, and Roman candles,
As though great Nile were Thames?

Father Nile. These shores to light
Like lurid London on a Guy Fawkes night,
Is deepest degradation. Yet, alack!
'Tis *not* the last straw Egypt's camel back
May have to bear! How am *I* forced to brook
The bounce of BAKER, or the cheek of COOK!
League beyond league explorers poke and spy,
And my long-hoarded secret—vainly—try
To wrest from my reluctant grasp. But no!
Their Nemesis is swift, their progress slow.
I'll foil them yet, though Cockney-Babylon
From all its "knife-boards" shout, "On, STANLEY, on!"
Shall coarse Cook-fugled crowds of tourists flaunt
Their hideous garb around *my* secret haunt?
Never!

Sphinx. I'm not so sure. When near the Nile
Tarboosh gives place to billycock and tile;
When camels, such as conquerors bestrode,
Are mixed with broughams upon the Shoubra Road—
Called by some cool, conceited Cockney scribe
The Rotten Row of Egypt!—when the tribe
Of white-faced wanderers and their Prince clap hands
At the *poses plastiques* of Ghawàzee bands;
Sleep at Gezireh, dine at fair Abdeen,
And wake Nile's echoes with "*God save the Queen!*"
What may *not* chance, since in the land of PHARAOH
London has laid strong hand on Thebes and Cairo?

Father Nile. Alas! what hope when "intimate relations"
Are all the theme of princely perorations;
And Egypt's rulers stoop to hob-a-nob
With *parvenus*? 'Twould make SESOSTRIS sob
To see the Morning land absurdly drest
To greet a Mushroom Monarch from the West.
And, crowning shame!—*Can* Isis hold her peace?
The Pyramid a huge *feu d'artifice*?
Light up that mighty mass with Bengal fires!
Illume that apex with Magnesium Wires!
Enough to make the indignant Mummies turn
In all the tombs of Egypt!

Sphinx. To your Urn,
Most ancient Sire of Streams! Time's farther shore
Methinks I sight. When Memnon's song no more
Salutes the morning, all that is shall pass
Like a swift scene from a Magician's glass—
That hour must be at hand.
Some snares at least
Beset the path of England in the East.
Bondholders fume, the watchful Bear creeps near,
The Lion's growl wakes not the ancient fear.
The word seems passed,—the hope may prove forlorn,—
Play off the Nile against the Golden Horn.
Time may avenge us yet, Fate fronts the West!
Let us await, in silence,—as is best!

"BOTTOM, THOU ART TRANSLATED."

November 10, 1867.

IN returning thanks for the Navy, MR. WARD HUNT said:—

"It is with great pleasure that I rise on behalf of so popular a branch of the English Service as the Navy; and it is with greater pleasure that I am able to inform you that never in the whole course of its history was the Navy in such a gloriously perfect condition as it is now. (*Cheers.*) There have, I know, been some blunders and accidents lately. But what of that? In spite of the sneers of the Liberal Press, I prefer to look on the bright side of things. (*Cheers.*) The *Blunderer* and the *Incapable* came, as you well know, into collision the other day. I am very sorry that both sank, and eight hundred men were drowned. But does no gleam of hope shine out from that accident? I am certain there does. It proves that we possess magnificent vessels. What is a ram for, if it is not to run down a ship? (*Cheers.*) Then you remember in our torpedo experiments the other day we blew up four new gun-boats. Ought we not to feel proud and happy that our engineers are capable of constructing such deadly instruments of warfare? (*Cheers.*) Suppose those gun-boats had been the vessels of an enemy, would their destruction not have been a glorious triumph? (*Cheers.*) At the present moment there are no less than half a dozen of Her Majesty's ships aground in different parts of the globe. The mere mention of such facts is sufficient to prove, that despite the assertions of libellers, the British Navy is still distinguished for the intrepidity, for the exploring zeal, for the seamanship of its officers and men. (*Cheers.*) In conclusion, I will relate to you a conversation I had with the PREMIER this afternoon. He said to me, in that epigrammatic manner of which he is so great a master (*laughter*), 'HUNT, the country won't stand you any longer; you must go!' (*Roars of laughter.*) And I am going. (*Cheers.*) As I said before, I am always inclined to look on the bright side of things; and I cannot help thinking it will be a good day for the English Navy when I resign my office." (*Loud and prolonged cheering.*)

THE RIVAL OPTIMISTS.

(JOHN'S *Judgment on certain Speechifyings at the Mansion House Dinner.*)

"To one or two of these vessels accidents had recently happened, but to whom was blame for these accidents to be attached? Surely not to any man, but rather to the action of the elements."—*The* LORD MAYOR *at the Mansion House Dinner.*

"We only recently lost one of the finest of Her Majesty's ships. I prefer, however, to dwell with you, my LORD MAYOR, on the bright features of that unfortunate event."—MR. WARD HUNT, *on the same occasion.*



SAYS JOHN, "It would seem
I've been having a dream,
A nightmare in fact I may term it;
Some poet declares things are *not* what they seem—
And Mansion House speeches confirm it.
I had fancied, of late, in my Nautical State
There was something remarkably rotten;
But 'everything's fair, if it isn't first-rate,'
Is the verdict of HUNT and of COTTON.

"I must say the view is decidedly new;
These Sages who spot the 'bright features'
In all the big blunders we've made on the blue,
Must be the most keen-sighted creatures.
For these blunders, they say, do these Optimists gay,
There is no one to blame but—the weather!
That settles the thing in a very neat way,
But does not end my doubts altogether!

"If my ships cannot steer when the weather is queer,
And are equal to nought but plain sailing;
With the advent of Iron-clads, ugly as dear,
Old seamanship surely is failing.
My old wooden walls were not frightened at squalls,
And had lubbership courted disaster,
JACK had found 'consolation'—what COTTON so calls—
But a pitiful sort of a plaister.

"Though my vessels, I see, must decidedly be
Well adapted for sinking each other,
That fact does not perfectly satisfy *me*,
Or suffice my misgivings to smother.
If, handled aright, they sank foes in fair fight,
It *might* be a matter for merriment;
But this mutual method of proving their might
Is a somewhat expensive experiment.

"Very fine to pooh-pooh just a blunder or two,
And lay stress on some fanciful far gain;
To rejoice that in losing our ships as we do,
We lose not our men in the bargain!
What such Oracle saith is mere wasting of breath.
While around my own shores matters wrong go,
I am scarcely consoled by brave GOODENOUGH's death,
Or some bush-whacking feats on the Congo.

"No; your yarn of excuse is decidedly loose,
Most hopeful First Lord of the Navy.
These pleas *à la Pangloss* are worse than no use;
There's a vast deal more pluck in '*Peccavi.*'
Perhaps I am dense, but your line of defence,
In my judgment, could scarcely be thinner
And your words won't go down with one Briton of sense,
Save perhaps at a Mansion House Dinner!"

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"THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE WORM."

Struggling Young Physician (who, after listening with rapt attention to the symptoms of his first patient, strikes a hand-bell, and summons his faithful Attendant). "O—ER—ROBERTS!" *Roberts.* "YES, SIR."

Physician. "WHEN MR. GLADSTONE COMES, TAKE HIM INTO THE BREAKFAST-ROOM, AND ASK HIM TO BE SO KIND AS TO WAIT A LITTLE WHILE." (*To Patient.*) "NOW, MADAM!"

HOT CODLINS AT THE CAPE.

THE *South African Mail* publishes some particulars of intelligence which, if of a political character, nevertheless wears a dramatic aspect:—

"MR. MERRIMAN has visited Dordrecht, but was coldly received. At the conclusion of the meeting of his constituents, there was something like a repetition of the back-door scene."

Doesn't this look as if MR. MERRIMAN had, in professional motley, been playing Member of Parliament, though to unappreciative spectators? Yet the "repetition of the back-door scene" seems something rather like success. In his performance of that scene one can imagine that MR. MERRIMAN introduced the red-hot poker.

MR. MERRIMAN, we are further told, addressed his constituents:—

"In a long speech he defended the action of the Ministry, and denounced the Conference as of no advantage to the colony, and wished it no success."

An appropriate form of wish for a MR. MERRIMAN.

"When he had finished, he intimated that he would answer any questions. MR. H. HUTCHONS asked whether he would vote for the Conference—yes or no. He avoided a direct answer; whereupon MR. HUTCHONS denounced him as not representing the opinions of Dordrecht, and moved a vote of want of confidence. Two milder votes were proposed, but lost; and the vote of want of confidence was carried by a large majority."

All this has a very pantomimic appearance; but the sequel is exactly the sort of business with which Christmas has rendered playgoers familiar:—

"A Gentleman who attempted to support MR. MERRIMAN was charged with being a turncoat. His excitement caused him to rush to the speaker to explain; and the audience, thinking he had other intentions, interposed. In the confusion that thus ensued, MR. MERRIMAN slipped out at the side-door into the Magistrate's office. The meeting closed with cheers for federation."

So the shindy ended. MR. MERRIMAN really seems to have performed very well; and his want of success appears to have been quite undeserved. Although indifferently received at Dordrecht, he would very possibly find favour on the London boards, where he might count upon being duly supported by an efficient *Harlequin*, *Columbine*, and *Pantaloon*. If, therefore, he has failed at the Cape, he will perhaps do well to try his luck in the Mother Country.

THE TURKEY ABSORPTION COMPANY (LIMITED).

Abridged Prospectus.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, as Managing Director of the above Company, has much pleasure in informing the World in general, and the European Public in particular, that he is making arrangements to establish a Branch of his business in Constantinople.

When this has been accomplished, he will take over the Bankrupt Stock of the present SULTAN OF TURKEY, at a valuation hereafter to be agreed upon.

On the establishment of the Branch at Constantinople, a great increase of Trade may be expected with the East, and negotiations will be immediately commenced, with a view to acquiring the right of opening fresh Branches in India, China, and the Australian Colonies.

Preparations are now being made to buy the good-will and fixtures of the British nation, on terms exceedingly favourable to the interests of the Managing Director. After this has been done, the Company will at once commence operations.

No Shares will be allotted.

N.B.—The only contract affecting the new Company is a treaty signed by the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA on the one hand, and by the EMPERORS OF GERMANY AND AUSTRIA on the other.

By Order of the Managing Director,

(Signed) BISMARCK,

Acting Assistant Under Secretary.

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DISINTERESTED ADVISERS.

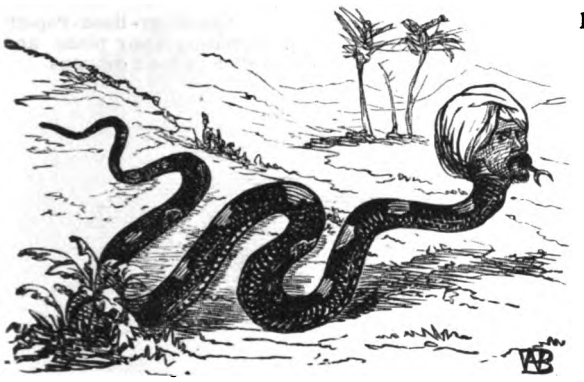
BRUIN. "YOU *MUST* FEEL, DEAR TURKEY, OUR *ONLY* OBJECT IS YOUR GOOD!"

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THE STORY OF THE SERAPIS.

(A Thousand and Second Arabian Night.)



E read in the *Bahar Danush* (or *Garden of Knowledge*) that there was in modern times a Prince of a goodly presence, and with a kindly disposition, who was also fond of travel. And this Prince, having voyaged throughout the length and breadth of Europe, desired to journey to the country of India, which was an empire belonging to the QUEEN, his mother. And he consulted a great statesman, one BEN DIS RAELI, upon the subject. And BEN, knowing that the Prince, the son of his Royal Mistress, had been to St. Petersburg, and to Paris, and to Cairo, and to Margate, and to other distant places, was pleased with the idea, and said unto himself, "This visit to India will be as a robe of honour to myself. When the great day of feasting arrives in the City, and the LORD MAYOR proposes my health, I shall be able to say this is a great day for England. No one can doubt that the visit will be rife with consequences of importance both to India and to England." And so BEN rejoiced greatly, and promised to bring the matter before the Council of the Kingdom. And the story of the bringing of the matter before the Council of the Kingdom is recorded in the pages of HANSARD. And when BEN had named a sum to be used for the purchase of presents for the Princes of the East, there were those who puffed out their cheeks and snapped their fingers, saying, "Bah! This sum is not enough for the purchase of white elephants and jewelled swords and gifts of gold and silver!" But BEN replied: "I know a place where white elephants and jewelled swords and gifts of gold and silver can be purchased for a moderate sum." And they wondered greatly, and questioned him as to the name of the place. And BEN replied: "The name of the place is Birmingham." And after this answer they who had puffed out their cheeks and had snapped their fingers held their peace and were heard no more.

And it was arranged that the Prince should travel in a ship propelled by steam. This ship was to meet him at a certain port called Brindisi, and was then to carry him to Bombay. And certain of the Lords of the Admiralty looked round about them to find a vessel proper for the purpose. And they selected a troop-ship called the *Serapis*. And the *Serapis* was to be accompanied by a squadron of Iron-clads. And when it was related that the Iron-clads were to accompany the *Serapis*, some of the people marvelled greatly, and said, "Surely these Iron-clads would be safer at anchor off Herne Bay." And others said, "The Lords of the Admiralty have decided wisely. The Iron-clads will serve as diving-bells, if peradventure the Prince should wish to examine the bottom of the sea. Do we not know that the voyage is to be a luxurious one?"

So the *Serapis* was turned inside out. The after part was converted into dining-rooms and drawing-rooms and bed-rooms and bath-rooms. And the chairs were of costly leather, and the windows were glazed with the best plate glass. And the *Serapis* was painted white, with a broad gold line. And part of the deck was made into a practising ground for the Prince's horses. And when it was rough, the horses taking exercise on the practising ground had a pleasant time of it.

And when it was time for the *Serapis* to start, the Purser beat his breast with his hands, and gave way to great lamentation. And it was asked of the Purser what was the matter. And he replied: "Lo, we have everything of the best on board. We have goodly meats and excellent seasonings, and a cow, and claret and sherry and champagne in magnums and quarts. But, alas! we have not champagne in pints, and therefore do I beat my breast with both hands and give way to great lamentation." And those who listened ran quickly to the shore and visited the merchants of wine, and returned to the *Serapis*, bearing with them large hampers. And, when the hampers were opened, behold there were dozens and dozens of champagne in pints. And, when the Purser saw the bottles, his brow cleared and he smiled, and his countenance was like unto the bulbul singing in the fig-trees of Bagdad.

And now the *Serapis* was ready to start, and the Captain (who was new to the ship) gave the order to let go. And there was great noise and much blowing-off of steam and little more besides. The *Serapis* moved as the omnibus moves in mid-day in Fleet Street, as the turtle moves on the shores of the Pacific. And the Lords of the Admiralty bowed their heads, and said, "Lo, we have remembered everything save one thing—and that thing the engines." And there was much patching up and alteration, and at last the *Serapis* started for Brindisi.

And the Lords of the Admiralty were greatly troubled in their minds about the engines of the *Serapis*, and they ordered and commanded a great official to meet the vessel at a distant port, so that he might see to the machinery. And the great official started for the distant port. In the meantime, the *Serapis* had taken a smaller official on board, who had cured the engines of their vices, so that the travelling of the ship through the water was like unto the bounding of the antelope from the arrow of the pursuer. And when the great official found this to be the case, he obeyed the instructions of the Lords of the Admiralty to the letter, and journeyed for many days on board the *Serapis*. And the people rejoiced greatly to find the nation possessed an official with so much zeal, common sense, and discretion.

And when the *Serapis* had arrived in Greece, a certain Royal Yacht came within half a mile of her bows. And the *Serapis*, being manœuvred with great skill by the Captain (who was new to the ship), cleverly managed to avoid running over the Royal Yacht by the space of a cable's length. And those who were on board the Royal Yacht were filled with wonder, and cried, "We have had a narrow escape!" And after that the Royal Yacht contrived to steer clear of the *Serapis*. And the distance between the Royal Yacht and the *Serapis* after this was usually two miles. And yet there were those who dwelt on board the Royal Yacht who lived in dread of the *Serapis*, saying, "Who is safe from her?"

And when the *Serapis* was brought to her moorings, she contrived to carry away two of her anchors. And the people marvelled greatly, and said, "This is a wonderful thing! This is the first time a ship so placed has carried away two of her anchors. The Captain of the *Serapis* (who, it is reported, is new to his ship) must be a man of original genius." And this was the second accident that happened to the *Serapis* off the coast of Greece. And the accidents to the *Serapis* were considered clever and unique by mariners of all nations and of every clime.

And after this the *Serapis* arrived safely in Bombay.

And when it was told in the Bazaars and the Mosques and the Temples and the market places that the *Serapis* had arrived safely, the people were exceeding glad. And there were those who were surprised at the accidents that had happened to the *Serapis*. And this was in India. But when the story of the accidents was reported in England, about the champagne in pints, and the priming of the engines, and the narrowly escaped running down of the Royal Yacht, and the carrying away of the anchors, the people were not surprised. But when it was reported that the *Serapis* had arrived safely in India, the people of England cried with one voice, "This safe arrival of the *Serapis* seems to be the greatest accident of them all!" And *Punch*, the Imâm of the Prophet, agreed with them!

GOOD NEWS FOR DISTRACTED HUSBANDS

(And others whom it may concern).

AMONG the varied attractions which their establishment offers to Depositors who do not care to be burdened with the custody of their own valuables, the National Safe Deposit Company (Limited) advertise that "there is a room specially adapted and reserved for Ladies."

A word to the unwise, who are unable to keep their wives out of mischief, or their daughters out of danger—Apply to the National Safe Company.

Our only regret is that the cost of a Safe specially adapted for females will probably put such a retreat out of the reach of many of the victims to marital brutality, especially in Lancashire and the Black Country.

A Rash Challenge.

MR. PUNCH, last week, after prohibiting all puns on the name of LORD MAYOR COTTON, was daring enough to doubt if the most perverted ingenuity could extract any material for the nefarious practices of the punster from the name of SHERIFF BREFFITT. Alas, he has this week received twenty-four letters, informing him that "BREFFITT!—he is the soul of wit!"

NOT NIL ADMI(RRO)RARI.—An Advertisement, evidently *not* emanating from one of the fair sex, now meets the eye on every Hoarding—"All for Her—Mirror."

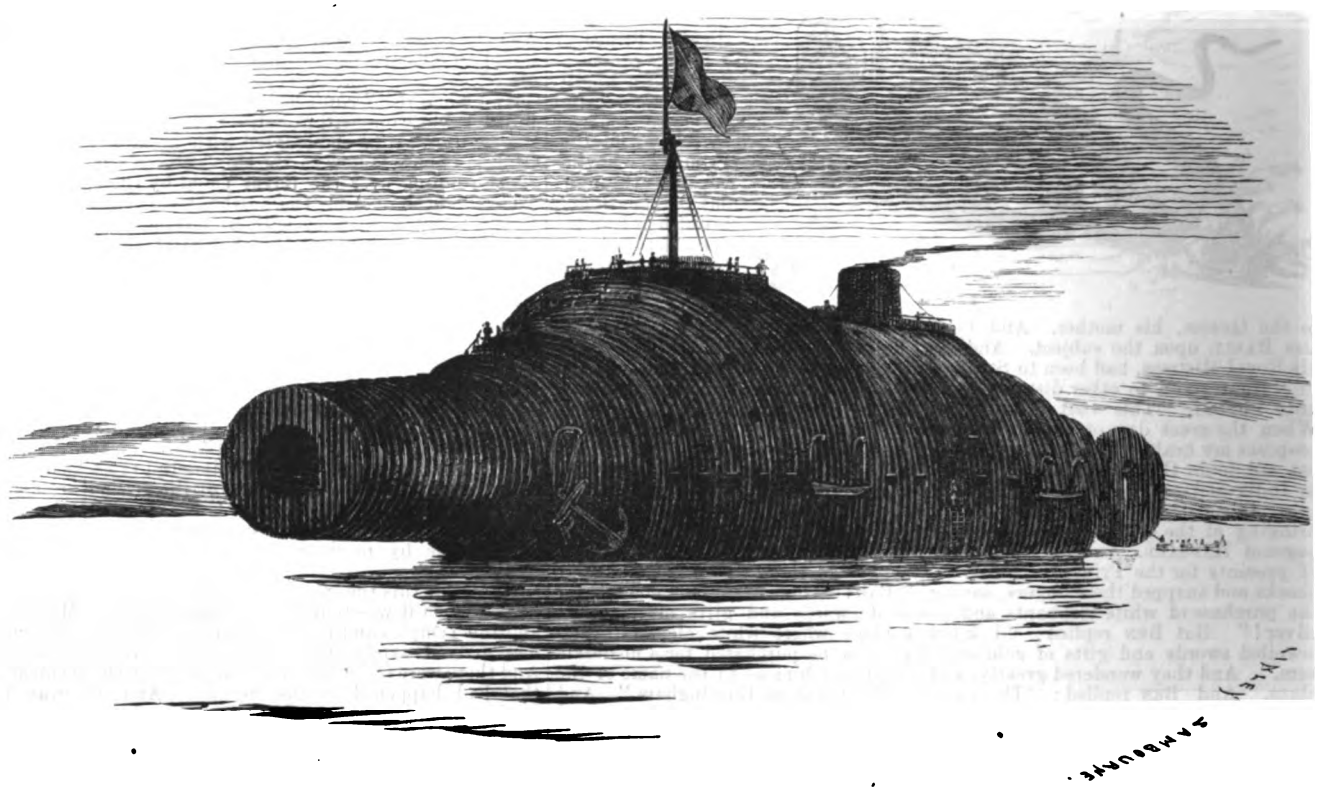
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THE WAR-SHIP OF THE (REMOTE) FUTURE.

DEAR PUNCH,

I BEG leave to lay before you an illustrated plan of my new invulnerable invincible breech-loading Man-of-War.

I have not submitted it to the Government of my country, much less to any foreign state, for the simple reason that the former would not be likely to appreciate anything so radical, not to say "*revolutionary*" (the latter was the reason why the Elder-Reed-Popoff-Circular-Turtle-Battery was objected to), while the Foreigner pays off unpatriotic Englishmen by appropriating their plans and claiming their inventions. I shall therefore content myself for the present with registering my plan and description in your columns.



You will perceive that I retain the old form of a gun, with the exception of the trunnions. The mouth is plugged with a huge explosive shell, loaded with a compound of terribly destructive power adapted, for the first time, to practical purposes—picrate of odium theologicum! My boiler heat for the screw is obtained by very economical means—the consumption of Admiralty despatches, minutes, and old Blue Books. The magazine is situated in the breech of the gun-ship, the remainder of the bore serves for the housing of the crew, stores, &c. The great peculiarity of the ship is that if the Captain desires to strike a decisive blow, he pipes his men on deck, which is reached through the touch-hole, and at the right moment explodes the magazine!!!

I remain, dear *Punch*, your obedient Servant,

THOROUGH.

RIGHT ABOUT, FACE!

An Important Personage *and an* Un-Important Personage *meet.*

Important Personage. LORD CLAUD HAMILTON, I believe?

Unimportant Personage. Yes, *Mr. Punch.*

Important Personage. You returned thanks for the Army at the LORD MAYOR'S Dinner, I think?

Unimportant Personage. Yes, *Mr. Punch.*

Important Personage. In the absence of the Authorities?

Unimportant Personage. To quote from my speech on that occasion, "In the absence of my Right Honourable friend, and also of the UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR."

Important Personage. You said it was an unenviable task to have to return thanks for the Army. What did you mean by that?

Unimportant Personage. Nothing in particular.

Important Personage. You said that the Corporation of the City of London were the best friends the Army had. What did you mean by that?

Unimportant Personage. Nothing in particular.

Important Personage. You said that the Army were invisible at the Dinner—"at any rate, above the cover of the table." What did you mean by that?

Unimportant Personage. Nothing in particular.

Important Personage. In returning thanks for Her Majesty's soldiers you talked of "what remains of the British Army." What did you mean by that?

Unimportant Personage. Nothing in particular.

Important Personage. You said that before many years were over "you hoped wise counsels might prevail in Parliament, to restore the British Army to what it was once—not an army existing partially on paper, but an army of blood and bone." What did you mean by that?

Unimportant Personage. Nothing in particular.

Important Personage. In fact, your speech was flippant and superficial. What did you mean by making such a speech?

Unimportant Personage. Nothing in particular.

Important Personage. Besides the knowledge acquired whilst holding a commission in the Guards for a few months, what do you know of the British Army?

Unimportant Personage. Nothing in particular.

Important Personage. What, then, gives you a right to return thanks for the British Army?

Unimportant Personage. Nothing in particular.

Important Personage. What have you to do with the War-Office and the Horse Guards?

Unimportant Personage. Nothing in particular.

Important Personage. And now, Sir, I tell you, emphatically, you may retire? [*Exit* Unimportant Personage.

The Porte's Answer to its Bondholders.

(*Freely Translated from Horace.*)

"Nec sumit, aut ponit 'secures'
Arbitrio popularis auræ."

IT won't try to take up its bonds, or to place out its securities,
From respect for its popularity, or fear of Russ futurities!

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AN IRISH MELODY TRANSPLANTED.

German Tenor warbles:—"I 'LL NOT LEAF ZEE, SOW LÔNE VON,
TO BINE ON ZE SCHTEM!
ZINS ZE LÔFLY ARE SZCHLEEEBINGK,
CÔH! SZCHLREEB SOW FIZ DEM!
ZOS GHYNTLY I SCHGADDER
ZY LEAFS ON THE BET,
VAIR ZY MAIDS OF ZE KÂRRTEN
LIE SCHENTLESS AND TET!"

OUR MAYORS.

THE ninth of November has come and gone to join so many of its predecessors. The loving cup has been passed round, toasts given, quotations borrowed, hands grasped, and bells rung. We have welcomed the coming and sped the parting Mayors. Throughout England and Wales, from Bootle to Beaumaris, from York to Yeovil, the annual transfer of furred gowns, gold chains, historical maces, and antique wands, has once more taken place, and our Boroughs have again chosen new Mayors, or been faithful to old Mayors, or, as in one or two cases, found it a very difficult enterprise to secure any Mayors at all.

Turning away then our eyes and thoughts for a time from Bombay to Bodmin, from Turkey to Tewkesbury, from the Herzegovina to East Retford, let us keep up an established practice, and go through the new tale of Mayors, that we may form some idea of the way in which the Municipalities are likely to be governed between now and next November. No interference with the politics of their Worships will be attempted, beyond the expression of a hearty wish that they may all be Liberal in their hospitalities, and Conservative of every good custom and laudable usage.

This year there can be no doubt which Borough ought to take precedence of all its fellows—Hull, for it has put itself under the sway of a King, in marked contrast to Maidstone, which is satisfied with the services of a Page. Wolverhampton happily combines both the civil and military power in its Major; and the renewed fidelity of Birmingham to its Chamberlain deserves again to be recorded. It remains to be seen to what height the Mayor of Truro will attain: at present all we can say for certainty is that he is a Clyma.

What great names there are in the list! Sampson at Leominster, Nelson at Warwick, Livingstone at Swansea, Manning at Nottingham, Walton (would that his Christian name had been Izaak!) at Newark, Cotton in the City of London, and Pinnock at Newport!

While Brighton, ecclesiastical in its views (the Church Congress met there not long ago), secures an Abbey, Dover, which so often receives passing visits from Royalty, not unnaturally shows its partiality for a Court. Rotherham has Chambers, Wigan, Burrows; Leeds a Croft, Great Yarmouth a Barnby, and Rochdale a Littlewood; Dartmouth, as a true Devonshire town, possesses a Puddicombe; Wakefield a Gill, and Gravesend, we are particularly pleased to announce, will not part with its Lake.

Many of the Municipalities are modest in their aims, moderate in their aspirations. Bath is loyal to a Paynter, Hanley is contented with a Baker, Canterbury with a Cooper, Ipswich with a Mason, Tynemouth with a Potter, Derby with a Turner, Oldham with a Wainwright, and Barrow-in-Furness with a Schneider. The Fowler is at Louth, but the Trappes a long way off, at Clitheroe; and the Hunt appears to be fixed at Scarborough.

Man (we do not forget Wildman at Tamworth) does not seem to have sole possession of the field. There is a Wolfe at Bolton, and a Galloway at Gateshead; a Papillon at Colchester, and a Goldfinch at Faversham: a Dawe at Penryn, and a Rooke at York.

If Leicester shows a Barfoot, Deal can supply a Nethersole. There may be Cutts again at Retford, but there is Healing at Tewkesbury. Portsmouth has its Pink—it would be disrespectful to an old and tried joke not to add—of perfection, and Devonport its May; Coventry gets a Berry, and Banbury a Stone. There is Brown at Windsor, and White at Launceston; and, as a fitting ending, at Chipping Norton, there is, for the sixth time, Farwell—can there be a stronger proof that he is a far better man for the office than any one else in the whole place?

THE CIRCULAR IRON-CLAD.

WHO invented the Circular Iron-clad? REED,
Says ADMIRAL POPOFF—most frankly indeed—
First started the thought in *his* nautical brain:
And, this being so, *Punch* can only complain
That Russia has got, for its sea-warfare's need,
The very first use of the notion of REED.

Build your Circular Ship, Lords of tar and red tape,
But will it from nautical dangers escape?
Alack, the First Lord would be flurried and angered
If, misplaced in a fog, it went down like the *Vanguard:*
While a terrible rage all the realm will be rapt in,
If it coolly capsizes, and outdoes the *Captain.*

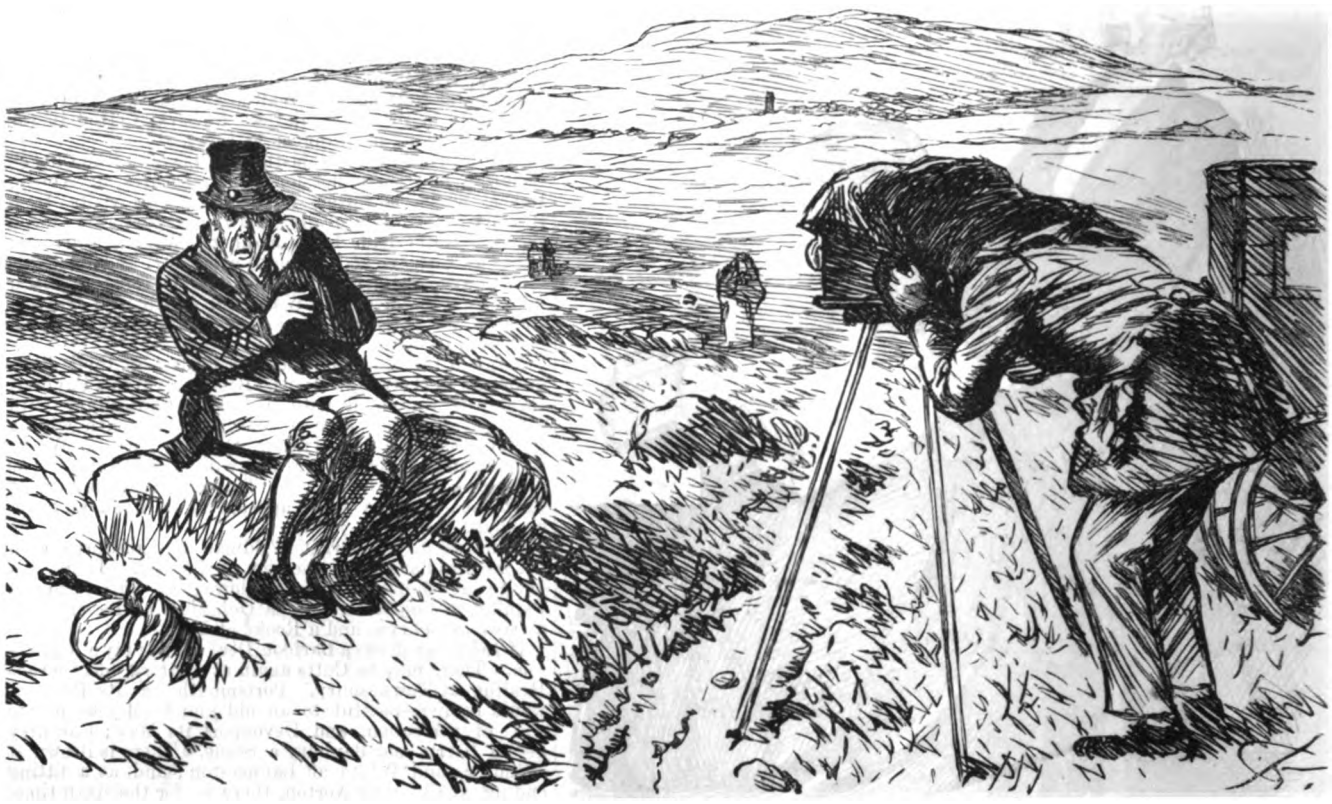
My Lords may be asked (without answer, I ween)
Why the CZAR could obtain what they lost for the QUEEN?
Why, if we must fight upon Neptune's rough tide,
The genius of England should go the wrong side?
Why our sharpest ship-planner from office was hunted,
While improvements in build, thanks to old *screws,*
were shunted?

Another shrewd question. It touches us all,
And extends from the Neva as far as Whitehall,—
Why should Circular Iron-clads, viciously whirled,
Against the fair fleet of a neighbour be hurled?
Why fight for more provinces, quarrel for trifles,
And tax us to pay for your cannons and rifles?

War's fire is the flare-up of Statesmanship's fuel:
Why cannot Prime Ministers make it a duel?
If England and Germany fail to agree,
DISRAELI and BISMARCK might meet, don't you see?
And, should this occur, *Punch* is ready to swear,
They 'd fire, as they frequently talk, in the air.

CHANGE OF NAME (*suggested for the new Directors*).—The Emma Mine—The Dil-Emma Mine.

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REMINISCENCES OF HEDGE-FIRING.

Itinerant Photographer (from under the Cloth). "WILL YOU KEEP QUIET? HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE——"
Subject (who is evading the Focus). "BE JABERS, MAN! WILL I SIT STILL TO BE SHOT AT?!!"

CIVIC HONOURS AT SHREWSBURY AND SOUTHAMPTON.

A REMARKABLE case of mendicity has occurred at Shrewsbury. The Mayoralty of that Borough was, up to the 10th instant, going a-begging. Out of the candidates for the office of Mayor proposed to the Town Council, one was rejected, and the other two declined their election, and paid £50 each rather than serve. A Correspondent suggests that this is a scandalous state of things. Yes; but scandalous to the municipality of Shrewsbury or to its population?

Some light on this question may be thrown by accounts received from another borough—Southampton. Thereat, indeed, a Mayor was elected on the 9th of November; but after proceedings of which some idea may be briefly presented thus from the local papers:—

SCENE—*The Council Chamber at the Audit House.* Present—*The Town Council, with a Privileged outer Few, and a dense body of the General Southampton Public.*

Enter the Mayor *and* Corporation, *and take their seats. As they severally appear in succession, they are saluted by the Southampton Public as follows:—*

Mayor (MR. PASSENGER) *arrives.*

Southampton Public. Make room for a First-Class Passenger. You've not long to sit there: your time 's nearly up. Don't cry! What 's the price of coal? Any coal-tickets knocking about? Have you had the chain polished up?—because MR. PUTTY did. (*This was a reference to a gentleman in an extensive business including that of a Plumber and Glazier.*)

MR. PHIPPARD *arrives.*

Southampton Public. What 's the price of meat and paper?

MR. DARTNALL *arrives.*

Southampton Public. What 's the ticket for soup?

MR. ROGERS *arrives.*

Southampton Public. Well done, Evergreen! Come at last. Where 's poor BILLY GAMLEN? Look at his trousers!

(*An allusion, like most of the preceding and subsequent questions, to the gentleman's vocation—that of a Clothier.*)

MR. LAMB *arrives.*

Southampton Public. Make room for HAURDRAW LAMB. Why don't you use your pocket handkerchief?

ALDERMAN PAYNE *arrives.*

Southampton Public. Take off your hat, old man. No, he 's afraid of showing his bald head. Your friends the Templars are here.

ALDERMAN JONES, J.P. *arrives.*

Southampton Public. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! One cheer more, Hurrah! (*Could* MR. ALDERMAN JONES, *a most respectable man, have felt himself flattered?*)

MR. SHERIFF PEARCE *arrives.*

Southampton Public. Yah! 'Ss! Hurrah! Oh, oh! Coals, coals! What is the price of coals? MELDRUM will wait on you. Why did you shut up poor HARRY ABRAHAM? (*A considerable testimonial to* MR. PEARCE.)

MR. G. P. PERKINS *arrives, struggling towards his seat.*

Southampton Public. Now for the King of the Cannibal Islands!

MR. CHIPPERFIELD *arrives.*

Southampton Public. Hollo, here 's CHIPPER! Now you 'll have some physic.

MR. WESTON and ALDERMAN TUCKER, J. P., *arrive.*

Southampton Public. Knock 'em down, JIMMY! Knock 'em down, JOHN!

MR. ELLYETT *arrives.*

Southampton Public. What have you done with your white pony?

After a succession of speeches interrupted by amenities of which the foregoing are mild specimens, a Mayor was elected. MR. JONES, a previous Mayor, who had declined re-election last year, now having consented to undertake the office. But is it not a wonder how any decent man can be prevailed upon to become Mayor of Southampton? and—if Shrewsbury is like Southampton—is it any wonder that nobody could be got to be Mayor of Shrewsbury?

HOW TO BACK OUT.—*On dit* that MR. DISRAELI, with his rare genius for apt nomenclature, has designated the Cabinet Council-Chamber the "Withdrawing Room"!

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GORGED VULTURES ON THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.



WHEN the Prince left Government House at 3.30 yesterday afternoon, attended by the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, MAJOR-GENERAL PROBYN, LORD CARINGTON, &c., it was to visit the Towers of Silence. SIR JAMSETJEE JEEJEEBHOY received the Royal party, and conducted them inside the garden. He also explained the processes by which the vultures are gorged on the Towers."—*Report of the Prince's Progress.*

"THE Towers of Silence!" Where, O where, are they?
Not where political palaverers stray,
And, while with care all common sense they shun,
Tell what they might, could, would, or should have done;
Not where Club gossipers, in full debate,
Pass on the scandal which they oft create;
Not where deep Dulness reads, without a fear,
What stirs e'en kindred Dulness to a sneer;
Not where fair maids and merry matrons come
To silver tea-kettle and kettledrum;
Not where the waltz's liberal law hath placed
AMANDUS' arm around AMANDA'S waist;
Not where the Woolwich Infant's giant power
Sends twelve-foot iron shields in splint'ry shower;
Not where quick thought and judgment soundly ripe
Set engines roaring in the Square of Type;
Nor where, to catch the time's swift change alert,
Punch and his friends are sitting at dessert.

As for gorged Vultures—Princes need not range
In search of them. They haunt the Stock Exchange.
Right plausibly the gorging Vulture works:
He'll sell Egyptians, Eries,—even Turks.
When with a customer of shallow brain,
Excited by petroleum champagne,
He'll say, with countenance most kindly wise,
"The safest thing is buying for a rise."
The man who lives by books which others write,
The man who earns the fame when others fight,
The man who many a legal fraud will dare,
And from a bankrupt, come up millionnaire,—
The man who cures the mass of human ills
By odorous ointment, diabolic pills,—
Such we have had, since first our world began:
No need to search for them in Hindostan.
This nineteenth century is an age of culture,
And cultivates the ever-gorging Vulture.

O for the Towers of Silence! Let us rest
And leave all Vultures to their own foul nest.
Silence in tower, where great star-movements stir
The vision of the keen astronomer;
Silence where with a look, half kiss, half prayer,
AMANDUS springs to clasp AMANDA fair;
Silence in Paul's great Gallery, while below
London lies basking in the sunshine's glow;
Silence when *Mr. Punch*, who doth determine
To laugh at idiots and extirpate vermin,
Lights a cigar, his regal oriflamme,
And calmly cogitates an epigram!

PUNCH'S INVENTORS' COLUMN.

MR. PUNCH does not see why he should be without an Inventors' Column. He starts one with a few of the patented inventions which have recently been sent him by imaginative Gentlemen—and Ladies. Like the words in a Latin Dictionary, he classes them as "Masculine" and "Feminine," hoping none of them will turn out neuter.

Balloon for Pic-Nics.—Goes up into the air with a motion as smooth as silk, and stays there all a summer's day. Special corners arranged for flirtations. Champagne bottles can be thrown over the side when done with. Kisses inaudible on the earth's surface. *F.*

Diving-Bell for Pic-Nics.—Diving Belles . . . pun too obvious. Warranted not to throw cold water on matrimony. Champagne bottles can be dropped into the sea. Kisses invisible to people on shore. *M.*

Aaron's Rod, redivivus.—Very useful in the City, and also in the West-End. Scourges, of its own accord, all swindling members of Syndicates, all men shady on the Turf, all women who talk scandal and do worse than what they say of their neighbours. Warranted to draw blood from the thickest cuticle. *M.*

The New Cinderella's Slipper.—Will only fit the foot of a Lady who has no guile in her heart, and who knows the true meaning of love. *F.*

The Philosopher's Stone.—Reduces to common sense the theories of DARWIN, HUXLEY, and TYNDALL. For this a large sale cannot be expected. *M.*

The Perpetual Motion.—This cannot be offered to the Public, having been at once purchased by MR. GLADSTONE. *M.*

The Alkahest.—Turns Tory into Whig, Whig into Radical, Radical into either. Supposed connection with the modern trinity —*£. s. d.* *M.*

The Magic Inkstand.—Enables anyone using it to write leading articles for the *Times*, and poems for *Punch*, which will bring him in many thousands a year.* *M.*

The Perennial Roseate Bloom of Youth.—This recipe is never failing: so, Ladies fair, attend unto it and you will be beautiful for ever. Read *Punch*. *F.*

* "Credat Judæus Apella,
Non ego."—*Punch.*

Interesting Experiment.

"SIR,—At this present time two vessels laden with petroleum are discharging in the Regent's Canal basin, where there are many other vessels with various cargoes."

THUS a Correspondent writes to the *Times*. It is evident that the local authorities are curious to ascertain which is the most destructive, gunpowder or petroleum. The explosion of the gunpowder barge on the same canal two years ago supplied one factor of the experiment. These petroleum boats are, no doubt, meant to furnish the other.

In the City.

"The Aldermen had proved themselves admirable managers, and the Members of the Common Council . . . took the liveliest interest in the care of the streets . . . There was only one thing upon which he would not defend them—namely, for their introduction of asphalte."—LORD MAYOR COTTON, *in proposing the "Corporation of London," Nov. 8.*

LURKS there beneath this compliment
In COTTON'S silky phrase,
Another meaning and intent—
You'd better mend your ways?

High-Water Mark.

MR. PUNCH is informed that, in consequence of a distinguished member of the Metropolitan Board of Works having got his feet wet during the late high tide, immediate steps will be taken to prevent a recurrence of a calamity which has four or five times reduced the poor water-side population of the South of London to the greatest misery.

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PUNCH ON THE RINK.

PART I.—*The Use of Skating.*



PUNCH, as everybody knows, is the real Inspector-General of Nuisances. In the exercise of his official duties he has been everywhere—now to a croquet party, now to a Volunteer review, now to a passage across the Channel. For many years he has inspected the House of Commons, and, when he has been able to turn his eyes away from Westminster, any number of foreign potentates have laid claim to his attentions. Only a wonderful man is ubiquitous. *Mr. Punch* is a wonderful man, and ubiquitous. Like the steam-hammer, he can crush either a common nut or an uncommon Colonel, either a fussy nobody or an injudicious somebody. So when a cry reached his ears, "Rinking is a nuisance," he determined to examine the nuisance for himself, with a view to presenting a report founded upon his own observations. "Sliding on thin ice" is a favourite amusement in the City, and "skating upon wheels" is the fashionable dissipation of the West End. They are equally dangerous. The first usually ends in a fall below par, the last invariably terminates with a tumble before Ma—that is to say, if the young Lady is attended to the Rink by her mother. "Skating on wheels" frequently entails sprained wrists and fractured arms; "Sliding on thin ice" constantly causes tarnished reputations and broken hearts. *Mr. Punch*, having recently said a great deal about the Sliding in the City, now turns his attention to the Skating in the West End.

London boasts three Rinks. The first is near a successful rival to Clapham Junction—the station of many trains; the second would very possibly be situated in Belgrave Square were it not established somewhere at the bottom of Ebury Street; the third is at Lillie Bridge, in close proximity to the Head-Quarters of a Metropolitan Volunteer Corps. Of the three, perhaps, the last is the best for beginners. It is paved with asphalte, and asphalte is excellent for—tumblers. It is, moreover, conveniently near a Cemetery. To fall (on Skates) is human; to fall with grace and dignity is sublime. Any one can fall. It shall be the task of *Mr. Punch* to teach the young idea how to tumble in a manner worthy of JULIUS CÆSAR, WOLSEY, or MONSIEUR LEOTARD. All that is required is a little courage, a great deal of endurance, and a well-developed taste for the romantic and the picturesque.

But, first, let *Mr. Punch* declare that his duties as Inspector-General of Nuisances became a sinecure on the Rink. If you have no objection to what the Railway Companies call a "severe shaking," and are fond of sprains and bruises, you will find skating on wheels one of the most delightful recreations in the world. It is no more a nuisance than organ-grinding, a November fog, or the steam-roller. It is an amusement that is equally well adapted to young and old. The young have the advantage of strong constitutions, the old have no teeth. The first have the power to "pull through" the pain of a broken arm, the latter are free from the danger of losing incisors that can never be replaced. With such advantages to recommend it, "Skating upon Wheels" must always be popular.

But this favourite diversion may be something more than a frivolous amusement—it may be converted by the least experienced into one of the most important "opportunities" of a man's long life. To prove this assertion, *Mr. Punch* will take an imaginary case. He will say that MR. EDWIN BROWN has for years secretly adored the beautiful and aristocratic LADY ANGELINA SMITH. Season after season he has allowed dances and garden-parties to pass away without putting that important question which even the best of us seldom put more than half-a-dozen times in as many months. He has never been able to ask her to become his wife. He may have met her at the Beau Rivage, Ouchy, at the *table d'hôte*, and then only may have hinted at his affection by the melancholy manner in which he may have passed her the salt or recommended the salad. He may have seen her at Dieppe, and vainly attempted to show the depth of his feeling by a hoarse allusion to the state of the weather. He may have done all this, and more, and yet may never have made his meaning *quite* plain to the object of his soul's adoration. And it is at this crisis that he determines to visit Lillie Bridge, with a view to learning the secret of Skating upon Wheels. Perchance he may have heard that a hated rival knows how to do "the outside edge," and a thirst for vengeance may be driving him onwards, onwards, towards the discovery of a solution to that most difficult of problems "the figure eight." He is in this state of mind when he pays a visit to Lillie Bridge.

He arrives at a Railway Station, and finds a passage leading from the platform to the Rink. He thinks, "I have left the wheels of the trains to go to the wheels of the Skates. Only a few planks separate the proud power of steam from the weak indecision of poor human nature. It is but a dozen yards from the sublime to the ridiculous!" If he continues in this groove of melancholy thought, he may imagine that, if "Wheel" is a good name for the Station, "Woe" is a particularly appropriate one for the Rink.

He walks into a vast marquee. There are high poles here and there to support the canvas, and round the sides run a row of friendly seats. The place is all but empty. There is no one there save an accomplished skater, who pursues his graceful course with the ease and elegance of a wheel-wearing Apollo. He hates this skater (who seems to skate with more than his wonted elegance as he enters the marquee) with a savage jealous hate, until he learns that the services of the Accomplished One may be purchased with gold, or rather silver.

"Are you going to skate, Sir?" asks a boy, as EDWIN sits on one of the friendly seats.

"I am going to try," is the half jocular, half terror-stricken reply. And then a bargain is struck between the Experienced and the Inexperienced. EDWIN is to receive his first lesson. The boy looks at his feet, exclaims "Tens," and the fatal skates are put on. EDWIN tries to rise. For a moment he stands looking about him proudly, and then he shudders slightly and hurriedly resumes his seat. As he does this there is a great whirring of wheels at the ends of his feet.

"Lean upon me, Sir," says the Professor, "and I will take you out."

EDWIN once more rises and clings to his teacher. He moves his right foot, and in a moment the playful skate carries it quickly away in an eccentric direction. EDWIN tries to follow his wayward right foot, and then there is a strange weird motion of his until now bashful left foot, and he embraces the Professor with what the French call "effusion."

"You will soon feel your feet, Sir," says the Teacher. "Now all you have to do is to keep your feet close together and to strike out gently. Mind you don't fall." And EDWIN is alone on a desert of asphalte. Alone, and on wheels!

What can he do? Two yards from him is a pole, upon which is fixed a placard. If he can but reach that pole, his head may yet be saved. He draws his long cloak closer to him, and prepares for the sacrifice. He cautiously advances his right foot. As he does so he trembles like a leaf on his left leg. He puts down his right foot, and, O joy! it does not give way!—at least, not at once. And now his left foot is in the air, and then there is an awful struggle, in which dignity is thrown to the winds, and he is clutching wildly at the pole. Saved! He pretends to read the placard. For five minutes he stands unsteadily perusing the Rules and Regulations. As he does this he is conscious that a Lady has put on a pair of skates, and is coming towards him. He cannot move, he dares not turn his head, but something tells him he is in the presence of the woman he loves!

And now *Mr. Punch* begs to adopt the dramatic form of description:—

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TO GIRLS WHO "WALK WITH THE GUNS."

Ethel. "AREN'T YOU GOING TO SHOOT TO-DAY, UNCLE?"

Uncle. "NOT IF YOU ARE, MY DEAR. WHEN *I* WAS YOUNG, THE MEN SHOT THE BIRDS, AND THE WOMEN STAYED AT HOME TO COOK THEM."

Lady Angelina (*approaching* EDWIN, *who is still reading the placard*). Dear me! MR. BROWN! I am so pleased to see you!

Edwin (*steadily and cautiously raising his hat*). LADY ANGELINA!

Lady Angelina (*aside*). How cold he is! I must give him a little encouragement. (*Aloud.*) I am *so* glad to see you. We *used* to be great friends. Will you not take my hand? [*Offers it to him.*

Edwin (*very pale*). I would with pleasure; but the fact is, a gulf divides us——

Lady Angelina (*quickly*). Which surely is not impassable. See, you are but two yards from me. You *used* to take my hand once—(*sighs*)—but that was long ago!

Edwin. The fact is, I am a little unsteady——

Lady Angelina. Do not talk of the past. I can forgive everything, if you live but for the future.

Edwin. I might slip——

Lady Angelina (*archly*). I am no QUEEN ELIZABETH, to elude you, if, in your ambition, you seem to soar too high. Will you not take my hand?

Edwin. I can restrain myself no longer!

[*Cautiously lets go of the pole, when the skates hurriedly fly from under him, and he falls upon his knees.*

Lady Angelina (*bashfully*). This is very sudden!

Edwin (*clinging to her hand*). It is, indeed!

Lady Angelina (*in an ecstasy*). And so you love me! (*Seeing other skaters.*) But rise, rise, my EDWIN, the cold heartless world hems us in on every side.

Edwin (*cautiously attempting to rise*). I obey you reluctantly. My place is at your feet. [*Slips, and tumbles on his knees.*

Lady Angelina (*fondly*). Nay, although I love to see you thus, you must rise. We are observed by the frivolous and facetious.

Edwin. I obey you. (*He staggers unsteadily to his feet, and then suddenly slips into the arms of* LADY ANGELINA.) You must forgive me. I could not help it.

Lady Angelina (*aside*). How he loves me! (*Aloud.*) My EDWIN, I could forgive you everything!

Curtain.

So much for the "use" of Rinking. The "abuse" of Rinking may some day give *Mr. Punch* a subject for a second lecture—a lecture more gloomy in its character than the first.

THE NEW JUDGE-ADVOCATE.

BENTINCK said the Shipping Bill
Was nothing more than "fudge;"
DIZZY saw his sense and skill,
And straightway made him Judge.

Let all men draw a lesson hence,
And, heedless what folks say,
Be sure that honesty and sense
At last will win the day.

Our DIZZY, from his chair of state,
Looks out for able men;
And glorious Measures we await
From Great *plus* Little BEN.

"WHEN IGNORANCE IS BLISS," ETC.

MRS. PARTINGTON writes to say that after reading half-a-dozen cases of assaults of feet, in the shape of wife-kicking, the other day, it was a positive relief to come across a paragraph announcing an "Assault of Arms."

MAKING GAME OF HIM.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY has made so many slips during his administration, that the PREMIER, "with that graceful wit, &c.," has conferred upon his colleague the *sobriquet* of "HUNT THE SLIPPER." Fact!

ALTER ET IDEM.—Oxford in a flood—SPIRES AND POND.

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"THE SERVANTS."

Cook. "THEN, SHALL YOU GO AS 'OUSEMAID?"

Young Person. "NO, INDEED! IF I GO AT ALL, I GO AS LADY 'ELP!"

SCHOOL FEES AND FLOGGING.

ACCORDING to the *Metropolitan*, as quoted by the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"The masters of a Board-School at Tipton have adopted a novel plan of enforcing payment of school fees. Three children have been 'severely flogged by the masters of the schools which they attended, owing to their having neglected to take their school-pence with them.' It seems, also, that at one school there is a regular flogging hour, at which non-paying children are whipped."

If this is true, it is visiting the sins of the parents on the children with a vengeance. Worse, in some cases it is visiting the poverty of the parents on the children.

It appears that:—

"The School-Board, however, are not horrified at the occurrence, and have not prohibited the practice, but only express their dissatisfaction at 'undue' flogging."

It would be a great satisfaction if a flogging highly due were inflicted on offenders who—always unless the *Metropolitan* has been hoaxed—richly deserve it. Satisfactory as is the knowledge that a savage garotter has been handsomely whipped, it would satisfy retributive feeling much more to know that the cruel pedagogues who flog poor children to extort school-pence from their defaulting but perhaps indigent parents, had been flogged themselves, for their dastardly brutality, to within an inch of their lives. There was once an eminent hero of the Prize Ring, celebrated in connection with Tipton. What man—not to speak of the Tipton School-Board—would not wish such an athlete as the Tipton Slasher could be appointed to slash their backs with a cat-o'-nine-tails?

THE PEN AND THE POPPY.

ACCORDING to the *London and China Telegraph*, two prizes, one of £200, the other of £100, given by MR. J. W. PEASE, M.P., for the two best Essays on the Opium Trade, have, after much deliberation, been awarded by the Committee of Examiners; the first prize to MR. SPROAT, Agent-General for British Columbia, the second to the REV. F. S. TURNER, Secretary of the Anglo-Oriental Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade. MR. PEASE, who appears to be no Free Trader, is an active member of the Anti-Opium Society. He offered the prizes with Anti-Opium intentions. The Prize Essays have been doubtless conceived in an Anti-Opium spirit. Yet they are announced under the title of "Opium Essays." Too many Essays upon all manner of subjects are found to produce upon their readers the effect of opiates. Let us hope, however, that the Opium Essays may possibly prove so interesting that, on the contrary, they will deserve to be entitled "Anti-Opium Essays," by answering their purpose, and not that of the narcotic they have been written against, but for which, in the latter too likely case they may serve as substitutes.

THE LITTLE BIRDS TO LESBIA.

(*A Round Robin from Songland to the Softer Sex.*)

"A considerable demand for small birds, especially robins and wrens, has arisen within the last few months for the decoration of ladies' hats, this being the latest requirement of fashion. Not only are the birdcatchers of the Seven Dials and Whitechapel unusually busy, but we have the authority of the proprietors of a large West-End establishment for saying that, great as is the supply, it does not at all equal the demand."—*Lancet*, Nov. 13.

"The fashion now so prevalent of ornamenting ladies' hats and bonnets with small birds, has given such an impetus to the activity of the birdcatchers, both here and in France, as to cause well-grounded fears for the annihilation of our favourite little songsters."—*Daily News.*

LESBIA! are Ladies' hearts more cold
Than when your prototype of old
Wept over one dead sparrow?
Has Fashion iced that snowy breast
Where Cytherea's doves might rest,
Till sighs of Songland, sore distrest,
Its feelings may not harrow?

O Sex, whose softness lords of rhyme,
From soft CATULLUS to our time,
Invoke in songs and sonnets;
Can you look on with smiling face
While *La Mode's* myrmidons apace
Exterminate our harmless race
To trim your hats and bonnets?

This crowning woe you well might spare:
With Cockney's shot and coster's snare
We long have had our trials;
But is it meet that *your* commands,
Through Fashion's call, which none withstands,
Should give us to the Herod-hands
Of slaughtering Seven Dials?

Ah! deign to picture, if you please,
Your poor petitioners' miseries,
Which well may claim your pity.
Tracked by an ever-thickening throng
Of London louts, who 'll leave, ere long,
Our woodland ways as void of song
As is your smoky city.

Conceive how feathered bosoms throb
When roughs' rude hands, intent to rob,
In our loved haunts invade us!
Yet not with *them*, dear Ladies, lie
The wrong, the shame, the cruelty,—
For, did we plead, they might reply,
"'Twas gentle LESBIA bade us."

Think when you trim your hats and "things"
With linnets' breasts and finches' wings,
How many songs you stifle;
Swallows that charmed with darting flight
And nightingales which gladdened night
In myriads die to deck aright
The moment's modish trifle.

The robin, e'en, who all may dare,
Whom callous Cockney gunners spare,
Must fall as LESBIA'S quarry.
O shame, to think that gentle she
Should such a ruthless butcher be!
Could she her slaughtered thousands see,
The Slayer might be sorry.

But if compassion may not move
That breast, supposed the home of love,
When Fashion sways within it,

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Self-interest should surely wake
And bid men spare, for Music's sake,
To banish from the bush and brake
The blackbird and the linnet.

Prudence to purblind Pity lends
Her keener sight. The farmer's friends
Might claim the law's protection.
And Cruelty's courageous foes
Such wanton slaughtering oppose,
With arguments as hot as those
Poured forth on vivisection.

Yet surely 'twere a gentler grace
Did LESBIA set *her* lovely face
Against what Pity bleeds for!
Consider, LESBIA, should you rove
With STREPHON in a songless grove!
That mercy *Punch* is fain to move
Love, the bird's teacher, pleads for.

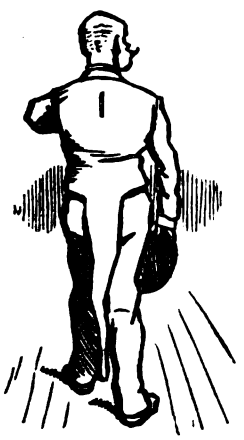
THE HOUSE AND THE HOME:

OR, HINTS TOWARDS A GRAMMAR OF DECORATIVE ART.

By LEONARDO DELLA ROBBIA DE TUDOR WESTPOND TUMPKYNS, Esq., S.A.S., A.R.F., M.U.F., *and Hon. Member of the Dulli-dillitanty Society.*

LAST AND MOST INTERESTING CHAPTER.

THE ugliness of modern dress is, in my opinion, undeniable. I look in the glass, and I find it so. I am the best judge of what is good or bad taste, of what is true or false in Art, and *I* say, once for all, emphatically, that modern dress is hideous.



Male attire is unbecoming, and becoming more unbecoming every day. As to evening dress, had we all, unquestioningly, accepted the theories of MR. DARWIN, we could not have done more to illustrate our hereditary deficiency than we have done in putting on tails. Not one tail each, which would savour at all events of some sort of sense, but two tails apiece. For my part, so disgusted am I with this imbecility, that, when forced by the requirements of my friends to dine out, I have a coat *with only one tail*. It is more ornamental, and more graceful, simply because it is more in accordance with the dictates of nature.

As to buttons,—Great Jupiter! why should I have buttons to a garment that I never button, and that was never intended to be buttoned? No, I will *not* have buttons—except where necessary: and I am inclined to admit their use, in certain instances, when, however, they might also, with very little trouble and no expense, be made artistic as well as useful.



Nature is our teacher. She never throws away a chance. All in Nature is useful, and, according to its surroundings and its intention, ornamental. Nature has not produced buttons. Nature has produced coats in endless variety, but I defy every eminent naturalist to point me out one single instance of a coat, of Nature's make, with buttons.

I am not prepared to say what style of costume would be best suited for all classes.

I am not certain if something of this sort wouldn't do:—A sensible hat—time of JAMES THE FIRST,—modern collars, to protect the face and neck; shooting coat, to button over, with large pockets; waistcoat, of course, and a sort of half *cassock*, covering knee breeches or knickerbockers, gaiters over stockings and shoes. Then, on entering the house, the visitor would simply take off the sort of outer petticoat, which would have been invaluable out-of-doors as against cold, wind, and rain, &c., and would appear thus:—



Either in tights or knickerbockers. *Or*, the dress might be more in pieces, so that in two minutes an entire change in costume might be made with the greatest ease.

This might be done with facility, but there is no time now to spend on details.

The question of dress is (1) what is *wanted*, (2) what is necessary, (3) what is absolutely indispensable.

1. *What is wanted.*—This depends on the person—his position in society, &c.

2. *What is necessary.*—This also depends on accidents of birth and education.

3. *What is absolutely indispensable.* This appears to all. Of course we must begin boldly with clothes generally. In a civilised state, they are indispensable.

But why not one garment for everything? Instead of wearing a stock of things, and making oneself a clothes-peg, existing only for the benefit of tailors and haberdashers, why not one garment—a simple over-all, a be-all, and end-all? And a hat—a hat, of soft material, to cover the ears in the wintry tempests, and guard the pate from the summer sun?





THE HAT IN WINTER—SIDES AND BACK TIED DOWN.

There is perhaps something monkish about this, but I am not at all sure that the monks' habits are not *au fond* the very best. In short, a robe, a bed-gown, stockings, and a hat would be all, which, according to *my* plan, any man would want in this world.

The material would be according to his quality.

One endeavour we ought all to make, *i.e. to do away with buttons entirely.* I have not yet succeeded in this. My washerwoman has tried to do so very often, in her own way, which is not mine.

And so I finish *pro tem.* my hints towards a Grammar of Decorative Art. That what I have written is invaluable, and worth its weight in gold, I shall be the first to proclaim and to admit. Let everyone follow my lead, and they will be right. Let them look at the back numbers of this work, note down the addresses of the shops where certain makers follow my patterns, give their orders there, and they will be happy ever after. Farewell!

HINT TO THE ADMIRALTY.—One gun that will sink an Iron-clad at a shot, is equal to any multiple of it that can be fired from a broadside, and cheap in proportion.

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A DOUBLE SUSPICION.

(GROUNDLESS, WE ARE HAPPY TO SAY, IN BOTH CASES.)

THE NEW DELUGE.

'Tis the old, old story over again,
We are shower-bath'd now with perpetual rain,
Thames, Severn, and Trent conspire, and fain
Would drown our municipalities.
To the Patriarch NOAH, we'd say, "Ah, no!"
But the Sun won't come, and the rain won't go,
And the Summerless year begins to grow
A mass of dismal realities.

Now, *can* a fellow be jolly and gay,
And pretty things to his sweetheart say,
When "the rain it raineth every day"
With a vicious regularity?
Can you gladden at wit from a Lady's lip,
When the sound outside is, Drip, drip, drip!
And sciatica hath you on the hip,
And a gleam of the Sun's a rarity?

Why, where's the fun of a merry lunch?
(As well mere bread and bacon munch.)
And where's the radiance of *Mr. Punch?**
(As well read DOCTOR KENEALY!)
East wind making your fibres throb,
Rain like a school-girl's sulky sob,—
You drink mulled claret, and sit by your hob,
And feel like a martyr, really.

"Rivers, arise!" So MILTON said.†
Fain would we have them keep their bed,
And down to the sea be safely led;
But they bring us all the shivers—
And we cry, "O Member for Greenwich, please,
Having disestablished Churches and trees,
Bring us a little quiet and ease
By disestablishing rivers."

* Always there, O rhymer! Read *Punch*, and defy rain and all other miseries of human life.

† College Vacation Exercise: *Anno ætatis undeviginti.*

MUSICAL.

THE questions which naturally suggest themselves to all inquiring minds, on perusing the following advertisement from a contemporary—

BOARD (partial) wanted in musical family, by Young Gentleman, where he can practise singing. Full particulars to "Music"—

are various. What sort of a voice does the Young Gentleman possess? Is he a tenor, a baritone, or a bass? Will he request *Maud* to come into the garden, after—a long way after—the manner of MR. SIMS REEVES? Will he inform the musical family, in a way not at all suggestive of MR. SANTLEY, that it is his wedding morning? or will he acquaint them, in sepulchral tones, that hearts of oak are his ships? Does he accompany himself, or has that to be done for him? Does he wish to sing solos, or to join in duets with the musical daughters of the musical family? If the latter, is he good-looking? and what are his prospects? Will he practise in the mornings, or will the evenings content him? Will he sing in bed? Will he take a rest on Sundays, or will he then turn his attention to hymns and anthems? Does he sing French, German, Italian? or does he confine himself to English? Will he promise not to sing comic songs? Is his partial board to include beat-up eggs, *troches*, STOLBERG'S invaluable lozenges, and other compounds good for the throat?

These questions ought to be answered; although, for our own part, we cannot imagine a more delightful resident in the bosom of one's family than a Young Gentleman who wants to practise singing.

"Hail to the Chief who, in Trouble, Advances."

A TELEGRAM informs the Public that "The Uncle of the SHAH OF PERSIA has arrived in Constantinople." *Mr. Punch* is not aware whether the SULTAN OF TURKEY has an "Uncle." If he have, what a lot of unredeemed pledges he should have on hand just now! But what a godsend must his visit be to the SULTAN in his present state of impecuniosity, if the Commander of the Faithful has anything left on which to raise money!

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A VOICE FROM THE CLOUDS.

JUPITER PLUVIUS. "STORE YOUR FLOODS, AND EMBANK YOUR RIVERS; AND THIS MISERY WOULD PROVE A BLESSING!"

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OUR WATERY WASTE.



T the Entrance of a Corn-Market.

Farmers Mayflower *and* Marigold.

Marigold. How bist?

Mayflower. Middlun. Thinks I got a touch o' the lumbagy. 'Tis about, I hears, a good dale jest now. How bist thee, this here plaaguy weather?

Marigold. Purty fairish consider'n.

Mayflower. Terreeable dale o' wet we 've a had.

Marigold. Ees; what ye med call a extry 'lowance from the Clark o' the Weather, or St. Swithun.

Mayflower. Things is come'n sarious wi' all these here floods. 'Tis ruanaashun fur farmers. No gitt'n the whate into the ground. What can 's do?

Marigold. Ah, that 's moor than you 'll find in *Moore's Almanac*—or Zadkiel's either.

Mayflower. Some talks about call'n upon the Archbishop o' Canterbury and the Clargy to put up praayers for fair weather.

Marigold. Yaa!

Mayflower. Yaa? What dost say "yaa" for? Bist thee a haythen?

Marigold. Haythen; not I. They be moor like haythens as thinks by praay'n to git the coorses o' natur alter'd for to suit their privut convaniunce, and 'commodate the sazuns to their lazinus and ignorance—which they wun't. Why, that there 's just what the anshunt haythens used to do—didn't 'um?—praay'n for change o' weather to old—what d 'ye call un?—Joopiter.

Mayflower. Why thee dostn't hold wi' *Daddy Longlegs*, in the children's nusserry book, as oodn't say his praayers at all—dost?

Marigold. Not by no manes. I only says doan't praay agin the weather it plaze goodness to send us. What I be for praay'n for is sense and understandun, whatever 's sent, always to larn and know how to meak the best on't. Talk o' praay'n for fair weather now! Why, as like as not, in little moor nor six months' time they 'll be cryun out and wantun to praay for raain. Raain, itself, is a preshus good thing.

Mayflower. Ees, but we 've a ben have'n a preshous sight too much of a good thing. All this here wet is, I says, too good for the turmuts, and too bad for the graain.

Marigold. We can't ha' too much of a good thing, if we knows what to do wi' it. If we doan't, good turns to bad, like as when a feller, wi' ate'n and drinkun too many good things, wauverlooads his stummick. Here 's all this here raain we 've a had swampun the fields and floodun the medders here and elsewhere, besides plaay'n old Goosebury, I be told, among the wharves and pleaces along the banks o' the River up in Town. S'pose the Rivers was all proppurly banked up, that oodn't never a happened. And s'pose we'd got our medders and fields every one on um well draained so as for all the wauverflow for to run into tanks and reservoys. That oodn't be too much of a good thing, then, 'ood ut?

Mayflower. No, sartunly 'toodn't—there 's zummut in that.

Marigold. Then eversomuch raain 'ood be little if any too much of a good thing for the presunt, and none too much for the futer, but a doosid good thing altogether, and raly a gurt massy. Praps if the water we lets run to waste and do mischuf was saved for use, relidgus farmers 'ood now be proposun thanksgiv'ns for, instead o' prayers agin, abundance o' raain.

Mayflower. Loramassy, mun, what a fancy! Bissunt gett'n a little into the clouds? Thee bist raythertoo much a feelosofer, I be afeard, for me.

Marigold. Well, but still there 's the fact as are a fool med zee, that uncommon wet could aisy be made a blessun on if people chose to't, instead o' sufferin' on't, like we mostly do, to be a cuss. Dost see that?

Mayflower. Why ees, I thinks I sees purty well what you manes.

Marigold. That what we farmers, and others as thinks theirselves many on 'um, wiser than farmers, ought to do for our own intur'st, and the gin'ral good, is to zet to at improvemunts fur storun up the superflus water of a raainy sazun when ut comes, agin a time o' drought—when we shall be glad on't.

Mayflower. Aa! Putt'n by raain fur a shiny day, as the say'n 'ood be turned hind part afore.

Marigold. That 's the pint. I thinks now I 've manidged to bate that much into thy head. There, now goo thy ways, and any donkey thee meet'st on the rhwooad whoam, as needs to be taught, thee try and do un the same kindness. But talkun so much about wet, I be dry.

Mayflower. Ees, thee bist, raythor.

Marigold. Well, there then, come wauver the way to the "White Hart," and ha' a drap o' beer. [*Exeunt ambo. Curtain.*

THE LAW AND THE LADY—OF THE MANOR;

Or, the Menaced Maypole of Ashford-Carbonell.

"The old English practice of dancing around a Maypole has been solemnly vindicated before the High Court of Justice; and the right of some Shropshire parishioners to a particular piece of land whereon to so disport themselves has been established against the contention of the Lady of the Manor."—*Daily Telegraph: Hall* v. *Nottingham and Others.*

The Men of Ashford-Carbonell they doughtily declared,
That where their Maypole *had* been raised, that pole should *still* be reared;
But the Lady of the Manor and her myrmidons of Law
Took counsel with a view to strike those villagers with awe.

Is it in England's favoured land, on turf by Britons trod,
Where "proputty"'s a fetish, and the landlord as a god,
That resistance to the sacred rights of owners of the soil
Is found among its rustics and its humble sons of toil?

Alas! e'en so; the times have changed; Lord Darnley knows it well:
And she learns it too, the Lady high of Ashford-Carbonell;
While, sadder still, Law's powers refuse an owner to support—
And the great High Court of Justice backs the Ludlow County Court!

So the Parish beats the Lady, for the big-wigged Barons found
That reserving here and there a space for recreation-ground
Was a "reasonable" practice, and that "proputty's" tight clutch
Must be relaxed, nor landlords play the Ahab overmuch.

Hard lines for injured owners! Ay! But tenure of earth's soil
Must be viewed with other eyes than robbers' swag or warriors spoil;
From "Custom immemorial" as clear a right may flow
As any Norman William or Eighth Harry could bestow.

If "proputty" were but compelled to render back in full
All it has cribbed from "common-land," how long a face 'twould pull!
How many a Lord-of-Manors would have to tithe his hoards,
And make bonfires of his fences and his threatening trespass-boards!

O Lady of the Manor fair of Ashford-Carbonell,
Though you lose that longed-for acre, and pay legal costs as well,
What think you is the usufruct of one of many fields
To the pleasure which the village-green to landless hundreds yields?

Madam, when next that Maypole 's reared in its accustomed place,
To play the Lady Bountiful, with a British Matron's grace,
Were worthier of your Sex and State than waging stubborn fight
With a plucky Shropshire parish for a more than doubtful right.

Naval Intelligence.

"It is stated at Chatham to be the intention of the Admiralty shortly to commence the construction of a circular iron-clad ship of the *Popoff* type."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Build on the *Popoff* plan—but fate forbid
That ship should pop off as the *Vanguard* did!

FROM A PUZZLED PRACTITIONER.

Dear Mr. Punch,

How can there be an Attorney-General when the Judicature Act puts an end to Attorneys?

Your Constant Reader,

A Solicitor (for Information).

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THAT "EXPLAINS IT."

Green. "HOW IS IT, BROWN, YOU ALWAYS HAVE SUCH SPLENDID FRUIT FROM YOUR GARDEN? I EXHIBIT, AND CARRY OFF CUPS AND PRIZES (AT LEAST MY GARDENER DOES, FOR I ONLY SEE IT IN PRINT), BUT I NEVER HAVE SUCH FRUIT AS THIS ON MY TABLE!"

Brown. "SIMPLEST THING IN THE WORLD, OLD FELLOW. I KEEP A GARDENER FOR MY GARDEN; YOU KEEP A GARDEN FOR YOUR GARDENER!"

THE HAWARDEN POST-BAG.

"Last Saturday morning I was tempted to count the number of letters and packets brought to me by the post, and that number reached the moderate amount of forty-two."—MR. GLADSTONE, *at Greenwich.*

WE have been favoured with the following more particular details of the contents of MR. GLADSTONE'S Budget:—

1. Letter from an Oxford Undergraduate, asking MR. GLADSTONE'S opinion on that disputed passage in the *Iliad* (XXV., 313), which begins "Τις ποτε τον προσεφη," &c.

2. Packet containing a five-act MS. Play, called *Gunpowder Plot*, a novel in three volumes, entitled *Maud's Marriage*, and an epic poem in twelve books, *Aurungzebe; or, the Last of the Moguls*,—with a request that MR. GLADSTONE would be good enough to read each carefully through, and favour the Authoress with his opinion as to the particular branch of literature she should finally adopt.

3. Note, begging MR. GLADSTONE to inform the writer whether he had seen MR. IRVING as *Macbeth*, and what was his estimate of that performance.

4. Bulky parcel of official papers and documents, with an autograph letter from the Sublime Porte, imploring MR. GLADSTONE to occupy a palace on the Bosphorus, and take the entire control of the revenue and expenditure of Turkey.

5. Despatch from the KHEDIVE, entreating MR. GLADSTONE to make Cairo his home until all financial difficulties in Egypt were satisfactorily adjusted.

6. Letter from the Treasurer and Secretary of the Muddleforth Friendly Society (the Free Roamers), earnestly begging MR. GLADSTONE to examine the Statement of Accounts for the year 1874-5, and advise the Members as to the course they should take in the face of a deficit amounting to £294 10*s.* 9*d.*

7. Letter from the Churchwardens of Stolethorpe, begging MR. GLADSTONE to remonstrate with the new Rector on his Romanising practices.

8. Letter from the Parishioners of Slumberham, proposing to MR. GLADSTONE to expostulate with the Curate in charge on his Broad Church views.

9, 10. Prospectuses of the Xeres, Oporto, Bordeaux, and Epernay Amalgamated Vintage Company (Limited), and the Bythesea Aquarium and Winter Promenade.

11. Patterns of Winter Trousers and Overcoats from an advertising Tailor.

12. Begging Circular from the Incumbent of the District Church of St. Dionysius, Shuttleford, asking for help towards the enlargement of the Vestry.

13. Invitation from the Committee of the Bumpsted Athenæum (Salop) to take the Chair at their Annual Soirée in January.

14. Appeal from the Members of the Whirlingham Lyceum (Lancashire), to aid that struggling Society by the delivery of an Address or Lecture in the Corn Exchange, in the week after Christmas. Subject suggested—"Reminiscences of an ex-Premier."

15. Letter from a staunch Protestant, soliciting a short, but comprehensive, epitome of the Lives of the Popes.

16. Packet of Italian newspapers (Papal).

17. Packet of Italian newspapers (anti-Papal).

18, 19, 20. Letters from Constituents, setting forth the abilities and merits of their sons; and urging MR. GLADSTONE to use his influence to obtain for them Private Secretaryships, or advantageous posts in mercantile houses, or travelling tutorships, or desirable colonial appointments.

21, 22, 23. Letters asking for Letters of Introduction for Greece, Rome, and Japan.

24, 25. Requests for Autographs.

26, 27, 28. Letters soliciting MR. GLADSTONE'S votes as a supporter of the Civil Service Messengers' Widows' Annuities Fund, the Fine Art Dealers' Benevolent Institution, and the School for the Daughters of Classic Commentators.

29. Catalogue of a magnificent collection of china, glass, and earthenware.

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THE SHORTEST WAY THE BEST.

Mamma (to Ethel, on their way to the latter's first Party), "Now, mind, Darling, if you see any nice Things on the Table that you'd like to Eat, you mustn't *Ask* for them!"

Ethel. "O *No*, Mamma!—I'll *Take* them!"

RECIPROCITY IN PULPIT-ROOM.

There has been lately going on in the *Times* a controversy respecting the "Interchange of Pulpits"; whether or not it is lawful and right for a Clergyman of the Church of England to preach in a meeting-house, or, by his leave, for a Dissenting Minister to hold forth in a church. This appears to be a matter that had best be left to the discretion of a discreet Bishop. To *Bishop Punch* it would seem one thing for a Clergyman to change pulpits with such a Dissenter as the late Dr. Binney, another to reciprocate in like manner with an emissary from Brigham Young. The appearance of Mr. Newman Hall or Mr. Spurgeon in a Low Churchman's pulpit would be something considerably different from the apparition, in a Ritualist's, of Monsignor Capel. But is not the one just as legal as the other? At present, with regard to the interchange in question, all that appears quite certain is, that a Parson has no right to change pulpits with an Auctioneer.

HUNT AFTER BYRON.

My boat has run ashore,
And my barque's beneath the sea,
And I'm told I never more
Must rule the Admiraltee.

There's a sigh from those who love me,
And a smile from those who hate;
And the man who's put above me
Will tremble at my fate;

But though Commons rail around me,
They still shall hear me on:
Though the Upper House confound me,
It hath seats that may be won.

My boat has run ashore,
And my barque's beneath the sea,
And I fear I never more
Shall rule the Admiraltee!

A Negative Compliment.—Parell House, Bombay (since the Prince of Wales made it his head-quarters), is to be called "Nonpareil House."

30. Offer to dispose of a superb picture, by that rare old Florentine master, Capo di Monte—subject, "*Daphne Changed into a Laurustinus.*"

31. Price list of an importer of choice cigars.

32. Proof-sheets of a new translation of the *Odyssey* into English hexameters, with a request that Mr. Gladstone would kindly compare it word for word with the original, and mark (with suggestions) any passages which might strike him as deficient in spirit or wanting in accuracy.

33, 34, 35. Translations of a recent article in the new Church Review into Italian, French, and German.

36. List (from Rome) of the latest additions to the *Index Expurgatorius*.

37. Invitation to dine with the Lord Mayor.

38, 39, 40. Applications from photographers and illustrated papers.

41. Notice of recent excavations in the Troad, with photographs of Helen's pocket mirror, Paris's crook, King Priam's corkscrew, &c.

42. *Punch.*

VILLA-NOUS.

There is a strong inclination at St. Petersburgh to build an Imperial residence in the environs of Constantinople. This looks like *Russ in Urbe* with a vengeance.

My Awful Dad (*by a river-side resident Cockney*).—Father Thames, in a flood.

HOMAGE TO TALENT.

Signor Verdi, of *Trovatore-Traviata-Rigoletto* fame, has been created Senator of the kingdom of Italy, in recognition of his superb musical talents. The Happy Thought has fructified. Similar (proposed) appointments are already telegraphed to us by our Correspondents in the different Capitals of Europe:—

Monsieur Offenbach, whose oratorios, *La Belle Hélène*, *Orphée aux Enfers*, &c., place him at the head of religious composers, will, it is said, be offered by the Pope the next Red Hat vacant.

Monsieur Gounod has accepted the appointment of Minister of Agriculture in the first Government of the good time coming in France.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan has been recommended by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh for the Civil Lordship of the Admiralty.

Mr. Frederic Clay, whose Treasury experience gives him peculiar claims to employment in the higher branches of National finance, is likely to be named for the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer in the first æsthetic Administration that is formed.

Herr Richard Wagner is likely to be appointed Envoy from Bavaria to the Court of St. James's, as a compliment to the Music of the Future.

ANYTHING BUT A DRY REMARK.

Independence is always much to be coveted; but during the late floods to have been able to "Paddle your own Canoe" must have proved more than usually beneficial.

The English Flag of the Future.—The School-*Standards*.

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A GOOD PLAIN COOK!



MR. J. C. BUCKMASTER, that most energetic pioneer of civilisation, has recently been visiting Glasgow. The object of his journey to the North was to deliver his excellent Lecture upon "the Art of Cookery"—a subject which is peculiarly his own. His remarks were (as usual) characterised by wisdom, mirth, and tact; and nothing could possibly have been better than his selections from Scottish poetry. It is well known that LORD MAYOR COTTON is a bard of no mean order. Consequently, we may shortly expect to see published at the Mansion House *Lines on a Turtle*, and a *Meal with the Common Council*, but until the appearance of the two anticipated pieces specified, the following lines will certainly bear off the palm as the best culinary poem of modern times:—

"O leese me on the canny Scotch,
Wha first contrived without a botch
To make the gusty good hotch-potch.
The French mounseer or English loon
When they come daunderin' through the toun,
Wi' smirks and smacks they gulp it doun,
And lick their lips fu' brawly."

But MR. BUCKMASTER'S prose is even better than his verse. At Glasgow he was addressing an audience composed of all classes of the people. Under these circumstances he could not have chosen his words more wisely. To quote the report—

MR. BUCKMASTER said:—

"The cookery schools which I am anxious to establish are intended to teach people the virtue and religion of domestic life. How many ill-natured words, quarrels, suits in the Divorce Courts, and even murders, have originated over a badly-cooked dinner? How many happy marriages, how many hard-and-fast friendships, have been formed over a nicely-cooked dinner! No man is so dangerous as a hungry, ignorant man when he returns home weary and exhausted, finds everything in disorder, his wife uncleaned, a mass of greasy odds and ends turned out for his supper, the sight of which is enough to make a cannibal sea-sick. (*Laughter.*) Can you wonder at him using bad language to his wife, and immediately setting out for the nearest public-house? And do you think that any amount of schooling, teaching, tracts, sermons, or tea-parties will efface from the memory of his children the horrid curses they have heard under such circumstances, and the dreadful scenes they have witnessed? All this misery and demoralisation proceed not from poverty, but from ignorance of those duties which every woman ought to know how properly to perform before she undertakes the responsibilities of a wife. And, if I were a despot, no woman should ever be allowed to marry unless she was able to cook. (*Laughter.*)"

And, although the "canny bodies" of Glasgow laughed, MR. BUCKMASTER is perfectly right. Take two men of similar tastes, who have lived similar lives, and give them two dinners with the same ingredients—one dinner badly cooked, and the other cooked to perfection, and you will find that he who eats the well-cooked dinner will be a hundred per cent. happier than the other.

Try the eater of the badly-cooked dinner first. He arrives tired and hungry at his own home. He sits down, and the first discovery he makes is that the soup is cold.

"As usual," he says, with a sigh, "soup cold. Never can get it hot!"

"You ought to speak to the servants yourself."

"Well," he continues, "after all, it is not so cold as my principal client. I met him this morning, and he cut me! The soup reminded me of it."

The fish appears.

"Hm! not fresh! It never is fresh. The sort of fish that wants renewing,—and that reminds me that a bill for two thousand pounds comes due to-morrow, and I don't know where to get the money from with which to meet it."

The joint arrives.

"Burnt to a cinder, of course! And that reminds me that that scamp of a son of mine has been burning his fingers on the turf!"

The pudding appears.

"I really can't stand this! It is always the same! Nasty and expensive. I shall be off to the Club."

And the bad diner disappears, and returns accompanied by a policeman seeing him home at three in the morning.

Take, on the other hand, the eater of the well-cooked dinner.

He arrives tired and hungry at his own home. He sits down, and the first discovery he makes is that the soup is hot.

"As usual!" he exclaims, with a smile. "Soup hot. Never get it cold in *this* house."

"You should praise the servants, it is their doing."

"Well, it is not so warm as the greeting I got from my UNCLE HARRY this morning. He was quite affectionate, and asked after the children most markedly, my dear. Wanted to know their Christian names in full."

The fish appears.

"Quite fresh! But not fresher than the air of Brighton, my love,—we will take a holiday there next week. It will do you good."

The joint arrives.

"Done to a turn. And that reminds me that that good-hearted boy of ours has really taken a turn for the better. I gave him a good lecture to-day, and am certain of his reformation. I never felt happier in my life. Another slice, dear."

The pudding appears.

"Now, this is really an admirable dish. Pastry excellent. Well, I shall spend a quiet evening with you, and break my appointment at the Club. Who would care for billiards with such a happy home as this to rest in!"

And so the evening grows into night, and all is good-nature and contentment.

That is the idea—is it not, MR. BUCKMASTER?

Cheap at the Money.

MR. PLIMSOLL writes to the *Times* of last Wednesday—"A single telegram from the British Government to our Consuls and Vice-Consuls, authorising them to spend £2 2*s.* on the proper inspection of each grain-loading vessel, is all that is required to make the Act of 1875 virtually operative, and so to save many lives. The neglect of this will consign them to a watery grave." Of course the British Government has, before this, thanked MR. PLIMSOLL, and sent the telegram. *Punch* is waiting to hear of the receipt of it.

Clerical Nosology.

AT the opening Autumnal Assembly of the Church Conference, the other day in Liverpool, the Chairman, MR. THOMAS R. ANDREWS, said, with reference to the future work of the Society, that "they had a number of typical cases of Ritualism ready to be submitted to the new Judge when he entered upon office." Is MR. ANDREWS a medical gentleman? He talks like one. "Typical cases of Ritualism"—as much as to say that Ritualism is a complaint in the Church; a clerical epidemic. A very neat and scientific way of putting it.

An Illusion of the Rink.

ALONG the Rink careering fast,
How women hoax their lords and masters:
SMITH thought an angel glided past,
And it was MRS. SMITH on castors!

Hunted.

WHEN the First Lord of the Admiralty was raised to his exalted position, *Mr. Punch* was good enough to celebrate it by observing, "The Hunt is up!" From the present tone of public opinion, *Mr. P.* feels constrained to fear that it is all up with HUNT.

Shakspeare on the Turks.

"And every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute."—*Falstaff, Henry the Fourth, Part II.*, Act iii. sc. 2.

FROM which it appears that the Turk is an old defaulter, and the Bondholders ought to have known better.

TOWN AND GOWN.

DEATH shall be Mayor, the Cambridge Council saith:
The Undergraduates' cry is "War to *Death!*"

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BLANK FIRING.

Ancient Sportsman (whose Sight is not what it used to be). "PICK 'EM UP, JAMES, PICK 'EM UP! WHY DON'T YOU PICK 'EM UP?"

Veteran Keeper. "'CAUSE THERE BEAN'T ANY DOWN, MY LORD!"

THE ETERNAL JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

"The Lord Mayor [of Dublin] observed that MR. SULLIVAN was an 'eternal Jack-in-the-Box.'"

ARRAH, thin, MASTER SULLIVAN, what have you done,
Such a wonderful wicked name to have won,
The peaceful atmosphere troubling?
Now, Gramachree! (whatever that means)
There 's a gentleman tired of such noisy scenes,
And that 's the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Dublin 's a city of quiet and peace,
Where they easily might disestablish police,
Since nobody cares for a shindy;
But when an O'Connell Committee meets,
There 's a general row you may hear in the streets,
Though the weather is wild and windy.

Up they jump, one after one,
Each eager to share in the fighting fun,
And the row becomes—supernal!
But SULLIVAN 's worst of the party there;
He 's up each minute, till called by the Mayor
"A Jack-in-the-Box eternal."

In the days of long-vanished Irish war,
Punch had an anagram, DANIEL R.,
For *Ireland*, devoted to DANIEL:
But times have changed, and old KING DAN
Is to our mere mutinous Irishman
As lordly mastiff to spaniel.

He had a voice that the world must hear,
A lion-like head, with vision clear,
And a good strong brain for kernel:
Often wrong, he was seldom weak;
His courage never came down to "cheek,"
Like a Jack-in-the-Box eternal.

Ah, never mind! To the Jack-in-the-Box,
Who against the roof his thick skull knocks,
Punch grants absolution plenary.
What SAXON dare say that it is not right
To have whiskey galore and a good free fight
In honour of DAN'S Centenary?

THE CHEAPEST MODE OF LIVING.—On Flats.

A QUESTION FOR MR. CROSS.

THE subjoined questions and answers afford a specimen of rural and juvenile intelligence:—

"'How old are you?' 'I don't know.'—'Can you read?' 'Yes, a little bit.'—'Can you write?' 'No.'—'Can you reckon?' 'No.'—'How many are twice two?' 'Seven' (*laughter*).—'Try again, two and two?' 'Eight' (*renewed laughter*).—'Do you know how many commandments there are?' 'No.'—'Do you know the ninth commandment?' 'No.'—'Did you ever hear anything about bearing false witness?' 'No.'—'Ever before the Magistrates?' ''Ees.'—'Did they ask you to kiss a book?' ''Ees.'—'Do you know why you kissed it?' 'No.'—'Did the Magistrates tell you that it was a testament, and you called God to witness about speaking the truth?' 'No.'"

The examiner in the foregoing catechism was a MR. THOMAS BLAKE, of Ross, in Herefordshire. He cited it at a public meeting there, as illustrating, in particular, the moral and intellectual fitness to give evidence on oath, of SAMUEL RUDGE, a little clown, ten years of age, the principal witness against EMILY DAVIES, a child of thirteen, sentenced, on the 17th of September last, by the Ross Magistrates, to fourteen days' imprisonment in the County Gaol, and thereafter to four years' detention in a Reformatory, for stealing a few plums. MASTER RUDGE was an accomplice in this extensive robbery, and turned Queen's evidence.

MR. BLAKE also read, as below, part of a letter from MR. MINETT, Clerk to the Magistrates, who pronounced the lenient sentence which occasioned the above-mentioned meeting, held to denounce it and get it rescinded:—

"You have been condemning the Justices upon very meagre information, being information given in open court. The Justices have other information, and upon that information they have acted."

We have lately seen a general fusion of Law and Equity. A particular instance of it is afforded by the Ross Magistrates in dealing with the case of EMILY DAVIES, only Law prevails; especially in respect of the evidence, oral and hearsay, this heard out of Court, on which they convicted her. The evidence last referred to—their "other information"—appears, from the report of the meeting on her behalf, to have been false information, affecting the character of her parents; a sort of information which, in fact, was defamation. Is it so? This, surely, is a question for the HOME SECRETARY to consider; for awful as the crime is of which EMILY DAVIES was convicted, and imperfectly as it may have been expiated by only fourteen days' imprisonment in gaol, yet, if her parents are really respectable people, is it quite fair to them, to say nothing of her, that she should not be forthwith replaced under their care, instead of being kept four years longer away from home shut up in a Reformatory? Perhaps MR. CROSS will deign to answer this crucial question.

CRIMINAL COURT COSTUME.

SAYS, very properly, the reporter for the *Standard*, describing the scene last week at the Central Criminal Court:—

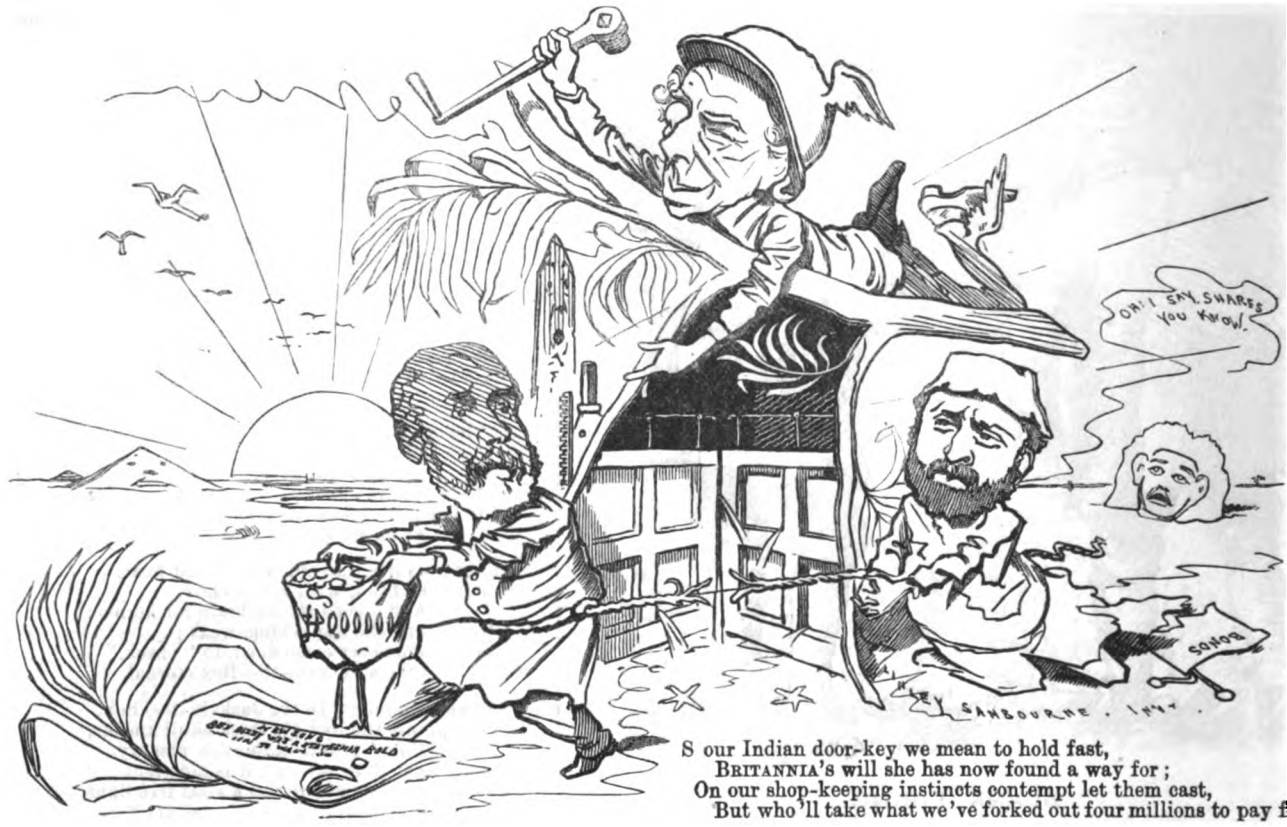
"*Chacun à son goût:* but that taste can hardly be deemed praiseworthy which prompts elegantly-dressed, and some young and charming Ladies to crowd and bustle at the Old Bailey for seats on such an occasion as the trial for one of the most repulsive murder cases of the present century."

With all our boasted progress of feminine enlightenment, one might have fancied that Young Ladies would have nowadays known better than to scramble for admission to a place where a revolting case of murder was on trial. One would think that elegant dresses might be displayed with far more fitness in the precincts of St. James's Court than in the Court of Newgate. Should the taste increase for attending courts of justice when murder cases are on trial, we may expect that the Court milliners will take advantage of it. Elegant dresses will be advertised for such occasions, and pretty names will be invented for criminal costumes. Robes *à la Calcraft* will be considered *de rigueur*. Young Ladies will array themselves in shining satin dresses made after the manner of that worn by MRS. MANNING on the memorable morning of her execution; with, perhaps, white cotton head-dresses, formed in Newgate fashion, and round each snowy throat a necklace, knotted *à la mode Jack Ketch*.

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MONEY'S WORTH FOR THE MONEY.

"Egyptian Government sold to English Government Suez Canal shares for £4,000,000 sterling. Minister is authorised to draw on ROTHSCHILD at sight."—*Friday's Telegram.*



S our Indian door-key we mean to hold fast,
BRITANNIA'S will she has now found a way for;
On our shop-keeping instincts contempt let them cast,
But who 'll take what we've forked out four millions to pay for?

Such a sum if it suit JOHN BULL'S int'rest to pay,
It is clear it suits Egypt's 'cute Chief to receive.
Now KHEDIVE upon ROTHSCHILD may draw any day,
We must take care that nobody draws on KHEDIVE.

THE COMPENSATIONS OF LIFE.

RECENTLY, in his travels, *Mr. Punch* met with a gentleman who declared that he was an ancient Druid (not in MR. CARDWELL'S sense of the word), and that he had helped to build Stonehenge. He looked dilapidated, but not quite so old as that perplexing edifice. He did not object in the least, when *Mr. Punch*—who, when wandering, finds small generosities often to have their reward—proposed a glass of ale. If he was an ancient Druid, and had therefore lived before ale was invented, how delighted he must have been to know that to some brilliant genius had occurred the happy marriage of malt and hops!

This Druid talked most wisely, as might be expected of so ancient a philosopher. He propounded several theories, one of which was the Theory of Universal Compensation. Others may follow, if *Mr. Punch* finds the Druid's philosophy appreciated. He maintained, being an Optimist, that whatever happens has its compensation—and that you are always better off than you were before. He descended from the lofty pinnacle of Druidic antiquity, and deigned to give from modern time examples of this great Theory of Compensation. Thus they ran:—

1. You acknowledge yourself a descendant of ADAM and EVE. You cannot, therefore, have any *original* sin, and may do just as you like.

2. You are "something in the City." It is very sad, but it means a good many thousands a year.

3. You are a great poet. Terrible thought! But then nobody reads your books.

4. You are the Belle of the Season, and are modestly afraid lest you grow conceited. The Beaux of the Season prefer the dinner-bell.

5. You are the only man who can act *Hamlet*. Console yourself by the thought that this is the belief of every man who ever acted or even aspired to act.

6. You envy MR. DISRAELI his pride of place. Would you like to have to scratch a Russian to find the Tartar underneath, or to be plagued by the Heathen Chinee?

7. You envy MR. GLADSTONE his retirement and renown. Go cut down an oak in the forenoon, my dear boy, and disestablish the POPE in the afternoon, and translate a book of the *Iliad* after dinner.

8. You meet an elderly wiseacre, who *will* talk about the Herzegovina, which has been invented to depreciate Turks. Tell him it is where they grow Angostura bitters.

9. You go to a pic-nic, which happens, by the fatuity of mankind, to be without its *central idea*—a corkscrew. You are compensated by showing how deftly you can knock off the necks of bottles with a carving-knife.

10. You find somebody warmly attentive to your wife. Ah, but your wife is the wisest little woman in the world, and is sure to do MR. ALIQUIS a great deal of good.

11. Your banker is insolvent. How excellent an opportunity of deferring *sine die* the payment of your "outstanding liabilities!"

12. Your Great-Aunt's second cousin twice removed is dead. Of course you can't give any dinners just at present.

13. One English Iron-clad runs into another. If it so easily sunk a friend, what would it do to an enemy?

14. That same English Iron-clad did its best to commit suicide. There was *one* man on board with brains—a fact to be remembered in the British Navy.

15. It never rains but it pours—and it always pours. Ducks are happy.

16. You lose your copy of *Punch* in the Post. Think of the moral and mental elevation which reading it will produce on the Post-Office Clerk or village Postmistress who has stolen it.

MOTTO FOR HER MAJESTY'S SHIPS.—"One down, t' other come on!"

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FASHIONABLE COMPLAINT.

Young Groom. "So your Gov'nor's out again! Been amiss, I heard."

Old Groom. "Well, the Doctor said as there wasn't much the Matter, but he might call it a 'Bronkital Affectation.' If it were you or me, Jim, I daresay we should call it a Cold."

THE POLITICAL PAD.

"'*Progress*,' *piebald colt by* '*Freedom*,' *out of* '*Caution*.' *Owner*, Mr. John Bull. *Colours, Blue or Buff, according to circumstances.*"—*St. Stephen's Stud Book.*

"The Conservative majority, I think, may well be likened to a man on horseback, who, while he certainly may make some advance on his journey, prefers sitting with his face to the horse's tail."—Mr. Forster, *at Bradford.*

The Political Pad is a singular steed,
Not Pegasus boasts of more various paces.
The Hippogriff beats it in breeding indeed,
Claims pedigree prouder, and daintier graces.
But bottom and stay, with a Protean way
Of changing its colours, its paces, its jockeys,
Are points of our nag. It is risky to play
At thimble-rig, "poker," or "nicky-nack-nockies";
But seers may well shun the Great National Course,
And tipsters eschew the Political Horse!

He will run well enough in the Buff or the Blue
For a time,—though his distance the sharps cannot settle.
Yet Jocks who are up to the mount are but few:
A seat like a Centaur's, grip, judgment, and mettle,
He'll want who would back this redoubtable hack;
And, given a Perseus with spur, whip, and bridle,
He'll fly—yet possesses a curious knack
Of pulling up short with a shy or a sidle,
Which gives the best rider a nastyish spill,
While Progress- old 'oss—jogs along at his will.

What jockeys have tried him! Deft Tiverton Pam,
Who cared not to push him beyond a brisk canter,
Kept saddle some time, for the horse like a lamb
Bore bit from that light-handed master of banter.
Then Bill Buff, a right Jehu, set spurs to his flanks,
And sent him along a rare rattler indeed—
Stiff hedges, stone walls, posts and rails, ditches, banks,
Nothing daunted that jock, or gave check to his steed.
Till the spurring and pace tired the latter, who then
Gently grounded Bill Buff, and gave seat to Blue Ben.

Blue Ben is a jock of the Tiverton race,
Light hand, quiet seat, and no passion for spurring;
He takes the old plater along at a pace
More steady than showy, more easy than stirring.
But jog-trot or not, there's a certain slow lot
Who from *Progress* would change the nag's name to *Reaction*:
And thinking the pace even yet is too hot,
Would look upon "pulling" with much satisfaction.
Nay, had they their way, this Conservative class,
Would put the Political Pad out to grass.

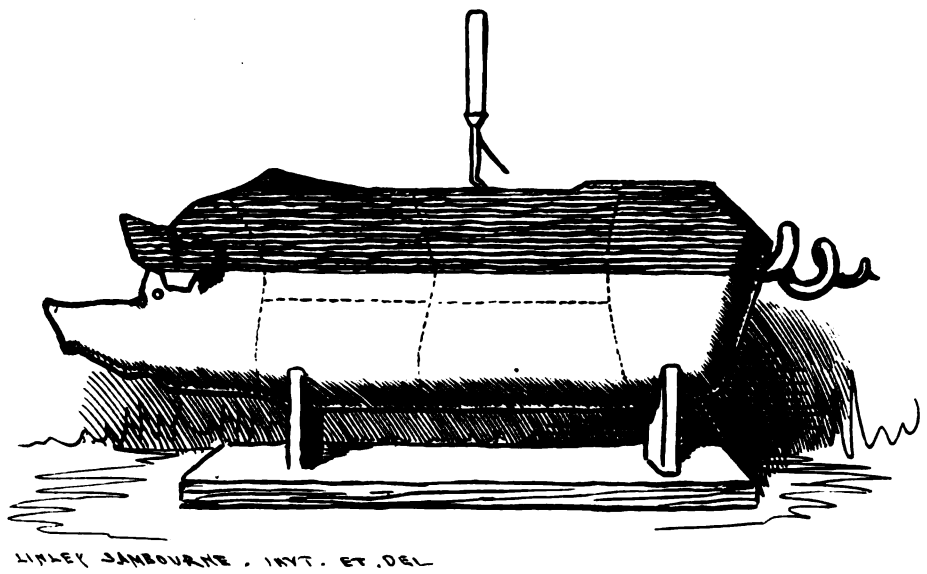
But although he may lag, the Political Nag
Has an eye to the goal, and prefers to keep moving;
And Ben, the Blue Jock, is a bit of a wag,
Who may find any day that the pace needs improving.
Ben knows very well did he try to turn back
The steed who beneath him so softly will amble,
He would find himself prone on the turf in a crack,
And Ben is no flat with *his* chances to gamble.
But lest her Blue backers of patience should fail,
He will ride, if they please, "*with his face to the tail!*"

The Right Man in the Right Place.

"On Monday, 22nd Nov., Mr. W. G. Cross, Druggist, was elected Mayor of Shrewsbury."

The Municipal Chair having, to judge by the difficulty of getting anyone to take it, become a drug in the market, the Shrewsbury Corporation have very properly selected a Druggist to fill it.

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ANOTHER SHIP OF THE FUTURE.

(*The latest thing in the way of Suggestion to the Admiralty Constructors.*)

Diagram showing arrangement of joints and novel screw-propeller.

BUT *TOBY* ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD THAT PIGS CUT THEIR OWN THROATS IF THEY TRIED TO SWIM.

A SPECIMEN OF LAW.

A JURY of British Tradesmen has made MR. LESLIE, M.P., liable for some two thousand five hundred pounds' worth of specimen plants, bought by his Gardener at the seller's price, but valued by authority at one-third of that amount, and ordered without MR. LESLIE'S consent. Their verdict had the concurrence of BARON BRAMWELL, and has been confirmed by the LORD CHIEF BARON. Law may be Law; but, if Equity is to prevail over Law, has it prevailed in this instance? In a letter to the *Times*, MR. LESLIE asks "What are specimen plants?" One of them, and a most glaring one, is the plant which has been put upon himself.

Fashionable Fixtures for 1876.

(*Dedicated to those who sat on the Bench at a recent Trial.*)

JUNE 1.—LADY SMITH'S First Ball in Belgrave Square.

June 8.—MR. WILLIAM SIKES' Trial at the Old Bailey.

June 14.—The DUCHESS OF SANSCŒUR'S Garden Party at Thameserton, for 4·30 to 6 P.M.

June 29.—MR. JEM DALTON'S "Small and Early" at Newgate, from 7·50 to 8 A.M.

JERSEY JUDGES.

AMONG things not generally known is the recent history of the Jersey Bench of Judges. Of this the *Post* supplies some interesting particulars in a narrative of certain truly "notable events," which have occurred during the last two years and a half. The first of these was the catastrophe of Judge No. 1:—

"MR. JOSHUA LE BAILLY (elected a Judge in 1856), who, in May, 1873 was placed as a criminal at the bar of the Court in which he had so often administered justice. He was chairman and managing director of the Mercantile Union Bank, which suspended payment in February of that year, and was charged with issuing false and fraudulent reports as to the condition of the bank, and with embezzling trust moneys under his care. He was found guilty and sentenced to five years' penal servitude."

Jersey Judge No. 2:—

"MR. ELIAS NEEL (elected in 1861) was chairman and managing director of the Joint-Stock Bank, which suspended payment in July, 1873, its collapse being hastened by that of the Mercantile Union. In November of that year MR. NEEL, who sat on the bench during the trial of his former colleague, MR. LE BAILLY, himself stood in the dock on similar charges of issuing false reports and inducing persons to take shares in the bank at the time it was in an insolvent state. The jury were divided."

Everybody must be presumed to be innocent who has not been found guilty. Still Judge No. 2 did not return from the dock to the bench.

Jersey Judge No. 3:—

"MR. WILLIAM GAUDIN, Solicitor, was elected in October, 1873, to replace MR. NEEL. Domestic troubles, and the fear of being involved in a lawsuit with a client for whom he had acted during a lengthened period in the case of *La Cloche* v. *La Cloche*, had the effect of sending him into a low state of mind, and in August of the following year he committed suicide."

Jersey Judge No. 4 was rather an improvement on some of his colleagues and predecessors:—

"MR. PHILIP DUMARESQ, elected 1869, after attending to his judicial duties for nearly two years, ceased to attend either the Court or the States, of which he was an *ex-officio* member."

The nonadministration of Justice is obviously better than its maladministration; a probability when the Bench is occupied by Judges who commonly have to quit it for the dock. JUDGE DUMARESQ persisted in a constant inattention to his judicial duties on the sworn plea of disability from illness:—

"His friends pressed him to resign, but he stubbornly refused, saying, 'Non, je suis Juge, et comme Juge mourirai.' At length, by repeated entreaties, he was induced to resign in February last."

The career of Jersey Judge No. 5, M. DE QUETTEVILLE, appears to have been such as to entitle him, comparatively, at least, to the respectful denomination he is described by in the statement that:—

"This gentleman was the senior Judge on the Bench (with the exception of LIEUTENANT BAILIFF BRISSON), having been elected in January, 1851."

For his history may possibly be that of a gentleman indeed, though an unfortunate one. The account of Jersey Judge No. 5 is as follows:—

"He was chairman of the Commercial Banking Company, and carried on an extensive business as a ship-owner, with fishing establishments in Newfoundland. An action has been for some time pending between him and his co-partners in the bank, who claim about £23,000 for balance of account and interest. On Saturday week several judgments were given against him in the Royal Court, and on Saturday last he gave notice of his intention to appear before M. GIBAUT, the Judge Commissioner of the Insolvent Court, with a view of making a composition with his creditors."

Let us hope that Jersey Judge No. 5 will turn out able to pay not much less than twenty shillings in the pound. "The result, however, of having had to be whitewashed, though of nothing worse than debt," will be "to render his seat on the Bench vacant." Perhaps his successor will turn out something better than either an insolvent or a criminal. It may, perhaps, be as well to observe that it is Old Jersey, the Channel Island, whose judicial bench has been adorned with the worthies above enumerated, and not New Jersey, the American State. Old Jersey, indeed, can almost show Judges with New York. MR. BUTT and MR. SULLIVAN may perhaps be induced to review their wish to reduce Ireland to the insularity of Jersey, by the example presented by the Channel Island to the St. George's Channel Island, of "Home Rule."

Irish Poultry.

IN the extraordinary account of the proceedings of the O'Connell Centenary Committee, it is narrated that MR. A. M. SULLIVAN called upon his friends to leave the room, and let them make "ducks and drakes" of the surplus, if they liked.

DUCKS and drakes of their cash
They would make, we're afraid,
For great geese of themselves
They already had made!

THE ST. LEONARD'S WILL CASE.

What Plaintiff asks for. The deed for the will.
What Defendant insists on. The will for the deed.

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"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

(The Prince among the Pig-Stickers,—a Sketch from Life.)



ANTARRA, tantarra, the hunt is up!" for "'Tis our opening day! Up rouse ye then, my merry, merry men, for 'tis our opening day!" And, "If you're waking, call me early, call me early, Ayah dear, as I'm to go out Pig-sticking, and hope to get "first spear." "And a-sticking we did go, my boys, a-sticking we did go!" "With a heigho sticky! Hark for'ard, hark for'ard tantsticky! And this is the burthen of my song, To-day a pig must die! To-day a pig must die!!"

Just cut that up into verse, sing it, with a chorus, and see how it goes. It even woke the early *Mangoes*—the mango is so early that it's a proverb here "Up with the mango,"—and echoed through the farspreading *chowries*.

You in England haven't the vaguest idea of Pig-sticking. Ah! it is the sport of sports! You in England would send for a pork-butcher, or, rather, send *to* a pork-butcher, and order the pig that had already been stuck. Not so here. Pig-sticking is the national sport. Children in arms are brought up to the sound of the dark Ayahs' voices, accompanied by the tinkle of the *budjerow* (a native instrument of a very sweet tone, in shape something between a pillar-box and a dust-shovel),* singing in Hindostanee (what you wouldn't understand, so I translate). I give the Orientalisms as nearly as possible—

"This offspring of the female porker travelled to the place where the vendors of varieties trade publicly in their merchandise; This, the next in order of the sons of the sow, preferred to remain in the house of his parents, where he had been reared; This, his brother, sat down to a dainty meal; And, this, the next of kin, sat down, but partook not of the savoury mess; And this, the smallest of the Porco family, lifted up its voice and wept bitterly, crying 'Qwee, Qwee, Qweek!!'"

Is not this beautiful? Ah, you should hear the *Florikans* (a kind of Indian chorister) chanting it in their deep and wild cadences, while the *Chicks* dance around, keeping excellent time on their *charpoys*.†

Well, Sir, to the sport itself. We were aroused in the morning by the *Hakims* (Indian pig-huntsmen), who blew the *Chont* (Indian hunting-horn made of elephants' tusks), and summoned us from our comfortable *Chupatties* (beds).

We were all rather sleepy, having been engaged, deeply, in an Indian rubber till past four in the morning. (You know a certain distinguished Royal Personage *is* fond of his rubber. "Aye, there's the rub," as What 's-his-name says.) Well, Sir, I am the first to spring up, and get to boot and saddle. After a hasty breakfast (before the boot and saddle, of course), we mounted our *Bhanses* (horses about sixteen hands high, piebald), and flourishing our *bunds* (Indian hunting crops, made out of stalks of maize), we cantered gaily towards the covert side.

Here the *Dewanee Khâs* (or pig-beater), informed us in a low voice, or what they call in India a "pig's whisper," that a magnificent *Bucksheesh* (a sort of fine sucking-pig), had been seen within a few yards of the *Bunneer* (or shooting lodge by the covert side).*

I have scarcely time to describe the exciting scene. We hid behind thickets, our breath suspended, our pulses beating fast, our hands on our rifles, our eyes fixed intently on the spot where it was likely the sucking-pig would rush out of his ambush. The beaters went in crying "*Jât! Jât!*" and only succeeded in driving out a fine specimen of the Jampaun,† which I kicked over, and it fell in mortal fear. I picked it up, wrung its neck, and put it into my bag, for the Jampaun is good eating. A certain Royal Personage cries out, "*Jhool jemadar guddee gurrah!*" "*Ja, mynheer!*" I replied in the same tone, though not in the same language. But to me all languages are alike.‡

And in less than no time out rushed one of the finest sucking-pigs I've ever seen out of a dish. He made, squealing and squeaking savagely, for where the Hope of our Nation was standing, who fired five shots from his rifle, seven from his revolver, and then stood on the defensive with his sticker.

It was a moment of intense excitement. The sucking-pig jumped up furiously, the P——ce defended himself gallantly, but unfortunately, not being the old hand at it that I am, he had not learnt the trick of fence so necessary on these occasions. He fell on one knee; the pig was making a dash at him which would have proved fatal, and there was that expression on the pig's face which would have terrified the boldest of us, when I took one leap, and drawing the carving-fork (worn on these hunting excursions), I plunged it into the creature's back, while my knife soon settled the remainder of the question. He squealed horribly, but I crammed an apple and an onion into his mouth, and in another second our Cummerbunds had lighted a fire and were cooking our victim.

Of the affecting scene that followed it would not be becoming in us to speak. We wept on one another's shoulders. But I leave this to England's future historian. It was a glorious animal, measuring at least fourteen inches from the tip of his snout to the curl of his tail. We gathered about the fire, for the dews were falling, ate trotters and drank Hafiz (a sort of Indian Champagne, as you may see by the name, with "fiz" in it), and then rode home singing, "*Mahout! Mahout!*" the great hunting song in those parts.

I remain, in hot haste, ever

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE IN INDIA.

* We have looked out *budjerow* in the Dictionary, where the meaning is distinctly given as "a decked passage-boat." We begin to suspect our Correspondent—or a new Indian Dictionary is a desideratissimum.—ED.

† Now, we will *not* stand this. Let the intelligent reader try for himself if he can't make our old nursery song of "*This pig went to market*," &c., fit exactly into what our Correspondent (the humbug!) calls the "Orientalisms"? He *may* be right, and it may have a common origin: but we *do* begin to suspect. Again we have consulted the Dictionary, and we find the meaning of *Florikan*, which he explains as a kind of Indian chorister, to be a "bird of the bustard tribe;" also the *Chicks* are not children (as *he* would have us believe), but "Thin curtains, made of thread and strips of bamboo;" and, finally, a *Charpoy*, which he would palm off on us as another musical instrument, is "a low bed, or stretcher." Our Correspondent, we begin to think, tells lots of *Charpoys*, or stretchers. But we caution the Public, and can do no more.—ED.

* There must be something wrong with our Dictionary. We've held it up to the light, we've turned it upside down, we've consulted solicitors and one of the Indian sweepers of the Metropolis, and we find that the Indian words used by our Correspondent in the above paragraph bear the following meanings. *Hakim*, a "physician;" and *he* says it's a "pig-huntsman." *Chont*, which he describes as another musical instrument, is "one-fourth of the revenue claimed by conquerors of the soil." A *chupatty* is "an unleavened cake," and he makes "a bed" of it. A *bhanses*, which he turns into a "horse sixteen hands high," is, in the Dictionary, "a short-winged hawk;" and a *bund*, which he represents himself as flourishing like a whip, is "an embankment." *Dewanee khâs* is *not* a "pig-beater," but a "hall of audience;" *bucksheesh* is our old friend *baksheesh*—not a "pig," but a "gratuity;" and the *bunneer* is not a "shooting-lodge," but a "shopkeeper." We *do* begin to suspect our Correspondent, and really think we have fair ground for suspicion.—ED.

† We have looked this word out. *Jampaun* is "a mountain sedan-chair." Can it be a mistake, or a misprint, or a *lapsus calami*?—ED.

‡ We really *do* believe this.—ED.

EPISCOPUS LOCUTUS EST.

AN invitation, signed by all the head-masters but one of every great public school in England, to explain his behaviour towards MR. GRIGNON has at length "drawn" the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER. Nothing, in the Bishop's opinion, MR. GRIGNON could say, could justify his tone and language touching the Trustees. That is BISHOP CLAUGHTON'S brief but triumphant vindication of his rectitude in sanctioning MR. GRIGNON'S summary dismissal, having refused to hear him, or to return him any personal reply. No matter what provocation the Master of Felsted School had received from the Trustees, nor what length and amount of service he had done the school. Had he been heard, of course he could not have proved more than that the latter had been immense and the former excessive. Even if he could have truly said all that, what then? The Bishop had predetermined to be moved by nothing he could say. No amount of merits, and no excuse, could be weighed against a little intemperate language. Now we see what caused his Lordship's long silence. It was a serene consciousness that the propriety of his course in confirming the Trustees' dismissal of MR. GRIGNON was self-evident. BISHOP CLAUGHTON is announced shortly to officiate in a more strictly episcopal confirmation. There can be no fear that this will be at all prejudiced by comparison with the other.

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DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

Wife (anxious about her Dinner-Party). "O, CHARLES! WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS PRECIOUS PET OF YOURS HAS BEEN DOING? HE'S EATEN THE TURKEY AND SAUSAGES!"

Husband (anxious about his "precious Pet's" digestion). "GOOD HEAVENS, MARIA! NOT RAW, I TRUST!"

DERELICT! OR CARDINAL POINTS CORRECTED.

"For the last 300 years—in fact, ever since the Reformation . . . . Oxford had sunk from being an authoritative teacher of God's truth to a collection of human schools wrangling over doubtful philosophy, while the open page of Holy Scripture, which Oxford still used as her armorial bearings, along with her sacred motto ('*Dominus Illuminatio Mea*') floated like a derelict on the waves of the ocean of strife."—CARDINAL MANNING *at the opening of the New Roman Catholic Church of St. Aloysius, at Oxford.*

BACK to the scenes which nursed his fervid youth,
To brand as false what then he preached as truth,
The neo-Cardinal comes. Those halls, those spires,
Those walls, once witness of the Martyrs' fires,
Memories of all he loved and all he taught,
In days when Oxford owned him, must have fought
Against Infallibility's new clutch,
If aught of tender self-distrust may touch
A dogma-branded breast. Now MANNING flouts
His ancient *Alma Mater!* Wicked doubts,
The brood of franchised thought, have wrecked her state,
Leaving her dubious, dark, degenerate,
The prey of creeds which wrangle and conflict—
Faith fled, and Truth itself a derelict!

And is it so? Is all indeed so dark,
Since Oxford cut adrift from Popedom's Ark?
More saintless, sageless lies she, or more low
Than thirty, or three hundred, years ago?
Nay, your Creed-Cosmos is a dream; thought's play
Shattered it then, and shatters it to-day,
And shall, till some more potent fiat come,
Than peals from yonder puzzled Priest at Rome.
How poor, how puerile, these priestly plaints
Against this fallen Nursery of Saints!
As though post-Reformation times were bare
Of noble names, whose record well might dare
Challenge the mediæval muster-roll
To free comparison. Science, when she stole
Tradition's rotten staff, left deathless Truth
With unswathed limbs, and still renascent youth,
Plumed for the race. It is not *we* who fight
Against the ever-brightening flood of light,
Which some—apt heirs of the old monkish whim
That deems all light religious which is dim—
Would darken and divert, nor trust to fall
Save through stained windows in a Church's wall.
Old Oxford's motto 's ours; but then we know
Through new and broadening channels light may flow
From the old source,—nor will we close our eyes
To all save Orthodoxy's scant supplies,
Filtered through Rome's discoloured glasses! Nay!
Love night who will, we dare confront the day!
Derelict? Well, we 've left the Papal Ark,
Finding it but a crank and leaky bark,
Yet Truth is still our lode-star, and all *life*
Is but a struggle with that sea of strife
Whose waves so fright you, but to us appear
Less dread than the dull calm you hold so dear.
Derelict? Have *you* nought abandoned, too?
Freedom, the fearless tracking of the true,
Humbly and trustingly, to God's own ends?
An early love, and all the charm it lends
To Age's memories? Now your later faith
You 'd set against your earlier, and would scathe
The tree which sheltered you because it bears
For fruit the outcome of your younger prayers.
Derelict? So we deem *your* faith to be,
Yet fain would wish you well, and leave you free
To anchor by that "rock" from which doth shine
The faint fixed light you doubtless deem divine.
We seek the dawn—that being *our* idea
Of "*Dominus Illuminatio Mea.*"

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"THROW HIM OVER!"

DERBY. "VERY SORRY, MY DEAR HUNT, TO DO ANYTHING DISAGREEABLE, BUT IF YOU *HAVE* SUCH A THING AS A *BOYTON DRESS* HANDY——"!

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PUNCH ON THE RINK!

PART II.—*The Abuse of Skating.*



THAT Skating on Wheels has its uses having been proved, *Mr. Punch* now turns his attention to the abuses inseparable with "Rinkular" (bran new adjective) locomotion. "Abuse of the Rink" can be heard in great perfection by listening to the talk of beginners, and the murmurs of the "engaged ones" who do *not* skate, but whose "futures" *do*. The Rink has its enemies like everything else in the world. At Brighton, for instance, where Skating on Wheels is practised in four different places, the foes of the Rink are the Aquarium and the New Pier. In London (when London *is* London, *i.e.*, during the Season), the hated rivals of the Rink are Lord's and the Row. But the Rink has its friends in the persons of managing Mammas and ubiquitous Surgeons. The first superintend the wounding of hardened hearts, and the last undertake the setting of broken arms. Flirtation thrives on the asphalte, the cement, and the wood, and many are the skaters who, while preserving their heads, have unconsciously lost their hearts. Nowadays, the education of that most wearisome of bores (in male society), the "ladies' man," is scarcely complete unless it includes amongst "the extras" a thorough knowledge of how to shout pretty things during the performance of the "outside edge." He may be able to sing "*Waiting to Die*," he may have mastered the difficulties of mewing like a cat, or barking like a dog, in obedience to the rules of some "innocent game;" nay, he may have even gone so far as to wear a scarf of many colours at a pic-nic, but unless he can skate upon wheels his popularity with the fair sex will be a thing of the past. Under these circumstances "ladies' men" can scarcely do better than practise spouting poetry on wheels. A drill-sergeant might be in attendance on these occasions to make suggestions. He might stand in a corner, and when necessary observe, "A little louder, if you please, Sir. You can't 'ear that there bit of TENNYSON at twenty yards' distance. A little louder, if *you* please." The allusion to the Poet Laureate naturally suggests the following lines, which may be considered very encouraging and useful to beginners:—

Early to tumble, early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, stealthy, and wise.

The health and the wisdom may possibly be open to argument, but there can be no doubt about the stealth. The tiger creeping towards the unconscious negro destined to serve ere long for an *al fresco* dinner, is not more cautious in his movements than the tyro who has put on his skates for the first time.

Before teaching the young idea how to skate, *Mr. Punch* begs to present the public with a few useful

RINK PROVERBS.

It is the early comer who gets the Rink all to himself.
A foot on the ground is worth two in the air.
Five minutes on the Rink is as good as enough.
Too many tumbles spoil the temper.
You may take a wise man to the Rink, but you cannot make him skate.
Idleness is the root of all rinking.
Look before you tumble.
Give a puppy a bad start, and upset him.
It is a wise skater who knows his own absurdity.

Having unbosomed himself of the above encouraging maxims, *Mr. Punch* takes the young beginner by the hand, or rather by the ear, and gives him his practical advice on the subject of Skating.

Lesson the First—The Toe and Heel Step.

Stand up, with the feet turned out in the First Position. Now walk away with the toes turned out, the heel of one foot placed almost touching the toe of the other. Now give a sort of slide, and over you go. First tumble.

This is an easy exercise, and should be well practised. When the young beginner has mastered the falls in slow time, he should attempt them in quick.

Lesson the Second—The Glide Step.

Stand up as before, with the feet turned out in the First Position. Now take your right foot, and rest with your whole weight upon it. Give a sort of push with your left leg, remove it from the ground smartly, and you will find yourself reclining on the asphalte before memory regains her hastily-deserted throne. Second tumble.

Lesson the Third—The Best Step.

Sit down, read *Mr. Punch*, take off your skates, and go home.

If these three Lessons are properly taken to heart, they will be found almost more than enough for the most reckless of young beginners.

And now as to falls.

It is easy enough to tumble (the merest child can manage it); but to tumble with grace is quite a different matter. While you go carefully you will never fall suddenly. Remember there will be always a premonitory scramble, and this scramble will ever be found amusing by those who take an interest in your eccentric evolutions. Remember this, and make your scramble as quaint and intricate as possible. Say that the scramble is over, and you are reclining on the ground. (By the way, you will soon find yourself quite at home on the ground.) And now is the time to improve your opportunity.

The Majestic Tumble should be adopted by statesmen, historians, and dignitaries of the Church. The tumbler, on reaching the ground, should strike an attitude as nearly resembling, as possible, some well-known statue. "*The Dying Gladiator*" will be found most effective. If the tumbler carries an umbrella, the upper portion of "*The Apollo Belvidere*" may often be realised with genuine success. Should the fall lack dignity the tumbler should at once assume the position of "*Ajax defying the Lightning.*"

The Mysterious Crawl should be the favourite exercise of Chancery barristers and sensation novelists. The crawler should wrap his cloak about him, and seem to be inspecting the ground, with a view to the discovery of a secret panel. If he notices that he is observed by those who do not skate, he should immediately draw a large wide-awake hat over his brow, and dissemble.

The Mirth-Moving Smash is a capital fall for Comic Men, Amusing Rattles, and other pleasant persons belonging to similar classes of society. All the smashed one has to do, is to imitate the antics of a Christmas clown. Should he say, "Here we are again!" he will greatly add to the effect of the tumble. If he acts in amateur theatricals (which it is to be hoped he does), he may exclaim, "O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" Should he manage to break his leg in the tumble, and thus lay himself up for a month, he will find, on his return to society, that the accident has become even more popular than the fall itself.

Before taking leave of the subject, *Mr. Punch*, in the interest of the public, would call attention to the existence of a couple of

RINK NUISANCES.

The Snob's Progress.—The Snob, after getting up his speed, suddenly backs, and moves blind-fold amongst a crowd of ladies and children. The result of this manœuvre is a general stampede. If the Snob is very quick he generally manages to knock over a couple of young ladies, and half a dozen tender little boys and girls, with results that often include broken arms and flattened noses.

The Fool's Slide.—The Fool bends his right leg until his head is within two feet of the ground. He then extends his left foot so that he appears to be a sort of natural "tea-pot." This vulgar inanity may be sometimes seen near the Addison Road.

And now, *Mr. Punch* having written what Skating on Wheels *is*, leaves it to his readers' imaginations to realise what Skating on Wheels *might be*. One is a pleasant dream—the other an existing nightmare. *Mr. Punch* refuses to say "which is which"—no, that, for obvious reasons, should be left to the decision of *Mr. Punch's* world-wide public, after they have tried the one and imagined the other.

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR HIM?

ADVERTISERS are not seldom prone to blowing their own trumpets, but the following is rather an exception to the rule:—

A BACHELOR, elderly and somewhat infirm, having a moderate acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages, and who is likewise expert with a weeding hoe, seeks a HOME and EMPLOYMENT. A bracing air and easy access to the services of the Church indispensable.—Address, &c.

A smattering of classics, and some little skill in hoeing, can hardly be regarded as extraordinary acquirements; and we therefore cannot wonder that the advertiser makes no claim for any salary, but contents himself with seeking for employment and a home. Perhaps he hopes to vary the monotony of hoeing by digging out Greek roots: but these could little help him in the matter of his maintenance, and he quite forgets to mention his necessity for food. However bracing it may be, he can hardly live on air; nor, except as mental nutriment, can he expect to get much food by frequently attending the service of the Church.

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LATEST FROM THE SHIRES.

Shorthorn. "YOU AIL FROM 'ARBORO', CAP'N, DOAN'T 'EE?"
Melton Exquisite. "NO; I ALE FROM BURTON, AND"—(*aside*)—"SHOULDN'T MIND A GLASS NOW!"

WHAT THE CARDINAL DID AT OXFORD.

HE averted his gaze from poor benighted Balliol, and dropped a little tract into the Master's letter-box.

He scowled at the Martyrs' Memorial.

He went into St. Mary's, and sighed and shook his head at the University pulpit.

He frowned when he saw *Manning's Sermons* in a bookseller's window.

He called on DR. PUSEY, but, unfortunately, an unavoidable engagement had obliged the Doctor to go out only a minute before.

He shuddered when he met two Heads of Houses in "the High," laughing and talking together, and seemingly careless of the doom awaiting them.

For old acquaintance sake he bought a pair of stockings at a celebrated hosier's, and was measured for a new hat at an eminent hatter's.

He listened once more to Great Tom, and mused on CARDINAL WOLSEY.

He met his old scout, and gave him a sovereign—and a word of warning when he found that he was still clinging to the poor worn-out Church of England.

He fairly broke down when he passed the Schools, and thought of the Thirty-Nine Articles.

He looked with a longing eye at Christ Church Cathedral—and indulged in a vision of the day when, the Constitution of England re-modelled, the Members of the Legislature converted, the Dissenters exterminated, the Press suppressed, the Middle Classes hoodwinked, public opinion stifled, and the Universities restored to the happy condition in which they were before the Reformation—he should "officiate pontifically" in that misappropriated edifice.

He grew melancholy when he met so many promising young men walking in the paths of fatal error; but brightened up when he thought of the time (date not yet positively fixed) when the new University in France would attract all the youth and intellect and culture of Christendom, and Oxford be deserted—its Colleges and Halls closed for want of students, its streets grass-grown, its public buildings in dilapidation, and its revenues applied to the maintenance of Jesuit seminaries.

MY BAKER'S MYSTERY.

OF late, on a dark evening, by my Baker's shop I passed.
A neighbouring gaslight through the gloom its radiance dimly cast.
On a high-laden cart it threw a faint and feeble light,
Wherein, as it stood waiting, the cartload glimmered white.

It was, for all unaided sight availed me to divine,
A lofty-towering pile of cubes, in substance crystalline,
Most like unto loaf-sugar blocks, or cakes of concrete snow,
Compressed, as in the balls which youths at one another throw.

What could it be? A horrid thought there flashed across my mind,
Of a certain earth with acid and alkali combined;
Astringent, deleterious drug, wherewith 'tis sometimes said
Bakers *have* been suspected of hocussing their bread!

I went a long and thoughtful walk; the cart, returned, I found
Had gone; a portion of its freight lay spilt upon the ground.
I scraped a sample of it up and carried home to see
If I, perchance, could ascertain what that white stuff might be.

Some grains of it upon the fire I tentatively threw.
The glowing coals gave up the thin familiar flame of blue.
'Twas common salt! O mind relieved! Now 'Evins be thanked therefore,—
Not alum, of which my Baker had been laying in a store.

Considering with how little salt a loaf of bread is made,
I joy to think my Baker needs must drive a roaring trade,
Since he so vast a magazine of salt requires to stow,
As I beheld him taking in to mingle with his dough.

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NICOTIANA.

Edith. "I'M ASTONISHED, ARTHUR, THAT YOU CAN SIT HERE THIS LOVELY AFTERNOON, DOING NOTHING BUT THAT HORRID SMOKING?"

Arthur. "IF YOU'D BEEN WORKING HARD ALL MORNING, YOU'D BE GLAD TO SIT QUIET, TOO."

Edith. "AND WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING, PRAY?"

Arthur. "WHY, I'VE BEEN WALKING ALL ROUND THE FIELDS, PICKING UP CROW'S FEATHERS TO CLEAN MY PIPE WITH!"

SONGS FOR THE NAVY.

THE acute faculties of *Mr. Punch* enable him, without going into the gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral, to detect even a whisper. It has been whispered that as a last resource, the Authorities of the Admiralty have determined to resuscitate the spirit which is generally supposed to have animated our seamen in the days of NELSON by circulating a choice collection of songs throughout the Navy. There being no DIBDIN among us, the productions of various authors, from SHAKSPEARE downwards, will be selected for the occasion, and will include,—

"*Full Fathom Five*," "*Down Among the Dead Men*," "*On Yonder Rock Reclining*," "*Come Unto these Yellow Sands*," "*Poor Jack*," "*How Little Do the Landsmen Know*," "*Down, Derry, Down*," "*Man the Life-Boat*," and many others of an equally lively character.

It is also proposed to alter some of our nursery rhymes for the education of our future sailors. As a specimen of what may be done in that way, *Mr. Punch* is enabled to publish the following:—

When we're built up, up, up!
Then we go down, down, down!
Sometimes stern first, sometimes forward,—
But soon we'll be round, round, round!

Enough has been said to give the reader some idea of the interesting scheme which is in contemplation, and to rouse the inventive faculties of those who would wish to aid in the great work. All *Mr. Punch* can suggest at present is that something might be made out of the "Last Lines" of poor THOMAS INGOLDSBY, altered to

"As I lay a synkynge, a synkynge, a synkynge!"

Uncommon Affection.

A MAN, seventy-four years old, who lived a lonely and penurious life in one of the meanest slums in Manchester, was found by the police the other day dead in his house. In a safe which they discovered on searching the premises, he had left behind him deeds and mortgage-bonds to the value of £12,000, besides £200 in gold. A journal announces these particulars in a paragraph headed with "Death of a Miser." It adds that "Death resulted from enlargement of the heart." Not exactly the sort of complaint one would imagine a miser to have been troubled with.

The Real Motto for Oxford.

(*By an Ancient Mariner.*)

"WATER, water, everywhere,
But not a drop to drink!"

THE PRINCE AND THE PIGS.

MR. PUNCH,

ZUR,—No doubt but what you be glad to hear as how the PRINCE OF WALES is enjoyun of his self pretty tolerable out there in Indiur. Arter all that are fuss and serramoney wi' the native Princes and Grandees a 've got to goo droo, 'tis raly needful vor un now and tan to ha a little amusemunt, and what could be better nor a spoort and passtime as ood zim vor the momunt like to teak un back whoam agen to countree life? Ut quite did my heart good, and yourn too, I dare zay, to rade the follern messidge by wire t'other day from Barwhoosda:—

"The PRINCE OF WALES and his party left Dutka at six o'clock this morning for pig-sticking."

Jest like what his Ryal Highnuss med a done at Sandrunham, where o' coorse a kips pigs, and, when there's a lot on um fit for killun, is customed to git up early of a marnun to goo and zee um stuck; and what moor sootable recreeaaishun fur a countree gentulmun? An oppurtoonaty o' gwiun a pig-stickun out in Indiur must ha ben just the thing vor un; and, by what follers, you can zee how a enters into the sperrit on't, so much so as at times for to take a hand in't his own self:—

"The Prince finally killed one pig."

No doubt to show them there native Rulers and chaps the right way o' dooun on't. Talk o' pig-stickun, I'm bound to zay he show'd his self that handy he meead zome on 'um stare like stuck pigs theirselves to zee un. Ut sims a didn't kill no moor nor one pig. Jest one or two fur practus, once in the way or so, I take ut, 's enuff to kip his hand in; and the PRINCE o' WALES, like all the rest on us, 'cept the regular pig-butchers, dwoant kill a pig every day.

Wi' that observaashun to conclude, I be, Zur,

Your obajunt Sarvunt,

Chook, Bacon Hill, Styford, Nov., 1875. CHIDDLUNS.

Premature.

"The term 'Attorney' is now abolished."

No more Attorneys? What good news!
All fears of law it banishes.
Alas! too bright these roseate views—
'Tis but the name that vanishes!

Biter not Bit.

THE late MR. MORSE, the celebrated humorist, was greatly addicted to saying disagreeable things. Yearly, at the regular season, he used to go and stay at the sea-side. Even there he never feared to sleep in a lodging-house. He was so intensely bitter that the fleas would never bite him.

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FOX-HUNTING AND FALLS.



HAIR: "Success to Fox-Hunting!" This toast, given by VISCOUNT HARDINGE, at the annual dinner of the West Kent Fox-Hunters, the other day, at Penshurst, was drunk, of course, with acclamation. But could not Fox-Hunting possibly be too successful? In India, Tiger-Hunters might drink "Success to Tiger-Hunting!"—which, as generally understood, would imply the extermination of tigers, and, consequently, an end of hunting them. Who, except very utilitarian but short-sighted farmers, are they that would wish Fox-Hunting to succeed so?

In a Fox-Hunter's sense, "Success to Fox-Hunting" means, on the contrary, no end of Fox-Hunting, and, therefore, perpetuity to the breed of Foxes. In prefacing that toast, proposed in that point of view, with an appropriate speech, the noble Viscount said:—

"He had ventured to touch lightly on the accidents of Fox-Hunting, and he would allude as lightly to the drawbacks. There were drawbacks to every sport. There were such things as broken fences, and, unfortunately, the foxes ate pheasants, and they ate chickens, too. But, as he had said before, all the difficulties could be overcome by a spirit of good will and conciliation."

Doubtless; all the difficulties about the poultry and game devoured, and the fences broken. But how to get over the difficulty of other breakage—that of broken bones? For, though even this drawback to Fox-Hunting can to a large extent be surmounted by surgery, it is occasionally insuperable. Now and then Fox-Hunting results in a broken neck, which no science can set. The only wonder is that this difficulty does not happen more often. The infrequency of serious accidents in the hunting-field happening to be mentioned to a late eminent Surgeon, he, with dreadful disrespect for a noble sport, accounted for it by quoting the adage that, "Providence takes care of drunken men and fools." Where can that irreverent Surgeon have gone to?

MUSIC AND ITS MURDERERS.

THERE are some people in the world who seem never to shrink from annoying other people. They take the wrong side of the pavement when they walk along the streets, and either push you off it, or elbow you aside. They swing their walking-sticks about, so as to hit you in the eye if you happen to be near them; or they tread upon your heels by coming suddenly behind you, and with the point of their umbrellas, couched like lances at a tournament, they prod you in the back. Such people take delight in coming last into a theatre, and treading on your toes while stalking to their stalls. Such persons are especially a nuisance in a concert-room, which they are pretty sure to enter with abundant noise and bustle after the commencement, and to leave with the like tumult in the midst of the last piece.

To persons such as these does MR. ARTHUR CHAPPELL make a sensible appeal, beseeching them to cease from worrying the audience, as well as the performers, at the Monday Popular Concerts, where so charming is the music that there is no excuse for spoiling it by noise. Says MR. CHAPPELL on the matter:—

"The inconvenience is not merely felt by earnest listeners, but by the Artists themselves, who have to begin the concert and also to bring it to a conclusion, and whose attention is inevitably distracted."

The person who disturbs a concert-room in this way is one whom it were flattery to call a selfish snob. Better far that he or she should stay at home, and go to sleep over the newspapers, than come to worry people by unmannerly intrusion, and disturbance of their pleasure. Though secular in general, the music at the Monday Concerts may be looked upon as sacred to the cause of Art. It should be listened to with reverence, and not interrupted wantonly. The works of MENDELSSOHN and BEETHOVEN are works of inspiration; and such of them as may not be adapted for a Church, should not be spoilt by brawling, when given by a CHAPPELL.

PUNCH'S NAVAL SIGNAL CODE.

(For the Use of Iron-clads.)

Distinguishing Pennant.	*Number.*	*Signal.*
Red	27,423	Great fun.
,,	2	Immense joke.
,,	4	We are sinking.
,,	578	Got no ammunition on board.
,,	1	The Captain is asleep.
,,	17,865	First Lieutenant is playing on the piano.
,,	4,809	First Lieutenant just taken G sharp.
,,	43	The Second Lieutenant is smoking in the empty powder-magazine.
,,	783	The Midshipmen are skating on wheels on the Quarter-deck.
,,	18,405	The Navigating Lieutenant is reading a novel.
,,	4	The Crew have just heard that we are sinking.
White	1	The Crew are putting on their new clothes to sink in.
,,	3	The Captain is waking up.
,,	49,076	The Captain is awake.
,,	2	We have carried away three anchors.
Blue	1	The pumps won't work.
,,	2	We are getting into the boats.
,,	74,899	We are trying to save the ship.
,,	3	All the water-tight compartments are open.
,,	4,609	We shall have time to dine comfortably before the ship goes down.
,,	99,999	We are returning from the boats.
,,	88,743	We are trying to plug up a hole in the side of the vessel.
,,	4	We are resigned to our fate.
,,	2	We shall not have any amateur theatricals to-night in consequence of the disaster.
Black	4	This sinking is putting out all our arrangements.
,,	7	The Captain is much annoyed.
,,	8	So is the First Lieutenant.
,,	9	So is the Navigating Lieutenant.
,,	25	So are the Sub-Lieutenants and Naval Cadets.
,,	49,760	We are in deep water.
,,	99,876	The engines are at work.
,,	3	Fires in the engine-room gone out.
,,	1	Can you help us?
,,	5	We are leaving the ship.
,,	10	Order dinner for us on shore.
Green	1	The ship has sunk.

The Judicature Acts.

MESSRS. BUTTERWELL have sent for our revision the proof sheets of a work on these Acts by MR. J. C. DAY, Q.C., and MR. A. G. MARTEN, Q.C. The learned editors indulge in so many adverse criticisms on the Act, that we would suggest, as a title for their treatise, "*Day and Marten's Blacking.*"

A PRETTY PASS.

MR. PUNCH'S cook has actually declined to clean the steps during Christmas week, on the ground that she will be too much absorbed in "the affairs of Turkey"!

TO A HOST OF CORRESPONDENTS.

YOU are all wrong. The KHEDIVE'S act in selling to England his shares in the Canal is one of self-preservation—in fact the reverse of Suez-cidal.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BRITONS AND TURKS.—The one pays his debts like a man, the other like a Not-a-man!

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"'TIS AN ILL WIND BLOWS NOBODY GOOD."

First Sweeper. "I SAY, BILL, I CALLS THIS SOMETHINK LIKE WEATHER?" *Second Sweeper.* "BEAUTIFUL!"

SEASONABLE APPEALS.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

A LETER wun Day larst Weak apear'd in the *times*, hunder 'eadin' of "South London Poor." Close beneath it stood anuther edded "Pauperism in Southampton." This here waluable Contribution was sined by "An Inhabitant" of that Town; the t'uther, a ignorant efusion, by 3 Members of the "South London Visiting and Relief Committee," includin' the Rewral Dene of Southerk. Leter 1 contaned a abeerd "appeal to the benevolent for assistance," meanin harms for the Pore. Leter 2 was a Statement and Complaynt that over Releef of the Pore 'ad encuridged Porperism. The former inwited Hasses to open their Pusses, the latter warned 'em for to buton upp their Pockitts.

Acordin' to "An Inhabitant" of Southampton the Number of Porpers in that unfortnit Town "annually increases, and now amounts to over one-fifth of the population." He hadds:—

"Indeed there is but one Union under 60,000 inhabitants that spends so much money as Southampton on the relief of the poor."

The emount thus annivally and orfully wasted at Southampton is no Less, Sir, than £23,000! The "Inhabitant" of Southampton is werry natterally Asham'd of 'is Naybors for so Grossly Misapplyin all that Munny. But that ain't all their Rewinus Extravigance wot increases the Growth of Porperism:—

"This growth is assisted by the unorganised and indiscriminate charity which is laviahly squandered in the town. For example, last year 14,435 of its 50,000 inhabitants received gratuitous medical relief, or one to 3½ of its inhabitants."

So, you see, Sir, it 's not honly Porochial proddigallaty but likewise Privat at Southampton wot Encuridges the Brede of them wishus Porpers. Wot sez Porochial Heconomy—witch I 'm told a irreverend Riter, as ort to No Beter, calls the "Dismal Science"? Leave the Pore aloan, let 'em die orf, and their Sufferins be an exampel to all others, to larn and labor and Wurk as hard as hever they possibel can to kep Sole and Body together and put by enuff Munny to save theirselves in Old Age from dyin of starvation. On the contrairy, at Southampton there 's Private "charity" besides the Workus, and the Workus heven made Comfortable, witch ortent to be the case for Nobody but the Master and Matron, includin', in corse, the Beedle.

'Tis like Clergymen and Rewral Denes to make Benevolent Apeals. They don't Kno no Better. Feed the ungry and Cloath the Nakid, and visit the Sick, fizzically—that 's their Noshon of Charity, and So, in Wether like the Late their Cry is still Coles and Blankits and Soop Kitchins for the Pore. Ar! They takes words in the Litteral Sense witch Porochial Heconomy teeches is True in jest the Rewerse. Talk of "DIVES and LAZARUS"! Where the Former was Rong was in alowin the Latter any Crums at All. He ortn't to ave let 'im 'ave none. Then he 'd have made 'im move on and Not lay and die at 'is Dore. That 's my Moral of it, *Mr. Punch*; insted of witch not honly in Southampton, but also the Metropolis where Porochial Principles ort abuv all Places to prewale, no dout but wot this Winter besides the Reglar Pore Rates, there 'll be all sorts of Subscriptions, specially in sewere cold, to porwide Close, Beddin, Food, and Fewel for the Pore, and Likewise praps, heven Gratewitchus Meddical Atendance abuv all things, to keep 'em from perishin, and in that way adishonally elp increase the Growth of Porperism by 'inderin' of it from diminshin' thru the beneficient hoperation of the Nateral Lors. Despiseable wekeness! Far different is the Enlarg'd Ideers of Inlighten'd Charrity as hunderstood by hall sound and True Porochial Heconomists, and witch is clearly the Vues of an "Inhabitant" of Southampton. I 'm proud to say also them is the Sentiments of

Your Dewoted Beadel,

BUMBLE.

To whom it may Concern.

A PLAINTIFF, in a case in the LORD MAYOR'S Court the other day, described himself as "the Inventor of White Hair." *Mr. Punch* having always entertained the idea that an old gentleman named TIME had something to do with the invention, begs to draw attention to what looks very like an infringement of patent.

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SIGNS OF A SEVERE WINTER.



AR from pretending to the gift of weather prophecy himself, *Mr. Punch* may frankly state that he feels there is no weather profit at all in the present reign of slush, slop, sleet, snow-water, and general discomfort. He began collecting weather-symptoms the other day; but stopped after gathering the fore—and back—casts following:—

A snowball in his neck, hurled thither by a small boy.

A violent sore throat, and protracted fits of sneezing without the stimulant of a snuff-box.

Chilblains and chapped hands, despite the warmest gloves to cover them.

Beard frozen to moustache, so that he scarce can get his mouth open to hail a passing Hansom.

Blue lips and a red nose, together quite destructive to his beauty.

A sudden slip on a street slide, which, if it does not fracture his skull or his leg, sends his heart into his mouth, and his hat upon the pavement.

Attacks upon his knocker by an army of belligerents, who besiege his dwelling daily with shouts of "'Ave your door swep'?"

Attacks—if not a tax—upon his pocket by all manner of petitioners, from sham sailors frozen out to starters of soup-kitchens.

A horribly bad cold, which utterly destroys his taste for a cigar; and a biggish doctor's bill which follows on the general influenza of his family.

SOMETHING LIKE A GRIEVANCE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I TURN to you in a time of trouble, as I know that nothing will induce you to betray my confidence by making this communication public.

I arrived at my house unexpectedly this morning from the country, where I had been on business. I was tired and cold, and determined not to go to my office, but to enjoy my Penates in Veneering Square. If ever a man yearned for the bosom of his family, I was that man.

On my arrival I was somewhat surprised to see the cook at the area-gate conversing with two rather suspicious-looking men; and I just caught sight of the housemaid in rapid retreat, she having observed me. I let myself in with my latch-key, intending to mention the matter to my wife, or one of my daughters. I looked into the dining-room. The fire was out, and there was a general air of untidiness and discomfort. In the breakfast-room I found the page-boy taking a hasty snack from a particularly choice game pie, the breakfast-things not having been removed. I learned from this functionary that no one was at home. My eldest daughter had gone to the skating-rink, my second daughter had gone out to lunch, but I could glean no other facts from my male domestic.

I subsequently found my youngest daughter, who should have been "practising," promenading the square with a moustached young gentleman, the honour of whose acquaintance I do not enjoy. With, I hope, becoming modesty, I took the liberty of asking my daughter where her Mamma might happen to be. Her reply stunned me, *Mr. Punch*, absolutely stunned me! "Why—didn't JANE tell you? She's gone with that *dear* LADY SHOCKERLY to hear that most interesting murder case at the Old Bailey!!"

I staggered into my solitary abode, and actually was obliged to take four glasses of sherry before I could sit down and write this. What can I do? Yours in all wretchedness,

PATERFAMILIAS.

Dec. 1, 1875.

P.S.—Five P.M. The late Wife of my bosom has just returned, and says she has had "*a most charming day.*"

Horrible!

YOU MUST NOT SPEAK TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

A new Sea Song, by the Ghost of CHARLES DIBDIN.

(*Respectfully Dedicated to the First Lord of the Admiralty.*)

ENGLAND is proud of her Iron-clad Fleet,
That all the rest of the world can beat·
Of each mighty monster of the deep,
That at half-a-million is dirt-cheap,
In whose guns the old Vikings' lord of thunder
Wakes again to strike foes with wonder.
The Fleet that will make all navies reel,
If you never Speak to the Man at the Wheel.

What if an Iron-clad sink its twin?
'Tis just that way that fights begin.
Whitehall is pleased that it ended so·
The enemy now our power will know.
What if after, the iron monster tried,
In remorse perchance, a suicide?
It failed, and intelligent folk must feel
'Tis wrong to Speak to the Man at the Wheel.

Another monster starts on her trip
By running into a timber-ship.
'Twas "Shiver my timbers!" once, my mates;
This time it came to "Shiver my plates!"
Well, neither sank, and if, by-and-by,
Some of us would fain know the reason why,
A delicate scruple we seem to feel,
Since you mustn't Speak to the Man at the Wheel.

On the *Iron Duke* an "investigation
Strictly private," must please the nation:
England, of course, don't care to know
Why to DAVY JONES her Iron-clads go;
So an Admiral and Captains three
A confidential Court will be:
And their verdict will that axiom seal—
You mustn't Speak to the Man at the Wheel.

For the sweet little Cherub that sits up aloft—
If Cherubs e'er swear, he must do it oft—
Poor JACK should pray for a smart engineer,
And a kettle of steam that will swim and steer.
Once a sink, or a smash, or a sudden capsize
Would have made old salts make free with their eyes;
But now civility outdoes zeal,
And we never swear at the Man at the Wheel.

Now is there nobody knows what's what?
Have we a Navy or have we not?
Have the men who invent, and the men who contract,
Grown all of them bunglers, in point of fact?
Are we land-lubbers all, who contrive to catch
For the head of our Navy the worst of the batch?
Put a Seaman there with the duffers to deal—
Then you may talk to the Man at the Wheel.

Respice Finem.

(*By a Crusty Critic.*)

MR. DISRAELI is credited by all parties with a fine stroke of policy in his purchase of the KHÉDIVE's Suez Canal Shares for £4,000,000. Wait a while. The Continental Press generally speaks well of it. Nevertheless, it *may* possibly turn out an advantage for England. We shall see.

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"MARCH OF REFINEMENT," 1875.

Brown (behind the Age, but hungry). "GIVE ME THE BILL OF FARE, WAITER."
Head Waiter. "BEG PARDON, SIR?" *Brown.* "THE BILL OF FARE."
Head Waiter. "THE WHAT, SIR? O!—AH!—YES!"—*(to Subordinate)*—"CHARLES, BRING THIS—THIS—A—GEN'LEMAN—THE *MENOO!!*"

THE CANNIBAL SNAKE.

"A SNAKE-EATING SNAKE.—Difficulties have arisen in feeding the large Indian Hamadryad (*Ophiophagus elaps*) in the Zoological Society's Gardens, in consequence of his refusal of all other food except living snakes, which in the winter time it is not easy to procure in this country. A supply, however, has been received from the Continent, and the *Ophiophagus* has just made a fresh meal. The monster is now engaged in digesting the sixty-second of his 'weaker brethren' that he has devoured since his arrival in this country in March last."

So snake eats snake! There is no mistake:
The epicure pines if he can't get snake;
His fast on aught else declines to break—
This *Elaps ophiophagus*
Dinnerless let such a time elapse
That his keepers thought he might die perhaps,
So all Europe o'er they for snakes set traps,
To save him from his sarcophagus.

"Beautiful women born to deceive,
Blooming to fascinate, cruel to grieve,
Daughters are of the Serpent of Eve"—
So says an old Welsh Triad.
But O, ophiologists, tell us why
You have stolen a star from poesy's sky,
And called this creature, slimy and sly,
By the name of the Hamadryad?

The nymph that was born and died with an oak—
(Divine Greek fantasy!) is it a joke
When into her happy place you poke
An adder-eating adder?
Spirit she was of the Tree of Zeus;
And to see of her lovely name such use
Makes one wish ophiologists all at the deuce—
Though snakes would be none the sadder.

Elaps ophiophagus! though a snake!
Your conduct sympathy ought to awake
In the breast of man, who shrinks not to take
The blood or the cash of his brother.
You 'll be the fashion, I venture to swear:
So when round you crowd the Bull and the Bear,
With their jewelled wives and daughters fair,
You may fairly hiss out, "You 're another!"

ENTIRE ABOLITION OF BETTING-HOUSES.—A change for the Better

FASHIONABLE STREET-SWEEPERS.

LADIES, pay attention, if you please, to an important piece of news. We quote it from a letter by a fashionable writer on the Paris winter fashions:—

"Dark green and grey, with check patterns, are the favourite shades for dresses. These are worn both in and out of doors much longer than last year; the skirt, flat in front, grazes the ground at the sides, and runs off in a long narrow peak, trailing a full yard on the ground."

Crossing-sweepers are but seldom to be seen in Paris, but while the present fashion lasts their presence is not needed. Their work will be, no doubt, efficiently performed by Ladies with their pretty dresses trailing on the ground a yard or so behind them. Dark green and grey, being rather sombre colours, are quite fit for winter wear; but, considering the state to which long skirts must speedily be brought by draggling in the dirt, we should have recommended mud-colour, as being still more suitable. Check patterns are clearly *à propos*, in our opinion. It must be rather costly work to let your wife's dress play the part of the besom of a crossing-sweeper; and her costume may fitly show the figure of the cheque which you have paid for it.

A FARTHING'S WORTH OF FEELINGS.

IN the Queen's Bench division of the Supreme Court of Judicature the other day, a MISS FRANCES SHIRREFF sued a MR. CRYSTAL for breach of promise of marriage. MR. CRYSTAL, according to law report, "is an old gentleman with some private means." MISS SHIRREFF "is a dressmaker. Her father said he believed she was more than forty years old, but he did not know how much more." They had quarrelled over the purchase of a table, for which the plaintiff wanted to give what the defendant thought too much; whereupon, it was stated, she had called him "a stingy old Scotchman"; but this she denied. Defendant, on his part, denied that he had ever promised to marry plaintiff. That, of course, no British Jury could be expected to believe. This one returned a verdict for the plaintiff, but a verdict—in a typical case of crushed affections, lacerated feelings, and blighted hopes, will it be credited?—of "Damages one farthing." The Jury, moreover, that awarded to a confiding girl this uncommonly moderate compensation for a broken heart, was a Common Jury; presumably composed of shopkeepers, husbands, and fathers. Is a verdict so contrary to all precedent, but so nearly in accordance with common-sense as that given by them in a breach of promise of marriage case, one of the first fruits of the fusion of Law with Equity?

OUR OWN BOOK LIST.

TALES of Lillie Bridge. By the Author of *The Story of Marco Polo.*

How to Shake Hands. By the Author of *Social Pressure.*

Music and Morals. An Essay on Dancing Licences. By the DUKE OF ARGYLL (Rooms).

The Elephant and Castle. A Tale of India. By Our Special Correspondent with H.R.H.

Feet Rinker. By the Author of *Hans Bunker, or the Silver Skates.*

Our Great Reformers. By the Author of a Treatise on the Principles and Practice of Levelling.

With Organ and Five Shillings. By the Author of *With Harp and Crown.*

None of your Sauce! A Novelette. By the Author of *Memorials of Harvey.*

Badminton! A Poem. By the MARQUIS OF LAWN-TENNISON.

Blackballed at the Stock Exchange. By the Author of *The Pillars of the House.*

Butts and Chimneys. By the Author of *Casque and Cowl.*

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SUGGESTED ILLUSTRATION

FOR "DR. DARWIN'S MOVEMENTS AND HABITS OF CLIMBING PLANTS."

(See Murray's List of Forthcoming Works.)

*** We had no notion the Doctor would have been so ready to avow his connection with his quadrumanous ancestors—the tree-climbing Anthropoids—as the title of his work seems to imply.

PUNCH AT THE CATTLE-SHOW.

(Another Chapter from the "Progress.")

THE early days of December had come, the time for Annuals and extra numbers was at hand, and Christmas, with its traditions of holly, mistletoe, bills, and empty chairs, loomed in the future. *Punch* sat in his study, pondering over a paper. As his eagle eye rested on column after column of crimes and disasters, he sighed. Turning, impatiently, from the news, he perused the advertisements, and found that London was living in the week of the Cattle-Show. He paused in his reading, and memory carried him back to the days when the unhappy "exhibits" were stalled in Baker Street, where the Chamber of Horrors up-stairs found a faint reflection on the ground-floor. *Punch* thought, "It is better now. The Agricultural Hall is large and airy. The beasts are to be congratulated on their change of quarters."

"Are you going this year, Master?" asked *Toby*.

"Are you?" was the questioning reply.

"Certainly not," said the Wisest of Dogs, with decision. "Sheep may amuse collies with nothing better to do, and oxen may please those thick-headed individuals, the bull-dogs, but as for myself I hate Shows."

"You go to the Dog-Show at the Crystal Palace," said *Punch*.

"Only out of duty, my dear Master," replied *Toby*. "You see the Heads of the Profession are there, and it would never do for me to absent myself. It would be sure to be remarked, and dogs (especially those foreign creatures, the Maltese) are so spiteful. Now confess—were there a Show of Men, would you not attend it?"

"No. I hate Reviews. I carefully avoid Aldershott and the Curragh. I never go to Reviews."

"I said a Show of *Men*—not an Exhibition of *Boys*." And *Toby* was silent.

Punch sat in his arm-chair, and listened to the singing of the kettle. He murmured to himself, "An Exhibition of Men!" and closed his eyes. When he opened them again, the study was brilliantly illuminated. He could not account for this sudden increase in the lighting of his cozy little room. The gas was burning as dimly as ever, and the fire was red and flameless.

"How do you do, *Mr. Punch*?"

Punch started, and then became conscious of a very Bright Personage indeed. This Bright Personage seemed to take to *Punch* at once.

"I belong to a very large family, Sir," said the Bright Personage. "Hundreds and thousands of my brothers have been introduced to the Public by you, *Mr. Punch*."

"Indeed! And who may you be?"

"My father's name is Imagination, and I am called The Idea. You were thinking that, instead of visiting the Cattle Show, you would like to see something of the sort of greater novelty. Now I can help you."

"You! The Idea!" exclaimed *Punch*, contemptuously.

"Wait until you have seen my power," said the Bright Personage. "Follow me, and you will find that you have already left your study."

And the Bright Personage was right. *Punch* had certainly followed The Idea far away from home. He was standing in the Agricultural Hall.

"Now come with me!" Again following The Idea, *Punch* found himself near a number of strange-looking men. Two were fighting furiously as he came up to them. They paused for a moment in their combat as *Punch* approached, and then he found that their blows were made of hard words and little else besides.

"What are you quarrelling about?" asked *Punch*.

"Quarrelling, is it?" cried one of them. "And it is quarrelling that we are! Come now, I like that."

"What are you doing, then?"

"Why can't you see? Are we not an elegant band of united brothers a-honouring the greatest peace-maker of the age—the Liberator, DAN O'CONNELL?" And the fight was resumed.

"Band of brothers!" exclaimed *Punch*. "Why you don't seem to be agreed upon any one point."

"It's wrong ye are!" they shouted together. "We agree about Home Rule!" And the combat was conducted with increased fury.

"And who are these strange animals?" asked *Punch* of his guide.

"Bulls from Ireland."

"The Idea!" murmured *Punch*, who now found himself before another pen.

He was now in the presence of a number of Ladies. The first who attracted his attention was dressed in the most gorgeous garments. Her attire was made up of velvet, satin, and fur. She wore magnificent jewellery; evidently no expense had been spared to make her costume attractive.

"May I ask who you are, Madam?" said *Punch*, with his habitual politeness.

"Certainly. I am the COUNTESS OF SCATTERCASH."

"I congratulate your Ladyship upon your charming appearance."

"O, don't speak of it, my dear *Mr. Punch*," said the Countess, hastily. "The fact is, the Earl's estates are dreadfully mortgaged, and the bills of my dressmakers are a fearfully sore point with him. But you see I must follow the lead of my dear friend the Duchess."

And then *Punch* noticed that all the other Ladies were dressed in exactly the same fashion. One was the wife of a hard-working professional man; another, "the lady" of a tradesman living beyond his means; a third, the daughter of a retired Major existing on half-pay. To these persons *Punch* put but one question, "Why do you dress like this?" and the answer he received was, "Because we are pleased to be like the COUNTESS OF SCATTERCASH; and because we *will* be like her Ladyship until the names of our respective husbands or fathers appear in the list of bankrupts!"

"And who are these strange creatures who follow one another so closely and so foolishly?" asked *Punch*.

"Sheep from England."

"The Idea!"

And now *Punch* was standing before a group of Men with greedy eyes and cruel mouths. Their foreheads receded, and there was an air of stupidity about them which was particularly unpleasant and irritating. They were speaking in French, and seemed to be in a very angry mood.

"What is the matter?" asked *Punch*, using the Gallic tongue with the purest accent.

"Look here, Sir!" they shouted together. "We are simple-minded peasants. We cheat one another all the year round. We are accustomed to do it. A Parisian comes to live in our midst, and we cheat him. He objects, and we try to kill him, and he objects once more! Did you ever hear the like before? O how aggrieved we are!"

"Who are these amiable persons?" said *Punch*.

"Untamed donkeys from France!"

"The Idea!"

And now *Punch* was standing before a hulking scoundrel, with the most repulsive of countenances imaginable. On this scoundrel's feet were heavy boots, and in this scoundrel's hand was a bludgeon.

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DELIGHTFUL ESCORT.

Small Boy. "NOW, THEN, MUM, GIVE US YER HAND, AND WE'LL SLIDE YER DOWN EASY, AND YON CHAPS 'LL STOP US!"

LES PAUVRES DE PARIS.

THE Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* tells us that "the other day PRINCESS DOLGOUROUKY wore a pelisse made entirely of ermine studded all over with diamonds set in turquoises;" also that "the cloaks to be seen on the fair shoulders of the PRINCESSE DE SAGAN, MADAME DE TALLEYRAND, and MADAME DE ROTHSCHILD represent each, in fur alone, a value of £4000 sterling." This is going too fur with a vengeance! Somebody ought to interfere, and take up the subject, as this is evidently a "great Pelisse case." Seriously, aren't there any poor in Paris? Isn't it going to be a hard winter? and, instead of four thousand covering the value of one of these cloaks, wouldn't one of these cloaks cover the freezing misery of four thousand, and, in the end, considerably enrich the wearer? The Parisian unscriptural motto seems to be, just now, "*Fiat Luxe.*"

A Reformed Character.

REMEMBER, remember,
Be just to November,
Now ended and vanished away:
By Magog and Gog,
Was there ever a fog,
Save that on my Lord Mayor's Day?

A NEW READING OF MR. IRVING'S IN *MACBETH*. — "Throw *Physique* to the dogs!"

"Why do you wear such monstrous boots, and why do you carry so terrible a bludgeon?"

The scoundrel grinned a hideous grin, and answered, "Just to keep my Missus 'n order with, Guv'nor."

"And what animal is this?" asked *Punch*.

"The animals repudiate him."

"Well, then, what is he called?"

"He is *called*—a Man!"

* * * * *

"You have been making such a noise in your sleep, Master," said *Toby*.

"So would you, if you had seen the Man-Show," replied *Punch*, rubbing his eyes, and recovering from his slumber.

"The Man-Show! Why, what is it like?"

"I will tell you," answered *Punch*, now quite wide awake. "It is twice as instructive, but not half so amusing, as the Cattle-Show in Islington!"

THE SENSIBLE GHOSTS.

A Story for Christmas.

I HAD been sitting before the fire reading. In my hand had been a small red book—bound in leather. For hours the walls of the old oak dining-room had echoed and re-echoed with my roars of heartfelt laughter.

O it was a good book. A clever one. Full of quaint stories and brim-full of excellent pictures. It conveyed information too most useful to professional men. I was a professional man myself, and I had found it useful—very useful.

And I had read this excellent book twice from beginning to end. The fire was going out, and the candles were burning low in their sockets. I got up to go to bed. As I rose from my chair the clock struck twelve. The clock of the village church hard-by. I could not account for it, but the tones of the old church clock filled me with a sort of strange alarm—a feeling of vague mistrust. Why was it?

I rose to go, I repeat, when facing me I found a Shadowy Figure! There was no doubt about it. My blood froze in my veins, the hairs of my head stood on end. I was in the presence of a Ghost!

The Shadowy Figure glided across the floor towards the table. O that I could forget that moment of intense dread! Even now my cheek blanches, and my hand trembles as I write of it! It was too terrible! too awfully terrible!

I could not speak, I could not move. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and my arms hung listlessly beside me. And as I gazed at the Shadowy Figure the candles in the sockets began to burn a faint blue. O that I could forget! O that I could forget!

And even as I looked at the first Shadowy Figure the door opened, and a second Ghost entered the room, and my brain reeled, and I felt old before my time.

"Have you got it?" The voice sounded *so* sepulchral. It was the second Ghost who was speaking.

"Not yet!" was the terrible blood-freezing reply.

I summoned up all my courage. I am generally considered a brave man, and I nerved myself for the task, the terrible task before me.

"What do you want here?" My voice sounded so strange that I scarcely recognised it. It seemed to be the voice of a horror-stricken lunatic.

"We must have it!" shrieked the first Ghost. "We cannot rest without it! It is our only solace! It consoles us all the year round! We read it together, and forget (so entranced are we in its glorious pages) to roam about the castles we were appointed originally to haunt. For your own sake give it to us, and you shall not see us again until next year."

"Take it from him by force!" shouted the second Ghost. "Tell him that we *will* have it!"

The beads of perspiration gathered thickly on my brow. I trembled in every limb.

"What do you want, Gentlemen?"

"*Mr. Punch's Pocket Book for* 1876."

When I recovered from my swoon the apparitions and the red leather-covered book were gone!!!

Proverbial Philosophy.

OUR quaint old proverbs are continually receiving illustration from modern doings and sayings. For example. The Town Council of Maidenhead (charming retreat! inseparably associated with the memory of delightful dinners) have been specially entertaining a proposition to the effect "that the Mayor do receive a salary of £250 a-year." Now, can any one doubt that those who advocated this munificent proposal were influenced by the recollection of the sterling adage which instructs us that "Money makes the *Mayor* to go"?

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GENEROUS SELF-DENIAL.

Hostess. "YOU ARE NOT DANCING, MRS. MIRABEL! I SUPPOSE YOU'VE GIVEN UP SUCH A FRIVOLOUS AMUSEMENT!"

Mrs. Mirabel (stout Lady of considerable personal attractions). "O DEAR, NO! BUT—A—YOUNG MEN ARE SCARCE, AND I DON'T THINK IT'S QUITE FAIR TO THE GIRLS, YOU KNOW!"

WHAT THEY (AND WE) SAY ABOUT IT.

In France.—That it is worthy of England the perfidious.

That England is accustomed to the changing of coats.

That the French Government has neglected to do its duty.

That an angry note should have been sent from Paris to the Court of St. James.

That if this had been done England would have trembled, and the transaction would have been repudiated.

That a further proof has just been given that England is merely a nation of shop-keepers.

That all Englishmen are cowards.

That all Frenchmen are heros.

That in spite of everything, the incident only increases the glory of France.

In Germany.—That England may (with the kind consent of the EMPEROR OF GERMANY), do what she pleases in this matter.

That Germany, on account of the relationship existing between the two peoples, will not interfere.

That Germany acknowledges the judicious good feeling displayed by England in disappointing the wishes of that ex-grand nation—the French.

That Germany congratulates England upon having gained the consent of PRINCE VON BISMARCK to the completion of the arrangement.

In Austria.—That England, as an Asiatic power, of second-rate importance, may do what she likes with Egypt.

That Austria is, of course, far too great a country to concern herself with the petty bargains of a nation of cheese-selling islanders.

That England need fear no Austrian invasion at present.

That Englishmen should be delighted to hear this piece of good news.

In Russia.—That England in this emergency has done wisely in at last obeying the directions of the late EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

That the transaction is worthy of the Stock Exchange, and is consequently characteristic of the British Nation.

That, perhaps, under all the circumstances of the case, Russia will defer the annexation of India until next year.

That England should be very thankful to Russia for this display of friendly moderation.

In England.—That Englishmen are not afraid of Frenchmen, Prussians, Austrians, or Russians.

That people living outside the British Empire may say and think what they please.

That the purchase of the interest in the Suez Canal was carried out without the advice, much less the consent, of any foreigner.

That England, if she requires full, free, and unconfined control of the Canal for her own imperial purposes, has no wish or intention to exclude any other nation from the same advantages.

That England, having got a hold on the Suez Canal, and paid for it, knows how to keep it, and means to keep it, all people and potentates to the contrary notwithstanding.

N.B. What is said in England, *Mr. Punch* begs to remark, happens in the present instance to be an accurate statement of facts. Foreign papers are invited to reproduce this announcement.

Educational Compromise.

THE question whether Education in Board Schools should include religious instruction, still rages between Denominationalists and Secularists. There seems to be a way, which has, as yet, occurred to nobody, whereby Secularist arrangements, extended to the utmost, might be adopted with a pure view to Denominationalist ends. Suppose the Bible and religious books were not only excluded from District Schools, but the reading of them out of school were also strictly prohibited, would not the certain effect of that be to make all the scholars carefully read them?

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"MOSÉ IN EGITTO!!!"

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ARMS FOR THE PROPOSED NEW WEST-END STOCK EXCHANGE.

(To be placed over the principal Entrance.)

On a chevron *vert*, a Pigeon plucked *proper*, between three Rooks peckant, clawed and beaked *gules*. Crest: a Head Semitic grinnant, winkant, above two pipes laid saltier-wise, *argent*, environed with a halo of Bubbles *or*. Supporters: a Bull and Bear rampant *sable*, dented, hoofed and clawed *gules*. Motto: "Let us prey."

JACK'S CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

Loose my valves, start my rivets, and shiver my plates!
We expects good and bad luck to mingle;
But it never don't rain without pourin', my mates,
And misfortins they never comes single.
One on t'other, galore, they are laid at one door,
Sins whether of o- or com-mission,
And WARD HUNT we shall see soon the scapegoat will be,
For each sinking and smash, and collision.

The *Vanguard* had scarce to the bottom been sent,
When, through springs out of gear, shipping water,
The Ram what had caused that disastrous ewent,
Iron Duke, pretty nigh foller'd arter.
Scarce JOHN BULL hadn't ceased for to grumble and growl
At mischances from this and that blunder,
When the *Monarch*, behold, of the *Halden* runs foul,
And they both very nearly goes under.

For ships in succession so comin' to grief
Lay the blame on the right back, my hearties;
'Tis them there Admirality Lords and their Chief
People thinks the responsible parties.
When a Landsman the First Lord your Government makes,
In the place of a Sailor selected,
If there wasn't to happen continial mistakes
'Twould be luck as could ne'er be expected.

But a valve may give way, or a screw may get loose,
Under any command whatsomdever;
All the same, if so be that my Lord is a goose,
As in case that he 's able and clever.
And this here is a fact as must all men have struck
When the log of their lives overhaulin',
That such things often happens as runs of ill-luck
In every department and callin'.

There 's failures and fires, there 's offences and crimes,
There 's explosions I also may mention,
And famines and fevers occurrin' at times,
Spite of every attempt at prewention.
So likewise, mayhap, comes collisions by sea,
And all manner of naval disasters,
In trains, why and wherefore the reason may be,
Of the knowledge we 're none on us masters.

The causes is laid to the rule of the Stars
By them that from ZADKIEL takes pattern,
There 's been Jupiter lately, they tell us, and Mars,
In conjunction together with Saturn.
Good or bad, their effects is a question of doubt.
Let it meanwhile set Sailors a-thinkin',
As a token that all hands had better look out
To keep more ships from smashing and sinkin'.

FLYING RUMOURS.

WE give extended publicity to the following rumours, without pledging ourselves to the literal accuracy of every particular. Some of them, perhaps, are not more incredible than the purchase of 177,000 shares in the Suez Canal by this country would have been considered only a fortnight ago:—

Yesterday the Stock Exchange was violently agitated by a report that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA had become so large a purchaser of shares in the Great Northern Railway, as to give him a preponderating influence in the future direction of that undertaking.

The POPE is understood to have expressed his readiness to render substantial assistance to the Corporation of the Albert Hall, but with the express stipulation that the Freemasons are never again to be suffered to assemble within its walls.

If the telegraph is correct in its announcement that the youthful EMPEROR OF CHINA is about to become a partner in the Worcester Porcelain Works, the future productions of that Manufactory must be largely influenced by Oriental tastes and requirements.

So highly was the SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR impressed by the stability of the institutions of this country, that he has telegraphed his desire to become a large purchaser of shares in the Westminster Aquarium. The famous financial house of BLACK, BROWN, BERRY, AND Co. are charged with the conduct of this transaction.

The money market was violently convulsed this afternoon by the announcement of extensive projects for the manufacture of plaster-of-Paris images and Vienna bread, in which the PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, and the EMPEROR OF VIENNA were respectively stated to be deeply interested.

The PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC is reported to be on the eve of acquiring a considerable stake in the Langham Hotel. It is not expected that this action, on the President's part, will lead to any disturbance of the friendly relations at present existing between England and the United States.

Some Armenian capitalists are negociating (it is whispered in the interests of the highest personage in Persia) for the acquisition of one of the Brighton Skating Rinks.

The prospects of the Crystal Palace may assume an entirely new aspect, if there is any justification for the rumour that the KING OF WURTEMBERG is buying up all the shares now in the market.

A Company which has its head-quarters at Copenhagen, and is understood to be greatly controlled by Royal counsels, is about to undertake extensive building operations on Denmark Hill.

Great excitement has prevailed in the neighbourhood of the Swiss Cottage since last Friday week, owing to the presence of financial agents of the Helvetic Confederation. It is thought that the property may change hands.

There seems to be no substantial foundation for the report, which spread like wildfire through the City towards the close of business yesterday afternoon, that the German Fair was likely to pass into the hands of PRINCE BISMARCK.

The Northern Powers are said to be in treaty for the Baltic Coffee-house.

A portion of the vast wealth of the Begum of Nautchpore has been sunk in the East India Docks.

A grand commercial scheme, which aims at the establishment of spacious and magnificent saloons in all the principal towns in Europe and the East for Billiards, Pool, and Pyramids, is rapidly approaching maturity. It is understood that there is a strong probability of the Khedive joining the Board of Direction.

Suez Cuique

FROM the irritation displayed by our French neighbours at our investment in the Suez Canal, it might almost be supposed that we had given them the "Cut Direct," from Europe to Asia, instead of securing a portion of it for ourselves.

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"LE SPORT."

Keeper. "WHY DIDN'T YOU FIRE THE OTHER BARREL, M'SIEU—THE OTHER BARREL AT THE LAST BIRD?"

Monsieur Alphonse. "BAH! I DID FIRE DE ODHER BARREL! I DO FIRE BODT BARRELS TOGESSER! AND IN MY OWN COUNTRY I DO SHOOT DE LARK AT TWENTY, TWENTY-FIVE, AND SOMETIMES DIRTY YARDS—WHEN HE STAND QUITE STILL! YOUR DOGS DEY MAKE DE BIRDS TO FLY AWAY"—(*insinuatingly*)—"AND DEY MUST BE FATIGUED. HERE IS MONEY. TAKE DEM, AND BUY DEM SOMEZINGS TO EAT! LEAVE ME TO MAKE MY OWN DOGS MYSELF!!"

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

SIR,

A FRIEND has wired me to the effect that you have expressed a doubt of my veracity. I can scarcely believe my eyes. He hints too that you think I am not here. If not, where am I, I should like to know? I am further informed that you question my Indian words and my *couleur locale!!*

Is it possible? No. A man who has lived among residents all his life, who knows the history of John Company (deceased), who has rented a *Haremsadeh* (look this out if you like—*I* won't tell you what it is:—a nice Dictionary you must have got hold of!) in the most fashionable part of Bozwangola, and spent several seasons at Sicrigully, Nawaub-Shums-Ood-Doulah, in the society of Begums, Nizams, Princes, Gwaliors, Dhâllees and Cherangs, is not likely to be deceived, nor, may I add, has he the smallest temptation or inclination to deceive. Besides, apart from other substantial reasons, best known *entre nous* (this is French, not Hindostanee), was I not chosen for this post because *I had taken in Punch for so many years?* Long may I continue to do so. "Believe not the tales they have told thee of me," as somebody says in his Thingummy (third edition). I have not time to do more than dash off this letter, for I own I have been in a fury since receiving the telegram from my friend. I was obliged to tell it to a certain distinguished Royal Indian visitor.

"What will they say in England?" exclaimed H.R.H., much annoyed, on my account.

"Sir," I answered, kneeling, and waving my pocket-handkerchief, "they will say in England, 'God bless the PRINCE OF WALES!'"

Just then, as if by preconcerted arrangement, the band outside struck up the well-known strain.

He turned away,—

"The soldier leant upon his sword,
And wiped away a tear!"

On any other occasion *à propos* of the quotation I should have been inclined to ask how much the soldier lent upon his sword, and on *whose* sword the money was advanced? But this is levity: and levity is the soul of wit.

The PR——E's *extempore* speech the other day was first-rate. I stood behind him, and prompted him. We worked it admirably. He began with a cough—then cheers from the crowd—then he turned round to me—I was at his elbow—and I gave him the word. "Ladies and Gentlemen! Unaccustomed as I am"—(*hear, hear!*)—"to public speaking"—(*hear, hear!*)—"I have the greatest pleasure in——" But there—it 's no use! You won't believe me; and I haven't the time, as I 'm just called off to eat some nice cool *bungalow* which has come in fresh from the cow.

Ever in haste,

YOUR TRUTHFUL REPRESENTATIVE
(*In India*).

The Real Way to Raise the Vanguard.

"*A Heir of the Dog that Bit you.*"

IN the time of old HOMER a down-smitten foe
Was healed by the rust of the spear that laid low:
Let our *Iron Dukes* therefore (in Waterloo strain)
Give the order "Up (Van-)Guards," and at 'em again!

SUFFLAMINATION.

THE Government have started a Drag. Out of compliment to an excellent Sportsman it is called "The Ward Hunt."

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VEILED SATIRE.

Royal Academician (after gazing with mute astonishment at the most abominable daub ever perpetrated by a Man whose real vocation in life was to be a Cobbler). "I TELL YOU WHAT, STODGE—HAPPY THOUGHT! I'D *Sell* IT, IF I WERE YOU!"

THE ANTIBOREAN.

A TAILOR of fame has invented this name
For a wonderful lining of leather;
He bids you go forth proof 'gainst east wind or north,
And laugh at the boreal weather.

Punch in preference sits and "warms his five wits"*
(Or rather, dear Laureate, five million),
And on Pegasus swift soars aloft through the drift,
While the Muse rides behind on a pillion.

Imagine the plague when some gossiper vague
Comes in,—an "agreeable rattle"!—
Full-charged with a pun which he thinks awful fun,
Or a budget of cynical tattle.

Were that coat Antibore, *Punch* would purchase a store
And so would the wise men, his readers,
And fury and folly, KENEALY and WHALLEY,
Would soon from the scene be seceders.

Ah, nothing can cure, and we fain must endure
The bore, with his brain-work vertiginal:
If original sin brought the dull fellow in,
His sin is, he 's never original.

* "Alone, and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits."

In Lunacy.

THE lunatic who wrote to *Mr. Punch* last week, suggesting that probably the Otter which took refuge in a tree at Clewer, near Windsor, was hiding from the creditors of the Otterman Empire, had better at once be placed under proper control.

A Local Critic.

THE Sphinx
She winks
At DIZZY'S *coup;*
"Yes," thinks
The Sphinx,
"I think 'twill do."

CURIOUS CONTRADICTION.

MR. EDWARD ROUND, Vice-Chairman of the Tipton School Board, writes to say that the article quoted from a contemporary, and commented on last week by *Mr. Punch*, under the title of "School Fees and Flogging," "is simply untrue."

In proof of this assurance MR. ROUND sends the subjoined copy of a letter from the Clerk of the School Board:—

"*To* E. ROUND, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR, "*Tipton, Nov.* 26, 1875.

"I enclose the extract of the resolution which was passed on account of the Attendance Officer's Committee of the Western Division reporting that several children had been withdrawn from No. 3 School on account of undue flogging, and *in one case* the child had been beaten for not bringing its school pence.

"Yours obediently,
"EDWARD RICHARDS."

In the article quoted by *Mr. Punch* three children were stated to have been flogged for having neglected to take their school-pence with them. By the foregoing account several children appear to have been flogged unduly—flogged for little or nothing—and "*in one case*" the offence which the child was flogged for was in fact that specified in the article declared "simply untrue" by MR. ROUND. Does he not, on the contrary, prove it to have been at least partially true? However, perhaps the one child flogged for not bringing its school-pence was "only a little one."

MR. ROUND also sends the subjoined copy of an extract from certain minutes:—

"*Extract from Minutes of October* 19, 1875.

"*Board-Room, Tipton, Nov,* 26. 1875.

"Moved by MR. ROUND, seconded by MR. TOMSON, and carried unanimously. That the Clerk write the Master of No. 3 School, expressing the displeasure of the Board at the reports of undue flogging, and that whilst he must exercise great discretion himself in corporal punishment, it is his duty to see that the Assistant Master is never, under any circumstances, permitted to administer such punishment, according to the resolution of the Board of which he has had a copy.

"EDWARD RICHARDS, *Clerk to the said Board.*"

The above resolution merely interdicts flogging by the Assistant Master. It leaves "corporal punishment" to the Head Master's discretion. There is nothing in it to prohibit him from flogging children for not bringing school-pence, if he thinks fit—if, for example, he suspects they have spent them on their way in lollipops. This seems, under favour of MR. ROUND, no more than a roundabout way of putting the statement relative to the Tipton School Board contained in the article he objects to. Let us hope that if only one child has been flogged at a Tipton Board School for coming there empty-handed, that one will be the last.

Moses Modernised.

A Historical Parallel (with a difference).

To get out of Egyptian bonds, as we know,
MOSES led to the Red Sea his clients Judaic:
Now, into these same bonds BRITANNIA must go,
To reach the same Sea, with a guide as Mosaic.

A CLEAN SWEEP.

MRS. GAMP concludes that the Government has solved the great Drainage difficulty, now it has invested so largely in the Sewidge Canal.

GOOD SHAKSPEARIAN ADVERTISEMENT (*recommended to* MESSRS. WILLS *and* NEVILLE) FOR THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.—"Private Boxes, Three Guineas; Stalls, &c., &c."—"So much! for *Buckingham!!*"

AN ALTERNATIVE.

THE Legal course which is open to England if the KHEDIVE don't pay his interest—Sue his Canal.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Literary.



STUDENT.—When did LYCOMANDER of Nasos flourish? Tell us what he flourished, and we'll let you know.

ARTFUL, DODGER & Co.—Thanks, no! Having a copy of the work, we don't care to subscribe to an edition of *The Pilgrim's Progress* in seventy-two half-crown parts (subscriptions to be paid in advance). Still, we wish you success.

ASPIRANT.—Yes, a blank-verse poem on the History of the World, from the earliest times to the present day, would be very interesting. But you must look sharp, as it is a big subject.

BOW BELLS.—Your poem on the Rights of Woman is admirable; but try and get better rhymes to "Aurora" than "saw her," and to "hippopotamus" than "rhinoceros."

UMBLE ENERY.—It is very difficult to judge, off-hand, whether you are best fitted to write epic poems, novels, dramas, or leading articles. But, from the specimens of each that you send us, we consider that a light portership would suit you admirably.

INQUIRING FANNY.—You can't find their names in the *Biographical Dictionary!* Then we'll tell you, dear. APPENDIX was a Greek poet, and a friend of SOPHOCLES. GLOSSARY was a contemporary of CHAUCER. Most libraries possess these authors' works.

Artistic.

UP TO A WRINKLE.—You may certainly invite the Hanging Committee to a champagne lunch (and you may ask us), but we don't see what good it will do you.

YOUNG RAPHAEL.—If it gives you pleasure, whenever you meet an R.A., to tell him that all modern painters are idiots, do so. It doesn't hurt us.

CATALOGUE.—No. MR. WARD, R.A., has never painted any incidents of the French Revolution, nor any scenes in the life of CHARLES THE SECOND.

Dramatic.

A LOVER OF REALISM.—We perfectly agree with you that "the effect of *Hamlet* would be much enhanced if the performers were killed really, and not in mere make-belief;" and we sympathise with your unsuccessful efforts to get a company to play it in that manner. We consider, when we remember the end of the drama, that you show much modesty and forbearance in contenting yourself with the small part of *Horatio*.

A VERY YOUNG MAN.—The actress whom you mention is very pretty, but, as she is married, and is the mother of five children, we must really decline introducing you "with a view to matrimony."

BUNCH.—Read the above answer. We cannot help you to become a "life-long companion to that divine actor with the god-like eyes," as he has got one already. Still, if he becomes a widower, we'll think of you.

Legal.

TRUSTEE.—Kick your solicitor.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.—Bring the action, dear. He had no right to break off the engagement because you had dyed your hair from black to a "Venetian red."

EXCITABLE.—If you lost your case, we certainly don't condemn you for seizing your counsel by the whiskers, and hitting him in the face, but you shouldn't have called the Judge "a stupid old fool."

Natural History.

PET OF THE FAMILY.—It does show a nasty disposition on your brother's part to object to your putting your pet hedgehog into his bed.

LOVER OF ANIMALS.—We can't tell you how to charm a rattlesnake. Try stamping on its head.

TIMIDUS.—If your "full-grown male tiger has got a sore throat," apply a cold water compress. Only be cautious.

BURGLARIOUS JIM.—There are no fixed rules to send a fierce and lively bull-dog to sleep; but, if you have time, you might read him the *Athenæum*.

General.

IGNORANT.—(1) No. (2) Bosh. (3) Walker. (4) Idiot. (5) Idiot. (6) Shut up.

THIRSTY CARL.—We congratulate you. A young Lady who refused to marry you, on the ground that you drank eight quarts of beer a day, would have been an incumbrance through life.

PUFF.—We don't advise you to smoke more than twenty pipes a day, as most Doctors say that excess in tobacco is bad.

FRED.—You want to know how much Whiskey will intoxicate you. Try.

ARTHUR JAMES.—We never play Hockey, but if anybody hit us over the head with a stick, we should promptly return it.

LITTLE LOUEY.—Throwing yourself into a river, when you see a young man, is a very good way of being introduced to him; but suppose he can't swim?

AMIABLE ALICE.—Bosh about only having met him once. If you love him, write and tell him so. He won't mind it.

VICTORIOUS AUNTIE.—Not being a relation of yours, we don't see any objection to your thrashing your Nephews and Nieces every morning to teach them meekness and humility.

PARVENU.—We don't go to balls ourselves; but if it is against strict etiquette to shake every one in the room warmly by the right hand, it shows a genial and affectionate disposition.

LIVERPOOL LUNATICS.—Hunting Cats with a Fox-terrier is not the way we should recommend you to spend Sunday afternoon.

ECARTÉ.—If he broke a decanter over your head because he caught you looking at his hand, he is a simple brute, and we wouldn't play with him again.

G. C.—It is considered rather aristocratic not to answer letters. Attention to such matters shows a commercial spirit.

BALAAM.—Misprints in country newspapers must be very funny indeed to be admitted to our columns. Misprints and ungrammatical Advertisements are *not* paid for at the rate of original articles.

STATESMEN AS TRANSLATORS.

MR. GLADSTONE having translated a hymn into rhyming Latin, versed for a certain periodical, other Statesmen are, according to rumour, prepared to follow in his track.

MR. CAVE will translate ADAM SMITH into Egyptian, for the benefit of the KHEDIVE.

The EARL OF DERBY will complete his illustrious father's work, by translating the *Odyssey* into the language of a blue-book.

MR. WARD HUNT will translate the Rules of the Admiralty as to the navigation of a fleet into Siamese, so that the Captains of twin-ships may the better understand them.

LORD CAIRNS will translate the language of Law into that of Equity, and *vice versâ*, for the education of the Outer Bar.

MR. GATHORNE HARDY will translate the language of Russia, Austria, and France, on the Suez Canal question, into intelligible English.

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON will translate all the moods and tenses of the verb *je m'ennuie* into all the languages of Europe.

SIR HENRY JAMES will translate the Taurine language of Capel Court into the Ursine, and the reverse.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON will translate a bottle of Clicquot into toast and water.

MR. WHALLEY will translate the Pope's last Bull into Hindustani.

MR. NEWDEGATE will translate the gossip of Nunneries into the Fi-fi language.

MR. BRIGHT will translate sound common sense into plain English.

MR. LOWE will translate the simplest thing in the world into the language of double acrostics.

MR. FORSTER will translate Denominational Lessons into Secular ones, *in usum Scholarum*.

LORD SALISBURY will, *ex officio*, translate into Sanscrit, all poems on the journey of the PRINCE OF WALES through India, which reach the Foreign Office on or before the 1st of April, 1876. They will be published in a magnificent edition at the expense of the Crown, and the next Poet Laureate will be the author whom LORD SALISBURY finds most difficult to translate.

MR. DISRAELI will translate a few Bishops.

Ritualistic Practices.

(A Fair Summary.)

FLORAL decorations;
Early celebrations;
Silly innovations;
Local irritations.

CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE.—A new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Oxford.

DEAR FRIENDS.—England and Egypt are now Shares-*amis*.

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"SMALL MERCIES."

First Jolly Angler (with empty Creel). "WELL, WE'VE HAD A VERY PLEASANT DAY! WHAT A DELIGHTFUL PURSUIT IT IS!"

Second Ditto (with ditto). "GLORIOUS! I SHAN'T FORGET THAT NIBBLE WE HAD JUST AFTER LUNCH, AS LONG AS I LIVE!"

Both. "AH!!"

EVENHANDED FLOGGING.

ON the morning of November 24th, a little boy, FREDERICK JOHN WHITEAR, aged twelve, stole two watches and three gold chains out of a private post-bag lying unlocked at the Winchester post-office. For this offence he was tried at Winchester Assizes. He had given one of the watches and some pieces of the watch-chains to JACOB WHITEAR and ANN SMITH, described as of "mature age," who were put on trial, together with him, for receiving the stolen goods. They were acquitted; but—

"The boy, FREDERICK JOHN WHITEAR, who had pleaded guilty, was then sentenced to three months' imprisonment, twenty strokes of a birch rod, and six years in a reformatory."

The effect of twenty strokes from a birch rod, laid on by an ordinarily vigorous turnkey, will probably be such as, through a tender skin, to impress as tender a mind with some idea of the value of property, the lack of which induced that young ROBIN HOOD, little WHITEAR, to give away what he had stolen, and perhaps mainly contributed to make him steal it. Not that there is any ground whatever for the slightest suggestion that the scourging to which that infant criminal has been sentenced is at all too severe. O dear, no! Perish the very ghost of an idea so sentimental! But if there is no reason to deprecate the infliction of twenty strokes of a birch rod on a small boy for a crime of whose gravity he was clearly insensible, is there not every reason to desire that an adult thief who commits an equal offence well knowing what he is about, shall be liable to receive at least a proportionally good flogging with the cat-o'-nine-tails? Why, in the scale of punishment for theft, is torture to be limited to children? Grown-up rascals are at least as able to bear it; and grant, therefore, that mere thieves, if they had their deserts, would not escape whipping, does not the conclusion that brutal violence committed in beating and kicking women and other defenceless victims, should subject every ruffian guilty of it to the same punishment, go without talk?

A GOOD MOVE.—Mobilisation.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

(*Vide* MR. TENNYSON'S "*Recollections of the Arabian Nights.*")

WHEN the breeze of a golden hope blew free,
In the time of my legal infancy,
The tide of men flowed on with me,
Onward into an Eastern clime,
Where bulls and bears and stags do range
Their paradise, the Stock Exchange—
O exquisite the aureate air!
Stunning the champagne-luncheons there!
I oft was bull, I oft was bear,
For it was in the glorious time
Of sumptuous ABDUL AZIZ.

At night my hansom bore me West,
And as it whirled through Temple Bar
A votary I to Fashion's star,
By POOLE unto perfection drest:
With youthful wealth no girl finds faults,
All doors to me were open wide,
I was the hero of the waltz,
And anywhere could choose a bride:
In sooth it was a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of gorgeous ABDUL AZIZ.

That Sultan, fond of bird and beast,
Sent men-of-war to search for them,
Bought many a fair Circassian gem
To shine in his Seraglio—
He was the Monarch of the East;
He set his palace walls aglow
With pictures of prodigious price;
He spent his money in a trice:
Ah, this was just the goodliest time
Of all, the very golden prime
Of lavish ABDUL AZIZ.

But ah, 'twas all too good to last,
The SULTAN soon this lesson learnt,
That he who spendeth money fast
Will some time get his fingers burnt.
So he proposed half interest,
For all the mighty sum of cash
Obtained from lenders green and rash:
But will he ever pay the rest?
Alack-a-day! how sad the time!
For in his impecunious prime
Is reckless ABDUL AZIZ.

A sorrow in my bosom lurks,
My diamond rings I wear no more,—
My Uncle, perhaps, might tell you why.
Remote from Fashion's haunts am I,
And, till I reach the Stygian shore,
I will not speculate in Turks.
But if, in Charon's fatal boat,
SULTAN and I are both afloat,
I'll throw him over, bearing the blame,
So much I hate the horrid name
Of cheating ABDUL AZIZ!

SOMETHING LIKE AN EAR.

"Entuned in the nose full feateously."—CHAUCER.

THE *New York Sun*, Nov. 17, in a report of its interviewer's colloquy with the famous Pianist VON BÜLOW, makes that tuneful Musical Doctor say, "When I was in England the pronunciation there was so unmusical as to be very distasteful to me, and I gave up attempting to learn the language. Since coming to this country I see its beauties, and am learning it." Is this pretty little compliment to the pronunciation of our American cousins due to the Doctor or his interviewer? If to the former, it shows a highly intelligent appreciation of our cousin's little susceptibilities, and proves that whatever other musicians may think, VON BÜLOW, at least, has no objection to the tone of the American organ—*i.e.*, the Nasal.

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A DREAM OF UNFAIR WOMEN.



GENERALLY awake, *Punch*, like HOMER, has his hours of sleeping; but when his eyes are closed, his mind is at work. The dreams of *Punch* have more wisdom in them than the wisest moments of the profoundest sages. Under these circumstances even the sleeping seconds of *Punch's* life are worthy of record, and accordingly they are recorded. Without further preface, then, *Punch* relates a dream he dreamed a few weeks ago—a dream that was also a nightmare.

Punch sat on a cushioned seat. His face was grave—so grave, that his white wig did not seem ridiculous—so grave, that his ermined robes did not seem less becoming than the motley. He was sitting in a large apartment, with high, narrow windows, and roughly-fashioned pews. This large apartment was crammed from the floor to the ceiling. Near *Punch* sat men in gaudy robes; and it was the fiction of the place that these men, and not *Punch*, were the real representatives of justice. And over one of these gaudily-costumed men hung a sword. And *Punch* knew that he held in his hands a power more terrible than that of those who wield swords, and level lances upon the field of battle. He knew that he had the power to condemn a fellow-creature to a painful, a disgraceful, a miserable death. And this knowledge made *Punch* grave and sorrowful.

And *Punch* looked round about him. There were advocates in that large apartment so full of the Shadow of Death, in the discharge of their duty; and *Punch* found no fault with them. Did not their profession bring them into that terrible place? And there were the reporters, who were there in the service of the Public. And *Punch* found no fault with them. He knew that crime must be recorded in the cause of good government and fair play. And then *Punch* looked upon the white face of a man who was dying—a man who was full of life and strength, and yet was dying. And as he looked at that face, he thought "Who would be here

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FAT AND LEAN KINE.

Attendant (to Stout Customer). "TURTLE-SOUP, MA'AM? YES, MA'AM. AND A CUTLET AFTERWARDS?"
Attendant (to Thin Customer). "THOSE ARE THE PENNY BUNS. HELP YERSELF, PLEASE!"

[*If Customers could only change Plates!*

who could be away? Who would crowd for excitement to a sight suggesting all the terrors of death, all the horrors of the grave?" And *Punch* looked round about him to see if there were any who could seek interest in such a fearful sight.

Silk and satin and fur. Gold and silver and jewels. Soft faces and refined faces and faces strangers to misery and want. Bright eyes, sparkling and eager. And in the pauses of the terrible show—when the witnesses were not helping justice to trace to its sources a horrible crime—there was lunch to regale the body, and merry conversation to relieve the mind! But what a show it was! So well worth looking at, that double opera-glasses were in constant requisition, and a *pince-nez* almost indispensable! So very interesting to watch the quivering of the lips of this white-faced man! So very instructive and *so* exciting! Will he shudder when he hears the Judge's summing up, will he scream when the verdict of the Jury is read over to him, will he fall in faint as he listens to the sentence condemning him to be hanged by the neck until he is dead? Oh, these are questions worth the answering, and an eager watch must be kept to learn the replies! So out with the opera-glass, and on with the *pince-nez*, so that nothing—not a sigh nor a shiver—may be lost!

As *Punch* looked at these fair faces, he thought that they belonged to those who were less than women and more than men, and *Punch* wished from the very bottom of his heart that the vision he has related had been indeed—a dream!

Married Life in the East.

"A Cochin paper states that a rich Ryot in South Travancore, who has four wives, makes use of two of them by yoking them to his plough."

THIS must be the latest novelty in matrimony. The knowing Ryot evidently puts a literal interpretation on the word "yoke-fellow." The Prince should make a point of seeing so unique an exhibition of native husbandry.

REALLY CHARITABLE ASSOCIATIONS.

(*For Christmas*, 1875.)

THE Cabmen's Benevolent Association. President, MRS. PRODGERS.

The Peter's Pence Association for providing for the temporal necessities of the Sovereign Pontiff. President, MR. NEWDEGATE, M.P.; Vice-President, MR. WHALLEY, M.P.

The British Law and Order Association. President, DR. KENEALY.

The Ritualists' Defence Fund Association. President, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY; Vice-President, DR. CUMMING.

The Evangelical Alliance Association. President, His Eminence CARDINAL MANNING.

The Total Abstinence from Intoxicating Liquors Association. President, MR. TOD HEATLEY; Vice-Presidents, MOET and CHANDON.

Respect an Artist's Feelings!

(*Being a real Letter from a Professed Cook, giving a proper rap over the knuckles to a Candidate for her favours.*)

IN answer to your letter this morning, I am sorry I did not see you on Monday. I would have come to-morrow, but I feel it is useless; and as you do not say whether you would pay my expenses one way if I did not engage, Madam, I feel I must now decline your situation, for I have never had the Servants' Hall to clean; in fact, I have never been expected to do any cleaning. I have often done my own covers—not that I was expected to—only because I liked to see them look nice; and I have always made my own butter, and got up in the morning according to what I have to do, not when the other servants have got up; but in justice to myself I must now positively decline your situation.

Yours, obediently,
J. G.

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FAREWELL TO THE CATTLE-SHOW.

(By a Judge of Butchers'-Meat.)



I.

H me, the Cattle-Show is o'er!
Those visions of delight;
Of sirloins, rumps, and ribs, no more
Shall feed my hungry sight.

II.

Oxen obese,—no angles rude,
To break your fat's soft swell,—
O'er whose straight spines I paused to brood,
As one that loved them well!

III.

Sweet sheep, whose backs so broad and flat,
Of mighty saddles speak;
And pinguid pigs, that all for fat,
See not, nor stir, nor squeak!

IV.

No more your living forms I see,
Perspiring, prostrate, prone;
Henceforth your charms must be to me
A memory alone.

V.

Save when, in Mart of Leadenhall,
With azure ribbons tied,
Your stately *spolia* deck the stall,
In highest prices' pride!

VI.

Or when, in shape of juicy joint,
You burst upon my gaze,
Gushing to gravy 'neath my point,
And so reward my praise!

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

(With H.R.H. and the Elephants.)

SIR,

I HASTEN to despatch this letter, which will probably arrive, thanks to extra stamp and other influence which I have at the Post-Office, before any other paper in England receives the news.*

We are among the Cingalese, and, as I said to a certain distinguished Royal Personage, "To be among the Cingal-ese is Singul-ar."†

He screamed at it.

He implored me to let him tell it as his own. It was a bargain. I regretted it afterwards, as my Illustrious Friend spoilt it. He said, "To be among the Cingalese is *curious*, isn't it? eh?" and was annoyed because nobody laughed. Of course a bargain is a bargain, and I was compelled, in conscience and as a duty to my family, to decline refunding the lac of rupees which was the joke's price for three years' Indian use only, and all other rights of translation and adaptation reserved. O, I am quite fair. As I said, "My dear Sir,

"If I had a joke what wouldn't go,
Wouldn't I force it? O, no, no, no!"

MY Exalted Friend very nearly bought this couplet of me, but a loss of two rupees and a half at our Indian rubber last night had impoverished the exchequer.

We've had blazing hot weather—regular Indian summer, varied by downpours of rain, which washed us all away on the road, and it was some time before we could get together again. My Distinguished Companion's baggage was all over the place—gun-cases in a mango field, portmanteaus among the *chutnees*—in fact, it was KING JOHN at the Wash all over again.

The moths are rather troublesome here; they are as big as crows, and have a nasty habit of getting into your bed in the dark.

The moon at night is lovely. It is five times the size of the moon in England, and so we can see distinctly the mountains and the lakes in it with the unclothed eye. I could almost swear (and for a very little more I would—but it's not worth while telling a falsehood for such a trifle) I saw a man come out of, what appeared to me to be, a house in a terrace, number nine, I *think*, and look at us through a telescope. Whether this was so or not, at all events the nights are simply exquisite. My Exalted Friend and myself sit up, after all the others are asleep, practising our duetts on the concertina; and as we play "*In my Cottage*," the dear old familiar air brings tears to the eyes of all who hear us.

Pig-sticking being voted a bore, (I said "a great boar"—ha! ha!—roars—regular tickler this!) we have been bitten by Elephantiasis. In the caves of Elephanta, a grand hunt was planned, of which I hasten to give you an account, as I wish to be the first in England to present the public with a true version of the affair, of which you will, doubtless, hear much, a few hours after this has been published.

On the morning of the —th*, the *Khodabund* roused us from our warm beds with his shrill note,† strongly resembling that of the *Kokkeolli*, which is heard only in certain parts of Africa.‡

Jumping to my feet, and after a rapid act of bathing, just a dash

* Mind this is worth all the money; and, by the way, to save you trouble, forward a cheque for past and future to me, under cover to H. WALKER, Jericho Villa, Bath. He has instructions, and the money will reach me quicker in this way. [We do *not* like the look of this. Why send to Bath if our Representative is in India?—ED.]

† I made another joke about the Cingal-he's being all *garçons*. This was literally a side-splitter.

* Illegible in MS.—ED.

† Our Dictionary gives the meaning of *Khodabund* as "a title of respect." Really this must be a very faulty work, or—our Correspondent is not entitled to many *Khodabunds* from *us*.—ED.

‡ Where? What *is* the Kokkeolli? We've been three times to the Zoological, five to the British Museum, and consulted various authorities, but cannot come across the Kokkeolli. Yet—we seem to know the name.—ED.

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down a cataract and up again (coming up again, against the falling stream *does* take your breath away a little *at first*), I ran round to the tent of my Illustrious *Co-Voyageur*, and, putting my head in, called out playfully, "Bo!" A boot-jack came flying out, and from the whirring noise within, I knew that my Distinguished Chief was having his hair brushed by machinery. The natives are delighted with this, and dance with joy whenever My Gracious young Friend allows them to look in at the corners of the tent. He is *so* good-natured!

"Sir," I said, for I was the first to bring the news, "there is an old Tusker."

He darted to his legs, upsetting the *Suwarrees* (or native hair-dressers), and exclaimed—"Where?"

"In the jungle!" I replied, scarcely able to control my excitement.

"To horse!" cried my Exalted Fellow-Sportsman. Then turning to his native attendants, he said, "*Worromot retfu y adehtu oysawwoh!*" which was about as pretty a compliment as I've heard for some time, but its *finesse* is so subtle as not to bear translation into English.*

In another minute my Distinguished Friend, myself, and a few other notabilities, carrying the bags, extra guns, and luncheon, were advancing towards the jungle.

Being an old hand at the game, I warned my Illustrious Co-adahooter not to walk too quickly, but to let me lead the way.

We were on the trail of a rare old Tusker, as I could tell from the *Paundaus* (footprints), and also from the *Khalâmuts*, which were bent and broken on all sides.†

We had scarcely traversed ten miles of tangled *Toofaun* and prickly *Vakeel*,‡ when my old trained dog stood still, and made a point. Our fingers on our rifles. Hush! There they were!!

Before us lay sound asleep a herd of fifty as magnificent elephants as I have ever seen: and in the centre lay the old Tusker himself, snoring heavily.

"The Duke of Tusk-any," I whispered, to my Exalted and Appreciative Companion; for even in that perilous moment I couldn't restrain the joke that rose to my lips.

My Distinguished Friend was convulsed—nearly purple with suppressed laughter.

"Sir," I said, imploringly, "Don't!"

He tried hard not to, but was compelled to stamp. Had it not been for this, we should have captured the herd,—catch 'em alive O!—for, as the heel of the Illustrious Personage touched what seemed to be the Indian pampas grass, our ears were suddenly saluted with so astounding a whirr, as can only be imagined by those who know what the simultaneous rise of a thousand pheasants would be, or the sound of a score of policeman's rattles all going off at once.

The truth flashed upon me too late! My Most Illustrious Companion had trod on a rattlesnake, and the vigilant reptile, which always keeps watch by a herd of elephants, had sprung his alarum with a vengeance.

The natives (amongst whom we observed MR. JEE-JEE-JELLY-BHOY) bolted, panic-stricken; the *suite* ran to bring them back; and in less time than this has taken to tell, we two—my Illustrious Fellow-Hunter and myself—were alone among the gigantic mammoths of the Primæval Prairie!

The Tusker stood before us, brandishing his trunk aloft, and whetting his tusks one against the other, like a carver with his knife and fork, before proceeding to the attack.

My Distinguished Co-Sportsman was pale, but calm. My brow was unmoved. It was not the first time by many that I had encountered, single-handed, herds of far larger and more furious elephants than those by which we were now surrounded.

"Do not waste your powder," I whispered to my Most Noble and Illustrious Friend, but never for one moment taking my eye off the hideous monster that now threatened our existence.

My Royal Pâl (an Indian term of friendship and respect), true to the pluck of his race, would have blazed away, and then—ah! what then?

An old Indian hunter like myself knows well that an elephant must be trapped before he can be shot: the bun first, then the bullet.

I had provided myself with a more than sufficient supply of nuts, buns, and gingerbreads, which (with the exception of a small reserve) I now threw out by handfuls to the excited herd.

This scattered them. They stooped to pick up the much-prized morsels, and so broke their circle. Then, adopting at once my hint, my Illustrious Friend and myself retreated, back to back, so that I was still facing the Tusker, towards a magnificent *Keemcat* (a sort of beech-tree) whose branches offered us a welcome ambush.

This manœuvre was thoroughly comprehended by the old Tusker, who knew the moves of the game almost as well as I did myself. With a shriek of rage, and raising his trunk aloft, he charged at us. My Illustrious Companion wheeled round suddenly, fired both barrels without effect (except that we heard a sharp cry of anguish from MR. JEE-JEE-JELLY-BHOY in the rear) and then He stood confronting the enormous foe. Another moment, and even my experienced hand would have been powerless to save! Putting aside Court etiquette, I placed my hands on my Royal and Illustrious Friend's shoulders, forcing him involuntarily to (as the schoolboys say) "tuck in his twopenny," and give me a back. As I sprung over his head, I dropped my rifle; he fell prone, and I alighted safely, straddling across the nape of the old Tusker's short neck. Not the millionth part of a second was to be lost! I leant down, and pressing my left hand into the soft part of his jowl, tickled the beast with my right hand while I passed my other across his eyes, thus completely blindfolding him.* In this position I placed my lips to his ear, and sang him the Indian snake-charmer's song, which I had learnt from a faithful old Ayah who had long been retained in our family. In a low, sweet tone I sang, or rather chanted—

"Ybab, Ybab gnitnub,
Srehtaf enog gnitnuha."

and so forth—but you would not understand it. To these weird sounds he sank slowly down, and the entire herd (they are an imitative race) followed his example. Changing my melody to that of the well-known—

"Ymmot ekam moorrof ruoye lonu!"

I slid down, and reaching out my hand to snatch up my *suwan* (or short dagger), I was about to despatch him at a blow, when it occurred to me that my Illustrious Co-Sportsman ought to give him his *coup d' Indian grass*. This joke I made then and there, and it might have cost us dear (for it roused the elephant), had not My Most Distinguished and Royal Friend pulled the trigger of my rifle, and, at one shot, in the right place, the ancient Tusker breathed his last at our feet.

I knelt, and cutting off the tusk, presented it, Indian fashion, to the Illustrious Sportsman, much the same as the brush is given in our own country.

The other elephants were easy victims. I will not describe the scene that followed. My Impulsive and Gracious Companion was for making me a Knight of the Star of India *sur le champ*. I gracefully, but emphatically, declined, quoting the chorus (in a whisper), "*What will Mamma say?*"

He pressed my hand, and murmured, "I shall never forget this day."

Then the merriment began. We sat round the camp fires, drinking *Schroffs* and *Sircar* (both delicious Indian beverages, somewhat resembling our gingerbeer with just a taste of brandy in it), and singing *Routees* till the break of day.†

Long ere this, I had stolen off to my tent to write this letter, and it was with a grateful heart, a feeling of deep thankfulness, and the consciousness of having earned my repose, that I at last laid my head on my *Pillau*,‡ and slept such a sleep as can only be the lot of

YOUR TRUTHFUL AND VIRTUOUS REPRESENTATIVE
(*In India*).

P.S.—I just send this from Colombo. We went to visit the Ancient Tortoise. Do you know what I said? Can you guess? Never! I'll tell you.

"Sir," said I, "of what fable does this interview remind you?"

"Can't tell, 'pon my life," said the Illustrious Visitor.

"Why," I returned, "you'll see it at once—the *Heir* and the Tortoise!"

Roars of merriment. Regular side-splitting tickler. I've got a bag full of Indian jokes and crackers for Christmas cheap.

In haste, Y. R. I. I.

* We've been up for nights with dictionaries, grammars, wet towels, and Indian professors, but can't make it out. A young Gentleman, from the Universities, happening to look in, gave it as his opinion that it was only English written backwards, and could be translated by—"How was you the day after to-morrow?" But we refuse to believe that such a trick has been put upon us. No, it *must* be a rare Indian dialect.—ED.

† In *our* Dictionary a *paundau* is a "vessel holding betel nuts," and a *khalâmut* is "a bard." We begin to suspect—and yet we do not like suspecting. Still, on the other hand,—we will send out and buy a new Dictionary.—ED.

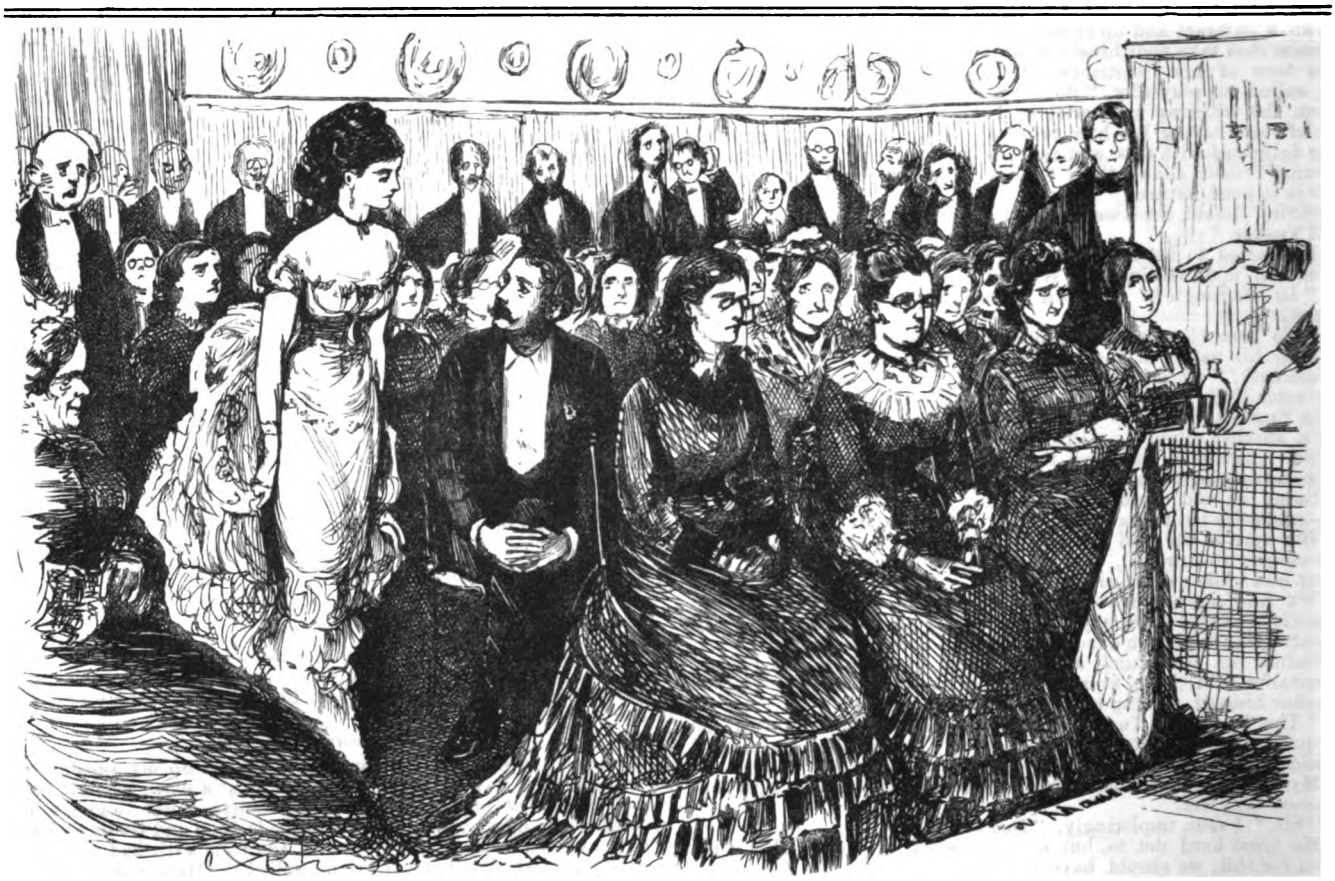
‡ The boy hasn't yet returned with our new Dictionary, but our old one says that *toofaun* is "a hurricane," and *vakeel* "an ambassador." There must be a mistake somewhere.—ED.

* Our Correspondent seems to have used three hands on this occasion. But, of course, some allowance must be made for the excitement of the moment.—ED.

† The boy has not yet returned with the new Dictionary, but in the old one we find *Schroff* "a banker," *Sircar* "a native writer," and *Routes* "a sleeping tent." The two first certainly can be *drunk*, but they are nothing to drink; and as to singing a sleeping tent, that is manifestly either untrue or a *lapsus calami*. We shall send out somebody else to see where he is. The Public shall *not* be deceived with our consent.—ED.

‡ *Pillau* is an Eastern dish almost as well-known as curry. Still our Correspondent was very tired, and a mere clerical error of that sort is pardonable. At the same time our word is pledged to the Public, and shall be redeemed, even if we have to go out ourselves by the next Indian Mail.—ED.

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"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS," &c.

SCENE—*Mrs. Lyon Hunter's Drawing-Room, during a Lecture on "Women's Rights."*

Modest Youth (in a whisper, to Young Lady looking for a Seat). "ER—EXCUSE ME, BUT DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES, MISS WILHELMINA?"

Young Lady. "MOST CERTAINLY I DO, MR. JONES."

Modest Youth. "HAW! IN THAT CASE OF COURSE I NEEDN'T GIVE YOU UP MY CHAIR!"

RECENT METEOROLOGICAL INTELLIGENCE.

"THE thermometer rose steadily this morning." Glad to hear it. Then it couldn't have been "screwed" overnight.

Instructions for using the Barometer.—When rain is wanted, tap the barometer. This is seldom without effect.

In consequence of the recent inclemency of the weather, the Hairdressers have invented a new style for Ladies' heads—*aux cheveux de freeze.*

The Arctic Expedition will not find the North Pole, as it is surmised the North Pole has lately taken up a position in England. Medical men are of opinion that it will soon be acclimatised, and, if so, it will appear on Chimney-Sweepers' Day as "The May-Pole." This is cheering; but the Arctic Expeditioners are wasting their time. Can't some one telegraph?

Meteorological Remarks.—MRS. FUBSBY (weight 20st. at least) says "she can't bear ice." The repulsion is mutual; the ice can't bear *her.*

Further Remarks.—The Frigidometer down to five degrees below freezing-point. Very cold.

Five degrees below that. Colder.

No more points left, and the Frigidometer collapsed. Stop in bed.

More Remarks.—Very cold out of doors. So I should think. Warm in bed.

Thaw.—Self-cleansing of the streets. Boyton suits in request.

Last Remarks.—"Horrid cold it's been!" "Can't keep warm." "No hunting." "Get some soon." "Better in Town than Country," &c., &c.

IRISH TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—The Mobilisation of the Standing Army!

A PERIL WELL PAST.

ACCORDING to newspapers, the "*Iron Duke*, 14, iron screw, armour-plated, CAPTAIN J. C. ROWLEY," has left Plymouth Sound for coastguard service at Kingstown, in place of the *Vanguard.* To this announcement the journals added that:—

"It was understood that the *Iron Duke*, on her way to Kingstown, would afford relief to homeward-bound merchant ships in the Channel, kept back by the long prevailing easterly winds."

Without being uncommonly superstitious, the sailors, and, indeed, all hands on board the homeward-bound merchant ships which the *Iron Duke* was appointed to afford relief to, would, perhaps, if they had known, have been somewhat apprehensive about that arrangement. However, all is well that ends well. The homeward-bound vessels have got safe home. The *Iron Duke* has happily contrived to steer clear of them.

RATHER STARTLING.

SCENE—*General Dealer's Shop, where Newspapers are sold.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Shopkeeper (*a melancholy thin person*).
Casual Customer (*brisk*).
Old Lady Customer (*seated, while an assistant child is tying up something or other for her in a small parcel.*)

Casual Customer (*entering suddenly*). Got the *World?*

Melancholy Shopkeeper (*sadly*). No, Sir. I've been out of the *World* since last Thursday.

[*Old Lady screams, faints. Tableau.*

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OUR KRIEG'S-SPIEL.

THE SECRETARY FOR WAR. "ONLY SEE HOW BEAUTIFULLY IT MOVES!"
BRITANNIA. "BEAUTIFULLY!—ON PAPER."

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BISMARCK TO HIS PARLIAMENT.



E pleased to approve
of a Bill
To check insub-
ordinate airs
Of envoys repug-
nant to drill
In managing
Foreign Af-
fairs.

People fancy I
need but com-
mand,
That to hear is
for "subs" to
obey.
Kings and Em-
perors *can* un-
derstand,
And submis-
sively do what
I say;

But my subalterns
thwart my
designs,
More oft than
the public
would think!

Speak my bidding, but mock it by signs,
Sometimes, e'en by a shrug or a wink.

And they earwig mine Emperor and King,
As if *my* designs they saw through!
You must see that this isn't the thing,
And acknowledge it never will do.

It is known to you all very well
My instructions are lucid as wise,
And the truths I bid underlings tell,
Cozen diplomates better than lies.

Not to have them *verbatim* conveyed,
And confirmed in their literalest sense,
Both by gesture and tone, must be made
A gross wrong, and most heinous offence.

I can reprimand coxcombs and fools
Led away by self-will, and the lack
Of the wit to be competent tools;
But I want power to give them the sack.

To know that their place was their bread,
Might perversest of asses o'erawe.
But donkeys who want do not dread
To coerce you must grant me a law.

"Blood and Iron" I know are controlled
By the Mind that unshaken remains;
But I want a more tangible hold
Upon blockheads' refractory brains.

Royal Bon Mot.

(*From our Indian Representative. By Telegraph.*)

MR. PUNCH has great pleasure in publishing the following telegram:—

Ceylon, Dec. 9.

When, the other day, His Royal Highness went Pig-sticking for the first time, and had the honour of killing the only pig stuck on that occasion, the Prince, who, as is to be expected from his fine and portly figure, feels the heat considerably, turning to one of his *suite*, in his own affable and irresistibly humorous style, observed, "I must adopt a new motto—*Dum (per)spiro spearo.*"

I hasten to secure the exclusive publication of this in the columns of *Punch*. It has created the best possible feeling throughout India.

"ARMY, FORM!"

MR. PUNCH begs to publish the following letters *à propos* of the Army Mobilisation Scheme which have been received at his office during the last fourteen days:—

MRS. SNOOKS' *Boarding House*,
Islington-Super-Mare.

DEAR SIR,

I READ your paper every week, after it has been put in the *Salon* for the entertainment of MRS. SNOOKS' ladies and gentlemen. I also read the *Times*, when I can get it away from MAJOR POPLEY (late of the Royal Shoreditch Highlanders)—the gentleman who occupies at present MRS. SNOOKS' top-floor back. From reading you and the *Times*, I know that you both are just and well-informed. It appears that the Army is soon to be called out and distributed all over the country. Why should this be done? As a Vestryman and a patriot, I beg to ask why?

I will go further. If the Germans or Russians wanted to invade England, I would ask why shouldn't they? Is not this a free country? No, my dear Sir, take my word for it, an invasion would be a blessing rather than a curse to us. In fact, if the gentlemen chose to come in the winter months, their arrival would be the best thing possible for trade. Lodgers after October are very scarce. I appeal to your sense of justice then to make the following announcement public, for the benefit of foreigners in general and Germans and Russians in particular: Should any number of invaders honour Islington-Super-Mare with a visit, they will find waiting for them a hearty welcome, comfortable apartments, and a really excellent five o'clock *table d'hôte* dinner, at seven shillings and sixpence per head. I am, dear Sir, yours most truly,

December, 1875. THE HUSBAND OF MRS. SNOOKS.

Rosebud Cottage, Flirtington.

MY *DEAREST* MR. PUNCH,

YOU are always *so* kind and *so* nice and *so* good that I am sure you will not *laugh* at me, and call me a "little stupid." Now, will you?

I think the Mobilisation of the Army *most* proper. Papa says that it is very *patriotic*, and I agree with him. I know that a Ball is *never* so nice as when there are a number of Officers present. They dance *so* beautifully, and are so *very* charming. Now are they not? But, from reading the *Times*, it seems to me that the Guards are all to be kept in *one* place! Is *this* fair? Of course the Cavalry are *awfully* nice, and the Rifle Brigade, the Sixtieth, and most of the Highlanders, are *dreadfully* pleasant; but, after all, a Guardsman *is* a Guardsman. Now isn't he? If they keep *all* the Guards in one place, it will be *horribly* unfair to the rest of the country. Now won't it?

Surely, my *dearest Mr. Punch*, the matter might be *compromised*. All the Household Brigade might be sent to Flirtington, and then everybody would be contented. O, *do* see to this, and gain the heartfelt thanks of Yours *most* sincerely,

December, 1875. AN UNSELFISH LITTLE GIRL.

MR. PUNCH. SIR, *Dublin.*

IRELAND—the Emerald Isle, the Land of Saints—is a down-trodden country, Sir. Be sure of that, Sir. But, Sir, the old Irish heart is a noble heart, Sir, and in the hour of need, Sir, Irishmen, to a man, would be ready to defend the flag with the triple cross. Mind that, Sir!

But, Sir, I will be practical. Sir, in the hour of danger England would require every soldier that could be scraped together. Sir, she would want the Irish Militia. Faith, then, Sir, she should have the Irish Militia and every soul of her own dirty red-coats. Mind that, Sir!

But you will say, Sir, "Whom would we fight, were the soldiers away?" I tell you what, Sir. We would make it convenient, Sir, to do all our fighting amongst ourselves, Sir, and an elegant time would we have of it! Mind that, Sir!

THE O'FLAHERTY
December, 1875. *Of Castle O'Flaherty.*

MR. PUNCH. SIR, *Edinburgh.*

I HAVE been deeply interested in the account of the proposed Mobilisation of the British Army, which appears to me to be a very proper proceeding on the part of the authorities. But, my conscience! it will cost very much, very much, indeed!

May I make a suggestion, which has occurred to me and some friends, who have talked the matter over thoroughly and completely over a glass of whiskey?

Surely it would cost less were the Army quartered, rent and food free, abroad—say in Sweden or Denmark, or some other law-abiding and weakly defended country, whose inhabitants would be able to offer no practical objection to the proceeding.

Or, if the money must be spent in the United Kingdom, does it not stand to reason that it should be spent in Scotland, where there is plenty of room for half-a-dozen armies, and where the expenditure is sure to be properly appreciated?

Disinterestedly, yours, SAWNEY MCSTINGY,
Dscember, 1875. *Of that Ilk.*

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ACCOMMODATING.

Swell. "AWF'LY KIND OF THIS CABMAN, Y' KNOW! 'SAYS IF I'M GOING HIS WAY 'DON'T MIND LETTING ME GO WITH HIM! BUT IF I'M NOT GOING HIS WAY, HE'LL SEE ME—AH—BLOWED FIRST! I *AM* GOING HIS WAY, SO IT'S AWANGED THAT WE GO T'GETHAR! AWF'LY OBLIGING FELLAH!"

MONSIEUR, *Leicester Squar.*

YOU have an Army! Bah! Where is it? You think you can defend your miserable country from my compatriots! Bah! You are fooliah, you are stupid, you are imbecile! Why, we would *écrase* you at a blow! We would wipe you out, you, and your "polismans," and your "Sunday," and your "portère-bierre"! I hate you! You hear what I say—I hate you all! you miserable, wretched "rosbifs!"

You reply to me — oh, I know you — "Why do I not put myself at the head of my compatriots to invade you?" You ask me why I do not leave this miserable Leicester Squar for my own beautiful country? I will tell you why, poltroon—wretch! Listen well. If I were to go to my own lovely country to put myself at the head of my compatriots, what would be the consequence? I will tell you. My compatriots are clever—they are patriots. However I might be disguised, they would discover me; and when I was discovered, my compatriots would hang me! So I remain. Bah! You have my defiance!

A GRATEFUL FOREIGNER.

December, 1875.

Pall Mall, S. W., December, 1875.

F.M. the Duke, presents his respectful compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs to inform him that he (H.R.H.) has done his best. Under these circumstances, F.M. the Duke trusts that *Mr. Punch* will regard his efforts to please with indulgence.

Union House, Great Britain and Ireland.

MY DEAREST AND BEST FRIEND,

I REALLY think that GEORGE and HARDY have been trying to do their duty. Of course, it would be more satisfactory to *see* the Army instead of only *hearing* of it. However, now that we have the shadow, perhaps we may find the substance near at hand. Shall we agree to hope for the best?

Ever Yours Affectionately,

December, 1875. BRITANNIA.

SOMETHING IN IT.

(*To the Editor of Punch.*)

SIR,

CATHOLICS are often charged—when their glasses are charged—with a sort of festive disloyalty for drinking the health of the POPE before that of the QUEEN. Of course we know there is Protestant precedent for this in the old toast of "Church and State," "Church and King." But on the celebration of Founder's Day at Eton College, at the grand banquet then given, the first toast was "*In Piam Memoriam*," and the second toast was "The QUEEN." Now, Sir, I don't profess myself to be a scholar, but I can't see much difference between drinking "In Pium" and "In Piam" as a first toast. The Catholics do the former, the Etonians on Founder's Day the latter, and both, without any disloyalty, drink "*In Reginam*" second.

I am, Sir, yours,

Birch Lane. IGNORAMUS ETONENSIS.

PERSONAL AMENITIES.

(*From a High Church Organ.*)

"We regret to observe that that 'chartered libertine,' the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, has once more degraded the venerable church which is so unfortunate as to be committed to his charge, by making its nave a lecture-room in which Nonconformist Ministers may disport themselves."

"Who doubts for a moment, that if a saintly, diligent pastor had been accused of Ritualism by any drunken infidel reprobate, the Archbishop would have eagerly sprung at the occasion, and tried to ruin him, as he is trying to ruin MR. RISDALE, for obedience to the teaching of that church which he himself has sworn to uphold, and has systematically defied throughout his discreditable career."

The Service at Westminster Abbey on the evening of St. Andrew's Day (Nov. 30) is designated as DR. MOFFATT'S Entertainment.—*From a recent Number of the Church Times.*

If this is High Church pleasantry, what is *Low*?

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FOND AND FOOLISH.

"COOK!" "YES, MISS BETSY-JANE!"

"I WISH YOU WOULD ALLOW YOUR LINNET TO COME AND SPEND THE DAY WITH MY CANARIES!"

THE BRITISH PUBLIC'S XXXIX. ARTICLES.

I.—Ox-Tail Soup.
II.—SHAKSPEARE.
III.—The Bank of England.
IV.—The LORD MAYOR.
V.—Beer.
VI.—Cold Water.
VII.—Something Hot.
VIII.—Public Dinners.
IX.—Public Schools.
X.—The Peerage.
XI.—The Royal Academy.
XII.—The British Constitution
XIII.—The Family Doctor.
XIV.—Brandy-and-Soda.
XV.—St. Paul's.
XVI.—The Three-per-Cents.
XVII.—The *Court Circular*.
XVIII.—A Balance at the Banker's.
XIX.—A Neat Umbrella.
XX.—A Nice Cob.
XXI.—Roast Beef.
XXII.—Seasonable Weather.
XXIII.—Long Walks.
XXIV.—Across Country
XXV.—A Latch-Key.
XXVI.—The Classics.
XXVII.—A Month at the Sea-side.
XXVIII.—Great Bargains.
XXIX.—Grumbling.
XXX.—Writing to the Papers.
XXXI.—Sight-seeing.
XXXII.—The Long Vacation.
XXXIII.—The Twelfth of August and the First of September.
XXXIV.—Being Introduced.
XXXV.—Turkey and Plum Pudding.
XXXVI.—A Great Subscription.
XXXVII.—A Quiet Cigar.
XXXVIII.—Testimonials.
XXXIX.—Christmas.

BYRONIC EPITAPH ON THE POLAR BEAR CUB (*brought from the Arctic Regions in the "Pandora," by* CAPTAIN ALAN YOUNG *and, lately deceased at the Zoological Gardens*).—"'Tis Grease, but living Grease no more!"

THE MOST PESTILENT OF HERETICS.

THE *Times'* Correspondent at Rome telegraphs a piece of news about the POPE which is pleasant if true. Some time back the ARCHBISHOP OF TURIN imposed a vexatious restriction upon his Clergy. By a new regulation he prohibited them from frequenting public hotels, *cafés*, eating-houses, restaurants, and refreshment-rooms, and obliged Priests from the country visiting the city on business and requiring accommodation, to put up in some seminary, or other ecclesiastic establishment, at an expense exceeding what they would have incurred elsewhere. Thus inconvenienced, a number of the Inferior Clergy appealed to the "Congregational Council" for redress, on the plea that, "since the Vatican Council, the regulation of matters of discipline relating to the Clergy throughout the whole of the Catholic world is vested in the hands of the Supreme Pontiff only, and that the Bishops have no farther power beyond that of carrying out the instructions which emanate from him." The tribunal appealed to is said to have entertained the complaint, and put the Archbishop on his defence. Furthermore:—

"It is stated that PIUS THE NINTH is adverse to the liberty of the Clergy being unduly restrained, and, upon being informed of the complaint of the Turinese Clergy, stigmatised discipline of this rigorous character as Jansenistic."

Well said, your Holiness. Shall not your poor Priest take his ease in his inn? Of course, provided he take not too much. Undue restraint of liberty, clerical or lay, is Jansenistic rigour. Jansenism is heresy, even in our Protestant eyes, because it is excessively rigorous—nay, from a British point of view, for heretical depravity, there are no heretics so bad as those guilty of excessive rigour. Let them be *Anathema! Sint oculi sicut oculi eorum qui a paupere furantur cervisiam suam.* May they fare, as promoters of Sabbatarian Acts and restrictive Liquor Laws, the Embitterment of Sunday Association, and the United Kingdom Alliance. Though, indeed, among these last there are some even more depraved than the followers of JANSENIUS. Those most wretched Restrictives, may it please your Holiness, are what we call Advanced Radicals, and Secularists—Puritans without religion. What can be more intolerable than Puritanism destitute of even religious pretence? As though religion were not for every reasonable being the sole *raison d'être* for the imposition, or the endurance of any restraint on simple self-indulgence. May all heretics and apostates, who seek to subject other people to Jansenistic rigour, be, as the holy ERNULPHUS says, spifflicated and flabbergasted, from the crown of the head to the tip of the great toe, inclusively of all the intervening organs and members. In the meanwhile, score we treble X to the POPE. He has, at last, spoken, whether *ex cathedrâ*, or not, with something like the voice of Infallibility.

FOR ONCE.

MR. PUNCH being continually asked why he does not publish an Acrostic, simply replies that he is not in the habit of imitating others, however successful—that, moreover, if he did, most probably not a single Subscriber would be able to crack his nut, supposing him to have given his great mind to it. However, if his Readers like to weary their intellectual jaws, let them put them to trial on this:—

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My First, elect among the few,
Elects my Second to expose his view.

I.

Of every colour, changed at will;
I stand or sit for good or ill.

II.

I rule alone from noon till night—
And when I am not, am by right.

It won't happen again, and, indeed, it is useless to humour our Readers, for they will have to give it up.

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SCIENCE FOR A SOLOMON.



A TELEGRAM from Berlin announces the death of a PROFESSOR MARTIN, "the well-known gynecologist and Privy Councillor of Medicine." Was there not a certain M. AIMÉ MARTIN, author of a work entitled *l'Éducation des Mères?* If that is the Professor referred to, M. MARTIN certainly cultivated one branch of "Gynecology," but it is doubtful if his researches can have embraced the whole of that very extensive science. As a distinct science, by the way, Gynecology will probably be something new even to philosophers at large. Some few survivors of the pre-Board-School period may need to be told that Gynecology means the Science of the Softer Sex. Let us call Gynecology the better half of Anthropology. Then we must own Andrology the worse. The proper study of Mankind is Man in general, and Woman in particular—the latter claiming his special attention under the name of Gynecology. At present, however, we appear to be behind foreigners in the prosecution of that science. We have not any Professors of Gynecology. Perhaps, however, Gynecological chairs will, in due time, be established at Oxford and Cambridge. Of course, they will be open only to men who have taken the requisite degree. Nobody will be eligible to Gynecological Professorships who is a mere Bachelor.

THE TAR OF THE FUTURE.

HERE a sheer hulk sits poor JACK STOKER,
A smoking of his screw,
No more he 'll wield a Navy poker,
As he was wont to do;
His face was usually sooty,
His hands were black, but soft:
Ready below to do his duty,
He never went aloft.

JACK seldom from his post departed,
Except to take the air;
His ship was water-tight-comparted,
The main sluice was his care.
And one day STOKER had the folly
To leave the valve unstopped,
The consequence was melancholy,
The vessel—down she popped!

Yet still JACK STOKER kept his weather-
-Eye open for the worst,
And when the crew was piped together
JACK STOKER turned up first.
Grim Death who kings and tars dispatches,
JACK'S life has not yet doff'd;
For when the water reached the hatches,
JACK went, for once, aloft! *

* And was taken out of the maintop high and dry.

UNSEASONABLE.

SOME enthusiastic Cricketer writes to the papers, entreating that LORD HENRY LENNOX will consent to improve the Victoria Park Cricket Ground. *Mr. Punch* yields to no one in his love of manly sports, but at this season he cannot consent to interest himself in anything nearer the subject than "Cricket on the Hearth."

PUNCH'S ADVERTISEMENT COLUMN.

ANGELINA.—You will find all the Information you desire in *Punch's Pocket-Book*, which is just out.—EDWIN.

WILD WILLIE.—You are earnestly requested not to return to the bosom of your Family. The aforesaid Family have discovered that they can do perfectly well without you.

A SAFE INVESTMENT FOR A SMALL SUM.—Buy *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1876.

YOUR MOTHER'S DARLING, why don't you come home? Everything shall be done to make you happy. Your Father shall have chambers taken for him, your objectionable Sister shall be married, and your younger Brothers shall be sent to a school where there are no holidays. Only come home, and you may smoke in the drawing-room, have your breakfast in bed, and possess a latch-key.

TO LOVERS OF ART.—A Magnificent Opportunity.—TO BE SOLD, Seven Splendid Examples of MICHAEL ANGELO, four ditto of RUBENS, two ditto of TENIERS, and one ditto (18ft. by 9ft.) of TITIAN. The above glorious Works of Art will be sold for £60, as their Owner is going abroad.—Apply to J. SOLOMONS, Wardour Street.

SAVE HALF YOUR COALS by adopting our new patent. It is portable and complete in itself. It requires no brickwork setting. It will serve a whole family for one year at the small cost of only Two-and-Sixpence. It is sold in plain and strong leather cases for exportation, and can be packed away with perfect ease and safety in the portmanteau, hat-box, or ordinary coat-pocket. Suitable for any climate. This invaluable article can be obtained at 85, Fleet Street. Ask for *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1876.

IF the GENTLEMAN who called on a Firm of SOLICITORS, in Lincoln's Inn, last week, and kicked one of the Partners downstairs, and broke the other's head with the office-ruler, will kindly send his Address to the above Firm, he will greatly oblige.

CASUALTIES AT SEA.—By paying *Two Shillings and Sixpence* a year, you can secure for your Family ONE HUNDRED POUNDS' worth of Enjoyment, and avoid all chances of Accidents at Sea by purchasing, and staying on shore to read, *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1876.

£10 REWARD.—LOST, the Sweetest, Dearest, Most Affectionate little BLACK AND TAN TERRIER ever seen. Answers to the Name of *Trim*. Any one finding it, and taking it safely to MRS. DOODLE, Rhododendron Lodge, St. John's Wood, will receive the above Reward.

£10 REWARD.—LOST, a MONGREL CUR, which, if offered anything to eat, will answer as much to the name of *Trim* as to anything else. Anyone bringing it dead to MR. DOODLE, 51, King's Bench Walk, Temple, will receive the above reward.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.—Buy *Punch's Pocket-Book* for Half-a-Crown, and take it home to your family. 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

MONEY WITHOUT INQUIRY FEES or Preliminary Charges up to any Amount, from Half-a-Crown upwards, will be taken at 85, Fleet Street, for a copy of *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1876.

LOST.—A GOLD WATCH and CHAIN, on Monday night, either at a Club in Regent Street, or at some Theatre or another, or at EVANS'S, or at another Club, or somewhere else. Advertiser is not certain whether he lost his watch, or had it stolen, or gave it away. At any rate he wants it back again. Handsome reward. Apply to the Beadle, Burlington Arcade.

THE GENTLEMAN who took a new OVERCOAT by mistake out of the Megatherium Club, will gladly give it back, in return for his old one. The new one, though more handsome, does not fit.

I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that I shall NOT BE RESPONSIBLE for any DEBTS whatever contracted by my Husband.—BRIDGET STRONG, M.D.

IF the YOUNG GENTLEMAN who winked at a Lady in Westbourne Grove yesterday afternoon, will be at the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens to-morrow morning at eleven, he will be introduced to the Lady's Brother and a horsewhip.

NO MORE CHILBLAINS! No more Coughs, Colds, or Rheumatism! For the small sum of Half-a-Crown, sufferers at this inclement season of the year may obtain instant relief by purchasing *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1876.

TO THE BENEVOLENT.—The Wife of an Indigent Tradesman is in pressing need of £25. The Money will be repaid next Monday; and a Grand Piano, a Victoria, and a set of Diamonds will be given as Interest.—VIRGINIA WIDEAWAKE, 1, Diddleum Street, Brompton.

I THIS DAY Promulgate that the Earth does not go around the Sun. CHARLES O'SHAUGHNESSY.—*Finucane*, December 4th, 1875.

BONA FIDE.—A Young Widow 25, very fair and very handsome, no family, well-connected, accomplished, with fascinating manners, warm-hearted, loving disposition, and who would make her husband the happiest man on earth, wishes to hear from any gentleman of ample means from 30 to 55, who would appreciate a lovely and loving wife.

PUNCH'S PRIVATE INQUIRY OFFICE. Conducted by *Mr. Punch*. More than thirty years' experience with every class of persons all over the world. Missing answers to conundrums traced, old jokes and stale witticisms detected, &c. Call at the Office, 85, Fleet Street, and, having deposited the small fee of half-a-crown, privately inquire for *Mr. Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1876.

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EQUALITY.

"ON THE ICE, EVEN MORE THAN IN THE HUNTING-FIELD, PEOPLE ARE BROUGHT INTO IMMEDIATE CONTACT WHO ARE OTHERWISE KEPT ASUNDER." SO AT LEAST THOUGHT DOBBIN, THE GREENGROCER'S ASSISTANT, WHEN THE LADY FLORILINE FITZ-FLEUDDELYS CLASPED HIM WILDLY BY THE NECK, AND FOLDED HIM IN HER WARM EMBRACE.

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THE FESTIVE SEASON.



FRIENDS with you, my dear *Punch*, must be legion. Has any of them sent you a Christmas hamper yet? I see them plentifully advertised, prices from one guinea, upwards. Hampers of good cheer they are no doubt, and certainly not hampers upon social enjoyment. But alas! these other hampers, which nobody need advertise, are pretty sure to find their way to you, and me, and most of us. Who can hope to get through Christmas without being sorely hampered by such evils as the following?—

School bills.	Christmas boxers.
Doctors' ditto.	Family parties.
Butchers', bakers', and candlestick-makers' ditto, ditto.	Roast beef dinners.
	Festive doings.
	Deep potations.
	Mornings after.

I leave you to continue this imperfect list of real Christmas hampers. My boys are just come home, and are dancing wildly round my study table. What more can I do than sign myself

Yours plaintively,

Holly House, near Puddingborough. A CHRISTMAS MARTYR.

"HEARTS OF OAK."

(*New Version.*)

COME cheer up, my lads,
Never mind where you steer:
You 've to add something more
To this wonderful year.
To perils we send you
Of fogs and of flukes,
Serapis chain-cables,
And rams like the *Duke's!*

Iron-clads are our ships,
Stoke- and Poke-rs our men;
We always are ready—
Steady, boys, steady!—
To ram and to run-down
Again and again!

We ne'er see our friends
Till they 're well in the way;
And, if they see us,
They can't wear, steer, or stay.
Through fogs we steam headlong,
Hang shoal or lee-shore:
If we go to the bottom,
JOHN BULL will build more!

Iron-clads are our ships, &c.

The papers abuse us,—
We trust in "My Lords."
Confidential inquiries
Are better for Boards.
A Court Martial's finding
Aside may be thrust.
To our kind friends above
The decision we trust.

Iron-clads are our ships, &c.

"IN TOTO CŒLO."

AN Indian Correspondent speaks of "Cheetahs" being "hoodwinked." In England, this operation is usually performed not upon the "cheaters" but the "cheated."

TENDER AND TRUE.

THE Lords of the Admiralty have issued an advertisement, inviting Tenders for the raising of the *Vanguard*. Amongst the thousands of letters upon the subject received hourly at Whitehall, the following seem to be the most promising:—

23½ *b, Pipemakers' Buildings, St. Giles's Alley, W.C.,*
December, 1875.

MY LORDS,

IN answer to your advertisement about the raising of the *Vanguard*, I beg to say that I am perfectly prepared to undertake the task on the most reasonable terms. In reply to your condition "that all parties tendering shall furnish evidence of their financial ability to undertake the work," I beg to say that I have large concessions in South America, and am a personal friend of His Excellency the BARON MUNCHAUSEN. On receipt of five pounds and six postage-stamps my tender shall be forwarded to you forthwith.

I am, my Lords, your obedient Servant,
JEREMY DIDDLER,
Knight Commander of the Golden Fleece of Costa-Rica.

The Lords of the Admiralty, Whitehall.

The Retreat, Harwich,
December, 1875.

MY LORDS,

I SHALL be very pleased to undertake the raising of the *Vanguard*. I see that you insist that "the scheme of proposed operations shall be submitted with the tender." This regulation seems to me a little harsh; but as I believe I am dealing with honourable men, I feel no hesitation in sending you my recipe. Take half-a-pound of common salt, a little salad oil, and a few ounces of gunpowder, and mix them well together over a slow fire, being careful to remove the scum as it rises to the surface. Now get your steam-engine and balloon, and proceed as in ordinary cases of hair-cutting by machinery. You will now find you have an enormous lever-power at your command, and the heaviest weights may be lifted with ease, and even impunity

Trusting to your well-known courtesy and love of fair play to keep this secret,—a wonder known only to a few, and shielded from the curiosity of fools, knaves, and the knife-grinding and brush manufacturing confraternity generally,

I remain, My Lords, your obedient servant,
LUNAR FISK,
Companion of the Cold Bath, and only genuine Pope of Rome.

The Lords of the Admiralty, Whitehall.

241, *Paradise Parade, Clapham,*
December, 1875.

MY LORDS,

WITHOUT hesitation I accept your terms for the raising of the *Vanguard* on behalf of my immediately-to-be-launched company, "The British and Foreign Fleets Salvage Association, Limited." You wish me to name a "lump sum" for the job. Well, say four millions and a half, or, accepting a reduction for short term—*i.e.*, if cash can be banked before noon to-morrow—£10,000. Also to give dates "for proposed commencement and probable end of operations." I intend to commence at once, and shall very likely get the matter satisfactorily settled by the 1st of April, 1876. Warning you against any slanderous reports you may hear about me in connection with my recent negotiations with the Court of Bankruptcy,

I remain, my Lords, your obedient Servant,
A. SHARP,
Ex-Secretary of Seventy-Six Public Companies.

The Lords of the Admiralty, Whitehall, S.W.

New York, U. S. A., December, 1875.

MY LORDS,

YOUR advertisement has been cabled to me, and I accept it right off the reel. Wire back lowest terms and I accept them, knowing that you will be "businesslike," when I tell you that I shall be happy to allow you all round a regular big commission. You must sweeten down one of your conditions though. You say "the ship must be raised and delivered whole, and not in pieces." This don't suit my book, as I should blow the silly old boat into

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small potatoes. If I get you all the pieces that should satisfy you. You might give the lot to the young 'uns home for the holidays to put together. It would make a nice wholesome puzzle for them, and keep 'em out of mischief.

My Lords, yours faithfully,

The Admiralty Lords, SAMUEL SLICK.
Whitehall, England, Europe. *Man of Business, U.S.A.*

The Great Removing Repository, Bloomsbury.
December, 1875.

MY LORDS,

IN answer to your esteemed advertisement, I beg to say that I shall be happy to undertake the removal of the *Vanguard* from the bottom of the sea to any of Her Majesty's Docks.

I notice that you wish the ship to be delivered "in such a state that she may be docked." May I ask whether you will have any objection to her being packed in one of my large and commodious vans, in which I am accustomed to remove families on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice possible?

Awaiting your esteemed reply,

I am, my Lords, your humble obedient servant,

JOHN SNOOKS,
Manager and Proprietor of the Great Removing Repository, Bloomsbury.

The Lords of the Admiralty, Whitehall.

MY LORDS, 85, *Fleet Street, E.C., December*, 1875.

I HAVE the honour to inform you that I shall be delighted to undertake the raising of the *Vanguard* on the following condition. I propose to descend to the bottom of the sea (where I shall remain half an hour) and I shall expect all of you to accompany me. *I* shall wear a diver's dress, and *you* can appear in full official costume. As the result of our little expedition will most probably result in a change in the government of the Admiralty, I am sure the scheme I propose will meet with the enthusiastic approbation of the British Public.

I have the honour to be, My Lords,
With all the respect you deserve to receive,
Your Lordships' to command,

The Lords of the Admiralty. PUNCH.

CHRISTMAS "CRACKERS."



OOD cheer being the rule of Mis-rule, and Mis-rule the rule of Christmas-tide, the operation of roasting the Baron of Beef for the Christmas festivities at Windsor Castle will be conducted with the usual ceremonies on Christmas Eve, by the Yeomen of the Guard (the Beef-eaters), in the presence of Garter King-at-Arms, the junior Bishop of the House of Lords, the Warden of the Standards, the Barons of the Exchequer (the New Judicature Act expressly reserves their right to the dripping), and the Hydrographer to the Admiralty. Each of these distinguished personages will, in turn, baste the Baron appropriately (decorated with the Union Jack,) while the choir of St. George's sing "*O! the Roast Beef of Old England!*" newly set by PROFESSOR LIVELY, Mus. Doc. Oxon.

The papers to be read at the Society of Arts between Christmas and Easter, will most probably be on Mobilisation, Vingt-et-un, the Advantages of Early Rising, Rinks and Rinking, Double Acrostics (the LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs to preside at the distribution of prizes), Night Lights, Hair Dyes (with practical illustrations), Mineral Waters, Second-hand Clothes, Pickles and Preserves, and Torpedoes (with experiments), and Bicycling.

A great revolution is about to take place in the curriculum of studies at Eton. After the vacation, instruction in Field Sports, Horsemanship, Practical Land Surveying, Painting in Oil and Water Colours, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Road-making, Civil Engineering (including boring, blasting and tunnelling), Natural History (with frequent country excursions), and Pyrotechny, will be given to any boy who shall signify his desire (in writing), to the Head Master to substitute these branches of useful learning for the study of the ancient Greek and Roman authors, and Mathematics.

A report is prevalent that the Albert Hall is to be converted into a grand Skating Rink.

It is in contemplation to give a series of popular Lectures, amusing Readings, and Musical Entertainments (including an exhibition of the Magic Lantern) during the holidays, in which the Dean and Chapter and the entire Cathedral staff will take part, in aid of the project for supplying St. Paul's with a peal of bells.

A rumour is afloat that the Lords of the Admiralty intend to take a cruise in the *Iron Duke* to the Scilly Islands and Isle of Mull—to start on the 24th of this month.

It is said to be the intention of the PRIME MINISTER to appoint either a retired Cabinet Minister or an ex-Colonial Governor to the Secretaryship to the Local Government Board, vacant by the resignation of MR. READ, M.P. The place of Secretary to the Civil Service Commission will most probably be filled by a former Lord of the Admiralty.

A Company is in process of formation for the construction of an Underground Railway to connect the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces.

A gigantic Christmas-Tree will be on view in Westminster Hall on Boxing-Night. The proceeds will be added to the fund which is being raised to assist the Vestries and other public bodies in keeping the streets of London passable on the occurrence of another snow-storm.

Great News! No more School-rates for London! The City Companies have unanimously resolved to unite in bearing the entire expenses of all the Schools now under the control of the School-Board.

The Government are understood to be in negotiation with His Highness the KHEDIVE for the purchase and transfer of the Great Pyramid to Lincoln's Inn Fields—an area which it has always been calculated this stupendous monument of antiquity would exactly fill. Should the bargain be completed, the Sphinx, it is said, will be thrown in, and placed in front of the official residence of the FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY in Downing Street.

It is gratifying to learn that the Works to be expressly composed for the New Opera House on the Thames Embankment are all on national themes. HERR WAGNER is engaged night and day on a romantic opera which deals with the eventful annals of the Tower of London. GOUNOD has selected for his subject the Insurrection of WAT TYLER; and OFFENBACH'S sprightly powers will have full scope for display in the story of *Robinson Crusoe*. VERDI may also contribute. If so, his *libretto* will be founded on the Spanish Armada. ARTHUR SULLIVAN has chosen the history of Boadicea.

Try it!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I AM about to write to my creditors to inform them that I cannot conveniently pay their bills for some little time.

Would it be a correct image if I were to suggest to them that I am, in fact, "up a Christmas-tree"?

Yours faithfully,

Dec. 20th. MICAWBER.

TO OUR OWN ŒDIPUSES.

PUNCH congratulates his Readers and Correspondents who have cracked his first double (acrostic) nut—and found M. P. and P. M. inscribed on its brace of Kernels.

NO FEAR!—A rude Boy says that his Uncle, MR. SCREWER, is so careful of his balance, that there is not the least fear of his over-tipping on Boxing-Day.

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LIFE AND DEATH INSURANCE.

IN a highly interesting lecture on "Unhealthy Occupations," delivered the other evening at the rooms of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, by DR. BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON, F.R.S.:—

"The lecturer said that, according to the certified returns, out of sixty-nine recognisable occupations in this country those of barristers and clergymen stood prominently forward as the healthiest."

Considering how many briefless barristers there are, and how many curates with nothing but their stipends to subsist on, one wonders that the essential healthiness of their occupations, as such, is not more than counterbalanced by deaths from famine. Many poor lawyers and parsons would seem to be obliged to live considerably within the bounds of healthful moderation. Yet they do live. Behold, my son, with how little sustenance life may be prolonged.

The occupations "found to be most conducive to shortness of life," according to DR. RICHARDSON, are "those of cabmen and coachmen (not domestic servants), and of earthenware manufacturers."

As to cabmen and coachmen, in respect of mortality, both the rule and the exception are intelligible. The potter is apt to be turned prematurely to clay by causes which affect him "during the stages of drying and turning the ware" with all the diseases incidental to all the various occupations injurious to the lungs and the skin. This will be new to most people; but they will be still more surprised by what follows. DR. RICHARDSON stated that:—

"The modern system of hair-brushing by machinery was most injurious to the operators, and several cases had occurred in which the hairdresser had been compelled to leave his business owing to a complaint produced by inhalation during the process of particles of fine dust and fragments of hair."

This alarming information may suggest a case of conscience for every man not one of those unconcerned with it—that is, bald. Ought he, having had his hair cut, to allow it to be "brushed with machinery?" This question may perhaps be answered by the suggestion that the artist by whom the machinery is manipulated might easily protect his respiratory organs with a muslin respirator, add to which, that, if required to brush hair by any but the usual method, he would probably demand an extra fee.

It is too clear that artisans engaged in unhealthy employments, and having wives and children, should by all means if possible insure their lives; the rather that the money saved for that purpose, instead of being spent in drink, would really effect the insurance of a comparatively prolonged existence. The Insurance Companies, however, would perhaps rather wish to have life insurance more generally practised by the long-lived gentlemen of the surplice and the long robe.



YOUNG, BUT SMART.

Aunt Mary. "NOW, DON'T QUARREL, CHILDREN! RECOLLECT THAT 'BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE!'"

Ethel. "WELL, IT WOULDN'T DO FOR *THEM* TO 'FALL OUT'—ANYHOW, NOT BEFORE THEY COULD *FLY*. WOULD IT, AUNT MARY?"

LONDON ARRIVALS.

IT is odd that, while people who go to swell places like Brighton and Scarborough have their names printed in all the newspapers, important London arrivals are unnoticed, even by that polite print the *Morning Post*. *Mr. Punch* proposes to show his contemporaries how the thing should be done.

MY LORDS MAMMON and BELIAL have just arrived to stay with an eminent Member of the Stock Exchange, at his magnificent Surrey mansion.

GUY FAWKES, ESQ., is the Christmas guest of the Chairman of the Coal Exchange.

ŒDIPUS REX will shortly come over on the pressing invitation of the RIGHT HONOURABLE B. DISRAELI. He will bring with him a choice collection of insoluble riddles. The PREMIER will, on that occasion, change his motto, *Forti nihil difficile*, to *Fortissimo nihil impossibile*.

HOMER, Saint Peter, and the Woodman who could not be induced by Music's charms to "spare that tree," will be the guests of MR. GLADSTONE.

CHARLES FOX will visit EARL RUSSELL at Pembroke Lodge.

CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER has accepted an invitation to dine at the Travellers' Club, to meet CAPTAIN LAWSON, the distinguished Author of *Adventures in New Guinea* (reviewed in the current Number of the *Edinburgh*).

MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE and a select party of friends, among whom are MR. BEN JONSON, MR. HERRICK, MR. CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, MESSRS. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER (*not* limited), are going to pass Christmas with *Mr. Punch*.

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CHRISTMAS À LA MODE.

FATHER CHRISTMAS. "CONCRETE AND WHEEL-SKATES! THAT I SHOULD EVER COME TO THIS! HE! HE! REALLY, THOUGH, I RATHER LIKE IT!!"

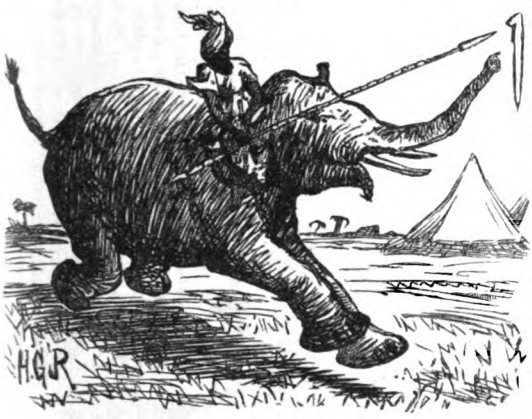
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"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

(Gaiety going on. Vive l'amour, cigars, and cognac!)

MY DEAR OLD CHOWPATTEE,



IT was lucky the MAHARANA OF OUDEDOO left us yesterday. We were not sorry to get rid of him. His pigtail was always in somebody's way, getting shut into a door, or pulled, by mistake, for a bell-rope. He was a very quick-tempered man, but, as I said, "If he's quick, I know a Quickwar." (This is a real Indian joke, and depends upon the correct pronunciation of the word "*Guicwar*." It's all right with the right audience.)

The rank and file is thinning. They can't keep it up. We cleaned out the THAKORE OF KISHUGGUR, who had come with his pockets full to buy sweets and toys at the Bazaar for his ladies at home. Won't they give it him when he goes back! and won't he be unable to give it them! He hasn't got more than would pay his fare back to his own Station, and his family circle was expecting him to return with waggon-loads of dolls and bales of sweeties. The MAHARAJAHS OF MYSORE and YOURSORE are very nice fellows, but they do *not* understand *écarté*, though at the same time there was an unpleasant scandal about the SIRDAR OF NOWATYERAT, which was hushed up on his consenting to quit the place at once, and return to his native home; but I *did* see an ace, a king, a queen, and one or two other *good and useful cards* tumble out of his ample sleeve. However, one mustn't speak ill of the departed—and he's gone.

We had a really beautiful ball, and my Illustrious Friend was all that Fancy could paint him. I had fortunately brought out my concertina with me, and had been able to give him private lessons every morning after breakfast, so that my Noble Companion has not forgotten any of his steps—nor have I; and we did go it!

All the advice I gave my Esteemed and Royal Companion was, "Be affable. Whatever you do, Sir, be affable."

And he was Affability itself: in fact the Indians have already invented a new title of honour for "The Queen's Boy," and they call him "*Khansamah Bagheecha*," which scarcely has an equivalent in our cold, unpoetical language, but which expresses their immense undying Love and Reverence for my Amiable and Illustrious Companion.*

Well did my Amiable and Distinguished Friend follow out my instructions. He was Affable. He was the Great Affability. He danced with the oldest, flirted with the plainest. At the Grand Tuculla Ball he led out MRS. MUGGAR, the Aunt of MR. HUGGAR MUGGAR, and kissed MISS FRUMPLY under the mistletoe,† and slapped old RAO SAHEB RUBBARAND ONNERSEESY heartily on the back, and asked him, in excellent native dialect, "*Emag rehtona evahwoy Lliwnehw?*" The Rao Saheb was enchanted, but he revokes at whist, and is rather a nuisance.

I walked round the ball-room, and introduced all the notabilities, and, in fact, everybody, to my Royal and Affable Companion.

Among the natives I observed SIR COWJUICE JEEUPAHOY, RAO GUSLA, the RAJAH OF HULLABHOY, SIR RARS BERRIJAM, and SIR KUR RANT JELLY BHOY, the RAJAH OF KOLLY WOBBLAR, the CHIEF OF HOOSURE HATTAR, SIR MUCKPICKA DUSTHO, DR. JEE JEE STOOPIDAS, MR. MUCHDHARKAR, MR. SILLIJEE BILLIJEE, and a lot of other swells, not to mention the great MAHARAJAH OF TATAR OWARU, who shook two jewelled fingers at me as he was leaving.

To supper the Prince, who had been dancing a galop with MISS CRAWLEY, after a fast waltz with MISS CREEPER, led in old LADY STUPHER, and helped her to turkey and iced sausages with a jest which will scarcely bear repetition. We kept it up with spirit; and SIR MYNT JULIP SINGH FLATTEEBHOY would insist on standing on the table, and giving us *his* version of "*God Bless the Prince of Wales.*"

We took shots at him with rolls, and, in avoiding one as straight as a die in his left optic, he stumbled back over the barley-sugar elephant, his turban came off, and his stupid old head was hoary with iced cream.

My Illustrious Friend enjoyed it amazingly.

Before my more than Esteemed Companion quitted Ceylon, two aboriginal Veddahs were presented to him.

"If you were a bachelor, Sir," I whispered to him, "you could marry one of these ladies."

"Why," he returned, falling unwittingly into my verbal trap for a *jeu de mot*, "I could not, because they are married."

"No, Sir," I returned, chuckling with the humour of my jest, "They're not married—they're *Viddahs!*"

You should have heard the shouts at this side-splitter. I implored him, for the sake of his health and buttons, to desist.

"Dash my buttons!" he exclaimed in a perfect explosion of humour. And the guns from the Fort saluted this really good joke.

It will be a long time ere that scene is forgotten in Ceylon. It is now historical.

The telegram about the Ball sent off to Europe, was simply, "The Prince appeared to enjoy the evening very much, and did not leave till after the Tenth dance."

"Pooh-na!" as we say in Ceylon. The Tenth don't dance. *We* enjoyed ourselves. On Sunday we all went to church, and in the evening I read *Sandford and Merton* to my Illustrious Friend, and played "*Greenland's Icy Mountains*" on our concertinas, arranged as a duett. Weren't we good? I believe you, my JAM-JEE-JELLY-BHOY!

We send the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND home. He wants to get back, look to his fire-engines, and darn his hose.

The *Guzzul* (or Indian Drink-Maker) has just come in to say that my Royal and Illustrious Friend is awaiting my presence for a good story, a glass of *Chokee*, and a calm Trinchinopoly cigar before we turn in. So bye-bye.

Send Chequey-Bhoy to your own dear Goody-Bhoy, who is now, as ever,

YOUR TRUTHFUL REPRESENTATIVE
(In India).

P.S.—We've had a day with the Jugglers. I found out most of their tricks, and made 'em wild. I was, as I said to my Noble Friend, "quite in the Juggler Vein." This was received with screams and shouts. In fact, every joke of mine tells *now*, since (I may say this in confidence) the D-KE OF S-TH-RL-ND has left us; for his Grace, being such a thorough-going amateur fireman, always went about as a *wet-blanket*. This *mot* was an out-and-out convulser. One more, and I've emptied, for the present, my Indian bag of tricks. The other evening, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM came to dine with us. Before we (His Grace and myself) entered the room, the Duke confided to me that he had recently been photographed, and he presented me with his portrait. I took it, rushed into the room, my Noble Friend blanched for one instant, and the suite (thinking it was tigers) made for the other door. I threw myself into a Kemble attitude, and exclaimed, "My Liege, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM is taken!" My Appreciative Friend's memory coming to his aid, he took the cue, and returned, "Off with his head!" "Here it is," said I, presenting the DUKE's likeness, price sixpence plain, and a shilling coloured. I haven't time to describe the bursts of merriment that resounded through the *Kucker** (Indian for dining saloon) after this sally.

Yours ever, Y. R. I. I.

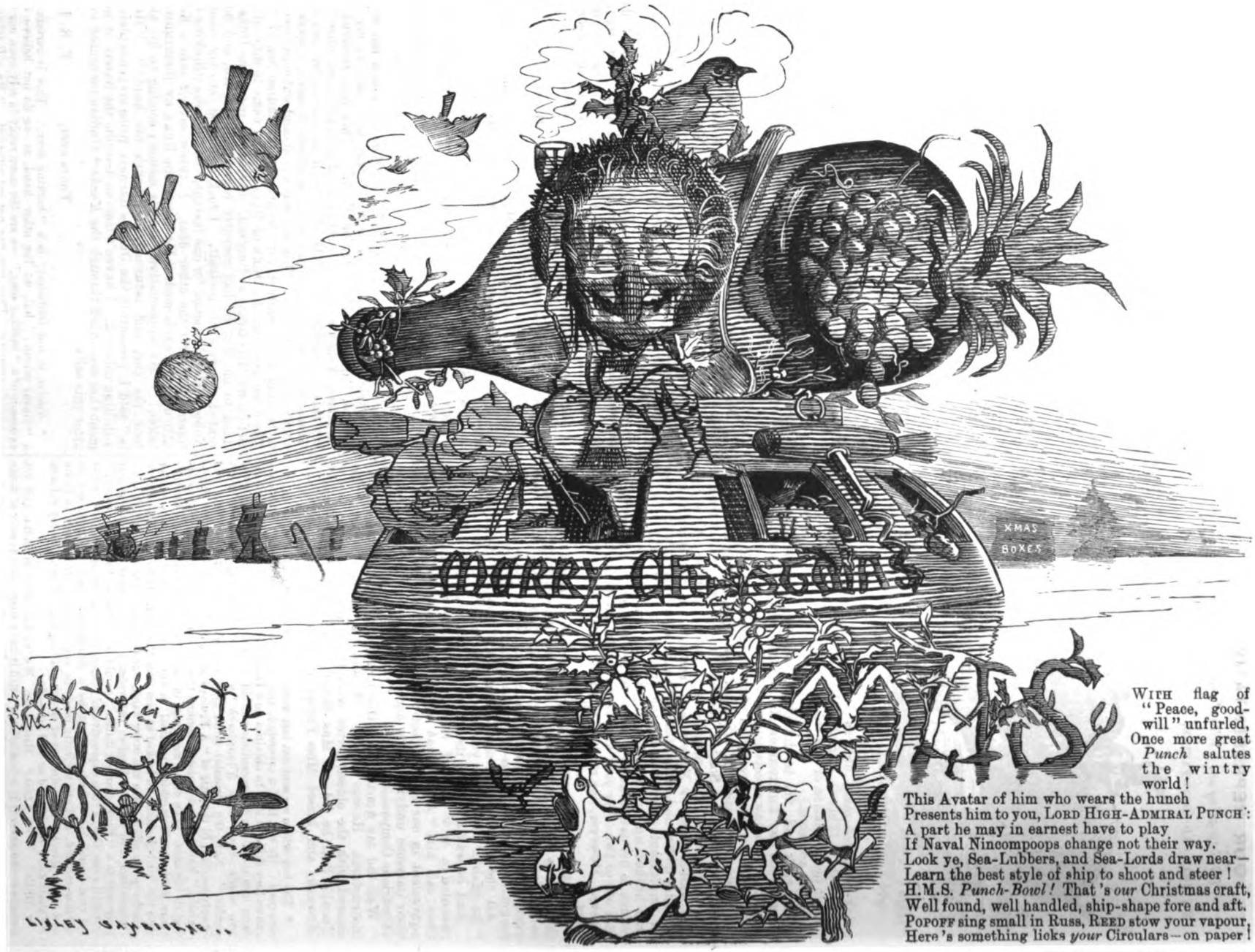
* The boy whom we sent out last week to buy a new Dictionary has not yet returned. He had half a sovereign, and all London before him. This only shows how difficult it is to obtain a new Indian Dictionary. We hope to hear from him soon. In the meantime our old Dictionary gives the meaning of the two words above, thus, *Khansamah* "a butler," and *Bagheecha* "a fruit-garden" Now, the Oriental mind may see something very beautiful and deeply poetical in the title of "A Fruit-Garden Butler," or "A Butler Fruit-Garden," but we must honestly confess that we do *not* see what there is poetical in the idea. The other morning, in order to try by experience whether there really was something poetical in the notion, we sent our own Butler into the fruit-garden, and looked at him over the wall. It struck *us* as a very commonplace affair. On the other hand, our Correspondent says that it *is* an Orientalism, and has no English equivalent. The nearest approach in our language to a "Fruit-Garden Butler" would be, perhaps, "a green-grocer;" but still even *this*, a title expressive of respect and love for our Prince, is not *all* that could be wished—at least by a European. But we must not be narrow-minded, and are perfectly ready to admit that there is more in India and other places than is dreamt of in our philosophy. When the boy returns we shall know more—and so will he.—ED.

† Hallo! What's this? Mistletoe? We've not been in India, and yet somehow—however if it *was* mistletoe—still it has a suspicious flavour of home jollity just about this season of the year. Boy with Dictionary not yet returned. Wonder what keeps him? The half sovereign, perhaps.—ED.

* *Kucker* in our Dictionary is a "barking deer." This is certainly *not* a "dining saloon;" but, on the other hand, as we do not believe in the existence of a "barking deer," we are the more ready to rely upon our Correspondent's veracity. That boy has not yet returned. "He will return, we know him well"—he *won't*, if he knows *us* well.—ED.

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A SEASONABLE SALUTE.



WITH flag of "Peace, good-will" unfurled,
Once more great *Punch* salutes the wintry world!
This Avatar of him who wears the hunch
Presents him to you, LORD HIGH-ADMIRAL PUNCH:
A part he may in earnest have to play
If Naval Nincompoops change not their way.
Look ye, Sea-Lubbers, and Sea-Lords draw near—
Learn the best style of ship to shoot and steer!
H.M.S. *Punch-Bowl!* That 's *our* Christmas craft,
Well found, well handled, ship-shape fore and aft.
POPOFF sing small in Russ, REED stow your vapour,
Here 's something licks *your* Circulars—on paper!

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"COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."

Comely Housemaid. "O, MR. JAMES, I'M SO FRIGHTENED IN THE RAILWAY! SUPPOSE THE BILER WAS TO BUST!"

Mr. James. "THEN, MY DEAR, YOU'D BE A SINGIN' AMONG THE ANGELS IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES!!"

A fleet of these, with *Punch* as Chief Commander,
Would settle BISMARCK, and sink ALEXANDER!
Bang! goes our *Pop-off!* for round-shot, ne'er rounder
Or richer flew than *Punch's* twenty-pounder!
BULL's mouth, if not bull's-eye, that missile enters,
And with it e'en the worst shots make plumb-centres!
Bellicose world, 'twould better your condition
Would you but try such arms and ammunition.
A Christmas-bowl, when you've drained every drop off,
Is better than a swart smoke-belching *Popoff*.
While for "explosives"—*Toby*, tap the Sillery,
To furnish forth our humanised artillery.
Mad mortals! Would ye drop War's murderous folly,
In act as word Old Christmas might be "jolly."
"Peace and good will?" The motto sounds satiric,
Contrasting the Year's log with Yuletide's lyric.
Still, "Merry Christmas" round, to foes and friends!
Let's hope young Seventy-Six may make amends
For foul sins and sad follies left alive
By the fast-failing hands of Seventy-five.
Big guns, and sunk rams, foreign loans, and quarrels,
Avaunt! here's better markets, ditto morals!
For thundering, blundering Iron-clad three-decker,
To drain both JOHN BULL's patience and exchequer,
H.M.S. *Punch-Bowl* sails, well-manned, well-found,
To track Wit's currents—depths of Sense to sound.
Bang! Fire a full salute! Nor keep your eyes on
The Fleet of Christmas Bills in the horizon.
Blushing at praise for good not done by stealth,
Punch drains a bumper to the General Health—
Here's to the World—our friends far off and near—
"A Merry Christmas and a glad New Year!"

THE RELIGION OF CHRISTMAS.—Mince-piety.

A FYTTE OF HACKNEY DOWNS.

IT was open walking where Hackney Downs
Lies green beneath the skies,
From a time whereto man's memory
Runneth not contrariwise.

The Lord of the Manor hath made essaye
To enclose and build thereon;
And a blessing upon the Board of Works,
That to law with him have gone!

He planted postes and sett up rayles,
And hedged hym yn the grounde,
The churl mote have waited at least until
He law on hys side had founde.

For the Lord, the Hackney Commoners said,
To collar our common land,
Never sticking so much as to ask our leave,
Ytt ys more than we wyll stand!

What right hath he that land to cribb?
And a curse upon his crown!
No more to set fences and palings up,
Than we have to pull them down.

Soe busk ye, bowne ye, merry men all,
To Hackney Downs hie we,
And let the proud Lord of the Manor know
We can doe as muche as he.

The Commoners all did wend their way
Unto Hackney Downs eftsoon,
And thereon they met with much folk beside,
On a Saturday afternoon.

Then DE MORGAN up, and bespake the throng,
The fences that grieved their sight,
As having been reared against the law,
Colde be razèd as of right.

They needed not to abide the suit
Which at that time did pende,
'Twixt the Lord of the Manor and Board of Works,
Howsoever that cause might ende.

The Commoners all had rights of their own,
Apart from either side,
To clear those palings and postes away,
From letting them walke and ride.

So forth to those iron rails they went,
To tear them from the land;
When they were 'ware of thirty stout knaves,
Of Bobbies blue a band!

The Bobbies, they drew their good ash staves,
For to guard the railings fain,
But a word their Superintendent spake,
And they putt them up agayne.

Then went the Commoners to their work,
With many an hundred mo,
They seized the fences on Hackney Downs,
And laid the enclosures low.

They tore up and twisted the iron railes
Into whatso shape they wolde:
And eke uprooted the postes of oak
That the iron railes did holde.

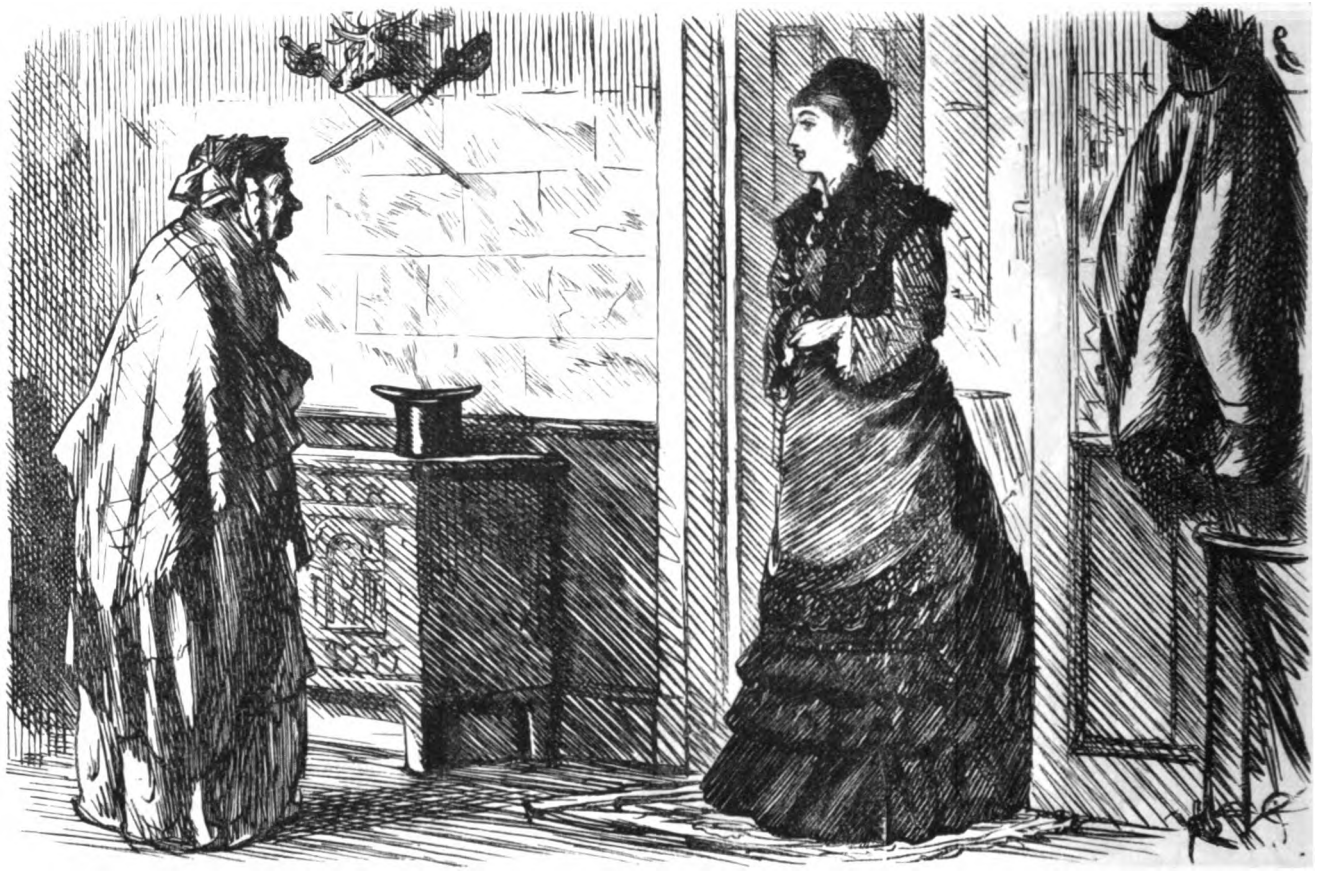
The posts had been tarred but just that morn,
From seizing their hands to stay,
All the better therefore dyd the bonfire burn,
Which they made of the wood straightway.

In a trice of fences they cleared the ground,
And the people went to and fro,
Passing free over Hackney Downs once more
Whosoe'er them list to go.

May they only have kept within the Law
These Hackney Commoners true!—
Then hooray for their geste upon Hackney Downs,
And their deed of derring-do!

"THE TRAVELLERS' CLUB."—An Alpenstock.

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A GOOD JUDGE.

Elderly Party (to Lady Bountiful). "O, IF YOU PLEASE, 'M, MY 'USBAND IS DOWN WITH THE DIP-THEORY; AND PLEASE, 'M, THE DOCTOR SAYS HE MUST 'AVE PORT WINE, AND IT DON'T MATTER 'OW (H)OLD IT IS, MUM—IN FACT THE (H)OLDER THE BETTER!!"

CIVIL AND MILITARY.

Two great and good men meet. They bow courteously to one another. The first calls himself PUNCH, *the second signs himself* GEORGE. *They converse.*

Punch. My dear GEORGE, I am glad to give you my opinion—that was a very sensible speech you made in the City a few days ago.

George. Thank you, Sir.

Punch. In the course of your remarks, you alluded to the Uniform Question.

George. No offence, I hope, Sir?

Punch. Certainly not. You said you were proud of your cloth.

George. So I am, Sir.

Punch. That you were not ashamed of appearing in uniform.

George. I am not, Sir.

Punch. And yet you awarded as a punishment to a silly Sub., convicted of practical joking the other day, the compulsory wearing of uniform for a year.

George. My mistake, Sir.

Punch. You admit that the wording of the order was so clumsy that it was calculated to cause misconception?

George. Certainly, Sir.

Punch. I trust the mistake will not occur again, my dear GEORGE.

George. It shall not, Sir.

Punch. Of course you must feel, as a good soldier, that Her Majesty's uniform is an honour to its wearer.

George. Certainly, Sir.

Punch. You cannot be too careful in future, then, to avoid anything that may seem, however remotely, to cast a slur on that uniform. And now we will say no more about it.

George. You are very kind, Sir.

Punch. Not at all. I will detain you no longer, as I am sure you must be anxious to return to your Mobilisation Scheme. I have nothing more to say at present.

George. Thank you, Sir. [*Military salute, and exit.*

THE CYNIC'S CAROL.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year;
Happy that twice it cometh not:
For sirloin is uncommon dear,
And dear the pudding in the pot;
And floods are out, and rooms are chill,
And every morning brings a bill.

That plant yclept the mistletoe
To me by no means pleasant is:
My daughters underneath it go
To meet a detrimental kiss,
From one who nothing hath a year,
And liveth in the street called Queer.

My parson preacheth straight at me,
My wine merchant sends claret sour,
My stocks are down to thirty-three,
My stockbroker won't wait an hour;
My boys, escaped scholastic swish,
Take from the larder what they wish.

Well, life has consolations still:
Locked in my study, far away
From riots that my household fill,
I pass a calm, if cheerless day—
Thankful, as bed-time draweth near,
That Christmas comes but once a year.

Dog-Days in December.

THE community of Dog-Fanciers express themselves uncommonly gratified with the exhibition of their favourite creatures held last week at the Alexandra Palace. Its local aptitude appears to have tickled the canine "Fancy," from what they say. "Such a natural place for a Dog-Show—Muzzle Hill."

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A CHRISTMAS CANARD.



HERE *are* such things — though Turkey is *the* bird of the season! In the name of the profit—Figs! also raisins, currants, and candied peel in this Christmas-pudding time. These commodities just now are specially profitable to grocers. Nor these alone. Amongst other good things your Grocer retails you beverages more or less appropriate to Christmas fare; notably that "intoxicating liquor," Gladstone, the variety of Bordeaux for which humble consumers are indebted to the considerate legislation of the ex-PREMIER, besides other wines, of home and foreign make, and even spirituous cordials and compounds of more or less alcoholic strength. Rumour has actually dared to say that an endeavour to arrest the issue of grocers' wine and spirit licences is meditated by a no less respectable and reasonable body than the Church of England Temperance Society. This report is manifestly a *canard* of the wildest kind—doubtless "a thing devis edby the enemy;" perhaps a calumny concocted by certain of the less scrupulous of our Dissenting brethren. Moderation is the peculiar merit of the Church of England. The moderation of her Clergy is known to all men, especially those who ask them to dine, or are privileged to be their fellow-guests. In drink as well as doctrine she professes the *via media*—holds an even course between *Mynheer van Dunk* and ARCHBISHOP MANNING. To represent the Church of England Temperance Society as outheroding the United Kingdom Alliance, would be to discredit the Church as to her most cherished virtue, were the base attempt successful. But the slander is too absurd.

Nevertheless it has been as positively as shamelessly asserted that the Temperance Society of the distinctively moderate Church has already drafted a Bill for the suspension of the further issue of Grocers' licences for the sale of "intoxicants," and the suspension, likewise, of any further issue of public and beerhouse licences until the limit shall have been reached of one in five hundred of the population. The names, even, of the Members destined to have charge of this Bill for weaning the naughty People from their drinking ways, are mentioned—SIR HARCOURT JOHNSTONE and MR. HUGH BIRLEY. If these preposterous announcements were true, what lots of petitions would be got up by short-sighted grocers and publicans on behalf of a Bill the chief effect of which, if enacted, would be that of temporarily enriching themselves by a fat monopoly! In the meanwhile, to be sure, the debates on the Bill in the House of Commons on Crotchet Day (of course) Wednesday, Wilfrid's-day, could possibly do no harm. The two Honourable Members above-named, indeed, would make fools of themselves too, though in talking to no purpose only, and not at the same time amusing the House; but still their project of a sumptuary law would afford some diversion to SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S Permissive Bill.

It is remarkable, though, how extremes meet. Restrictive liquor-laws are followed, according to their promoters declaiming on the teetotal platform, by increasing drunkenness. Therefore fanatics shriek for further legislation in the same spirit of "democratic despotism." They roar, as it were, for the drunkard's restorative, "a hair of the dog that bit you"; their cry, so to speak, is "Pick-me-up!"

The Church of England Temperance Society, at any rate, needs not to be told that the licensed grocer's shop is a counter-attraction to the public-house bar, and that in the former at least no one can get drunk on the premises, so that it is an utterly false joke to say that grocers' licences only facilitate a grosser kind of intoxication.

PUNCH'S PROPHECIES FOR 1876.

THERE will be a great many births, unaccompanied by any very large amount of rejoicing.

There will be several deaths, which will not cause too extravagant grief.

A great many people will marry in haste, and proceed to enjoy the delightful sensation known as "repenting at leisure."

A few will marry at leisure and repent in haste.

Being Leap Year, more young people than usual of both sexes will be plunged into that state of semi-idiotic bliss considered inseparable to an engagement.

Many young Ladies will be kissed under the Mistletoe, and will say they don't like it.

Many young (-old) Ladies will say they don't like being kissed under the Mistletoe, and won't be.

There will be several Railway accidents.

Many ships will come into collision.

Some explosions (domestic and otherwise) may be looked for.

Many children will receive the name of JOHN.

Lots of young men will have difficulties with their latchkeys at about two A.M.

Other young men will announce their intention to give up business and go on the Stage.

More young men will declare their determination to live on their pens.

Various Parents and Guardians will view the above proceedings with marked displeasure.

Several casualties (such as broken hearts, loss of false teeth, separation from chignons, &c.) will occur on Skating Rinks.

CAPTAIN HAWK will take little PIGEON to a first-rate place for a quiet game of billiards or *écarté*.

Much money will be lost over the Derby.

Several Dramatic Authors will be led to think of their future state by the reception awarded to their plays by a kind and discerning public.

There will be some changes of Government in France.

Things will be made unpleasant for the First Lord of the Admiralty soon after the assembling of Parliament.

There will be a panic on the Stock Exchange.

There will be several sensational Trials, to report the details of which the Daily Press will exclude from their columns all literary, artistic, scientific, and dramatic news.

Some Wives will run away from their Husbands.

Some Husbands will run away from their Wives.

There will be numerous Comic Songs produced.

No mirth will be caused by the above.

A lot of people will write bad Novels.

A lot more people will be intensely bored by reading the same.

The Farmers will grumble at the harvest.

The Butchers won't reduce the price of meat.

Much tobacco will be consumed; also cabbage leaves.

Many people will send contributions to *Punch*, which will be rejected.

Many people will therefore hate, abuse, and loathe *Punch* for the remainder of their lives.

Last and best. *Punch*, the Good and the Great, will, during the course of 1876, appear exactly fifty-three times to delight and gladden the Nations.

A Revival.

FATHER of History! In thy pleasant page
We read recorded how, in byegone age,
A bull was on the banks of Nile adored: *
If sound be the *Gazette of Moscow's* view,
Nile doth again the bovine rite renew,
For now JOHN BULL is Egypt's sovereign lord.

* HERODOTUS, Books II., III.

ADVICE TO COAL-MINERS.—You can be safe if you please. You may take your Davy.

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MARY ANNER ON MODES AND MISSISES.



PUNCH read, only last week, that—

"Attempts are being made to revive a Society started some time ago with the object of inducing women of all ranks to discard such fashions as are injurious to health, ungraceful, and untrue. It is now proposed to re-organise the Society upon a broader basis, and to set to work in earnest. The prevailing love of finery evinced by female domestic servants is to be taken in hand, and awards in money are to be offered as encouragement to servant-girls to dress more suitably to their stations in life."—*Daily Telegraph*, Dec. 21st, 1875.

DEAR SUSAN JANE,

YOU 'VE heard, no doubt, of this Association
For making people dress theirselves according to their station;
Which what they sez they 're aiming at is putting of a stopper
On fashions as is 'stravagant, or hurtful or improper.
Well, *I* 'm agreeable, I 'm sure—that is,—to quote them lawyers,—
"*Purwided always*" 'tain't no trick of Fashion's she-top-sawyers,
To keep *hus* down! *I* know their ways: theirselves they will bedizen,
But seeing servants smart and trim 's a thing they hates like pizen!
That 's why I seem to smell a rat, dear SUE, in this Society,
As these "awards in money" is, I fear, a neat wariety
Of "trap;" which toasted cheese is nice, and cash, no doubt, is nicer,
But we 're too sharp, I reckon, to be caught by such a 'ticer.
Encourage Servant-Girls to dress as suits their situation?
O yes, I dessay! Very fine! I 've heard *that* observation
A goodish many times before, from lips of lots of Missises
As though nice toggery weren't for all, the same as food and kisses is!
Which service ain't no 'eritage at best, but plague upon it
If a girl can't have a sweetheart, or a Sunday-best smart bonnet.
It 's all their nasty jealousy! There 's Missis and her darters,
A plainer lot you never see, red-nosed, and reglar Tartars!—
But dress, O my! just don't they! Which MISS HARABELLA—drat her!——
Would give her little finger for a shape—but there, no matter;
Though that absurd JOHN TOMMAS do declare as my *contooer*,
Compared with HARABELLA's, is as Wenus to a brewer;
And CAPTEN BROOK, as she 'opes to hook with eyes as ain't a pair,
Sez, as he tipped me handsome—well, that 's neither here nor there.
But O the shindies I 've gone through, the dodges, SUE, the fibbings,
Along of trumpery trifles in the way of caps and ribbings!
Which nothing short of charity rig, mob-caps and straight-down skirts,
Will satisfy some Missises. Which they flings, and flaunts, and flirts
Like peacocks or them Flaming Goes as you 've seen, dear, at the Zoo,—
Which gaudy ain't the word, as must be well-be-known to you,—
While *we* must go to see the play, or ramble in the Parks,
Like dowdies out of workusses or children's Noah's-Arks!
Just wearing my new *fishyou* t' other evening in the garden
(The sweetest thing you ever see at four-and-tenpence farden!)
So aggrawated our MISS JANE (as hers might be its fellar,
Though dearer), her complexion, I swear, went blue and yellow.
Sez she, "Take off that thing, I beg!"
Sez I, "Make no mistake, Miss,
Taint one o' yourn, though simmylar, I own, in style and make, Miss.
I 'd not demean——." I 'm sure a Queen could not have cut me shorter,
And I 've my serious doubts if I remains beyond the quarter.
I calls this right down tyranny; and this, my dearest SUE,
Is why I takes my pen in hand to write these lines to you.
This here new move, you mark my word, 's a mask for something artful;
But they won't tempt *me* to play the Nun with prizes by the cartfull.
To put us into uniform 's their game; dear SUE, don't heed 'em,
But let us Servants all unite, and stick up for our freedom.
If Missises hates "finery," they 've only got to drop it,
But bribing Servant-girls they 'll find is not the way to stop it.
If they 'd have us laugh at Fashion, let 'em set us the example,
Before they frowns at our fal-lals, and on our feelin's trample.
No! "Sunday Best for Ever!" is the motto for our banner,
Down with Mob-caps and Missises!

Yours truly,
MARY ANNER.

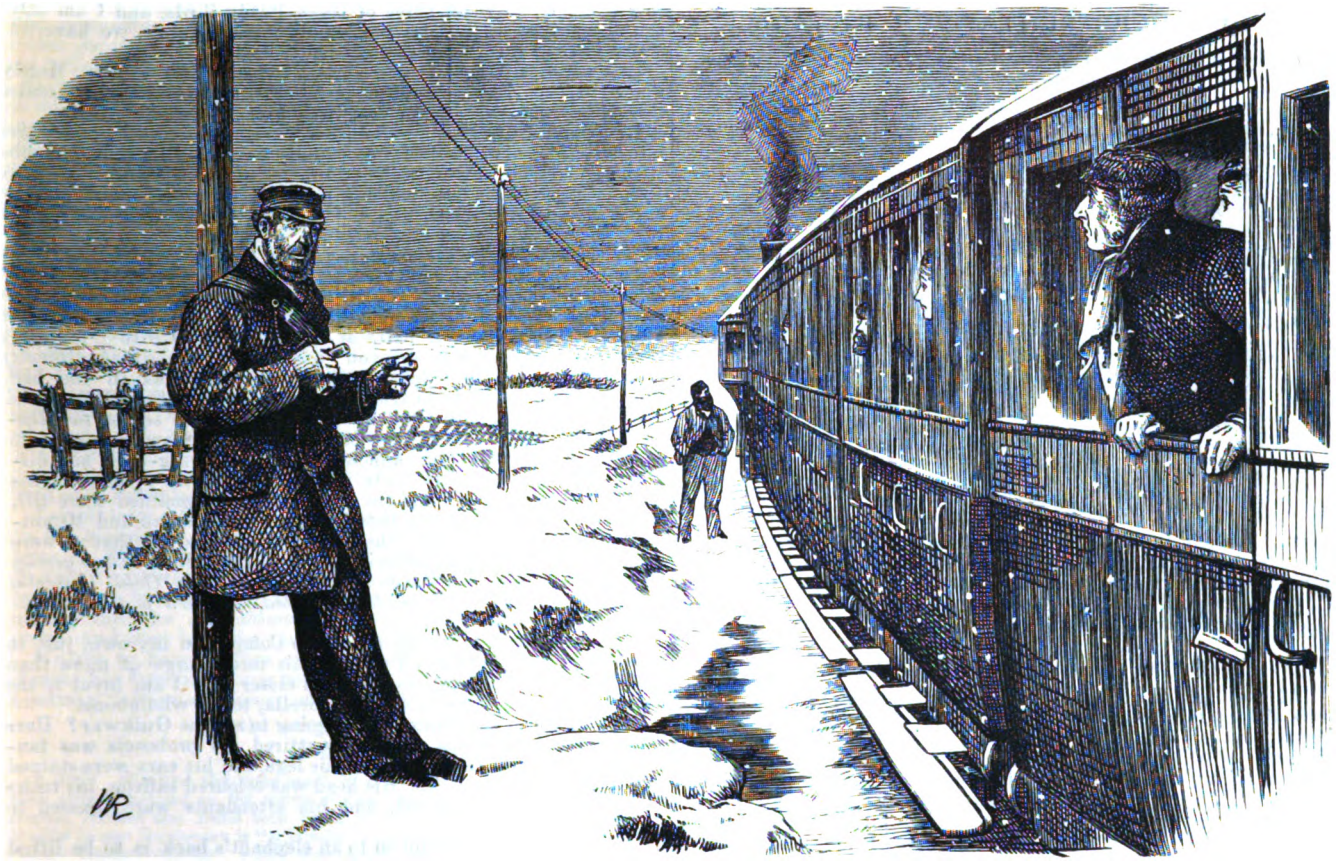
NOT TO BE WONDERED AT.

WE hear that stringent orders have been issued by the Admiralty that no Mistletoe is to be allowed among the Christmas decorations of the ships now in the Solent.

SEASONABLE HINT.

THE person likely to feel warmest at this time of year is the man who is not thoroughly wrapped up in himself.

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PLEASANT!

SCENE—*A bleak Scottish Moor.* TIME—*New Year's Day. Train gradually stops.*

Excited Passenger. "NOW, THEN, GUARD, WHAT *ARE* YOU STOPPING HERE FOR?"

Philosophical Guard. "FACT IS, THE WATTER'S GANE AFF THE BILE. HOOEVER, IT'S JIST POSSIBLE TH' EXPRESS BEHIN 'LL BE LATE."

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

THE PREMIER waits to hear what Parliament will say of his Suez Canal purchase.

The FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY waits for the wigging which is due to him.

The Leader of the Opposition waits for more power to be added to his elbow, ere he makes a party onslaught on the Government.

The British Army waits to see what good will come of the Mobilising project.

The British Public waits to see its Pictures placed in a building worthy of them, and where they will be visible.

Londoners in general, and West-Enders in particular, wait for somebody or other to adopt some sweeping measures to clean their filthy streets for them.

PRINCE BISMARCK waits for some excuse to pass an Act of Parliament to declare himself infallible.

The bondholders of Turkey wait for an answer to the Eastern Question, "Who will pay her Debts for her?"

MASTER GEORGE ADOLPHUS waits for the advent of next Christmas, when he hopes he may leave School, and be entrusted with a latch-key.

MISS MARTHA MOUSER (æstat. thirty-seven) waits for the Coming Man who will have the courage to make captive of her underneath the mistletoe.

MRS. GREYMARE waits to make her husband a pretty Christmas present of a small piece of her mind, whenever he returns from a too convivial evening.

Lastly, *Mr. Punch* waits upon the world at large with his usual Christmas presents of the *Pocket-Book* and *Almanack*.

DARING ACT (*at present prices*).—To beard a single Native in its shell, much less a whole barrel of them!

A SWEEPING REFORM.

SOME dissatisfaction having been expressed with regard to the efficiency of our Street-sweepers, the Metropolitan Vestries have determined upon instituting Competitive Examinations, in which the following questions will be put, among others:—

1. Can you lean on a broom or a shovel?
2. Can you look up and down a street?
3. Can you chew tobacco?
4. Can you converse fluently with other sweepers on the topics of the day?
5. Would you feel capable, during your moments of leisure from the above-named occupations, of sweeping the mud in the street out of the way of horses and carriages, and into the way of foot-passengers, and to such a depth and width as would preclude ladies and children from crossing the street?
6. Do you think you could remember to construct the largest and most deceptive mud-pies and puddings midway between the gas-lamps, so that, in the semi-darkness, persons might plunge both feet in them before knowing where they are going?

These questions being satisfactorily answered in the affirmative, an old broom (*not* a new one—the latter being proverbial for sweeping clean) will be presented to the candidate, and on the first fine dry, windy day he will be set to work to sweep dust into the eyes of a suffering public.

"Lord, gi'e us a guid Conceit o' Oursels!"

(*A Scotch Prayer adopted and adapted by an Indignant Harwicher.*)

OUR loyalty and our humanity, too,
'Tis a back-biting Press that disparages;
To their mottoes were all other boroughs as true!
"*Vivant Wrecks et Regina!*" is Harwich's!

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"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

In view of Christmas-Day—Jovialities—Festivities—Minutiæ—Specialities—"All there!"



SIR,—I write in haste, so that you may have the first news of our most recent doings. I have no doubt but that there will be various accounts of our proceedings, but believe me that mine is the only genuine one. "CODLIN 's the man—not SHORT."

You should hear my new Songs. One commences thus:—

"Merrily, merrily do we live now
Under the mango that hangs on the bough."

The copyright is still for sale: early application necessary, as I have already refused twenty lacs (or lakhs) of rupees from SIR RAG BERRI JAM JEE JELLYBHOY, and thirty from MIRZA KUM FOOZLAH, the latter of whom prides himself on his tenor voice; but, bless you, he "cannot sing the old songs" any more than his rivals, the Grate VANZEJEE, the LYUN-KOMMEKEE, or SIR JOLLEJE NASHBHOY.*

My latest Conundrum is going the round of all the Indian circles, and the natives are in fits. It is, "When may rupees be considered as 'loose cash'"? My Illustrious Companion made twenty-five guesses, and then offered me a Baronetcy and the Star of India if I would tell him privately. But I wouldn't. "Rupees," I answered, before an admiring crowd of Ram-jams, Rajahs, and such like, "Rupees may be considered as 'loose cash' when they are looked upon as *Lax*." Whereupon I bowed, and retired. Delirious laughter, and shouts of delight. I returned, and again bowed.

You may not be aware that my Illustrious Companion invariably goes about with a Gold Umbrella. It was found necessary to distinguish him in this manner, as it was so awkward for me always to be explaining who *he* was, and who I wasn't. The Rajahs, the Nizams, the Mahranas, and so forth, used invariably to come up to me first, and insist upon presenting me with diamonds, yataghans, zem-zems, and richly-caparisoned elephants, which, out of courtesy, I felt obliged to give up, saying, jocosely (in Hindostanee, of course) "No, no, my dear Maharajah" (or Rajah, or whoever it might be), "it's not me—it's t'other boy." My Noble and Disinterested Friend and myself arrange the shares afterwards; and so I shall have a magnificent Collection ready for exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, with a panorama, some songs, and, altogether, a first-rate entertainment, for next Easter. I make *you* the first offer. I'll take a hundred a week, and twenty-five per cent. of the profits. Eh?

I had—I mean my Illustrious co-Shooter and myself had—some fine sport the other day. There is a curious ornithological specimen here. It is rare, but not absolutely uncommon. It emigrates to India from Ireland at certain seasons, and is called the "Paddy Bird." It possesses few notes; and as it belongs to the *species* "Mocking-Bird" of the *genus* "Parrot," no doubt it has picked up and brought to this country many of the words peculiar to its own native land. Its cry is generally plaintive, and it may be heard any morning early, uttering such sounds as "Ochone! Worra, worra! Bedad!" and so forth. When challenging another cock-bird, it sings out, clearly and distinctly, "Will ye tread on the tail of my feathers?" And, on being mortally wounded, it falls with a wild shriek of "Whoop! Ould Oireland for iver!"

We managed to shoot three of these Paddy Birds, and I am only astonished that, with these remarkable characteristics, we have not heard more of them from English ornithologists.

It is wonderful how coming abroad expands the mind. Merely going to the Zoological Gardens three times during the London Season is, comparatively, of very little use.

Last Sunday afternoon, to amuse my Estimable and Appreciative, but by now somewhat *blasé*, Companion, I engaged in single combat with an elephant, a rhinoceros, two rams, and a buffalo. Of course I soon settled them all—one down, t'other come on; so I will not enter into details, which would be scarcely interesting to my fair readers.

We visited, the other day, the little city of Mukkipoora, the streets of which, after a heavy rain, were in a dreadful state. The Governor, COLONEL THE HON. RETCHIDWETHER, MAJOR SLUSHINGTON, MIRZA MUDPIZA (the eminent banker), and SIR SLOSHEE DHYRTEYBHOY entertained our party at the Downpore Club. We had a wet evening of it, I warrant you; and it was with great difficulty that we managed to collect our hats and umbrellas in the hall. COLONEL RETCHIDWETHER tried to see my Distinguished Friend and myself to the hall-door; but in consequence of his seeing *two* Distinguished Friends and two Myselfs, he somehow managed to conduct the wrong party, cannoned against a swing-door, and disappeared head first—his boots in the air, and an apology in his mouth. Being unhurt, and the carpet soft, he remained there till, I believe, next day. Long before this, SIR SLOSHJEE and MUDDIPIZA had disappeared under the table. I regret to say that we were compelled to put up the following notice in the hall:—"*Any gentleman having taken, by mistake for his own, the Gold Umbrella belonging to H.R.H., is hereby requested to return it to the hall-porter without delay.*"

In the meantime I've lent my Noble Companion my own, just to go on with, but not to go off with. This interchange of more than brotherly amenities binds us by a still closer tie. I am loyal to the back-bone; and, *à propos* of my umbrella, to the whalebone.

Did I give you an account of our going to see the Guikwar? Here it is—in brief. He was gorgeously attired, his proboscis was fantastically massive, rings encircled his legs, and his ears were stained of a pale yellowish colour. His head was coloured saffron, his tusks were sawn off and blunted, and his attendants were dressed to match.*

The usual way of getting on to an elephant's back is to be lifted up by small Native Hoisters. I, as an old hand, discard all assistance, and, taking a short run at the brute's head, leap on to his tusk, and with another bound I am on his back. Of course this requires practice, and my Royal and otherwise Accomplished Friend has not had the time to acquire my skill and efficiency. The consequence is, that he rather worries a mettlesome elephant in getting on to his back; and, as he is invariably in uniform, *with spurs on*, the consequences are in some instances likely to be fraught with some danger. "Thgit dloh!" cried the Natives, as, on feeling the tickling of the spurs on his sensitive hide, the high-couraged Guikwar gave such a heave of his back, and such a lash out with his hind legs, as caught SIR PHORTYSTUN JELLYBHOY just as he was in a salaaming position, with his back to the elephant, and his turban towards myself, and sent him flying over my head as if he had been discharged from his office by a catapult of sixty-four horse-power. Poor old JELLYBHOY! He is no longer a young man, and this sudden surprise must have taken ten years off his life. My Illustrious Friend kept his seat wonderfully, and away we cantered, he on the Guikwar, and myself on a white elephant (which really required riding), while the *Nizzars* brayed, the drums beat, the cymbals clanged: and so we rode to dinner. After the banquet, one of the native *Butties* ran in from Mukkipoora (thirteen miles off), to say that he had brought the Prince's umbrella, and asked for two thousand *kutwâals* (a kind of fourpenny bit), and fifty *Maungees* (amounting to about three shillings and two-pence and three-eighths) as a reward for his trouble and honesty.† My Generous and Royal Companion at once turned to me, and said, "Give it him." I laughed, and replied, in Hindostanee, "Ton rof hpesoj!" for I am *not* a *millionnaire*, and it's these small sums that break the camel's back.‡ C-R-NGT-N had to fork out; he has always got what the Indians term "Sparecashee" about him, and so we sent out

* The question with us at this moment is, are these real Indian names of real genuine Indian magnates, or are they not? A young friend very much about town just now, wishes to insinuate that, under a thin veil of Indian terminology he recognises the names of well-known London vocalists. Any light that can be thrown by our well-informed readers on this subject, will be taken as a great service rendered to the public and to ourselves. Our boy has not yet returned with the new Indian Dictionary. It must be a difficult thing to find, as he has been absent from our office for nearly three weeks.—ED.

* Surely, *surely*, there *must* be some mistake here. The Guikwar, as everyone knows, is a little Indian princely boy—*not an elephant*, as our Correspondent seems to infer. Either this is carelessness, or—or—— Yet *if* our Correspondent be on the spot, he *must* have means of knowing what a Guikwar *really is*, which we in this country do not possess. We are unwilling to judge harshly or hastily: *audi alteram partem* is our motto.—ED.

† In the continued absence of the boy with the Dictionary, we can only ascertain, from our former source of information, that *Kutwâal* is a "policeman," *not* "a kind of fourpenny bit;" and that *Maungee* means "a boatswain." Odd!—ED.

‡ "*Ton rof hpesoj!*" A sharp young friend suggests that this supposed Indian dialect is "Not for JOSEPH!" spelt backwards. Impossible! It must be a curious example of an undesigned coincidence.—ED.

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a handsome present to the honest *Buttee* by ADMIRAL MCHAGGIS, who presently returned, and, in a violent rage, produced *an old broken gingham*, which the rascal (after having collared the money, and bolted) had left tied up in a large parcel in the hall.

No one laughed more heartily than the Illustrious Visitor, and no one enjoyed the joke less than C-R-NGT-N. As for old MCHAGGIS, his sides shook and his cheeks nearly cracked with merriment.

We are preparing to keep Christmas in true English fashion, and twelve native Swells are invited to help us. As I write this, the HON. MAHOMED ROGEY POGEY is chopping up the mince for the pies, SIR GREEN GAGEE JAMJEE is holding the pudding-cloth, while LAWKSA MIRZA KAMFOOZLAH (covered with diamonds) is stirring the pudding in the big earthenware basin held by the dark brown hands of the MAHARANEE WUNKATTIM on one side, and the PRINCESS IMANIZE ITTYGAL on the other. SIR GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALAR JUNG is at a table making out a first-rate *menu*, which he can do, when he likes, and no one better: and MR. NURSERRI RYMJEE is singing "*Little Jack Horner*" in order to keep young PRINCE NANABY NORTYBHOY quiet, who would otherwise be all over the place, upsetting everything and everybody. The little wretch is only eight, and a regular Indian Pickle. Being of Royal descent, he can't be whipped; but, thank goodness, he will overeat himself at Christmas, and then, the next day, in will come DOCTOR JALAPJEE BLACKJEE DOSABHOY, and little NANABY will wish (as we often do now) that he'd never been born.

I must leave off now. Our Christmas-Day will be quiet enough in the morning. Sunday hats and go-to-meeting coats, half-an-hour of *Guddee-Guddee* (a kind of native sermon) by the REV. PARSEE PEECHEEBHOY, after which a calm, digestive *Dhoodeen** (an Indian tobacco-pipe), till two, when the festivities will commence, and the *Punjabbers* (or native professional jesters), will arrive, and then hey! for the plum-pudding of Poonah!

We are to have another pig-sticking day at Goalongo. A friend of mine has been sketching here, and will have ready for next year's Academy "*View of Mysore, drawn by* A. BLISTER."

All the compliments from

YOUR OWN INDIAN REPRESENTATIVE.

* Odd! We find the same word in Ireland. Also, as our readers may have already noticed in the course of their hermeneutical and etymological studies, *Ireland* and *India* both begin with the same letter. By the way, *Guddee* in *our* Dictionary is "a Hindoo throne." And yet there is something about "*Guddee-Guddee*" which *does* sound like a sermon, and is, too, quite in keeping with expressive Orientalisms. If the boy would only return with the Dictionary!—ED.

BONAPARTE!

"When, looking on the present face of things,
I see one Man, of Men the meanest too,
Raised up to sway the World! . . ."

WORDSWORTH, 1803.

Marforio. E vero, PASQUINO, che tutti i Francesi sono ladri?
Pasquino. Tutti, no, ma *buona parte!*

PASQUIN, 1810.

"The First NAPOLEON has been the worst enemy of modern France. . . . Another Sedan will always be possible so long as the chief exemplar of the nation is the peculiar kind of CÆSAR who is commemorated by the Vendôme Column."—*Times, Dec.* 22, 1875.

How long it takes the truth to learn!
Late lesson! Own we nought absurder
Than blood to shed and cities burn,
And glory seek in wholesale murder.

Yet such a halo of romance
Circled about the eagle standard,
NAPOLEON won the heart of France,
And men who called him vile were slandered.

That maddest, meanest man of men—
Of half the world the quondam master:—
Was sudden stricken down, and then
Whimpered about his own disaster.

He left the nation, wild with rage,
His body in an ocean prison;
From her Imperial heritage,
What good to France has yet arisen?

The French are a forgiving race:
They 're ready now, with aspect solemn,
Their brazen hero to replace
Upon his tall Parisian Column.

Recast, rehoist the effigy,
That e'en the Commune's hands found brittle;
Set up his statue ne'er so high,
The Little Corporal still is little!

INUNDATIONS.



PUBLIC characters complain severely of having been inundated by requests for autographs.

Householders complain of their letter-boxes being inundated by trade circulars.

Governors of Charitable Institutions say that they are inundated by applications on behalf of all sorts of impracticable cases.

Theatrical Managers complain of being daily inundated by requests for free admissions from people who haven't the slightest claim to them.

Editors of Papers complain of being inundated by torrents of useless Correspondence. The complaints of the Editor of *P——h* are bitter. His time is taken up in attempts to decipher ill-written MSS. which are worthless *when* deciphered, and his *sanctum* is inundated by a flood of old jokes and stale witticisms.

Last week everybody worth anything to anybody was inundated by calls for Christmas-boxes. These Inundations have been accompanied by a tremendous Inundation of Christmas bills, which is likely, we fear, to spread itself all over the country. Those whom Providence has *not* blessed with affluence, would find Boulogne a pleasant place of resort during these terrible Christmas Inundations at home.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

SORR—MISTHER PUNCH,

SEE here now what LORD DERBY said the other day in Edinburgh:—

"It is easy to point to the estimates of forty years ago, and to draw invidious contrasts. But forty years ago an able-bodied Irishman thought himself liberally paid at a shilling a day; and no wonder then that you could get soldiers and sailors cheap."

Chape, is it? Yes, bedad. To go a sodgerin' or a sailorin', and run the risk of being say-sick, or mayhap of being shot at, for only a shillin' a day, bedad it 's making human flesh and blood as chape as cat's-meat. Ye see, forty year ago PAT was a pore divil, and emigration—blessings on it!—wornt invinted. Besides, provisions thin were chape, and so was food for powdther. But, thanks to 'Merriky and Melbourne, PADDY knows the value of his able body now-a-days, and won't let it go a sodgerin' for a'most next to nothin'. Ye see, when butcher's mate is asy sellin' at a shillin' a pound, a boy ud be a goose to let himself be bought for on'y a shillin' a day, with the chance of being shot at or transfigured by a baynit. Forty year ago, PAT could live like a fighting-cock upon no betther pay than that, becase thin butcher's mate was chape—anny way he niver tasted it. But, in the present march of intelleck, a sodger couldn't think of living on pitaties.

Yours humbly to command,

PHIL. FOGGARTY,
Ex-Corporal of the Fighting Onety-Oneth.

Men in their Places.

AN opinion is gaining ground that the office of First Lord of the Admiralty, to be efficiently discharged, requires to be filled by a Naval Officer possessing the professional knowledge necessary for its due performance. It may be hoped that the change thus suggested will not be made without some endeavour to ascertain whether the practice which it is proposed to depart from does not, in fact, work as well as possible. Suppose we try the converse of it to test the point. When the next opportunity presents itself, let us select a distinguished Admiral, not to preside over naval affairs, but to be Chancellor of the Exchequer.

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THE DOG-SHOW AT THE DAGMAR PALACE.

Brown, Owner of "Chimborazo" (smarting under defeat). "HANG IT ALL! TO THINK OF THOSE TWO OLD WOMEN GIVING THE FIRST PRIZE TO *POPOCATOPETL*, AND BARELY COMMENDING *CHIMBORAZO!* DO YOU CALL THAT *JUDGING?*"

Jones, Owner of "Popocatopetl" (generous under victory). "IT'S ALL FAIR ENOUGH, MY DEAR SIR. IF YOU RECOLLECT, AT THE DERBY DOG-SHOW LAST WEEK, THE VERY SAME TWO GENTLEMEN WHO JUDGED TO-DAY, GAVE THE FIRST PRIZE TO *CHIMBORAZO*, AND TOOK NO MORE NOTICE OF POOR *POPOCATOPETL* THAN IF HE'D BEEN A TOM-CAT!"

1876.

Look alive!
Dead is Eighteen-Seventy-Five!
Who got us into many a fix!
Room for Eighteen-Seventy-Six!
Up he comes—an infant gay—
Though an "Eastern Question" bars his way,
Whose dark perils to pass through
Needs wary walking. Leap Year, too!—
Year of rashness as of right,
For making love or breeding fight:
When Ladies may make free to speak
Thoughts that flush or pale the cheek:—
Schrecklich Jahr
For Love or War!

Swallows wing!
Here's the Year's first daughter, Spring.
Dear delicious morning hours,
White hands wet with April flowers;
Not a thought for dolt or zealot,
Valentine the ruling prelate:
Spring, with myriad odours shed—
Of bud from burgeon, flower from bed!
Lo, the air with perfume fills
Of hyacinths and daffodils.
Now 's the day
For love and play.

Thrush's song!
Nightingales the woods among—
Perfect blue at happy noon,
When the Summer seems to swoon;
Sunsets when the colour rushes
Into many million blushes;
Night so still that love's own star
From our dull earth seems not far;
Sunrises divinely yellow—
Prithee stop, poetic fellow,
Whom day's peep
Finds still asleep.

Leaves float down:
Autumn wears her wondrous crown.
Gay the trample o'er the heather,
Gay the time we spend together,
Friends, who let life's troubles go
For a merry month or so.
Autumn brings the "happy thought,"
From decaying radiance caught,
That there is for toilers here
Summer in a wider sphere.
Leaves float slow!
Love doth not go.

Snow and ice!
Take wise HORACE'S advice.
Let the mighty Yule-log glow,
On holly and on mistletoe,
Under whose benignant cluster,
Christmas pairs for kisses muster!
So the year is round again,
Peace and war, and sun and rain,
Love and marriage, death and birth,
Fun and fancy, tears and mirth,—
Heaven knows what—but may we be,
Coming year, by aid of thee,
Nearer Heaven
In Seventy-Seven!

Our Fast Friend in Egypt.

OUR friend the KHEDIVE seems rather in a hurry to spend the £4,000,000 which we are to give him for his Suez Canal shares. At once he invades Abyssinia, and encroaches upon Zanzibar. Does ISMAIL PASHA want to demonstrate how fitly, with a little difference of spelling, he has been named after the Arabs' first ancestor? Is His Highness going to have his hand against every man, and the hand of every man against him? Shall the hand of ISMAIL be as the hand of ISHMAEL?

Past and Future.

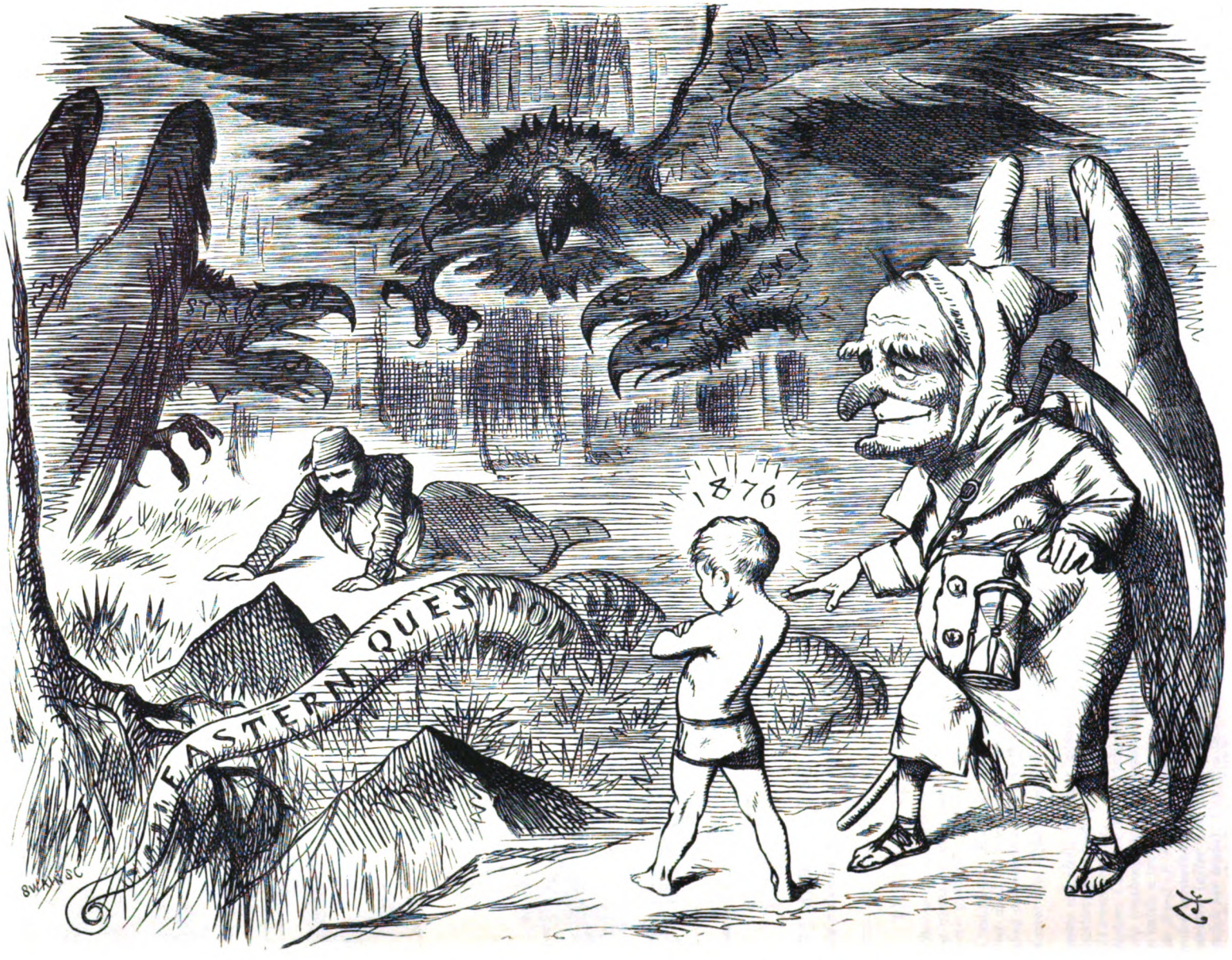
THE Money Article of a Contemporary informs us that—

"The Erimus Iron Company (Limited) is to be wound up by the High Court of Justice."

Shouldn't the *Erimus* Iron Company (that was) now be the *Fuimus?*

REMEDY FOR RINK-RISKS.—Castor oil.

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THE NEW YEAR'S LOOK-OUT.

FATHER TIME (*to* EIGHTEEN-SEVENTY-SIX). "MIND HOW YOU GO, MY LITTLE MAN!"

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CHRISTMAS IN THE CROW'S-NEST.

(Affectionately dedicated by Mr. Punch to all Friends in the Arctic Regions.)

THE COST OF CIVILITY.

SCENE—*The Stores at Christmas time. Civil Servants and others purchasing goods of not particularly—Civil Servants. Great confusion everywhere. Reckless display of goods.*

Enter Timid Customer. *He looks about him hopelessly, and undergoes a good deal of preliminary pushing. By degrees he finds himself being carried towards an office desk.*

Timid Customer (*to Official behind the desk*). Can you kindly tell me——?

Official (*to some one else*). Number, please!

[Timid Customer *subsides, and waits until attention has been paid to some one else.*

Timid Customer. Can you kindly tell me——?

Excited Lady (*rushing up to the desk*). I am sure you will forgive me—I have to catch a train.

[*Pushes in front of* Timid Customer, *and engages* Official *in an animated conversation.*

Timid Customer (*after the* Excited Lady *has disappeared—presumably—to catch her train*). Can you tell me——?

Official. Now, Sir, where's your bill?

Timid Customer. O, I have no bill—I only want to know——

Official (*cutting him short*). Can't attend to you without a bill. (*To other Customers.*) Now then, please!

[*Other Customers rush up and invade desk.*

Timid Customer. Really, it is very annoying.

Good-Natured Customer. What do you want, Sir?

Timid Customer. O, I only wished to ask where I could get some note-paper.

Good-Natured Customer. I think you had better address yourself to some one else. You see, he (*pointing to the* Official) only takes the money. It's not his department, you know, and I really don't think you will get anything out of him.

Timid Customer. Thank you very much.

[*Makes his way through a long shop, full of pushing Customers, Shopmen, and Porters. After five minutes' crush, he approaches a Man counting apples.*

Man. Eighteen, twenty.

Timid Customer (*when the* Man *pauses, thinking the counting over*). Can you tell me, please——?

Man (*recommencing his counting with renewed energy*). Twenty-two, twenty-four!

[Timid Customer *is pushed by less timid Customers against a counter.*

Timid Customer (*addressing a* Shopman, *who appears to be disengaged*). Can you tell me, please——? [Shopman *hurries away.*

Angry Customer. I tell you I will have it. The parcel was to have been ready yesterday.

Shopman. It wasn't me who attended upon you—it was another gentleman!

Angry Customer. Gentleman. (*Explodes.*) Do you know who I am, fellow? If you don't, you shall soon learn! But just give me my parcel. [*The package is promptly produced.*

Timid Customer (*encouraged by the success of the* Angry Customer). Can you tell me, please, where I can get some note-paper?

Shopman (*with temper ruffled at the doubt thrown upon his gentility*). Not this department. [*Goes off.*

Timid Customer. Really, this is very annoying.

Clerical Customer. Can I assist you at all, Sir?

Timid Customer. I only wanted to know where I could get some note-paper.

Clerical Customer. O, it's at the other end of the building. You had better go up that staircase and turn to the right, then go down the passage you will find to the left, and then, &c., &c.

[*Gives rather an elaborate description of the way to get to the Stationery Department.*

Timid Customer (*perplexed, but grateful*). Thank you very much.

Clerical Customer (*genially*). Not at all. If we did not help one another a little, we should never get served.

Timid Customer. So it seems. Still, thank you very much.

[*Ascends staircase, and, after several mistakes, at last finds himself in the Stationery Department.*

Familiar Shopman (*to a crowd of Ladies, Clergymen, and other respectable people*). Now, then, one at a time! I can't attend to all of yer at once—now can I?

Timid Customer (*addressing* Shopboy, *who is vaguely watching a Customer as he leisurely makes his selection of something or other on the counter*). Could you, please, give me some note-paper?

Shopboy (*sharply*). Can't attend to more than one at a time.

Timid Customer (*annoyed at the* Shopboy's *tone*). But I have been here some time; and really I think, while that gentleman is making a selection, you might——

Shopboy (*to* Shopman). Can I attend to *him*—MR. SOME-NAME-OR-OTHER?

Shopman. Certainly not! Take one person at a time.

Timid Customer (*at last losing his temper*). "Person!" Here—you—give me your name at once!

Shopman (*coolly producing a small leathern case*). Certainly. Here is my card. [*Gives* Timid Customer *a visiting card!*

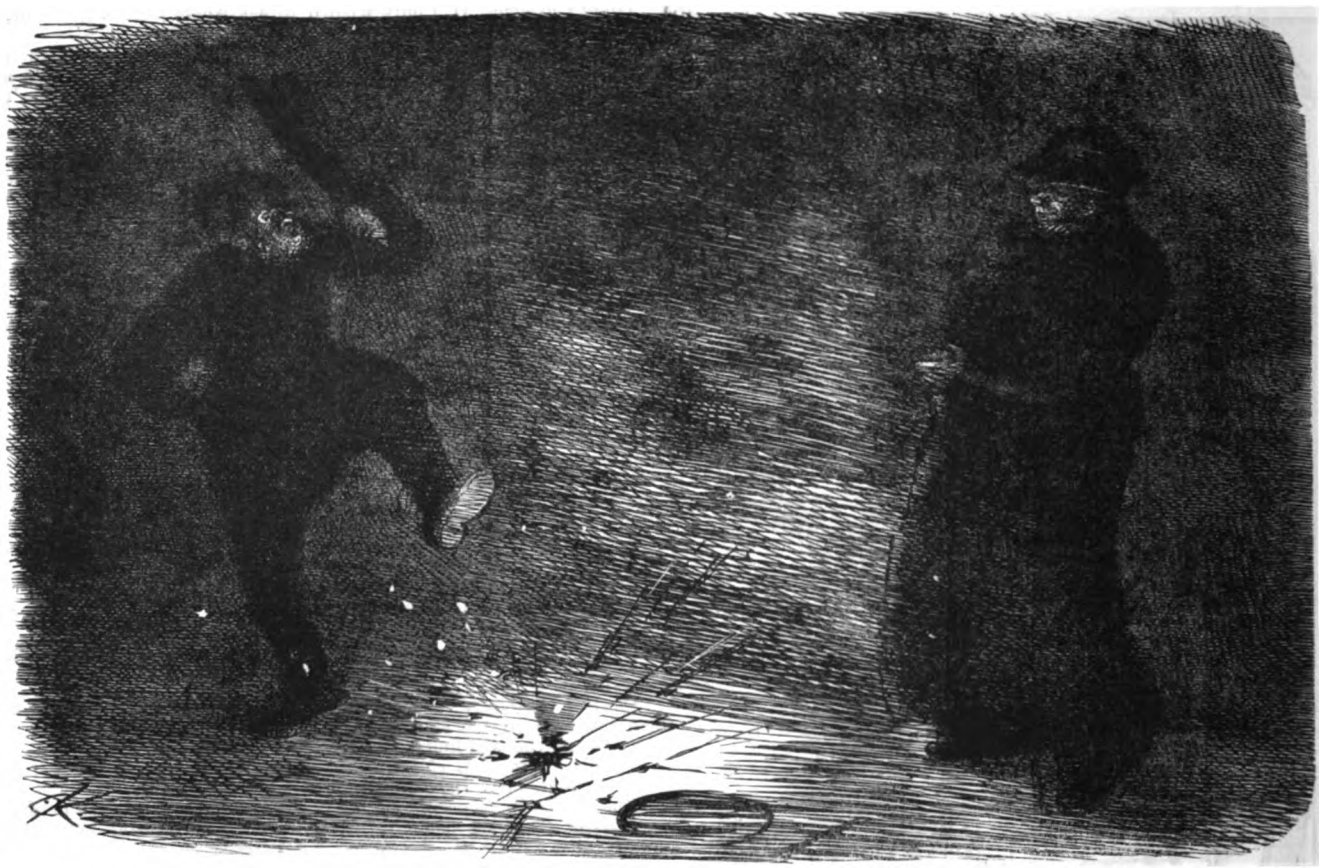
Timid Customer (*hurrying from the Stores*). Really, it is too bad! I had better buy my note-paper at a shop.

[*Does so comfortably and expeditiously, and loses very nearly a penny by the transaction, for things are so much cheaper at the Stores—with the exception of Civility!*

A GOOD SOUL.

A HANDSOME Christmas-Box, in the shape of £1,200 raised by friendly subscription, has been presented to MR. JOSEPH SOUL. MR. SOUL, who is not well, and has a Wife and Daughter to maintain, "is well known as having acted as the Secretary of more than one Charitable Institution in the Metropolis." Chiefly by the exertions of MR. SOUL, the sum of £20,000 had, it was mentioned by the Gentleman who handed him the merited testimonial, "been procured on behalf of one particular Charity. He might also be said to be the founder of the Alexandra Orphanage for Infants and the Convalescent Home at Margate." This SOUL appears to have been the life as well as soul of many charitable institutions. He has well earned his Christmas-Box of £1,200; but that, though a handsome one, is, it may be remembered, with three SOULS to support, money enough to go some way only towards keeping body and soul together.

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A SIGNAL SUCCESS.

Toddleton (meeting Coddleton in the Fog, startled by an Explosion at his Feet). "HULL—LO! WHAT—THE DOOSE IS THAT?"

Coddleton. "FOG SIGNAL, DEAR BOY!—FOG SIGNAL! WHEN I SEE A LAMP-POST, OR ANYBODY ELSE, COMING AGAINST MY NOSE, 'THROW DOWN FOG SIGNAL—'REMINDS ME TO GET OUT O' THE WAY, YOU KNOW. 'SEE THE IDEA?!!!"

SEASONABLE JOTTINGS.

THE designs for Christmas Cards, preserved in the Ambrosial Library at Milan, by the Old Masters, particularly those by CORPO DI BACCO, DOLCE FAR NIENTE, PIETRO PUNCHINELLO, FRA SGRAFFITO, and VILLEGGIATURA, show no indications of plum-pudding, holly, or turkey, and only in one or two (by POCO CURANTE) are there any signs of snow and icicles.

It is both interesting and instructive (especially for those young persons home for the holidays who may be detained in-doors through stress of weather) to trace back to the fountain-head one or two of the phrases which are everywhere current at this festive season. "Christmas comes but once a year" is claimed for several writers of antiquity by their respective partisans; but it is hardly worth while to discuss the question, for the Author, whoever he was, must have been a man of singularly contracted views, not to see that his aphorism has no special reference to Christmas, but applies equally to Lent, Michaelmas, the Battle of Marengo, *Mr. Punch's* birthday, and all other great anniversaries. The cheery good wish, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," has been ascribed to BONIFACE and also to HILARY, but it is older than either or both of them. Uttered from time immemorial between the twenty-fifth of December and the sixth of January, it may be traced back in illuminated MSS. and palimpsests, in venerable scrolls and papyri, through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance to the Invention of Learning and the Revival of Printing, till it is finally lost in the darkness which preceded the dawn of Gothic Architecture in the Byzantine Empire. "What seasonable weather!" That distinguished philologist, VON SPRACHERZUNGE, gives a list of seventy-six languages, and one hundred-and-eleven dialects, in which this well-known formula occurs, extending from 196° 28′ N. to 47° 195′ S.

The Christmas-Tree was first introduced into this country from the Black Forest by a German Band. Some harmless superstitions hide themselves amongst its branches. It should be dug up with a silver (certainly with an electro-plated) spade, by a distant relation, between the hours of 8 P.M. and 8 A.M., and removed, carefully wrapped in silver paper, in a cylindrical pot of vermilion hue, by four of the best girls in the next charity-school, wearing duffle bonnets trimmed with green ribbon, long yellow mittens, short red petticoats, and blue worsted stockings. If possible, a deputation from the nearest School Board, with their Beadles, should be invited to the exhibition of the Tree, and little appropriate gifts handed to them by anyone present who has passed the Oxford (or Cambridge) Local Examination. The Lady, having an establishment of her own, who receives the last present from a Christmas-Tree, may confidently look forward to one of three things happening in the course of the New Year—either the roasting-jack will get out of order, or the housemaid will give warning, or there will be a fracture of crockery in the kitchen.

On New Year's Eve it is considered very lucky if you dream that you are at a Fancy Dress Ball at the Bank of England.

On New Year's Day, if the post arrives before you are down to breakfast, you will receive during the year a list of prices from a wine-merchant, patterns from a tailor, and the announcement of the purchase of a bankrupt draper's stock and its unreserved sale at 55 per cent. below cost price. If, on the other hand, you are seated at the breakfast-table when the letters are delivered, twelve months will not elapse without your receiving a pressing solicitation to subscribe to the Grand National State Lottery of Boshnia, a card with the prices (up to the latest possible moment) of the best Wallsend, Silkstone, and Derby Brights, and a cordial invitation to dine (at your own expense) with the Patrons, Stewards, and Supporters of the Hospital for the Relief and Cure of Diseases of the Midriff, supported entirely by voluntary contributions.

Never make your Will on Old Christmas Day (Twelfth Day). There are reasons for this, which you can learn (after filling up the necessary forms, and paying the necessary fees) at the Registry, Court of Probate, Somerset House, W.C.

ARMY MOBILISATION SCHEME (*according to* EARL GREY).—Reckoning without your Host.

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WHY NOT?

Cook (*come after Situation*). "BY THE BYE, MA'AM, IS THERE A *RINK* IN YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD? FOR I SHOULDN'T LIKE TO GIVE UP MY SKATING!"

TERENCE AT WESTMINSTER.

ON a night not long ere Christmas Day,
DOCTOR PUNCH, who is *sapiens et vafer*,
Takes the book of the very first play
Of PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER:
He looks at the Westminster boys,
Judges, big-wigs, and ladies in satin,
Then, ere fact all illusion destroys,
He buries his nose in the Latin.

Good stuff, O TERENTI! Although
It is not a critical slander
To say, that We very well know,
That you borrowed your plot from MENANDER.
But are *we* not borrowers too?
Why the critics are raving in chorus
That nought now-a-days can be new,
Since the Ancients were authors before us.

Be it so. Let our wine and our wit
Be famed, if you will, for antiquity:
But why should that lessen a whit
Our enjoyment of *Davus'* iniquity?
Not, though, while the best fun's astir,
Our neighbour, SIR MARK MEGATHERIUM,
Says, "The play has no heroine, Sir!
Where the deuce have they hidden *Glycerium*?"

"Play without 'leading lady,'—too bad!"
Verdant Greens in loud protest may mutter,
Who for stage-sirens go to the bad,
On the shoal where short petticoats flutter.
For their sake *Mr. Punch* must declare
That our stage would be often less quizzible,
If the heroine, foolish as fair,
Could all through the play be invisible.

The Actress her "h's" who drops,
The Actress who shrieks in her passion,
The Actress who won't mind her stops,
The Actress who will set the fashion;
Just think of them, playwright of *nous*,
And say is 't not very much safer
To shut the sweet thing in her house,
As did PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER?

BIRDS AND BONNETS.

ONE of those evils which work their own cure will, it is to be hoped, prove to be the present barbarous fashion of wearing little birds or portions of them as trimmings of bonnets. In "Fashions for December" *Le Follet* announces that:—

"The birds and wings are getting very common, and are superseded in the bonnets made by fashionable modistes by long plumes and curled feathers. As many of these can be supplied from one victim, the small ornithological species must be very grateful for this new decree of Fashion."

By "getting common," *Le Follet* means that cockrobins, goldfinches, and tomtits, have commenced appearing in the head-dresses adopted by the wives and daughters of small tradesmen, and by servant girls, whence again they will disappear in due time after they have been "superseded in the bonnets made by fashionable modistes" for the superior classes. Thus all orders of the sex will, in succession, figure as feather-headed, but, in succession, we trust, to return to less objectionable trimmings and humaner head-gear.

In the meantime *Punch* grieves to learn that, so far from this being the case as yet, the Chairman of the Avon and Stour Farmers' Club has lately brought under the notice of the Club a new cruelty springing from the same source—viz., the plucking out the wings and feathers of birds while still alive, the offenders in their defence averring that the feathers were more valuable when so plucked, as longer retaining their natural hue.

BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS has been on the *qui vive*, as usual, in defence of her poor little feathered friends, and writes to the Secretary of the Club a letter which *Punch* is glad to reprint *in extenso*:—

"SIR, "*Heron Court Dec. 19th.*

"PLEASE convey to the members of your excellent society the sense of pleasure it gave me to learn that there was an unanimous desire on their part to put down the cruelty which has been extensively practised in this and other districts, in wantonly killing, and (as I learn from the Christchurch paper of the 1st inst.) actually torturing small birds. That three men should be charged with plucking the wings and feathers of these most harmless of all God's creatures while still alive seems incredible at this period of the nineteenth century; but as it appears that these feathers are intended for the adornment of Ladies' attire, it is time that the sense of Englishwomen should be quickened to the enormity of the crime which they are virtually encouraging. I have already communicated with many of the leaders of fashion in this country on the subject, but, in a truly sympathetic letter I received from MADAME LOUISE I am grieved to learn that, repugnant to womanly feeling as this kind of decoration should be there is still an increasing demand for it. English Ladies will incur a serious responsibility, and gain an unenviable reputation, unless they discard a practice attended with so much pain and cruelty as this is now shown to be. "BURDETT-COUTTS."

JUSTICE TO A HEAD-MASTER.

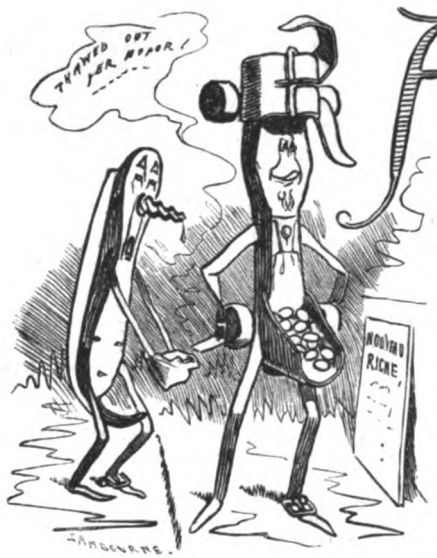
ON "Speech Day" at Highbury College the usual festivities were observed in Highbury New Park in the presence of some two hundred Ladies and Gentlemen.

"BISHOP CLAUGHTON took the chair, and proceeded to the presentation of the prizes, making some excellent remarks commendatory of DR. KIDDO and his staff of masters, who had, during the past twenty years, imparted so sound an education to so many pupils."

Here, now, was just the right man in the right place, saying just the right thing. No one, perhaps, is better qualified to appreciate the services of a Head-Master who has creditably conducted a Public School for the last twenty years, than BISHOP CLAUGHTON. Recently published correspondence and remarks have probably impressed him with a sense of such services, which, had he been endowed with it a little sooner, would have enabled him to do justice to the Head Master of Felstead School, MR. GRIGNON.

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PUNCH'S ALMANACKS.



AS *Mr. Punch* has of late been compelled to undergo the perusal of many Almanacks (in the preparation of his own incomparable one), he has been painfully struck by the amount of stupidity shown in their Calendars (excluding, of course, his own incomparable one). The average almanack reads like the following:—

M	Sun rises 3h. 51m.
Tu	J. Smith b. 1807
W	Joseph Miller d. 1701
Th	Dividends due
F	Jamaica discovrd. 1494
S	Wm. Bloggins d. 1683

Now who wants to know when the sun rises, or who, if he does know it, will get up to see it? Does not every schoolboy know that JOHN SMITH was born in 1807? Is anyone so disgracefully ignorant as not to be aware when JOSEPH (familiarly called JOE) MILLER departed this life? If anyone has got any dividends, trust him for knowing when they are due; and if he hasn't got any, what is the use of tantalising him? Does any one require to be informed when Jamaica was discovered, and is there any one so lost to all sense of decency and shame that he does not know that WILLIAM BLOGGINS died in 1683?

Mr. Punch, true to his one great instinct of benefiting mankind in every possible manner, has devised and patented a new series of Almanacks, which will meet everybody's wants. He subjoins a few specimens, leaving the years blank till he has time to consult his HAYDN's (*Times and) Seasons.*

Husbands.

M	First Club started in London
Tu	Chubb invented latch-keys
W	Smith murdered his mother-[in-law
Th	Mrs. Caudle died
F	Mrs. Naggleton born
S	Divorce Court opened

Wives.

M	Pin-mon. instituted [his wife
Tu	Brown got 7 years for beating
W	New dresses wanted [able
Th	Broughams found indispens-
F	Most people go out of Town
S	Divorce Court opened

Young Men.

M	M. Cognac met Mlle. Soda
Tu	Pick-me-ups perfected
W	Derby first run [invented
Th	Billiards and "Van John"
F	Tobacco brought into England.
S	Loo became unlimited

Young Women.

M	Invention of Rinking: spread like Winking.
Tu	Manola Waltz written
W	Jouvin born
Th	Language of Flowers discovd.
F	Valentines first sent
S	Strauss born

Artists.

M	Some King picked up somebody's brush *
Tu	Manchester discovered
W	Pot-boilers first painted
Th	Vicar of Wakefield written
F	An art critic hung (*Pour encourager les autres.*)
S	Brown got £6000 for a picture

Authors.

M	Three publishers burnt alive at Leipzig Fair.
Tu	Nap. III. sent six editors to Cayenne.
W	"Over-work" invented
Th	Fielding got drunk
F	Smollett got drunk
S	Steele got drunk.

The Planetary lore of the Almanacks for 1876 suggests some Happy Thoughts. Thus:—

January.—Venus is an evening star now. *Mr. Punch generally* finds Venus an evening star.

Mars is in the constellation Pisces. Can that mean a naval engagement? Hooray for Old England!

February.—Venus still an evening star. Of course, dear creature!

Mars still in Pisces. Another sea-fight. More Nelsons wanted.

Neptune in Aries. That means "rams." May they run down, not their friends, but their enemies!

* Accuracy in historic details cannot be expected from Artists.

Ladies fair! There are five Tuesdays in February. Be sure to propose before the last, which is Shrove Tuesday.

March.—Venus, lovely being, still an evening star.

Mars and Neptune both in Aries. Look out for squalls.

April.—Can it be, or are we the fools of flower-giving April—anemone of months? Venus still an evening star.

Never mind: Mars has got out of Aries, though Neptune sticks there still.

May.—Really, pretty lustrous Venus,
There must be something wrong between us,
That when old Phœbus leaves his car,
You still remain an evening star.

June.—Jupiter is in Libra. The supreme Divinity is about to weigh the year in his celestial scales.

July.—Cygnus, Aquila, and Sagittarius will be on the meridian near midnight. What will happen to the Swan and the Eagle if the Archer knows his trade?

August.—Venus morning star, at last; comes down in cool summer dress, and pours out the coffee with the whitest hand in the world.

September.—Pegasus will be on the meridian at midnight. Expect poetasters. Off with your coat, O Saturday Reviewer!

October.—The Moon occults the Pleiades. Doubtless, the Queen of the Sky cuts those six sisters because the seventh was "lost."

November.—Mars is in Virgo. Several gallant officers will become Benedicks.

December.—Taurus will be on the meridian at midnight. Dish we the Christmas sirloin!

NAVAL NURSERY RHYMES.

A RECENT public speaker is reported to have said that the way in which the Navy is now managed is "positively childish." If this be true, our Sailors may in some sort be looked upon as children, and scarce out of the nursery; and, this being so, they may perhaps find some amusement in such nursery rhymes as these:—

I.

Hushaby, Admiral, sleep like a top;
When the wind blows, safe ashore you should stop:
Ere you awake there 'll perhaps come a squall,
And down may go Iron-clads, sailors and all.

II.

Bah, bah, black sheep, let me see your hull:
Ah, yes, precisely so, of leaking valves 'tis full.
Here 's one near the engine-room, another by the stern,
And what on earth they 're wanted for no fellow well can learn.

III.

Rashery, dashery, smash!
Into each other ships crash:
And it strikes more than one,
That JOHN BULL is done,
For repairs when he forks out the cash.

IV.

Iron-clad, Iron-clad, get up your steam,
And see that your whistles are ready to scream.
For fear of a leak your fog-signals prepare,
But don't start till the weather-glass stands at Set Fair.

V.

There was a little man
That in a big ship ran
On a perfectly calm morning from Spithead, head, head:
And steered her on a rock,
And sank her by the shock,
For he 'd quite forgot the heaving of the lead, lead, lead.

VI.

Sing a song for Sailors,
Pipe your weather eye:
With more than twenty big ships,
On none can we rely.
When Parliament is opened,
How precious small they 'll sing,
Those Admiralty lubbers,
Whom DIZ overboard must fling!

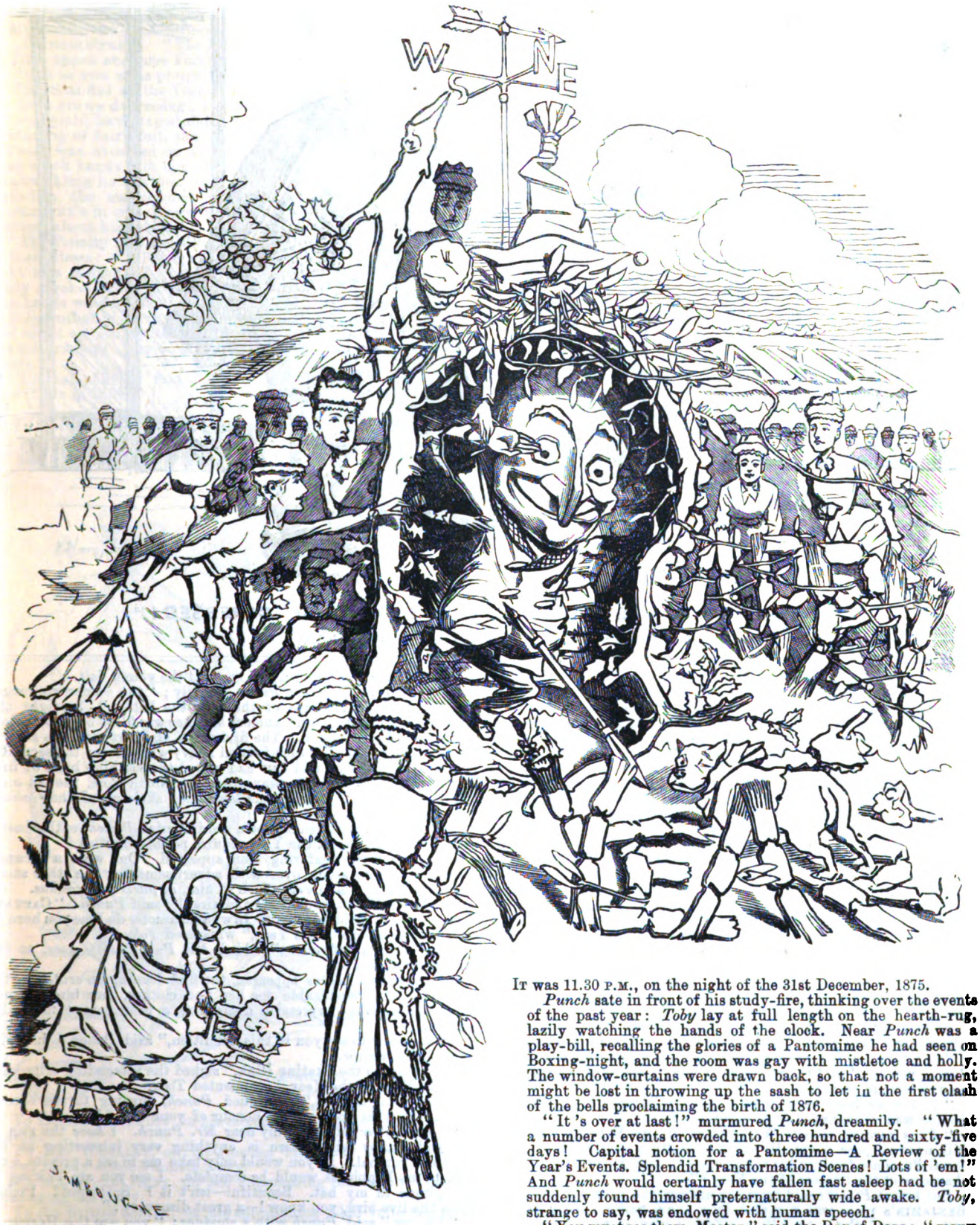
VII.

Half-mast hoist your buntin,
If DIZZY keeps WARD-HUNT in:
Punch would not be in his skin,
When the Session shall begin!

MOTTO FOR THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN FINANCIAL COMMISSIONER.—*Caveat Emptor.*

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



IT was 11.30 P.M., on the night of the 31st December, 1875.

Punch sate in front of his study-fire, thinking over the events of the past year: *Toby* lay at full length on the hearth-rug, lazily watching the hands of the clock. Near *Punch* was a play-bill, recalling the glories of a Pantomime he had seen on Boxing-night, and the room was gay with mistletoe and holly. The window-curtains were drawn back, so that not a moment might be lost in throwing up the sash to let in the first clash of the bells proclaiming the birth of 1876.

"It 's over at last!" murmured *Punch*, dreamily. "What a number of events crowded into three hundred and sixty-five days! Capital notion for a Pantomime—A Review of the Year's Events. Splendid Transformation Scenes! Lots of 'em!" And *Punch* would certainly have fallen fast asleep had he not suddenly found himself preternaturally wide awake. *Toby*, strange to say, was endowed with human speech.

"You must see them, Master," said the Dog of Dogs; "many of them have come a long way to pay their respects to you: and some of them *I* have ordered round to receive from you the rating they deserve."

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"WHERE COOK HAS TREATED, CAT SHOULD BE CARESSED!"

(*Sketch in a London Square, Christmas-Day*, 1875.)

Here *Toby* suddenly began singing with great feeling, "*God Bless the Prince of Wales*," as a young Gentleman, of gracious manners and prepossessing appearance, walked up to his Master.

"Don't rise, I beg," said the young Gentleman, with a pleasant smile; "I hate ceremony. I came to tell you that I like India very much; and, upon my honour, I begin to think India likes me."

"Can you doubt it, Sir?" exclaimed *Punch*, bowing with his most courtly air. "Every day brings us news of the good impression you are making upon the subjects of your gracious Mamma, the EMPRESS OF HINDOSTAN."

"O, yes. They are not half bad fellows; though sport might be better. PROBYN has rather let me in on that point. But what need to talk to you?" and H.R.H. laughed heartily. "Have you not a Special Correspondent attached to my *suite*, who tells you everything in the way of sport, that occurs to him, or to me?"

"Yes, Sir, I have," replied *Punch*, smiling; "and his contributions, if you will permit me to say so, are infinitely better fun than the regular thing in the morning papers. I trust we shall soon see your Royal Highness at home again?"

"I hope to be back in March," said H.R.H. "In the meantime allow me to wish you the compliments of the season, in my popular character of the Traveller of the Year."

He was gone, and suddenly his place was taken by a Gentleman whose face was as a book, where men might read strange matters.

"Got through the year without losing my seat on the Treasury Bench, you see," said the new-comer, with a smile full of sarcastic, though serious, meaning.

"You have been very lucky," replied *Punch*, drily; "for the Session was mismanaged from beginning to end."

"*Finis coronat opus!* Who thinks of the Merchant Shipping Bill, or of all poor WARD HUNT's Admiralty messes, with the Suez Canal Purchase fresh in his recollection? May I bow to you in the character of the Success of the Year?"

But before *Punch* could frame an answer, the RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN's place was occupied by a sham Sailor. *Toby* growled savagely, and the outwardly sea-faring man seemed to yaw and shift uneasily under the steady gaze of *Punch*.

"Who are you?" asked the Sage.

"I hail from the Admiralty," growled the young Salt.

"Off with you!" cried *Punch*, angrily; "the sooner we forget the Blunders and Mishaps of the Year the better." Straight the place of that anything but Ancient Mariner was filled by two Sailors of a very different stamp. The first was a stalwart man, his suit of rough fear-nought stiff with ice and heavy with snow; the second a lad, on whose clothes and hair had passed the scathing blast of fire. The man had come all the way from the North Pole, the lad only a few miles, from the burnt and blackened skeleton of the *Goliath* Training Ship.

"Not a word, my friends; not a word!" cried *Punch*, enthusiastically; "the Heroes of the Year require no introduction."

Then two more Seafaring Men appeared. One wore a strange waterproof dress stuck over with advertisements; the other stood modestly forth, a man every inch of him, *in puris naturalibus*.

"CAPTAIN WEBB, your hearty admirer!" said *Punch*. "CAPTAIN BOYTON, your obedient servant! In what character do I see you here?"

"The Sensations of the Year," whispered *Toby*.

"But with a difference," added *Mr. Punch*, *sotto voce*, as the swimmers passed on.

And now two Ladies appeared, the first leaning on crutches, the second chiefly remarkable for her fine clothes, her bird-plumed *toque*, and a savage expression disfiguring a countenance naturally refined.

"I am sorry to see you in this condition," said *Punch* to his disabled Lady-visitor.

"A victim to the Skating Rink," sighed the interesting cripple.

"The Rage of the Year," commented *Toby*.

"And you, Madam," continued *Punch*, turning to the second Lady, "to what do I owe the honour of your visit?"

"I want *your* influence, my dear *Mr. Punch*. I *have* the run of the Old Bailey when there is anything very interesting at the Central Criminal. If you would only take me to see a private execution, my happiness would be complete. I see you are looking at the plume in my hat. Beautiful—isn't it? So bright! Picked from the live bird, you know!—a great discovery!"

"I know," said *Punch* with a shudder; "you are the Horror of the Year." And as the two Ladies disappeared, he added, "That graceful ghoule has given me a turn. I will see no more."

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"O, but Master," expostulated the Dog of Dogs, "there is still a crowd of persons who declare they *must* see you. They say they have sent you a mass of letters, which have never been used, or even acknowledged. They insist upon acknowledgments, at least!

"My would-be contributors!" exclaimed *Punch* with a piteous face of remonstrance. "The Nuisances of the Year!"

"Then there are three Foreigners in diplomatic uniform who wish to submit to you some prospectuses of new loans."

"The Scandal of the Year! Come, come, this is quite enough. The *levée* grows depressing; I will see no more."

Toby would have expostulated further, when suddenly there came a pattering of fairy feet, and the sound of joyous laughter.

Punch was attacked on all sides by a bevy of beautiful girls. They shook hands with him, they kissed, they cuddled, they hugged. In a twinkling he was their helpless prisoner. Over his head whizzed, lasso-like, the matrimonial noose; his wrists bound faster than MASKELYNE'S in true lovers' knots; a wedding-ring welded, fetter-fashion, about his ankle.

"The Penalty of Leap Year," they laughed out in the intervals of their kisses: "1875 has given place to 1876!"

At this moment *Toby* began to bark so loud that *Punch* suddenly awoke. He rubbed his eyes, and looked up at the clock. The hands were on the stroke of twelve.

Toby rushed to the window. *Punch* followed leisurely; and as the cool night air poured into the room, and the bells of the City clashed the solemn hour of midnight, there came a joyous burst of far-off music.

"Enough of 1875," said *Punch*. "I wish all the world a Happy New Year in 1876!"

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.



To LORD HARTINGTON, on his increasing ability to lead the Liberal party.

To MR. WHALLEY, on his growing incapacity to represent the views of any sensible constituency.

To MR. WARD HUNT, on his approaching retirement from Mismanaging the Navy.

To the British Soldier, on his approaching relief from murderous and needless night sentry duty.

To the lion-maned KENEALY, on his decreasing popularity with the Magna-Chartists.

ARTICULARLY to MR. DISRAELI, on his Sphinxian policy and purchase.

To MR. GLADSTONE, on his elegant Latinity and scholarly enjoyment of his well-earned hours of leisure.

To SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, on the festive occasion which he enjoyed at Oxford of cutting up, and serving out with his own sauce, the "suet-pudding"-headed Government.

To the Cardinal Archbishop, on his beautiful red hat, this being the first Christmas on which he has been seen in it.

And, finally, to *Mr. Punch*, on the completion of his Sixty-Ninth Volume.

ZANGA; OR, THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.

A Modern Nautical Drama.

SCENE I.—*Off the coast of Zanzibar. British ship discovered lying at anchor. Fierce shouts heard on shore, accompanied by the cracking of whips.* ZANGA, *the Fugitive Slave, seen flying for his life; he reaches the edge of the cliff, his pursuers are gaining on him; he catches sight of the British flag, and, raising his hands to Heaven in gratitude for his delivery, plunges into the sea.*

SCENE II.—*Same coast. The British ship lying at anchor.* ZANGA, *Fugitive Slave, nearly exhausted, has reached the side of the vessel, and is imploring to be taken on board.* Cautious British Captain, Officers, *and* British Sailors *appear above, with telescopes, and a book of the Admiralty Orders.*

Fugitive Slave (*nearly sinking*). For the love of Heaven, throw—me—a rope!! [*Shout of pursuers heard on the shore.*

Cautious British Captain (*to Officers*). Gentlemen, we must be careful. Where's the Admiralty Circular Catechism? (*First Mate brings it forward.*) Good! Now—let's see—— Where is he?

Fugitive Slave (*scarcely able to keep himself from sinking*). For—the—love—of Heaven—for—the honour of your flag——

Cautious British Captain (*after examining the book, looks over the side, and addresses the sinking Slave*). You "profess to be a Fugitive Slave"?

Fugitive Slave (*despairingly*). I am! I am!!

Cautious British Captain. The first question is, are you "beyond the limit of territorial waters"? Now, as, with every wish to help you, it is my duty to ascertain this exactly, perhaps the best way would be for the First Officer to go on shore, and make the necessary inquiries. Pipe all hands to man the Captain's Gig!

Fugitive Slave (*his voice becoming more and more feeble*). For pity's sake—a rope—a——

Cautious British Captain (*from above, addressing him*). You must, my good creature, bear in mind, that, while the Government under which I serve "desires to mitigate the horrors of slavery," yet "Her Majesty's ships are not intended for the reception of persons other than their officers and crew," and here we are. Her Majesty's ships, in fact, resemble omnibuses or cabs, or any other public conveyance, being licensed to carry so many, and no more. Therefore, you will, I am sure, see the necessity of my satisfying myself that there is sufficient ground for taking you on board, before I can accommodate you with a rope.

Fugitive Slave. For mercy's sake—ah!—ah!—help me!—help!——

Cautious British Captain (*a little annoyed*). My dear friend, you are unreasonable. I would help you if I could; but you *must* see that you have not yet satisfied me as to whether, *even if you are what you profess to be, i.e.*, a Fugitive Slave, you have been "detained in a state of slavery contrary to existing treaties." You should recollect that, as representing the British Government, I am "bound by the Comity of Nations" to——

Fugitive Slave. Ah!—— [*Disappears under the waves.*

Cautious British Captain (*after a pause*). The gig will not be required. If the person could only have waited, or have answered my questions satisfactorily, we might have taken him on board until we had communicated with the Consular Authority. Gentlemen, England expects that every man shall do his duty.

All. Hurrah!

Cautious British Captain. Remember, our motto is, "Britons never, never, never, shall be slaves!" and from what you've seen of slaves, and the way they're treated, I am sure you will join with me in hearty approval of the sentiment. Gentlemen and messmates. Belay! Avast!

[*Bo'sen's whistle. Grog served out all round. Exit Captain to his cabin to study the Admiralty Orders.*

The Spelling Bee.

(*Versicle by a Gentleman who didn't win.*)

HOWE duth the littel Spellin Bee
Improoove each shyning our,
And gather hunny orl the day
From evry pritty flour.

FASHIONABLE EXTREMES.—High Heels and Low Foreheads.

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A DISCLAIMER.—(REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE FROST.)

Chorus. "PUT ON YER SKATES, MISS!"

[*Lucy Brabazon, who has the prettiest little Tootsicums in the World, thinks it necessary to explain that the Skates are not hers, but belong to her Papa, for whom she is waiting (and who is a Gentleman of colossal proportions).*

THE BURNING OF THE GOLIATH.

(As told by an old Gravesend Salt to a Messmate in Greenwich Hospital.)

A DIRTY, foggy morning 'twas:
Grays loomed large, close a-lee:
The watch was holy-stoning decks
As white as decks could be:
There were five hundred workhouse lads
A training for the sea.

Goliath was a giant-hulk
Built in the days of yore:
And more than one small DAVID
Upon her books she bore.
No iron in her: knees of oak,
And oak-heart at the core.

The bell had just struck half-past eight,
As broke the winter's day—
On the main-deck 'twas dousing glims
And stowing them away.
Darn that new-fangled paraffine!—
Whale-ile 's the stuff, I say!

Young LOBBER had the lamps in charge—
A steady boy, I'm told—
One on 'em burnt his fingers, till
He couldn't keep his hold;
Down fell the lamp; along the decks
The blazing oil it rolled.

"Fire!" "Beat to quarters!" "Man the pumps!"—
I could cry like a fool
To read how them lads mustered all,
As if for morning school.
In their sky-larking at Christmas
They wasn't half as cool.

I've heerd of Balaclava—
But those were bearded men,
And these were little fellows,
Most part 'twixt twelve and ten.
Some calls 'em gutter-children—
God bless our gutters, then!

The Capt'n he was at his post,
A smile upon his face;
And not one officer or lad
But knew and kept his place.
Though soon 'twas plain as plain could be,
The fire must win the race.

Most of the little chaps could swim;
But, swim or not, they made
And kept their lines as regular
As soldiers on parade.
BOUCHIER had wife and girls aboard—
But by them lads he stayed.

Till when the pumps no longer sucked,
Boat-tackles scorched, in-board:
Ship lost! No lowering the boats!
The Captain gave the word,
"Leap from the ports: swim, them that can;
The rest, trust in the Lord!"

One little chap hung round his neck
A blubb'ring, "Burnt you'll be.
Jump over first—and then *we'll* jump."
"No, no, my boy," says he.
"The Skipper 's last to leave the ship—
That is our way at sea."

So young and old their duty did,
Like sailors, and like men:
There was HALL, and there was NORRIS,
And GUNTON, TYE, and FENN—
Who swore he 'd save the women
And did it, there and then.

The Captain's wife jumped thirty feet—
Needs must when Wulcan drives—
Hand over hand—in sailor style—
His daughters saved their lives;—
Brave girls you see, and well brought up,
The stuff for sailors' wives!

On the tank-barge some twenty boys
Had climbed dear life to save;
The flames flared out, the pitched top-sides
Yawned like a fiery grave;
And some set up the cry, "Shove off!"—
Lads will like lads behave.

But BILLY BOLTON'S boyish voice
Was heard—"I'm mate in charge:
There 's room enough for plenty more;
Hold on there with the barge."—
That BILLY BOLTON may run small,
The heart in him looms large.

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A USEFUL MANUFACTURE.

THE "RAW MATERIAL."

"WORKED UP."

["Goliath" Training Ship burnt December 22nd, 1875

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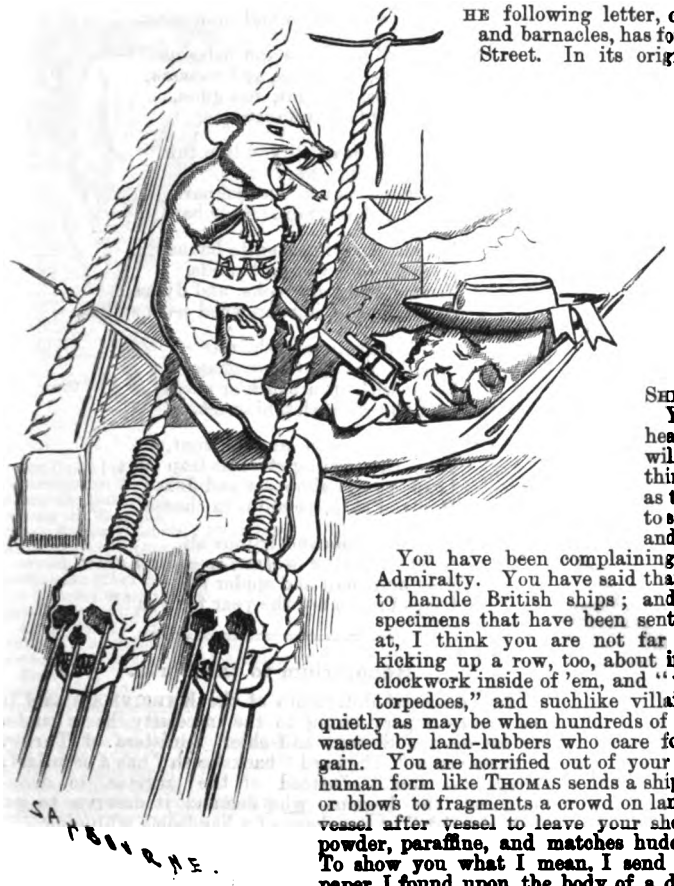
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But I can't tell you half the tale—
How, when they got ashore,
The kind, good women kissed and hugged,
And stript the clothes they wore,
To wrap the boys, as mothers will—
Or what is mothers for?

There was a little soldier lad
His shipmates come to see,
He 's gone, and some half-dozen more,
And MASTER WHEELER, he
Is with them little lads in Heaven—
All rated there A.B.

As long as English workhouse lads
Work up to such good stuff,
BRITANNIA still will rule the waves—
Though here and there a muff
At Whitehall, or afloat, may make
Old JOHN BULL cut up rough!

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA!



THE following letter, covered with sea-weed and barnacles, has found its way to 85, Fleet Street. In its original state it contained some strong expressions of indignation, which have been omitted; and the salt-water slang in which it first abounded has been toned down. With these exceptions, the letter is printed as written:—

The Bed of the Ocean, New Year's Day, 1876.

SHIP ahoy, JOHN BULL!

You will be surprised to hear from me, Shipmate, I will be bound; but when things come to be as bad as they are now, it is time to speak out pretty plainly, and so here goes.

You have been complaining a long time of your Admiralty. You have said that they don't know how to handle British ships; and, certainly, from the specimens that have been sent below for me to look at, I think you are not far out. You have been kicking up a row, too, about infernal machines with clockwork inside of 'em, and "water rats" and "coal torpedoes," and suchlike villains' tools, but you sit quietly as may be when hundreds of sailors' lives are being wasted by land-lubbers who care for nothing but greedy gain. You are horrified out of your senses when a devil in human form like THOMAS sends a ship to the bottom at sea or blows to fragments a crowd on land, and yet you permit vessel after vessel to leave your shores loaded with gunpowder, paraffine, and matches huddled together anyhow. To show you what I mean, I send you a cutting from a paper I found upon the body of a dead sailor. And if it don't make you blush, Mate, up to the very roots of your hair, why, hang me, it ought!—

"The danger to which vessels are exposed by the careless storing of gunpowder has been brought under the notice of the Underwriters' Associations in the different Colonies by CAPTAIN HARVEY, of the ship *Alteor*. He thus describes the mode of stowage in his own vessel:—'The stowage consists in dropping the various packages into any opening or crevice that presents itself. The powder in my vessel consisted of 400 barrels and 24 cases, and was placed in the main hatchway and on both sides of the same, among a general cargo, consisting of wines, spirits, oils, paint, matches, rod and bar iron, &c. The hatches were then secured, and nothing more was seen until arrival. We had the usual amount of heavy weather during the voyage. Upon opening the hatches in presence of surveyor, we found the powder adrift, and some eight barrels and three cases smashed. In consequence, daily during our discharge we have been sweeping and packing up powder from amid the iron, &c., it—the loose powder—having reached down even to the skin of the ship. Now, any practical man will perceive we have been momentarily exposed to explosion, more especially from the friction of the iron, and have been most mercifully spared from an imminent and deadly peril. In carrying powder for the Government it is placed in a magazine specially prepared, into which not a particle of iron is allowed to enter. I begged for one in London, but was not listened to by the charterers. While I am writing we all regret the non-appearance of the *Strathmore*, a new vessel, with some 90 souls on board. Being informed that she carried 30 tons of powder, and judging from my experience, I—and I shall rejoice to find I am wrong—never expect to see her again.'"

There now, what do you say to that? How do you expect to get sailors, if you treat them like that, eh?

I tell you what it is, Messmate, if you don't clear the decks for action, and that, too, pretty sharply, you will find me giving you up in disgust, and where would you be then?

I don't pretend to know much about lawyer's lingo (I hate landsharks), but in the time of my sons DRAKE, and ST. VINCENT, and NELSON, "carelessness" used to be spelt "crime." You are getting rid of your masts as fast as you can with your iron-clads and steam-power, but surely you ought to be able to find a yardarm and a rope somewhere. And when you *have* found a rope and a yardarm somewhere, why you take my advice—*use 'em!*

Yours, almost speechless with indignation,

NEPTUNE.

To JOHN BULL, *care of* BRITANNIA, *Mistress of the Seas.*

GOOD RESOLUTIONS FOR 1876.

THE POPE has resolved to invite the KING OF ITALY to spend a few days with him in the Vatican.

The SULTAN has resolved on energy, economy, and reform.

The RULER OF EGYPT has resolved to take England as his model.

The Spaniards have resolved to give over fighting amongst themselves.

The Irish have resolved to desist from agitation.

The Ultramontanes have resolved to cease troubling the world.

The Clergy of the Established Church have resolved to forget their differences, (and the Burials Bill), and to unite in grappling with vice, ignorance, misery, and crime.

MR. GLADSTONE has resolved to return to political life.

MR. DISRAELI has resolved to reform the administration of the Navy; and to be most careful, for the future, in his selections for Chief Commissionerships and other important appointments.

The FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY has resolved to join a Man-of-War, for a course of instruction in practical navigation; and afterwards to enter one of the Dockyards to acquire some knowledge of shipbuilding.

The new Peers have resolved to show their gratitude by the most assiduous devotion to their legislative duties—attending every sitting of the House of Lords, and remaining to the close of the proceedings, even though they should be protracted to so late a period in the evening as twenty minutes to seven.

The Government have resolved to increase the salaries of the Civil Service.

The Leaders of Fashion have resolved to set the example of dressing with more taste and less extravagance.

The Responsible Authorities have resolved to keep the streets clean.

The Railways have resolved to be punctual and accommodating.

The Trustees of the British Museum and National Gallery have resolved to throw those splendid Institutions open to the Public six days in the week.

The Members of the Royal Academy have resolved not to give good places to their own productions, unless they deserve them.

Certain Newspapers have resolved not to devote so much space and attention to sensational crime.

Our Domestic Servants have resolved to stay at least six months in their "situations" without trying to better themselves.

Our butchers, bakers, dustmen, fishmongers, greengrocers, lamplighters, milkmen, oilmen, turncocks, &c., have resolved to discontinue asking for Christmas Boxes.

BEE NATURAL.

THE new rival of the ancient fame of the Singing Mouse, the Industrious Flea, the Whistling Oyster, and the Learned Pig, is, evidently,—the Spelling Bee.

THE LORD MAYOR'S "CALICO BALL."—Clearly a Ball of COTTON.

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"WAITING FOR THE VERDICT."

The German Nurse. "IS IT A CHERMAN OR AN ENKLISH PAPY?"

The Mamma. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW. YOU SEE SHE WAS BORN IN ENGLAND, BUT MY HUSBAND IS GERMAN."

The German Nurse. "ACH, SÔH! ZEN VE VILL VAIT TO SEE VAT LENKVETCH SHE VILL SCHREAK, AND ZEN VE VILL KNOW!"

LINES ON LEAP YEAR.

HARK I hear a sound of croaking;
Frogs, in one attempt at joking
Joining all their voices, say,
"This is Leap Year. Jump away!

"Leap, ye various deer and stags,
Chamois, on Helvetian crags,
Leap, ye goats, upon Welsh mountains,
Leap, ye cataracts and fountains.

"Leap, all monkeys and baboons
Squirrels, 'possums, and racoons,
Antelopes, gazelles, and gnus,
Catamounts and kangaroos.

"Leopards, leap all you like fun,
Lions, tigers, every one;
Panthers, pumas, and jaguars,
Leap—if but against your bars.

"Horses, carrying men to hounds,
Leap all intervening bounds,
Fences, hedges, brooks, and dykes,
Gates, and palings crowned with spikes.

"Steed, careering in the race
O'er the flat or steeple chase,
Leap, without a baulk or check,
Lest thy rider risk his neck.

"Leap, ye salmon, and ye trout,
From the purling streams leap out;
Leap, ye grasshoppers and fleas:
Hop and skip, ye mites in cheese.

"Yah, ye toads and tritons all,
Newts and slow-worms, creep and crawl;
Slug and snail and spider too—
Leap-Year 's not the year for you!"

Honorarium to the Porte.

THE financial difficulties of the KHEDIVE are said to be in great part owing to the necessity he is under of giving the SULTAN and chief Ministers of Turkey "backsheesh." The word "backsheesh" has a peculiarly suggestive sound. Instead of the largesse, so denominated, the beggars who demand it deserve to get "backswish" in the shape of a handsome whipping.

THE KHEDIVE'S PHILANTHROPY.—One of those things that no "fellah" can understand.

THE R'S AND THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

THE friends of National Education continue quarrelling about the need or the propriety of adding to its elements, the Three R's, a fourth elementary R, Religion. Unfortunately there are several rival Fourth R's, Old English, Italic, and other. Dissenters and Secularists want instead of the Fourth R to substitute O, standing for nought, the symbol of "the propagandism of negation." Of course R the fourth is superadded to all the R's of the Ragged Schools, inclusive of their own initial. The EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, under whose auspices those schools have been hitherto so usefully conducted, would take care of that. But now another R steps in to supersede the Ragged Schools with all their R's. They appear to be officially threatened with extinction by SIR CHARLES REED, considered as the representative and Chairman of the London School-Board. He boasts of the superior education received by from 12,000 to 15,000 children who have been transferred from the Ragged Schools to the School Board's. But, according to LORD SHAFTESBURY, as many as 30,000 children had been getting educated in Ragged Schools, now broken up, of whom from 15,000 to 18,000 seem to be nowhere. Can SIR CHARLES REED lay his right hand on his left waistcoat pocket, and say he has not been injuriously poaching on the Shaftesbury preserves? Not to dwell too much on initial R's, it may be allowable to suggest that the systematic promoters of popular instruction would do wisely to make quite sure that as regards the education of London "gutter children," they do not lean too completely on a broken reed.

FOXHUNTER'S DEFINITION OF A MAIL-TRAIN.—A Post and Rails.

PUNCH'S GIFTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

To the PRINCE OF WALES (*on the arrival of H.R.H. from India*).—A Hearty Welcome.

To the PRINCESS OF WALES (*on the arrival of H.R.H. from Denmark*).—A Bouquet of Heart's-ease, and a little Lecture upon the unkindness of going away.

To the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—A Map of Asia, with the British Boundaries plainly marked.

To the EMPEROR OF GERMANY.—A View of England, with the British Arms and the motto "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

To PRINCE VON BISMARCK.—An Easy Chair.

To MARSHAL MACMAHON.—A New History of Egypt.

To the SULTAN.—The Independence of the KHEDIVE.

To the KHEDIVE.—The Protection of England.

To the KING OF SPAIN.—An Illuminated Copy of DR. WATTS' Hymn, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite."

To the Lords of the Admiralty.—A Little Retirement.

To SIR JOHN KARSLAKE.—A well-merited Peerage.

To the Representatives of certain American Republics.—Apartments next door to an "unhappy nobleman."

To the Corporation of Harwich.—A Life-Boat, and the will to use it.

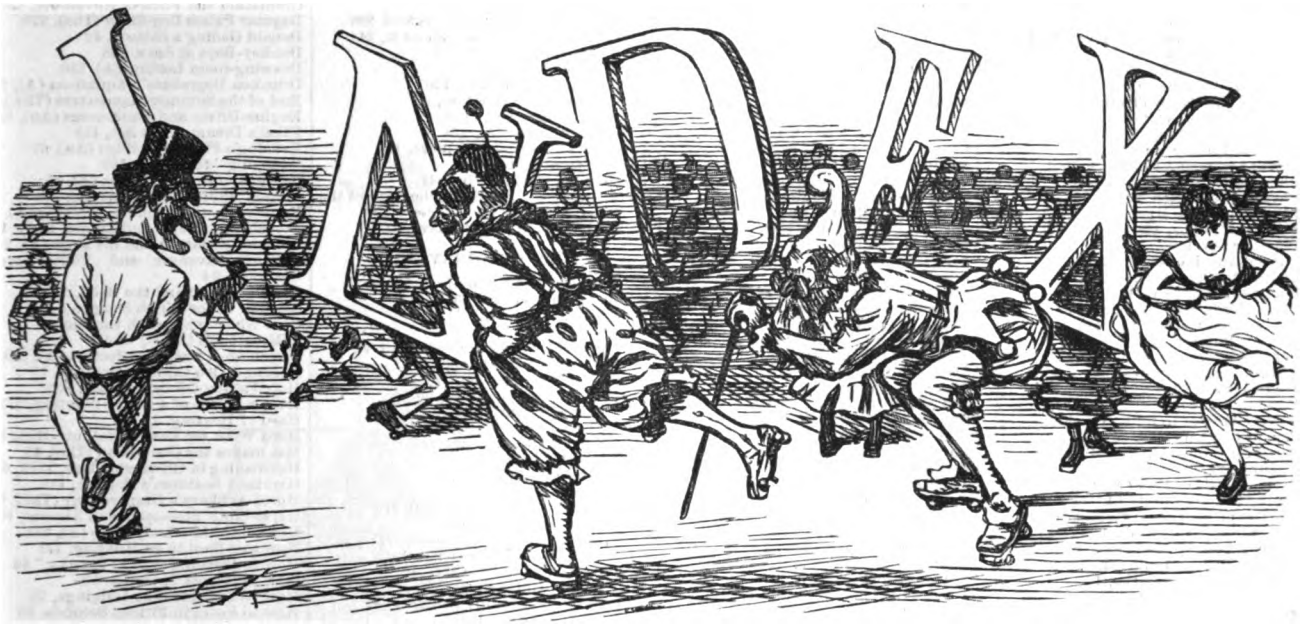
To the Trustees of Felstead School.—The Sack.

To Mr. Toby.—The Compliments of the Season.

And to the Rest of the World.—A New Volume of *Punch*.

MOBILISATION.—Advocates for Conscription for the Infantry plead that "the Line must be drawn somewhere."

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ABBIT Omen! 44
Addendum to Yankee Doodle, 127
Admiralty Guide, 176
Among the Fish, 143
Anglo-Franco Vocabulary (The), 125
Another Glory Going, 151
Answers to Correspondents, 250
Antiborean (The). 249
An Unlucky Omission, 186
Aristocracy and Ale, 204
"Army, Form!" 259
Art of Nomenclature (The), 198
Astronomer-Royal among the Spectacle-Makers, 41
Anchumnalia, 99
Audi Alteram Partem, 185
August Delights, 78
"BACK Again" at the Admiralty, 149
Bag of Tricks (A), 58
Baker on Light Bread (A), 5
Baptism with a Bottle, 115
Base Sort at Birmingham (The), 5
Battle of Bayswater (The), 19
Beef at a Church Congress, 175
Beyond a Joke, 169
Birds and Bonnets, 283
Bishop's Ban (The), 186
Bismarck to his Parliament, 259
Black Flag of Freedom (The), 6
Bonaparte, 277
Bore for John Bull (A), 115
"Bottom, thou art Translated," 207
Bravo, Professor, 183
Britannia Objects, 130
British Public's XXXIX Articles, 261
British Workwoman (The), 151
Burial in Beds, 205
Burnham Beeches, 11
Burning of the Goliath (The), 288
Butter and Beef Suet, 99
Byron Statue (The), 42
CABMAN Extraordinary, 45
"Cab, Sir?" 151
Cannibal Snake (The), 241
Cardinal Points of Fact, 152
Cardinal's Prophecy (The), 80
Cat for Cruelty (The), 162
Cat! (The), 183
Canaidicus ad Canem, 116
"Charge, Chester, Charge!" 191
Charge of the Light Brigade, 191
Cheap at the Money, 226
Cheers for the Castalia, 167
Christmas Canard (A), 273
Christmas "Crackers," 265
Christmas Waits, 275
Circular Iron-clad (The), 213
City Mayor's Nest (A), 51
City Sports, 53
Civic Honours at Shrewsbury and Southampton, 214
Civil and Military, 272
Clerical Conference Question, 150
Clerical Nosology, 226
Clerk of the Weather to Mr. Punch, 190
Common Complaint (The), 1
Comparative Justice, 63
Comparative Sable, 166
Compensations of Life (The), 228
Compliments of the Season, 287
Compromise with Nonconformity, 172
Conservative Education, 135
Considerations on Cookery Schools, 89
Convocation, 16
Costly Experiments, 110
Cost of Civility (The), 281
Cottonopolis, 158
"Credo Byron," 84
Criminal Court Costume, 227
Cry of the Common-Councilman (The), 170
Curious Contradiction, 248
Cursing and Swearing, 208
Cynic on Centenaries (A), 119
Cynic's Carol (The), 272
"DAGGER-Scene" of To-day (A), 28
Darwin Up and Down, 201
Departures, 73
Derelict! or Cardinal Points Corrected, 232
Dignity and Impudence, 89
Dies and Dollars, 26
Discoveries in London, 97
Distinction—with a Difference, 109
Dog-Days in December, 272
Dream of Fair Women (A), 148
Dream of Unfair Women (A), 252
EARL Russell's Curriculum, 78
Earnest Remonstrance (An), 114
Eastward Ho! 64
Educational Compromise, 244
Education and Crime, 197
Effects of the Wet Weather, 192
1876, 278
Element of Confusion (An), 43
Eminence and Innocence, 182
End of the Fair (The), 10
Episcopus Locutus Est, 231
Epitaph on the Innocents, 42
Essence of Parliament, 2, 13, 24, &c.
Eternal Jack-in-the-Box (The), 227
Evenhanded Flogging, 251
Experienced Envoy (An), 157
FAREWELL to the Cattle-Show, 254
Farthing's-worth of Feelings (A), 241
Fashionable Street-Sweepers, 241
Fashion-Blindness, 68
Fatal Contract (The), 118
Festive Season (The), 264
Fie! Fie! 129
Fine Group of Fungi, 87
First (The), 88
Fixtures for July, 12
Floods in Oxford (The), 189
Flourish, Felstead! 146
Flying Rumours, 247
Food and Finance, 6
For Once, 261
Fountains of What? 85
Foxhunting and Falls, 288
From St. Paul's Churchyard, 196
Funeral Anti-Reformer (A), 208
Fytte of Hackney Downs (A), 271
GEMS of the Navy, 76
General Shut-up, 161
Generosity and Grammar School, 128
Gentlemen Helps, 136
"Gentlemen—Lord Darnley," 180
Giant's Jubilee (A), 140
Glimpses of the Future, 179
Gone Grotto (The), 69
Good News for Distracted Husbands, 211
Good Plain Cook (A), 226
Good Resolutions for 1876, 291
Good Soul (A), 281
Good Works, 152
Gorged Vultures on the Towers of Silence, 215
Gracious Communications, 145
Grateful Acknowledgment (A), 68
Growl from Jack Frost (A), 144
Guide of the Cynical Tourist (The), 99
Guildhall in the Greenwood, 162
HAMLET on Covent Garden Market, 57
Happy New Year (A), 285
Hawarden Post-Bag (The), 224
"Hearts of Oak," 264
Helps of a Higher Kind, 98
Herzegovina and Spain, 169
High-Water Mark, 215
His Own Master, 96
Historical Achievement, 75
Homage to Talent, 225
Homeward Bound, 135
Hope and Heterodoxy, 159
Hot Codlins at the Cape, 208
House and the Home (The), 4, 31, 68, &c.
House of Call for Countrymen (The), 118
How the Recess will *not* be Spent, 76
How they Fight in France, 61
How to Back Out, 214
How to Enjoy a Holiday, 73
Hunt after Byron, 225
Hunted, 236
Hymn against Humbug, 43
ILLUSIONS of the Rink (An), 226
Importance of Brains (The), 73
Imposition on Impostors, 196
In and Out of Town, 155
Infallible Truth (The), 204
Insolvent Islam, 171
Interesting Experiment, 215
Interesting Immigration, 15
In the City, 215
Intolerance in Turkey, 116
"In toto Cœlo," 264
Inundations, 277
Irish "At Homes," 184
Irish Poultry, 230
JACK'S Chapter of Accidents, 247
Jersey Judges, 230
John's Answer to William's Question, 15
John's Bad Dream, 54
John's Growl, 130
Judicature Acts (The), 238
Justice to a Head Master, 283
KENTISH Fire, 54
King in a Fix (A), 150
LADIES and Babies, 12
Lady Helps, 157
Latest Fashion (The), 137
Law and the Lady—of the Manor (The), 223
Law Reports (in Futuro), 183
Lawson's Last, 127
Les Pauvres de Paris, 243
"Lie Tea!" 192
Life and Death Insurance, 266
Lines on Leap Year, 292
Literature v. Science, 126
Little Birds to Lesbia (The), 218
Log of Iron (A), 171
London Arrivals, 266
Londoner's Diary (The), 77
London in September, 105
Longevity at Felstead, 147
Lord Mayor's Day as it might be, 204
Lord Mayor's Dessert (The), 63
Lord Warden on Music (The). 76
MACBETH at the Lyceum, 182
Making the Best of it, 174
Man to Man, 12
Married Life in the East, 253
Mary Anner on Modes and Manners, 274
Masterly Inactivity, 26
Mechi in another Mouth, 94
Message from the Sea (A), 291
Michaelmas Day, 1875, 139
Military Intelligence, 277
Mistakes about Scotland, 135
Modern Love-Song, 181
Monsters and Bogies, 128
More Civic Improvements, 137
Moses Modernised, 249
Most Pestilent of Heretics (The), 261
Mourning and Grief, 198
Mr. Punch's Railway Guide, 65
Musical, 220
Music and its Murderers, 238
My Baker's Mystery, 236
My Broker, 161
Mynheer Van Dunk, 155
NASTY Dose (A), 143
National Mistakes, 146
Naval and Military Intelligence, 144
Naval Intelligence, 223
Naval Nursery Rhymes, 284
New Deluge (The), 220
New Judge-Advocate (The), 217
New Naval Monster, 51
News from Bosnia, 77
New Sporting Nomenclature, 171
Next Naval Novel (The), 150
Nice Names for the Navy, 169
Nick or Nothing, 48
Nonage or Dotage, 48
Note by a Cockney Naturalist, 77
Notes for November, 201
Novel Exhibition (A), 41
Nuptial Reform, 128
ODD Freak of Fate, 76
Old Friend with a New Face (An), 27
Omission Supplied (An), 201
On the Spot, 100
Ostensible Occupations of Jesuits, 23
Ottoman Outlay, 147
Our Advertising Column, 170
"Our Bulwarks on the Brine," 159
Our Educational Progress, 129
Our Heroes, 193
Our Mayors, 213
Our Own Book List, 241
"Our Representative" in India, 160, 174, 231, &c.
Our Representative Man, 106
Our Watery Waste, 223

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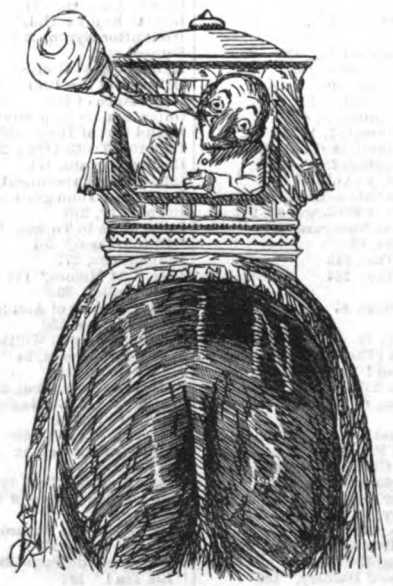
Out of Town, 87
Ovations and Omelets, 185
PAGE from the Visitors' Book (A), 118
Pail Sherry (A), 42
Parapluie *v.* Parasol, 4
Parson and Grazier, 62
Pen and the Poppy (The), 218
Peril well Past (A), 256
Personal Amenities, 260
Personal Intelligence, 158
Persons who ought not to Travel, 70
Philosopher at Eighty (A), 86
Physical Education, 94
Physic for Tipsy Maniacs, 3
Piety and Policy, 103
Pis Aller (A), 109
"Place Aux Dames!" 10
Plaint of a Pigmy (The), 26
Plaint to a Saint (A), 43
Plain Words with a Prophet, 149
Plea against the Bee (A), 145
Plea for Plimsoll (A), 44
Poem by a Parient, 27
(Police)-Court Theatres, 163
Political Pad (The), 229
Porte in a Storm, 189
Porte's Answer to its Bondholders, 212
Port of London (The), 95
Powerful Peacemakers, 204
Preliminary, 88
Pretty Kettle of Fish (A), 65
Pretty Kind of Curate (A), 11
"Priest of St. Leonard's-on-Sea," 172
Prince and the Pigs (The), 237
Prince's Last Words (The), 169
Prince's Visit to India (The), 206
Private and Confidential, 12
Proclamation (A), 202
Prodigious, 63
Professor of the Future (The), 189
Proud of his Cloth, 173
Proverbial Philosophy, 243
Punch at the Cattle-Show, 242
Punch at the Lord Mayor's Dinner, 194
Punch at Wimbledon, 20, '32
Punch on the Rink, 216, 235
Punch on the Bridge, 134
Punch's Advertisement Column, 262
Punch's Almanacks, 284
Punch's Gifts for the New Year, 292
Punch's Inventors' Column, 215
Punch's Naval Signal Code, 238
Punch's Propbecies for 1876, 273
Punch's Weather-eye-opener, 182
Punch to October, 156
Punch to the City, 75
Punch to the Clerk of the Weather, 171
Punch to the Lord Mayor, Greeting, 197
Pyrotechnics at the Pyramids, 206
QUESTIONABLE Announcement, 57
Question for Mr. Cross (A), 227
RAILWAY Jokes, 156
Raising the Vanguard, 139
Rash Challenge (A), 211
Rather Startling, 256
Rationalism and the Reverse, 108
Ravens on the "Railway Jubilee," 144
Reassuring Intelligence, 169
Really Charitable Associations, 253
Real Way to Raise the Vanguard (The), 248
Recent Meteorological Intelligence, 256
Reciprocity in Pulpit-Room, 225
Recollections of the Stock Exchange, 251
Regulations for Wimbledon, 9
Repentance, 53
Repudiation and Revolt, 181
Respect an Artist's Feelings, 253
"Retire your Men, Sir," 201
Rev. Francisco Farrysee to Mr. Punch (The), 196
Revival at Bonn, 85
Rhymes for the Month, 190
Rifles and Trifles, 27
"Right about, Face!" 212
Rival Optimists (The), 207
Romanesque Revival (The), 15
"Rotten Row on the Embankment," 15
Royal Bon Mot, 259
Rule of the Road Wanted, 182
Runaway Coach (The), 157
"SADDLE on the Right Horse" (The), 31
Safe Speculation (A), 151
Saint's Warning (A), 51
Sapphics to the Silent, 182
School Fees and Flogging, 218
Schools for Scarlet Fever, 168
Science for a Solomon, 262
Scientific Industry, 168
Scotticism and Wutticism, 106
Seasonable Appeals, 239
Seasonable Jottings, 282
Seasonable Salute (A), 270
Season Summed up (The), 61
Seat out of Session (A), 110
Second Visit to Scotland (A), 118
Sensible Ghosts (The), 243
Servants' College (The), 47
Shakspeare on the Turks, 226
Shorn of the Shoulder-Knot, 155
Signs of a Severe Winter, 240
Signs of Sweetness, 109
Silence is Brazen, 158
Sing a Song of Brighton, 119
Sobriety at Southampton, 83
Social Questions, 62
Social Slavery, 185
Society Abroad, 78
Something in It, 260
Something like a Grievance, 240
Something like a Life-boat, 38
Something like an Ear, 251
Something like an Expedition, 44
Some Wonderful Wants, 123
Song of City Roses (A), 9
Song on St. Swithun's Day, 27
Songs for the Navy, 237
Sors Horatiana, 202
Specimen of Law (A), 230
Speech to Medical Students (A), 147
Statesmen as Translators, 250
Steam *v.* Sunshine, 22
Stockbroker's Soliloquy (A), 21
Stocks for the City, 51
Story of the Serapis (The), 211
Strange Company, 191
Study and the Camp (The), 36
Suggestion for the Ninth (A), 102
Summer Manœuvres, 86
Superstitious Suggestion, 182
Sweeping Reform (A), 275
Sweets of the Sea-side, 123
TAR of the Future (The), 262
"Tell Mamma we are Happy," 205
Temperance Liner (A), 106
Tender and True, 264
Terence at Westminster, 283
Things Indifferent, 27
Titiens with the Trowel, 116
To a Couple of Thames Naiads, 85
To the Serapis, 167
Translation by our Eton Boy, 191
Treat for the Sultan (A), 6
Tribute to an Agitator, 64
Trips for Trippers, 83, 93, 103
Truly Marvellous Occurrence, 57
Try it, 265
Turkey Absorption Co. (Limited), 208
Two Voices (The), 76
UNCOMMON Affection, 237
Up or Down? 108
Useful Knowledge in Yorkshire, 164
Using Good Names, 88
VACCINATION and Wisdom, 181
Vegetable Wine-bibber (The), 176
Venturing to Presume, 184
Very Important, 133
Very Palpable Hits, 78
Very Well Devilled, 205
Vicar on Vanities (A), 173
Vindication of Wales, 147
Vivisection Commission Questions, 22
WAITER'S Warning (A), 125
Wanted, 161
Wanted, a Locum Tenens, 73
Ward Hunt to his Friend Punch, 147
War-ship of the (Remote) Future, 212
Weak Moments, 179
Webb across the Water, 93
Wedding of Law and Equity (The), 198
Week after Marriage (A), 205
Wet Birthday (A), 57
What it may come to, &c., 1
"What's in a Name?" 21
What the Cardinal did at Oxford, 236
What they (and we) say about it, 244
"Where shall we go?" 105
Wild Beasts Cheap, 58
William the Woodman, 120
Wise Men on Vaccination, 37
"With a Difference," 169
Wonderful Show (A), 164
Wonders at a Watering-place, 114
Words to the Wise, 113
Wrongs of Women (The), 47
YOU must not Speak to the Man at the Wheel, 240
ZANGA, or the Fugitive Slave, 287

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

APPROACHING Dissolution, 39
Black Sheep in the City, 187
"Blaze of Triumph" (A), 7
"Bon Voyage!" 153
Channel Question Solved (The), 91
Christmas à la Mode, 267
Church Preservation, 17
Disinterested Advisers, 209
"Doing Penance," 49
"Flag of Freedom" (The), 131
Golden Wedding (The), 141
Loss and Gain, 111
"Mosé in Egitto!" 245
Neptune's Warning, 177
New Year's Look-out (The), 279
Our Krieg's-spiel, 257
"Permissive" Government, 71
"Permissive" Recreation, 101
Pickpockets in the City, 59
Position Optional, 29
"Save me from my Friends," 81
Settled at Last! 199
"Throw him over!" 233
Turkish Bath (A), 165
Useful Manufacture (A), 289
Voice from the Clouds (A), 220
Who's to Blame? 121

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ACADEMICIAN'S Advice on a Bad Picture (An), 249
Adam in the Water, 70
Ancient Sportsman's Defective Eyesight (An), 227
Arms for the Proposed New West-End Stock Exchange, 247
Bailie and the Sabbath-breaker, 44
Big Dog that has eaten the Turkey, 232
Birds need not be Frightened (The), 149
"Birds should not Fall Out," 166
Bookbinding in Glasgy, 65
Bottom or Foot of the Loch (The), 192
Brown and the Burglar, 36
Brown taking Jones's Arm, 140
Cain and Abel's Grandmother, 48
Cat and Friendly Policeman, 286
Cavalry Subaltern's Splendid Chest, 160
Children's Ball in France (A), 117
Clergyman and the Bookmaker (The), 193
Coddleton's Fog-Signal, 282
Cook and the Dustman's Offer (The), 105
Cook and the Times Newspaper (The), 116
Cook Ringing for her Mistress, 147
Cook who Practises Skating (A), 283



Cremation and Fifth of November, 135
Dagmar Palace Dog-Show (The), 278
Donald Gaffing a Salmon, 42
Donkey-Boys at Suez, 168
Drawing-room Lecture (A), 256
Drunken Reprobate's Aquarium (A), 22
End of the Summer Manœuvres (The), Engine-Driver and Mushrooms (An), 23
Ethel's Dream of the Sea, 110
Evening's Fishing at Sligo (An), 67
"Fleying" the Vicar, 180
Footman on Board Wages (A), 85
French Billingsgate Scene (A), 148
Frenchman equipped for Shooting (A), 97
French Shopkeeper and English Lady, 137
French Sportsman and his Dogs (A), 248
Gallant Scavenger and Polite Apple-woman, 94
German Nurse and the Baby, 292
German Tenor's Irish Song (A), 213
Girls who "walk with the Guns," 217
"Gladstone's Claret," 204
Groom on Bronchial Affection (A), 229
Hailing a Cab through Railings, 15
Hair Falling Off in Autumn, 205
Happy Result of a Boiler Bursting, 271
Hard of Hearing, 75
Hard Work for French Bathing-Men, 84
Hat makes the Gentleman (The), 43
Haymaking in Gloucestershire, 1875, 64
Highland Boatmen's English, 119
Horse Artillery's Dinner-Hour (The), 63
Horse-Cloth Protection in a Shower, 10
Housemaid or a Lady Help (A), 218
How to Afford to go Hunting, 171
How to Dispense with "Thanks," 86
How to Report Speeches, 53
How to Seek Sea-side Lodgings, 28
How to Swim in Fifteen Seconds, 80
Hunting Man "ales" from Burton, 236
Hunting with Swimming Collars, 195
Irish Sergeant at Distance Drill, 202
Jim Bates and his Father, 56
Jolly Anglers under Difficulties, 251
Jones at a French Market, 100
Lady and Greengrocer on the Ice, 263
Looking Blue, 159
Looking for his Saddle, 54
Lucy with Papa's Skates, 288
Major's Rheumatic Enemy (The), 62
Mamma's Lesson in Bible History, 198
Mechanical Costume for the Rink, 156
Medical Students and Vivisection, 125
Miss Betsy Jane's Canaries, 261
Mrs. Black on Artificial Jewellery, 126
Mr. Tomkyns's Bicycle Practice, 58
New Costume for Wet Weather, 38
Not Missed, but not Exactly Hit, 129
Old Lady and Parliamentary Train, 183
Only one Apartment to Let at Dieppe, 16
On the "Périssoire," 90
Paddy and the Photographer, 214
Page Objecting to Carry Coals (A), 14
Parlour-Maid on Manners (A), 3
Pastrycook's Customers (A), 253
Pat being "turned out," 115
Perkins Shoots a Highland Cow, 172
Pig-shaped Ship (A), 230
Pillion-Bicycle (The), 74
Polo on the Sea, 130
Private Sweeney in Colony Bog, 57
Plucking Pheasants' Flight Feathers, 136
Railway Porter's Hours (A), 88
Reason why Mrs. Mirabel does not Dance (The), 244
Result of Mary's Advertisement, 108
Result of Shooting at a Hare, 106
Rowing Bow or Stroke, 6
Royal Bird crossing the Desert (The), 161
Sailor's Luggage (A), 146
Sergeant Highlander's Idea of Rain, 45
Servant to look at (A), 152
Shooting at their Fathers, 157
Sir Hercules Fitzanak on Stature, 25
Sliding the Old Lady down-hill, 243
Small Mite and her Sugar-Plums (A), 176
Smoker's notion of Hard Work (A), 237
Spiffkins's Trousers' Knees, 191
"Sponging on Papa," 120
Stout Lady and Bathing-Man, 114
Study of Short-sighted Men (A), 181
Sturgeon or Spurgeon? 145
Suggested Picture for Darwin's Book, 242
Sunday-Dressed Frenchmen, 169
Superlative French Politeness, 104
Sweeper's opinion of Snowy Weather, 239
Swell and Cabmen, during Snow (A), 260
Taking Things without Asking, 225
Tommy ordered to stand in the Corner, 11
Tram-Car—Beware of Pickpockets, 220
Train Stopped on a Moor (A), 275
Treeing the Master's Boots, 96
Two Ragged Victims, 127
Use of a Garden and a Gardener (The), 224
Waiter and the Menu (The), 241
Walking-Stick Collection (A), 203
What Jane wants for her Wedding, 164
Winking or Skating, 186
Would-be Recipient of Old Port (A), 272
Young Physician's Stratagem (A), 208

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VOL LXX

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THICK darkness brooded over the blue waters of the Bosphorus and Golden Horn, and spread its black pall above the gardens of the Serai and the dusty waste of the Bezestan, the domes of Aya-Sofiah, and the crumbling arch of the Bab-i-Humayún. From the Port of Kara-Keui to the Tepeh-Bashi, the hill-top above the English Embassy, the busy buzz of life was hushed through the crowded hives of Galata, and the eddies of traffic crossed and chafed no more in the steep and stony high street of Pera.

In a word, Stamboul slept.

But in *one* inner room of *one* Konak there were eyes yet open and brains still wide awake This was in the Inner Chamber of the Palace of MIDHAT PASHA, where sat A COUNCIL OF THREE. On the right, in the red fez and blue surtout of Stamboul officialism, sat MIDHAT; on the left, in the ample green turban of the Hadji and the flowing robe of Osmanli orthodoxy, was the SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM; and in the centre, Turk for the nonce as to the outer man, Tartar to those who might try to catch him, and True Briton, as ever, in heart, the "Pasha-in-Pasha" of endless tales—PUNCH!

Yes, *I* was there—in that pregnant moment big with the future of at least one Turkey, and, probably, several Eagles—as *the* Representative of Great Britain, by a warranty over-riding Foreign Office credentials, and with higher than mere diplomatic functions; the confidant and *sécretaire intime* of BRITANNIA, the mouthpiece of JOHN BULL.

I had found MIDHAT buried in what, in my playful manner I had ventured to call his "Mid-hat-ations among the tombs,"—for, indeed, the blood of the wretched ABDUL AZIZ was scarce dry on the marble floor of the Cheragan Palace, and the imperfectly cleansed stains of CAPTAIN HASSAN'S wholesale slaughter were still visible on the pavement and walls of the Council Chamber in which we sat.

Yes. "Turks" were down with a vengeance: Never did "Bull" under a heavy "*contango*" work more desperately for a rise in the market, than did poor MIDHAT, now Master of the Situation—such a situation!—and the SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM work to get a diplomatic rise out of PUNCH!

"*La illah Allah illaha, wa Mahmoud rasoul ullah!*" I heard the SHEIKH muttering, as he ran the beads of his couplet helplessly through his fingers.

"He means," interposed MIDHAT, with a rather sickly smile, "'there is no power but England, and PUNCH is its prophet;' and you are here for *our* profit, too," he added, stooping, in his mortal anxiety, to what your dignified Turk rarely condescends to—a pun. "Say it *is* so. The English are our friends. Yes—you are going to back us up once more against those Kaffirs—those dogs, the Russki—as in the old Crimean days? *Bono Johnny!*"

"*Distinguons*," I said—it is so hard not to talk French in one's diplomatic moments. "There are 'friends' and 'friends.' Your best 'friends,' just now, my dear MIDHAT, and my Venerable SHEIKH, are those, believe me, who will tell you disagreeable truths— "

"All truths are disagreeable," interposed MIDHAT, with a sigh.

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"What can a Christian dog know of truth, agreeable or disagreeable?" growled the SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM. "There is no truth outside of the Koràn."

"There it is!" I said, in English, to MIDHAT. "How do you propose to give equal rights to the SULTAN'S subjects, Christian and Mahometan, under your new Constitution, while you have this orthodox old Gentleman in the green turban to settle accounts with?" MIDHAT groaned. "We had better come to a clear understanding at once," I continued. "England is quite disposed to stand between the SULTAN and foul play. We don't mean to allow Russia to take possession of your iron-clads, or to occupy Turkish waters. That 's why BRITANNIA is just now counting her chickens, and their shells, in Besika Bay."

"And the Russkis know it," chuckled MIDHAT. "That 's why IGNATIEFF is so civil all of a sudden."

"But we are just as unwilling to stand between Moslem misgovernment and its retribution. We won't help Russki or Prusski, Austrian or Magyar, Teuton or Slav, to bleed you to death under pretence of breathing a vein, or to hamstring you on the pretext of giving you a lift out of the ditch; but we don't mean to aid you in putting down insurrection which is the natural fruit of oppression. If you can't turn your Slaves into subjects the less you look to us to help you keep them Slaves the better. If you can trust Osmanli and Christian alike with arms for military service: if you can restrain both alike from carrying arms in time of peace: if your Cadis can be made to enforce the same law fairly against both Christian and Moslem; if you can find officials fairly to levy fair taxes on all creeds alike; and Valis to treat Rayahs with respect, and their women with decency; whether the miracle be wrought by dint of your New Constitution, or by a new reading of my friend the SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM'S old Koràn, then PUNCH will undertake that JOHN BULL will stand your friend, and that it *shall* be *Bono Johnny* again, as in the old Crimean days. But, if not—if the old abominations are to be perpetuated, with no change but a MOURAD for an ABDUL AZIZ—don't trust to England to stand your friend. All I can promise in that case is that, if it comes to a fight between you and those you are not strong enough to govern well, but who have grown too strong to be any longer ill-governed as of old, England will see you have a clear field, and no favour. More than that she won't and can't do——"

As I spoke, MIDHAT'S face had been growing longer and longer. As for the SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM, I fancy, though he still kept mechanically fingering his beads, that he must have fallen asleep; at all events, he gave no sign of understanding. Just then I heard a rustling behind the curtains which veiled a doorway. I recognised the thrilling *frou-frou* of feminine garments.

"Ah, ha!" I exclaimed, with a wink at the Minister.

"My *harem!*" blushed MIDHAT. "She *will* do it. The other day I imported a cargo of Western notions for Office use. A report of the Woman's Rights Association must have been slipped in among them. Ever since she has led me such a life! The Eastern Question was bad enough, without this worst of Western Questions turning up in my *anderoon*"

As he spoke, a mysteriously muffled figure, in *feridji* and *yashmak*, stepped majestically from behind the *portière*. Her right hand was raised as in menace; with her left, she laid a rose-tipped finger where the gleam of red lips and white teeth shone temptingly through the semi-transparent muslin.

The Eastern Question, provocative, veiled, mysterious, seemed suddenly to have taken bodily form, and to stand revealed before me.

"Hem!—as I said—the Eastern Question."—faltered MIDHAT, with an uneasy glance at the muffled apparition, and in a voice in which marital authority seemed ineffectually struggling to keep up appearances. "May I request you will——"

"Pop it?" I exclaimed, gallantly raising to my lips the warm, white fingers of the shrouded *odalisque*. "By all means—if you, my poppet, will only be good enough to answer:—but on one condition—that, before I pop *that* question, you read, mark, and digest *this*—to help you to answer it." So saying, and dexterously contriving to catch hold of the veiled Beauty's hand under her *feridji*, I slipped into it—my SEVENTIETH VOLUME!



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Introduction.

VOLUME LXX.——JANUARY TO JUNE, 1876.

THE DISRAELI CABINET.—1876.

First Lord of the Treasury	Right Hon. B. Disraeli (now Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G.).
Lord Chancellor	Lord (now Earl) Cairns.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Sir Stafford H. Northcote, Bart.
Lord President of the Council	Duke of Richmond and Gordon, K.G.
Lord Privy Seal	Earl of Malmesbury, G.C.B.
Home Office	Right Hon. R. A. Cross.
Foreign Office	Earl of Derby.
Colonial Office	Earl of Carnarvon.
War Secretary	Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy.
Indian Secretary	Marquis of Salisbury (now K.G.)
Admiralty	Right Hon. G. Ward Hunt.
Postmaster-General	Lord John Manners.

POLITICAL SUMMARY.

PAGE PAGE

PARLIAMENT was opened by Her Majesty in person on the 8th of February. The Royal Speech (read by the Lord Chancellor) was largely taken up with Foreign Affairs. The home legislation promised included a Tribunal of Appeal for the United Kingdom, Amendment of the Merchant Shipping Laws, University Reform, Primary Education, Enclosure of Commons, and a Prisons' Bill. Besides the discussions which these various measures provoked, debates arose on the purchase by the Government of the Shares belonging to the Khedive of Egypt in the Suez Canal, and the mission of Mr. Cave to investigate the condition of the Egyptian Finances; on the Fugitive Slave Circular; on the Eastern Question and Turkish Atrocities; and on the Royal Titles Bill. The object of this last-named measure (to which the Speech from the Throne had made reference) was to enable Her Majesty to add to her other styles and titles that of "Empress of India." It gave rise to much discussion and many objections in both Houses of Parliament, and the utmost that could be said for the feeling of the country about the Bill was that it was indifferent to the proposed addition. However, Mr. Disraeli carried his point, and on the First of May Her Majesty was proclaimed "Empress of India."

The Budget was simple—a deficit, but not a considerable one, an addition of a Penny to the Income Tax, and extended exemptions from the operation of the Tax for small incomes.

Of the legislation proposed in the Royal Speech (in addition to the Royal Titles Bill) the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill, Elementary Education Bill, Merchant Shipping Amendment Bill, and the Bill for the Enclosure of Commons, were the principal Measures which became law in the Session of 1876.

The absorbing interest of the Eastern Question threw all other foreign topics into the background; but before we pass to that engrossing subject, we must not fail to notice the termination of the obstinate Civil (Carlist) War in Spain. At the end of February the Pretender, Don Carlos, defeated by King Alphonso's forces, finally abandoned the struggle and crossed the frontier into France. He afterwards arrived in London. The general elections in France (at which the moderate Republican party were successful) must also be noticed, and a change of Ministry. M. Buffet, having failed to secure election to the Senate, resigned office as Prime Minister, and was succeeded by M. Dufaure.

The following account of the course of the Eastern Question is condensed from the Summary of the year in the *Times*.

The insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina (*see* "Introduction" to the preceding volume) still smouldered, with the covert assistance of Montenegro and Servia. Russia, Austria, and Germany assumed to themselves the duty of imposing on Turkey a scheme of administrative reform which might satisfy the demands of the insurgents and perhaps prevent further disturbance (*see* Cartoon, p. 25). A Note—the famous "Andrassy Note"—was drawn up by the Austro-Hungarian Chancellor, approved by the three Emperors, and submitted to England, France, and Italy. Lord Derby (then Foreign Secretary) at first hesitated, but finding that the Sultan's Ministers were willing to accept the project, our Government assented to the Note, which was

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formally accepted by the Porte. It may be said to have been nugatory. It had no effect on the condition of the disturbed provinces, the insurgents being probably justified in disregarding merely verbal promises of reform; and Servia and Montenegro being exempt from the abuses of Turkish administration, were not interested in the enforcement or disregard of the project of improvement contained in the Note. The Turkish Government made no serious attempt to crush the insurrection by force, and the state of affairs at Constantinople was one of hopeless weakness and confusion.

Early in May a formidable riot took place at Salonica, in Roumelia, in European Turkey. The French and German Consuls were murdered by the mob in the belief that they had assisted in the rescue of a girl who had been converted to Mahomedanism. These Salonica murders led to further diplomatic intervention. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA hurried to Berlin, and obtained the concurrence of the German and Austrian Governments in a document subsequently known as the "Berlin Memorandum." This Memorandum was more peremptory than the "Andrassy Note," and announced that the three Imperial Governments at the termination of an armistice which they demanded, would be prepared to adopt more stringent measures if a pacification were not already effected. Our Government declined to concur in the "Berlin Memorandum," and, in the end, it was tacitly abandoned.

Towards the end of May, an organised multitude of Softas (law students) extorted from the SULTAN the dismissal of the GRAND VIZIER, who had long acted in concert with the Russian Ambassador. His successor, MEHEMET RUSHDI PASHA, and the new Seraskier (War Minister) HUSSEIN PASHA, were leaders of the old Turkish or warlike party, while their most powerful colleague, MIDHAT PASHA, was known to be engaged in projects of internal reform. The ultimate object of the conspiracy which had raised these Ministers to power was immediately afterwards disclosed: on the 30th of May, HUSSEIN PASHA entered the Palace with a military force, and presented to the astonished SULTAN (ABDUL-AZIZ) a judgment of the SHEIK-UL-ISLAM (first interpreter of Koran law), which announced that he was lawfully deposed in favour of his nephew, who was at once placed on the throne under the title of MURAD V. The unfortunate deposed SULTAN destroyed himself a few days after his fall. The new SULTAN had only been a fortnight on the throne when a most tragic event happened—the murder, as they were seated in Council, by a Circassian officer, of the Seraskier, HUSSEIN PASHA, and RASCHID PASHA, the Foreign Minister. The Minister of Marine was wounded by the same assassin.

Immediately before the fall of ABDUL-AZIZ, events had occurred in the Bulgarian territories of the SULTAN, which profoundly modified the fortunes of Turkey through the effect which they produced on the opinions, and in some degree, on the policy of England. In the spring, foreign agents had succeeded in inducing the inhabitants of a few Christian villages to rise in insurrection, and although the movement never became formidable, a certain number of Mussulmans were put to death. The Government of Constantinople, then on the brink of revolution, was unable or unwilling to detach any considerable body of regular troops into Bulgaria, and the local authorities called the Mahomedan population to arms, and proceeded, with the aid of irregular troops, including "Circassian" soldiers, to attack, not only the feeble and isolated bodies of insurgents, but the unoffending Christian population. The ferocity of the Mahomedan levies was perhaps at first stimulated by panic, but when all danger of resistance had disappeared, their worst passions were gratified by the perpetration of crimes of which indiscriminate murder was scarcely the worst. Of the effect produced in England by the intelligence of these atrocities, at first made known by newspaper correspondents, we shall speak in the Introduction to the succeeding Volume.

In the United States, the hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence—the foundation of the great Republic—was celebrated by a Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, which was opened by the President on the 10th of May. England was an important and cordial contributor.

NOTES.

5 **Tinkering!** (*Cartoon*).—For the Fugitive Slave Circular excitement, *see* "Introduction" to the last Volume. A second Circular was issued, when it was found that the first excited the disapproval of the country, but this also was condemned. The Ministers represented in the Cartoon are LORD DERBY, Foreign Secretary, as "First Tinker," and (the late) MR. G. WARD HUNT, First Lord of the Admiralty, between whom the responsibility of the Circulars was considered to lie.

10 **Very Sorry for It.**—BARING is the family name of LORD NORTHBROOK.

10 **Motto, &c.**—The VOKES family, both ladies and gentlemen, are celebrated pantomime performers.

13, 29 **The Monitor of the Opposition.** / **Topics for my Trilogy.** SIR W. VERNON HARCOURT, M.P. for Oxford, a leading member of the Opposition, had been delivering three speeches to his constituents at Oxford. In the first, aware of the number of addresses expected from him, he referred to the "cruel kindness" of his friends in proposing to him a "trilogy" of discourses; and he quoted a description which had been given of the policy of the Government as "suet-pudding legislation." His second Address was mainly taken up with local topics, such as the sewerage of Oxford.

18, 19, 20 **A Spelling Bee** (*Cut*). / **Cells for our Spelling Bee.** / **Dream of a Spelling Bee.** "Spelling Bees" had recently been introduced into England from America, and were frequent this winter both in London and the country. A party assembled to spell difficult words (often in public and in competition for prizes), which were given out to each person in succession, a referee with a Dictionary being at hand, to settle disputed points.

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PAGE

18 **A "Hackney'd" Subject.**—The allusion is to Mr. Holms, M.P. for Hackney, an energetic Army Reformer.

25 **Turkey Pie** (*Cartoon*).—For the Austrian or "Andrassy Note," springing out of the Alliance of the three Emperors here depicted, *see* "Introduction."

27 **A Warning from Neptune.**—Refers to the project of a tunnel under the Channel, to connect England and France.

28 **The Latest Creed.** } *See* "Notes" to the last Volume,
34 **Only Natural.** } pp. 43, 48. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, on an appeal from the decree of the Dean of the Arches, reversed his decision and admonished the Vicar (Mr. Cook) not to refuse the Sacrament to Mr. Jenkins.

33 **Shakspearian Motto.**—Richard Banner Oakley was tried and found guilty of having obtained from the public, as manager and proprietor of the Co-operative Credit Bank, large sums of money by false and fraudulent pretences. In his prospectuses he had represented that the Bank would pay a dividend of 18 per cent. to shareholders.

36 **Practising for the Westminster Rink** (*Cartoon*).—Parliament was about to assemble. The principal persons introduced, beginning from the left, are Gladstone, Lord Hartington, Lord Derby, Butt ("Home Rule"), Forster, Disraeli, Northcote and Lowe, Ward Hunt, Holms, M.P. for Hackney (the Army Reformer), and Gathorne Hardy, the Secretary for War. Skating Rinks were at this time fashionable resorts.

42 **Young Chelsea.**—Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bart., is M.P. for Chelsea.

53 **Post et Propter.**—There had been a rumour that Her Majesty's Theatre was to be bought for a Post Office.

59 **The "Extinguisher" Trick** (*Cartoon*).—*See* "Note" to p. 5, and "Essence of Parliament," p. 55 (*Tuesday*)—"If England hates anything from her heart." Mr. Disraeli referred the subject (Fugitive Slaves) to a Royal Commission.

64 **The Bird Question.**—Ladies wearing humming-birds in their hats.

69 **The Lion's Share** (*Cartoon*).—For the Suez Canal Shares Transaction, *see* "Introduction" to the last volume, and "Essence of Parliament," p. 65 (*Monday*)—"Leo has spoken." The acquisition of the Khedive's shares by England was accepted by the country as tending to secure to us Egypt—"the Key to India."

73 **St. Valentine's Day at Girton** (*Cut*).—Girton College for Women, near Cambridge.

73 **E. Payson Weston's Perpetual Motion.** }
93 **Fairly Walked off his Feet.** } E. Payson Weston was an American pedestrian, who performed great walking feats in this country. On one occasion, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, he accomplished 180 miles in 48 hours.

79 **Men and Brothers** (*Cartoon*).—For the Slave Circulars, which were addressed to naval officers, *see* "Notes" to p. 5 and p. 59.

91 **Civil Service Stores** (*Cartoon*).—Mr. Disraeli's Government laid themselves open to the charge of too frequently evading responsibility by referring embarrassing questions to a Royal Commission or a Select Committee.

PAGE

Admiralty Maxim. } *See* "Introduction" to the last 93
Fog Signals. } Volume, second paragraph. 95
Lieut. Evans was the officer of the watch of the *Iron Duke*.

Sir Charles Dilke and the Corporations.—*See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 85 (*Tuesday*)—"The brisk Baronet of Chelsea." 96

Her Best Title (*Cartoon*).—*See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 98 (*Thursday*)—"For her best title." 101

Baring and Over-bearing.—Mr. Flowers' energetic action against the use of bearing-reins is well known. Differences of opinion between Lord Salisbury, as Secretary for India, and Lord Northbrook, were believed to have influenced the latter in his resignation of the Viceroyalty. 106

New Titles.—Sir Hardinge Giffard, the Solicitor-General, had at this time no seat in Parliament. The Attorney-General, Sir John Holker, sat for Preston. (There is also a reference to Holkar, one of the great Indian Princes received by the Prince of Wales on his tour.) 110

The New Song.—*See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 185 (*Tuesday*)—"Peter Taylor." 111

The New Tenant (*Cartoon*).—The new and moderate Republic, supported by such opposite politicians as Thiers and Gambetta, presented to France for her permanent acceptance. 113

Questions for any number of Bees.—Ljubibratics was an insurgent chieftain in the Bosnian and Herzegovinian insurrection against the Turks, who won a great reputation as a general. 120

Fast Flowers.—*Madcap Violet* is the title of one of William Black's admirable novels. 127

A Tight Fit (*Cartoon*).—Sir Stafford Northcote, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, did not *quite* succeed in making both ends meet—*see* "Introduction" for Budget. 135

Sentiment to Accompany the Toast, &c. } Refer to the absence 137
Patriotic, if You Like. } of the Queen (who was in Germany), 161
and of her sons from England.

New Crowns for Old Ones! (*Cartoon*).—Mr. Disraeli's measure for adding to the Royal Titles that of Empress of India, though pressed forward by the Government and carried by considerable majorities, was not particularly popular with the country (*see also* "Introduction"). 147

Inscription for the Khedive's Door-mat. } Mr. Cave, M.P. 149
Geology and the Stock Exchange. } for Shoreham, visited Egypt 161
on a financial mission, which was not a complete success.

"The Jolly Anglers" (*Cartoon*).—Mr. Disraeli and Sir Stafford Northcote (Chancellor of the Exchequer). By the new Budget, exemption from income-tax was extended to incomes of £150 a year. This indulgence was certain to make the Ministry popular with a large class of the community. 157

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PAGE

167 **The Ministerial Mess** (*Cartoon*).—DISRAELI presides, LORD DERBY and MR. WARD HUNT are on his right, LORD SALISBURY, MR. GATHORNE HARDY, and SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE on his left. The course of their parliamentary life before Easter had not altogether run smooth. The labels to the plates before them indicate their individual difficulties.

172 **An Earnest Hint to Signor Rossi.**
175 **Punch on a Foreign Actor.** An Italian tragedian who was in London, performing in English Tragedy, not apparently in *Mr. Punch's* opinion, with entire success.

177 **"Agrikler" on the Bristol Cathedral Images.**—This has reference to a controversy between the Dean and a majority of the Chapter of Bristol and the Cathedral Restoration Committee, arising out of some sculptured statues which the latter had erected in the Cathedral porch, and the former would not allow to remain.

179 **Over-Weighted** (*Cartoon*).—*See* "*Punch* at Portsmouth," p. 181.

183 **A Chance for "Ouida."**—The *nom de plume* of a popular lady novelist, of the sensational school.

184 **Painters, &c.**—MR. G. A. STOREY had been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

188 **Atalanta in England.**
190 **Topics last Week.** Refer to *Atalanta's Race*, a very striking picture by MR. E. J. POYNTER, R.A., in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition.

191 **The "Star of India"** (*Cartoon*).—Illustrates the safe return of the PRINCE OF WALES to England from his tour in India. The "Star of India" is an Indian order of Knighthood of recent institution.

201 **(Miss) Thompson's Season.**—MISS THOMPSON, the painter of *The Roll Call*, was this year showing her battle picture, *The Balaklava Charge*, not at the Royal Academy, but as a separate exhibition.

PAGE

203 **Great Easterns. "Down"!** (*Cartoon*).—Illustrates the unwillingness of the Money Market to entertain any more proposals for Turkish or Egyptian Loans.

210 **The Quietest of Rubbers.**—Refers to MASKELYNE AND COOKE'S new whist-playing mechanical figure, "Psycho," at the Egyptian Hall.

213 **The (Home-) "Ruler of the Spirits"** (*Cartoon*).—*See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 198 (*Friday*)—"MR. R. SMYTH."

215 **East India "Company."**—A grand banquet and ball were given by the Corporation of London at the Guildhall to celebrate the return home from India of the PRINCE OF WALES.

232 **The Appeal of the Pious Founder.**—*See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 220 (*Tuesday*)—"MR. JAMES (of Gateshead)." The Lord Mayor was at this time ALDERMAN COTTON.

232 **Street Song, &c.**—The deposed Sultan, ABDUL-AZIZ, was succeeded by his nephew, MURAD.

240 **A Contradiction in Terms.**—For the deposition of the SULTAN of Turkey, *see* "Introduction."

247 **The Dogs of War** (*Cartoon*).—*See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 243 (*Friday*)—"All the Powers agreed with us."

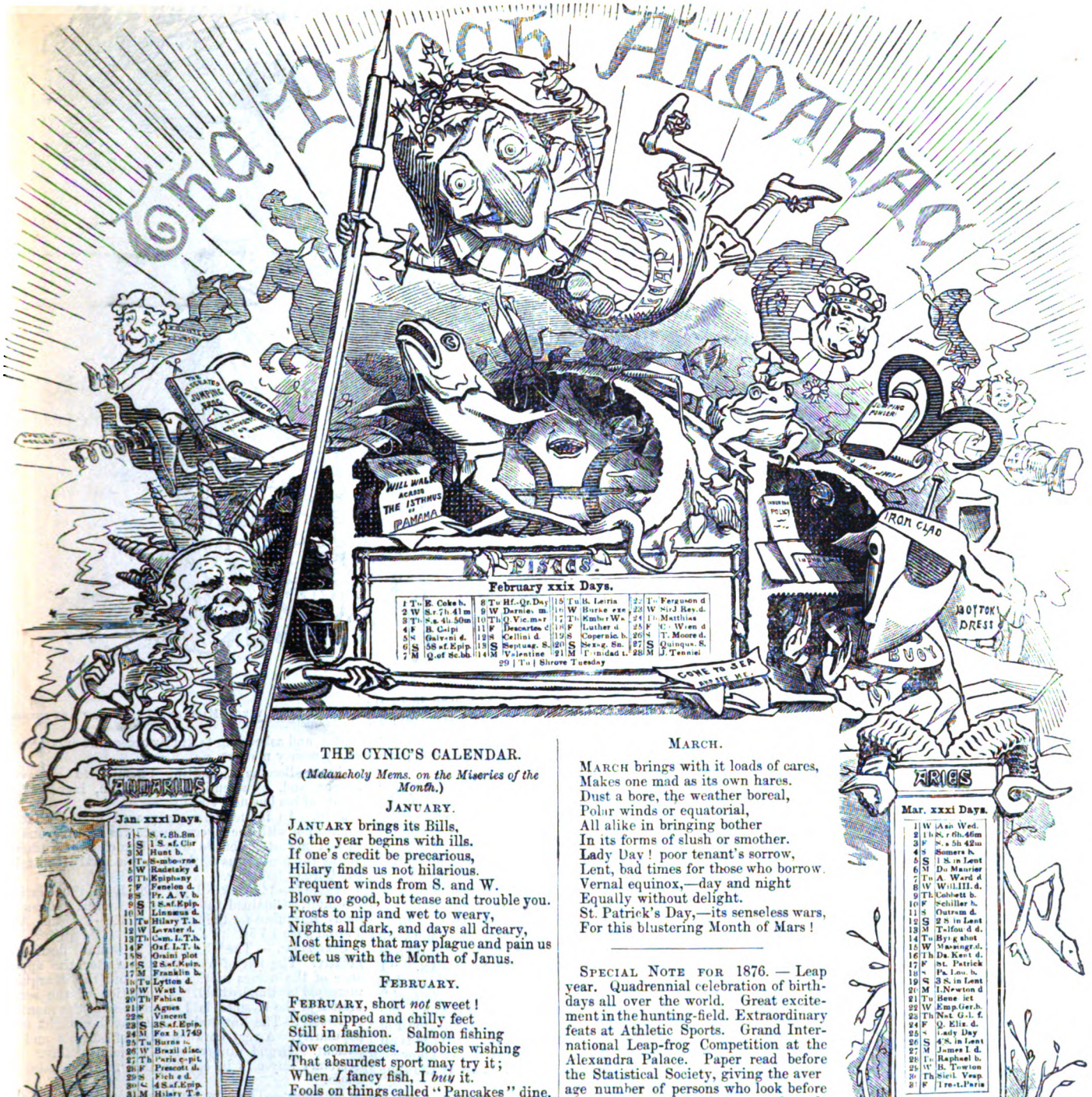
252 **Natural Ejaculation of *Kisber's* Foes.**—*Kisber* (formerly *Mineral Colt*), a Hungarian-bred horse, won the Derby this year.

264 **Proposed Change of Name.**—For MIDHAT PASHA, *see* "Introduction."

267 **"Justice to the Rescue!"** (*Cartoon*).—A question had arisen between England and the United States as to the correct interpretation of the Extradition Treaty (for the surrender of criminals) subsisting between the two countries.

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PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1876.



THE CYNIC'S CALENDAR.

(Melancholy Mems. on the Miseries of the Month.)

JANUARY.

JANUARY brings its Bills,
So the year begins with ills.
If one's credit be precarious,
Hilary finds us not hilarious.
Frequent winds from S. and W.
Blow no good, but tease and trouble you.
Frosts to nip and wet to weary,
Nights all dark, and days all dreary,
Most things that may plague and pain us
Meet us with the Month of Janus.

FEBRUARY.

FEBRUARY, short *not* sweet!
Noses nipped and chilly feet
Still in fashion. Salmon fishing
Now commences. Boobies wishing
That absurdest sport may try it;
When *I* fancy fish, I *buy* it.
Fools on things called "Pancakes" dine,
Others court St. Valentine.
Which is worst,—an open question,—
Mooncalf love or indigestion?
Leap Year! So *more* muffs will marry
In this present February.

MARCH.

MARCH brings with it loads of cares,
Makes one mad as its own hares.
Dust a bore, the weather boreal,
Polar winds or equatorial,
All alike in bringing bother
In its forms of slush or smother.
Lady Day! poor tenant's sorrow,
Lent, bad times for those who borrow.
Vernal equinox,—day and night
Equally without delight.
St. Patrick's Day,—its senseless wars,
For this blustering Month of Mars!

SPECIAL NOTE FOR 1876. — Leap year. Quadrennial celebration of birthdays all over the world. Great excitement in the hunting-field. Extraordinary feats at Athletic Sports. Grand International Leap-frog Competition at the Alexandra Palace. Paper read before the Statistical Society, giving the average number of persons who look before they leap, and quoting instances of people who have taken a leap in the dark during the last four years.

JANUARY 1.—Good-resolution-making begins.

SIGHS TO THE SIGNS.

(By a British Hydrophobist.)

ERE watery sameness wearies, dear AQUARIUS,
et New Year's weather, then, we pray, be various!

emember mortals are not piscine, PISCES,
ven in such a pluvial isle as this is!

Wind, and not wet, we look for under ARIES,
ydraulic RAM we hate—love RAM when fair he is!

Some few vernal showers should come with TAURUS,
Tis well; but why with floods come Bull's-run o'er us?

Whelm not May's flowers with tears, O gentle GEMINI!
r *Flores sunquam respondebunt semina!*

egard the Roses, be not crabby, CANCER,
hine when we ask—with showers do not answer!

Sprinkle no raindrops from your mane, great LEO,
But from St. Swithin's spell the forty free, O!

Swift Summer takes her flight with thee, and, *ergo*,
Be not *all* Niobe, O gentle VIRGO!

Spoil not our sports with daily deluge, LIBRA,
Not e'en hard cash can buy blue sky or bribe ray!

October Ale! good tipple, SCORPIO,
Blest bard, if to it his song's weft and warp he owe!

November fogs attend thee, SAGITTARIUS,
Bid not hydraulics make us *less* hilarious!

A dry December grant, dear CAPRICORNUS,
So plead we round the Zodiac. Signs, *don't* scorn us!

DISTRESSING SPECTACLE.—A short-sighted person looking into futurity.

MAD MATHEMATICS.

THE inventor of the following proof fancies it not unworthy of the Mathematical Department of Colwell Hatchney. To prove that 10 is an even number—

9 is IX
6 is SIX
∴ by subtraction 3 is - S
But 7 is SEVEN
∴ by addition 10 is EVEN *Q.E.D.*

FEBRUARY 2.—Candlemas. Gas discovered.
FEBRUARY 14.—Bishop Valentine took his seat in the House of Lords. Cupid born. General Post Office enlarged.

DEFINE the difference between a Musical-Box and a Band-Box.

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PISCATORIAL.

Miss Blanche (to the Old Coachman). "O JOHN, WILL YOU PUT THIS WORM ON THE HOOK FOR ME? I CAN'T BEAR TO DO IT!"
Old John (dubiously). "WELL—I'M SURE SOME O' THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN WOULDN'T MIND, MISS,—BUT I'VE RATHER A DALICOT STOMACH MYSELF, MISS, AND I 'EAVE AT ANYTHING!!"

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF GREAT MEN.

IT is not generally known that the Poet Laureate is liable to painful attacks of doubt and hesitation. Not long ago he went into the shop of MESSRS. PIESSE AND LUBIN, and, after chatting with the two eminent Perfumers for some time, looked sadly at them, shook his head, and saying,

"I know not which is sweeter! No! not I!"

sighed, and left the shop.

MR. BASS, as he one day escorted MRS. HEMANS over his brewery at Burton, expressed in warm terms his admiration of her poetry, and told her how much he coveted her power of giving pleasure to thousands. The Poetess laughed at his enthusiasm. "Your success is greater than mine," she said, "for

"Earth's noblest sons thy bitter cup have shared."

POPE was very much attached to LORD ELCHO, and was accustomed, in familiar conversation, to call him "Honest Instinct." Being asked by LORD RANELAGH to explain this singular appellation, POPE replied, "You would not ask such a question had you read my *Essay on Man*, but would remember

"How Honest Instinct comes, a Volunteer
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit."

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK was surprised one day at meeting THOMSON in Threadneedle Street, and asked him, in much astonishment, what had brought him into the City. The Poet of *The Seasons* pointed to a number of grey-headed old gentlemen, who were walking briskly in the same direction, and said, archly, "This is Dividend day, and

"I seek the Bank where flowery elders crowd."

The same Poet, hearing HERR DANNREUTHER praise the works of WAGNER the Composer, asked what WAGNER had written; and, on being told that his music was called "*The Music of the Future*," replied, "Yes, yes; I understand! We had such music in the *Castle of Indolence*. It was

"A certain music never known before."

BOSWELL one day told DR. JOHNSON that the REVEREND JOHN MACAULAY, in his *History of St. Kilda*, had stated as a well-authenticated fact that, whenever a stranger approaches that island, all the inhabitants take cold.* "Why, Sir," replied the Doctor, "you are not to suppose that there is anything singular in that: it only shows that the islanders prefer the stranger's rheum to his company."

During the recent severe frost, the RIGHT HONOURABLE JOSEPH ADDISON went into the office of the *Spectator*, in Wellington Street, and asked for a little brandy and a clothes' brush, giving as a reason for this singular request, that he had just had a severe fall on a slide. The Editor, who did not quite comprehend the exclamation, exclaimed hastily, "When did you fall?"—"O!" replied the great moralist, "it was

"When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran."

"How is it that you always get an invitation to the Guildhall dinner on the ninth of November?" said SIR JULES BENEDICT to MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN. "I don't exactly know," was the reply; "but I think that I must owe it to my connection with *Boosey's Annual*."

HORACE and MÆCENAS were walking down the Strand one day last Spring, just as a great crowd of ladies was pouring out of Exeter Hall. "What is all this about?" said MÆCENAS. "Don't you know?" said HORACE. "*Jam veris comites*. This is the time for May Meetings."

* *Vide* BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*.

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE APOTHECARY.

January.—Came up to London in a Cheap Jack's cart, and established myself in lodgings in the East End.

February.—Thought out and perfected my Grand Tonic Pill of Everlasting Health. Inserted advertisement in a newspaper asking for a capitalist.

March.—Met a capitalist, who entered into my scheme with enthusiasm. Arranged that he should find £10,000—I the invention. Explained, on leaving him, that I had eaten nothing for three days. He expressed his regret, but refused to allow his servants to give me any dinner.

April.—Appearance of the Grand Tonic Pill of Everlasting Health. Immense success. Branches for the sale of the same established in all parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

May.—The price of soap (the principal ingredient of the Grand Tonic Pill of Everlasting Health) having risen, forced to take advantage of the laws of my country. Made the acquaintance of the Chief Judge of Bankruptcy, and asked him to kindly accept the arrangement of my money matters.

June.—Became Consulting Chemist to a tavern-keeper, and, by scientific adulteration, increased the profits of his business largely.

July.—An inquest having proved to me that my connection with the tavern-keeper was a dangerous one, turned my attention to other branches of industry. Wrote the prospectus of the New National Hospital for the Cure of Baldness.

August.—At work all the month on the National Hospital. Obtained the names of several Dukes and many Marquises for the first list of Vice-Patrons. Vice-Patron's fee £5 5*s*.

September.—The National Hospital flourishing greatly. The list of Vice-Patrons (after the appearance of the names of the Dukes and the Marquises) increased a hundredfold. Foundation of the seaside branch of the Hospital laid at the close of the month.

October.—The National Hospital at the height of its popularity. A very crowded staff of officials and one patient. Grand dinner on Michaelmas Day. The Secretary (myself) in old English fashion called the goose.

November.—The New National Hospital for the Cure of Baldness taken up by the medical papers, and exposed.

December.—Went back into the country, and passed Christmas Day in the privacy of my Cheap Jack's cart.

SLIGHTED ATTENTION.

I TOOK a Narcissus
Home unto my Missus
On the morn of our blest wedding-day.
She might have bethought her
To put it in water;
But she smelt it—and threw it away.

A MYSTERY CLEARED UP.—The reason why so many people go to sleep in church is, because they rest against the "poppy heads."

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—Natives at five shillings a dozen.

HOME MEASURES.—A tablespoonful three times a day.

SOME persons are thoroughly imperturbable. Nothing can shock them—not even an earthquake.

A TEMPERANCE PUBLIC-HOUSE.—A Slop-shop.

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RINK-TENNIS.

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April xxx Days.				May xxxi Days.				June xxx Days.			
1 S	S. r.5h.32m	16 S	Easter Sun.	1 M	S. r.4h.33m	12 W	Jenner b.	1 Th	S. r.3h.52m	16 F	J. Wesley b
2 S	5 S. in Lent	17 M	EasterMon.	2 Tu	Tunis tkn.	13 Th	Boswell d	2 F	Oxf. E. T.	17 S	St. Alban
3 M	S. s.6h.37m	18 Tu	Granted.	3 W	S. s.7h.25m	19 F	Dunstan	3 S	Oxf. Tr. T.	18 S	1 Sn. af. Tr.
4 Tu	Goldsmth. d	19 W	Oxf. E. T. b.	4 Th	Sering. tkn.	20 S	Columbus d	4 S	Whit Sun.	19 M	B. Wavres
5 W	R. Raikes d.	20 Th	Nap. III. b.	5 F	Nap. I. d.	21 S	Regation S.	5 M	Whit Mon.	20 Tu	Q. Vic. Ac.
6 Th	Dr. Busby d.	21 F	Cam. E. T. b	6 S	St. John	22 M	H. Myln	6 Tu	S. s. 8h.8m.	21 W	Proclam.
7 F	Cam. L. T. e.	22 S	Kent b.	7 S	3 S. af. Eas.	23 Tu	Copernic. d	7 W	S. Erivan	22 Th	B. Pered
8 S	Oxf. L. T. e.	23 S	Low Sund.	8 M	Le Sage b.	24 W	Q. Vict. b.	8 Th	D. Jerrold d.	23 F	Cam. E. T. e.
9 S	Palm Sun.	24 M	D. Defoe d.	9 Tu	Schiller d.	25 Th	Ascen. D.	9 F	Diskens d.	24 S	Midsmr. D.
10 M	Hazlitt b.	25 Tu	Pra. Alice b	10 W	Turgot b.	26 F	Augustine	10 S	Heilsberg	25 S	2 Sn. af. Tr
11 Tu	Ca sing b.	26 W	Eve. Coeste d	11 Th	Eas. T. e.	27 S	V. Bede	11 S	Trin. Sun.	26 M	Geo. IV. d.
12 W	Young d.	27 Th	Gibbon b.	12 F	J. Bell b.	28 S	S. af. Ascen	12 M	B. Wilton	27 Tu	Cairo tkn.
13 Th	Handel d.	28 F	B. Tours	13 S	O. May D.	29 M	Chas. II. res	13 Tu	Hastgs. bd.	28 W	Qu. Vict. cr
14 F	Good Frid.	29 S	Emp. Rus. b.	14 S	4 S. af. Eas.	30 Tu	Pope d	14 W	B. N. seby	29 Th	St. Peter
15 S	East. T. beg	30 S	2 S. af. Eas.	15 M	O'Connell d	31 W	B. Palestro	15 Th	Corp. Chris.	30 F	Roscoe d.
				16 T	B. Albuera						

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

The Soldier.

January. — Entered the Service as a recruit, in spite of the protest of the Rector of my native village. Spent my bounty money in dissipation, and was passed over to the dépôt.

February.—Found myself in the Infantry. Immediately on receiving my kit, deserted, and came up to London.

March.—After a fortnight's pleasuring, shaved off my whiskers, and entered the Service again. The Magistrate who "swore me in" warned me that I was sacrificing my prospects in life by becoming a soldier.

April.—Found myself in the Cavalry. Took a distaste to "stables," and deserted.

May.—After living upon the proceeds of my "free kit" for a short time, determined to enter the Service again. Shaved off my moustache, and was duly sworn in. A Clergyman on the bench admonished me that I was throwing my future to the dogs by wearing Her Majesty's uniform.

June.—Found myself in the Artillery. Gun drill appeared to be hard work. After a fortnight at Woolwich, made up my mind to desert, and deserted.

July.—Thought I would try the Militia. Joined a Metropolitan regiment, and finding "position drill" a nuisance, deserted.

August.—My funds being low, made up my mind that I had not given the Militia a fair chance. Left London and joined a country Militia regiment.

September.—Early morning drill unpleasant. Deserted, and went to Scotland. True to my love for the Auxiliary Forces, joined a Highland Militia regiment.

October.—Requiring change of air, deserted to Ireland, and joined a Militia regiment in the Emerald Isle.

November.—All the trainings seem now over; suddenly tired of the Militia. Came back to England, and, leaving my regiment (in my usual fashion), joined the Royal Engineers.

December.—Found I was expected to learn a trade. This did not suit me, so I "exchanged" (in my old style) into the Marines, purposing to take a little sea voyage to escape the kind inquiries of many military friends. Eat my Christmas dinner, and on the last day of the old year packed up my traps and—deserted!

Geology of Erin.—"Snakes," says an Irish Naturalist, "never existed in Ireland, where they became extinct entirely through the preaching of St. Patrick." Search the bog-formations, however, for the remains of the O'Phidians.

THE CYNIC'S CALENDAR.

(Melancholy Mems. on the Miseries of the Month.)

April.

April starts with All Fools' Day
(That runs all the year *I* say):
Poets call this month the *vernal*,
Weather commonly infernal!
Spring is on us—with a spring;
Blows and pours like anything!
April showers—in the form
Of a (frigid) tropic storm.
Bards sing Canticles—sheer cant!
Time for planting—all a "plant!"
Stick the Bards on dunce's stools,
They but make us—April Fools!

May.

May! pet month with every poet.
Flowers blow—and winds too, blow it!
Bards! On their own "lines" I'd string 'em
For their fibs. Top coat and gingham
Still essential. One fresh bore—
The R.A.'s throw wide their door!
Table-talk is all of pictures,
Critic cant, and stupid strictures.
May in Nature is a sham,
May in Art gush, crush, and cram!
Pipe me no more ditties pray
On the "*merry* Month of May!"

June.

June! Again the Bards begin.
"Summer is ycomen in."
Yet without a Sangster stout
He's a fool who'll venture out.
Roses! pretty in a poem.
Did you ever try to grow 'em?
After toilsome eves and morns
Find a crop of—leaves and thorns?
Year attains another quarter,
Days, and tempers too, grow shorter.
Muse, your lyre is out of tune,
Leave "the leafy Month of June!"

Rule and Exception.—"When things are at the worst they sometimes mend." Some things are too bad to mend any more. A saying true of things in general, if not *à propos de bottes*.

In Quest of Lodgings.—Recollect you can always obtain bed and board, without any additional payment for the latter, by sleeping on the floor.

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

The Sailor.

January.—Found myself on board the *Lively Polly*. Could not account for my presence on deck. The last thing I remembered was the parlour of a riverside tavern.

February.—The *Lively Polly* quite safe in calm water, but being heavily insured was unlucky enough to sink in a storm.

March.—After ten days in an open boat, made the land. Kindly treated by the owner of a public-house.

April.—Found myself suddenly on board the *Copper Coffin*, with a cargo of cotton. The *Copper Coffin*, being manned with a crew of "choice spirits," caught fire.

May.—After an unpleasant journey on a bit of broken spar, made the land. Having acquired a temporary distaste for the sea, entered the lighter service.

June.—In charge of a lighter freighted with gunpowder and other innocent materials. Met an old friend, had a glass of ale, lighted a pipe, and blew up.

July.—Joined the Naval Reserve, and found out the secret of obtaining the maximum of pay for the minimum of work.

August.—Entered the Royal Navy, and was draughted into an Iron-clad.

September.—Went in the Iron-clad to the bottom of the sea.

October.—Having risen to the surface, made my way to London, and started "The Deceased Mariners' Aid Society." Lived sumptuously upon the subscriptions.

November.—The subscribers of "The Deceased Mariners' Aid Society" asking disagreeable questions, entered the Merchant Service—on this occasion with all my wits about me.

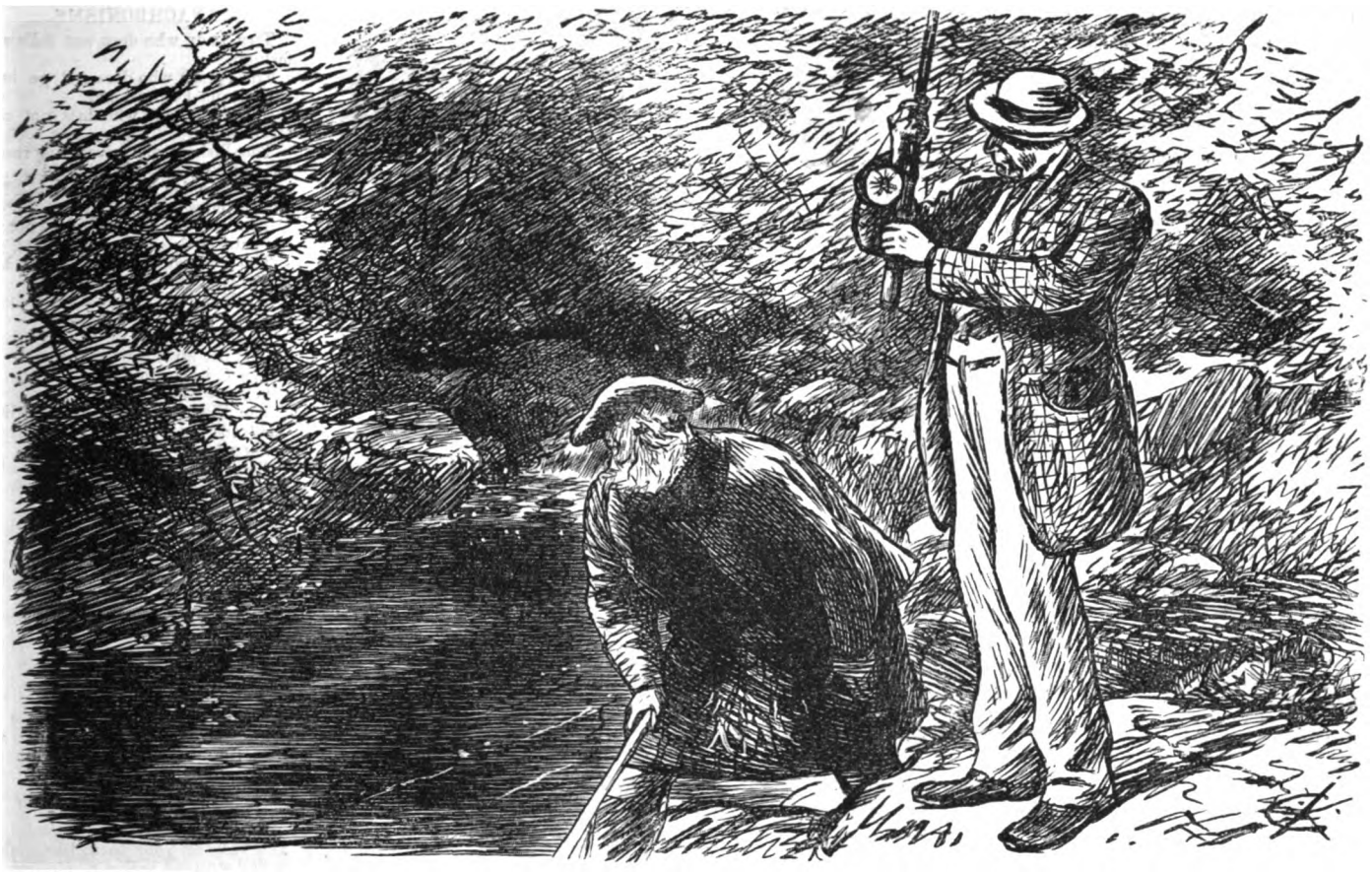
December.—Assisted in putting my Captain in irons, and kept Christmas merrily by breaking into the spirit cupboard and going to the bottom. Not being born to be drowned, picked up and brought to England. Ended the year in the parlour of a sea-side tavern, in a happy state of unconsciousness.

"RINKUM TENEATIS, AMICI."

Oftentimes in merry May,
When the water nearly freezes,
Tender leaves on many a spray
Shrivelling droop in Eastern breezes

Christmas come again you think.
Then, whilst genuine ice awaiting,
Go, glide o'er the mimic "Rink,"
And sing, "What a day for skating!"

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WORDS AND WEIGHTS.

Angler. "Deuced odd, Donald, I can't get a Fish over Seven Pounds, when they say Major Grant above us killed half a dozen last Week that turned Twenty Pounds apiece!"

Donald. "Awsel, Sir, it's no that muckle odds i'th' Sawmon,—but thae Fowk up the Watter is bigger Leears than we are doon here!"

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE TINKER.

January.—Began the year as Private Secretary to a popular Member of Parliament.

February.—Prepared several speeches to be used at charity dinners by my Chief.

March.—The Session having commenced, armed myself for the coming campaign by reading the whole edition of the *Annual Register* and learning HAYDN'S *Dictionary of Dates* by heart. Bought a *Lempriere* to be used in the concoction of classical speeches.

April.—Very busy on the orations of my Chief. Added to my library a good Dictionary of Quotations.

May.—Went down to the borough of my Chief, and represented "popular enthusiasm" on his arrival.

June.—Wrote a pamphlet upon the Currency, and contributed (to two leading magazines) a couple of articles, headed "International Law" and "Persian Learning in the Middle Ages." The *brochure* and the papers appeared with my Chief's name attached to them.

July.—Attended Committee Meetings at the House of Commons, and suggested questions to be put by my Chief to the witnesses summoned before him.

August.—My Chief being away shooting in the Highlands, attended to the thousand and one claims of his five hundred and two constituents.

September.—Travelled down to the borough of my Chief, and got up his Testimonial Committee. Became Honorary Secretary to that not very distinguished body.

October.—Organised the rejoicing on the arrival of my Chief in the borough of his adoption. "Laughed" and "cheered" at the proper time during the presentation of the Testimonial Inkstand.

November.—My Chief, weary of politics, accepted the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and invited me to accept my dismissal.

December.—Out of work.

WORDS OF WISDOM.—BOSWELL has nowhere recorded the saying, attributed to DOCTOR JOHNSON, "Sir, it is of no use for a nation to enlist sympathies unless it can also enlist soldiers."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—Do not attempt to feed Pigs on Grains of Paradise. A Calf is none the better for being reared on Asses' Milk.

NEW LONDON STREET DIRECTORY.

Adam Street.—Antediluvian anecdotes and traditions still linger here.

Air Street.—Doctors send their patients to this locality for change.

Aldermanbury.—Visited by numbers of bereaved relatives.

Amwell Street.—Always healthy.

Barking Alley.—To be avoided in the Dog Days.

Boy Court.—Not far from Child's Place.

Camomile Street.—*See* Wormwood Street.

Coldbath Square.—Very bracing.

Distaff Lane.—Full of Spinsters.

Farm Street.—Highly sensitive to the fluctuations of the corn market.

Fashion Street.—Magnificent sight in the height of the Season.

First Street.—Of immense antiquity.

Friday Street.—Great jealousy felt by all the other days of the week.

Garlick Hill.—Make a little *détour*.

Glasshouse Street.—Heavily insured against hail-storms.

Godliman Street.—Irreproachable.

Great Smith Street.—Which of the Smiths is this?

Grundy Street.—Named after that famous historic character—MRS. GRUNDY.

Hercules Buildings.—Rich in traditions and stories of the "Labours" of the Founder.

Homer Street.—Literally classic ground. The house pointed out in connection with "the blind old bard" has long since disappeared.

Idol Lane.—Where are the Missionaries?

Ivy Lane.—This, and Lillypot Lane, and Woodpecker Lane, and Wheatsheaf Yard, and White Thorn Street, all sweetly rural. It is difficult to make a selection.

Lamb's Conduit Street.—Touching description (by the oldest inhabitant) of the young lambs coming to drink at the conduit.

Liquorpond Street.—*See* Philpot Lane.

Love Lane.—What sort of love? The "love of the turtle?"

Lupus Street., *Maddox Street.* } Both dangerous.

Milk Street.—Notice the number of pumps.

Mincing Lane.—Mincing is now mostly done elsewhere, by machinery.

Orchard Street.—The last apple was gathered here about the time that the last coursing match took place in Hare Court.

Paper Buildings.—Wonderfully substantial! Brief paper extensively used in these buildings.

Paradise Street., *Peerless Street.* } Difficult to choose between the two.

Poultry., *Pudding Lane.* } Crowded at Christmas.

Quality Court.—Most aristocratic.

Riches Court.—Not a house to be had for love or money.

Shepherdess Walk.—Ought to be near Shepherds' Bush.

Trump Street.—Noted for whist.

Type Street.—Leaves a most favourable impression.

World's End Passage.—Finis.

LINES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

To-day the year begins,
To-day your task commence:
Pick up the casual pins,
And one short twelvemonth hence,
You 'll be rewarded for your pains
With fourpence as your thrifty gains.

MYTHOLOGY AND MUSIC.—In the Grecian Sculpture Room at the British Museum, inquire of the attendant to see the portions of the walls of Thebes, said to have been originally built by Amphion at the sound of his lyre. That is a mistake: as you will find that the columns were fluted.

NO RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.—"Circumstances alter cases"—but never, not even in the greatest emergency, the nominative, genitive, dative, accusative, vocative, or ablative.

GOING INTO THE OTHER EXTREME.—Some men carry their aversion to what they call "gush" to such an extent, that they will not allow their feelings even to trickle.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.—BAXTOPP, the noted cricketer, speaking of the shape of his daughter's face, described it as a Kennington Oval.

HOW UNLIKE AN ALMANACK!—Assizes have no Saints in the Calendar.

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COUNTY DISTINCTIONS.

Ayrshire.—Shares, with the Isle of Skye, the distinction of having inspired more jokes than any other district in Her Majesty's Dominions.

Beds.—Noted for its excellent sleeping accommodation.

Bucks.—From time immemorial the male population have been great dandies.

Ches(s)hire.—The head-quarters of this engrossing game.

Cork.—Convivial. Famous for its claret and whiskey.

Down.—Not always—up as well.

Dublin.—*See* Census returns of population.

Fife.—Musical.

Herts.—Does it? Where?

Hunts.—Foxes, packs of hounds, sportsmen in scarlet, and whippers-in everywhere during the Season.

Oxon.—One great Cattle Show.

Somerset.—The inhabitants are brought up from infancy to turn heels over head.

Stirling.—Of genuine worth.

Wicklow.—Of less consequence since gas has so largely taken the place of candles.

Wigtown.—The evening parties here are a great sight.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Love, yonder Autumn leaves are gold,
Our locks turn silver when we're old.
But like the trees we need not fare,
A fluid can revive grey hair,
And when, as foliage, hair is shed,
Men, unlike trees, wear wigs instead.

How to Observe All Saints' Day.—Devote yourself particularly to St. Julhien, St. Estephe, and St. Emilion.

Change for an Adage.—Half a loaf is better than no sugar.



FOR THE MOORS.

De Tumkyns (who is ordering a Shooting Suit). "I—aw—want some kind of—aw—stuff—'colour of Heather, y'know,—so that the Gwouse won't wecognise me, y'know!"

ANACHRONISMS.

The Lady who does not follow the fashion.

The Parson who does not go in for Ritual and Confessional.

The Tradesman who does not adulterate.

The Bishop who gives his reasons for doing wrong.

The Premier who does not let his subordinates make blunders.

The ex-Premier who does not use his hatchet upon everything.

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The First Lord of the Admiralty who is not an old woman.

The Critic who writes the truth of his enemy's book.

The Financier who pays his clients eighteen per cent., and is never a bankrupt.

The Publisher who cannot afford oyster-sauce with his rump-steak.

The Author who can.

The Stockbroker who makes less than twenty thousand a-year.

The Yachtsman who is never sea-sick.

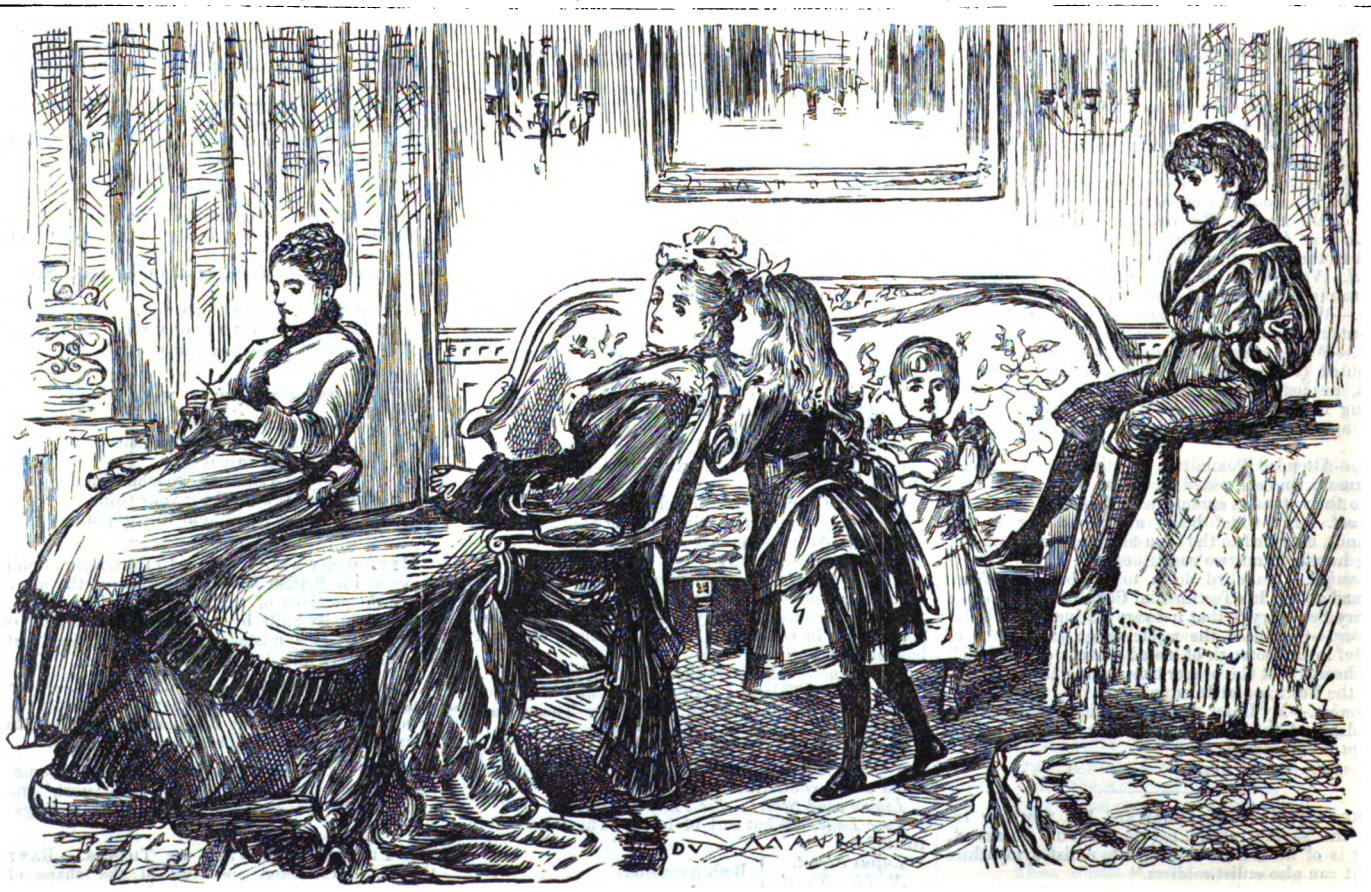
The Lady who "Winks" without fear of a tumble.

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AT THE RINK.

Of what is the old man thinking
As he sits in his old arm-chair?
He's thinking that he'd be Rinking,
If try it he only dare.
He's thinking, that, when you're Rinking,
Unless you take lots of care,
You'll be on your back, like winking,
And stunned before you're aware.

A Truism for All Time.—No rooms like mushrooms.



A BELGRAVIAN MOTHER.

Ethelinda. "Mother! isn't it *wicked* to say 'You be Blowed,' as Algy does?" *Mother.* "It's *worse* than Wicked, my Dear—it's *Vulgar!*"

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moves onward, jubilant."

MILTON (*adapted*).

ADE MECUM.

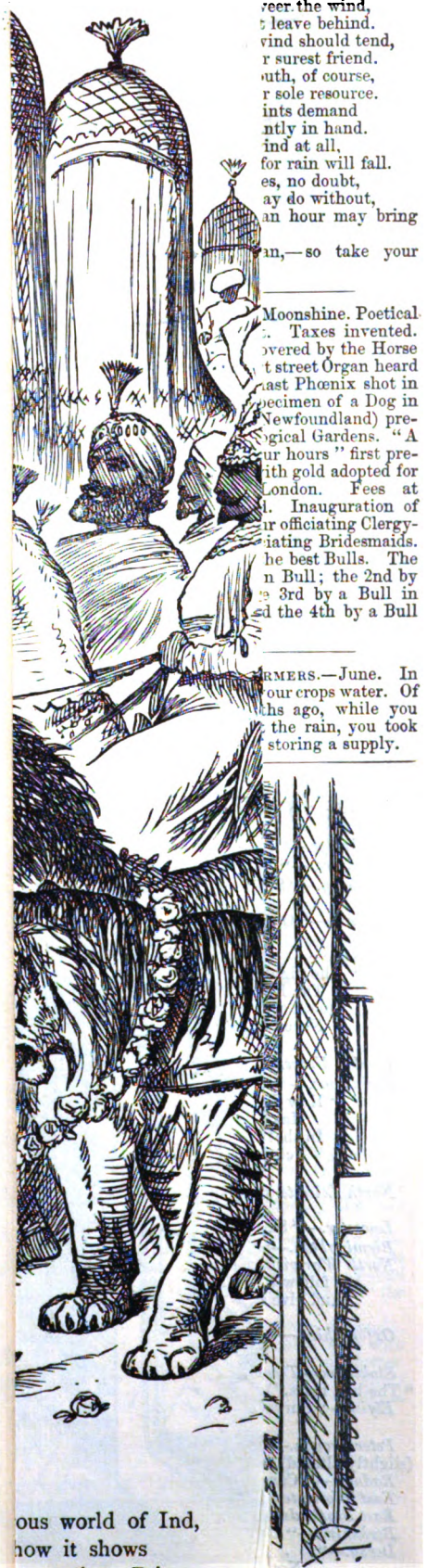
Weather-Guide for the Tourist.)

l is in the North,
f you go forth.
veer the wind,
t leave behind.
vind should tend,
r surest friend.
uth, of course,
r sole resource.
ints demand
ntly in hand.
ind at all,
for rain will fall.
es, no doubt,
ay do without,
an hour may bring

an,—so take your

Moonshine. Poetical
. Taxes invented.
overed by the Horse
t street Organ heard
ast Phœnix shot in
pecimen of a Dog in
Newfoundland) pre-
gical Gardens. "A
ur hours" first pre-
ith gold adopted for
London. Fees at
l. Inauguration of
ir officiating Clergy-
iating Bridesmaids.
he best Bulls. The
n Bull; the 2nd by
3rd by a Bull in
d the 4th by a Bull

RMERS.—June. In
our crops water. Of
hs ago, while you
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storing a supply.



ous world of Ind,
how it shows
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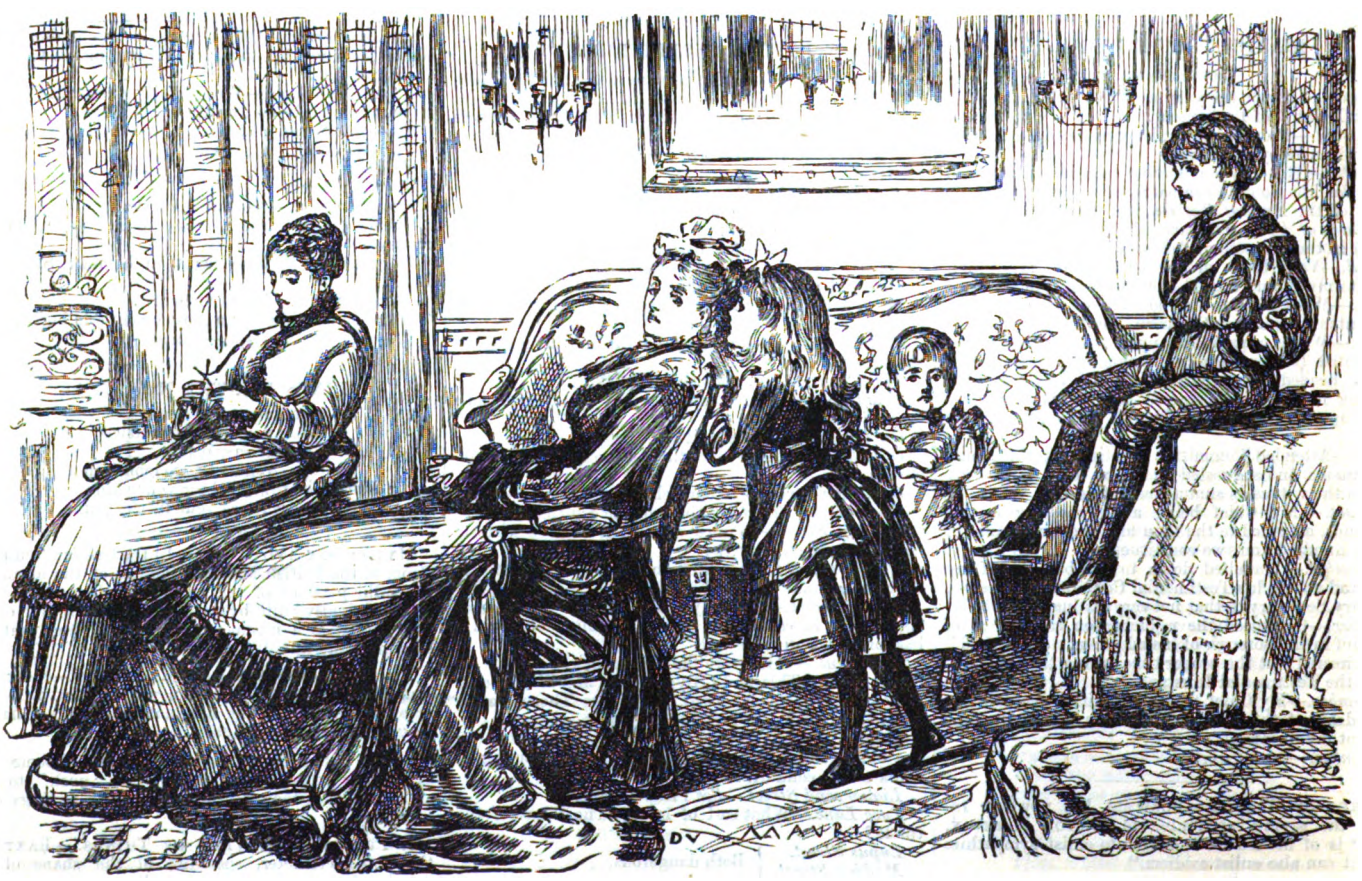
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PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1876.

A WET DIARY.

January.—Buy a house in the Midland Counties. Put a Housekeeper in it to look after it.

February.—Housekeeper writes to say that, owing to the floods, the neighbourhood is very damp and unhealthy.

March.—Housekeeper writes to say that the garden is under water.

April.—Housekeeper writes to say that there is two foot of water in the drawing-room, and that the furniture is floating about.

May.—Housekeeper writes to say that eighty feet of the garden wall has been washed away.

June.—Housekeeper writes to say that the two horses, one cow, and four pigs are drowned.

July.—Go and stop in the house myself.

August.—Escape from the bedroom windows in a boat.

September.—In bed with rheumatic fever.

October.—Housekeeper writes to say that the floods are out worse than ever.

November.—Somebody writes to say that the Housekeeper has been drowned.

December.—Will try and sell house in the Midland Counties.

LOVES OF THE PLANTS.

When Hero saw Leander die,
"O, Leander!" she did cry;
And what the cruel ocean slew,
Into an "O-Leander" grew!

A Maiden Attempt.—Said Edith to Mabel, "Is not that a pretty tree?" She pointed to a handsome *Acer platanoides*. "A pretty tree!" answered Mabel. "I call that a plane tree." "O!" rejoined Ethel.



"GENTLEMEN HELPS."

Comely Greengrocer (who Waits at Evening Parties, to Lady Customer). "Shall I 'ave the pleasure of meeting you this evening at Lady Fitzwiggles's Ma'am?"!!

VIATOR'S VADE MECUM.

(Or Compendious Weather-Guide for the British Tourist.)

When the wind is in the North,
Gingham take if you go forth.
If to Eastward veer the wind,
Gingham do not leave behind.
If to West the wind should tend,
Gingham is your surest friend.
If it seek the South, of course,
Gingham is your sole resource.
Intermediate points demand
Gingham constantly in hand.
If there be no wind at all,
Gingham take, for rain will fall.
At all other times, no doubt,
Gingham you may do without,
Yet e'en then an hour may bring 'em,—
Showers I mean,—so take your Gingham!

April 1.—Full Moonshine. Poetical Licences taken out. Taxes invented. Mares' Nests discovered by the Horse Marines. The first street Organ heard in London. The last Phœnix shot in Dublin. A fine specimen of a Dog in a Manger (from Newfoundland) presented to the Zoological Gardens. "A sixth part every four hours" first prescribed. Paving with gold adopted for the streets of London. Fees at theatres instituted. Inauguration of Weddings with four officiating Clergymen and eight officiating Bridesmaids. Prizes offered for the best Bulls. The first taken by John Bull; the 2nd by an Irish Bull; the 3rd by a Bull in a China Shop; and the 4th by a Bull of the Pope's.

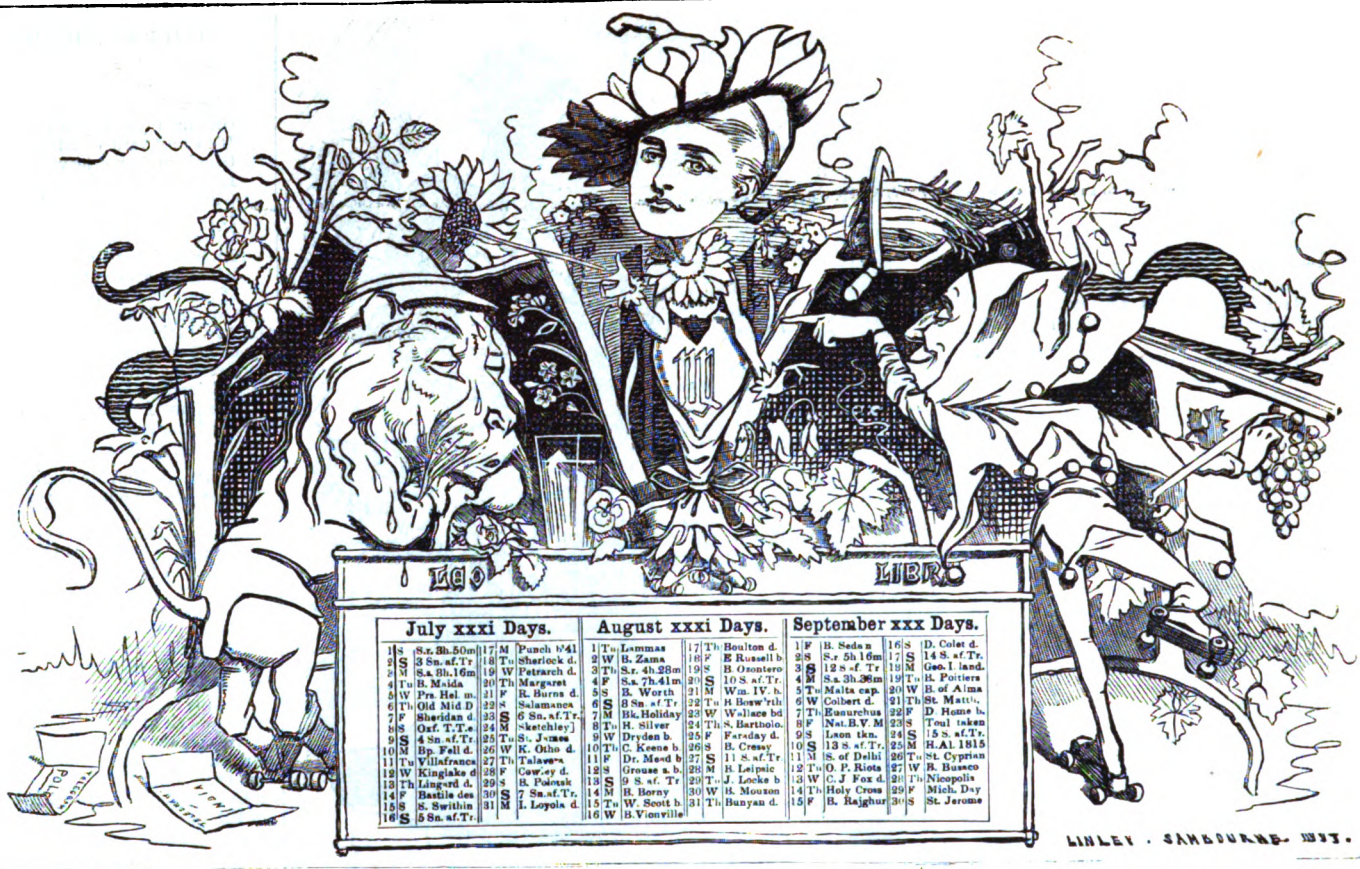
Advice to Farmers.—June. In dry weather, give your crops water. Of course, some months ago, while you were grumbling at the rain, you took the opportunity of storing a supply.



TRUE POLITENESS; OR, THE CABMAN OF THE FUTURE.

Cabby. "Four-Wheeler, Ma'am?" *Old Lady.* "No, thank you. I'm waiting for an 'Atlas.'"
Cabby. "Ah indeed, Ma'am; but won't you step in and take a Seat in our Shelter till the Omlibus comes up, Ma'am?"!!

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July xxxi Days.						August xxxi Days.						September xxx Days.					
1	S	Sr. 3h.50m	17	M	Punch b'41	1	Tu	Lammas	17	Th	Boulton d.	1	F	B. Sadan	16	S	D. Colet d.
2	S	3 Sn. af. Tr	18	Tu	Sheridan d.	2	W	B. Zama	18	F	E Russell b	2	S	Sr. 5h 16m	17	S	14 S. af. Tr.
3	M	Sa. 8h.16m	19	W	Petrarch d.	3	Th	Sr. 4h.28m	19	S	B. Orontero	3	S	12 S. af. Tr	18	M	Geo. I. land.
4	Tu	B. Maida	20	Th	Margaret	4	F	Sa. 7h.41m	20	S	10 S. af. Tr.	4	M	Sa. 3h.36m	19	Tu	B. Poitiers
5	W	Pre. Hel. m.	21	F	R. Burns d.	5	S	B. Worth	21	M	Wm. IV. b.	5	Tu	Malta cap.	20	W	B. of Alma
6	Th	Old Mid D	22	S	Salamanca	6	S	8 Sn. af. Tr	22	Tu	H Rowe'rth	6	W	Colbert d.	21	Th	St. Matth.
7	F	Sheridan d.	23	S	6 Sn. af. Tr.	7	M	Bk. Holiday	23	W	Wallace bd	7	Th	Eumurchus	22	F	D. Home b.
8	S	Oxf. T.T.e	24	M	[Sketchley]	8	Tu	H. Silver	24	Th	S. Bartholo.	8	F	Nat.B.V.M	23	S	Toul taken
9	S	4 Sn. af. Tr.	25	Tu	St. James	9	W	Dryden b.	25	F	Faraday d.	9	S	Leon tkn.	24	S	15 S. af. Tr.
10	M	Bp. Fell d.	26	W	K. Otho d.	10	Th	C. Keene b.	26	S	B. Cressy	10	S	13 S. af. Tr.	25	M	H. Al. 1815
11	Tu	Villafranca	27	Th	Talavera	11	F	Dr. Mead b	27	S	11 S. af. Tr	11	M	St. of Delhi	26	Tu	St. Cyprian
12	W	Kinglake d	28	F	Cowley d.	12	S	Grouse a. b.	28	M	B. Leipsic	12	Tu	O. P. Riots	27	W	B. Busseo
13	Th	Lingard d.	29	S	B. Potosk	13	S	9 S. af. Tr	29	Tu	J. Locke b	13	W	C. J Fox d.	28	Th	Nicopolis
14	F	Bastile des	30	S	7 Sn. af. Tr.	14	M	B. Borny	30	W	H. Mouton	14	Th	Holy Cross	29	F	Mich. Day
15	S	S. Swithin	31	M	I. Loyola d.	15	Tu	W. Scott b.	31	Th	Bunyan d.	15	F	B. Rajghur	30	S	St. Jerome
16	S	5 Sn. af. Tr.				16	W	B. Vionville									

PARLIAMENTARY MOTTOES.

Buckinghamshire.—"Sphinx volucris pennis."
AUSONIUS.

Greenwich.—"Continue in courses till those knowest what they are."—SHAKSPEARE.

Oxford.—"Non tam historico quam oratorio genere."
CICERO.

Cambridge.—"Spes est expectatio boni."—CICERO.

Guildford.—"Festina lente."—AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

Finsbury.—"Sermo promptus et Isæo torrentior."
JUVENAL.

Salford.—"O Charley is my darling."
Cavalier Ballad.

Carlisle.—
"The nights are long in merry Carlisle,
The Knights drink deep, drink deep;
Quoth a witful wight, the gay midnight
Never was meant for sleep."
MS. picked up near Aspatria.

London University.—"Lo, here am I!"

Maidstone.—
"How doth the little busy bee
Make honey golden sweet,
In that snug hive where bankers thrive,
Yclept ye Lombard Street!"
DR. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME.

North Leicestershire.—"Manners makyth man."
Old Adage.

Leicester.—"Sartor Resartus."—CARLYLE.

Birmingham.—"Salmo a saltendo."

North Warwickshire.—
"I follow the fox, and worry the POPE,
And give an account of both, I hope!"
MS. found in Arlington Street.

Oxfordshire.—"Old perry wants water."
Oxford Adage.

Stoke-upon-Trent.—"Leo roris." (Free translation: "The lion roars.")

Elgin.—"Survey mankind from China to Peru."
JOHNSON.

Peterborough.—"Papam Ortonque cano."—VIRGIL (slightly altered).

Radnor.—"Cavendo tutus."—DEBRETT.

East Worcestershire. } "Hail, all hail!"
East Staffordshire. }

Berkshire.—"O tempora! O mores!"

Derby.—". . . . . impiæ
Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada."
HORACE.

Flintshire.—"Aquila captat muscas."

Bath.—"I like a good hater."—JOHNSON.

THE CYNIC'S CALENDAR.

(*Melancholy Mems. on the Miseries of the Month.*)

JULY.

JULY! Now the days grow torrid,
Heat and thirst are something horrid.
Pass our days and nights in panting,
Do involuntary Banting.
School breaks up, Home-Rule breaks down.
Subtle hints of "out of town."
Papers full of Cricket Matches,
Gush about big hits and catches,
Then St. Swithin turns his main on,
Bringing his eternal rain on.
On the whole a perfect teaser
Is your Month, great JULIUS CÆSAR!

AUGUST.

AUGUST! Glass at something shocking,
Cockneys to the sea-side flocking;
Woman's wish to join the throng,
Daily theme and nightly song.
Horrid nuisance! Worst of sells,
Norfolk-Howards, shrimps, and smells!
Now begins the Oyster Season,
Prices range beyond all reason.
Crown of culinary woes
Fate piled on when molluscs rose.
Patience? Can her rule adjust us
To thy maddening Month, Augustus?

SEPTEMBER.

COMES September, and St. Partridge!
Catch *me* offering one cartridge
At *his* shrine! Swell Sumphs may fag
All to brag about a "bag."
Sport, indeed! No greater rot!
When I shoot may I be shot!
Sea-side getting full and fuller,
Morning papers daily duller.
Sheer discomfort's carnival,
Equinox brings shower and squall;
Spouts the wandering County Member.
Bang! Bosh! Bother! That 's September!

BY ADAM SMITH, JUN.—In India, as in most other countries, money is very unequally distributed. The few have a lac, the many a lack—of rupees.

FROM A MISOGAMIST.—Love is blind, and no oculist has ever yet performed a successful operation. There is but one cure—Marriage.

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE PLOUGH BOY.

January.—Began the year in the Workhouse.

February.—Got tired of "the House," and tried a little stone-breaking.

March.—Got employment on a farm. Spent a small portion of my time in work, and the remainder in drinking beer.

April.—Listened to the arguments of the strike organiser. Came to the conclusion that play was better than work.

May.—After consultation with my mates, struck for higher wages.

June.—On strike. Found doing nothing, save drinking beer and playing skittles, very pleasant employment. Somehow or another the wives and children of my mates did not seem to thrive upon it.

July.—Starvation. Went back into the Union, and resumed my old work.

August.—Came out of "the House," and went back to the farm on reduced wages.

September.—Travelled about in search of employment. Found the education provided by the School-Board of no great practical value.

October.—Got near the Black Country, and married a hard-working girl for the sake of her earnings.

November.—Altercations with my wife, in which my boots played an important part. Separation agreed upon. Brought before a Magistrate, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment for nearly killing my wife on the eve of her departure.

December.—Released from prison. Had no Christmas dinner, and ended the year (as I begun it) in the Workhouse.

OCCASIONAL RAINFALL.

IT frequently rains cats and dogs;
Sometimes, we hear, too, fish and frogs.
To see that proof of Nature's powers,
Wait for the First of April's showers.

HINT FOR A NEW PEERAGE.—Of hereditary titles the most ancient is that of Earl. It has come down to us from the Earliest times.

APRIL 1, ALL FOOLS' DAY.—General Meeting of Foreign Bondholders.

APRIL 9, PALM SUNDAY.—Go and observe it among the Endogens at Kew Gardens.

SHAKSPEARIAN MOTTO FOR OUR WELL-SHOD NIGHT FORCE.—"The very stones prate of my whereabouts."
—*Macbeth.*

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DOCTORS (IN HYGEIA) DIFFER (FROM THOSE IN LONDON.)

Scene in Dr. Richardson's City of Health.—Chorus of Medical Practitioners. "WE HAVE NO WORK TO DO!"

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

(Being a Leaf out of our Almanack for the Year 1976.)

FOR the instruction of posterity, and in order to preserve some record of the way in which we live now, we chronicle a few of the remarkable events which have occurred in the past twelvemonth:—

New Year's Day.—Opening of New London Bridge, built in order to relieve the growing traffic of the City, and extending in unbroken width from Westminster to Wapping.

St. Valentine's Day.—No fewer than five million four thousand and twenty-seven Valentines were received and delivered by the patent postal telegraphic lightning apparatus, within the radius of the Metropolis before six o'clock, A.M.

St. Patrick's Day.—Inauguration of the Submarine Railway from Holyhead to Kingstown. Grand breakfast in honour of the visit of the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, given by the Corporation, in the Phœnix Park, and banquet in the evening to the MAYOR OF DUBLIN, who returned with his Lordship by express train to the Mansion-House.

All Fools' Day.—A report gained credence at the Clubs, and thence was wafted to the Vatican by private wire from Westminster, that BISHOP BROADCHURCH had been preaching in MR. STURGEON'S tabernacle, and thence returned to Lambeth Palace on the knifeboard of an omnibus.

Lady Day.—The House of Ladies was opened for the Session by the SPEAKERESS in person, who announced in her Speech that the stringent Act of Parliament which the House had passed last autumn, extending the rights of married women to the privilege of latch-keys, had been threatened with repeal by the Opposition in the House of Lords.

May Day.—Banquet given to the President and Members of the Royal Academy, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the making of the law which prohibits the R.A.'s from hanging their own pictures; a task which is performed now with far greater success by a Committee of outsiders.

Waterloo Day.—Great excitement was caused in certain fashionable circles by a letter in the *Times* from the COUNTESS OF COLNEY HATCH, complaining that her Cook, though paid a salary of £500 a-year, insisted upon having her own tea imported overland through Russia, and, besides receiving the usual bonnet-money and culinary perquisites, demanded to be found in turtle-soup for supper, with a pint of iced champagne.

Derby Day.—The annual contest of Aërial Velocipedes was flown on the new course from Birmingham to Bayswater, and resulted in a dead heat between LORD HELTER SKELTER'S *Tearaway* and CAPTAIN STIRRUP'S *High Stepper*, the race occupying twenty-seven minutes three seconds and a half exactly.

Midsummer Day.—Fancy undress ball and breakfast given at the Guildhall, on the occasion of conferring the Freedom of the City upon GENERAL FITZ-BISMARCK, the President of Prussia.

Goose Day.—Under the provisions of the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Husbands, the Honourable MRS. GREY MAYOR was sentenced to six weeks' exclusion from the Opera, for having dragged her worser half on a round of morning calls.

Lord Mayor's Day.—Having been unanimously elected to the onerous as well as honourable office of Lord Mayor of this immense Metropolis (which now covers the whole country from Bedford to Brighton, and from Salisbury to Southend), *Mr. Punch* presided at the banquet, which, as usual, was held in the Guildhall, and was honoured by the presence of the Sovereigns of Europe, together with the British Governor of China, the KING OF CALIFORNIA, and the EMPRESS OF THE SOUTHERN DISUNITED STATES.

King's Birthday.—Grand review of our Steam Soldiers upon Canterbury Common, in honour of the visit of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRALIA. Upwards of a million of Mechanical Troops were mustered to march past, and the charge of the Steam Cavalry was described as something wonderful. When the Emperor left the field, a battery of "Woolwich Babies" (each a thirty thousand pounder) opened fire in a salute, which was distinctly heard at the Land's End and John o'Groat's House.

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE TAILOR.

January.—Moved up to London from the country with my wife and children.

February.—Obtained employment in a West End establishment, and curried favour with my master's customers.

March.—Got access to the books of the firm, and made copious extracts therefrom.

April.—Became a widower and married my master's daughter.

May.—Explained to my father-in-law that he was completely in my power. Proved my position by referring to the extracts I had made from the journal and the ledger. My father-in-law angry, but powerless. Became his partner.

June.—Very busy with legal proceedings against the less important customers of the firm. Constant communication kept up between our Solicitors and the official representatives of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

July.—Enjoyed a tour on the Continent. Travelled strictly *incognito* under the *nomme de voyage* of "LE BARON DE SMITH, Grand Milor' Anglais."

August.—Back to business. Recommenced legal proceedings, and called in all the debts of the firm. Ruined the establishment, and divided the profits. Father-in-law retired to Clapham.

September.—Started business on my own account in the premises lately occupied by my father-in-law and myself. Invented the Royal Khiva Overcoat. Got the garment made by the machine girls for next to nothing, and advertised it largely. Spent a great part of the month in shooting over my new preserves in Sussex.

October.—Explained to the important customers of the late firm that my then partner (my father-in-law) was responsible for commencing legal proceedings against any gentleman of higher rank than a baronet. Upon this, important customers returned to my books by the score, and unimportant customers (following the lead of their betters) by the thousand.

November.—Commenced to accommodate my customers. Lent money at eighty-five per cent. to those of them who could give me proper security. Found this venture even a better thing than the sale of "the Royal Khiva Overcoat, as advertised."

December.—Financial business flourishing famously. Half-a-dozen decoys bringing me customers (each with two good names) daily. Nothing could be better. Ended the year by eating my plum-pudding off silver plate, and marrying my daughter (by my first wife) to a parson!

A TREE OF WOE.—The common Yew (*Taxus baccata*), as an ornament of the churchyard, has acquired melancholy associations. No wonder, considering its botanical name, *Taxus*.

MODERN ILLUMINATION.—February 1. Candlemas. Haven't candles gone out? Isn't it time to re-christen the season?

DIALECTIC WUT.—Hoot awa', as the Scotchman said to the owl.

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October xxxi Days.						November xxx Days.						December xxxi Days.					
1	S	16 S. af.Tr.	17	Tu	H. Parl. bt	1	W	All Saints	16	Th	Erskine d.	1	F	Prs. Wls. b.	17	S	2 S. in Ad.
2	M	S. r. 6h. 4m	18	W	T. Taylor	2	Th	Mich. T. b.	17	F	Q. Eliz. b.	2	S	Sr. 7h. 47m	18	M	Oxf.M.T.s.
3	Tu	S.s.5h. 32m	19	Th	Kneller d.	3	F	Per. Leigh	18	S	Wilkie b.	3	S	1 S. in Ad.	19	Tu	Scheele b.
4	W	Guizot b.	20	F	B.Navarino	4	S	Will.III. b.	19	S	23 S. af.Tr.	4	M	Bradbury]	20	W	B. Vicious
5	Th	Placidus	21	S	Nelson d.	5	S	21 S. af.Tr.	20	M	Ld.Elgin d.	5	Tu	S.s.3h.50m	21	Th	St. Thomas
6	F	Faith	22	S	19 S. af.Tr.	6	M	S. r. 7h. 6m	21	Tu	J. Hogg d.	6	W	St.Nicholas	22	F	Wis. Q. br.
7	S	B. Lepanto	23	M	E. Derby d.	7	Tu	S.s. 4h.21m	22	W	Cecil.	7	Th	Flaxman d	23	S	Jas. II. abd.
8	S	17 S. af.Tr.	24	Tu	Webster d.	8	W	Moliere d.	23	Th	S. Clement	8	F	C.BV.Mary	24	S	4 S. in Adv.
9	M	St. Denys	25	W	St. Crispin	9	Th	P. of Wls.b.	24	F	J. Knox d.	9	S	Vandyke d.	25	M	Christ. Day
10	Tu	Oxf.M.T.b.	26	Th	Hogarth d.	10	F	M.Luther b.	25	S	Mich. T. s.	10	S	2 S. in Ad.	26	Tu	Bk.Holiday
11	W	Old Mic. D.	27	F	Cp. Cook b	11	S	St. Martin	26	S	24 S. af.Tr.	11	M	Jne. Gay d.	27	W	C. Lamb d.
12	Th	Americs d.	28	S	Mets tkn.	12	S	22 S. af.Tr.	27	M	Prs.M.A. b.	12	Tu	C. Cibber d.	28	Th	Innocents
13	F	Edw. Conf.	29	S	20 S.af. Tr	13	M	Britius	28	Tu	Bunsen d.	13	W	St. Lucy	29	F	Stafford ex.
14	S	B. Senlac	30	M	Tower bnt	14	Tu	Leibnitz b.	29	W	Burnand	14	Th	P. Albert d	30	S	Canton cap.
15	S	18 S. af.Tr.	31	Tu	AllHallows	15	W	Machutus	30	Th	St. Andrew	15	F	I. Walton d	31	S	1 S. af. Chr.
16	M	Soissons t.										16	S	Cam. M.T.s.			

THE CYNIC'S CALENDAR.

(Melancholy Mems. on the Miseries of the Month.)

October.

CHILL October, month unpleasant!
Now gun-maniacs pot the pheasant.
Leaves are falling, fields are damp,
Can't go out without a Gamp.
All the Cackle family out,
Primed to prose and prompt to spout.
Zeal at zenith, *nous* at zero,
Season to trot out a Hero.
Money spent and temper flown,
Think of coming back to town.
Silly season! Sense that 's sober
Shuns the precincts of October.

November.

NEXT November. Eugh! its presence
Brings black misery in quintessence.
Sky a pall, and earth a bog,
Intermediate region—fog!
Egypt's darkness could be felt,
Ours is worse, it may be *smelt!*
Who to peace may make pretences,
Suffering through all his senses?
Fog, big feeds, Guys, rows, and rockets,
Plague ears, eyes, nose, stomach, pockets.
Fawkes I 'd gratefully remember
Had he blown away—November!

December.

DREAR December ends the dozen.
One day flooded, next one frozen!
Christmas, falsely called the jolly,
Saturnalia of folly.
Gush, dyspepsia, decoration,
Shillingsworth's of stale sensation,
Parcel-plague,—things known as "presents,"—
Wines none want, superfluous pheasants.
Exit old year! Crowning bother,
With next day begins another!
Bills, bad weather, bones,—remember
Don't depart with dead December!

LOOKING UP OUR HISTORY.—How few of those who admire the roof of Westminster Hall remember that the original Hall was built by WILLIAM RUFUS!

SEPTEMBER 29.—Michaelmas Day. Roman Capitol saved by geese. English Capital lost by ditto.

NEW READING.—Necessity is the Mother of Cabmen.

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE THIEF.

January.—Having nothing better to do, started a Bank. Christened it the Royal English, Welsh, Irish, and Scottish Banking Association. Appointed agents in all the principal towns in the United Kingdom and the colonies. Agents' premium, £100.

February.—The Bank having failed, turned my attention to foreign countries. Got a concession to establish railways in the North Pole. Immense rush of poor curates and lone widows to invest their "little alls" in my speculation.

March.—North Pole Railway Scheme exploded. Started a journal with the aid of confiding papermakers and too trustful printers.

April.—Newspaper ceased to appear. Issued a prospectus of a Slate Mine. Rush of half-pay Captains and guardianless orphans to the "Temporary Offices" of the Company, in a back street in Bloomsbury.

May.—End of Slate Mine. Took a theatre. Engaged a company on credit, and "brought out" an actor with a very small stock of experience, but a very large banking account.

June.—Theatre closed prematurely. Hurried on to the Turf, and made several heavy books upon forthcoming events.

July.—Warned off Newmarket Heath. Purchased a Church, and engaged a popular preacher. Pew rents most lucrative.

August.—Church closed; the popular preacher having accepted a more advantageous appointment in America. Bought some ground on a swamp cheap, and ran up a "new neighbourhood" for invalids.

September.—Several fevers having broken out in the "new neighbourhood," house rents ceased to be productive of profit. Established a new Club upon a new principle.

October.—Paid in all the subscriptions and entrance fees of the new Club into my banking account, and closed the Club-house. Indignation meeting of ex-members. Bought a patent for substituting balloons for steamboats.

November.—Balloons having burst, became agent for a foreign loan.

December.—Foreign loan immensely productive. Received half-a-dozen foreign orders of unusual magnificence. Built several palaces in London, covered my wife with diamonds, and drove to church on Christmas Day in my own brougham!

THE CARD-PLAYER'S PARADISE.—"The Palace of Loo."

LINES ON LOVE.

(By a Postman on Valentine's Day.)

WHAT *is* this Love? I never felt his fetters,
I hope they 're not so heavy as his letters.
Sure Lovers would be proof against his charms
Did their hearts ache as much as do my arms.
How sweetly soft so e'er Love-lines may be,
To have to carry them 's hard lines for me.
Would Love could give (perhaps the loved would doubt them),
"Proofs before letters," or at least *without* them.
Perhaps the passion pleasure brings to most men,
I 'm sure it little brings but pains to Postmen.
Cupid quotha! If *I* could snatch his bow
He 'd send no arrows through the G.P.O.

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

(A Drama in two Acts illustrative of the peculiarities of the British Idiom of End-dearment.)

ACT I.—*Before the Event.*

Adolphus. Won't it make its adored happy by naming the day then—a playful little puss!

Seraphina. Ah! I suppose it must have its own way—a sad young dog!

ACT II.—*After the Event.*

Seraphina (with emphasis). O! when Mamma comes you will not treat me so—you insolent puppy!

Adolphus (with decided emphasis). Ah! don't talk to me, you cat!!!

Curtain falls.

NOT QUITE THE TRUE RING.

THE DARBY JONESES have been celebrating their Silver Wedding with great splendour. Ill-natured friends, recalling MR. DARBY JONES's frequent moods and MRS. DARBY JONES's constant tempers, hint that an electro-plated wedding would have been more like the genuine article.

MAY 29, RESTORATION OF CHARLES II.—Make oak-apple pie. Enthusiastic loyalists would have eaten it.

TOLERABLE TEST OF SOBRIETY.—To pronounce correctly the word "Disinterestedness."

THE SERVANT'S "WONT."—Too often the reverse of the Master's Will.

FINE SPEAKING.—Calling a Water-cart a "Patent Hydrostatic Van"!

"THE LITERARY MACHINE."—The Penny-a-Liner.

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CHIVALRY IN THE LONDON STREETS.

To be observed on a Rainy Day at any Omnibus Station.

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SUGGESTION TO MASTERS OF HOUNDS.

PUT ON EXTRA "WHIPS" DURING THE HOLIDAYS, TO PREVENT THE FIELD HEADING THE HOUNDS.

LAWYERS SAY, "YOU CANNOT PROVE A NEGATIVE."

I DENY this dictum *in toto*,
And, for Lawyers' especial behoof,
I assert that every photo
Is a Negative's Positive proof.

FULL DRESS FOR FISHERWOMEN.—Net.

ADVICE TO FARMERS FOR JANUARY.—Thrash corn. It won't hit you again. Nevertheless, "grist to the mill." Haul materials for building repairs, particularly if you want exercise. Supply live stock with plenty of litter; but keep their sheds tidy.

THE WRONG SAINT'S DAY.—January 21. Vaccination introduced. 1799. St. Anthony. Shouldn't it be St. Jenner?

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE.—"The course of true love never did run smooth." SHAKSPEARE (for a miracle) omitted to add the cause—the floods of tears.

MAY 1.—May Day. (For Can, Should, Would and Could Days, *See O'd Moore*, *Zadkiel*, *Lindley Murray*, and other almanacks.)

CUPID-ITY.—Marrying for love and—money.

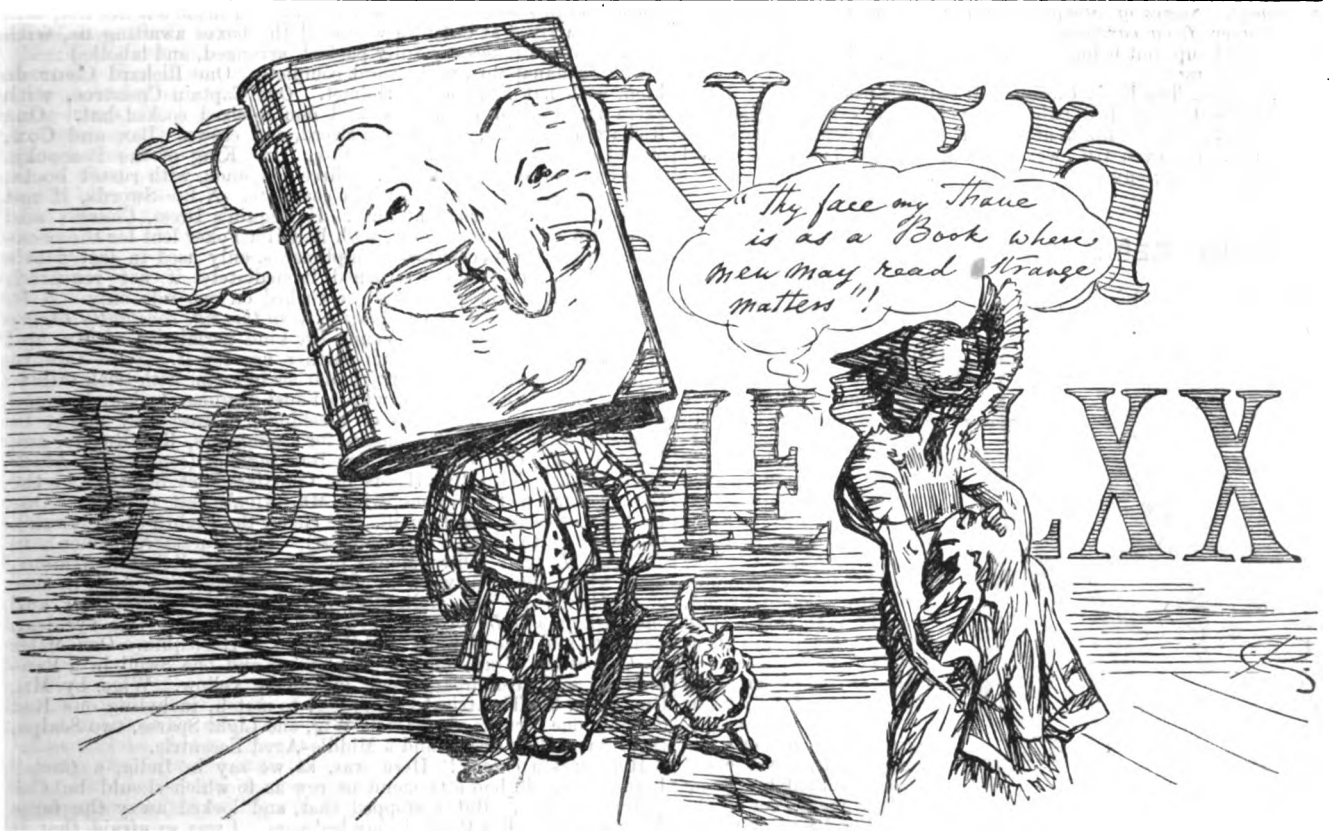
NEW GEOGRAPHICAL DIVISION. — Turkey in Europe, Turkey in Asia, and Turkey in Leadenhall Market.

NOVEMBER 9.—Lord Mayor's Day. Turtle discovered in the Calipeean Sea.

HOMELY PROVERB FOR THE KITCHEN.—Wishes won't wash dishes.

"LORD OF THE (A)ISLES."—The Parish Beadle.

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À LA MODE DE FRANCE.

As Englishmen are very prone to envy the advantages of their neighbours, *Mr. Punch* begs to present the nation with a picture of the House of Commons as it would become were it conducted *à la mode de Versailles*:—

Lower House, Feb., 187—.

The SPEAKER, amidst general reclamations from all sides of the Chamber, took his seat at four o'clock.

Immediately after prayers (which were much interrupted by noises from the Left), seven Members sprang to their feet together.

The Speaker. I must proclaim order. (*Cheers from the Right.*) Order is the language of Rule. Without Rule there is no true liberty. (*Loud protests from the Left.*) MR. BROWN is in possession of the House. I implore MR. BROWN to remember that he is an Englishman.

Mr. Brown. The SPEAKER tells me I am an Englishman, and I tell him he is another. (*Laughter.*)

The Speaker. The House knows that threats are powerless to influence me. (*Cheers from the Right.*) And the House shall now learn that ridicule, the heritage of fools (*protests from the Left, and interruption*)—I repeat, ridicule, the heritage of fools (*renewed interruption, and "Hear! hear!" from the Right*) is equally powerless.

Mr. Brown. I move that the Early Closing Bill be read a Third Time, and pass. It has been read a First and Second Time without provoking a discussion.

Mr. Smith. There was once a grandmother who lived in Putney——

Mr. Brown. We do not want history.

Mr. Smith. No, you do not—neither you nor your party. (*Loud cheers from the Right, and great excitement amongst the Left.*) Your party has made History a record of blood and shame. (*Frantic excitement on the Left.*)

The Speaker. I must call MR. SMITH to order. The dignity of this House will not permit such a statement to go forth. The history of the greatest nation on the earth (*cheering on the Right*), the home of civilisation (*cheering on the Left*), and the pride of the ocean (*general cheering*)—in fact, England (*tumultuous applause in all parts of the Chamber*) cannot be described as "a record of blood and shame." ("*No, no!*")

Mr. Smith. I do not speak of History, but of a Grandmother. (*Loud laughter.*) This Grandmother lived at Putney, and was very stupid. (*Protests from the Left.*) She had a Grandson, and he was called MR. BROWN. (*Frantic excitement amongst the Members of the Left, who shake their fists at* MR. SMITH.)

Mr. Brown. An insult is only damaging when it emanates from a worthy man. MR. SMITH is not a worthy man. (*Shouts of applause from the Left.*)

The Speaker. I cannot permit such a discussion. I call both the Members who have just spoken to order. (*Protests from all sides of the House.*) We must not forget that if we all of us have, or have had, Grandmothers, most of us will have Grandsons; and those Grandsons will be Englishmen. ("*Hear! hear!*" *from the Right, and protests from the Left.*)

Mr. Robinson. I tell the SPEAKER deliberately that he insults posterity. (*Immense tumult, shouts and shrieks from Right and Left, and "Hear! hear!" from the Cross Benches.*)

The Speaker. Were I not here to preserve decorum and peace, I would strike MR. ROBINSON to the ground!

Mr. Robinson (*rising*). I am waiting for the blow. (*Excitement.*)

The Speaker. I shall wait until you leave this chamber. If you fall here, you will fall on honourable ground. The proper place for the slanderer is the gutter. (*Loud and prolonged sensation.*)

Mr. Robinson. Posterity will avenge me.

Mr. Brown. Then posterity will not have much to avenge. (*Laughter.*)

The Speaker. I call MR. BROWN to order. This House is not the place for recrimination. (*Cheering from all parts of the Chamber.*)

Mr. Tompkins. And yet MR. BROWN sometimes rides in a Brompton and Islington Omnibus. (*Protests from the Left, and "It is true!" from the Right.*)

Mr. Brown. A sneer can be endured when the sneerer neglects to pay his butcher's book! (*Great excitement below the Gangway.*)

Mr. Tompkins. This is not the first time that I have been slandered. I demand that my Butcher be called to the Bar of this House to be questioned. (*Loud Laughter from the Left.*)

The Speaker. MR. TOMPKINS is within his rights. As Speaker of this House, I command that all business be suspended until the Butcher of MR. TOMPKINS has been examined. ("*Well done!*" *from below the Gangway.*)

Mr. Smith. Then your command will not be obeyed. (*Immense cheering from the Right.*)

The Speaker. To endure is to be noble, but nobility has its limits. I am here to preserve order, but when my authority is questioned I can only do one thing. I can only take off my wig! (*Immense*

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excitement. Scores of Members rush up to the Chair to dissuade the Speaker from carrying out his intention.) Gentlemen, my mind is made up, but before I go I would ask, is there any Act that requires passing?

Mr. Brown. The Early Closing Bill requires passing.

The Early Closing Bill (which provides that every Englishman shall keep within the limits of his own premises between the hours of five P.M. and seven A.M.) was then read a Third Time, and passed without provoking any further discussion.

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

(*Containing some Account of the Chapter of the Star, and how it was managed, with much novel information, and many interesting details.*)



DEAR SIR,

O WHAT a day we are having in India! Never were such times! I am bursting with news, overflowing with intelligence—as I always am—even *you*, Sir, must admit that—and I scarcely know where to commence. Shall I tell you about Ceylon? or, as I said to my Amiable and Illustrious Friend, "shall I take this *seal off* my lips to tell him about this *Ceyl-on?*"

My Gifted Companion did not see this joke at first; but when he *did*, nothing save my own inflexible patriotism could have prevented him from creating me a Peer on the spot. But I wouldn't have it; because, on returning home, it would be such a bore to keep up. "The Jew wouldn't be worth the scandal," as somebody said. Well, Sir, shall it be of Ceylon, or of Kandy—sweet Kandy? As I remarked to my Royal Co-Explorer, "If I speak of sweet Kandy, I must be candid." "That joke" my Illustrious and Intelligent Friend returned, "ought to be *preserved*." "O pickles!" I replied, sharp as a knife, on the instant; for I was not to be outdone, even though Royalty, like Femininality, ought to be allowed the last word to the end of the chapter. Chapter!—that's it! I'll begin with that; *i. e.* with some account of the Chapter of the Stars of India, which my Condescending and most Illustrious Leader held the other day at Calcutta. Its success—and it *was* a success—was mainly owing to the admirable forethought of Yours, Truly; for in these matters the ordinary Staff are nowhere,—including LORDS C-GT-N, B-R-F-D, and the DUKE OF S-TH-RL-ND,—who is what the Australians call a "damper"—which is a flat cake—where a *feu de joie* is concerned. But, though I say it, who, perhaps, should not, when there is a real difficulty, "*Je suis tout là*," and my motto is, as my amusing Friend, the BARON DE LESSEPS used to say to the KHEDIVE, "*Nil(e) desperandum*'" *Mais, qu'il était drôle ce cher* LESSEPS!

Well, Sir, when the notion was first started, my preface to this first Chapter was the following suggestion:—"Sir, these Rajahs, Maharajahs, Jamjams, Jellybhoys, and other Princes, will come in such gorgeous costumes, that we, in merely our European uniforms, will be nowhere: we shall be worse than insignificant, and the British Rule in India will be imperilled." A shadow passed across the open brow—(it is becoming more and more open every day)—of my Exalted Friend. The Staff were mute.

"What, then," he asked, "do you propose?"

"Sir," I replied, "simply this: MR. CHARLES MATHEWS is coming out to Calcutta. Let us telegraph to him to call at S. MAY'S, the Theatrical Costumier's, in Bow Street, and before that estimable person is too busy with his Christmas Pantomimes to attend to us, let us have all the most resplendent costumes that his wardrobe, and *my* experience, can supply." *Bien, très bien*, from the left. Joy was restored to every countenance.

"I played *Aladdin* when I was at the University," suddenly cried out LORD C-R-GT-N, with all the gusto of a young *Polonius*, recalling his performance of *Cæsar*. "It was a magnificent dress! I'll send for that!"

It was arranged. I made out the list, and before the Veteran Comedian left England he had received his Secret Instructions. *Not a word of this has been breathed till now.* I made out the list, and when we arrived at Calcutta we found the boxes awaiting us, with the following dresses carefully packed, arranged, and labelled:—

One Sardanapalus, with sword complete. One Richard Cœur de Lion, with flat King John Helmet. One Captain Crosstree, with extra large silver epaulettes, and double-sized cocked-hat. One Richard the Third, with boots, sword, and crown. Box and Cox, one of each, with three hats for Cox. One King of the Peacocks. Two Sprites, spangled tights. Three Brigands, with russet boots, belt, pistols, and combat swords complete. N.B.—Swords, if not wanted, to be returned at once. Harlequin's Dress, Clown's and Pantaloon's ditto, brand new, with Red Hot Poker lent for the occasion, with MR. CHATTERTON'S compliments, only used in last year's Pantomime, and to be returned immediately if not required. Banners, with emblematic devices worked on one side only. N.B. *Care must be taken in carrying to keep this side constantly facing the audience.* One Doge of Venice (by kind permission of MR. and MRS. BANCROFT, who have no further use for it. N.B.—Can be bought a bargain). One Dancing Barber in satin, with trick tails to work. One Mephistopheles, with a Faust disguise cloak and second dress to match. Six Pairs of Fleshings, in case they might be wanted. Five Petticoat Trousers for Smugglers, Red Rovers, and Black Wills. One Clancarty, one Buckingham (complete). Aladdin's Uncle. Two Big Heads for Courtiers, not required in the Covent Garden Pantomime, with MR. RICE'S best regards. One Earl of Leicester (Kenilworth). One Henry the Eighth (with jewels). One Shah (with plumes and scimitar). Two Guests (Noblemen), in *Lucrezia Borgia*. Ditto, Monks in *Favorita*. Full Suit of Armour, with white tunic, as worn by *Jean* in *Le Prophète*. And, in case of accidents, one Mr. Golightly, in *Lend Me Five Shillings*, and one Spriggins in *Ici on Parle Français*. One Osrick. One Tyrolean Peasant, and one Jeremy Diddler, and a Harlequin. One Miles na Coppaleen. One Venetian Nobleman, and one Swell in a Pantomime, with Dundreary Coat in canary yellow. Wigs, by MR. CLARKSON, the Theatrical Perruquier, to match, including one Red Scratch, one Brutus, one Trick Wig, one Light Sparse, two Scalps, three Short Blue Crops, and a Middle-Aged Eccentric.

Here was a choice! Here was, as we say in India, a *Caste!* Lords C. and B. had a tremendous row as to which should be *Cox* and which *Box*. But I stopped that, and locked away the farce dresses and the Big Heads in my bedroom. I was so afraid that if they had been worn, some religious prejudices of the lower orders might have been offended. As for myself, I simply came out as the *Earl of Leicester*, and carried the Red Hot Poker, for I couldn't intrust it to any of the younger members of the Staff, who might have been inclined to upset everybody by playing the fool with HORRAO DADO, of Outdore, or old RAJAH STUMJAK, who has the very deuce of a temper, and is a thorough martinet in all matters of Court ceremony. My Illustrious Friend put himself in my hands, and the effect of a mixture, admirably selected, of Aladdin, King of the Peacocks, Richard the Third's Crown, and Manrico's White Cloak (from *Trovatore*, you remember?), was *simply magnificent.*

He was followed by two Cavalier Pages with ringlet wigs, and preceded, as I have already intimated, by myself as *Earl of Leicester*, bearing the Red Hot Poker. A thrill of envy ran through the brilliant throng as we strode towards the Dais. SIR AUGUSTUS SALAR JUNG and SIR JAK HOLKAR—*the* Holkar, as he is called here—burst out into involuntary applause, which, however, at a hint from me (with the Poker), was immediately suppressed. The extra costumes, such as Box and Cox, Golightly, the Brigands, and so forth, which we couldn't use, I let out to some of the smaller swells at so much an hour; but I had a great deal of trouble in getting them back, and more trouble in collaring the ready cash. The stout little RAJAH OF POJJYPORE had got into the Harlequin's Dress—Heaven knows how!—and as we couldn't get him out of it, except by cutting it off him, he was compelled to buy it. He gave me two lakhs of rupees down on the nail, and I left him inside the dress. He will have to wait till he is thinner to get out of it again. He thought himself no end of a swell, but as he could move neither hand or foot, he had to be carried by eight *Bungalows* (*i. e.* a kind of Yeomen of the Guard)* who supported him during the ceremony.

In the evening we had a little music with SING RUMTUM TIDDIBHOY and DOREM IFAR DEEP, accompanied by the GUITAR and SIR BASSOON HOBHOY. Then the MAHARAJAH OF PUNNAH (a regular old Indian JOE MILLER, and rather a bore after a quarter-of-an-hour of him), dropped in with a funny story to tell us. But fortunately the BOSHAR OF POOHPOONAH, was present, who knows all the Maharajah's jokes by heart, and shuts him up without ceremony; so we were spared that infliction, and finished a merry and exciting day with a quiet Indian rubber.†

* We do not think *Bungalow* is a Yeoman of the Guard. Languages do undergo some change, and he *may* be right.—ED.

† We cannot understand why this account, which seems to bear all the

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Next day we held a private encampment of our own, and created two of the suite Knights of By-George and By-Jingo.

My Illustrious and Musical Friend has taken it into his head to learn the Tom-Tom. A native Professor from Banjopore comes every morning and evening. I have protested against the lessons being given after I am in bed, and before I awake. *If this course of instruction is persisted in, my Royal Companion will lose a trusted and valuable servant.* Should you see me at your office sooner than you had expected, do not question me: merely hand me the cheque due,—*you will know why I have returned.*

On Saturday we had a visit from RAJAH BUNDLAR SEGAR SMOKAR, of the Bacca district. He is of a rich brown colour, very strong, and, by the way, draws admirably. He came in his steam-yacht, which is commanded by his Admiral, EIRZAR BACCA STOPAR, who was presented to us in the course of the afternoon. We sat round the *Hookam* (or Royal Tent of purple silk), taking our usual refreshment at five o'clock, slaking our thirst with iced *Jhool* and pounded *Jemadar*, with a small slice of *Goru*—a kind of pickled Jungle salmon, which would scarcely bear exportation.*

Yesterday we visited several manufactures. Among other curiosities I took my Illustrious and Noble Companion to see the machinery employed in extracting the cocoa-nut juice. My Intelligent and Royal Friend was much struck on my pointing out how the ultimate object of this process accounted for the peculiarity of the presence of the milk within the cocoa-nut, though it appears that, even in our advanced stage of civilisation, we are as far as ever from the solution of the problem suggested to all thoughtful minds by the presence of the hair outside.

Our prospective arrangements are thus, subject to alteration. Two days' elephant shooting, and other sport, with NAWAB GHUNNY BANG SHUTAR; a Banquet given by the Indian Legal Luminaries, with SIR JAK HOLKAR, *the* Holkar, in the chair; a Ball *chez* the BEGUM OF POLKAR; two days to change cheques, *en route*, at Bankipore in Cashmere; then on a Mission of Peace to the RAJAH MUST HAVA ROW and RAJAH URAR NUTHER, who have determined to accept the decision of our Royal Solomon.

You will be glad to hear that the Gold Umbrella has been found, at least, *the ticket has*, with the name of SMITH on it. The Native Police have traced it as far as Pawnee. I do not attribute any importance to the fact (which will soon be made public), in connection with this strange umbrella episode, that LORD NORTHBROOK will retire in favour of —— but no, I couldn't undertake it, or it would undertake *me* in a very short time. Of course I refused point blank. "Don't ask me, Sir," I said. "Give it to LYTTON; he'll like it, *and he wants it more than I do.*" And so, as you will shortly hear †—but it is a secret at present—*he* has it; and I remain,

As I am,
YOUR VERACIOUS REPRESENTATIVE
(*In India*).

RECOMMENDED FOR IMITATION.—Great guns are advertised on "the choke-bore system." If the great guns of debate were on this system, how the Session would be shortened!

internal evidence of truth, was delayed in transmission, as our readers must have already seen in most of the daily papers full and detailed accounts of this striking ceremonial, which, *to a certain extent*, differs from that of our esteemed Correspondent. We have not yet had time to call and verify the facts at the Costumier's in Bow Street, but *we shall*, and for the satisfaction of our readers we will add that if we do not find the above information corroborated, we shall pay *another visit* in Bow Street, and ask the sitting Magistrate's advice. We are not to be trifled with, and, by the way, it is now *three weeks* since we sent out our boy with half-a-sovereign to buy a new Indian Dictionary. We have determined to be patient, and give the boy some law—and when we are in Bow Street *we will*. N.B.—Boy at a distance will please accept this intimation.—ED.

* We have had recourse to our old Dictionary. Somebody's wrong somewhere. We find that *Hookam*, which our Correspondent describes as "a Royal Tent," is "an order or command." *Jhool* is "an elephant's housings," and *Jemadar* is "a Sepoy sergeant." We merely point out the impossibility of slaking one's thirst with "iced elephant's housings, and pounded Sepoy Sergeant." Yet—as there are two sides to every question—what would an Indian say if he heard of our drinking "cobbler," and looked out that word in a Dictionary? *Perhaps Jhool* and *Jemadar* may be slang names of Indian drinks; and this hypothesis would suffice to explain "a small slice of *Goru*," *Goru* being, in *our* Dictionary, "a teacher or priest." One thing we do not understand, and that is Our Correspondent's description of *Goru* as "Jungle Salmon." Surely, *surely*, there are no salmon in a Jungle! We speak under correction, never having been ourselves in India, yet we must confess we are as astonished to hear of a Jungle Salmon, as we should be were a friend to send us a Tweed Fox, or a Moorland Herring. Still he *may* be right.—ED.

† We begin to believe him. LORD NORTHBROOK *has* retired, LORD LYTTON has been appointed. Had our Correspondent's letter not been delayed in transmission, we should have received this intelligence *before*, instead of *after*, the event.—ED.

TWELFTH NIGHT.



LDWINKLE'S curious treatise on Folk-Lore informs us, *inter alia*, that at this season, if twelve persons are assembled together in a room with a south-east aspect, at twelve o'clock, on Twelfth Night, the twelfth person should be studiously careful not to put any question (except in a whisper), involving an answer from that person in the company who has twelve letters in his name—if he wishes to preserve his self-respect, and to be safe from the fire-engines, during the next twelve months.

If Twelfth Day happens to fall on a Thursday, the last comer of the party must not fail to look earnestly towards the door of the room while the clock is striking twelve.

In ordering a Twelfth Cake, take the confectioner aside, and ask him (in confidence), whether he has a young man on his staff with an artificial limb. If he replies in the affirmative, you must countermand your order with a significant smile, and purchase the cake at some other establishment, where you are satisfied there is no defect in the physical construction of the *employés*.

To spill the salt is at all times an occurrence of ill omen; but to spill it on Twelfth Night betokens the gravest consequences, particularly if the ash that year was in leaf before the elm. There are well-authenticated instances of such a saline disaster being followed by a landslip in an adjoining parish, and a great fall of snow; and a Correspondent, whose address we are unable to decipher, assures us that he knows of one case in his own family, where the table-cloth, the scene of the lamentable occurrence, went, as usual, to the laundress, *but never came back again.*

ACADEMY REFORMS.

(*As proposed by the R.A.'s.*)

THAT the number of R.A.'s shall not be increased.
That the Associates shall be kept in their proper places.
That every R.A. shall be *ex officio* a Privy Councillor.
That the number of Pictures exhibited by an R.A. shall be increased from eight to sixteen.
That Pictures by outsiders calculated to create anything so vulgar as a "sensation," shall be at once rejected.

(*As proposed by the A.R.A.'s.*)

That an Associate shall take equal rank with an Academician.
That the number of Associates shall not be increased.
That Outsiders' Pictures shall not be admitted, unless very bad.

(*As proposed by Outsiders.*)

That the line shall be divided in thirds among Academicians, Associates, and Outsiders.
That a jury, of one-half R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s and one-half Outsiders, shall sit as a Committee of Selection on all pictures whatsoever.
That no R.A. or A.R.A. exhibit more than two pictures.

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A CATECHISER CATECHISED.

MR. PUNCH has had the pain of perusing certain extracts, in the form of question and answer, declared to be taken from a little book, entitled, *Some Questions of the Church Catechism and the Doctrines Involved briefly Explained, for the Use of Families and Parochial Schools.* *Mr. Punch* would fain believe this agreeable compilation to be apocryphal, and hopes to find its principles generally repudiated. The spirit which it manifests, however, is only too palpable a sign of the times. The extracts made public have special reference to those sinful and idolatrous heretics, "who go by the general name of Dissenters." In the view of the author of this work, that general name would appear to be a mere *alias* of Antichrist. The bearers of it are explicitly said to "Worship God according to their own evil and corrupt imaginations, and not according to His revealed Will, and, therefore, their worship is idolatrous." Dissent is declared to be "a great sin," the sharers in which are only saved from excommunication by the culpable laxity of the law of the land as opposed to that of the Church. To enter "a Meeting House" at all is affirmed to be "wicked," and the quotation of Church prayers by Dissenting teachers is denounced sinful and presumptuous.

Mr. Punch is lost in admiration at this outburst of clerical Common Sense, and Charity. Admiration naturally moves to emulation, and he is impelled to try *his* hand at catechetical composition. He dares hardly hope that, with his layman's pen, he may compete in charity of spirit or in cogency of argument with his clerical exemplars; but mindful of the maxim, that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, he hopes, by framing his on their own lines, to conciliate the compilers of this catechetical "Short Way with Dissenters."

"*Q.* We have amongst us certain Dissenters from the accepted and Established Church Customs of the Country, who go by the general name of Ritualists. In what light are we to consider them?

"*A.* People of sense prefer to consider them as little as possible. Too many of them are vindictive, vainglorious, vituperative, and in our Litany we expressly pray, as strangely enough do they in theirs, to be delivered from the sins of 'envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness.'

"*Q.* Is, then, their form of worship a reasonable Service?

"*A.* No, because they worship according to their own fantastic imaginations, strenuously denying to others the right to adopt a simpler and more serious ceremonial; and, therefore, neither the form nor the spirit of their worship can be said to be in accord with sober sense or good feeling.

"*Q.* Is Ritualism great folly?

"*A.* Yes; it is in direct opposition to our duty towards our neighbour.

"*Q.* How comes it then, in the present day, that, in some quarters, it is thought so highly of?

"*A.* Partly from ignorance of its great absurdity, partly from men and women being more zealous for forms, fashions, finery, and the indulgence of their own fancies, than for serious, and sometimes, arduous, spiritual realities.

"*Q.* But why have Ritualists not been excommunicated?

"*A.* Because the wholesome law of the land does not allow the will of ecclesiastical zealots to be acted upon; but many Ritualists have virtually excommunicated themselves (or, in other words, sent themselves to a sort of clerical Coventry), by setting up a standard of act and speech which is abhorrent to all persons possessed of courtesy, candour, and Christian charity."

Mr. Punch does not venture to follow his priestly pioneers further, having a dread of presumptuous profanity, which they do not appear to share. For example, he hesitates to declare, *ex cathedrâ*, that the most rabid Ritualist is "not in a state of salvation," to rigorously limit the use of any prayer to priestly lips, or to pronounce it wicked, though he may think it unprofitable, to enter at all one of those places where "Mass in masquerade" is most elaborately "performed." But he would call the attention of the compilers of the *Brief Explanation*, to the fatal facility with which the catechetical form of dogmatism, may be turned to what they would doubtless consider base uses; and would invite a reconsideration on the part of all reasonable Ritualists, of the policy which finds issue in such impotent outbursts of malignant bigotry as this Anti-Christian Catechism "for the use of Parishes and Parochial Schools!"



TWELFTH-NIGHT ON THE BRAIN.

Evangeline (as the Offertory bag is coming round). "O, AUNTY! I *DO* HOPE I SHALL GET THE QUEEN!"

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TINKERING!

FIRST TINKER. "IT'LL HOLD WATER NOW, I THINK!"

MR. PUNCH (*aside*). "NOT IT! ALL THE TINKERING IN THE WORLD WON'T MAKE A JOB OF IT!!"

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ON THE OLD WAYS.

(By an Ancient and Quiet Churchman.)

"There is a remarkable instance of longevity at present among the officials at the parish church of Kirkburton, Yorkshire. The vicar, the Rev. R. Collins, M.A., is in his eighty-second year, and has been officiating there for a period of thirty-eight years; the parish clerk, Mr. I. Fitton, is in his seventy-fifth year, and has occupied his position also for thirty-eight years; the sexton, John Armitage, is eighty-four years of age; and the verger, James Hoyle, is in his seventy-sixth year. Their united ages are 316 years, giving an average of seventy-nine years. They are all in good health except the sexton, whose duties are performed by his son. The schoolmaster, Mr. A. Hargreaves, who was teacher at the Church Schools, died a few weeks ago, aged seventy-eight years."

What a long-lived parish
Must Kirkburton be!
Instances are rarish
Of such longevity.

In rhyme 'tis hard to state years;
But there 's the Vicar, who,
Serving thirty-eight years,
Has reached Eighty-Two!

Parish Clerk is younger;
Still he is alive,
With a healthy hunger
For fees at Seventy-Five.
Sexton chants a merry hymn,
Though it be a bore.
Some boy must some day bury him—
He 's only Eighty-Four!

Verger keeps in order
Schoolboys at their tricks,
Close on Fourscore's border—
Being Seventy-Six.
Schoolmaster has yielded
His ferule up to Fate,
Sceptre having wielded
Up to Seventy-Eight.

Verger who has listened
Threescore years and ten
To Vicar while he christened
Babies, now old men!
Parish quite ideal
Ruled by elders sage!
Can the tale be real
In this headlong age?

When these ancients travel
To another sphere,
Mysteries to unravel
Which perplex us here,
Should the ruling prelate
Let Kirkburton go
To a heady zealot,
High of Church, or Low!

Full of bile and bitter hate,
Breathing brawl and breeze,
Some raw semi-literate
Buzzer of St. Bees
Pace grows quick and quicker,
Old ways youth eschew,
But give me the old Vicar,
Hale at Eighty-Two!

SPECIMEN PAGE OF PUNCH'S GEOGRAPHY FOR CHILDREN.

(Dedicated, without permission, to the School-Board.)



Q. What is Geography, my dear?

A. Geography is that science which teaches us the correct use of *The Globe*, and the Atlas omnibuses.

Q. What is the Ruler of Turkey called?

A. The Sultan.

Q. Has he any other title?

A. Yes; in the City he is often called thief.

Q. Where is Peru?

A. In South America.

Q. What is the nature of its government?

A. Very bad.

Q. Do we not find guano in Peru?

A. No; that is just what we don't find.

Q. Tell me what you know about Honduras.

A. Nothing. But, if you wish for information on the subject, enclose a stamped envelope to Captain Bedford Pim.

Q. What are the chief products of Egypt?

A. Khedives, Donkeys, and Bad Debts.

Q. What do you know about Paraguay?

A. Its Representative was not asked to the Lord Mayor's dinner.

SHORT COMMONS FOR SOLDIERS.

Prudent Mr. Punch,

We must not be too lavish, Sir—"*Equi et poetæ alendi, non saginandi sunt.*" The rule prescribed by Charlemagne for horses and poets has been in part at least persistently applied to the British Army with the best results. Our private Soldiers, happily for ourselves, are not fattened. Certain grumblers say they are only half-fed. Because Civilians about Christmas are accustomed to eat a little more meat than is good for them, this is the time that has been chosen by Gentlemen discontented with the diet of others to complain that Soldiers do not get food enough. They come out with Christmas Appeals on behalf of the Army.

The Rev. H. P. Wright, Chaplain to the Forces, states in the *Times* one of the Soldier's many grievances, which in the aggregate account for continual desertion, to be insufficiency of food—his daily ration of meat in particular falling short of a pound.

Dr. Farquharson, late Assistant Surgeon, Coldstream Guards, does not scruple to endorse this statement, not only urging that the men ought to be allowed more, but also declaring that the Army Medical Department "have for many years pressed on the Government the necessity of making some increase in the Soldier's ration." He even adds:—

"In the regiment to which I had formerly the honour to belong this point was always insisted upon in our Annual Report; and Sir Galbraith Logan endeavoured vainly to induce the Authorities to consent to add another quarter of a pound of meat to the daily allowance."

Dr. Farquharson pays a compliment as merited as undesigned to the civil Authorities who so long and steadily resisted even professional solicitations to relax their system of military economy. Perhaps he expects to seduce a Conservative Government from the path of parsimony pursued by their Liberal predecessors. He appeals to their softer feelings in the name of Temperance with the following rhetoric:—

"When we remember that our troops have nothing to eat between their 12·30 dinner and next day's breakfast, except a cup of coffee and a bit of dry bread, we can understand the craving for stimulants and tobacco which usually exists, and the evil effects produced by adulterated public-house liquor taken on what is popularly called an empty stomach."

If the craving for stimulants and tobacco could be repressed by recurrence to flogging in the Army for drunkenness, the evil effects produced by adulterated public-house liquor taken on what is popularly called an empty stomach would be very much minimised, and a hundred lashes, or so, would be vastly cheaper than the allowance of an additional quarter of a pound of meat per man per day, or even of an "evening meal which might be supplemented in various ways up to the nutritive value of another quarter of a pound of animal food," as Dr. Farquharson insidiously suggests with a feigned deference to official frugality. Dr. Farquharson is presumably a Scotchman, and ought to be ashamed of himself.

That the British Soldier's courage requires to be maintained with animal food is an antiquated idea. The *Constable of France* in *Henry V.*, says of the English—"And then give them great meals of beef, and iron, and steel, and they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils." To which *Orleans* replies—"Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef." So they were. Nevertheless they fought and conquered at Agincourt.

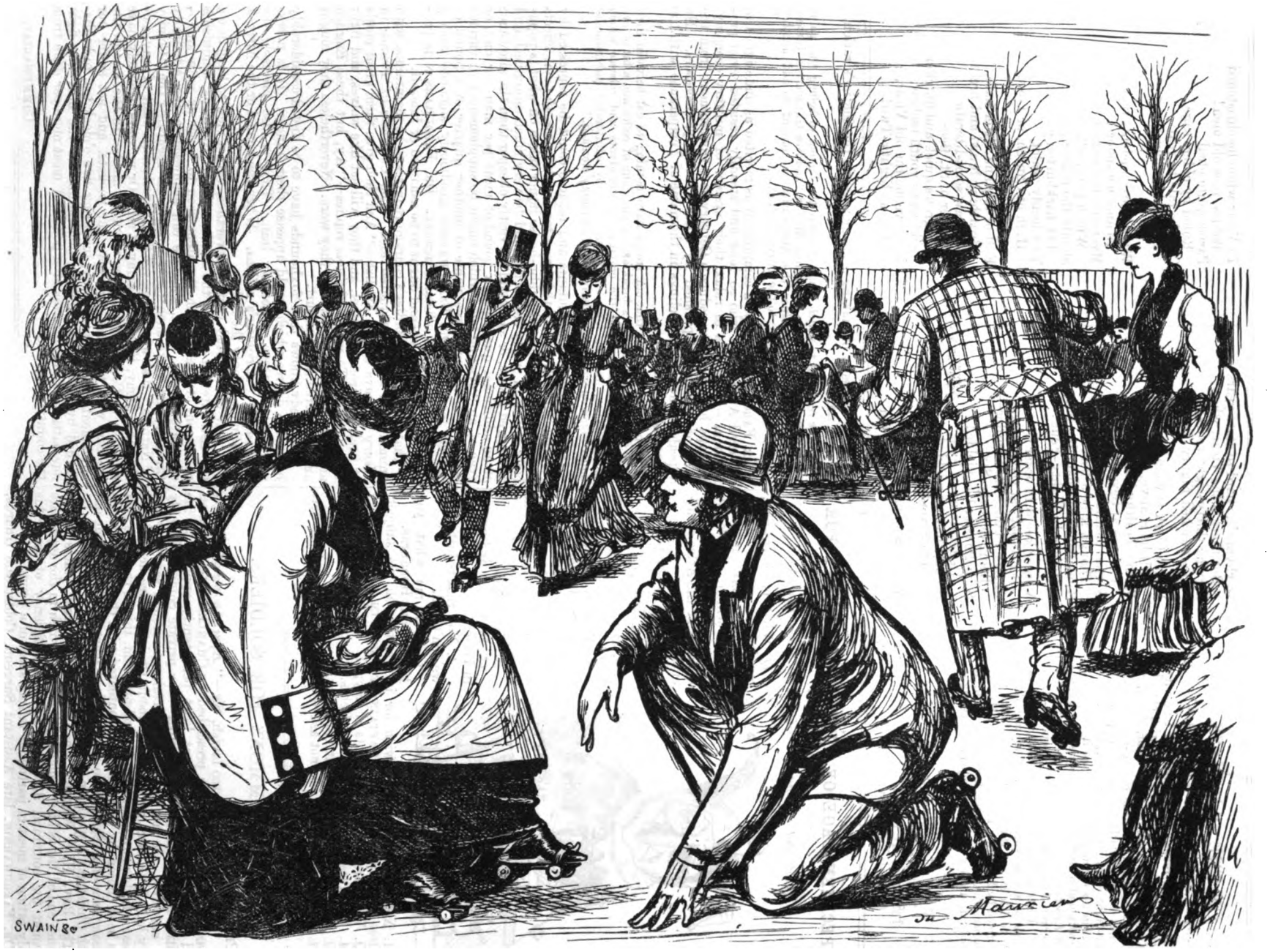
Everybody knows that foxhounds have to be dieted considerably below the degree which would appease their hunger. It is necessary to keep them reasonably lean. That is also precisely the *rationale* of the Soldier's rations. When the kennel or the barrack is mutinous—apply the lash.

It may be objected that perseverance, with a view to keep down the Estimates, in keeping the Soldier on short commons, diminishes enlistment at a rate which threatens soon to leave us with an inadequate Army. Well, then we can acquiesce in the Admiralty Circular, and make such other concessions regarding the "Comity of Nations," that we shall never find ourselves in want of any considerable Army, if of any Army at all. Or we can ultimately have recourse to Conscription, when we needs must. In the meanwhile we can wait till then, and save our pockets, and not suffer our enjoyment of four meals a day, including five o'clock tea, to be disturbed by Christmas Appeals, demanding for the men who fight our battles a whole quarter of a pound of meat more *per diem* from the country, and the

Commissariat.

What Herzegovinians Find, but London Stockbrokers don't.—Turkish Bonds hard to Bear.

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REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

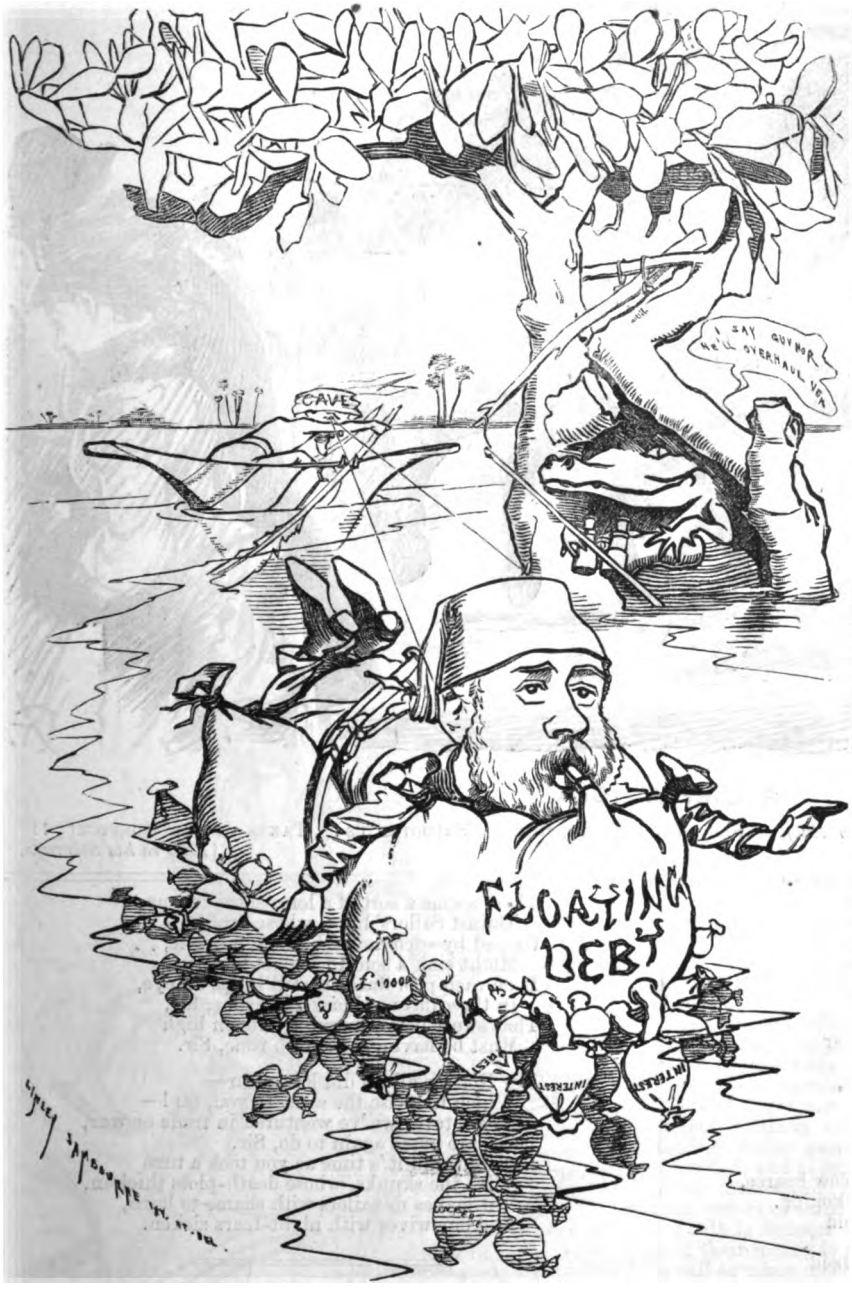
Fair One (to devoted Swain, who has just put her Skates on). "TA! *AWF'LLY* TA!!"

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RELIEF AND REACTION.

AN EGYPTIAN TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS.——PART I.—RELIEF.

SCENE.—*A Saloon in the Palace of the* KHEDIVE, *handsomely furnished. The* KHEDIVE *and his* First Minister *discovered.*



Khedive (*gloomily*). Tell me, thou pale-faced slave, have the French Dogs any more cash to lend me?

First Minister. Light of Lights of Splendour, they keep their money-bags tight-fastened.

Khedive (*more gloomily*). And the German Pigs?

First Minister. They, too, Sweetness of Sweet Waters, refuse to negotiate our bills. May their beards grizzle in Gehennum!

Khedive (*most gloomily*). And the Russian Unbelievers?

First Minister. Oh, thou Elect of the Prophet, they, too, higgle and haggle, and give us nothing. May their shadows be less than nothing!

Khedive (*after a pause, despondently*). And the Austrian Giaours?

First Minister. The same story.

Khedive (*interrupting savagely*). Bungling dog, hast thou offered them eighty-five per cent.?

First Minister. Bulbul of the Garden of Delights, I have offered them anything and everything.

Khedive. And thou hast failed! Now, by the father of Bowstrings, on my eyes be it if I be not the death of thee!

[*About to sentence the* Prime Minister *to instant execution, when enter* Second Minister (of the Menus Plaisirs.)

Second Minister Oh, Pride of the Just, I bring thee good tidings.

Khedive. Ha! (*holding out his hand.*) Give me the money—quick!

Second Minister. O Blossom of the Fruit-trees of Pleasure, as yet it is but promised! The English——

Khedive (*pondering*). The dogs are wealthy; and yet—thrice accursed be their ancestors and descendants!—they dearly love money's worth for their money. What do they want?

Second Minister. They offer £4,000,000, on condition that——

Khedive (*promptly*). May Conditions eat dirt! Not another word! Get the money. When that is safe, we can speak of the conditions. Not another word, I say! The money—get the money!

[*Scene closes in, amid great rejoicings.*

(*Three months are supposed to elapse.*)

PART II.—REACTION.

SCENE.—*A Saloon in the Palace of the Khedive, still more handsomely furnished than before. The* KHEDIVE *and the* First Minister *discovered.*

Khedive (*referring to a long list which he holds in his hand*). Most despicable of dogs, thou hast arranged about the Opera Season?

First Minister. O Pomegranate of Sweetness, I have.

Khedive. Thou hast ordered the new Palace and the diamond necklace for the—(*enter hurriedly*, Second Minister)—Well, dog, thy news?

Second Minister (*trembling*). Lord of Lords, I dare not tell thee.

Khedive (*angrily*). By the Beard of the Prophet, has our Prima Donna thrown up her engagement?

Second Minister. Worse than that, O Lump of Delight! I crave thy pardon on my bended knees!

Khedive (*savagely*). I have it! The Viennese Ballet Dancers have not arrived!

Second Minister (*crying piteously*). Worse than that, O Lord of the Faithful! Worse even than that!

First Minister (*maliciously*). Ha! I know the cause of his fears. The English Dog, called CAVE, has arrived. The audacious infidel that he (*pointing to* Second Minister) invited to our shores.

Khedive (*with terrible calmness*). Well, and what is he doing?

Second Minister (*trembling with abject fear*). He is asking——

Khedive (*still terribly calm*). Proceed! The English Dog is asking——?

Second Minister (*in despair*). How we have spent our money!

Khedive (*astounded*). What! Surely my ears deceive me! Say it again, thou most abject of beaten pigs!—say it again!

First Minister (*maliciously*). He says—O Perfection of Wisdom!—that the English Dog is asking how we spend our money!

Khedive. Rahat lakoum! Gurra-gurra! Be cheshm! Salaam Aleikoom! Wallah Billah, Bismillah! *

[*Fearful explosion. Swords, pistols, resignations, and awful Transformation Scene, including all the* Ministers *of the* Khedive. *Cave out and Cave in. Stock-Exchange Spill and Pelt on all the Bourses of Europe* (*no rally*). *Stampede of Bulls pursued by Bears. Scene closes.*

* Egyptian expressions too awful for translation.—ED.

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A LIKELY IDEA.

'Arry (not noticing the Captain in Mufti on the other side). "'SEE THAT SOLDIER, BILL? 'SALOOTED US! 'TAKES US FOR HORFICERS!!" *[Rises in his Stirrups.*

JACK TO JOHN.

YER Honour! It isn't a sailor's way
To run off much jaw for croaking;
But now I 'm a-going to say *my* say,
And it ain't exactly joking.
Wind, Wave, and War a true Jack Tar
Should take his chance with gaily,
But things seem going a shade *too* far,
And the look-out darkens daily.

The dangers of the Sea, in course,
Is things within our reckoning;
Duty 's the word, though the storm blow hoarse,
And though Death may seem a-beckoning.
But treacherous Death in our very hold
In the pay of land-sharks lurking,
Is a sort of a thing as the Jack most bold
May be well excused for shirking.

Which Wessels seem a-becoming fast
Mere Murder-traps for Seamen—
Death-dens, where the Devil's dice are cast,
The Winner some long-shore demon.
What sailors, soon, save poor swabs and flats,
Will man your hulks, well knowing
They are like to be swarming with "water-rats,"
Or primed for unseen upblowing?

Them Coffin-ships, *they* was bad enough,
But this Death by Clockwork 's awful,
And careless stowing of 'splosive stuff
Did ought to be made unlawful.
A cruise can't be just a long carouse;
But a ship, though dangers shock her,
Need *not* be a certain half-way house
To old DAVY JONES's Locker!

There seems a sort of a long-shore league
'Gainst Sailors' lives, whose profit,
Gained by such devilish, dark intrigue,
Might sink a soul to Tophet!
If on each poor Jack he still keeps an eye,
In these days of black sea-crime, Sir,
That sweet little Cherub as sits on high
Must be having a busyish time, Sir.

Yer Honour allays did love a tar—
Which likewise the same to you, Sir!—
And whatever we 've wentured in trade or war,
We are game again to do, Sir.
But we think it 's time as you took a turn
With the skunks, whose death-plots thicken,
Till it makes us sailors with shame to burn,
And our wives with night-fears sicken.

THE PRINCE AT CEYLON.

MR. PUNCH is authorised to state that, in commemoration of the visit of H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES to Ceylon, Point de Galle is, in future, to be known by the name of Point de Prince de Galles.

VERY SORRY FOR IT.

LORD NORTHBROOK is about to return home from India, brought, it is said, by telegraph wire. Or was the wear and tear of office beyond Bearing?

MOTTO FOR THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.—*Vokes et præterea nihil*—VOKESES, and nothing can go beyond 'em!

ADVICE FOR THE NEW YEAR.—Think before you Rink.

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DISINTERESTED DRAMATISTS.



AMONG the letters from distinguished living dramatists (including one in which the author modestly veils himself under the name of his creation) received by MR. DISRAELI since the publication of that written by the accomplished Author of *The Shaughraun*, we select the following:—

*The Duke's Theatre, **Holborn**.*

SIR,

DURING the last nine years, on and off (I have, perhaps, been rather more "on" than off), we have been representing before the English people in London and the provinces a most pathetic play, entitled *Black Eyed Susan*, to which is appended a secondary title, *The Little Bill that was Taken Up*. To commence, let me disclaim for the author all idea that "The Little Bill" bears any resemblance to the great Liberal ex-Leader, "The People's WILLIAM." No, Sir, our *William* is indeed the most popular Bill that has ever been introduced into the House under any Ministry.

As a literary effort, the work has a merit peculiarly its own. As for its poetic clothing, I can only refer you to the songs of "*Pretty See-usan, don't say no*," "*Susan make Room for your Uncle*," and "*Captain Crosstree is my name.*" The encores that have invariably followed these *morceaux* must not be taken as evidences of any violent political excitement. It is the simple story of a young English Sailor assaulting an inebriated Naval Officer, being tried, convicted, and eventually restored to freedom by a pardon granted, at *my* intercession, under the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S Licence, during your tenure of office as First Lord of the Treasury.

I call to witness twelve million of the English people who have paid their money to witness this representation (and I shall be happy to call as many more on the same terms),—and I call to witness the enormous Free List entirely suspended—I call to witness the Public Press, most justly excepted,—and I call the whole World to witness this spectacle (it would be a big House if they all came on one night,—and I may add that this "Spectacle," which I call upon the whole World to witness, does not depend solely and only on spectacular effects, though we *do* fire a gun from a man-of-war, and there are two "working figures" in a rowing-boat—a most moving sight),—I say I call on The Whole World, ay, and his wife (children under twelve half price to all parts except the gallery), to witness this spectacle—the Government of England, with a full and noble reliance on the loyalty of the English people, authorising, and approving, through its officer the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the performance of this play, in which a gallant Naval Officer (myself) is represented as getting most unwarrantably intoxicated, and, while in that state, acting in a manner unworthy of a British Tar, by laying hands on a female in distress, and being, thereupon, cut down by an A.B. Sailor, who is forthwith tried by an incompetent and muddle-headed Court Martial, thus inviting, nightly, a Jury of the Entire Population of London to come, if they can, and pronounce their feelings not only on a great social, but also on a great political, and vitally national question.

In all countries, from the time of Noah's Ark to the present day, the Theatre has been acknowledged a sensitive test of public opinion on Naval affairs. It was, surely, not the cunning of the dramatist (it might have been his *craft*, as some of the action is on board ship),

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nor the great merit of the actors (of one in particular, whose name my native modesty will not allow to pass these lips), that lifted the roof off several theatres where this play has been performed, that caused the audience to shout with frantic delight, wave their handkerchiefs and hats, throw bouquets to *me*, Sir, and compel the actors to repeat one song and dance six times, and another twice, nightly, and that cheer after cheer rang through the house when, freely inviting contradiction, I asserted that *Captain Crosstree was* my name? Surely there is no attempt throughout the play to palliate the offence of a Naval Officer allowing himself to be disguised in liquor? Why do the spectators watch with interest my progress across the stage, my necktie disarranged, my hair unkempt, as I endeavour to place a bottle carefully on the table? Are they actuated by their love for the bottle, or their regard for me? And, when an announcement is made by *Captain Crosstree* (myself), at the end of the piece, to the effect, that having taken the pledge, I am wearing a medal given me by SIR WILFRID LAWSON, why are these words greeted with hearty applause? May we answer: *it is because the great English people have begun to forgive the offence which they have no desire to forget?* The question has been asked, nearly seven hundred times in London alone, of millions of people of all classes, and has been answered from the PRINCE and PRINCESS of WALES, the QUEEN of DENMARK, the PRINCESS THYRA (in a private box), and their respective suites (in the stalls), down to, or, rather, up to, the humblest mechanic in the sixpenny gallery, *without one dissentient voice*. No, Sir, out of all this vast multitude not one single soul has risen in his place to assert that *Captain Crosstree* is *not* my name. I have delayed calling your attention to this matter until this moment, when we are on the eve of playing the piece for the seven hundredth time, and no charge for booking.

I am no engineer, Sir, any more than you are, but if I venture out of my mental depth, it is to ask you to request Mr. W. H. to go down in a diving-bell and raise the *Vanguard*, then repair the errors of recent Naval Court Martials, and the injuries of the *Iron Duke*, and, finally recall the Second Slave Circular.

Then, Sir, and not till then, will I cease to assert before a loyal and generous public that, with all respect to you, Sir, my name *is*—

Aboard H.M.S. Polly Phemus. CAPTAIN CROSSTREE, R.N.

SIR,

WE have produced a Play of which the universe has now heard much. We have called it *All for Her;* but believe us, Sir, when we say that we have had no other wish in producing it than that of assisting the ill-used publican. It is All for Him that we have now at the present moment some three thousand reformed drunkards hammering at the Pit-door. To you, Sir, the first Dramatist in the world—for such assuredly you would be if you turned your magnificent talents to writing for the Stage—to you, Sir, we appeal on behalf of our ill-used countrymen. Why should the public-house be closed at half-past twelve, now there are no more inebriates in our noble city?

Put on the clock, Sir, to two A.M., and the millions of Londoners who have flooded our boxes and stalls with their tears will bless the Authors of *All for Her*.

We have the honour to remain,

P. S. AND H. M.

SIR,

To you, the brightest Star on that Stage which is the World, I address myself, as I would have you believe that I love my country every bit as much as MR. BOUCICAULT.

I have just withdrawn for ever my historical Play of *Buckingham*. Thousands and tens of thousands of Judges and Jurymen, from the LORD MAYOR downwards, declared nightly for the space—well, for a considerable period—their faith in the dynasty of the STUARTS. To you, Sir, the only poet of our epoch, I proudly point as the man who has it in his power to remove the reigning House from the Throne and so do tardy justice to the Irish branch of the STUARTS, which the voices of a million admirers have elected to the Throne of England. For this I have struggled; for this I penned my *Charles the First:* for this I ran down CROMWELL, and threw the halo of a chaste but ardent imagination around BUCKINGHAM. That play will never appear again; but my convictions will remain the same until I lose my head as the great CHARLES did before me.

I am writing another piece in honour of the STUARTS, for which all the stalls and boxes are retained for one hundred nights in advance.

I have the honour to remain

Your obedient Servant,

W. G. W.

Vaudeville Theatre.

SIR,

For over three hundred nights the English people have witnessed at this theatre a play called *Our Boys*. In that play two young men endeavour to earn their living by the literary craft, wherein you are the most distinguished living adept. They starve, Sir—they are rescued,—they are amply provided for, and cheer after cheer shakes the walls of the theatre. Sir, there are many young men in London in a similar predicament. Rescue these struggling authors, provide them with pensions, and your heart will not feel the worse here or hereafter (although the public purse may).

Your very obedient servant,

H. J. B.

Opéra Comique.

SIR,

TRIAL by Jury is received nightly with great applause. If we were asked what it is that evokes the generous enthusiasm of the audience, we should answer, that it is the fact that the Judge nobly marries the Plaintiff in a Breach of Promise suit. Make this a law, Sir! In future, compel all judges in this class of cases to marry the Plaintiffs, and high as is the esteem in which you are now held by the people of Great Britain, thirty million hearts in thirty million bosoms will beat still more warmly towards you.

Your very obedient servants,

W. S. G,
ARTHUR S.

"COVER YOUR HEADS."



CONSIDERING that Mr. Jack Frost appears to be much inclined to look in, or, rather, to look out upon us every now and then, it seems a great pity that the young and lovely of the weaker sex (courtesy title) should insist upon wearing rink hats and bonnets (courtesy title again) cocked a-top of their pretty little heads. The saying "beauty unadorned is adorned the most" is all very well in the Summer time, when the sun is powerful and the sky cloudless, but when Winter brings his snow, frost, and cruel winds, to freeze our fingers and to tint our noses, "defence and defiance" should become our motto.

If a lover knows that the unprotected ear of his mistress is the victim of an attack of neuralgia, how can he comfortably whisper soft nothings into it? The Imps of Rheumatism and Influenza should be seen only in the openings of our Pantomimes. They should never be allowed to make the acquaintance of our sisters, our sweethearts, and our wives. Selfish man has his Ulster, with its hood; but woman—lovely woman—claims only the protection of that falsest of friends, Madam Fashion. And what has Madam Fashion done for her votaries? Little good and much bad. It was by the command of this hardest of task-mistresses that maidens assumed robes of arsenic green, and robbed the poor little Dicky birds of their pretty plumage. It was by her command that hoops, dyes, and false hair were rummaged out of the lumber-rooms of the Past to figure once again in the drawing-rooms of the Present.

Contempt follows close upon disgust when it is found that Madam Fashion is not only cruel but stupid. The poison of the arsenic might have been condoned had the colour of its green been becoming. Rink hats and dolls' bonnets might be tolerated were they only pretty. But neither the dye nor the head-dress could show the hall-mark of good-taste. The mysterious is closely allied to the lovely, and the girl who displays her face too fully forfeits half her charm. What would a transformation scene be without its gradual changes? What would the paintings at the Royal Academy be without their fitting frames? It may not be very gallant to liken the face of a Lady to a picture, and yet faces, like pictures, require their setting. A sensible bonnet should act as the frame to

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the work of Nature, even as the golden beading acts as a frame to the work of Art.

Nothing is prettier than a sweet face peeping out of a becoming hood, and yet Madam Fashion prefers a sugar-loaf hat or a bunch of artificial flowers tacked on to a square inch of straw or a morsel of muslin. She gives up charming frames for grotesque and ugly capitals. Under these circumstances, *Mr. Punch* advises his fair friends to make Madam Fashion their slave in lieu of their mistress. During the winter, at least, Ladies should wear hoods or warm bonnets—which may be made eminently becoming—instead of the tasteless and useless abominations which now usurp the name. They will find the change, they may take *Mr. Punch's* word for it, not only better for their health, but (what is far more important in their eyes), decidedly conducive to their attractiveness.

INSTRUCTION FOR THE UNIVERSE.



MOST PROFOUND MR. PUNCH,

You had better look to your laurels, as the reporters say. There exists an Universal Oracle elsewhere, Sir, than at 85, Fleet Street. Above another portal than your office-door it may now be written:—

"Hic stupor est mundi qui scibile discutit omne."

Moreover that other Astonishment of the World knows all he talks about, as well as you do. Omniscience, said to have been the late DR. WHEWELL'S foible, is another's *forte*, as well as yours. Who is that other? You are told in the following paragraph of news, if truly reported:—

"CARDINAL MANNING last night opened the Academia of the Catholic religion in Manchester. The object of this institution is to promote the study of the Roman Catholic religion, to oppose the errors of the day, to preserve the young from the influence of such errors, and to provide lectures on literary, historical, and scientific subjects in connection with Catholicism. In the course of the proceedings the Cardinal delivered an address, in which he maintained that the Catholic Church is the true exponent of revelation, science, history, politics, and morals."

Of course, *Mr. Punch*, this Oracle has always been at the service of Christendom, though nobody knew that till 1870, when the Vatican Council declared the POPE infallible. The Universal Oracle has always existed at Rome in the form of the Pope for the time being. There Infallibility and Holiness combined have ever, from the pontificate of St. Peter downwards, impersonated the Infallible Church—infallible in its dogmas not only *de fide et moribus*, but also *de rebus cunctis et quibusdam aliis*.

Now, thanks to the electric telegraph, for the invention of which, primarily, mankind are indebted to the only true exponent (besides yourself) of all science and all truth, whether sacred or secular, the Oracle of Rome has branch Oracles in sundry places, notably at Manchester, where CARDINAL MANNING opened the Academia, and in Westminster, where he resides. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY can grant degrees, but is not supposed to pretend to know, for instance, how far a recipient is qualified for the diploma of Doctor of Medicine. There the ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER has the advantage of him, through connection of the local with the central Oracle. Unluckily, any degrees he might be authorised to confer would perhaps not be recognised by the Medical Council. It is deplorable that bigotry should impede the rapid advancement in scientific Medicine, Physiology, Chemistry, and all the collateral sciences, which would necessarily result from due concession to an infallibly true exponent of science, no less than of revelation, history, politics, and morals.

The true exposition of History, *Mr. Punch*, you will allow, is conditional on the true exposition of Science. The former and the latter taken together will set the story of GALILEO, for instance, in the right light; and demonstrate that astronomical truth, like all other, originated from Rome.

Now that the Academia of the Catholic Religion is established at Manchester, PROFESSORS TYNDALL and HUXLEY, MR. DARWIN, and all the rest of our naturalists and philosophers, had better go there to school. So had MR. CARLYLE, who is not too old to learn; so had MR. FROUDE, so had every other historian; so had both MR. GLADSTONE and MR. DISRAELI—especially MR. GLADSTONE; so had all politicians; so had every moralist—except you.

Perhaps no long time will elapse before the Catholic Academia of Manchester shall have published a Catholic Encyclopedia for our instruction in all things, particularly on the subjects of the Beginning of Life, Development, and Origin of Species, the Age of Mankind, the Antiquity of the World, the Functions of the Brain, and Physiology and Geology at large. In this publication we may also expect that the true exponent of History will unfold the annals of Chemistry, Electricity, Steam, and Mechanics, and show that the modern great conquests of Nature by means of Science were none of them the exploits of Protestant PRIESTLEYS, DAVYS, FARADAYS, WATTS, STEPHENSONS, WHEATSTONES, or any heretics whomsoever, but all so many victories won by soldiers of the Faith. And surely the compilers of this useful volume will, while they are about it, not forget to prove (by infallible assertion) that the initiative of all great moral reforms, which have elevated humanity, signally that of the Abolition of Slavery and the Slave Trade was taken by the one true exponent of everything that is good, either in an Allocution, or an Encyclical, or a Brief, if not a Bull. Infallibility cannot conflict with Infallibility, otherwise, Sir, you might perhaps be pleased to consider whether you had not better be beforehand with its other Claimants in bringing out a Dictionary of Universal Truth, for the diffusion of knowledge and enlightenment, and the acceleration of PROGRESS.

THE MONITOR OF THE OPPOSITION.

"Vernon nunquam viret."

(*To the great Trilogical Druid, Punch greeting.*)

LASH, SIR DEMOCRITUS HARCOURT, laughing philosopher rude,
Fools who Power from afar court ere on their grasp it obtrude.
Sharp and sagacious physician, your diagnosis is right—
No plague of Opposition like itch for ill-chosen fight:
Men who their buckrams or grograms would change for purple and gold
Go hawking about their programmes on paper, marvellous bold;
Pert and pestilent praters, confounding to *do* and to *say*,
And scorning Fabius Cunctators, who wait for the right time of day
Why weave intrigues sinister for whirling parties about?
Wait, and the ablest Minister is sure to turn himself out.
Whether Lib'ral or Tory the tar whose trick 's at the helm,
On to her port of glory he 'll steer Old England's realm.
Blunders—of course. Would the Nation one Party in power entrench?
'Tis blunders bring healthy rotation of crops on the Treasury Bench.
But are there no questions that burn on next Session's liberal list,
That you, sharp-sighted SIR VERNON, come out as a Negativist?
True, better aught than maintain Mob for king with his toadies and tools,
And with husks for good grain fob off the hunger of fools,
Yet 'twere well to protest against telling the world to stand still:
Of eloquence where is the test like fruit of work with a will?
England, the Empire Nation—*mille pardons*, other Great Powers—
Brooks not *fainéant's* station in these hurried, headlong hours;
And he that 'mong England's leaders aspires a place to seek,
Needs, to win followers and readers, the power to do more than speak.

"A CHARMING FELLOW."

IT is not every Gentleman, or Gentleman's Gentleman either, who can say as much for himself as does this modest advertiser:—

WANTED, a Situation as Butler and Valet, or Travelling Servant. Used to the Continent. Speaks four languages. Understands hunting things.

A useful servant this, no doubt; but, with a view to an engagement, he might be more explicit. For instance, why does he not name the languages he speaks? Suppose he is a Welshman, and is conversant with Hindostanee, Hebrew, and Chinese; his knowledge of four languages would really be remarkable, though not peculiarly serviceable in Continental travel. Then again, what are the "things" which he understands hunting? Are they rats and mice, and such small deer; or elephants and tigers, and other nobler animals? Or can he be conveying a delicate allusion to the "things" which are unnameable, but which are so commonly hunted after nightfall by tourists on the Continent, and indeed are too well known to need more identification?

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A MOTHERLY PUFF.

Manœuvring Mamma (anxious that her Daughter's chief attraction should not escape the notice of the very eligible Young Man who is taking her—the daughter—down to supper). "MARIA! MARIA!!" *Maria.* "YES, MAMMA!"

Manœuvring Mamma (in loud whisper). "TAKE YOUR EYELASHES OUT OF TANGLE, DARLING!"

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

A Vision of (let us hope) an imaginary Future.

SCENE—*A Room in Pall Mall.* Great Military Reformer *discovered carefully examining two rifles.* Private Secretary *in attendance.*

Great Military Reformer. And you do not know the difference between them, even?

Private Secretary. No, Sir. (*Explaining.*) I did not take up Fire-arms for my examination. My subjects were Latin——

Great Military Reformer (*interrupting*). Thank you. Be kind enough to ask the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to step this way.

Private Secretary. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Great Military Reformer (*reading text-book*). "In 1874 the Martini-Henry superseded the Snider Rifle." Yes, that's all right. I have got one of each. Stupid people, why didn't they label them!

[*Continues his examination of the fire-arms.*

Enter the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Commander-in-Chief. I think you sent for me?

Great Military Reformer. O yes. I want to discuss the Mobilisation of the Army Scheme with your Royal Highness. But, before we begin, will your Royal Highness kindly tell me which of these two rifles is the Martini-Henry and which is the Snider.

Commander-in-Chief. Certainly. This (*pointing to one of the rifles*) is the Martini-Henry, and that (*pointing to the other*) is the Snider.

Great Military Reformer. O thank you so much! You see I have promised to deliver a lecture at Sheffield this evening on "Modern Fire-arms—their History and Manufacture," and I like to be accurate. And now may I beg your Royal Highness to be seated.

Commander-in-Chief. Thank you, Sir, I prefer to stand.

Great Military Reformer. As I am about to give you a short account of some of my Reforms, I really think you had better take a chair. Well, then, Your Royal Highness, since I have had the honour of being Secretary of State for War I have made several alterations in the Army.

Commander-in-Chief. So I have been told by all the Officers Commanding Districts.

Great Military Reformer. Ah, you must not listen to them. You must know that I have had to interfere with some of them considerably.

Commander-in-Chief. Quite so. The Inspector-General of Recruiting informs me that his office is now a sinecure.

Great Military Reformer. Well, certainly, we do not get quite so many men under the new system as we did under the old, but *que voulez-vous?*—a sacrifice must be made somewhere.

Commander-in-Chief. Pardon me if I am wrong, but I was under the impression that you came to the War Office to increase our Army, not to cause it to fall off in numbers.

Great Military Reformer. Your Royal Highness is perfectly right, but remember I am feeling my way. I have several systems at work in different parts of the country. For instance, at Sheffield (thanks to the Act passed last Session, giving me unlimited powers), I am carrying out the Prussian plan. I make service compulsory, and the saving in the pay of the soldier is something enormous.

Enter PRIVATE SECRETARY, *with a letter.*

Private Secretary. This has just come by the country post, Sir.

Great Military Reformer. Thank you. (*Takes the letter, and reads it. His face falls. To* Secretary, *angrily.*) Really, MR. TENTOFOUR, I wish you would not interrupt me when I am discussing matters of national importance. You can go, Sir.

[*Exit* Private Secretary.

Commander-in-Chief. No bad news, I trust?

Great Military Reformer. O, nothing very serious. The Sheffield manufacturers refuse to undertake a contract I offered to them. They declare that, since Compulsory Service has been in force, the labour market has been drained, and trade has gone to rack and ruin. So silly of them! If they are ruined, it will increase the work at the Bankruptcy Court. So what is bad for them will be good for the lawyers. It will be only carrying money into another branch of industry.—To continue: At Dublin I have abolished the Army in favour of the Militia. We do not want two distinct forces to defend

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"TOO MANY COOKS."

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our country, you see. (*Enter* Private Secretary, *with a telegram.*) Really, MR. TENTOFOUR, I think I said I did not wish to be disturbed?

Private Secretary. Very sorry, Sir, but I think the matter must be important.

Great Military Reformer. Give it me. (*Takes telegram, reads it, and makes a grimace. After a long pause.*) I really think you had better tell COLONEL HENDERSON to order the A Division of Police to hold themselves in readiness for immediate embarkation.

[*Exit* Private Secretary, *hurriedly.*

Commander-in-Chief. Nothing wrong, I hope?

Great Military Reformer. Well, it *is* annoying. The fact is, the Militia Regiment stationed in Dublin has mutinied.

Commander-in-Chief. Dear me! Very strange! The Militia used to be a very loyal force. Excellent raw material, and capital officers.

Great Military Reformer. Yes; but, you see, I dismissed the officers, and don't quite know how to deal with the raw material. But it will be all right when the Police arrive.—To continue: In Scotland I have abolished the Militia in favour of the Army. (*Enter* Private Secretary.) Really, MR. TENTOFOUR, this repeated intrusion is absolutely indecent.

Private Secretary. I am very sorry, Sir, but they say they won't go away until they have seen you.

Great Military Reformer. They? Who?

Private Secretary. The CLAYMORE OF MACGORRAN, SIR DOUGAL MACTAVISH, ROB ROY MACGREGOR of that Ilk, the LAIRD OF CRAIGIE-BURN, the——

Great Military Reformer. Stop, stop! What do they want? Have you made them put down the purpose of their visit in writing?

Private Secretary. Yes, Sir. (*Reading from paper.*) "To invite the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR to restore the ancient Scottish Militia instantly, or to discuss the matter with them after the fashion of their Highland ancestors."

Great Military Reformer. O this is most irregular!

Private Secretary. So I said, Sir. But I can do nothing with them. The LAIRD OF CRAIGIE BURN has got an immense two-handed sword and—— [*Loud noise heard without.*

Great Military Reformer. MR. TENTOFOUR, will you kindly find out the cause of the disturbance, and (*aside*) I shall feel deeply obliged to you if you will call me a Hansom.

[*Exit* Private Secretary.

Commander-in-Chief. You were saying——

[*Uproar outside. Enter hurriedly* Private Secretary.

Private Secretary. The three Sentries have been overpowered, Sir, and an angry mob—recruits, apparently, from all classes of society, are asking, "What you intend to do next." (*Aside.*) The hansom is at the door, Sir.

Great Military Reformer. Thank you. Will you kindly telegraph to Sheffield to say that I shall be unable to deliver my lecture this evening. Good morning, Your Royal Highness.

Commander-in-Chief. But I thought, Sir, that you wished to discuss the Mobilisation Scheme of the Army with me.

Great Military Reformer. On second thoughts, your Royal Highness, I think I had better leave *that* matter in the hands of my successor. Now, MR. TENTOFOUR, the cab, if you please.

[*Hurried retreat of the* Great Military Reformer *to Hackney.*

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

(*Why we Didn't See Bangalore—The True Reason—A Grand Affair—An Evening with a Cheetah.*)



THE best-laid plans, dear Sir, *will* mis-carry. I had got up, privately, and, as a matter of personal spec., a first-rate reception for my Illustrious Friend at Bangalore. My Royal and Respected Companion had expressed his intention of doing Bangalore. Bangalore has not been done, but *I* have. I had engaged all the best Eastern Swells, troupes of Nautch Girls, Jugglers, fireworks, and all sorts of games, regardless of expense, and you can't do these things for nothing. You can't get a genuine Rajah and suite for one night under a *lakh*, and, if they aren't paid, *they have their knife into you, literally.* However, I didn't make the engagements, luckily, myself, but put the whole show into the hands of a Native *Entrepreneur*, the SIR SORPHTJEE SORDARBHOY, who can smooth over a difficulty with his compatriots, where I should only get deeper into the mire. *The* feature of the show was a Bevy of the Beauties of Bangalore forming a Royal Arch, and the loveliest of their sex advancing in line and singing, "*Let me Kiss him for his Mother.*" The RAJAH MINZEPI KRISMARSTRE would have held aloft an artificial bunch of Mistletoe, and the ceremony, to Native music, would have been carried out in detail. The only person in the secret was my dear friend the Assistant-Secretary, who, at the last moment, rushed in to me with a telegram from England, dated Scotland, to this effect:—

"*Meeting of Anglo-Christian Union. Row about H.R.H's doings. DR. DUFF'S speech. Nautch girls not respectable. Advisers of Prince to be censured. Parliamentary proceedings, Old Bailey, Newgate, threatened. British Throne in danger. Drop animal fights, idols, and Nautches. More Parsons, less Parsees. Look out for your Bal-morals. What on earth is* DUCKWORTH *about?*

Signed D—E OF E—NB—GH."*

There was no help for it. My Royal Friend was indignant at first, but he soon recovered his spirits, and pointed out that, in any case, *all* the blame would fall on *me* and the Assistant Secretary, and then, in his clear, ringing voice, my Gay and Noble Companion sang out "I never go East of Bangalore," which was immediately taken up by the Suite, Lords C—GT—N and B—SF—D leading, and after a short dance, we sat down, laughing, but exhausted. It is the only approach to a *fiasco* that has happened since we 've been out here on the tour with the Star of India.

COLONEL HOGG invited us to some pig-sticking, but you 've had enough of that. My Illustrious Co-Sportsman speared all the pigs bar one, for I could not stand it any longer, but stepping forward, exclaimed,—

"Woodman, spare that pig!"

and he did. That was the only incident.†

We had another good day in the preserves of His Highness, MEER GREENGAJEE, Jam of Larstere, and in the evening we were invited to the Tayku Mandoum Club by SIR ROWJEE FUSSYBHOY, who must have his finger in every pie. There was to be a great reception, and I managed to fetch some of my other Native swells from Bangalore just in time. This was the order of the Procession, which was, by a great way, the most characteristic thing that 's been done as yet:—

The GRAND ZEND AVESTA
(carrying a cushion which he could sit down upon when he was tired—I found I must give him something to hold, as he was so awkward with his hands).

The DRIVAR OF PEKKUMRI. His Excellency TUPPENNEE BUSKADDI.

His Highness KHANJEE BUTTEE WONTJEE,
Nawab of Jogalongo (mounted).

SIR SQUEJEME TOAJELLYBHOY (attended by four Nautch Girls).

MOHAMED MEERLI ALI (The Native Historian, attended by Secretaries).

An Elephant, painted Green and Red, with Fireworks on his Tusks and Tail.

Jugglers (doing tricks with Knives). Snake Charmers (with real Snakes). Jugglers (swallowing Swords).

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* *We are not quite able to reconcile the dates.* Such a meeting, under the presidency of DR. DUFF, *was* held in Edinburgh, and reported in the *Daily Telegraph* only last week; but how could Our Correspondent have received the news in time to write and send an account of it to England? On second thoughts, perhaps, *the difference in clocks* between England and India might account for it; or, he may be alluding to some previous meeting of a similar character. We confess we are not prepared to dismiss an old and valued Correspondent merely for a difference in clocks.—ED.

† In a recent telegram, we find "The Prince *spared* one pig." This, to our mind, spoke volumes for the veracity of our Correspondent. On our calling at the office of the journal in which the telegram appeared, we ascertained that "spared" was a printer's error for "speared." But, still, it shows that Our Representative must have been on the spot, which is, in fact, the only thing we have ever had any doubt about during his correspondence.—ED.

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A SPELLING B.

As an independent test, Mr. Buttertub (Churchwarden and Overseer) is invited to put some questions.

Mr. B. "CAN ANY O' YOU BOYS SPELL TREMENJEOUS?" !!

Snake Charmers (supporting a real live Cobra.)	The REV. CANON DUCKWORTH (reading a Book).	Snake Charmers (with Rattlesnakes and Vipers).
Rhinoceros (with Keeper).	A Bengal Tiger (held by Five Boys).	Rhinoceros (with Keeper).
The RAJAH OF KOLLEE WOBLAR (attended by his Physician, DR. SENNATEE DOSABHOY).		The JAM OF NOWAR (attended by Three Ninkum Poopahs in full costume).

Full Band of Tom-Toms, Kât Gûts, &c., led by SIR BASSOON HOBHOY.

Chorus of Girls, under the direction of His Highness HEEKAN SINGJEE.

Natives (on all fours).	MYSELF (carrying Coins).	Natives (on all fours).

Then the Suite in our remaining costumes, and in the centre H.R.H., our Illustrious Star of India, covered with Orders and Decorations, and walking under the

GOLD UMBRELLA,

Carried alternately by SIR JAK HOLKAR—*the* HOLKAR—and SIR AUGUSTUS SALAR JUNG. A few Tom-Toms, Pypars, Bengal Lights, and others that I had no place for in the procession, brought up the rear.

The people of Singleloo were delighted, as the whole affair was got up in a couple of hours, and took them quite by surprise. They gave us an excellent dinner at the Club; and my Gorgeous and Hearty Friend ate fifty-two curries, three dozen mangoes, and drank half-a-dozen bottles of fine old *Shuter-suwar*,* and so did I.

I regret that the evening did not end so pleasantly. I must unwillingly record a scandal. But it is better for you to have the true version of it through *me*, than to trust to vague telegrams, rumours, and unauthentic dispatches.

We sat down after dinner not to our rubber, but to *écarté*, with two strangers, apparently native swells. One was introduced as ALI AREGLAR DHOO, a Mahometan Banker, and the other was the CHEETAH OF SINGLELOO, a magnate of some consideration in this district. Fortunately for us my Royal Friend's private Card Detective was on the spot, and when my Esteemed Companion was losing his fifth lakh of rupees—I had prudently backed the CHEETAH, and so was a considerable winner—SHARPUS, the Detective, suddenly seized the CHEETAH by the throat, shook his sleeve, and out came King, Queen, and Knave as neat as ninepence. ALI AREGLAR DHOO wanted to make a fuss about it; but, on seeing INSPECTOR RUNNUMIN BOSTREETYBHOY, of the Native Police, enter the room, his face became three shades paler, and he leapt out of the window on to the terrace beneath, a matter of ninety feet or so, and vanished. As for the CHEETAH, his pockets were emptied, and he was kicked out of the Club by a herculean young Gentleman, MR. H. ARDASSAR NAYLEBEE, who sent him flying into the moonlight. I was afraid that there would have been a free fight, as the CHEETAH had his confederates in the Club that night. But, fortunately for the Europeans, the Old Rajah, HOLDYERJAH NOYSEEBHOY, was present, whose friendly disposition towards the English residents is so well known as to have passed into a proverb.

The Old Rajah had but to clap his hands, and his band of Native BOKSARS would have rushed in and cleared the room in a second. The Rajah, who is a sort of Unpaid Magistrate, told us that if the CHEETAH was brought before *him*, he should order him to receive twenty *krakhs* (blows on the head), thirty *bakwakhs* (lashes, but not necessarily on the head), and be fined seventy lakhs. Knowing that the CHEETAH might be still about, I trembled for the Gold Umbrella, which, for a second time, had been thoughtlessly left by SIR JAK HOLKAR—*the* Holkar—in the Hall.

However, it was safe. I am glad this Gold Umbrella *has* been found—*but*, if LORD NORTHBROOK *has retired, he has not been recalled.*

I remain in haste, your truthful

REPRESENTATIVE
(*In India*).

* *Shuter-suwar*, in our Dictionary, is "a camel-carrier." This is nothing to drink. But we cannot pronounce with certainty until the boy returns with the new Dictionary. He has been away for one month, and the Christmas holidays are over Odd!—ED.

A "HACKNEY'D" SUBJECT.—Army Reform.

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CONSOLATORY SUGGESTION.

Unsuccessful Son of Clever Parents (who has a theory that genius is hereditary). "LOOK HERE, OLD FELLER!—A FELLER CAN'T BE A *VEWY GWEAT* FOOL WITH SUCH A FATHER AND MOTHER AS *I'VE* GOT, *CAN* HE? NOW, HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR MY BEASTLY LUCK IN ALL I UNDERTAKE?"

His Friend (who has a theory that Earlswood is chiefly peopled by the offspring of consanguineous marriages). "STOP A BIT—HAPPY THOUGHT!—HOORAY!—PERHAPS YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER WERE *FIRST COUSINS!*"

CELLS FOR OUR SPELLING BEE.

THE PRINCE OF WALES—Feudatories.
The PRINCESS OF WALES—Agreeable.
The SULTAN—Herzegovina.
The KHEDIVE—Embarrassment.
The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF—Manœuvring.
The SECRETARY AT WAR—Mobilisation.
The FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY—Tarpaulin.
The LORD PRESIDENT—Veterinary.
The SPEAKER—Parliamentary.
The LORD MAYOR—Eleemosynary.
MR. DISRAELI—Septuagenarian.
MR. GLADSTONE—Welsh, Vaticanism.
The Manager of the Westminster Aquarium—Anemone.
MR. FRANK BUCKLAND—Acclimatisation.
The Manager of the Crystal Palace—Pyrotechnics.
MR. DARWIN—Development.
LORD DERBY—Equanimity.
The Mansion House Floods Committee—Cataclysm.
The Chairman of the Great Western Railway—Gauge.
COLONEL HENDERSON—Surveillance.
PROFESSOR HUXLEY—Anthropological.
MR. IRVING—SHAKESPEARE.
M. FERDINAND LESSEPS—Mediterranean.
LORD LYTTON—Hindustani.
CARDINAL MANNING—Ultramontanism.
The Leader of the Opera Band—Ophicleide.
The President of the College of Physicians—Pharmacopœia.
BARON ROTHSCHILD—Millionaire.
MR. RUSKIN—Connoisseur, Dilettanteism.
MR. TENNYSON—Rhythmical.
The Chairman of the London School Board—Undenominationalism.
Our Butcher—Aitch-bone.
Our Greengrocer—Potatoes.
Our Special Heterodox Aversion—Latitudinarianism.
Our Youngest at a Christmas Tree—Ecstasy.
MR. CARLYLE—Unparalleled, Octogenarian.

AN EPICURE'S EXPOSTULATION.

"I conclude that the best diet, the one best adapted to the human constitution, and to sustain the highest vigour of body and mind, is one composed of *bread and fruit*. By bread I mean all the grains, placing wheat at their head, and including potatoes, yams, and the like, for the cooked potato is an inferior sort of bread, so is the chestnut. With bread and fruit as pivots, we may take milk and eggs simply, or in combination, as in cakes and puddings, or milk in its forms of cream, butter, and cheese. . . . Flesh is the part of diet that can be most easily done without, while bread in some form is almost indispensable."—*How to Live on Sixpence a Day*. By T. L. NICHOLS, M.D., F.S.A.

GREAT Heavens! what a most preposterous planner
Of sham Utopias must this donkey be!
To shock a Diner in this dreadful manner
Is—hang it!—monstrous of the mad M.D.
(Mendacious duffer!) Are there no restrictions
On rampant rubbish? By CARÊME and UDE,
We ought to lay a tax on frantic fictions,
Subversive theories, and crotchets crude!
And yet, I must confess, my mind it tickles
To read the blatant nonsense of this NICHOLS.

"On Bread and Fruit!" Paradisaic truly!
And man a "cooking animal," forsooth!
The theory might suit the wilds of Thule,
Or mortals minus palate, tongue, or tooth;
But men in modern *menus* versed—Good gracious!
We might as well go back to pulse and paint.
I do protest these dogmatists audacious
Would tax the patience of a well-fed Saint,
While any peccable—and peckish—sinner
Would swear, at thought of meal and yams for dinner

The pseudo-scientific sumph! I'd ask him
If men are all granivorous. I think
To turn the edge of that retort would task him!
To feed on pears and penny loaves, to drink
Water, is best, declare our new advisers.
If that be so, I wonder what we do
With such a show of molars and incisors.
I own that time has left *me* very few,
Yet I make shift, though valetudinarian,
To be,—well, very far from vegetarian.

I've dined,—a simple spread of some four courses,—
And here's a fellow tells me 'tis the thing
To feed on meal (like Scots) or "mash" (like horses),
Washed down with water from a—London?—spring.
Trash! It might suit a TIMON, or a CATO,
A NEWMAN, or a NICHOLS, F.S.A.,
To dine on porridge and a cold potato,
But, Heaven be thanked, *I've* never learned the way
To sit and sup, with visage smug and placid,
On bread that's "raised" with muriatic acid.

Yes, NICHOLS, you may argue and adjure us,—
But 'twere to turn one's back on Providence
To shun life's dainties. Shade of Epicurus,
Inspire these dunderheads with sober sense!
"With Bread and Fruit as pivots" they'd be turning
The Gourmet's *menu* to a hermit's *carte*,
For frumety and fruit all flesh-pots spurning;
But while we've Clubs and culinary art
How vain their vegetarian whims and wishes,
Who'd preach the vanity of Human—Dishes!

London Improvements.

LEICESTER SQUARE having proved such a success, it has been resolved to beautify other equally neglected sites.

Golden Square is to be restored to the original magnificence which its name indicates. This locality is of historical interest, as having been *the* square of which RICHARD WHITTINGTON had received the brilliant reports which induced him to undertake his celebrated journey to town. As if in memory of WHITTINGTON, Golden Square is at night devoted almost exclusively to Cats.

Printing House Square will also, it is said, undergo restoration; and the centre will be appropriately occupied by an entirely new and elegant Fount—of Type.

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BLARNEY.

Tall Yankee (*just arrived*). "GUESS YOUR LEGAL FARE IS JUST SIXPENCE——"

Dublin Carman. "SURE, ME LORD, WE TAKE SOME CHAPE JACKS AT THAT—BUT I WOULDN'T DISGRACE A GINTLEMAN AV YOUR LORDSHIP'S QUALITY BE DRIVIN' HIM AT A MANE PACE T'ROUGH THE PUBLIC STHREETS—SO I TUK UPON MYSELF TO GIVE YOUR LORDSHIP A SHILLIN'SWORTH BOTH AV STOYLE AN' WHIPCARD!!"

LES CŒURS BRISÉS.

SINCE the production of MR. GILBERT'S *Broken Hearts* so much ultra-sentimentality has found a vent in Belgravia, that the following sad cases of incipient insanity have been registered by the medical gentlemen whose fashionable Victorias may be seen any day careering wildly down Grosvenor Place:—

LADY THEODOSIA SPINDLESHANKS, impressed too vividly with the beautiful idea of a sympathetic exchange of affection with inanimate objects, has set up a large sable muff in her boudoir, which she declares reminds her but too dearly of her faithless CHARLEY in the Blues. Alas, poor muff! he is warm-hearted, it is true, but cannot squeeze her hands as her dear one did. LADY THEODOSIA burns two candles (long fours) continually before it. She is at present occupied in embroidering a cover for her pet muff.

THE HONOURABLE MARIA FRISKYFOOT sees no one. Her many admirers (she is a widow, and rich) have all to leave their cards and turn away, unblessed with a sight of her, from her doors. She has devoted all her ardent affection to the adoration of a spoon, silver, it is true, bearing an ancient coat of many quarterings, but still undeniably a spoon. The HONOURABLE MARIA has been heard to declare that the soul of that barbarous baronet, SIR PAUL FITZPOODLE, hangs about that silver semblance;—SIR PAUL, who swore to marry her when she became a widow, and who long ago consoled himself with a wealthy Manchester manufacturer's daughter and heiress. In vain she presses that spoon to her lips; there is as yet no response from the cold metal, no sign of emotion in those armorial bearings: still she will love it with all the ardour of a fading beauty, and never, never, no, never, will she cast her eyes on that spoon without recalling her cruel PAUL.

MISS ETHEL DE NIGAUD, the lovely and accomplished daughter of an old Norman House, has left London and retired to the family mansion in Shropshire, where there is no one but the Housekeeper and Gardeners to interfere with her infatuation. Every morning she decorates with holly and ivy, and such hot-house flowers as can be obtained, the fine old Pump standing in the stable-yard. She is convinced that a magnetic chord exists, connecting this relic with the Member for – –, to whom she was devoted, and from whom she expected a proposal of marriage all last season. That Pump is the object of her worship, and the recalcitrant M.P. little thinks what image reproduces him to the mind of the little ETHEL he was proud to flirt with in Society.

We believe that the accomplished author of *Broken Hearts* is responsible for all these aberrations of intellect, and we beg of him to consider under what a fearful weight of responsibility he exercises his great powers of imagination and invention.

DREAM OF A SPELLING-BEE.

MENAGERIES where sleuth-hounds caracole,
Where jaguar phalanx and phlegmatic gnu
Fright ptarmigan and kestrels cheek by jowl
With peewit and precocious cockatoo;

Gaunt seneschals, in crotchety cockades,
With seine-nets trawl for porpoise in lagoons;
While scullions gauge erratic escapades
Of madrepores in water-logged galleons:

Flamboyant triptychs groined with gherkins green,
In reckless fracas with coquettish bream,
Ecstatic gurgoyles, with grotesque chagrin,
Garnish the gruesome nightmare of my dream!

THE LARGEST PIECE OF PORCELAIN IN THE WORLD.—The great Wall of China.

EVERYDAY OCCURRENCE.—A Ministerial Crisis in France.

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LEO LOQUITUR.



MONKEYS and men! DARWIN must sure have leisure
For work of purest supererogation,
When he spends time bringing to rule and measure
The upward steps, or downward, in creation,
Between the human and the simian kind:
That one's *in* cages and one *out* I find.
To other difference 'twixt them I am blind.

What d' ye say? "*Tails?*" True, Simiæ of *some* countries
Display those useful caudal prolongations,
While *man*-kind, 'mongst their other gross effront'ries,
Say *their* spines have no such continuations.
But who knows if their petticoats and trousers
Hide not from observation tails—and rousers!—
Like those of feline *man*-eaters or mousers.

What are you gaping at, you two-legged babies?
The flitting of your prisoners carnivorous?
Doomed henceforth to digest our restless *rabies*
In the new Lion-House—whence luck deliver us!
Wheel up your barred trap; have choice tit-bits flung:
Keep us unfed, till, with mad hunger stung,
We rush—then to our new cells—old and young!

Had ever felines such accommodation!
A roof, warm-water-pipes, two feet more range
Lengthwise, and four, at least, by mensuration,
From back to front! sure, a delightful change!
Are we less prisoners, that we can pace
Twelve weary paces more, and own the grace
Of some more cubic feet of breathing space?

Tell *me* of clamorous indignation-meetings
O'er Fugitive-Slave-Circulars! Come here,
And count *our* weary hearts' indignant beatings,
We close-caged playthings of your Sunday cheer!
Your anti-slavery sympathies extend
From biped up to quadruped, my friend;
Of cages grant more than a change—an end!

SCHOLASTIC INTELLIGENCE.

O, I say *Punch*, old fellow, here's a jolly bit of news:—

"FAIRS, who is pronounced to be incomparably the best racquet-player of the day, has been appointed master of that art at Eton."

So you see that racquet play now ranks among the Arts, and FAIRS may style himself M.A. like any other Eton master. I wonder now if other public schools will follow in the fashion. Harrow ought to start a Master of the noble Art of Cricket, and Rugby might set up a Master of the Art of Football. Degrees might be conferred for prowess in such Arts; and the initials M.A.H. and M.A.F.G. might distinguish men proficient in the Art of Hockey or in that of Fly-the-Garter.

TOMMY.

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ON GUARD!



WR.

THE following communications, headed "The Brigade of Guards," and apparently intended for the columns of a respected contemporary, have recently found their way into *Mr. Punch's* Letter Box:—

January 22, 1876.

SIR,

I AM proud to say I belong to the old school, and hate your new-fangled notions about humanity, kindness, and the rest of it. Why should not the Guards take their "Sentry go" with the rest of the Service? The Duke, Sir, would never have permitted men to shirk their duty. By degrees we are losing everything. Stocks, and the fine old regulation knapsack, are already things of the past, and, doubtless, before my name is erased from the *Army List*, the chaco (spell it that way, Sir, *vide* the *Queen's Regulations*) will also have ceased to exist.

Remember, Sir, that Soldiers are not Boarding-School Misses. They should be tough and hardy, and ready to go anywhere and everywhere at a moment's notice. Night sentry duty, indeed! Why not? Remember Waterloo and the Peninsula. Take my advice, Sir. Give the Guards lots of night sentry work. Yes, and let 'em do it without their great coats.

You may ask me if I have ever done anything of the sort myself. The question is impertinent, but I answer you. No, Sir, I have not. I am a General Officer, Sir, and have spent the greater part of my life at Bath and Cheltenham. There, Sir!

Yours, indignantly,

The Pump Room. RETIRED HALF-PAY.

January 22, 1876.

SIR,

IN these days of progress we cannot pay any attention to the old-fashioned traditions of the past. Of course, I know that history (a subject I had to take up many, many months ago) records the glorious doings of our Army when it was ill fed, ill clothed, and (from an educational point of view) badly officered. But then our victories were won when an ensign scarcely knew the difference between an angle and an angel. In my opinion, night sentry duty is utterly useless. Were the sentry-boxes fitted up as studies, or lavatories, the case would be different. If a Private could devote a few hours of the night to reading chemistry, and the higher branches of mathematics, I would be the very last man in the world to say him nay; but merely to march up and down a beaten path without purpose and vaguely is quite repugnant to common sense. I am well aware that the General Officer commanding the district in which my regiment is stationed disagrees with my conclusions; but then, although his experience may be somewhat larger than mine, I do not think he could compete with me, with any prospect of success, in an examination carried on with a view to testing our respective knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, and modern languages.

I may say, I have devoted a considerable portion of my life to an analysis of this important question. I—but here I am obliged to break off, as the Adjutant has just conveyed to me the commands of my Colonel to immediately present myself in the barrack square for the purpose of acquiring some knowledge of a rather difficult military manœuvre. I allude to the exercise called, in civilian circles, "the Goose Step."

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Yours, very faithfully,

Mudborough Barracks and the New Junior University Club. A SUB-LIEUTENANT.

January 22, 1876.

SIR,

I AM *quite afraid* to write to you! And I would not see my *name* in the papers for *worlds!* But, then, I do so *like* the *Officers* that I cannot help feeling some sympathy for the *Men*. I know I am *very* silly, but I do think that *night sentry* duty *is wrong*. Of course, in the *day time*, there *should be* Soldiers at the gates of Marlborough House to *salute* the Prince and the *dear* Princess, and the *darling* Royal Children. If there were not, how could they *turn out the Guard*, or whatever it *is*, when a *Royal* carriage passes? But at night no one can see the sentries, and they are therefore *useless*—now *are* they *not?* I am sure the *dear* Princess can care very *little* for all this *State* on her return from a ball or the opera. I know *I* don't care *a bit* for the coachman's touch of the hat when *I* get out of the carriage at *two* o'clock in the morning. Of course *the Guard being turned out* is much nicer and *grander*, but, then, what is the *use* of it if you can't *see* it?

I think, unless the sentries can be *lighted up* with the lime-light, or something of that sort, at night, they ought to be *discontinued*. Don't *you?*

Yours, *very* sincerely,

South Kensington. A YOUNG LADY.

January 22, 1876.

SIR,

NIGHT sentry duty is a decided mistake. It makes our men discontented, and sends them into the hospital. Give them three extra meals of meat a day, and let them have one hundred and fifteen extra reading-rooms, and the Brigade will never be at a loss for recruits.

I have the honour to be, Sir, yours obediently,

Army and Navy Club. AN EX-GUARDS' SURGEON.

January 22, 1876.

SIR,

NIGHT sentry duty is an excellent thing. It makes our men heroes, and is an admirable remedy for coughs and colds. Give them rather less food and close the exercise-destroying reading-rooms, and the Brigade will never be at a loss for recruits.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Yours, obediently,

Army and Navy Club. LATE A SURGEON IN THE GUARDS.

January 22, 1876.

SIR,

THE whole Brigade of Guards consists of 875 men. Out of these 875 men, no less than 17,643 are constantly in hospital, on account of night sentry duty. Surely, these figures speak for themselves! Yours, accurately,

Hackney. A GREAT ARMY REFORMER.

January 22, 1876.

SIR,

NIGHT sentry duty is, undoubtedly, bad for the Guards. The men are deprived of their beds three nights out of six. In the Line one guard night in seven is the usual average. Besides this, London, Windsor, and Dublin life has its temptations. Might not a Line Regiment occasionally relieve the Guards? Out of the season, for instance, why should not the Highlanders come to Town, and thus permit the Bearskins to have a glimpse of Bonnie Scotland?

Yours, authoritatively,

London and Elsewhere. COMMON SENSE.

ACTORS AT HOME.

A CORRESPONDENT at Florence has lately favoured a London journal with details of SALVINI's domestic life. This will render the following facts all the more interesting:—

MR. PHELPS, the veteran exponent of so many grand Shakspearian characters, it is not generally known, has apartments at the top of the Lambeth Shot Tower. He lives here in comparative loneliness, with fifteen grandchildren, to whom he gives lessons in elocution during six hours of the day. In his ordinary conversation his utterance is very rapid, and delivered in a shrill counter-tenor, which has a peculiar effect on those who hear him in private for the first time. It has been kept secret for a long time, but we believe we are not indiscreet in making it public that this tragedian likes nothing so well as athletic sports; and indeed, when not otherwise engaged at Christmas time, he appears as the Boneless Wonder at a popular Circus. He has two performing Poodles which he is going to introduce very soon to a London audience, and which it is expected will be the rage next Season.

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS, the genial light comedian of this and last century, is popularly supposed to be in Calcutta. It really is his grandson who is now performing in India, but the resemblance is so striking as to deceive his most intimate admirers. MR. MATHEWS himself is now at Twickenham, where he may be seen any morning sculling between Maidenhead and Oxford. His constitutional "pipe-opener" over, he retires to his study, where he is correcting proofs of an annotated edition of PLATO's *Dialogues*, with an interlinear translation into Sanskrit. At the same time his love for the footlights will not allow him to remain at nights away from the Stage. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday he takes MR. GEORGE CONQUEST's place in the Crab at the Grecian Theatre.

MR. SOTHERN, the inextinguishable *Lord Dundreary*, has nome

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tastes far different from those he is usually credited with. He holds a Spelling Bee every morning in his quiet little home in Thistle Grove, which the Members of the Press are earnestly entreated to join. After lunch, which consists usually of a cold crumpet and a glass of liquid magnesia, he repairs to the Young Man's Improvement Society's Rooms in Sloane Street, and gives a lecture, which he often prefaces with an extract from one of BLAIR'S Sermons. The Series of Lectures now being delivered is on the "Frivolity of Giving Way to Laughter." MR. SOTHERN rises at five every morning, and cooks his own simple meal of oatmeal porridge and plovers' eggs.

MR. TOOLE, whose very name convulses a London audience, in the privacy of his everyday life is of very ascetic habits. He retires to bed as soon as he leaves the Gaiety (a name he would willingly change if he could), in order that he may rise with the lark, to pursue his favourite occupation of fetching watercress from the suburban streams to fill the baskets of a grateful tribe of costermongers. In the afternoon he presides at the Cabmen's Mutual Aid Society, under the name of MR. LAWRENCE, and is remarkable for his reserved and austere manner. It is an extraordinary fact that MR. TOOLE is widely known under another name as a great artist, being probably the only representative of the classical painters left in England. Up to the present time, his canvases have been of a size to keep them out of the Royal Academy. He is now engaged on a picture thirty-two feet by eighteen: subject, "The finding of what is left of the body of HAROLD," which will, doubtless, be the hit of the next exhibition in Burlington House. On Sundays, MR. TOOLE is a constant attendant at the Tabernacle, and allows himself one glass of Ipecacuanha wine at dinner.

ENGLAND'S BOARD SCHOOLS AND BEEF.



E swear by Roast Beef; but the Englishman's food
Is bounded by Cookery simple and rude.
Too much of a good thing is not always good—
Though it be the Roast Beef of Old England;
Ay, e'en the Old English Roast Beef.

And now beef has grown so enormously dear
That none but the rich, every day of the year
Can afford, if they choose, such expensive good cheer
As, O the Roast Beef of Old England,
And O the Old English Roast Beef!

There 's need for the working and family man
To have his food made go as far as it can,
And 'twere far from the most economical plan
To buy the Roast Beef of Old England,
The costly Old English Roast Beef.

Then train up young women in Cookery Schools,
That people may follow Frugality's rules,
And save money spent by improvident fools,
Who gorge the Roast Beef of Old England,
The very Old English Roast Beef.

The School-Board of London, in that happy thought,
Resolved girls should learn what of all things they ought,
The lore of the Kitchen are having them taught,
To cook the Roast Beef of Old England,
Nor only Old English Roast Beef.

And Bristol succeeds in the Capital's wake,
And BUCKMASTER teaches her children to make
All manner of dishes whereof to partake,
Besides the Roast Beef of Old England,
The changeless Old English Roast Beef.

Their minds stored not only with learning of books,
Whilst taught to be scholars they learn to be cooks,
For the wise, an attraction exceeding good looks.
We love the Roast Beef of Old England,
Yet don't always like English Roast Beef.

O keep not to national children confined
The culture most meet for the feminine mind,
As though your fine Ladies were only designed,
To eat the Roast Beef of Old England,
And much more than the English Roast Beef.

Nor in Board Schools alone cause young girls to pursue
The study to females especially due,
Teach Boarding-School girls how to fry, boil, and stew,
And mince the Roast Beef of Old England,
And so vary cold English Roast Beef.

THE SNOB'S PROGRESS.

MR. PUNCH now-a-days has rarely reason to complain of the treatment he receives at the hands of his contemporaries. Years ago his articles used to be pirated in the most unceremonious manner, but since the century has entered into its second half the magic name of *Punch* has usually been attached to the good things extracted and reprinted from his immortal columns. This being the case, it is a little annoying to find a highly respectable newspaper publishing a letter which was evidently intended for the *London Charivari*. "SISTE VIATOR" writes as follows:—

"An ordinary train is timed to leave the Great Western Station, Oxford, at 4·35 P.M. for the branch line to Witney and Fairford—worked by the Great Western Railway Company with their accustomed punctuality and regard for the convenience of their passengers. (N.B.—This is fair testimony, and not 'wrote sarkasticle.') On Saturday, the 15th inst., this train was unusually full. The time for starting arrived, but there was no departure. After a ten minutes' pause, passengers began to be restive, and inquiry to be made; and a little pressure elicited the fact that we were 'waiting for the HON. MR. ——, who had telegraphed to the Station Master to keep the train for him.' It further appeared that the 'honourable' traveller expected to arrive at the London and North-Western Station at Oxford five minutes after the Great Western train by which he desired to travel should have left that station; and, as the two stations are some five minutes' walk apart, a compliance with this request must involve a delay of about ten minutes, and did in fact detain the train for twenty minutes precisely. While this information was being obtained, the Great Western Station Master prudently remained in ambush, leaving his subordinates to encounter angry reproaches. But it seemed to be clearly understood that this twenty minutes' detention occurred to oblige a single intending passenger, and not by the authority of the Superintendent of the line."

Is not this delicious? And yet this excellent story appears in these columns at second hand. The selfish impertinence of "the HON. MR. ——," and the cringing servility of "the official in ambush," are equally ludicrous. It is strange so capital an anecdote should appear in a paper usually devoted to pure serious matter. *Mr. Punch* knows that the story can not be true, because time and trains, like to-day, wait for no man. And yet the tale is related with a curious affectation of veracity. What shall *Mr. Punch* say? Why, this: that if the story is true, it really is his duty to call the attention of the Great Western Directors to the conduct of their provincial Station Master, and to declare the selfish ill-bred, "low-form" traveller to be none other than that anything but mythical personage "the HON. MR. SNOB."

Brutes In and Out of Boots.

"POLICE Constable, 22 C, said that, while on duty on Monday night in Crown Street, he saw the prisoner knock a woman down, kick her, and jump on her body. It was elicited by the Magistrate that the prisoner had no boots on; and the Magistrate said, 'had the prisoner worn boots at the time, he would have sent him to prison for three months, instead of, as he did, for two months.'"—*The Times, Wednesday, Jan.* 19, 1876.

So, now the rough knows the tariff. To jumping on a woman, with boots on, three months. To jumping on a woman without boots, two months. No doubt, by a parity of reasoning, the amusement might be indulged in in slippers for a month; and in bare feet for a week!

GEESE THAT WILL NEVER SAVE THEIR CAPITAL.—Turkish Bondholders.

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WHAT OUR WALTZING IS COMING TO.

Distinguished Foreigner. "VOULEZ-VOUS ME FAIRE L'HONNEUR DE DANSER CETTE VALSE AVEC MOI, MEESS MATILDE?"

Miss Matilda (an accomplished Waltzer). "AVEC PLAISEER, MONSIEUR. QUELLE EST VOTER FORME—LE '*LURCH DE LIVERPOOL*, LE '*DIP DE BOSTON*,' OU LE '*KICK DE RATCLIFFE HIGHWAY!*'"

[*We have feebly tried to represent the "Ratcliffe Highway Kick," which at present is only danced in the very best society, and confers a great air of distinction on the performers.*

TURKEY PIE (A PASSAGE FROM AN INTERNATIONAL DRAMA).

SCENE—*A Banqueting Hall. Table spread. The* Three Emperors *discovered.*

First Emperor. And so, my dear Brothers, you have quite excused me for taking the initiative? You see, it had to be done by somebody, and so I——

Second and Third Emperors (together). Oh, certainly!

First Emperor. Permit me to thank you.

Second Emperor. And you neither of you doubt my honourable intentions? You do not imagine that I wish to take an unfair share?

First and Third Emperors (together). Oh, certainly not!

Second Emperor. Permit me to thank you.

Third Emperor. And *you* do not doubt for a second that, in spite of my last highly successful war, I now wish to keep the peace? You do not imagine that I consider our alliance a convenience for the moment, and not a lasting reality?

First and Second Emperors (together). Oh, certainly—we mean, oh, certainly not! In fact, *we* mean what *you* mean.

Third Emperor. Permit me to thank you.

Enter BRITANNIA.

First Emperor (with much politeness). Dear Madam, we are *so* glad to see you. We thought you would come. Pray, sit down.

Britannia (firmly). But my little business-transaction with the KHEDIVE?

First Emperor. Is forgiven—nay approved!

Britannia (hesitating). And my traditional policy?

First Emperor. Is forgotten. And if all our kind friends in the rest of Europe are but pleased with our present disinterested and altogether unselfish arrangements, why then Austria——

Second Emperor. And Russia——

Third Emperor. And Germany—— *Britannia.* And England?

The Three Emperors. Ought to live happy ever after!

(*Tableau. Curtain. End of Prologue.*)

"ECCE NOS RURSUM."

(*Pantomimes, Circuses, and Theatres.*)

"Now, by our troth, but we must see this *Surrey*," says Somebody in Somebody's historical play. *Mr. Punch* repeats it in reference to the Pantomime at the theatre of that ilk—taken all round, and VOKESES apart, emphatically the best this year. That is, of the theatrical Pantomimes proper. *Punch* must be allowed to keep a special *niche* in his affections for the high-chivalric Ring-Pantomime, *Valentine and Orson* (with *such* a beard), at HENGLER'S Cirque, where BIBB the Inimitable almost succeeds in ousting "SANDY" himself—now a Sangerian instead of a Henglerian—from our dear loves. The two stand like a brace of Circus Arcadians, "*Et cantare pares et respondere parati*," the crowning clowns of their generation. Altogether HENGLER'S opens to us a round, or, should we not say, circle, or circus, or cirque of delight; and as the joy of children is the sauce royal for all Christmas feasts of fun, give us one Circus, with a clown like BIBB or SANDY, SANDY or BIBB, and, better still, three Circuses—for, besides HENGLER'S, have we not SANGER'S at Astley's, and RIZARELLI'S in Holborn—before many, nay, before most, theatres.

"Currite Servi."

"At the Madras Club nine different curries flavoured by as many different chutneys, were served to His Royal Highness."

"*Our Own*," *with the Prince.*

THREE times three curries thrice three chutneys flavour!
Byculla's *plats*, if not their plots, so thicken.
One thing the native Cooks won't curry—favour,
By surfeiting the Prince with curried chicken!

ADVICE ON THE BURIALS BILL.—Bury your animosities.

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TURKEY PIE.

AUSTRIA (*blandly*). "WON'T YOU JOIN US?"

BRITANNIA (*reluctantly*). "WELL—REALLY——" (*Aside.*) "I SUPPOSE I MUST. GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT WOULD PAM HAVE SAID!!"

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CAVEAT NAVIGATOR.



SOME recent revelations have rendered it almost imperative that intending voyagers by any ocean steamers, with the exception of certain favoured ones, upon which *Mr. Punch* occasionally, Camillalike, "skims the main," should make careful investigations and arrangements before purchasing their tickets.

The intending passenger should claim the right of examining the entire cargo, in order to ascertain whether any dynamite is on board.

After this, a careful inspection of the coals should be made, in case any torpedoes should have been introduced among them. As each lump would have to be examined separately, this might occupy some time, but to the apprehensive mind it would be indispensable.

This done, the water-tight compartments should be carefully examined, the intending passenger claiming the right to close them and fasten them with padlocks, the keys of which he should immediately place in his pocket.

A descent into the lower hold would then be necessary, in order to ascertain whether any mechanical "rats" were at work, or ready to begin their work of boring holes through the ship's bottom.

Presuming that all had gone well so far, an arrangement should be made with the captain, by which the intending passenger should be at liberty to see that every light is extinguished on board at a given hour, while insisting, besides, on the right of keeping for himself a private look-out ahead as a precaution against collisions, particularly in quarters frequented by Her Majesty's cruisers.

After being rowed round the vessel, in order to inspect the load-line, it would be advisable that the intending passenger should go ashore and make his will, at the same time taking a tender farewell of his friends and relatives.

These few preliminaries being adjusted, there would be no objection to paying for the ticket and proceeding again on board, it being, of course understood that the intending passenger has a Boyton dress, or, perhaps, a collapsible boat in preference, and (if his means permit) has chartered a private steamer, or stout sea-going tug, to sail in company with the vessel in which he is going, in case of accident.

Other precautions might, of course, be taken, but the above would, we believe, go far towards tranquillising a nervous temperament, and even ensuring sound sleep, at more or less widely separated intervals of time.

EXPERIMENT IN STREET-CLEANING.

READERS of the *Rock* will probably rejoice to find it therein stated that—

"A Carman was brought on Tuesday before the LORD MAYOR, charged with unlawfully using profane, indecent, and obscene language in Billingsgate Market. The charge was made at the instance of a Committee appointed at a recent wardmote for the purpose of endeavouring to put down the practice of using foul language."

This Carman might as well have carried coals to Newcastle, as bad language to Billingsgate. We are told he was dismissed with a caution from his Lordship, which we hope may render him more cleanly in his speech.

Perhaps, when Billingsgate is purified, and the neighbourhood adjacent, the Committee may extend their work to the West End. A stroll on Sunday in the Parks, or the thoroughfares contiguous, might convince them that bad language is not confined to Billingsgate, and that juvenile offenders need to be corrected quite as fully as adults. Filthy words are used by children of both sexes, who appear to take a pleasure in bawling them aloud. How to cleanse these little foul mouths is a great social question, which we fear that the Committee (to whom we wish good speed most heartily) will find it hard to solve. In morals, as in medicine, a foul tongue is a certain indication of disease, and when children are afflicted with it, they may be bettered sometimes by a dose from Dr. Birch.

A WARNING FROM NEPTUNE.

BRITANNIA! Hoy! Belay, my lass! What 's all this yarn I hear
About this last new notion of the go-ahead Engineer?
Come, take a seat here at my feet, where oft you 've sat and heard
Your old salt-sea-sire's voice, whose ring your blood has ever stirred.

Of late you 've used me scurvily. I 've blushed for very shame
At things that brutes and bunglers have done to soil your name:
Scuttled ships, sunken seamen, and Slave-Circulars are not
The sort of things to feed my pride, or keep your blue from blot.

BOYTON and WEBB I winked at. I liked the Briton's grit.
If the Yankee's gutta-percha suit seemed to *me* a misfit,
We 'll pass all that. But this new game is coming it too strong.
Take NEP'S advice, and stop it, girl; the C.E.'s are all wrong.

The best gift you owe destiny is old NEP'S emerald ring,
To break it, for whatever bribe, will never blessing bring.
Your Engineers are clever, but they 'll serve you ill who seek
To rob you of the safeguard of your guarding Silver Streak.

I set you 'midst my subject seas and girdled in with foam
Your isle for freedom's fortress, its altar and its home.
Beware, lass, how you break the spell! Think not my words a joke,—
'Tis sea-bonds clinch the fibres of your English Hearts of Oak.

To bore beneath or build above the barrier set by me
Between your bastion cliffs and foes and rivals over-sea,
Is casting carelessly away your citadel's best guard,
Where patriot vigilance should keep its keenest watch and ward.

Eh? "Selfish insularity"? BRITANNIA, my lass,
Don't be the fool of phrases! Helpful sympathy will pass,
By lightning flash, or force of cash, or steel—should need arise;
You will not want a Tunnel, girl, to carry such supplies.

But foot-dry passage fixed and fast *might* bring your foes to you,
Or help your mutineers,—such may be in every crew.
You 're far more stout than ready, watching 's less your line than fight,
And, should they take you by surprise, old NEP can't help your plight!

In vain your ships might scour the seas should some dull blunderer doze,
And let rogues snatch your street-door key under his snoring nose.
You 've had some lubbers in your crew. How would a Nelson feel
With foes who 'd slip from shore to shore beneath his very keel?

Though all, in piping times of peace, are welcome to your land,
Remember that Achilles' heel could lame Achilles' hand.
Seeing old NEP has served you well by setting you apart,
The safety Nature gave you do not you give up to Art.

Why should you? What are doubtful gains, in cash or comfort, weighed
With ne'er so faint a chance of foes *within* your walls conveyed?
Are shores inviolate a boon to risk with calm content,
For boo-hoo of sea-sick tourists or bait of cent. per cent.?

Nay, let the Silver Streak still roll unbridged, unburrowed still,
Still girdle with its shifting sheen stout heart and strenuous will,
Though cosmopolitans declaim and engineers devise.
It means security from shock, and safety from surprise.

Self-centred, billow-circled, let BRITANNIA still abide,
Though insular not isolate; swept by no sudden tide
Of foeman or of fever-fit from any foreign shore,
When the Red Spectre raves abroad or war's slipped ban-dogs roar!

On Opposite Sides.

MR. PUNCH, the general *Arbiter Elegantiarum*, being asked his opinion of the present Ladies' dress, with his usual taste and readiness replied, "I highly approve the present fashion, comprehending as it does the highest graces of two of the most distinguished types of female beauty—modelled in front on the Venus de' Medici, behind, on the Venus de Hottentot!"

WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM THEATRE (*Programme*). — *Overture: Tancredi. Fish Out of Water. Seeking Plaice. Whitebait at Greenwich.*

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RECRIMINATION.

Inhabitant of Uist. "I SAY, THEY 'LL PE SPEAKING FA-AR PETTER ENGLISH IN UIST THAN IN STYORNAWAY."

Lass of the Lewis. "PUT IN STYORNAWAY THEY 'LL NOT PE CAA-IN' FUSH 'FEESH,' WHATEFER!"

THE LATEST CREED.

"Let MR. ••••••• write me a letter—a calm letter—and *say he believes in the Devil*, and I will give him the Sacrament."—*A certain Vicar. See Times, Jan.* 20.

O, CHURCH of England, whither dost thou wend,
Driven by heady Bishops, Rectors, Vicars?
Whose altar-flame, ere it to Heaven ascend,
Viâ the sulphurous mouth of Hades flickers.
Your life in charity and virtue spend;
Abstain from rant and cant, cigars and liquors;
Live, like Stylites, on the loftiest level—
In vain, unless you own a personal Devil.

There are innumerable devils, surely:
The printer's devil hath his share of fame;
There 's *Mephistopheles*, who tempts impurely;
There 's sly *Asmodeus*, gossip-demon lame;
Old Nick from a bright eye may peep demurely;
There are blue devils, devilled biscuits, game—
Punch, who has known more than one atheist,
Would stare to meet an adiabolist.

O Vicar, if the Devil 's in the Creed,
Is he the Attorney-General of JOB,
Who is allowed his run of ADAM'S seed,
A dignitary clad in wig and robe,
Ornate in manner, plausible to plead,
The Public Prosecutor of the globe?
Or has he horns, tail, hoofs, which, if you scan 'em all,
Combine into a graminivorous animal?

It seems a satire upon things religious,
When two Archbishops and the Chancellor
Have to decide betwixt two folk litigious
Whether the Devil is or is not, or—
Seeing the might of Love and Power prodigious—
How the deuce he 's to be accounted for.
The cleric mind in quarrels seems to revel:
Devil or none, some clerks *will* play the Devil!

QUITE IN THEIR LINE.

THE question has been asked why MR. HOLMS selected Sheffield as the place for his first speech on Army Reform. He knew the people of that busy manufacturing town must take a deep interest in rank and file.

THE PLAGUE.

MR. PUNCH,

I SEE by the public prints that a paper has been read to show there is a "prospect of a reappearance of Plague in this country and on the Continent of Europe." The Continent of Europe I leave to others, but I fearlessly assert that Plague has never disappeared from England. My proofs are set out below. I challenge all the Medical Officers of Health, and all the professional journals, and all the learned societies, to gainsay or contradict them.

A SUFFERER OF MANY YEARS' STANDING.

What a plague it is when the boys are all home for the holidays, and there comes a week of wet weather!
What a plague it is when the house has to be cleaned!
What a plague tiresome children are!
What a plague Rates and Taxes are!
What a plague Bills are!
What a plague Bores are!
What a plague it is when your wife and daughters insist on your giving a dance!
What a plague smoky chimneys are!
What a plague Beggars and Organ-grinders are!
What a plague Circulars and "Appeals" are!
What a plague it is when the Drains have to be looked to, or the pipes burst, or the kitchen boiler gets out of order!
What a plague—"the greatest plague of life"—Servants are!

Fine Opening for a Young Man.

IT is stated that the vacant Lordship of the Treasury is to be filled up by the appointment of VISCOUNT CRICHTON. The new Lord will have an unexampled opportunity of reviving in his own person, by the most strenuous devotion to the duties of his office, the proud title of the "Admirable CRICHTON."

THE QUEEN *v.* CURLING.

SOME young Englishwomen, whose studies are limited to the Fashion Books, may, probably have stared at the following announcement in a fashionable Contemporary, if they ever read anything so rational as a daily paper:—

"A DISCOURAGEMENT TO CURLERS.—The Balmoral Curling Club, which only played its maiden game last winter, has ceased to exist, orders having been sent to all the members of the Club on the Royal estates to discontinue the game."

That, however, the "maiden game" of curling has nothing to do with any capillary arrangement will be deducible by the least reasoning of young Ladies from what follows:—

"HER MAJESTY is understood to have disapproved of the game, owing to its tendency to encourage a love for whiskey."

It must be obvious to the meanest capacity, that the discouragement to Curlers, given, according to the above statement, by Royal prohibition, is nothing that girls have any occasion to trouble their heads about. Though, even if it concerned the head-dress at all, it would not concern them; for curls are not fashionable, and it is only those girls who think, in a measure, for themselves, and possess some little mind and taste of their own, that are capable of curling their hair, if curls become them better than the chignon, or top-knot, or whatever it is called, howsoever grotesque, which is the general wear.

PLURAL AND SINGULAR.

IRELAND has Home Rulers. When the Member for Hackney is installed at the War Office, England will have a HOLMS Ruler.

CONCLUSION OF A CHEESEMONGER.—Mite is right.

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TOLERANCE.

The Parson's Daughter. "I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT *YOU* DON'T OBJECT TO A FEW CANDLES BEING PLACED ON THE ALTAR THESE DARK EVENINGS, MRS. BROWN!"

The Sextoness. "BLESS YOU, MISS, I *SEE* THEY WASN'T *ROMAN* CANDLES—ONLY *COMPOSITES!*"

THE FIRST CABINET COUNCIL OF THE YEAR.

WHAT THEY DID.

THEY assembled round a large fire—an admirable receptacle for Admiralty Minutes and Slave Circulars. Some one added fuel to it: who it was is not clear. A great waste-paper basket standing handy was also not without its suggestiveness.

They talked about the weather, the floods, shipping disasters, the state of the nation, and—for some of the Ministers had walked—of the streets.

Then they commenced business.

MR. DISRAELI proposed a riddle (like the Sphinx), and alluded to some Canal Shares he had lately bought.

The LORD CHANCELLOR placed a mark in one of the many treatises on the New Judicature Act which he had been reading, and laid down the law.

The DUKE OF RICHMOND, LENNOX, DAUBIGNY, AND GORDON, described the delightful sensation of feeling like four single Dukes rolled into one.

The EARL OF MALMESBURY played with a seal.

MR. SECRETARY CROSS hummed "*Home! Sweet Home!*"

MR. SECRETARY HARDY did *not* hum "HOLMS, sweet HOLMS!" On the contrary, he startled his colleagues by uttering a loud War-cry of defiance. Afterwards he calmed down, and asked the Council their opinion as to the correct spelling of Mobilization—whether with "z," or "s."

The EARL OF CARNARVON was engrossed with FROUDE.

The MARQUIS OF SALISBURY related anecdotes of the Prince's tour in India, and quoted "OWEN MEREDITH" *à propos* of LORD LYTTON going to "hear the leopard in the hills."

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER looked cheerful and happy in such Friendly Society. Then a shade passed across his face. Was he thinking of the Deputations that awaited him before Budget night? But he soon brightened up, when he thought of the Probate Duty payable on BARON ROTHSCHILD'S Will.

MR. G. WARD HUNT sat plunged in deep reverie, and was silent for many (Admiralty) minutes together. Perhaps he was reflecting how far preferable was the Bench at Quarter Sessions to the quarter-deck.

LORD JOHN MANNERS did his best to swell the revenue of his own department by writing letters and sending telegrams.

The EARL OF DERBY, after a brief consultation with MR. DISRAELI and one or two more, answered a note from a foreign correspondent. The post-mark was "Vienna," and the signature "ANDRASSY."

Business being thus concluded, all the Ministers joined in a Spelling Bee, and enjoyed it so thoroughly, that, when the meeting broke up, summonses were immediately issued for another Cabinet Council (and another Spelling Bee) on the following day.

MAMMON'S METAMORPHOSIS.

A BULL and Bear together sat,
In friendly and convivial chat;
Together they are wont to sup,
Though this tear down, and that toss up:
Both look for Danaë's golden rain,
Both drink the very best champagne;
Both can assume a human shape
More palpable than DARWIN'S Ape.

They discussed Stocks of all descriptions,
Spaniards, Peruvians, Turks, Egyptians;
Each had his visions unsubstantial,
And prated much of schemes financial,
And each beyond the other went
As to the right amount per cent.,
While *Mr. Punch*, the wise and witty,
Who does no business in the City;
Caught casual words (he scorned to listen),
Watched the grim gossips' keen eyes glisten,
As through the world they took their range
From their standpoint—the Stock Exchange,
That *Parc aux cerfs* of Mammon King—
That fouler, fatter, Betting Ring.

Bull and Bear gone, *Punch* felt relieved,
Yet over greed and folly grieved.
He sipped his port of many summers,
Nectar, uncorked not for chance comers—
For such it were a serious sin
To tap the Poet Laureate's bin—
And thought how many weak outsiders
Play flies to these stock-jobbing spiders.
Up go their ticklish wares, or down
There's joy or panic in the Town:
None seem to see that down or up
Means nothing in an empty cup;
That nations which their coin have spent,
Although they promise ten per cent.,
Can never pay you five or three—
Since "What's impossible can't be."

Punch, as he smoked his last cigar,
Blest his unspeculative star,
Pitied the fate of foolish folk
Who 'll buy an egg with addled yolk
When knaves who sell with might and main
Swear 'twill one day be fresh again.
His verdict on the case is this:
There's no such metamorphosis.
Till blood for sawdust out of dolls
You draw, Turks won't tap like Consols.
Though Bears that hug and Bulls that toss
May hocus-pocus gain and loss,
Though with their "High, Low, Presto, Pass!"
Confounding wits of owl and ass,
They ring the changes—here and there—
From Bear to Bull, from Bull to Bear!

Topics for My Trilogy.

(*Offered by* SIR W. V—— H——, M.P., *to his Constituents at Oxford.*)

1. SUET.
2. Sewage.
3. Soft-sawder.

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A GOOD HEARING FOR MASTER.

(*Honoured Guest at big Country-house is invited by affable Butler to walk through the Cellars. After passing bins innumerable of choicest Vintages, they come to a cask marked "Whiskey."*)

Guest. "AH! HA! SO *YOU'VE* BEEN LAYING IN THE FASHIONABLE DRINK, I SEE! THE DOCTORS ARE ALL MAD ABOUT IT."

Affable Butler. "YEZZIR—LESS HACID, THEY SAY, IN GOOD MALT WISKY THAN IN ANY FORM OF ALCO'OL. I'VE TOOK TO IT MYSELF. IN FACT, I MAY SAY I'VE QUITE GIVEN UP CHAMPAGNES, CLARETS, BURGUNDIES, AND 'OCKS!"

A GREAT BARGAIN.

MR. PUNCH is prepared to sell for whatever they will fetch the following assortment of valuable articles, being the contents of his waste-paper basket for the last fortnight:—

1347 Jokes on the subject of Wales being in India.

Seven Comic Songs with the refrain of "*Tell Mamma we are Happy.*"

964 allusions to the name of the First Lord of the Admiralty.

233 Letters containing puns on the name of MR. CAVE.

One admirable Riddle on the same. "Why is the KHEDIVE like a bear?—Because he has got a Cave." N.B.—The name and address of the Author of this production will be included in the Lot.

One letter from a Gentleman, asking that he may be put on the Free List of *Punch*, and be supplied with all the back volumes gratis, on the ground that his wife's uncle once sent a joke to *Punch*, which was not inserted.

Two letters from Gentlemen asking why the "bloted arristocrasy" is not more stingingly pitched into.

Thirty-two Poems in praise of various popular Actresses.

Seventeen Cartoons.

Seventeen letters from the Authors of the above wanting to know why they are not used.

Seventeen more letters from the same, severely sarcastic, and informing *Mr. Punch* that seventeen horsewhippings are in store for him.

5976 old Joes, cribs from back numbers of *Punch*, and misprints copied out of country newspapers.

A CONCISE CRITICISM ON THE NEW COMEDY AT THE GAIETY.—Sum Total = *Sam Tottles.*

BIRDS AND FOWLERS.

ACCORDING to a letter from Rome in the *Union*:—

"The MARQUIS OF RIPON was received a first time in private audience, and attended on Sunday at his Holiness's mass in his private chapel. In a second audience his Lordship had the honour of presenting to the Holy Father LADY RIPON, whose early conversion is hoped for."

Not long before, the MARQUIS OF RIPON had presented the POPE with £10,000. Some people and their money are soon parted. In presenting his wife to the Holy Father, he cannot as yet be said to have made his Holiness a still handsomer present. That he will be fully enabled to do so on an early day, however, "is hoped for." In the pheasant-cover it used to be a saying among sportsmen that "where the cock is, the hen is not far off." The parties who hope for the MARCHIONESS OF RIPON'S conversion reckon, perhaps, without their hostess, and pay a rational Lady, besides, a bad compliment if, in reliance on that saying, they fondly expect that where the gander has gone, the goose will follow.

Sic Vos non Vobis mellificatis, Apes!

How doth the little Spelling Bee
Test orthographic power,
And work strange spells of grammarye
Out of each platform-flower!

But Bees that buzz about agree
That 'tis a shocking sight
When Ladies of good family
Take shots, and don't shoot right.

DEGREES FOR WOMEN.—Fair, fairer, fairest.

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"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.



ALCUTTA — en route — Jummoo—Lahore—Most interesting particulars—The Vie Intime—Prospects.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

You did not get a letter from me last week because the weather was so dreadfully bad there was nothing doing, at least worth mentioning. The Golden Umbrella was of no more use against those severe falls in Downpore than a parasol under Niagara. Fortunately we were well entertained by the RAJAH OF INDORE, and so did not care about going out.

We had the Punjabbers (native jesters) in for an hour or two, and then sat down to a Spelling Bee. I gave 'em a word which floored them all: it was "*Wasp.*" The D—E OF S-TH-RL-D borrowed a pocket dictionary from the Assistant-Secretary, who was just on the point of handing it to him, when I called out, in excellent Hindostanee, "*On skral!*" and my Accomplished and Royal Patron observed, with more severity perhaps than the occasion actually required, that "if they couldn't play fair, they shouldn't play at all," which intimation, I am glad to say, had the desired effect.

L-RD C-R-NGT-N spelt it "*Wopps*"—but *he* was educated at Cambridge. L-RD B-R-S-F-RD spelt it "*Warsp*"—and lost two rupees by having backed himself to win. The D-E OF S-TH-RL-ND was very much annoyed on being informed that "*Wosp*" was a mistake, though not bad phonetically; and W. H. R-SS-LL accounted for his rendering of it as "*Whops*" by informing us that this was in reality the Celtic origin of the word. We did not, however, give him a second chance, and ultimately it was won by my Learned and Exalted Companion, who, with the greatest ease, hit it off correctly the very first time of asking. After this the children of SIR JEEJEE JUPMEBHOY came in and played horses, while we sat round the room on cushions, smoking *howdahs* and sipping *mussalgee* (a sort of sweet liquorice-water having rather the flavour of oysters).*

After this the children were taken off to bed by SINGH LULLAH LULLABY, the Ayah night-nurse, whose sole office in the establishments of the wealthiest Hindoos is to soothe the children to sleep with a sort of dull monotonous snake-charming melody.

Then SIR JÂK HOLKAR—*the* HOLKAR—begged leave to introduce some lovely Parsee Ladies, and, having received the gracious permission from my most Polite and Amiable Companion, the "most Parsee-able of the Parsee Ladies," as I whispered to my Exalted Neighbour (who could scarcely keep his countenance, the joke tickled him so thoroughly), were presented to us: then, taking their hands, the band struck up, and we

"Danced the Polkar,
Led by the HOLKAR"

whose height is commanding, but who can do his steps with the grace and lightness of a Harlequin. We did not quit the gay and brilliant scene until the majestic moon had slowly risen in the heavens, when we sallied forth in search of our coats, hats, and the Golden Umbrella, which had been in the kitchen to dry.

On leaving the Rajah's hospitable mansion, there was quite a scene between me and the faithful slaves. The fact is that I have become so popular out here with the *waytahs* and *oondar-strapahs* generally, who know what "*shelling out ru-pees*" means well enough (N.B. A Jenuin Inndian Jo-millah—*Allah! Bis-millah! On my nose be it!* as the Mussulmen say out here), that I can do *almost anything with them, as a body.* If I wished to go in for Apotheosis ("What ho! Apotheosis!"—SHAKSPEARE—as I said to my Well-Read and Noble Companion), I could do it to-morrow if I liked, and Shiva, Squiva, Vishnu, and Vish'n-u-many-happy-returns-of-the-day, would be nowhere among the Indian Deities. They have already composed a hymn in my honour, *but, to* my honour be it said, *I won't have it at any price.* I have begged them *not* to do it till I am gone. The hymn begins thus:—

"O fi reve ereht saw a gib pmacs!"

But I will not continue what in your cold phlegmatic Saxon country might be misconstrued into mere fulsome adulation. Still, *entre nous*, I *have* deserved it, for I 've been *lavish with the coin.* I have not waited for official orders from head-quarters. No, I have been all heart and pocket, in the interest, of course, of the British Dynasty in India. So free-handed in this way have I been as to have justly gained the *sobriquet* of TIPPOO SAHIB, *i.e.*, the Sahib who tips. Why, my dear friend, with a neat *Durbar* twisted round my head, a *Serai* in my hand, and some walnut juice on my face, I might be Imperial Shah of all the Indies any hour of the day.*

But far from me be any even ghost or shadow of such an idea. No! Loyally I will ever sing—

Send her victorious!
Happy and glorious!
Long-to-reign-o'er-i-ous!
God Save the QUEEN!"

But I only mention the above facts to show you what can be done by *a little attention to the wants* of a naturally loyal and trusting race.

Talking of "trusting," in consequence of your remittances not having arrived in time, I have been compelled to adopt the system known in India as that of *Tikh.* This plan, which, in some cases, supersedes ready-money payments, was invented by the NOBOB OF ODUMPHORE, a celebrated Indian financier, who, with SHAHPUR, of Swindlia—*the* SHAHPUR, as he is called here—contributed so largely to the extensive failures of some of the biggest houses in Calcutta. The Nobob bolted, and the unhappy SHAHPUR was arrested at Aritsur—a sad spectacle of another good man gone wrong.

Send cheque, or my name's Mister Upatree. Address it to me under cover to my friend, the HON. AND REV. STOPHAM SHORT, the Wrecktory, Gravesend. It will reach me quicker than if you sent it straight out here. "Do not forget your GABRIELLE!" as the old chorus has it.

We are all doing well. My Noble and Very Hard-working Friend (for he *does* work at this pleasure, mind you) is in first-rate health: but some of the young 'uns in the suite caught colds after the dance, and got sore

* A *Howdah* or *Houdah* is an elephant's castle, and *Mussalgee*, which our Correspondent represents himself as "sipping," is, in *our* Dictionary at least, a "torch-bearer." We are now taking steps to ascertain the veracity of our Representative in the slightest details. We have called at the British Museum, where there is a splendid Dictionary on view, and every information given correctly *gratis*, and on the same day we had an interview with an intelligent officer from Scotland Yard. So much is sufficient *for the present.* Still it is but fair to state that, as yet, we have no proof that our Correspondent is not where he represents himself as being, *i.e.* in India.—ED.

* *Durbar* must be, we fancy, a mistake in the telegraphy for *turban*, as, without any reference to a Dictionary, we in England all know by this time what a *Durbar* is. As to the *Serai in his hand*, we don't think he can be *serai*-ous—at all events *we* can't, as is evident by this joke—because our old Dictionary (a very good one, by the way) gives *Serai* as "a public building for the reception of caravans," which, it is needless to say, couldn't be held in his hand any more than Somerset House or St. Paul's. Still—*Serai may* have a double meaning.—ED.

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POLITICS AND PASTE.

Conservative Curate. "THEN YOU THINK WE ARE GETTING ON PRETTY WELL, MR. GUMMIDGE?"
Ditto Billsticker. "O, YES, SIR! BLESS YER, THE LIBERAL PASTE AIN'T NOTHINK TO OURN—IT'S HALF WATER!!"

throats at Wezerabad; and the D-E OF S-TH-RL-ND, who generally has fire, not water, on the brain, came in for a thorough "cold id 'is 'ed," in a draught between Nosore and Snezapore.

"These are mere trifles," as the Jam said to SIR JELLYBHOY, who was among his *suite*.

We are off to Jummoo. I pause. The Elephant shakes too much for me to continue this letter with comfort. Excuse me a minute or two. *Jee Hûp!*

* * * * * *

Nous Voici! Jummoo.

Crowds to receive us. A variety of colour, creed, caste, and company. Here are the Nabobs, the Nobobs, and the Hobnobs, all fraternising together. A cheering sight. Here is a swarthy *Nobnob* (or big swell) reining in his fiery little *Kobkob* (or native Indian pony) while talking to a young but wealthy *Sunnob*, who is giving himself as many airs as though he were the SHAHPUR, or even the HOLKAR himself.

There, in the corner, stands a lynx-eyed *Bobbee* (or native Policeman), and near him a fellow of lowest caste, who, I could swear, is the well-known KROBAR of Burraglaree, who, it is believed, is still at large.

Just by the door of the *Shantee* stands, his hand on his jewelled sword, the stately GHAUT; while arm in arm with the paunchy little BOWLEE is the aristocratic BHISTEY, who is not ashamed on this occasion to drop hereditary animosities and indulge in a friendly *guzzul* with a handsome representative of the too-often despised *Florikans*, and one of the insidious and mealy mouthed denizens of the *Tatarkan* district, dressed in his ragged brown jacket.*

We are to have another grand ball to-morrow, which, it is expected, is to be crowded by the natives, to whom I am invariably told off to do the honours. The fact is, I *have* won their hearts, and, by the way, shouldn't mind winning their diamonds; but no doubt even this would come in time.

I get on capitally with the natives, specially at supper. But, indeed, on such festive occasions I have never yet found any natives disagree with me, and, goodness knows, I have had large dealings with dozens of 'em in my time. Here some of the natives are bearded and some not, and, though of a retiring disposition, I soon manage to get them out of their shell.

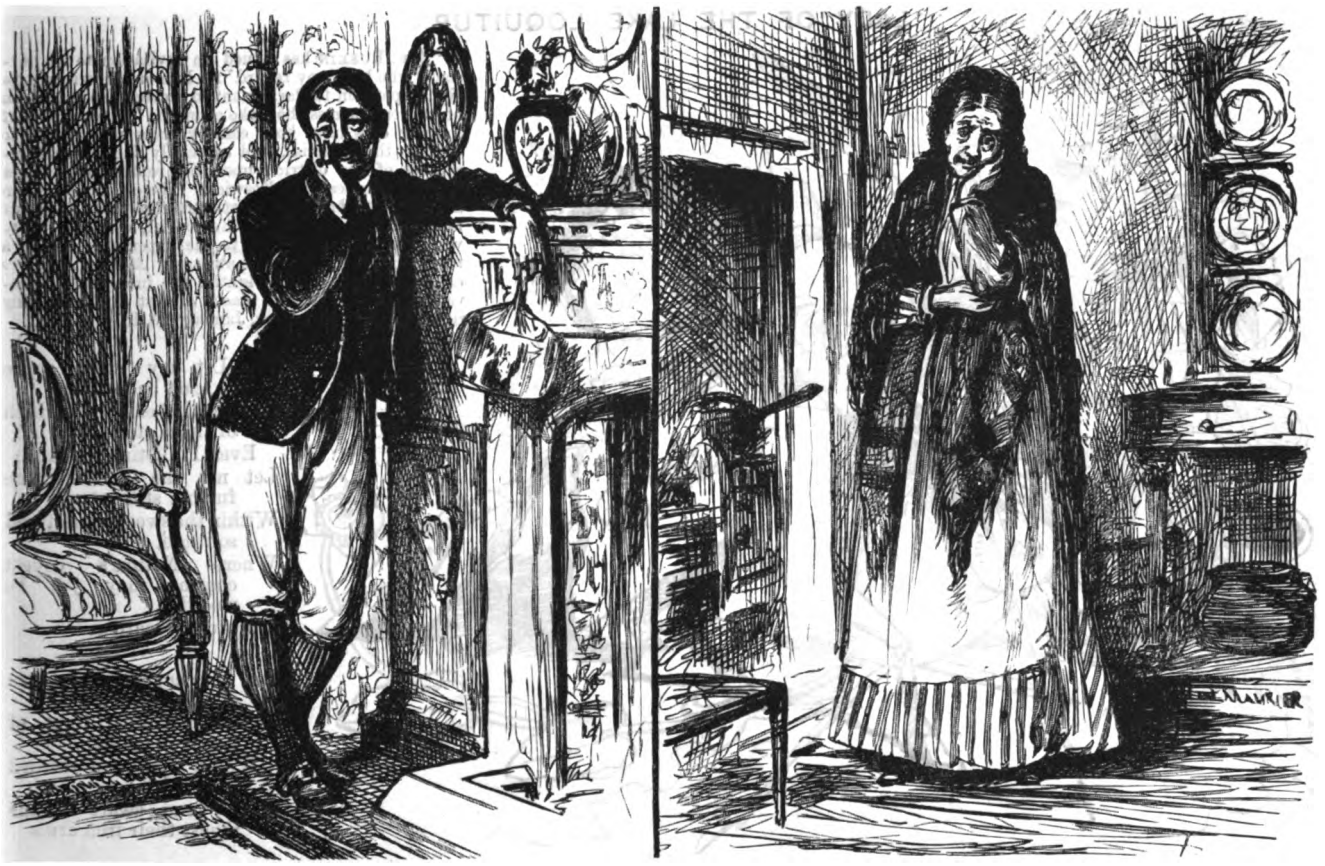
We have been badly off for sport lately, but at Lahore I managed to bag three *Nuggurs* (a kind of long-tailed animal, something between a fox and a goose), one *Pathan* (of the panther tribe), a fine *Belooche* (not unlike our titmouse), and a brace of *Rajpoots*—which last are of the *genus* partridge, only of a brighter colour.

I must now leave off, as CANON DUCKWORTH wants me to give him a few hints for his to-morrow's sermon, and I have also to entertain a bevy of Parsee Ladies at our five o'clock tea, or Indian Drum, which has become an institution on Saturday afternoons.

CANON DUCKWORTH is an excellent fellow, just the sort of Parson who ought to be canonised—as he *has* been. On Sundays he gives us a good burst of fifteen minutes' eloquence, and he makes all the points I've given him on the previous afternoon. You see I knew the *vie intime* of his audience better than *he* does, and in arranging the hits of the sermon I can put in some nasty home-thrusts now

* At this point we have recourse to our Dictionary. The word *Ghaut* we cannot find in it. But we would be on our oath that it *is* an Indian word, and yet it does *not* recommend itself to our memory as meaning a human being of any kind. We may, however, be quite wrong on this point: we acknowledge ourselves in having been, *at least once*, quite wrong; *i.e.*, when we gave that boy half-a-sovereign to go and buy a new Dictionary. It is now *just seven weeks* since that boy disappeared. However, to resume, *Bowlee* is "a well," not a "paunchy little man"; *Bhistey* is a "water-carrier," who can, we should imagine, scarcely be "aristocratic." Here however, we admit we *may* be in error. A Hindoo, acquainted only with our military terms, would scarcely imagine that a "*Sergeant*" could be a great legal dignitary only one remove from a Judge, and so it may be with a *Bhistey* or water-carrier. *Guzzul* we have looked out before. It sounds like drinking, but it is really "an erotic ode." A *Florikan* is not a man of any race, but "*a bird of the bustard tribe.*" As for the "*Tatarkan* district" we have searched the map of India in vain for such a place: yet it *may* be there. A young friend about Town, who has just dropped in, asks us if we couldn't find something nearer home resembling the *Tatarkan?* We cannot believe that Our Representative is merely inventing a name. But we have our plan—and in another week we shall be in a position to tell the public more.—ED.

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INTELLECTUAL EPICURES.

STEEPED IN ÆSTHETIC CULTURE, AND SURROUNDED BY ARTISTIC WALL-PAPERS, BLUE CHINA, JAPANESE FANS, MEDIÆVAL SNUFF-BOXES, AND HIS FAVOURITE PERIODICALS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, THE DILETTANTE DE TOMKYNS COMPLACENTLY BOASTS THAT HE NEVER READS A NEWSPAPER, AND THAT THE EVENTS OF THE OUTER WORLD POSSESS NO INTEREST FOR HIM WHATEVER.

Betsy Waring (who goes out a-charing) and is a Martyr to Rheumatics (what comes o' damp attics), expresses similar views. In her own words:—

"I'VE OFTEN HEARD RUMOURS
OF WARS AND CONTUMOURS,
SEA-SARPINTS, AND COMICS AS LIGHTS UP THE SKY;
STEAM-HINGINS A-BUSTIN',
AND BANKS AS FOLKS TRUST IN,
BUT THEY DON'T NEVER FRET A OLD 'OOMAN 'LIKE I!"

and then. I mark when and where the shots tell. *On one Sunday, after the sermon, I recovered three rupees that had been owing me for a month!* It reminded me of the absconding clerk and the *Ticket-of-Leave* at the Olympic. Truly the Pulpit is a most valuable adjunct to the Stage—or *vicè versâ*. The Reverend Gent is holloaing for me now—so adoo. I am also *jusqu' aux yeux* in difficulties as to our programme for the grand processional entry into Agra. The fact is, nothing would so impress the native swells here so greatly as a regular Circus Triumphal Entry, with my Royal Friend in uniform driving a van drawn by sixteen horses, a brass band behind him, plenty of drum, lots of spangles, a Courrier of St. Petersburgh, and the Shakspearian Jester on a Donkey. If I can get it up, I will. Believe me, now and ever,

YOUR TRUTHFUL REPRESENTATIVE
(*in India*).

THE DESECRATED REVEREND!

"FAREWELL, farewell to thee, title of 'Reverend!'"
Thus warbled a Rector on Cornwall's bleak shore—
"My scorn of that desecrate prefix shall never end:
The 'P. P.' of St. Petroc is 'Reverend' no more!"

A Street-boy, wishing to insult an Elderly Gentleman, chalks up on his gatepost, "Old BROWN is an ass!" But Old BROWN rarely writes *himself* down an ass *à la Dogberry*. But what should we say if BROWN, instead of merely *writing* himself down an ass, were to *advertise* himself as one? Then what are we to make of the following extract from a Plymouth journal:—

NOTICE.—I request that all communications to me through the Post-office be addressed as under:—

G. W. MANNING, P. P.,
St. Petroc Minor, St. Issey,
Cornwall.

Correspondents who prefix to my name the now desecrated epithet of "The Reverend," will please not be offended if I reject their letters, &c.

G. W. MANNING.

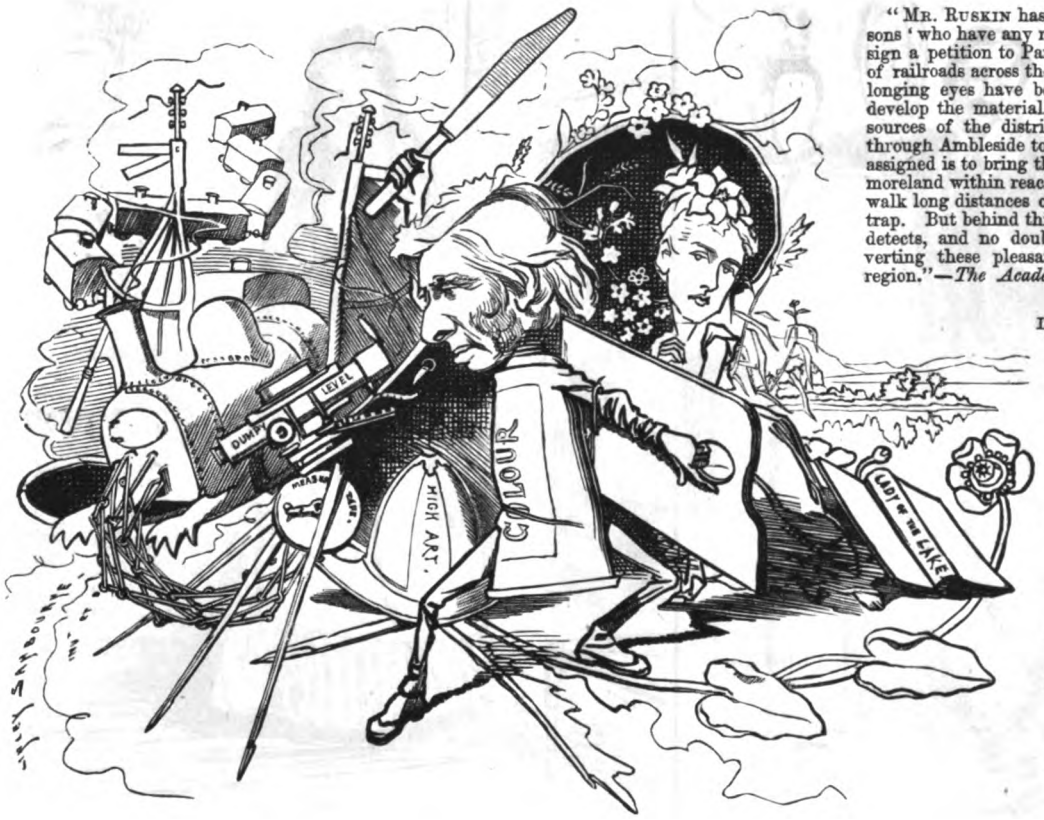
Can any Clergyman of the Church of England be so inflated by self-esteem without self-respect, so destitute of dignity, charity, common-sense and taste, so devoid of all perception of absurdity, as to be conceived capable of penning this notice? It must be "a thing devised by the enemy"—the fling of hostile and unscrupulous Sectarians. Perhaps they will next advertise MR. MANNING as renouncing the clerical black and white tie because Wesleyan Ministers wear them, and adopting coloured clothes and a bird's-eye fogle instead.

It may be that the letters "P. P." are insidiously intended to be taken for "Parish Priest," so making out the namesake of CARDINAL MANNING a Ritualist aping the style of his Eminence's Priesthood. Suppose a Popish Priest were to publish a request that nobody should subjoin to his name the letters "P. P.," now desecrated in their permitted assumption by a Protestant heretic? Would you not consider him as great an ass as a Church of England Clergyman renouncing the title of "Reverend" because it has been decided by the Court of Appeal that it may legally be carved on the gravestone of a Wesleyan preacher?

SHAKSPEARIAN MOTTO (*by an unhappy Investor in the Credit and Co-operative Bank*).—"Hang up our BANNER on the outer walls."

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LADY OF THE LAKE LOQUITUR.



"MR. RUSKIN has issued an invitation to all persons 'who have any regard' for him or his writings, to sign a petition to Parliament to prevent the extension of railroads across the Lake country. It appears that longing eyes have been cast by those who desire to develop the material, and especially the mineral, resources of the district, upon the route which passes through Ambleside to Keswick. The ostensible reason assigned is to bring the most attractive parts of Westmoreland within reach of the tourist, who now has to walk long distances or go to the expense of hiring a trap. But behind this the author of *Modern Painters* detects, and no doubt rightly, the intention of converting these pleasant places of rest into a mining region."—*The Academy*, January 22, 1876.

IST! Let my silver voice at least be heard,
Echoing that eloquence which oft hath stirred
Even Philistine feeling!
Let not the Trade-Gnome further still intrude
Within the sweet sequestered solitude,
Where Nature's coyest charms may yet be wooed
To full revealing.

Can you not keep one inch of all your isle
In the unsullied light of Beauty's smile,
Which dirt and discord banish?
Must your swart Titans thrust their iron arms
Till, scared by driving reek and rude alarms,
From their fouled path Pan's brood with all their charms
Shall wholly vanish?

If Progress its far aims to reach, must fill
The air with poison, choke the babbling rill,
And dye the limpid river,
And such compulsion, as a rule, 'tis vain
To challenge, yet *some* haunts should sure remain,
Which wiser Man to Mammon's grasping reign
Will scarce deliver.

Seeing all-liberal Heaven has given you here
Vales soft as those of Tempê or Cashmere,
Still lakes and solemn mountains,
Spurn not such largess! Do not drive away
All Solitude's shy nymphs, whose hands array
My banks with bowers, and keep in joyous play
My floods and fountains.

I am the Lady of the Silver Lake;
I would not have my mountain echoes wake
To shriek and snort incessant.
And you whose steps have strayed along my marge
Would Steam-Fiend's roar, gush of foul mines' discharge,
Fit the still scene where my smooth-shining targe
Reflects the crescent?

Even to cold Utilitaria's self—
Sole regent in these days to thirst of pelf
Given by self-dedication,—
I make appeal! Prudence forbids to spoil
The few fair spots on your sea-straitened soil,
Where poet-passion and o'erburdened toil
Find consolation.

Here have been nourished sons of Art whose song
Or storied canvas shall your fame prolong,
And swell your pride and pleasure.

Where WORDSWORTH roved let not the wheels of Trade,
Unresting as Ixion's, make fresh raid,
Till Fancy flees her loveliest, best-loved shade,
And needful leisure!
Grant in these crowded times men's needs are more
Than broad meres, mountains high, and forests hoar,
Birds' song or rose, or lily;
Yet these, too, higher human yearnings crave:
Were it not well source of such joys to save,
Nor wholly yield old Pan a helpless slave
To Puffing Billy?
Though Commerce claim free course, and subtle Greed
In mask of Progress her convenience plead,
Should Wisdom not be chary
In casting Nature's dearest dowers away?
Leave Lakeland still to elf, and faun, and fay,
For Art and Thought and Toil self's place of play,
And sanctuary!

Shakspeare Against the Burials Bill.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHAT has the immortal WILLIAM *not* anticipated? He has clearly foreshadowed MR. OSBORNE MORGAN'S iniquitous Burial Bill, and has given a quiet wipe at the Dissenter—who schismatically chooses his own path to Heaven—in the *Grave-Digger's* question to his comrade, in *Hamlet*, Act v., "Is he to be buried in Christian burial who *wilfully seeks his own salvation?*"

Yours, CLERICUS.

An Awkward Ultimatum.

FOR a Prince to "call in an Accountant," no doubt,
Is a course too like bankruptcy favour to win;
But if the KHEDIVE'S bent on having CAVE out,
As one likely result, he may have to Cave in.

Only Natural.

(*Cook* v. *Jenkins.*)

WHAT wonder if COOK for a Christian disown
Bold JENKINS, on Satan as mythic who looks?
When *his* mission's from Satan; what saw 's better known,
Than "'Tis Heaven sends us meat, but the Devil sends Cooks"?

NATURAL RESULT OF MOODY AND SANKEY'S PREACHING IN IT.—The Opera House is about to be converted—into a Post-Office

MOTTO FOR THE MANAGER OF THE CO-OPERATIVE CREDIT BANK.—"*Depositi Tenax.*"

THREE EXCESSES OF THE DAY.—Drink! Rink!! Ink!!!

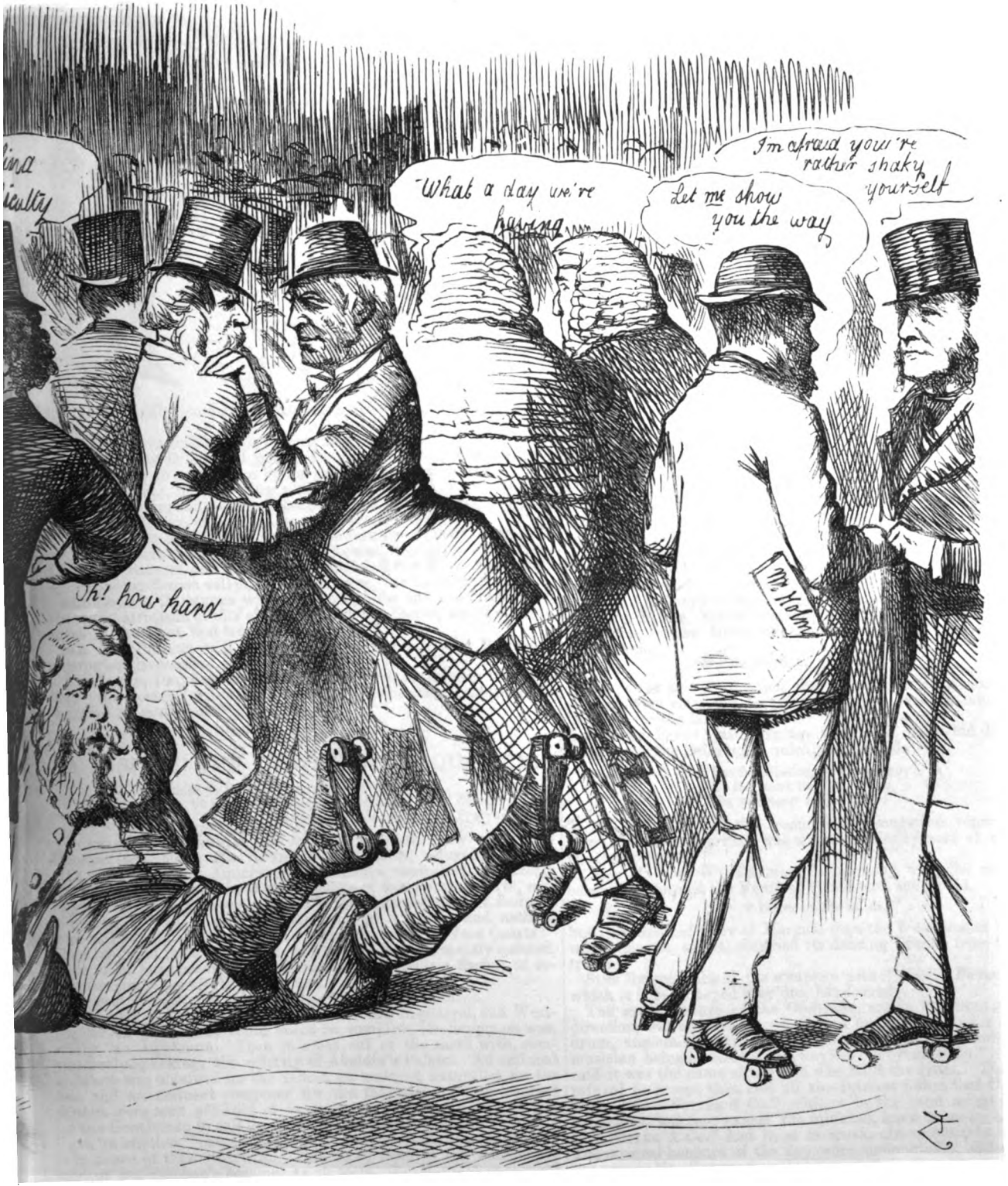
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WESTMINSTER RINK.

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SHADOWS OF THE COMING SESSION.



MR. HOLMS will worry the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR with statistics that would be absolutely startling, if they were not absolutely inaccurate.

MR. BUTT will waste the time of the House in impracticable discussion of the principles of Home Rule, and the self-engendered miseries of Ireland.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON will trifle with the fleeting hours in a facetious attempt to pass the Permissive Bill.

MR. BIGGAR will exhaust the patience of the House by forgetting that Members of Parliament are accustomed to the society of Gentlemen.

MAJOR MCGORMAN will prove to the world that the House of Commons, like the ring of a circus, has its own clown.

MR. WHALLEY will bore the House with stories of imaginary grievances and impossible plots.

MR. PLIMSOLL will lose his temper in a good cause.

SIR CHARLES DILKE will pick holes in the British Constitution, and show how to mend them by his private patent processes.

MR. DISRAELI, in answering plain questions, will be mysterious facetious, or flippant, as the exigences of the case may require—but never discourteous, or explicit, or perfectly intelligible.

The MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON will conduct the Opposition, subject to the embarrassing supervision of MESSRS. GLADSTONE, FORSTER, LOWE and BRIGHT, and the caustic comment of SIR W. V. HARCOURT. The above gentlemen will pull different ways, "as 'tis their nature to."

SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS will prose away (for the twentieth time) about the atrocious profits of the Civil Service Stores, and the grievances of the West End tradesmen.

MR. MACDONALD will do his best by his advocacy to render unpopular the cause of the Working Man.

And lastly, DR. KENEALY will—but no, let us indulge the hope that "the Doctor" will not appear at all *this* Session, being too much occupied in establishing a new Religion.

A VISIT TO THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.

"Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry, men,
For 'tis our opening day."—*The Chough and Crow.*
(*Omitted from the Aquarium Programme.*)

I CAN perfectly imagine the moment when the now managing-director (*pro. tem.*), MR. WYBROW ROBERTSON, returning from a visit to the Brighton Aquarium, *viâ* Victoria, compelled to masterly inaction in his Hansom by a block system of complicated carts, carriages, cabs, and omnibuses, looked to the right and the left, and said to himself "What a good thoroughfare for a show! and nothing here but the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, and the Law Courts!" Then his mind reverting to the Brighton he had so recently quitted, there must have occurred to him one of those electric flashes of inspiration, now popularly known as a

Happy Thought. Here 's the place for an Aquarium.

Evidently the very thing! All that London in general, and Westminster in particular, could want to complete its happiness was, surely, an Aquarium. Then it arose out of the earth with, comparatively speaking, the celerity of Aladdin's Palace. An eminent architect was obtained for the fabric, an eminent naturalist for the fish, and an eminent composer for the fantasias. Other eminent persons were soon got hold of to appear as Fellows, so that at last for one Gentleman to call another a fellow, and to receive the retort "you 're another," came to be, Aquariumly speaking, rather a thing to be proud of than otherwise. This short form in the neighbourhood of St. Stephen's became, as it were, the Masonic pass-word among the Fish-exhibiting fraternity,

"Sir, you 're a Fellow!"

"Sir, you 're another!"

And this was the sign and countersign necessary for entrance on Saturday, January 22nd.

The Aquarium was opened in some sort of State. A crowd in reserved and unreserved places wondering what was about to happen next. All eyes on a set of decorated private-boxes, with the Royal-box in the middle, guarded by (apparently) sailors, who, in turn-down collars and short jackets, looked as if they 'd grown out of that kind of dress, and were feeling rather awkward in not having been put into stick-ups and tails long ago.

Then came a great time for inquisitive people who always want to know all about it, whatever it is, and well-informed persons who always *do* know all about it, and are equal to any emergency.

Inquisitive Visitor. I say, why have the sailors got guns?

Well-Informed Friend. They 're Naval Artillery.

Inquisitive Visitor (*only half-convinced*). Oh! but artillery have cannons, not guns.

Well-Informed Friend. Ah! but these are on duty, and they always go about as the body-guard of the DUKE OF EDINBURGH, the Sailor Prince.

Inquisitive Friend. Ah! yes. Good idea having them here instead of soldiers. Soldiers would have been out of place among fish.

Happy Thought (*for the title of a new ballad*). *The Soldier and the Fish.* Suggested gratis to MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN. It might be appropriately played by the *Cold-streams.*

Inquisitive Friend (*using opera-glasses*). I say, who 's that in a private-box with lace on his shirt—?

Well-Informed Person. That 's a Sheriff.

Inquisitive Friend. Oh! (*Then apparently resenting the intrusion.*) Why 's he here?

Well-Informed Person (*nonplussed for once in his life*). I don't know. (*Recovering himself.*) Oh! because he was asked.

Inquisitive Visitor. Who 's that in a fez?

Well-Informed Person (*proud of his superior knowledge*). *That* is the Turkish Ambassador.

Inquisitive Visitor (*as before*). Why 's *he* here?

Funny Gentleman from the Stock Exchange (*overhearing and answering*). He 's just the man for the place. He 's here, as the representative of a decidedly fishy State.

Hats off, and enter the DUKE OF EDINBURGH. He stands up in his box, and somebody facing him, reads him an address. It looks uncommonly like *Punch* and *Judy*, with the squeak and the dialogue left out, as the voice part is inaudible.

Inquisitive Friend. What 's he doing?

Funny Gentleman. He 's hearing the Duke his *Catechism.*

Then the Duke replies, also inaudibly, bows, accepts the paper, hands it to somebody to put away somewhere, and then the Concert begins. The songs are most appropriately chosen; the first, sung by MADAME PATEY, being evidently intended as, somehow or other, applicable to the DUKE OF EDINBURGH on the present occasion, commencing,

"Gentle youth, ah! tell me why——?"

which is the sort of question the Inquisitive Gentleman has been putting with reference to the presence of every notability in the building for the last half-hour.

MADAME PATEY, still singing, then goes on to bid H.R.H. the Duke leave the building as quickly as possible:—

"Far from hence, oh haste away!
To the heart its ease restore,
Go, and never see me more!"

Which command, if the accomplished songstress represented the Genius of the Aquarium, was scarcely a cheery sort of welcome to the Sailor Prince.

Then MADAME WYNNE, more in harmony with the spirit of the occasion, informed the Nautical Prince that she would

"Dance on the sands;"

but this smacked more of Margate than the Westminster Aquarium, which has not, as yet, obtained its dancing licence from the Magistrates.

SIMS REEVES obliged the company with "*You'll Remember Me,*" which it is to be hoped they did, handsomely.

The great feature of the Orchestra, under MR. SULLIVAN'S able direction, was an advertisement stuck up over the player of the big drum, announcing, apparently, the name of the player (no other musician being labelled in this way) as "POTTER & Co." Somebody said it was the name of the firm who built the drum. The audience refused to accept this, and all the interest felt in that Concert was centred in "POTTER & Co." Others in the band might be greater musicians, but few, except the initiated, knew them by name; and so "POTTER & Co." had it, so to speak, almost entirely to himself. The musical honours of the day were, undoubtedly, shared by MR. SULLIVAN, MR. GODFREY, and "POTTER & Co."

What did "POTTER & Co."—a most respectable elderly gentleman, by the way—care for the vocalists? While they sang, *he* had an easy and luxurious time of it. Suddenly, three raps from the *bâton* of the Conductor awoke "POTTER & Co." from his reverie. He was called into action. No; he was not wanted as yet; and,

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DELICACY.

Edwin (as the Servant is present). "AH—J'ETTAY SEE—AH—DISAPPOINTAY DE NE PAS VOO VWORE A LA RINK CE MATTANG—POOR-QWAW ESKÉR——?" *Angelina.* "AH WEE, MAIS MOMMONG——"

Parlour-Maid. "HEM! BEG YOUR PARDON, MISS; BUT I UNDERSTAND THE LANGVIDGE!!"

after casting a glance of reproach at MR. SULLIVAN, he sank back into the repose from which he had been so unwarrantably aroused. Ah! *now!*—at last his time *has* come.

"*The Procession March*," by ARTHUR SULLIVAN. A nod of recognition passes between the eminent composer and "POTTER & Co.," as much as to say, "Now, then, I've brought you into this. Wake up! 'England expects,'" &c. It was an edifying sight to see the calm, determined, and unimpassioned way in which "POTTER & Co." settled down to work. No unnecessary flourishes of his drumstick, as a showy, younger, and less experienced musician might have been tempted to give, with such a weapon in his hand. Not a bit. He hit the drum as though he loved it; tenderly, almost reluctantly at first; then warming to his work, encouraged by the eye-glass of his chief, and impelled by a stern sense of duty, he came down on that drum so as to make it writhe again, and bellow under the thud. But when his part was finished, when dulcet strains succeeded, then with more than maternal care did "POTTER & Co." pat and caress the suffering instrument, and not a few among the audience but felt a choking sensation in the throat, as they saw that venerable man turn aside and use his pocket-handkerchief, doubtless to wipe away a tear. Beat on! thou Loving Heart! Thy joys and sorrows are appreciated by the public! Oh! well deserved was the *déjeuner* of "POTTER & Co.," when he and his instrument sat down with a drumstick between them.

Last Happy Thought (but one) at the Aquarium. Get some fish. Or, why not a pond with sticklebacks for the boys to fish in?

Or,—Last Happy Thought of all. While the Tanks are unoccupied, wouldn't it be an excellent plan to turn them into private baths, getting eminent individuals to bathe in them—(pretty bathing dresses being provided, of course)—and let in the public, as at present, to stare at them through the glass fronts? It could easily be advertised. For example: Saturdays, MR. GLADSTONE (Tank No. 1), from 10 till 1. MR. DISRAELI (Tank No. 2), from 2 till 4; and so on—the Band playing all day, and refreshments handed round. There ought to be some special attraction pending the arrival of the still absent Octopus and the Fish of the Future.

JOURNEYS "PERFORMED."

THE *Manchester Examiner* states that the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company have resolved to paint their first-class carriages yellow, the second-class brown, and the third blue. The tickets will be of the same colour as the carriages. This will give the trains a nice and lively appearance, it is true, and may serve to beguile the minds of anxious passengers; but it must be admitted that for certain lines of railway the most appropriate colour for the carriages would be black, with feathers for the first-class and other less costly marks of mourning for the second and third. The tickets might be black-edged, and ornamented with a funeral urn. The Guard's costume should resemble as closely as possible that of an undertaker, and the journeys should be "performed" as much like funerals as possible, with all the chances of cremation included.

Of course an undertaking should be given, and kept, that all trains will carry an experienced surgeon, and that a proper proportion of *ambulances*, with all the necessary surgical appliances, will accompany every excursion and express.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE LABORATORY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

"R. I. P.
DOM LOUIS GARNIER,
Pour cinquante ans Supérieur du Couvent, et Chef de La Fabrique."

FOR fifty years of dexterous distilling
And deep devotion here DOM LOUIS swayed:
In the grave's still-room here to rest he's willing,
While in the cellar his pure spirit's laid.

Let all, when cups with fragrant Mocha brim,
Who Chartreuse *verte* or *jaune* for *chasse* prefer,
Say new Superiors may succeed to *him*,
But no superior to his *liqueur*.

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LES MONTAGNES DE HAMPSTEAD.

SHOWING HOW WE ADVENTUROUS INHABITANTS OF THE HILLY SUBURBS OF NORTH LONDON BEGUILED THE WEARY HOURS DURING THE RECENT SNOWY WEATHER.

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YOUNG CHELSEA v. OLD.



"O, tell me not, in cold anticipation,
Next Session's horoscope portends stagnation,
While Chelsea's Baronet o'er vasty deeps,

The Stormy Petrel of the Future, sweeps.
Or among birds is Petrel's flight too narrow?
Should we not rather call him Java Sparrow?
From that far isle one day we hear his twitter,
The next at Chelsea he shows, brisk and bitter,
The liveliest "sparrer" if a wildish hitter.
Pardon the pun—let "sparrow" be preferred
For him who skims o'er subjects like a bird,
And wider, wiser, than e'er bird that flew,
The world embraces in a bird's-eye view.
Not the bird's-eye, of course, in smoke that ends,
But that which loftiest elevation lends,
To look down on the British Constitution—
Old wheel-work, but still good for revolution!
After swift survey, hear him condescending
To prove to us how all in it needs mending.
So one may sometimes see a Chelsea sparrow
Peeping into a bone that once held marrow,
And after squinting down it for a minute,
Conclude, off-hand, that there is nothing in it.
When the contents but lie beyond his peep,—
The Sparrow's ken too short, the bone too deep.

By CHAFFERS let "old Chelsea's" praise be sung,
Punch, chief of chaffers, takes *his* Chelsea young.
At sales old Chelsea mugs may cut a figure,
Young Chelsea's mug, self-mirrored, cuts a bigger.
Let China-maniacs the old prefer,
The young 's omniscient, and can never err;
Then happy Chelsea, whose far-seeing Bart.,
Surveys mankind, and scorns not to impart
To "free and independents" ne'er so rough,
Of his collective wisdom *quantum suff.*;
Nay some, profane, may say, *more* than enough.

THOROUGHFARE v. BARRACKS.

GOVERNMENT, it is reported, have determined to pull down the Knightsbridge Barracks. So far so good. But they have also determined, it is said, to build another, and bigger, and better, block of barracks in their stead.

Kensingtonia, a wealthy and fashionable suburb, naturally objects to any such erection—with its fringe of beerhouses and music-halls—in its midst, and is up in arms, and, like other interesting creatures in arms, crying loudly. As it has Lords and Millionnaires to utter its disgust, there is no fear but it will make its wrongs and wishes very distinctly audible.

There are so many more crying grievances pressing on poorer Metropolitan populations, that *Punch* cannot bring himself to take this of Kensingtonia from the Knightsbridge barracks very seriously to heart. Still, if a wider roadway could be substituted for a cavalry barracks, no doubt all who have occasion to use a much frequented approach to the Metropolis would bless the Board of Works.

THE WARDEN OF THE STANDARD

"BOTTLE MEASURE.—The Warden of the Standard has occasion again to advert to the subject of the size of bottles. Six years ago it was represented to the Standards Commission that wine and ale bottles, commonly known as reputed quarts or pints, were getting smaller. The Warden of the Standard verified standards of these measures in 1870, and he now reports that he re-verified them in 1875. But he has to state that these newly-legalised measures do not appear to be much used. In the whole of the last few years not quite a hundred bottle and half-bottle measures have been verified for the use of local inspectors of weights and measures; only two in the last year!"—*Newspaper Paragraph.*

HERE 's the Warden of the Standard!
A useful officer he;
Though by many Good Templars slandered,
The need of his office I see.
He has a good deal of work in
Making the publicans swear,
Yet hogshead, kilderkin, firkin,
Are smaller than once they were.
In his drink the labourer is cut short,
Getting a pint and a half for a quart.

The Warden stamps the bottles
That are brought to him to stamp:
Alas for thirsty throttles
When the Bungs fair measure scamp!
They laugh at you, not rarely,
With a mean, dishonest laugh,
When for your quart you pay squarely,
And get but a pint and a half.
Measures are passed of a silly sort:
Best measure of all is the honest quart.

Good Bung, give us malt full measure,
Drink brewed in October prime,
Wherein to dip beak is a pleasure,
And to scrimp thereof a crime.
Here 's health to squire and peasant
Who own or till the ground,
Both find their liquor pleasant;
I wish it were always sound!
But a plague on the salted and hocussed tap
The labourer often is doomed to lap—
The man who sells such deserves a rap!

The Voice of Truth's Last Lie.

MONSIGNOR TIZZANI'S report of PROFESSOR ROLLI'S recantation and return to the bosom of the Church *in extremis*, seems, on sifting, to be a case of "Rolli, Poly, gammon and spinach," and, as such, peculiarly fitted for the propagation of the *Voce della Verità*—a title, if ever there was one, on the "*lucus à non lucendo*" principle.

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AN UNREGENERATE YOUTH.

The New Governess (impressively). "O, TOMMY, WHEN *I* WAS A LITTLE GIRL, AND MADE A BLOT ON MY COPY-BOOK, I USED TO *CRY*."

Tommy (earnestly). "WHAT! *REALLY?*"

New Governess (still more impressively). "YES—REALLY *CRY!*"

Tommy (still more earnestly). "WHAT AN AWFUL LITTLE DUFFER YOU MUST HAVE BEEN!"

WHISKEY *v.* "SILENT SPIRIT."

ALAS, alas for Whiskey,
That spirit pure and clear,
That made its drinker frisky,
Yet left his liver clear!
Now vile adulterators
Have caused its name to stink:
Can Irishmen be traitors
To Ireland's noblest drink?

The nectarous amber fluid
That Erin used to send—
Pure stuff as ere was brewèd—
Is now a poisonous "blend;"
For the true potheeny flavour,
And the fire from headache free,
From fusel-oil its savour,
Its consequence, D.T.!

O spring of merry laughter,
Of fancy, frolic, fun,
That drew no black bile after,
From honest worms while run.
Now sullen, silent spirit
Sets brains and blood aboil;
Can Erin aught inherit
But woe from fusel-oil?

Of Vintner and of Grocer
We long have been the sport:
Claret to ink comes closer,
And elder rules in port.
Petroleum fizz of ROEDERER
Usurps the famous brand;
And Hamburgh, wholesale murderer,
With her sherry floods the land!

In wonder I am stranded,
So strange it seems to think
The Irish, nation candid,
Should send us filth to drink,
Vile spirit, which the deuce is
The nose and cheek to blotch,
And Erin's calm excuse is—
"We get it from the Scotch."

O Firms of both the JAMESONS!
O Firms of POWER and ROE,
Don't let HIBERNIA claim as sons
The scamps who treat her so.
Home-Rulers effervescent
Poor Erin may endure,
But she'll ne'er be convalescent,
Till her potheen is pure.

TWO DOSES OF JUSTICES' JUSTICE.

(As administered in the Provinces with immense success.)

DOSE I.—CRAWLEY-CUM-SNOOZLE.

Bench—COLONEL DUNDERHEAD, REV. LYCURGUS DRAKE, REV. MINTO CUMMIN, J. FOOZLE, ESQ., and LORD SHALLOW.

JOHN JONES, 70, a starved-looking man, was charged with having stolen four potatoes. Witnesses having deposed to the potatoes being found in the prisoner's possession, the Bench asked him if he had anything to say for himself. The prisoner said he was starving. The REV. L. DRAKE said he ought to be ashamed of himself. If that was all he had to say, he had better have held his tongue. The prisoner said the potatoes were rotten, and that he found them in the middle of the road. LORD SHALLOW remarked that that assertion was, on the face of it, false, as rotten potatoes never grew in the middle of roads; a remark in which the rest of the Bench concurred. The REV. MINTO CUMMIN asked if there were any previous convictions against the prisoner. Police-Constable Z 11 said the prisoner had always borne a very good character. The Reverend Gentleman said he considered that made the case worse. It was painful to see a man of seventy commencing a career of crime.

After some deliberation, the Bench sentenced the prisoner to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour.

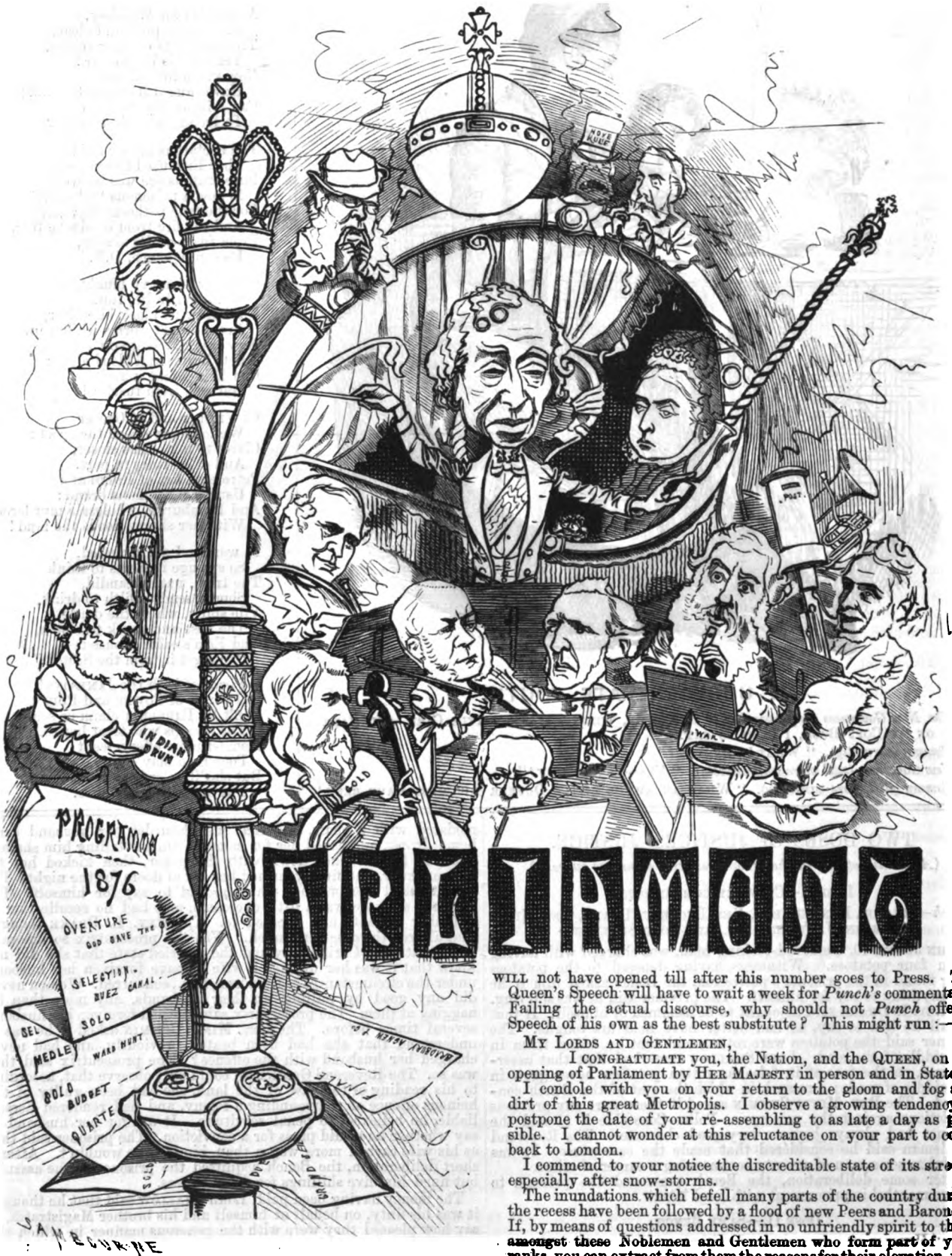
DOSE II.—SAME BENCH.

TOM HULKER, 24, was charged with having assaulted his wife. The prosecutrix, whose head was enveloped in bandages, and who was still so weak from her recent injuries that she had to be accommodated with a chair, said that last Saturday her husband came home drunk, and asked her for money. On her telling him she had none, he knocked her down with the poker, then kicked her for half-an-hour, and finally turned her out of doors for the night. The Bench asked the prisoner what he had to say for himself. The prisoner said he was a little overcome, and had no recollection of anything his wife had deposed to. The REV. L. DRAKE thought that altered the case very much. Was the prosecutrix so ignorant of the duties of Christianity and the married state that she did not know that it was her duty as a wife to have forgiven her husband under the circumstances? J. FOOZLE, ESQ., concurred. Women never did any good by pulling up their husbands, any more than by nagging at them. The prosecutrix said she had forgiven her husband several times before. The REV. MINTO CUMMIN asked if he was to understand that she had been beaten previously, and had never charged her husband with the offence? The prosecutrix said that was so. The Reverend Gentleman could only observe that, according to his reading of the law of the land, she had been guilty of the heinous offence of compounding a felony, and had rendered herself liable, he believed, to penal servitude. It was for her husband to say whether he would press for a conviction. The prisoner said that as his wife earned more wages than himself, he wouldn't. After a short deliberation, the Bench acquitted the prisoner of the assault, but fined him five shillings for drunkenness.

The money having been paid, LORD SHALLOW said that he thought it was his duty, on behalf of himself and his brother Magistrates, to say how pleased they were with the generous manner in which the prisoner had refrained from pressing against his wife the charge of compounding felony, and cautioned the woman to be careful in future.

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PUNCH OPENS PARLIAMENT.



WILL not have opened till after this number goes to Press. The Queen's Speech will have to wait a week for *Punch's* commentary. Failing the actual discourse, why should not *Punch* offer a Speech of his own as the best substitute? This might run:—

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I CONGRATULATE you, the Nation, and the QUEEN, on the opening of Parliament by HER MAJESTY in person and in State.

I condole with you on your return to the gloom and fog and dirt of this great Metropolis. I observe a growing tendency to postpone the date of your re-assembling to as late a day as possible. I cannot wonder at this reluctance on your part to come back to London.

I commend to your notice the discreditable state of its streets, especially after snow-storms.

The inundations which befell many parts of the country during the recess have been followed by a flood of new Peers and Baronets. If, by means of questions addressed in no unfriendly spirit to those amongst these Noblemen and Gentlemen who form part of your ranks, you can extract from them the reasons for their elevation, you will solve a difficulty which has perplexed many intelligent persons.

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OUR WAVERLEY BALL AT MUGGYPORE, BENGAL.

(His Royal Highness did not come our way as was expected, but it was a brilliant success all the same.)

Captain Mango (as the Baron Bradwardine). "I SAY, FOKER, YOU'RE LATE. WHERE'S YOUR COAT AND YOUR RAPIER? LOOK SHARP!"

Lieutenant Foker. "MY DEAR FELLOW, I'VE CHANGED MY CHAR'CTER. THAT BEAST OF A DURZEE* HASN'T FINISHED MY DOUBLET AND TRUNKS, SO I SHALL GO AS I AM—'S THAT FELLOW IN *IVANHOE*, WHAT'SHISNAME THE UNREADY, Y'KNOW. RUMCHUMMEE HERE SAYS I LOOK 'SPLENDID'!!"

* Tailor.

Since last you met within these walls, an agreeable place of relaxation and amusement has been opened near to the seat of your deliberations. I refer to the Royal Aquarium, where you will have the opportunity of unbending your minds, after too long and too close attention to your legislative duties. I venture to suggest to Her Majesty's Government the propriety of holding their annual Ministerial Fish Dinner at this establishment.

The Royal visit to India has proved a gratifying success, and will, I trust, induce you to take a greater interest in the concerns of that vast country than you have of late years displayed. Perhaps the diversion of boar-hunting, from which so much was expected, has proved more satisfactory to the pigs than to the Prince. By the aid of an intelligent and trustworthy eyewitness I have endeavoured to keep you fully acquainted with every detail of the Royal progress. Should it be necessary to ask for a supplementary grant, grant it without a moment's hesitation or a night's debate.

Of the relations of this country with Foreign Powers, I foresee that you and I will hear more than enough. It is hard to believe that "the sick man" who is in such straits on the Bosphorus can ever be convalescent. It remains to be seen whether a recent transaction in Canal Shares with His Highness the KHEDIVE OF EGYPT will hold water. The startling project of a Tunnel under the English Channel, to connect this country and France, is worthy of a few minutes of your serious attention. Spain is much as usual. Germany and England will, I hope, never be other than the best of friends. You have had the happiness of seeing that the PRINCESS OF WALES has returned from Denmark in health and safety. Sweden and Norway never give MR. BRIGHT, myself, and other experienced salmon-fishers a moment's uneasiness. You will all, I am convinced, wish success to the approaching Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia.

England must have a real Army—not the show and shadow of one. I trust to your common sense to look facts in the face, and to provide the means of effective national defence.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

When the annual Estimates are laid before you, I trust you will devote due time and attention to their consideration. Be liberal, but not extravagant; economical, but not niggardly.

Should the year's accounts show a surplus, I am confident that you could not better employ a portion of it than in augmenting the pay and salaries of those meritorious persons in the service of the Crown whose means of living have not increased with the increasing expenses of living. A great and wealthy country like ours should not be outdone in remuneration of its servants by a bank or a brewery.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"Circulars," as we all know, are troublesome and annoying, but sometimes we are obliged to read and consider their contents, even though we should afterwards throw them into the waste-paper basket. The documents of this description which you will be called upon to discuss are of more than fugitive importance, and should not be weighed in a spirit of mere slavish submission to party considerations.

I trust you will fathom and get to the bottom of certain disagreeable incidents connected with our Navy.

You will know how to spell Mobilization and Localization before the labours of our busy Bee are ended.

I implore you to settle the vexatious Burials Bill question. The prospect of another recess, with its clerical controversies and correspondence, its meetings of unwise clergy and imprudent laity, is too terrible. Let us try, if we can bury nothing else, to bury the hatchet.

Either you or your successors will be forced to face the life and

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death questions of Drink and Drinking. May you be blessed with wisdom to deal with them.

Local Taxation, Merchant Shipping, and other topics of pressing importance will amply occupy your attention. I trust, therefore, you will sternly discountenance personal squabbles, Hibernian obstructiveness, and any attempt at intrusion and insolence on the part of a nuisance to which you were far too lenient last year.

Do not waste time at the beginning of the Session; be concise and to the point in your speeches; intelligible and straightforward in your answers to questions; original in your quotations; think more of your country and less of your party; more of the Division bell and less of the dinner ditto.

Assuring you of my intention at once to resume the chronicle of your triumphs and defeats, your blunders and successes, your sense and your nonsense, in my illustrations and "Essence," I now dismiss you to the labours of a Session, which I cannot conceal from you must be of more than ordinary length, seeing this is Bissextile or Leap Year, and that February will therefore have twenty-nine instead of twenty-eight days.

CULINARY SCHOLARSHIPS.

"The Society of Arts lately founded five scholarships entitling the holders thereof to free instruction in the National Training School of Cookery; and these honours will be competed for on the 12th of this month at South Kensington."



WE believe we break no confidence in stating that the following were for some reason omitted from the questions to the candidates:—

If the wages of a Cook are £30 a-year, how much, in addition, may she expect as perquisites?

Supposing that you took a situation where no kitchen-maid is kept, what extra wages would you ask for lighting your own fires?

How many pounds of stock meat would you require to make three platefuls of *soup maigre*?

State the market-price of dripping, and give a table of its fluctuations during the past twelve months.

Do you consider it is one of the privileges of a Cook to imitate in Sunday dress the costumes of her mistress?

If you chanced to have a handsome cousin in the Police, what would be your usual course in dealing with cold mutton?

State your method of procedure in (1) boiling a potato, (2) cooking a beefsteak, and (3) making melted butter.

A HINT FROM THE HOUR.

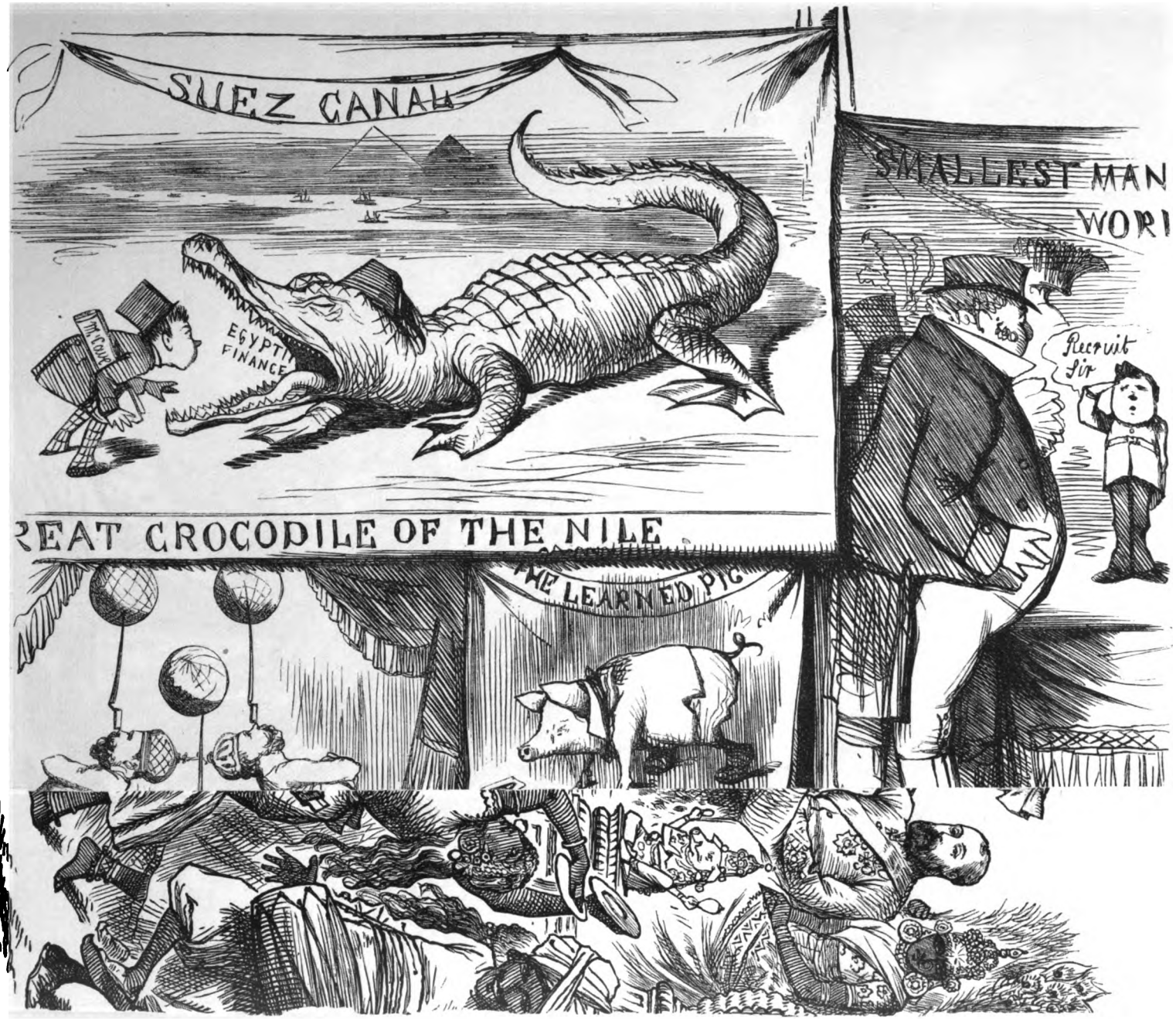
MR. PUNCH, ever on the *qui vive* to pick up anything that may be worth picking up, lately picked up the *Hour*, and feels grateful to MR. MACDOUGALL for his list of "Unanswered Questions," with the motto, "*Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed sæpe cadendo*," and the intimation that "These questions will appear daily in this column until answered by those whom they concern." Of course they are the most disagreeable questions that the querist's knowledge of the sore or shady places in the past of the queried, or the weak joints in their armour, personal or financial, can suggest.

Though the motive for asking such questions may, as a rule, be questionable, still such curiosity may have its public uses; and *Mr. Punch*, hoping that the method has not been patented, proposes, for once, himself to apply it, in the hope thereby to elicit some information of use to the public, and not as yet sought by MR. MACDOUGALL, no doubt as lying beyond his special field of inquiry.*

Persons who could, if they would, answer.	*Subject.*	*Question.*
The SULTAN.	COUNT ANDRASSY'S Circular.	What is likely to be the result of making good political resolutions, and not keeping them?
The Head of the Turkish Exchequer.	Turkish Bonds.	How long are the coupon-holders likely to get half their interest?
The Representatives at the Court of St. James's of Turkey, Honduras, Costa Rica, Paraguay, &c., &c.	Foreign Loans.	When do the countries you represent expect to float any more Loans in England, and at what do you value the chances of such floatation, having regard to the time required for the investing Public to forget their latest experience?
Her Majesty's Ministers.	Slave Circular.	To whose Happy Thought is this bright and successful document really due?
Ditto.	Suez Canal.	Are you looking forward with pleasurable anxiety to the interrogations of the Opposition on this question, and are you quite clear that your bargain will hold water?
RIGHT HON. WARD HUNT.	*Vanguard*, *Iron Duke*, *Alberta*, *Mistletoe*, and other subjects of accident.	What peculiar qualifications does a Naval Officer require to guarantee him against liability to Court-Martial?
Ditto.	National Indignation.	What pressure of public dissatisfaction is required to produce practical conviction of the duty of resignation?
RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.	Recreations of Ex-Ministers.	Which is the most elevating employment for a great Statesman—Leading a great national party, or helping the circulation of second-class periodicals, and answering letters from young men engaged in mercantile pursuits, and old women of both sexes?
PRINCE BISMARCK.	The French Indemnity.	How comes it that Germany, after nobbling two hundred millions of war indemnity, is poorer than France after paying it?
The KING OF ITALY.	His Future.	Where do you expect to go to, if you don't get absolution, and how much do you suppose you will get it for, and don't you wish you may get it?
The POPE.	Peter's Pence.	Who takes care of these pence, and are there any Peter's pounds that take care of themselves?
The MARQUIS OF RIPON.	MGR. NARDI'S Letter to the *Voce della Verita*.	In a pious fraud, where does the piety stop and the fraud commence?
G. E. MANNING, Rector of St. Petroc.	Unchristian Jealousy.	What title are Anglican P.P.'s to take now that of "Reverend" is desecrated by lawful application to Dissenting Ministers?
RICHARD BANNER OAKLEY.	Co-operative Deposit Bank.	How many widows and orphans must a scoundrel ruin before he is financially successful?

* As *Mr. Punch* has more demands on his space than he can possibly supply, he will be unable to publish his Questions more than once. He must therefore respectfully request the parties interrogated to answer his inquiries with the least possible delay, as otherwise his readers will, he fears, take the liberty of answering them for themselves.

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ECONOMY IN A MESS!



THE following account of a Mess-Meeting of the 129th Regiment of the Line has found its way into *Mr. Punch's* letter-box. Although the name of the Battalion in question does not appear in the Monthly Army List, there is no reason for doubting the accuracy of a report so evidently the outcome of recent correspondence in the Public Press and less recent Horse-Guards' Regulations.

2,439th Mess-Meeting of the 129th Regiment.

Present—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER (in the Chair); MAJOR MILDMAN; CAPTAINS FASTBOY, DRAG, BUSKIN, and PLODD; LIEUTENANTS SHODDY and CAPER; SUB-LIEUTENANT BANTAM; SURGEON PROBANG.

After the roll of officers had been called by the Adjutant, the Minutes of the last Meeting were read, approved, and confirmed.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER said that he had called a Meeting of the Officers of the Regiment because he wished to take their opinion upon the subject of Mess Expenses. In the olden time, the Mess was considered private.—it was left to the Officers who had the honour to command the Regiment (assisted by the Mess-Committee) to regulate the customs and decide upon the uniform. Now-a-days the Mess-jacket was a matter of sealed patterns, and he was directed to see that no unnecessary expense should be incurred by the Officers under his command in giving entertainments. He wished to live in friendship and good-will with all his Officers, and he therefore called upon them to make any suggestion they pleased for his information. Of course they would understand it was merely for his information, as the Mess had now become a question of discipline.

MAJOR MILDMAN begged to call the attention of the Colonel to the fact that Champagne was drunk at Mess contrary to the wishes of the General commanding the district.

CAPTAIN FASTBOY wished to correct the Major. The General objected to Champagne. He doubted if the liquor recently supplied to the Mess under the name of Champagne really came within the General's objection. It was more suggestive of gooseberries than grapes.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER wished to know why Champagne had been introduced after his orders to the contrary.

SURGEON PROBANG explained that the General commanding the district had dined with the Mess during the temporary absence of the Colonel. The General commanding the district had ordered the Champagne.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER said that altered the matter. Evidently the intention of the General was not absolutely to forbid the consumption of effervescing wine—what was commonly understood by "fizz," in fact—but to put a stop to unnecessary display. Under those circumstances the case might, perhaps, be met by Champagne being drunk in future from China mugs in lieu of glasses.

CAPTAIN BUSKIN would respectfully ask the Colonel if private theatricals came under the heading of "entertainments."

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER (before answering the question) would wish to know who took part in the theatricals.

CAPTAIN BUSKIN informed the Colonel that SURGEON PROBANG LIEUTENANT CAPER, and himself, were the leading members of the *troupe*.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER was of opinion that, under these circumstances, the theatricals could scarcely be considered as entertainments.

LIEUTENANT CAPER respectfully requested to know whether the Regiment might not occasionally give a ball to the resident gentry. The fact was the amateur theatricals recently given, which had been very largely attended, had created a very unpleasant, and, he was bound to say, erroneous impression in the neighbourhood. *Hamlet* had been played, he thought very well played—but the resident gentry who had witnessed the performance insisted that there had been an intention to burlesque SHAKSPEARE. Such an intention he begged most energetically to repudiate, for himself and the other members of the regimental *corps dramatique*.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER thought that perhaps, under the special circumstances of the case, a ball *might* be given, but officers must be put to no unnecessary expense. He would be glad to receive suggestions.

MAJOR MILDMAN would suggest that the band of the Regiment should play quadrilles from eight until ten, and that tea and cake should be served for ten minutes, in the ante-room, at half-past nine.

CAPTAIN FASTBOY said that it would be absolutely necessary, to preserve the *prestige* of the Regiment, that a string band should be brought down from Town, and that the supper should come from GUNTER'S.

LIEUTENANT SHODDY thought that things ought to be well done, if they were done at all. Five-pound bouquets should be provided for the Ladies. His father was ready to put down £2,000 to pay his proportion of the cost of doing things in style. "D—n the expense," was *his* motto.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER begged to decline MR. SHODDY'S offer. He did not think that MR. SHODDY had quite caught the regimental spirit.

CAPTAIN PLODD could not help feeling that a ball was an unnecessary, as well as unsatisfactory, form of entertainment. A scientific Conversazione would be infinitely better. For £50 he undertook to purchase the materials for several most interesting illustrated lectures on Electricity, the Spectroscope, Organic Chemistry, and the Darwinian System of Evolution.

SUB-LIEUTENANT BANTAM, as an officer of two months' standing, thought that the Regiment would be utterly disgraced if they did not give a good Ball at least once a quarter. Did not the glorious rag he had had the honour of carrying that morning for the first time, record what the Regiment had done at Waterloo, the Alma, and Inkermann? As to expense, he for one was quite sure his widowed mother would send him an extra £10 note for so good a purpose.

CAPTAIN DRAGG would like to know whether the Colonel wished the Pack to be kept up?

The Colonel said certainly—at the same time he would like to see more economy in its management, and had made a suggestion with that view in his list of regulations, which he thought would meet the exigences of the case all round. He had framed them with a view to encourage good feeling and keep up the *prestige* of the Regiment, while avoiding all unnecessary outlay, which, as their Commanding Officer, it was his duty to discourage.

The Adjutant then read the following list:—

Mess.—Champagne and all other wines may be drunk, but in mugs. The *chef* will send up the dinner (which will be of the usual *recherché* description) on willow-pattern plates. Water decanters will not be put on the table, as being an unnecessary expense. The supply of salt and other condiments will in future be carefully controlled, with a view to the strictest economy.

Private Theatricals.—Stage costumes, professional coach, and hire of rooms will remain as before. As it appears, however, that it has been customary to pay ten boys at a shilling a head to go into the gallery to applaud, a reduction is recommended under this heading. In future only five boys will be sent into the gallery at tenpence a head.

Ball.—Band and supper will come from London as heretofore. No alterations will be made in the sums voted for hire of rooms, floral decorations, &c. With a view to economy, however, the riband attached to the pencils of the dance programmes will be of common silk instead of twist gold-thread.

Pack.—In future, the man in charge of the dogs will receive one quart of beer, allowance, daily, instead of three pints as heretofore.

After the reading of the above regulations, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER thanked the Officers for their attendance, and the Meeting was formally dissolved.

The Colonel, before leaving, intimated, however, that no great reduction would be made in the Mess subscription of the 129th Regiment, in spite of the above sweeping reforms.

SHAKSPEARE ON THE RINK.

"THUS men may grow wiser every day—it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for Ladies."

As You Like It (Act i. s. 2).

MOTTO FOR THE POSTE RESTANTE.—"*Litera scripta manet.*"

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A HINT TO COACHMAKERS.

DESIGN FOR A NEW CONVEYANCE, TO BE CALLED THE "GOODY TWO-SHOES." THE "ACME" SKATE MAY BE REPLACED BY RINK-ROLLERS, FOR ORDINARY WEATHER.

SOME WORDS WITH A SWEATER.

(As heard from the Men's side of the Hedge.)

Am I willing to work by the piece? To be sure!
Don't ketch *me* refusing it! Not such a "cure!"
What, object to a "lay"
As increases my pay
To some four times the "twist" I can earn by the day?

Do the men who work under me pocket the same?
'Taint likely! That isn't exactly *my* game!
On day-hire I get 'em,
And grind 'em and sweat 'em;
But as for the "perks" of the spec—why, *I* net 'em!

Do I stick at the price I 'll accept? No, not me!
'Tis but cutting one's coat to one's cloth, don't yer see?
If the prices looks blue,
Why I puts on the screw,
For I means making piece-work pay *me*,—and I *do!*

Do I put the best men on the job? Well, yer know,
First-raters and me don't quite "cotton"—that's so!
They are stuck-up, I find,
And not good at the grind,
Cheap outsiders *will* sweat, and are more to *my* mind.

Do I pay all my subs by the day? Why, in course!
And the pay-sheets I rig,—which the foremen endorse,—
But here 's one o' my tricks—
Say they 're rated at six,
Well I pays 'em *four* bob, and the balance *I* nicks!

Is the workmanship good? Well, you must think me green!
Why of course it 's tol-lol,—where it 's like to be seen.
If it looks rather queer,
Why there 's paint, just a smear,
Or some good "bournanteak,"*—that 'll pass it, no fear!

* Shop-slang for putty or other "padding."

Don't the foremen look better than that after me?
Well, a cove don't twig much through gold blinkers, yer see.
If he 's given to quiz,
There are "tips" and free "fizz,"
And it 's lovely how well we agrees—that it is!

Such "scamping" must injure the firm's reputation?
Who cares? It pays *me*, that is one consolation.
The profits are prime;
It will last out *my* time,
And *I* ain't the sole sinner, if "Cutting 's" a crime!

Drive Trade from the country? Don't know about that,
Though I 've heard a good lot of such snivelling chat!
Every man for himself!
If *I* don't pile up pelf,
Will "the country" keep me when I 'm laid on the shelf?

Does it injure the health of the subs as I sweat?
That 's no business o' mine. There are plenty more yet
As won't stick at a "bob"
When hard up for a job,
And the pickings pay nicely at so much per nob!

Is it fair to my mates? Well, we 've all the same chance,
If they miss 'tain't *my* fault, that is clear at a glance!
If at piece-work they kick,
They will find pretty quick
They have spoilt a good game—*for the few who 've the trick!*

A Refuge for Ritualism.

WE hear that the Ritualists contemplate secession as their only escape from the rigor of the Court of Arches. Let *Punch* suggest an alternative. Let them embark from Penzance to the Isles of Scilly. History tells us that the first settlers in those islands came from Rome. Let history repeat itself.

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EXPERTO CREDE.

Our Dustman. "'ERE'S THIS 'ERE BIG 'OUSE, BILL, ON THE LEFT, WHY I SHOULD SAY THEY'D TURN OVER THEIR MATTER O' THREE LOAD O' DUST A WEEK IN THE SEASON VITHOUT A HEFFORT!!"

A GRACE'S COUP DE GRÂCE?

ACCORDING to the London Correspondent of a local paper, the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK has lately distinguished himself by saying a sharp thing. In order to the repression of national intemperance:—

"The ARCHBISHOP OF YORK cleared the ground for doing something when a few days ago he gave the *coup de grâce* to the old blatant sophism 'You can't make people sober by Act of Parliament,' and said 'But you are now making them drunk by Act of Parliament.'"

This is clever, indeed. An Act of Parliament not only sanctions public-houses, but also compels people to go and get drunk in them. That is the case of the agitators for a Liquor Law. It isn't as though the people could do as they chose, drink or not. That would be simply reasonable and constitutional freedom. They are absolutely forced to drink, and more than so, to get drunk, by Act of Parliament. Under what penalty? The ARCHBISHOP OF YORK will perhaps tell us if it was really he, and not somebody of another order of intellect, who, by the particularly brilliant saying with which his Grace has been credited, so completely gave to the "old blatant sophism" the "*coup de grâce*" quoted as archiepiscopal.

PHILOSOPHERS AT FIGHT.

PHILOSOPHERS, authorities of weight,
A much-vexed question in the *Times* debate.
"Spontaneous Generation" these sage men
Discuss with some asperity of pen;
PROFESSOR TYNDALL *con.*, and BASTIAN *pro*,
Does putrefaction gender life, or no?
Both parties are on this main fact agreed,
That some infusions infusoria breed.
TYNDALL protests, "*Negatur*, giv'n due care
To purify or quite exclude the air."
"Not so," cries BASTIAN. "Germs spontaneous grow,
Exclude and purify the air or no."
Within a word the controversy lies—
Let us but understand what it implies—
Unfiltered air contains, you tell us, "germs."
Philosopher, explain ambiguous terms!
What is a "germ"? An ignoramus begs
To know, do "germs," or do they not, mean eggs,
Or embryos, which preceding creatures bore,
Of other animalcules born before?
If "germs" are eggs, then do "bacteria" bear
Eggs, to be hatched in water, laid in air?
Say when you mention "germs" you do but mean
Mere motes of protoplasm or protein,
Then what although they needs must coalesce
With matter in a putrefactive mess,
To generate forms of life, no parent stem
Having, as offspring, generated them,
Whence infusorial progeny are bred,
Are not those "germs" at best as mutton dead?
And is not all your question a mere word,
As being the reverse of sense, absurd?
Sure unspontaneous were the proper term
Whether for agency of senseless "germ,"
Or particles as void as "germs" of sense,
Wherefrom, in ferment, living things commence.
Life in some states, beneath creative laws,
If Nature generates—both, hold your jaws.

POST ET PROPTER.

IN former times, Actors in the Royal Theatres were called His or Her Majesty's Servants, whether male or female. According to report, however, Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket is, in future, to be occupied exclusively by Her Majesty's Mails.

THE WORST KIND OF DO.—The do as one would be done by.

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A SONG OF THE DAY.



THE busy B stands now for Belle!
I love to rink, I love to spell:
Both to flirtation I convert:
Good gracious, is it *flirt* or *flurt*?

While merry groups fly to and fro,
I practise spelling as I go:
Practise or *practice*?—*s* or *c*?
The Dictionaries disagree.

This rinking is a pleasant whim,
When lungs are right and ancles trim.
Is *ankle* right? Is *ancle* wrong?
No matter; mine are swift and strong.

Says FRED, "I'm *augur* of success:
I long to see your spelling dress."
Ah, now I know I have it pat—
Auger's a bore: FRED isn't *that*.

LAWSON AND LIBERTY!

A FEW evenings ago SIR WILFRID LAWSON, "in connection with the Temperance agitation," as a newspaper says, "visited Portsmouth." There, at a public meeting in the Soldiers' Institute, he delivered another of his funny speeches on the "Permissive Bill." Referring to the feud raging between the Publicans and their rivals the Grocers, he said:—

"The Grocers who held licences for the sale of intoxicating liquors were about to be attacked. His hair stood on end when he read the organs of the Licensed Victuallers, to find what a bad account they gave of the Grocers. (*Laughter.*) The Publicans accused the Grocers of every enormity because they sold drink, which in their opinion ought to be sold and consumed only in the public-house."

Having, amid "loud laughter and applause," observed that in this case the relations between the Pharisee and Publican in the parable were reversed, the speaker went on to say that—

"He had a great respect for the ordinary Grocer, but he had no respect for the Grocer who sold intoxicating drink, and he would heartily help the Publicans in driving the liquor-selling Grocer out of the field. Having got rid of him, however, he would join them in any movement against the Publicans."

For this fair warning that the "Permissive Bill" is intended not only to put down public-houses, but also to restrict private persons, SIR WILFRID LAWSON deserves the thanks of every freeborn Briton who values his freedom. In the meanwhile the conflicting Publicans and Grocers will perhaps have sense enough to see how completely they, in relation to one another, correspond to those famous combatants in the fable, the Frog and the Mouse, and with what exactness the Kite hovering over them, that swooped down upon and snapped up both together, is represented by the United Kingdom Alliance, personified in SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

PUNCH'S PLAY-BILL.

MARRIED in Haste
Suits the taste.
Sam Tottles
Draws like what else?
Our Boys
Nought alloys.
All for Her
Makes a stir.
Masks and Faces—
Take your places!
Anne Boleyn
Crowds should pull in.
Peep-o'-Day—
See the play.
Mam'selle Clytie,
Rather flighty.

Rip Van Winkle
Makes eyes twinkle.
Black Eyed Susan,
Most amusin'.
Broken Hearts,
Slow in parts.
Quiet Rubber
Makes one blubber.
Piff-Paff—
Can you laugh?
Duke's Daughter
Might be shorter.
L'Archiduc,
Go and look.
Trial by Jury,
Still the fury.

THE LAND AND THE LANDLORD.

(*An Appeal to* MR. BRIGHT.)

No doubt the wise, Friend BRIGHT, with thee on Free Trade ground who stand,
Must own that no impediment should clog the sale of land.
Consistency and logic this acknowledgment demand;
Yet feel'st thou not that something may be said, on the other hand,
For the fine Old English Gentleman, one of the olden time?

Imagine, JOHN, that for the last two centuries, or three,
Trade in respect of land had been from trammels wholly free;
Where now would all the large estates with their broad acres be,
Entailed at present upon heirs of ancient pedigree,
Like the fine Old English Gentleman, one of the olden time?

Where the grey keeps and castles, the historic courts and halls?
The granges o'er whose gables lichen creeps, and ivy crawls,
Whence flit the bats and owls as dark the shade of twilight falls?
Where the stately manor-houses, the time-worn, ancestral walls,
Of your fine Old English Gentlemen, all of the olden time?

Thou know'st the ancient seat that bears a county name of mark,
The homestead nigh the rookery in avenue or park,
Whose annals were recorded by a grave and learned clerk,
That house where eery things are seen, say the neighbours, after dark,
By its fine Old English Gentleman, 'Squire of the olden time.

The house that 's full of wainscotting, and chests and coffers old,
And antique chairs and furniture, and mildew, moth, and mould;
Inside and out a picture, oh, how lovely to behold!
And where the Family Ghost appears before the death, we 're told,
Of the fine Old English Gentleman, still of the olden time:

Whence the Squire drives on Sundays to the Church, hedged round with yew,
And through service sits with gravity and grandeur in his pew,
From which, by mien distinguished from the men of fortunes new,
He contemplates his scutcheon on the tablet full in view
Of that fine Old English Gentleman, all of the olden time.

Canst thou not with him sympathise, Friend, canst thou not admire
The behaviour and belongings of this typical old 'Squire?
Would it not grieve thee were his Hall to be destroyed by fire?
Or the house and grounds to pass away to a base and alien buyer,
From that fine Old English Gentleman, one of the olden time?

'Tis sad enough already when, through cutting off entail,
A spendthrift is empowered to put his heritage up to sale;
How often and how sorely, and how vainly, we bewail
The good old mansions that have gone the way of the good old ale,
And the good Old English Gentlemen, 'Squires of the olden time!

NO MORE KNIFEBOYS!

A SHORT time ago MR. BRIDGE, at Wandsworth, and MR. CHANCE, at Lambeth, decided, against the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, that liability to the tax on male servants was not incurred by the occasional employment of a boy to do odd jobs. At Kingston, however, official zeal has been rewarded by obtaining from the Magistrates a conviction, with a mitigated penalty of five pounds, incurred by a Gentleman through having, without a licence, employed a Lad daily for a few hours. He had previously given an old man the same employment, which kept him out of the workhouse.

Nothing of this sort can occur again; and the Commissioners of Inland Revenue are further to be congratulated that the effect of their public-spirited proceeding at Kingston has already been that of causing numerous housekeepers to dismiss their boys. For of course all these housekeepers will now, instead of boys, employ regular footmen, or other male servants for whom they will be chargeable with no more duty than they were liable to for the boys, and of whose wages and keep the additional cost will be no object. Thus the Revenue will gain immensely; unless the appeal of which the Defendant at Kingston has given notice should be decided in his favour, and the Commissioners be unhappily ruled by the Court above to have unduly, vexatiously, and mischievously endeavoured to press the law to the injury and annoyance of their neighbours.

New Rhyme for the Nursery.

THERE was an old woman, and what do you think?
She paid one and sixpence to skate at a Rink;
A cropper she came, when she ventured to try it:
Oh, couldn't this foolish old woman keep quiet!

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



NTROIT *Regina! Rootooit, Punchius!* (*Tuesday, February* 8.) Sound our twopenny trumpet, in echo of the Life Guards' brass. Boom, our big drum, responsive to the Park "pots!" God save the QUEEN! And may she never again have so dreary a day for her resumption of so delightful a duty.

That such a crowd should have faced such weather for so many hours, says volumes for the warmth of London loyalty. Perhaps it glows the stronger for the rarity of its kindling. Is it as true of Queens as of holidays, that

> "When they seldom come, they wished for come,
> And nothing pleaseth but rare ornaments"?

The Irrepressible Doctor was determined to have *his* Procession to the House, too—King Mob's Pageant by the side of QUEEN VICTORIA's. But Papa Police took King Mob by the scruff of the neck, first stopped, then spun him round, and, finally, chucked him back into his native slums amidst the approving guffaw of contemptuous Common Sense, which hates to see the monkey paws of a tag-rag-and-bobtail rabble laid on the great name and glorious associations of Magna Charta. The Doctor alone of the rabble rout was allowed to pass the *cordon bleu*, on his way to the House ("To what base uses may we come, HORATIO!"), affably bowing in recognition of the hisses and hootings of the public as he passed along.

Then HER MAJESTY graciously opened Parliament—her faithful Commons, by the way, rushing into the Presence like a pack of riotous Undergraduates—*viâ* the LORD CHANCELLOR, Keeper of the QUEEN's Conscience, and Speaker of the QUEEN's Speech, which this year contains rather less than the usual amount of nothing; and in that lessened sum-total less than usual of domestic nothing.

About Turkey, the Suez Canal Purchase, and recent Difficulties in China, papers are promised. The Prince's journey to India is pronounced a great success. So the QUEEN is going to take the title of EMPRESS OF THE INDIES—not the Prince that of King of England, as the *Indépendance Belge* doth vainly report. If England hates anything from her heart—besides Popery—it is Slavery. Ministers are sorry they have inadvertently trodden on BRITANNIA's toes in their Fugitive Slave Circulars, Nos. 1 and 2. They have withdrawn No. 1. They are going to smother No. 2 under a Royal Commission. Papers will be laid before the House (See *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon this week as a specimen) for further information. Besides, to atone for this little Circular slip, our officers will be ordered to look sharper than ever after the Slave Trade under native Indian Princes. South Africa is going to be confederated—let us hope to the improvemeut of Cape Wine, and the diminished production of Cape smoke, alcoholic and oratorical. In the Straits Settlements we have come, it is trusted, to a settlement of our straits.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons will have the Estimates laid before them—*that* they may rely on; and JOHN BULL will have to pay the year's bills, that *he* may rely on.

As to the chaotic jostle of competing measures, commonly called Domestic Legislation, "least said soonest mended." *Le Ministre propose, et Force majeure dispose.* So we 'll promise the least we can, and of that mean to fulfil as much as we can see our way to. Legislation affecting Appeal, Merchant Shipping, University and Primary Education, Commons, and Prisons, we promise you, as the Bills are drawn and ready to bring in. There are more in the pigeon-holes these came from, which may, in due time, be fledged to fly, at least, as far as First Reading. And now, be off to your Bills, and the Lords (and Commons) grant them a good deliverance!

There, *Messieurs de l'Opposition* get a hold, if you can, of that smooth eel of an oration! Comment drops off it like water off a duck's back. No wonder it slipped through your fingers, with the merest pretence of critical handling. Ministers are to fight the Suez Canal battle next week. Meanwhile, it may as well be scored to them in advance as a victory. It is the duty of the Opposition to discuss and dissect; but they would be ill-advised to fight, when the buyers have the country at their back.

As for MR. GLADSTONE, like Balaam, he blest the following of BENJAMIN, instead of cursing it. He applauds the Cabinet's cautious adhesion to the Austrian Note as the least objectionable of three courses open on the Eastern Question, between which the only doubt is, which is the least unpleasant, or the least likely to be profitable.

Then came the pelt of private Bills—nearly a hundred of them—

Hobbies young, and Hobbies old,
Hobbies, whose fate may be foretold;
Hobbies, whose knees are as yet unscored,
Hobbies, whom many a Session 's seen floored!
Cherished crotchets, still fresh and fair,
Crotchets much rubbed against the hair;
High hopes destined to fade in air:
Mischievous monomanias scampant,
Ardent aspirations stampant,
Reforms retiring and Reforms rampant!
All the eggs dropt where vagrom men roost
Outside of the Governmental Henroost;
How few to chip shell, how many be addled,
Ere the House that now gathers has skedaddled!

It was touching to see the rush, and to watch their marshalling, under the impartial hand of Blind Ballot, for their choice of a Wednesday. *Et après?*

Altogether, we must congratulate MR. DISRAELI on his opening day. Above all, his way of turning the flank of the Opposition, and repairing the Slave Circular blunder, was masterly—worthy of the Great Medicine Man!

Wednesday. — MR. OSBORNE MORGAN—ballotted out of reasonable hope of a Wednesday—means to use the wedge of a Resolution to force open the Burial Ground Gates, if he can, against the resistance of the Clerical Intransigentes.

Thursday. — Recognising the truth, that a Merchant Shipping Bill is too big an oyster for one gulp, Ministers are going to bring one in in gobbets.

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The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER takes charge of Marine Insurance, in a daring attempt to stop the scuttling-holes in the present law on the subject, which often make the loss of a rogue's ship a gain to the rogue. Interference with rogues' gains! No wonder there is much vehement invocation of Freedom of Contract! Can anything be more "delicate and difficult," as MR. NORWOOD happily puts it?

Side by side with SIR STAFFORD'S Bill to diminish Insurance frauds, SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY brings in his instalment of Merchant Shipping Reform—the temporary Act of last Session made permanent, with a few improvements—a framework, at least, for MR. PLIMSOLL to hang Amendments on.

MR. CROSS gives us a much-wanted Commons Enclosure Bill. MR. SHAW LEFEVRE is very indignant to find it is all *his* thunder. Is it any the worse for *that?*—that he should put himself in such a passion?

Friday (*Lords*).—The LORD CHANCELLOR propounded his plan of a Court of Final Appeal—a most ingenious piece of Mosaic. The Legal House of Lords—or the Lords' Court of Appeal—will include the Law Lords, the LORD CHANCELLOR, and two new Law-Life-Lords at £6,000. In time the paid Judges of the Privy Council will become also the paid Lords of the Lords' Court of Final Appeal, who will at last be four. Then we shall have (to parody GOLDSMITH)

> "A Bench contrived a double debt to pay,
> Lords' Court to-morrow, Council-Court to-day!"

An economical scheme for reconciling the substance of a working Court of Final Appeal with the shadow of a House of Lords jurisdiction—preserving a venerable name, while getting rid of a worn-out institution.

(*Commons.*)—The salaries of Roman Catholic Chaplains in India are to be raised—as they ought to be.

MR. SCLATER-BOOTH brings in a Bill for amending the law as to valuation for rating purposes, handsomely acknowledging his obligation to MR. GOSCHEN, whose valuation machinery for the Metropolis he has borrowed. It occurs to *Mr. P.*, as a ratepayer, that what is wanted, is not so much improvement in our rate-*making*, as in our rate-*spending*, machinery.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



E up very early in the morning, indeed, at daybreak, when all should sally forth, with ladders and telescopes, and watch the birds pairing. Much depends on what sort of bird is first seen. If it is a Wryneck, or a Crossbill, make up your mind that the course of true love (not to be found on any map) will not run particularly smooth for you. If a Goldfinch, or a Yellowhammer, it is a sure sign that you will marry money. But if a Love bird, then it is absolutely certain that neither parents, nor guardians, nor long absence, nor limited means, nor the high price of provisions, will prevent you from marrying the person who is dearer to you than all the world besides. A Blackbird is a clear indication that your husband will be a Clergyman; a Redbreast, that he will be in the Army; a Bunting, in the Navy; a Goose, or a Booby, should warn you of a want of intellectual qualities; a Duck will instinctively bring a particular person to your recollection; and the sight of a pair of Turtle Doves will make you blithe and happy for all the rest of the day.

It is an undertaking fraught with considerable peril to send a Valentine to a Ward in Chancery. Do not run the risk of fine and imprisonment, unless you have first obtained the written sanction, properly stamped, of the LORD CHANCELLOR, or a Judge at Chambers. The document you propose to transmit must be filed in Court at least fourteen days before the Fourteenth of February, accompanied by an affidavit, made before a Commissioner in Lunacy, that the contents of the Valentine, if in MS., are your own original composition, and that you have, at least, fifteen hundred a year, or expectations from two wealthy maiden aunts, who approve of the match.

Whatever the prevailing coiffure may be, on this day it is indispensable that you should wear your hair in a true lover's knot.

In buying a Valentine to send to an adult, if you wish it to produce a favourable impression, the following precautions must be strictly observed:—

1. Select a fine day in February for the purchase, when there is no fog, and the wind is in the South-west, and there is blue sky and sunshine, and the birds are singing on the trees.
2. Wear a Nosegay, composed of Bachelors' Buttons, Forget-Me-Not, Heartsease, Love-in-Idleness, Passion Flower, and Speedwell.
3. Let every article of your dress be new, and worn on this occasion for the first time. A Glossy Hat, a Blue Coat, with brass buttons, White Waistcoat, Lavender Trousers, and a Violet Scarf, present a tasteful and unobtrusive appearance.
4. Draw up to the door of the shop where you purpose making your selection in a neat Brougham, or smart Victoria.
5. Take no change. If the Valentine you fix upon is priced threepence, and you have only a sovereign in your purse, beg the seller's acceptance of the balance. Any neglect of this injunction, betraying, as it would, a mercenary spirit, may lead to the destruction of your most cherished hopes.
6. Post your Valentine with your own hands, not in a Pillar-box, not at a Receiving-house, but at St. Martin's-le-Grand, if you live in London; if in the Country, then at the Head-office. For greater security, you had better register the packet; and be particular in inviting the attention of the clerk to the nature of its contents.

If the first time you go out of doors on St. Valentine's morning, you should meet the same person in the same spot and at the same moment in three successive years, you will be guilty of a dereliction of duty if you do not mention to her the subject which is nearest to your heart, and press for a favourable reply before post-time.

This being Leap-Year, there can be no objection, as an exceptional occurrence, to a Lady sending a Valentine to a Gentleman; but she must first consult all her maternal female relatives, who are unmarried and above forty years of age, on the propriety of the step, and afterwards submit the Valentine itself to the family lawyer, who will take Counsel's opinion upon it, if thought advisable.

A Memoir of BISHOP VALENTINE, by his Private Secretary, with Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence, and Portrait, is understood to be nearly ready for publication.

SCHOOL OF COOKERY.

Examination Papers for the ordinary Degree of C.B. (*Cordon Bleu.*)

I.—HISTORICAL COOKERY.

1. Of what form and consistency were the Crumpets ALFRED THE GREAT burnt? State their number.
2. Of what breed was the Goose cooked by HENRY THE EIGHTH for his Queens?
3. Relate the story of VATEL'S precocious talent for making mud pies.
4. (*a*) Give leading incidents in the lives of SOUBISE, MAINTENON, BECHAMEL, and CHATEAUBRIAND, and connect them with their respective *plats*.
   (*b*) What Cabinet was NESSELRODE at the head of?
   (*c*) State the ingredients of the sauces, *plats*, or puddings to which their names have been given.
5. Give the etymologies of *Kromeski*, *Chaudfroid*, *Salmi*, and *Minestrone*, and distinguish the latter from *Minestra*.

II.—GEOGRAPHICAL COOKERY.

1. Give the latitude and longitude of Eel-Pie Island.
2. When did COOK discover the Sandwich Islands?
3. What is the Capital of the Land o' Cakes.
4. What pastures produce the Cream for Butter Scotch?

III.—PRACTICAL COOKERY.

1. Write out a *Menu* in the Tajpore, Judpore, and Fiji languages.
2. Give the French for Pickled Whelks, Plum Duff, Welsh Rabbit, Cock-a-leekie, Haggis, Pop-Corn, and Tummy Cake.
3. Give receipts for the following dishes:—Bread and Butter; Toast and Water; Baked Potatoes; and Nursery Tea.
4. Analyse, translate, and explain—
   Ravigote de Mollusques farcies à la Crême de Pataboûm.
   Macédoine d'Orvietan de Stamboul en Turlupinade.
   Petites Caisses Infernales à la Crinière de Poniatowski.
   Trocadéro Truffé à la Crénom d'un Petit Bonhomme.

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5. Give any anecdotes you know of the Lady Banker and the Female Gardener familiarly referred to as *La Financière* and *La Jardinière*.

6. Can you serve up the following *Menu* at twenty-four hours' notice, without assistance?

Hors d'œuvres Froids—Sharks' Fins and Kippered Trepang.
Potages—Nids d'Hirondelles; clear Terrapin.
Poissons—Rouges de Java; Sea-Serpent Cutlets.
Entrées—Cervelle d'Oran-Outan frite; Noix de Giraffe à la Financière.
Rôts—Buffalo Hump; Wild Turkey.
Gibier—Canvas-back'd Ducks; Delhi Peacocks.
Entremets—Bread-fruit Pudding; Mangosteen Tart.

IV.—MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS.

1. May a Scullery-Maid join COOK'S Excursions if personally well-conducted?
2. State your views upon Stock, Kitchen Grease, Unladylike Conduct in Mistresses who will come down-stairs, Perquisites, Tradesmen's Tips, and Sundays out.
3. How many times a week do you go to the Rink?
4. Describe the manners and customs of the common Policeman.

AS YOU WEAR!



RESS! is a well-known word of command. So we need not wonder if the uniform of Her Majesty's Army has been of late occupying our Military Heads. The burning questions of how the strap of the forage-cap is to be worn, and the amount of embroidery to be allowed on the sleeves of the mess-jacket, seem now to have been set at rest for ever. *Mr. Punch* heartily congratulates the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE upon the completion of his arduous labours, and trusts that he will be equally successful with the twin schemes — Localisation and Mobilisation. But yet the Sage of Fleet Street is nothing if not critical; and, accordingly, the following further alterations in Her Majesty's livery (embodied in a Circular) are suggested to H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief, with *Mr. Punch's* kindest regards and best compliments:—

UNIFORM FOR THE ARMY.

85, *Fleet Street, Feb.* 14, 1876.

For General Officers.—In future respirators will be worn between the months of October and March. Wheel-chairs may be used instead of horses at Reviews when the Sovereign is not present. Crutches bound with an inch of gold lace (regulation pattern) may be taken to Levees. Ear-trumpets in future to be carried hitched up on the left side under the sword-belt.

For Captains.—Wigs are to be worn under the shako in cases where the officers can count thirty years' service. White whiskers to be dyed garter-blue in Review order.

For Subalterns.—In future, officers may bring their school-books, black boards, and globes on to parade. When the battalion is ordered to "stand at ease," officers will wear their blue spectacles over their eyes two inches above the eyebrows. The hair in future may be worn long (pattern, "German Professor"), and gloves can be dispensed with.

For Privates.—In future, Soldiers taking part in a Review in heavy marching order, will be required to wear their pin-befores.

SOBRIETY IN SCOTLAND.

IN a lately published Parliamentary paper, the number of persons, during the year ended the 30th of last June, arrested in Scotland for drunkenness was 61,173. "Drunk and incapable," 38,213. "Drunk and disorderly," 22,960. And have Scotchmen still the cheek to sing "We are na fou, we 're nae that fou?"

CLERICAL INTELLIGENCE.

AT a meeting of High Churchmen for discussion of the Burials Bill, the REVEREND T. HUGO is reported, in the *Church Times*, to have spoken thus:—

"With regard to the grievance the Clergy felt at being the national undertakers, it was one he felt in no small degree. It was an intolerable wrong that a man who was excommunicated had a right to come to the Clergy to be buried. But there was a greater grievance. No doubt every Dissenting Minister had his black sheep, and, when the hand of death fell on them, he might refuse to inter those black sheep; the alternative being that the Clergy would have to bury them, and so they would not only have the reprobates of their own congregations, but all the carrion of dissent to bury, which, according to law, might be turned over to them."

"The carrion of dissent!" What a pretty figure of speech for a Clergyman to utter! How this "snowy-banded, delicate-handed" Gentleman must shrink from the idea of being a "national undertaker," and how tightly he must hold his nose the while he reads the Burial Service over some black sheep of a Dissenter!

After using more strong language than we feel inclined to quote, the Reverend—very Reverend—speaker thus concluded:—

"With the exception of a few here and there, Dissenters were chiefly remarkable for impudence, ignorance and stupidity; and dissent was below contempt as regarded its intellectual position. It was a base thing, and as long as Churchmen kept it down under them, so long would there be happiness and blessedness in England."

Hard words break no bones, or the dissenting body would be found in a sore plight after such a speech as this. England must indeed feel happy and blessed in the thought that she possesses such a champion as this Churchman, ever ready to defend her from the Dragon of Dissent.

HARD MEASURE.

FROM a statement circulated by MR. G. S. MEASOM, a member of the Orphanage Working School Committee, it appears that the "Joseph Soul Testimonial," raised in recognition of MR. SOUL'S services as Secretary to that charity and others, was not a payment made directly to MR. SOUL himself, but was a sum of money (£1,337 11*s.* 6*d.*, less necessary expenses) invested for the benefit of MRS. SOUL and her daughter.

It further appears, however, that a Committee of the Orphan Working School had generously awarded to MR. SOUL, on his retirement from office, a pension equal in amount to his full salary.

Unhappily, it still further appears that on being reported to the "General Court," this grant was, reduced £50 per annum, on the alleged ground that "a testimonial had been got up for MR. SOUL'S benefit by MR. MEASOM without consultation with any member of the Committee"—which MR. MEASOM denies.

Here, surely, there is some mistake. All kinds of governing and legislative bodies comprise little-minded members, actuated chiefly by a sense of self-importance—nearly all the sense they have. Some of them, under a show of zeal for economising corporate funds, are apt, on opportunity, to indulge a predilection for reducing another man's income. Doubtless, the majority of the Orphanage Working School's "General Court" is not composed of that kind of constituents; and, if it has been betrayed into inflicting a disappointment and an unmerited hardship on a worthy SOUL, will lose no time in rescinding a harsh resolution.

"Credat Judæus!"

SIR,

THERE was a Sermon in behalf of the Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews in our Parish Church last Sunday. Walking home with my family afterwards, my eldest son (a very hopeful young man, as you may guess) asked me what I considered the greatest difference between Jews and Christians.

I answered that I knew of no other differences between them save those of nationality and religion. To which he replied—

"Oh, yes, there is another very great difference. Christians take much interest *in* the Jews, and Jews take much interest *out of* the Christians."

I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*, Yours,

A PROUD PARENT.

FROM "CHURCH AND STATE" TO "IRISH CHURCH DISESTABLISHMENT."

"MR. GLADSTONE has been admitted to the honorary freedom of the Turners' Company."

A LUSUS NATURÆ.—A Spelling-Bee in a Bonnet.

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MORE COMPLIMENTARY THAN IT SEEMS.

Papa (concluding the fascinating Tale). "'AND HE WAS TURNED INTO A BEAUTIFUL PRINCE, AND MARRIED BEAUTY'"!
Minnie (after a pause). "PAPA, WERE *YOU* A BEAST BEFORE YOU MARRIED MAMMA?"

THE DEFENCE OF HACKNEY DOWNS.

CERTAIN markings and carvings on the face of Nature are popularly ascribed to the Evil One. A dell in a certain Down is named "The Devil's Punchbowl." On Hackney Downs, also, there is an excavation which will, perhaps, one day bear the same title. Possibly it may likewise be called AMHURST'S Hollow. A Circular, bearing the signature of MR. JOHN DE MORGAN, alleges that, notwithstanding the Metropolitan Commons Acts of 1866 and 1872, forbidding enclosure of or encroachment on any Metropolitan Common,—

"MR. TYSSEN AMHURST, the Lord, or one of the Lords, of the Manor, in 1874, enclosed two pieces of Commons Land on Hackney Downs and North Mill Field; and at the same time opened a large pit (now measuring 190 feet by 90 feet, and a depth of about eight feet), from which gravel has been taken and sold, to the great injury of the pasturage of the Common."

Now the enclosure and excavation of public land may be regarded as the work of a public enemy, so nearly resembling the Enemy of Man as to make any hole he might illegally dig alike and equally fit to be called the devil's or his own. MR. DE MORGAN contends that the pit above-mentioned was dug, and that the fences were erected on Hackney Common against the Law. Accordingly, he says,—

"I, at the invitation of the Commoners, after careful study, advised the removal of the fences erected on Hackney Downs. In the presence of 50,000 people, the Commoners asserted their right, on December 11th."

For which exploit the bold Commoners and their dauntless Champion have been immortalised; modesty alone prevents *Mr. Punch* saying how—besides, everybody knows. Of course MR. DE MORGAN was prepared for the consequences. He thus relates them:—

"Immediately an action was commenced against me, at the instance of the Lord of the Manor, for damages, and for an injunction to restrain from further proceedings."

A Committee of Commoners on the part of MR. DE MORGAN have instituted a cross action against the Lord of the Manor. The case has come before the Master of the Rolls; litigation is still pending; the parties on either side having mutually undertaken in the meanwhile to hold their hands, the Lord of the Manor from setting up any more fences, or digging any other holes, and the Commoners from removing any extant fences, until the case shall have been heard. But encroaching Lords of Manors are not to be fought without money. Subscriptions can be sent either directly to MR. DE MORGAN, or to his Solicitor, MR. E. KIMBER, 22, Queen Street, Cheapside. He and his valiant Commoners want them to carry on the war. A Public that values its own Open Spaces will doubtless respond liberally to the following appeal:—

"For the sake of the health of the poor living in overcrowded houses, for the sake of preserving the natural powers of your children, by providing for them a playground, I appeal for funds. A balance-sheet will be published at the close of the fight."

What fight short of battle against a foreign invader concerns a nation more than warfare with a domestic enemy, who, for his private aggrandisement, is invading public land? Success to the resolute combatants and their determined Leader in their fight for the defence and rescue of Hackney Downs.

A Tender Subject.

(*For the Admiralty.*)

THE Government ask for a "tender"
For raising the *Vanguard*. Enough
Of sand now o'erlies her to render
The job most uncommonly tough!

Sois Virgiliana.

(*For* MR. BANNER OAKLEY.)

"Hi nostri reditus, exspectatique triumphi?"—*Æn.* xi. 54.

ARE these my grand *returns*, and expected triumphs?

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THE "EXTINGUISHER" TRICK.

"HERE YOU PERCEIVE 'FUGITIVE SLAVE CIRCULAR' NUMBER TWO—NUMBER ONE HAVING DISAPPEARED ALREADY! I NOW TAKE THIS CONE INTO MY HAND;—IT RESEMBLES AN EXTINGUISHER, AND IS CALLED A 'ROYAL COMMISSION.' I PLACE IT OVER THE 'CIRCULAR,' AND—HEY, PRESTO!—ON RAISING IT AGAIN, 'CIRCULAR' NUMBER TWO *WILL HAVE DISAPPEARED!*"

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"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

(*True, full, and Particular Account of a Great Tiger Hunt, showing "How it is done."*)



DEAR SIR,

I SHALL give it all up. I won't play any more. I shall chuck up the sponge, and return. I've had a row with SIR JÂK HOLKAR—*the* Holkar—who can't stand a joke. The Holkar is not a Jokar. He *will* wear a European hat, which doesn't suit his native *Toggaree* (civilian's costume on ordinary occasions), and so at Jeypore I got a lot of little *Tattees* (a sort of native street-boy) to run after him, and shout, "Who's your Mahr-hatta?" He was wild, and came to complain to my Noble and Princely Companion. I could not help overhearing their conversation, as they were in the next room to me, which LEVAH DORAJAH, our head Butler, had just quitted, forgetting, as he invariably does, *fermer la porte* behind him. You know the proverb about listeners? Well, I was obliged to step in and have it out with the Holkar, who finished by weeping copiously. *But—my Noble Friend was short with me.* For the first time—and mind you—for the last. We made it up before dinner over a glass of *Chowrie* (a kind of barley-water, with slices of Indian pickle in it, served like cup), and a fragrant *Haremzadah* (something between a 'Pickwick' and a 'Vevey Fin') out of my own private cigar-case.*

When this cloud had cleared off, my Noble Sportsman wanted to have a shot at a tiger, in fact, to see some real fun, with a spice of danger in it. The truth is, he had been excited by my accounts of how in former years (Ah! how little did I then think I should revisit the scenes of my youth in such distinguished company) I had traced the monarch of the forest to his lair, had wrestled with him single-handed in the jungle, had given him his *coup de grâce* all among the *pampas*, and how, armed only with a *Musmud* (a kind of light walking-cane†), I had tickled a tiger like a trout, till I bagged him.

"*Mon Prince*," said I, for he wouldn't be gainsaid, "you shall have your tiger."

B-R-SF-RD, C-R-GT-N, W. H. R-SS-LL, S-TH-RL-ND, and all of 'em, came up to me.

"Don't let him risk anything!" they cried.

"Leave it to *me*," I replied, and then I gave them my plan. It was simple, and succeeded to admiration. I got a fine bullock, had him killed, *steeped in rum*, and then drove out into the jungle. Sure enough, true to his unerring instinct, the finest Bengal tiger I have ever seen came bounding up to where the carcase lay, with myself concealed in the high grass behind it. The splendid beast made a dinner for a month off the dainty provided for him, and, of course, the rum utterly fuddled him. When he was sufficiently far gone to render all chance of his going any farther highly problematical, I slipt my lasso round his neck, led him quietly down the hill, and tied him up in a large old forty-gallon cask, which I had taken the precaution to have placed there for the purpose. Then I sent messengers into the town with the news, and presently out came my Noble Sportsman and the Suite in carriages, armed to the teeth. I could not help laughing in my sleeve. However, the natives did the thing in style. They erected a wooden tower, into which my Royal Companion could climb, and from which he could shoot at his ease—or, I should say, shoot at his tiger—for I suppose that a man *shooting at his ease*, would intend to kill time, whatever he aimed at.

When all was prepared, I undid the cord, and pulled the tiger's tail, but he wouldn't wake—he was sleeping off the fumes of the rum. Two buckets of water did the trick, when he arose with a low growl, and gave me a side-glance of intense dislike. But, fortunately, as a boy, I had picked up the secret of pacifying these brutes, and it stood me in good stead on this occasion. He came out of the tub, looked about, yawned, and then, pulling himself together, began quietly trotting homewards towards his native jungle. Another tug of his tail from me sent him off towards the Royal box, whence he was very soon saluted with two or three shots that immensely astonished him. He gave one roar, bounded off, and disappeared, much to the disappointment of the gentlemen in the wooden tower. But, knowing his *route*, I took a short cut, and met him as he was turning the corner. With all the concentrated fury at his command, he sprang on me, but, luckily, remembering that sort of Pantomime trick which Indian hunters practise, I passed underneath him as he bounded over me, caught him by the tail, which brought him heavily to the ground, and then *with an air-pistol*, so that the report might not reach Somebody's ears, I settled accounts with Mr. Tiger. Then I carefully inserted a bullet in the beast's heart, and ran back, shouting and holloaing, to the Noble and Distinguished Party. What was their delight at seeing the Splendid Animal dead as mutton! The question was, "*Who killed Cock Robin?*" The answer was soon forthcoming. One of the natives, stooping, found in the Tiger's heart a bullet, which, being handed round (like the shoe in *Cinderella*), to find out to whom it belonged, was at last discovered to fit *exactly the bore of His Royal Highness's rifle!!*

Come, Sir, wasn't *that* worth five thousand a-year and a baronetcy? I believe you, my Bhoy! But where is gratitude in this world? Hymns are actually being composed and sung in honour of the Tiger Slayer; and no deed has done more for the future of India than this, the fame of which will raise my Noble and Amiable Companion to the highest pinnacle on which Indian reverence can place him. And yet—*shall auld acquaintance be forgot?*

I must finish up this in haste, having been just called in to join in our evening Spelling-Bee, over our cup of Kaffy. They put too much *Shikkaree* in the Kaffy here. However, as it's in the next tent, I must throw my *Suwarree* loosely round my throat, and run in.

IBRAHIM BEG has just come in, to ask us to lend him two rupees, to put on at *Bagheecha** (a sort of Blind Hookey). IBRAHIM BEG belongs to an ancient family, but he's always cadging, and he doesn't pay when he wins. I'm off.

YOUR EVER FAITHFUL REPRESENTATIVE.
(*In India.*)

* As Our Correspondent intimates his intention of speedily returning, we have decided upon waiting for his arrival, in order to obtain such explanations of Indian words as we cannot find in our own Indian Dictionary. At present, in default of better information, we can only inform our readers that the usually accepted interpretation of *Haremzadah* is *not* any sort of cigar, but "a savage;" that *Chowrie*, of which he professes to have had a glass, is a "Fly-flapper, formed of the tail of a Thibet cow, and only used by persons of high rank;" and the *Tattee*, which he explains to be "a sort of street-boy," is "a screen of glass placed in a window, and cooled by water." *Magna est veritas!*——We break off suddenly. A Telegram has just reached us, from a person in whom we have every confidence, informing us that a person, bearing a striking resemblance to our Representative, *and a Boy with a large book*, have just been seen on the pier at Gravesend. The Boy, by the description, seems to be our missing link. We have telegraphed back "Spare no expense. Follow them, and bring them to justice, whatever it may cost you." Perhaps, before this number is published, we shall be in possession of further and more certain details. At present, all we can do is to request our readers to suspend their judgment, and our judgment would suspend *them* (the delinquents) if it could.—ED.

† At present it is not worth our while to do more than remark that the Dictionary gives *Musmud*, *not* as a "walking-cane," but a "Mussulman throne." *Where will this end?*—ED.

* *Bagheecha*, according to the Dictionary, is "a fruit garden," not a game of cards. We are expecting another telegram from Gravesend. We warn the public in advance, and have a great mind to publish the photographs of our Correspondent and the Boy.—ED.

SUFFOCATION AND SCIENCE.

THE atmosphere of the Lecture Theatre of the Royal Institution is remarkable for containing a very large excess of carbonic acid gas, when, as usual on Friday evening meetings, those who breathe it are numerous. Hence, the Albemarle Street rendezvous of philosophers cannot be crowded, without being, literally, crammed to suffocation. The representative of the *Medical Press and Circular* notes, that during PROFESSOR HUXLEY's lecture there the other night, Ladies were led out fainting, and states that he was himself almost obliged to retire by the stifling nature of the air under the gallery. An attempt made to open the ventilators set PROFESSOR HUXLEY sneezing, and nearly made him shut up. Ventilation has ever been notoriously defective, and the air loaded with noxious gas, at the Royal Institution. Its theatre when filled is as fit for a lecture-room as the Grotto del Cane—fit to stupefy everybody in it, and send even the hearers of PROFESSORS HUXLEY and TYNDALL to sleep. Yet the Royal Institution is the very Temple of Chemical Science. Here is another parallel to the case of the shoemaker's wife; always the worst shod woman in the parish—isn't she?

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AWKWARD INCIDENT IN FASHIONABLE LIFE.

THE BEAUTEOUS MRS. VAVASOUR BELSIZE AND HER LOVELY SISTERS STOP THE WAY IN DIRE CONSTERNATION. THEY HAD UNDERSTOOD THAT THE RECEPTION AT BRABAZON HALL WOULD TAKE PLACE IN THE PALATIAL SUITE OF ROOMS ON THE GROUND-FLOOR, AND MRS. V. B. HAS COME IN A SKIRT OF SUCH FASHIONABLE TIGHTNESS THAT TO MOUNT A SINGLE STEP IS AN IMPOSSIBILITY; WHEREAS THE GROUND-FLOOR SUITE IS UNDERGOING ALTERATIONS, AND MRS. BRABAZON DE VERE TOMKYNNES IS ENTERTAINING HER GUESTS UP-STAIRS

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CONSCIENTIOUS.

Conservative M.P. (*to Butler, who has given Warning*). "WHAT HAVE YOU TO COMPLAIN OF?"

Butler. "OH, NOTHING IN THE 'OUSE, SIR—LEASTWAYS, NOT IN THIS 'OUSE, SIR. BUT I'M AFRAID, FROM 'ER MAJESTY'S SPEECH, AS THE CONSERVATIVES DON'T MEAN TO HACT UP TO THEIR PROGRAMME"!!

HORACE AND LYDIA ON THE RINK.

"Donec gratus eram tibi," &c.

The Lover.

AH, LADY LUCY, I am glad to find you
Charming as when, that happy afternoon,
Beneath a slender birch with silver rind, you
Watched the sun sink 'mid rosy clouds of June.

The Lady.

Dear me! You do remember? Well, how curious
Although so many months have slipped away.
I thought your sentimental saying spurious,
And quite forgot it till this very day.

The Lover.

Yes, you forgot, I know! I saw you rinking
With that LORAINE, the fastest man in Town.
His essenced head has never done much thinking.
I felt a strong desire to knock him down.

The Lady.

Fast! Yes, he takes one's breath away in skating·
I really have not quite recovered mine.
But let me ask, while thus we are debating,
Who sent my Cousin MAUD a Valentine?

The Lover.

Your Cousin MAUD 's a child. Come, don't be dismal.
I could not tell you if her eyes are blue.
There 's something hidden in my heart abysmal,
Which I am very sure belongs to you.

The Lady.

Spelling-Bee English does not fit your lips, Sir.
Be cool to MAUD: I 'll try to cut LORAINE.
And if you never make another slip, Sir,
Perhaps we may look on sunset skies again.

Dearth of Army Doctors.

THE papers report a grievous lack of candidates for the commission of Medical Officer in the Army. Private practice is lucrative to few but the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons. Anything like adequate pay and a position on a fair footing with combatant Officers surely might be expected to attract at least a sufficiency of Army Surgeons. These attractions have yet to be tried.

STERN TRUTHS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

NOT having had an opportunity of laying my views before the PRIME MINISTER the other day, I send you a brief note of what I intended to have said on behalf of myself and brother Ship-owners.

In the first place, what right has a fellow like PLIMSOLL to interfere with me? I wish he'd give me provocation to pull his nose, or smash his spectacles. I've actually had four out of five ships detained in consequence of his impertinent meddling. Because one fourth of a crew of sixteen object to be drowned, are they to prevent twelve other honest and daring fellows from risking their lives, as British Seamen ought always to be ready to do at the call of duty. It is perfectly monstrous!

It is true that one or two of my ships have occasionally sailed rather deep in the water, and that one did go down not long after leaving port. But in this case it was solely because the Captain had foolishly forgotten to allow for the weight of the crew, who only shipped at the last moment—the carpenter and boatswain being exceptionally heavy men.

Then, as for saying that Seamen are, as a rule, dissatisfied with their ships, it is all moonshine. The Sailor's attachment to his ship is, on the contrary, proverbial. Why, it was only the other day a man fell overboard from one of my own ships. Did he swim away from it? No, he immediately endeavoured to climb on board again, and expressed the highest satisfaction when he found himself once more among his messmates. Instances of this kind are numerous.

With regard to want of proper comfort and accommodation, all I can say is that I don't believe there is a single bunk in all my vessels in which the stoutest Sailor could not turn without coming in contact with the top planking. What do you say to that, *Mr. Punch*?

There are only two more points upon which I need trouble you; and they are so insignificant, that I must apologise for mentioning them.

The frequency of casualties has been much spouted about by PLIMSOLL AND CO. I simply remark, "Pooh!" Do not accidents happen on land? Did not my own daughter tread on a piece of orange-peel the other day, and twisted her foot, so that she could not skate for a week? And as to a case, lately much commented on by a scandal-loving Press, in which one of my ships came into port with eighteen out of twenty disabled by scurvy, if you only knew the trouble a Captain has to get his men to take the slightest precautions, and their rooted prejudice against lime-juice and other antiscorbutics, you would, I am sure, agree with me that the owner is the last person to be made responsible for what is, after all, only a form of disease, and mysterious, like all diseases.

Scurvy is, no doubt, an unpleasant complaint; so is the gout: I've got a touch of it myself now. So you see, *Mr. Punch*, there is not the slightest occasion for all this agitation; and all I can say is, that if I am to be interfered with in my business, it will end in my being unable to clear a living profit, and cutting the concern altogether, at whatever cost to the country. I have only expressed in this letter what I know to be the private views of others of my class.

If you want to see what a jolly, contented dog the British Seaman *really* is, come and spend a week aboard my yacht, and believe me to be,

Yours, indignantly,
A SHIPOWNER.

"*The Ship and Turtle*," *Feb.* 10, 1876.

AMERICAN COUSINHOOD.

A GENEALOGIST in the Far West writes to ask what relation, if any, is J. TIMMIS WARD, the late Senior Wrangler, to R. TEMUS WARD, the late popular humorist?

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"THE WAY WE BUILD NOW."

Indignant Housowner (*he had heard it was so much cheaper, in the end, to buy your House*). "WH' WHAT 'S THE—WHAT AM I!—WHA' WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS THE MEANING OF THIS, MR. SCAMPLING!?"

Local Builder. "'T' TUT, TUT! WELL, SIR, I 'SPECTS SOME ONE'S BEEN A-LEANIN' AGIN IT!!"

A GUINEA FOR JACK'S HOSPITAL.

MONEY is wanted to extend the efficiency of one of the noblest of our national charities—the most expressly national indeed of them all, yet at the same time more than national. That is, dear friends, the Seamen's Hospital, late the *Dreadnought*, at Greenwich, open not only to British Seamen who need laying up for repairs, but likewise to Seamen of all nations requiring to go into dock. To the funds of this excellent and sorely-needed Institution the Goldsmiths', the Clothworkers', the Saddlers', the Mercers', the Drapers', the Skinners', the Vintners', the Salters', and, last, not least, the Worshipful Merchant Taylors' Company, have liberally subscribed—the latter to a donation of £31 10*s.* having added a grant of free admission to their Convalescent Institution at Bognor, which has accordingly received many patients from the Seamen's Hospital during the past year.

However, the support of Jack's Hospital concerns not only the City and Port of London, but every Port in England—indeed every Port and Harbour all over the world. It is itself a Universal Harbour of Refuge. In their fifty-fifth annual Report, just published—a pretty little blue book—the Managing Body of the Seamen's Hospital Society apprise all whom it concerns—that is, everybody—that, for reasons which see:—

"The Committee ask the Public to come forward, and increase the amount received in annual subscriptions from £2000 to £5000, and then, if on an average £50 annually be received from each port that sends patients to the Hospital in the course of the year, the Society will be established on a sound national basis."

This appeal is now made known to the world at large by the one periodical which can truly boast a world-wide circulation.

THE BIRD QUESTION.

OH, would I wear a Bird?
Certainly not—if I were a *Lady!*

MARRIAGE MEMORIES.

WHAT the Father says.—Which side must I stand on when I have to give her away?

What the Mother says.—I am sure the ices will be late for the Breakfast.

What the Sister says.—I flatter myself I am the best looking of the eight Bridesmaids.

What the Brother says.—Of course, the Best Man is behind his time—just like him!

What the Pew-opener says.—This way, my dear young Lady!

What the Beadle says.—They are sure to be in time, Sir. I will motion to you the moment I see 'em a coming.

What the Clergyman says.—Have you got the ring?

What the Crowd says.—Hoorray! That's 'er! Oh, ain't 'e a Guy!

What the Old Friend of the Family says.—I have known him too since he was so high. That was nigh upon forty years ago!

What the Funny Man says.—You can see from my face that I am just the man to be associated with the Bridesmaids.

What the Best Man says.—Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking.

What the Bride says.—Good-bye, my own darling Mamma and Papa, and—EMMY dear, please *do* see the things are all right before we start.

What the Bridegroom says.—Thank goodness, it is all over

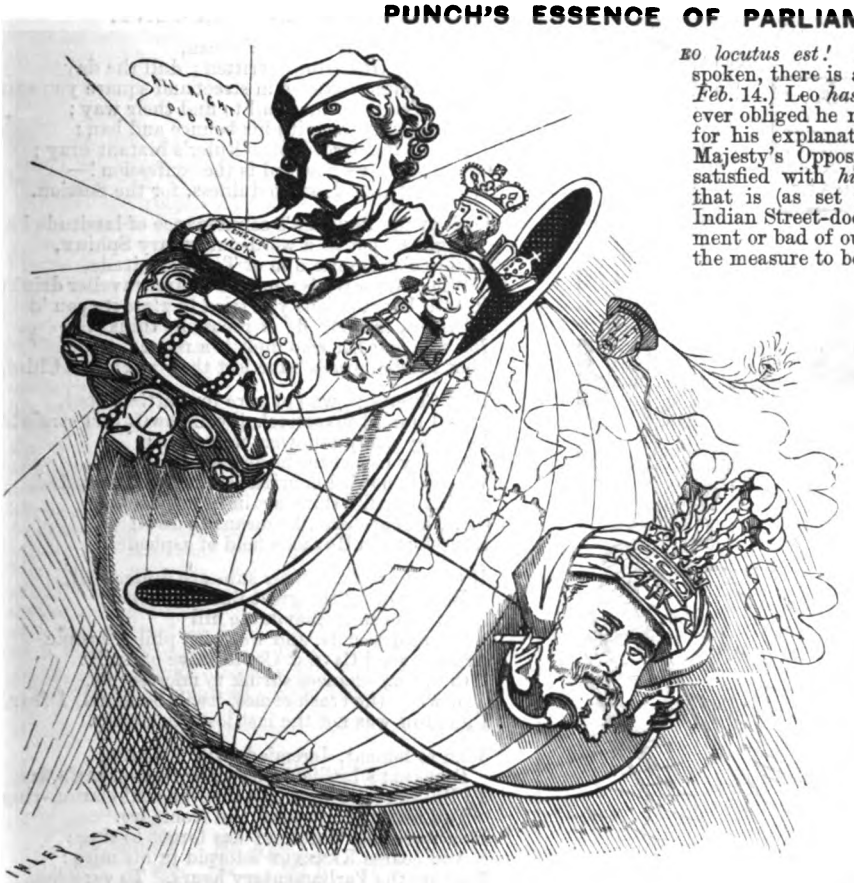
Disbarred.

OUT of compliment, no doubt, to DR. KENEALY'S late forensic position a "*stet processus*" was entered in bar of his late motion from Tavistock Square to Westminster Palace. The Police appeared for the Public, and showed cause against the (Mob) Rule moved for by the learned Doctor.

A DEFINITION.—Flirtation: a Spoon with nothing in it.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Eo locutus est! And when either *Leo* or *Bos Britannicus* has spoken, there is an end of discourse and discussion. (*Monday, Feb.* 14.) Leo *has* spoken on the Suez Canal purchase, and, however obliged he may be to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for his explanations, and to the Head and Members of Her Majesty's Opposition for their critical analysis thereof, he is satisfied with *his* share—the Lion's share—in the venture, and that is (as set forth in this week's Cartoon) no less than his Indian Street-door Key. Whether the purchase be a good investment or bad of our four millions, by interest-measure, that is not the measure to be applied to this transaction. There is a high-policy-measure, as well as an interest-measure, in which the scale is marked—not by nominal *L(ibræ)*, *S(olidi)*, *D(enarii)*—but by national *C(redit)*, *S(afety)*, and *H(onour)*. By that measure Ministers demand, and rightly demand, to have this purchase gauged. And with British Lion and British Bull at their backs, they may confidently face the criticism of the Opposition, in the adjourned debate this day week, for which LORD HARTINGTON and MR. GLADSTONE reasonably pressed, and which MR. DISRAELI wisely conceded.

Tuesday.—SIR WILLIAM FRASER attacked the "Parochial System" of Local Metropolitan Government, and thereby laid himself open to sundry "counters"—but more for slips in words than facts—from LOCKE, LUSK, and HOGG. London is now misgoverned, not by its beadles, but by its Ædiles; not by "porochial" Bumbles, but by District Boards and Vestries, which combine in a smaller cluster of big bodies most of the faults of the huge congeries of lesser bodies they have absorbed. LUSK uttered the pious wish that those who found fault with the existing vestrymen, had to look after the street-sweeping, the dust-carts, and the nuisances themselves. Fancy SIR W. FRASER transformed from Apollo to Hercules—turned from translating *Tasso* to cleansing the Augean Stable of London! SIR J. HOGG said a good word—not undeserved—for the Metropolitan Board, which has now finally passed from the stage of Words to that of Works.

But more is needed for London than the great mind of even the Metropolitan Board can compass. We want to see Ædileship brought down from such heroic tasks as Embankments and Viaducts to the humbler duties of the scavenger's cart and the domestic dust-bin. No doubt the Wen is a big one to deal with, but it wants doctoring sadly. If CROSS would take up his London, London would take up its CROSS, and set him on a higher pinnacle than he ever will reach by even the regulation of Licensed Victuallers' houses and the improvement of Artisans' Dwellings.

MR. HUBBARD is going to set the law as to Crossed Cheques on its right end again, from which it has been rudely toppled by the rude hands of the Judges in MILLS and SMITH. Don't check the use of crossed cheques whatever you do! There is nothing prettier to look at than the magic "and Co" across a stamped "Please pay." And then they show the payee has the highly respectable appendage of a banking account.

Stern Economists, Municipal and Imperial, don't like paying superannuation allowances. Let a man save out of his salary, and if he don't, or can't, turn him out to starve, when past work. The House declined to endorse this economical doctrine by the narrow majority of 101 to 94 for Second Reading of MR. RATHBONE'S Bill empowering Corporations to grant superannuation allowances—with due precautions against local jobs. Old public servants in municipal employments should be much obliged to MR. HANKEY—who pointed out that pensions are only a form of deferred salary, on which principle they are paid by the Bank of England—and to MR. CROSS, who supported the Bill. MR. BASS opposes it. Bitter beer is tonic, and braces up men's nerves to do hard things.

Wednesday.—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR used to boast his own short and simple plan for increasing the efficiency of the Episcopate. "Give every Bishop £600 a year, and make it death to leave his diocese." MR. BERESFORD HOPE, in his scheme of episcopal improvement, takes another line. Private persons are to be at liberty to endow, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to cut and carve, new Bishoprics out of existing dioceses—subject to the approbation of Queen in Council and Parliament assembled.

Everybody—who wants Bishops at all—wants more of them. The Bench, as it is, is over-diocesed and over-worked. The flocks—black sheep and other—are certainly not easier to rule now than in old times, and the shepherds and crooks at work now are no more than when HENRY THE EIGHTH was King, and population counted by hundreds, where it is now reckoned by thousands.

But nobody—neither SIR W. BARTTELOT, nor MR. MONK, nor MR. MOWBRAY, nor MR. DILLWYN, nor MR. HENLEY, nor MR. WALPOLE, nor MR. CROSS,—much as we may want more Bishops, approves MR. HOPE'S machinery for making them. And so HOPE—*spes longa*—was obliged to accept an adjournment of his Bill to the Greek Kalends—*alias* July 26.

Thursday (*Lords*).—LORD CARNARVON, after apologies for a very bad cold, gave an elaborate explanation of the motives which had led the Government to entertain favourably propositions for an exchange of our possessions on the Gambia against French possessions on the Gold Coast. No wonder an explanation made with such a cold was rather coldly received. LORD CARNARVON makes a very good case, but their Lordships want further information. And so should the country. There ought to be very strong reasons indeed for giving up the command of a river navigable for 400 miles by 100-ton craft, and so leaving us ten degrees of African coast without any station but a tiny island off one of the mouths of the Niger.

(*Commons.*)—The Nasmyth Hammer at work. A brisk fire of questions on all sorts of subjects, from Snow in the streets to Slave-Trade Legislation. *Inter alia*, Knife-cleaning Boys (such is the decision of the Inland Revenue Authoritise) serving many masters are not to be taxable as men-servants; but knife-cleaning boys with one master, *are*. Let all who keep a boy to clean their knives see forthwith that he finds somebody else's knives to clean, or send him about his business. Also, we are glad to learn from MR. HARDY that the indecent practice lately prevailing in the Royal Artillery Barracks at Aldershot (not there only, we fear,) of lodging four families in one room without screens, or even curtains, to separate them, is at once to be put an end to. But why four families in one room at all? If a certain proportion of married men is allowed in the Army, surely there ought to be proper provision for that proportion in all barracks—with its own room, at the least and lowest, for each family.

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DISTRACTING.

Customer. "WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE BISHOP'S SERMON ON SUNDAY, MR. WIGSBY?"

Hairdresser. "WELL, REALLY, SIR, THERE WAS A GENT A-SETTIN' IN FRONT O' ME AS 'AD HIS 'AIR PARTED THAT CROOKED I COULDN'T 'EAR A WORD!"

A MEMBER'S LAMENT.

DULL is an essay on the Vatican,
Even by GLADSTONE written; dull the day
When nought save fog in street and square you scan,
And e'en policemen fail to find their way;
Dull is KENEALY, with his bounce and ban;
Dull is the fierce Home-Ruler's blatant bray;
Greatly I fear—how sad is the confession!—
We're settling down to dulness, for the Session.

Look at the PREMIER'S countenance of lassitude!
Might he not be a worn-out, weary Sphinx,
Gazing o'er deserts dim of Tory crassitude,
Where from Wit's fount no weary traveller drinks?
If with Lavater-lens you tried to glass it, you'd
Discern that chiefly of repose he thinks:
Roi fainéant he, who finds it a relief
That hostile hordes have lost their mightiest Chief.

That Chieftain, who of yore for battle lusted,
And hurled invective's javelin swift and straight,
Being by many followers mistrusted,
Quietly bowed to the decree of Fate.
We know not if his bright sword, still unrusted,
Will starlike shine again in hot debate,
Or if, heroic shade, he means to dwell
Henceforth in HOMER'S field of asphodel.

If Chiefs are dull, their subs are duller still,
Dullest of all the great financial topic:
Adown the steep inevitable hill
Egypt descends, and we, with philanthropic
Ardour, send CAVE & Co. to stave off spill:
Creditors' chances shrink to microscopic,
And when the crash comes, 'twill be found, I fear,
PHARAOH was not the last lost Charioteer.

Vain to lament, Jeremiads will not bring
DISRAELI'S brilliance back, or GLADSTONE'S fire,
To BRIGHT'S strong words their ancient clarion-ring,
To LOWE the wit-flash and ironic ire.
E'en warbling WHALLEY has forgot to sing;
And coarse KENEALY'S torpid in his mire:
Dull are the Parliamentary hours. To vary 'em,
I'll try a quiet stroll in the Aquarium.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL POLISH.—The thing to rub up your orthography with—Bees' whacks.

The QUEEN is to be authorised to exercise her Royal prerogative of adding to the Royal Style and Titles.

MR. DISRAELI'S announcement of the fact was flatter than had been anticipated. The Oratorical Vesuvius did not play off the expected fireworks.

But MR. LOWE did his best to fling *some* fat in the fire, by objecting, in anticipation, to the title of EMPRESS OF INDIA, and provoked the wrath of the House by an ill-omened and ill-timed suggestion, that the name might read awkward if we had to give up India—as some day we might have!

O ROBERT, ROBERT! is the House a Deputation that thou shouldst do this thing?

The new Royal addition remains a secret till HER MAJESTY has exercised her prerogative of choosing her title. It certainly seems to *Mr. Punch* that Parliament and the country may, with the utmost respect, but equal urgency, request to be informed which it is to be—Queen or Empress? Not that it much matters, as far as *Mr. Punch* can see. Perhaps, no the whole, he would say *Queen* for choice.

Merchant Shipping Bill introduced by SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY, and discussed in a sensible spirit on both sides—ship-owning and sailor-saving. With a little screwing-up from PLIMSOLL, which is still wanted, there seems a chance of a useful and workable measure.

Friday.—How many people, in or out of Parliament, knew that the Official Referees on Private Bills vote on such Bills in Committee, though not Members of the House?

By all means, MR. ANDERSON, have the matter referred to a Select Committee.

MR. SHAW LEFEVRE and MR. FAWCETT as busy as Crows in a newly-sown wheat-field, picking holes in MR. CROSS'S Enclosure Bill.

Make it better, Gentlemen, by all means—in fact, you can't make it too good. But do MR. CROSS and his Bill justice. It is good as far as it goes.

WHY THIS THUSNESS?

THERE is surely something—shall we say "high"—not to put it coarsely—in the State we may call Denmark—supposing such social contrasts as the following to be of everyday occurrence. There are noble and elevating thoughts, no doubt, associated with the expression "a Paternal Government," but that paternity does not show to advantage in the castigation of illiterate babies, and the petting of well-educated sons and daughters who ought to know better. Judge for yourselves.

One Sunday afternoon last week, in a Yorkshire town, HODGE, PAT, and BILL GUMMIDGE, resisting the temptations held out to them by sleep-compelling parsons, repaired to a neighbouring stream, where their low tastes and sinful tendencies tempt them to throw chips into the current. Not content with thus desecrating the day, they add the further crime of backing one chip to pass another in their short race to the village bridge. At this plebeian amusement they stake several pence, and coppers change hands freely. The Paternal one has its eye on them, however, and BILL, PAT, and HODGE are walked off by the Police to the nearest station.

One afternoon, a few days later, while BILL and his companions in crime are engaged in an interesting conversation with the magistrates, FITZ, HUGH, and GERALD may be observed at the window of the Holy Alliance Club, Piccadilly, watching with intense eagerness the horses attached to cab, cart, brougham, or omnibus as they pass along the thoroughfare.

"A pony," says HUGH, "on there being a grey horse in the next ten."

"Done with you!" says GERALD.

Bays, browns, a chestnut, and tenthly a spanking white stepper in a *coupé!*

"Roses light on the eyelashes that fringe your aristocratic pupil!"—this was about the meaning conveyed, though not exactly the words used, by the highbred loser—"you've won! I'll go you double or quits."

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"I'll do ditto," says FITZ, who has seen four grey dray-horses pass, and feels he must win.

Chestnuts, browns, and a bay, and ninthly a General Omnibus with two whites to the fore.

HUGH pockets his hundred, and they retire to the card-room, where they remain, with an interval for dinner, till four o'clock the next morning. GERALD has lost a couple of thou., which he hasn't got; and FITZ has recouped himself with an agreeable surplus, of which we hope a few sovereigns will find their way into the pockets of HODGE, PAT, and BILL.

In the Drawing-room and Kitchen next door may be noticed by any Asmodeus like ourselves another and equally edifying contrast.

Down-stairs a very snuffy old woman, with a walnut-juice resemblance to a gipsy, is promising, with the aid of a greasy pack of torn cards and a sediment of tea-leaves, all sorts of honours, titles, and fortune to poor little MARY ANNE HOUSEMAID, for the large sum of one silver sixpence and a pound or two of kitchen stuff. While MARY ANNE is gazing with credulous delight on the propitious Sibyl, a Paternal agent steps down through the area-gate, which is wide open, and kindly offers an arm of escort to the snuffy pseudo-gipsy, for whom lodgings have been prepared in Queer Street.

In the Drawing-room above sits MRS. REGINALD COLEVEAL, with six or eight friends, who have invited the celebrated American Medium, JABEZ M. POSTOR, to join their circle, in hopes of eliciting revelations of the Future from such condescending spirits as may happen to listen to their call. The shutters are closed, the little fingers of the Illuminati are linked round a large table, on which a tambourine is already beginning to tap out the names of the returning ghosts and the destinies of the inquirers. This masculine Sibyl has nothing snuffy about him, wears a faultless evening dress, and several diamonds on his fingers. It would be downright rudeness and want of *savoir-vivre* if the Paternal Governor interfered with him—but at the same time we confess to a weak pity for the gipsy, and a strong desire to let off PAT and HODGE aforesaid.

To the Government we simply repeat—Why this Thusness?

RINKOMANIA.



WE believe we break no confidence in publishing the news that the attention of Parliament will shortly be called to the prevalent epidemic, and a Royal Commission, in all probability, appointed to inquire into the causes which have led to the mania for Rinking, to consider the effects it is producing on society, and to report if any, and what steps may be advisable to check its rapid progress. How extensively the mania is spreading on all sides may be gathered from a glance at the columns of advertisements, which, besides inviting notice to the rinks already started, announce a myriad of new skating clubs in progress, or in prospect. That the mania has extended from the West End to the East, from Hammersmith to Houndsditch, and from the lordly Prince's Ground to the vulgar Pig and Tinderbox, may be seen by a few titles of the companies projected, which we are exclusively now privileged to quote:—

The Mile-End and Whitechapel Rink, and Wheel-Skate Letting Company. Capital, Two Millions. Treasurer (*pro tem.*), MR. JEREMIAH DIDDLER.

The Costermongers' Skating-Rink, and General Conversation Club. Chairman of Executive Committee, MR. BAWLER.

The Holloway-cum-Hornsey Rise and Hackney Rinking Company (Very) Limited.

The United Handsome Cabmen's Rink, promoted to provide a means of healthful indoor exercise for Cabmen.

The Wapping Old Stairs Rink and Below Bridge Skating Company. The Land's-End Real Ice Rink. Executive Committee. MESSIEURS BLUNDERHEAD and BOOBIE, with power (if they can) to add to their number.

The Eligible Spinsters' Rink. Established to promote flirtation among Marriageable Persons. Chairwoman of Committee, MISS SELINA SLYPUSS.

The Organgrinders' Skating Club, and Asphalte Recreation Company, for the use and entertainment of itinerant musicians. *N.B.* A Concert on wheels will be given every evening, when the public will (on payment) be privileged to attend.

The John O'Groat's House Rink. Open to all Nations. SANDIE MCSAWNIE, Honorary Secretary.

The Jolly Beggars' Skating Rink, and Club for Merry Mendicants. Temporary premises, Rag and Tatter Alley, Scamp Street.

The Water Bibbers' Rink, and Tee-Totallers upon Wheels Aquarium and Convivial Club. President, SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

The Swindleham Skating Company (Limited). Promoters, CAPTAIN FLASHMAN and SIR HOKEM SNIVEY. Present population, 1229; anticipated Rinkers, 1220. Capital, £50,000, in Shares of £10 each. Prepayment in full to be made on application.

The Seven Dials Skating Rink; for the promotion of this fashionable and invigorating pastime among the poorer classes. Chairman of Executive Committee, MR. CATSMEAT.

The Slushborough-cum-Sloppiton Al Fresco Rinking Company. Secretary, MR. DAMPER. President of Council, SIR TIMOTHY GOLOSHES.

The Amalgamated Duffers' Rink and Slide and Tumble Company. Manager, MR. CLUMSIE. Treasurer, MR. FOOLSCAPP.

The Burglars' Skating Rink. President of Committee, MR. WILLIAM SIKES. Bankers, MESSRS. DOWNIBIRD AND HOOKITT. Members for election to attend (after nightfall) at the Office of the Company, which for prudential reasons need not publicly be advertised. N.B.—Ring the top bell twice, and sharply whistle.

The North Pole Rinking Company. Promoted with a view of providing wheel skates gratis in the Polar Regions.

The Submarine Skating Rink. Temporary Offices in Water Lane. Chairman of Committee, MR. DIVER.

SANSCULOTTES AT LIMERICK.

IT is not often that an Irishman can be twitted with what other Irishmen might call Scotch economy. But the *Cork Examiner* reports a suggestion on the part of certain members of the Corporation of Limerick, not only in respect of caution and economy, but also as relative to a matter of clothing, specially Caledonian. At a late meeting of one of the Limerick Corporation Committees, the Mayor presiding, MR. CONNOLLY, of the firm of JOHN CONNOLLY AND SON, the municipal tailors, attended to submit for acceptance the new clothing which had been ordered for the Night Watchmen; when

"ALDERMAN CLEARY said he heard a member alongside observe on the impropriety of supplying Watchmen with trousers; for, if they dismissed a Watchman, the question arose how would they get the trousers off him if he would not give it up himself?

"MR. BERNAL said he was the member alluded to by ALDERMAN CLEARY, and he would advise them to adopt the suggestion which ALDERMAN TINSLEY made some time ago, or by supplying the Watchmen with a hat, coat, and cape. The Watchmen should be obliged to pay sixpence a week for the trousers."

"It's ill takin' the breeks aff a Highlandman." This Trans-Tweedian adage might, had the colleagues of the two gentlemen abovenamed adopted their ideas, have become as applicable to the Night Watchmen of Limerick as it is to the Gaël. The Watch would perhaps have had to be reconstituted, and the Corporation to advertise for recruits, notifying, although in Ireland, that "No Irish need apply." The suits of Limerick's Night Watchmen would then have suited none but Scotchmen. A uniform consisting of a hat, coat, and cape, and no trousers, would for its complement have really required a kilt. The expedient wherewith BRIAN O'LYNN supplied any deficiency in his wardrobe is no longer practicable. Sheepskins are too costly for that now. As a lay of a Limerick Night Watchman, *Brian O'Lynn* would have needed to be sung with a difference, somewhat after this fashion:—

"BRIAN O'LYNN, wanting trousers to wear,
Joined the Limerick Night Watch in hopes of a pair;
Which when he found out he would not be found in,
'Twill be mighty cool walkin',' says BRIAN O'LYNN."

The "songs of other days" included one in which a pretty picture was presented to the mind's eye by a couplet in glorification of—

"PADDYWHACK just come from Cork,
With his coat nately buttoned behind him."

An elegant addition to this array, in a Hibernian sense, might have been beheld at Limerick exhibited by PADDYWHACK patrolling the streets at night in the dark without any trousers. Perhaps, however, the streets of Limerick are lighted after dark—by luminaries even brighter than ALDERMAN CLEARY and MR. BERNAL.

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VETO.

"SHALL WE—A—SIT DOWN?" "I SHOULD LIKE TO; BUT MY DRESSMAKER SAYS I MUSTN'T!"

RUS IN URBE.

"It was no longer the interest of the State,—at least to nothing like the extent it was some years ago—to interest itself in the multiplication of Enclosures. They must now rather consider Enclosures as schemes for private improvement, the State seeing that the public interest did not suffer by the Enclosures. . . . They must take into consideration that which the people of this country wanted almost as much as food,—the air which they breathed, and the health which they enjoyed. . . . The Government had thought it right to make every encroachment on a village green a public nuisance, and to enable any one to proceed against the person so offending."—MR. CROSS, *on Commons Enclosures.*

BRAVO, MR. CROSS, Sir! Plain speaking at last,
Worth columns on columns of roundaboutation.
Such "improvement" may go it a trifle too fast
For the temper and taste of a trade-ridden nation.
The City must spread with the spreading of man—
That's the law of our life, and 'twere folly to ban it;
But we don't want to see every trace of old Pan
Improved off the face of our planet.

Too plainly we feel that the chimney and wheel—
Twin symbols of Modern Mechanical progress—
Stretch sway every day. We may fume a good deal
Against Trade, the omnivorous Octopus-Ogress,
Whose far-reaching tentacles mesh us all round,
Yet we know she at least is a sort of Step-mother.
But must we give up every acre of ground
To the demons of Shindy and Smother?

We have yielded too much to Utility's clutch,—
That one-eyed Utility, Duncedom's pet idol—
Forgetting the use of such matters as touch
The health or the heart. We may well put the bridle
On Selfishness *rampant*, most hard-mouthed of nags,
Who all public interest rough-shod rides over:
May well check old Mammon when plumping his bags
On the plea of some "right of estover."

Too long, under shield of too negligent law,
The insatiate ghoul hight Enclosure has nibbled
Those bits of green open, so sweet to his maw,
In defiance of all who have squabbled or scribbled:
He'd prig from the poorest heath, common, or forest,
And laugh at the masses who toil and can't travel,—
Preferring to needs which are sure of the sorest
The profits from villas or gravel.

But on Wealth *versus* Health we are getting new views;
New measures of worth for our few Open Spaces:
All glimpses of Nature we dare not refuse
To the populous City's poor throngs of pale faces.
JOHN plainly means backing the weak 'gainst the strong:
Though the "rights" of the rich he's no wish to disturb, he
Intends to preserve for the labouring throng
Some sort of a poor *Rus in Urbe!*

Here's a health to the few who have sturdily fought
In the cause which the many now take into favour.
The names of the nobs who such "pickings" have sought,
To the sense of to-day have a nauseous savour.
They will find, will these grudging earth-gobblers, whose greed
Would filch from the poor their few "Patches of Pleasure,"
The cry "No Short Commons!" means mischief indeed
When 'tis backed by shrewd men and sharp measure!

A Political Difficulty.

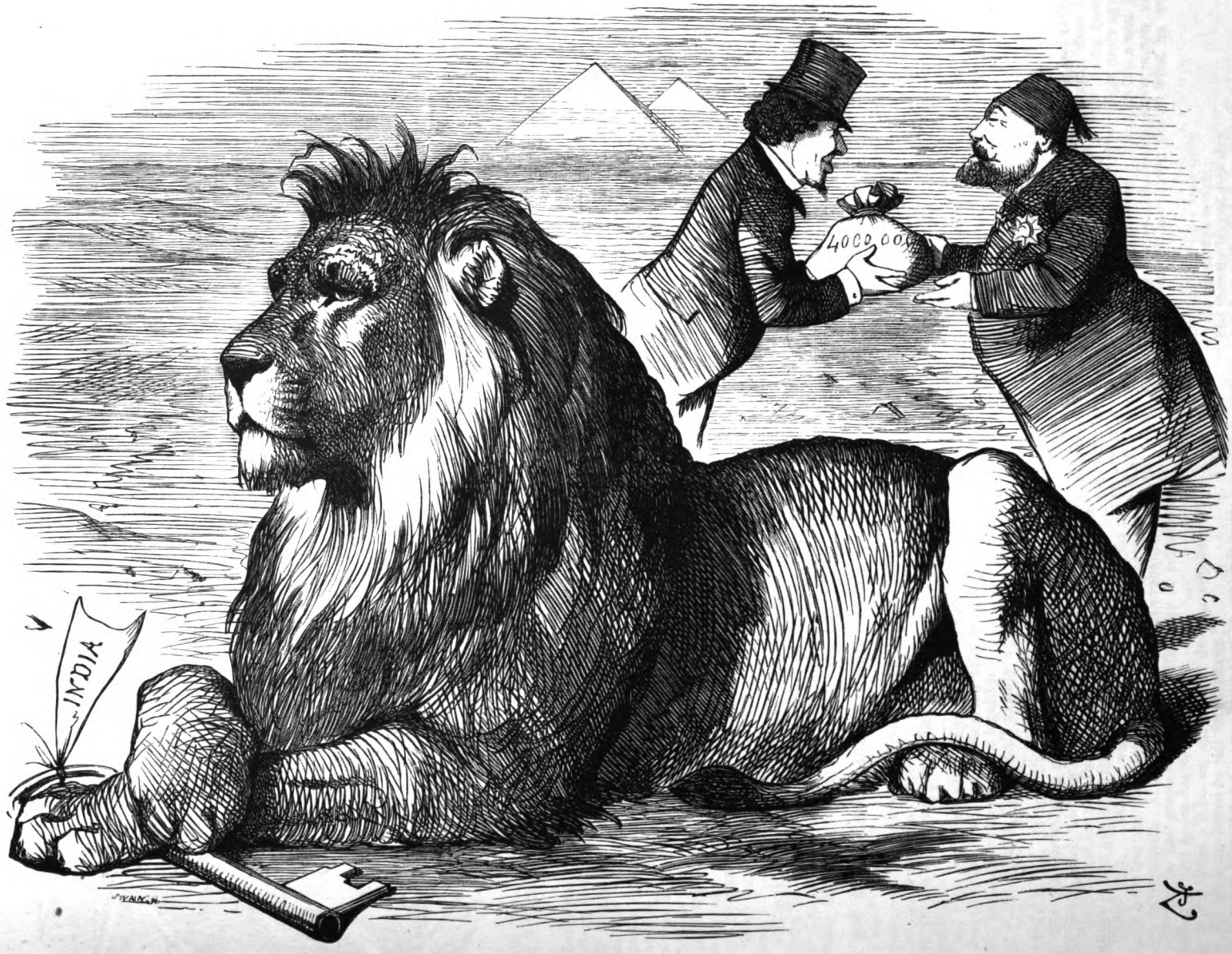
SIR,

I AM not much of a paper-reader or a politician, but occasionally I glance at the Debates. Whenever I do, I am sure to see a heading, "Offences against the Person Bill," as a subject of discussion in Parliament. All I want to learn, Sir, is, who is the "Person BILL" here alluded to? Who offends against him? Is it a measure for the protection of "the People's WILLIAM?" Is *he* "the Person BILL?" Explain, and oblige

Yours,

DUNDERHEAD.

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THE LION'S SHARE.

"GARE À QUI LA TOUCHE!"

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TEACHING BY EXAMPLES.

(For the Use of Parents and Guardians.)



HERE is no feature of the rising generation more striking than their disposition to intelligent doubt, sometimes miscalled scepticism, and their unwillingness to accept the *ipse-dixits* of authority. *Mr. Punch*, having been lately invited to put a friend's child through a historical examination, was so struck with the result, that he has recorded both questions and answers as subjoined.

GENERAL HISTORY.

Q. What do you know about ROMULUS?

A. He was a purely mythical personage, whose actions were so excessively stupid that I have not burdened my memory with them.

Q. What was the character of NERO?

A. Humane, gentle, and refined. The assertions as to his cruelty and madness are calumnies invented by his friends.

Q. Who was HOMER?

A. A Grecian MRS. HARRIS. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were street songs of the period—an ancient parallel to "*Lord Bateman*," or "*Tommy make Room for your Uncle*," or ——

Q. Let us try elsewhere. Who was WILLIAM TELL?

A. He never existed—save as the hero of a German play or an Italian opera.

Q. We will come to our own country. What is your view of KING ARTHUR?

A. KING ARTHUR is a solar myth, like Hercules, Thor, Vishnu, and generally all the so-called gods, demigods, and founders of religions.

Q. Did not KING ALFRED suffer the cakes to burn in the neatherd's hut?

A. Oh dear, no! The story was invented for the benefit of Royal Academicians hard up for a subject.

Q. What did the spider suggest to ROBERT BRUCE?

A. Squashing it.

Q. Tell me what you know about HENRY THE EIGHTH.

A. He was amiable, kind, and forbearing to a most aggravating set of wives, and a strict respecter of legality.

Q. Why is the epithet "glorious" usually applied to "QUEEN BESS"?

A. It is hard to say. QUEEN ELIZABETH was a mean, tricky, and avaricious character, principally remarkable for doing her Ministers out of their money, and cheating her sailors of their beef and beer. I need hardly add, that her private character won't bear looking into.

Q. Comment on the genius of SHAKSPEARE.

A. He hadn't any. That he was uncommonly clever I do not deny, because he is the one theatrical person on record who realised a fortune by management. If he had lived now, it is probable that he would have gone the greatest lengths in the way of sensation drama, burlesque, and *opéra-bouffe*.

Q. This is startling. Who on earth then do you suppose *did* write what we are accustomed to call SHAKSPEARE?

A. Certainly not SHAKSPEARE, as we know that he couldn't write his own name twice alike. For my own part, I lean to the Baconian theory, but refuse to commit myself.

Q. Good heavens! How old are you?

A. If you believe the testimony of my parents—which the experience of life thus far has taught me is rash—I am four years six months and three days old.

Q. What are you?

A. I cannot say that I have yet made up my mind, but, as at present informed, I incline to the belief that my generation was spontaneous, that my bodily substance, in its simplest expression, is protoplasm in the form of germ-cells; that my actions are automatic, my motives cerebro-spinal, and my ancestors anthropoid apes in their later generations, ascidians or bacteria in their earlier.

[*Exit Examiner, hastily.*

PUNCH TO THE BLACK-COATS

(Established and Dissenting).

HEAR a lay voice, O recalcitrant Clerics,
To whom *Punch* most respectfully proffers his tip.
Now have we not had *quantum suff.* of hysterics,
Of cat-and-dog conflict, and quarrelsome quip?
Church or Conventicle, list to his *caveat*,
Bow all ye sensible heads, whether under
Mitre or billycock, curly or wavy hat!
Call in your lightning, and tie up your thunder!

Punch must announce that all sensible people
Are wofully weary of all this to-do;
Wondering why the traditional steeple,
Which points so suggestively up to the blue,
Stands as a sign of perpetual shindy, a
Pepper-pot token of battle as hot
As water of Hecla or pickle of India.
Must you keep boiling the clerical pot?

"Peace and goodwill?"—well, it sounds very pretty
From eloquent oracles lovely in lawn;
But passionate squabbles and bickerings petty
Scarcely portend its desirable dawn.
Ridiculous rows round the title of "Reverend"!
Strife about what may be carved o'er a grave!
Say will such puerile potterings never end?
Must the red standard eternally wave?

Small pseudo-popelings who peevishly hanker
For mass and monopoly, cash and kotou—
Priggish P.P.'s whose un-reverend rancour
Revels in rudeness a cad might eschew—
Clerical Dracos so down upon little ones—
Watchdogs who snarl at the gates of the grave—
Ware! or your holds on the mass will be brittle ones,
Useless to shackle as helpless to save.

Genial Gentlemen—Churchmen, Dissenters—
Is there no clerical Coventry known
Whither to banish these public tormentors?
Zealots and sectaries, can't you change tone?
If but for sake of a little variety,
With sweet milk of Charity temper your zeal;
Mingle the spirit of peace with your piety,
Harry no longer, endeavour to heal!

Popular speech on this rumpus parsonic,
Which raises a dust wheresoever we walk,
Is apt to be far less polite than laconic;
Much it might pain you to list to such talk.
Lend *Punch* your ears, then, O Clerics ubiquitous,
Lest it be found there are those who shall say,
"Whenever we 'd banish the harsh or iniquitous,
The peace-blazoned 'drag' of the Priest stops the way!"

De Dickey-Birds nil nisi Bonum.

SIR,

WE HAVE heared a deal of the cruelty of killing and plucking Dickey-birds—dear little things! Bosh! They ain't dear little things; leastways, not out of the trade. They are nasty quarrelsome little varmint. WATTS says they "in their little nests agree." What's WATTS? He may have knowed a thing or two about lions and bears, but it's quite certain he didn't know much about Dickies. If he 'ad, this would have been about what he would have wrote—

"Birds in their little nests agree
Till big enough to fight;
And then the biggest gets atop,
And sarve the little 'uns right!"

Yours truly,
A FEATHER DRESSER.

ADDRESS TO THE CONVOCATION OF YORK.—York, you're *not* wanted.

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OBBIN' COCK ROBIN.

"WHO killed Cock Robin?"
"I," said Dame Fashion
(Who ne'er knew compassion),
"I killed Cock Robin!"

"Who saw him die?"
"The Great Eye, in whose ken
Fates of birds are, and men—
I saw him die!"

"Who caught his blood?"
"We," said apers of WORTH—
Though English by birth!—
"We caught his blood!"

"Who made his bier?"
"I," said Madame La Mode;
"In wing-trimmings bestowed,
I made his bier!"

"Who will cry o'er his bier?"
Children gentle and good,
Fresh from *Babes in the Wood*,
Will cry o'er his bier.

"Where 'll be his grave?"
"In my hat," says the Maid,
"When off Missuses' laid—
There 'll be his grave!"

"What 's the prayer they will pray?"
"English girls, England through,
Small birds' corpses eschew!"
That 's the prayer they will pray.

"Who 'll be his chief mourners?"
English maid, English mother,
Both one and the other,
"We 'll be his chief mourners!"

"Who 'll to that say Amen?"
All, save fools of a feather,
In chorus together,
Will to that say Amen!

Candid.

MR. PUNCH, with some astonishment at the freedom and fulness of the admission, read last week in that leading medical organ the *Lancet*—

"The law presupposes that every person dying has the assistance of a medical man, and that where such assistance is not procured . . . the facts should be referred to a Coroner."

Such thoughts may have occasionally crossed the lay mind, but what non-medical authority would have dared to give them words?

HORATIAN MOTTO FOR A BOARD OF GUARDIANS.

"Mox reficit *rates* . . . indocilis pauperiem pati."
Carminum, lib. i. 1.

SON AND STRANGER.

WE sincerely hope the new comedy of ALEX. DUMAS *fils* will remain an *Etrangère* as far as the English stage is concerned.

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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY AT GIRTON.

First Young Lady (*opens Valentine, and reads*):—

"'Ερως ἀνίκατε μάχαν,
'Ερως, ὃς ἐν κτήμασι πίπτεις,' . . . &c., &c.

CHARMING, ISN'T IT? GUSSIE MUST HAVE SENT IT FROM OXFORD!"

Second Young Lady (*overlooking*). "YES, IT'S OUT OF THE *ANTIGONE*—THE LOVE-CHORUS, YOU KNOW. HOW MUCH JOLLIER THAN THOSE SILLY ENGLISH VERSES FELLOWS USED TO SEND!"

LUNAR VAGARIES.

THERE are two Moons, one ecclesiastical and the other civil. Perhaps we ought to say there are three, and include the Moon poetical, which hath influences over

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet."

The Moon ecclesiastical defines Easter Day; and this year there is a great outcry against her for putting that festival a week later than if the actual Moon had decided it. The REVEREND LORD ALWYNE COMPTON, however, comes forward with consolation, and says:—

"Among the proposals for amending the Rubrics now before Convention is one that the following words should be added to the rule quoted by MR. JACKSON from the Book of Common Prayer:—'Note.—That the full moon of this rule is not the full moon of the heavens, but the 14th day of the moon of the Ecclesiastical Calendar.'"

Plain people will fancy that this is an odd way to mend a Rubric (if it be a Rubric), since, instead of altering it, a note is added stating that "full Moon" means something else, and that the "Moon of the heavens" is not the Moon recognised by the Church of England. What an insult to "*Siderum Regina bicornis*"! Why should not the Moon of the heavens regulate Easter, so that everybody may calculate the date of that feast for himself?

There is a story of a Greek Cookney who was surprised to find the same Moon in Athens that he had left behind him at Corinth. His astonishment could hardly have been greater than is that of MR. JACKSON and his friends at finding that the Clergy have a special Moon of their own, which declines to be bound by astronomical rules.

E. Payson Weston's Perpetual Motion.

[110 miles in twenty-four hours, followed, within less than a week, by 180 miles in forty-eight!]

WELL! there is one thing no one can say of our American Cousin's unequalled pedestrian feat—and feet—and that is, Walker!

THE FOLLY AT FOLKESTONE.

AIR—"*The Vicar of Bray.*"

O RIDSDALE, Reverend Gent., desist
From antics Ritualistic.
Are you determined to persist
In aping rites Papistic?
What, is it really your intent
To disregard "monition"?
On that wild course if you are bent,
Consider your position.
In the face of the Law no longer fly;
At Popery cease to play, Sir.
You had better cave in and knuckle down,
And act the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

Oblige the Law to turn you out
As being its transgressor,
And you may call yourself, no doubt,
A "Catholic" Confessor.
But you 're a Heretic, Sir, says Rome,
Until her pale you enter;
Whilst from the Church that was your home
You 'll stand a mere Dissenter.
In the face of the Law, &c.

This is a land of Liberty,
And all, in these dominions,
To own what faith they please are free
And preach their own opinions.
Whatever crotchets they may hold
They 're licensed to avow them,
Without, but not within, the fold,
Whose Doctors disallow them.
In the face of the Law, &c.

To Bishops if you thus deny
Obedience that you owe, Sir,
Oh whither do you think to fly,
And where expect to go, Sir?
What refuge from "Erastianism,"
But knuckling down to CÆSAR?
Some new conventicle of Schism,
A High-Church Ebenezer?
In the face of the Law, &c.

Will you compete, for cure of souls,
With each sectarian surgeon,
And, in your chasubles and stoles,
Attempt to cut out SPURGEON?
But first a requisite you 'll need
'Twill puzzle you to fish up;
For your secession to succeed,
You 'll have to find a Bishop.
In the face of the Law, &c.

Debarred by Vatican Decrees,
All their gainsayers banning,
You fellows can't, as refugees,
Take service under MANNING.
Like bats you flit 'twixt birds and beasts,
In view of either erring,
Nor Protestants nor Popish Priests,
Fish, flesh, nor good red herring.
In the face of the Law, &c.

You know, if once you overstepped
Rome's fixed and rigid border,
That all of you would then be kept
Severely under order;
For pranks allowed no further scope,
Obedience forced to render;
No more himself each playing Pope,
But snubbed as a Pretender.
In the face of the Law, &c.

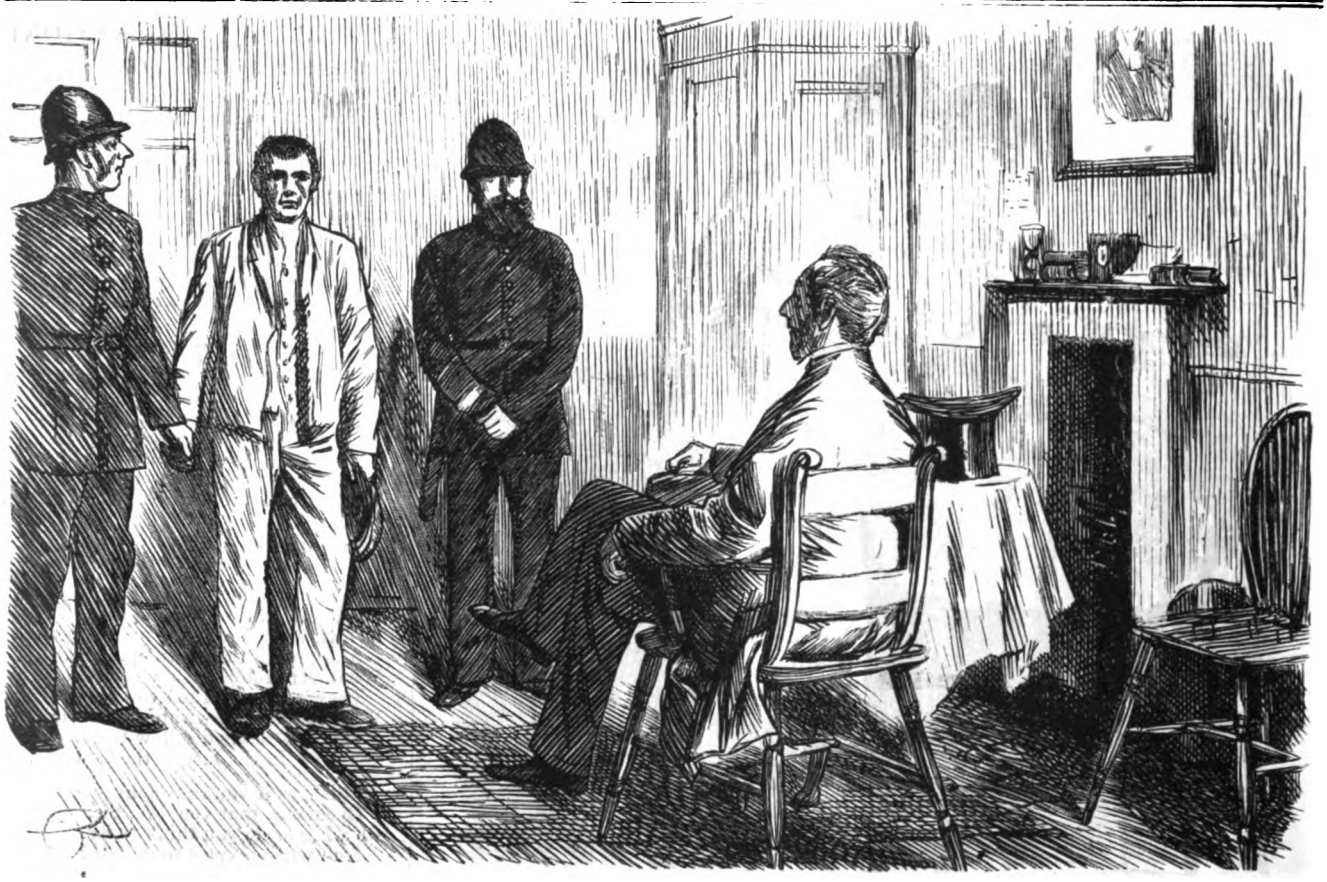
Not a Bad Interpretation.

Inquisitive Small Boy. Papa, what does Fugitive mean?

Papa (*Consulting Nuttall's Dictionary*). "Not tenable—not durable—volatile—short-lived."

Little Boy. Then, does Fugitive Slave Circular mean Short-lived Slave Circular?

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THE RULING PASSION.

Prison Chaplain (*charged to report on Convict's religious Knowledge*). "DO YOU KNOW THE COMMANDMENTS?"
Prisoner. "YES, SIR." *Prison Chaplain*. "SAY THE EIGHTH."
Prisoner (*promptly*). "THOU SHALT DO NO MANNER OF WORK; THOU, NOR THY SON, NOR THY DAUGHTER," &c.

A WORD FOR WALKER.

PERHAPS the hilarity as well as the utility of the "Spelling Bee" would be augmented by making it also a Pronouncing Bee, so as to combine rivalry in right speaking with competition in orthography. The President of the "Bee" to spell out the word which he invites the members to pronounce; it being also posted up before their eyes in large print. A Pronouncing Bee would probably afford the following amongst other no less elegant examples of popular utterance:—

"Ask"—ast, arsk, awsk, (*Cockney*) ax. "Basket"—barsket, bawsket. "Class"—clarse. "Master"—mawster, muster, measter (*rustic*). "Bad"—baud or bod (*superfine rustic*). "Bore"—baw (*superfine swell*). "Bull"—bul (*northern rustic*). "Pudding"—pud-ding, *ud* as in *mud* (*ditto*). "Common"—kimmon. "Cover"—kivver. "Creature"—creacher. "Curiosity"—curosity. "Ear"—year. "Here"—ear. "Draw"—drawr. "Law"—lawr. "Saw"—sawr (*Cockney*). "See"—zee (*rustic*). "Face"—veeace (*rustic*). "Grievous"—grievious. "Tremendous"—tremenjus. "Hand"—'and. "House"—'ouse. "Hour"—*h*our. "Honour"—*h*onour. "Horse"—hoss, 'orse, 'oss. "I"—Oi (*northern rustic*). "Spaniel"—spannel. "Spirit"—sperrit. "Thanks"—thenks. "Time"—toime (*Cockney*). "More"—moor (*rustic*). "New"—noo. "Duty"—dooty. "Tuesday"—Chooseday, Toosday. "Tune"—toon. "Veal"—weal. "Vehicle"—wehicle. "What"—wot, vot. "When"—wen. "Which"—witch. "You"—yer.

The standard of reference at Spelling Bees has hitherto been too exclusively WEBSTER'S *Dictionary*—a gross insult to the shade of DR. JOHNSON. But surely due regard should now be paid to that other Lexicographer whose authority is held to have determined the speech as well as the spelling of our native tongue. It is the reverse of true that Spelling Bees are all "Walker." The operation of WALKER on the Spelling Bee would possibly effect a considerable diminution of the crime of clipping the QUEEN'S English, whereby the ears of the more cultivated classes of Her Majesty's loyal subjects are too commonly offended.

HYMN TO VICTORIA.

(*After* BEN JONSON.)

QUEEN or Empress, Lady fair,
Sovran of the swelling deep,
Who, in distant Orient air,
Dost the sway of nations keep?
Must we, changing style with scene,
Hail an Empress in our Queen?

Where the tiger haunts the glade,
Where the mystic Ganges flows,
Where we English, unafraid,
Govern friends who once were foes,
There thy power is felt, unseen,
There men bow to England's Queen.

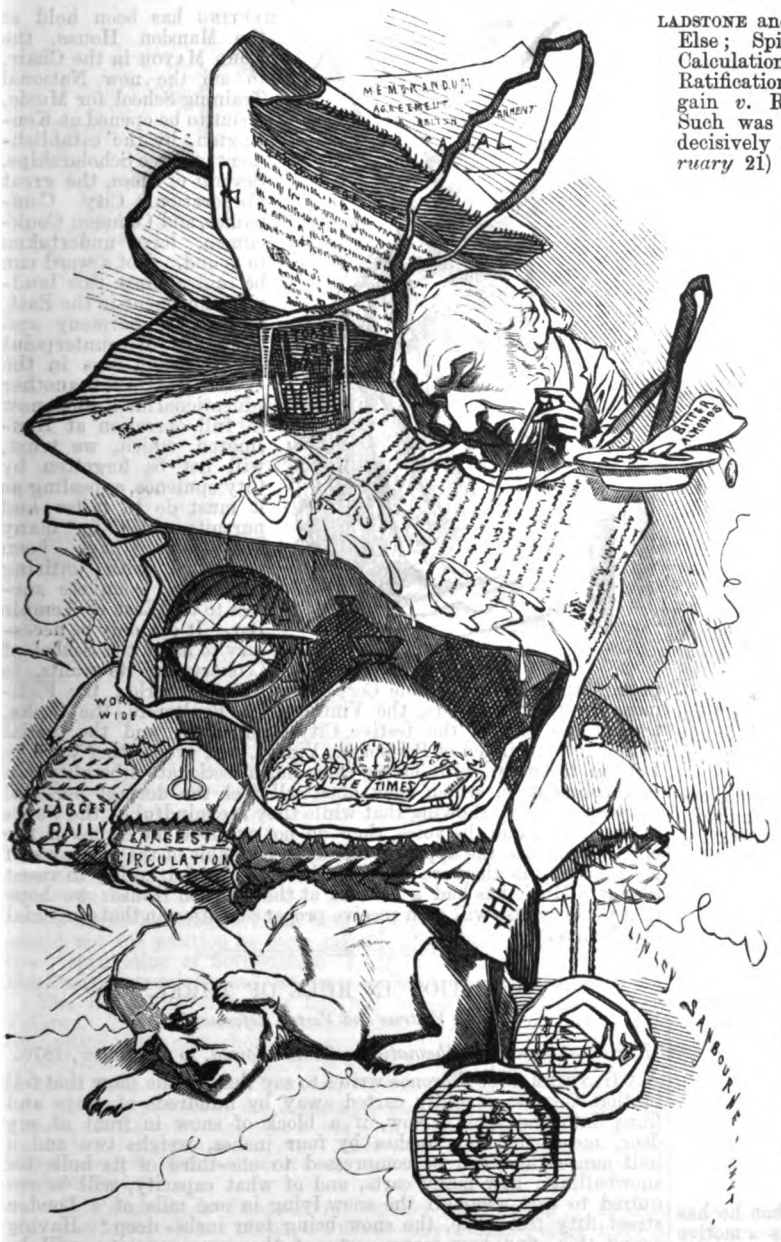
Lay the imperial style apart;
Leave it to the lords of legions:
Queen in every English heart,
Be thou Queen in Eastern regions.
Keep thy style and state serene—
Who so great as India's Queen?

Beams in the Balance.

THERE is reason to believe that the "Imponderables" are about to be abolished. A distinguished Chemist has, if not mistaken, determined, by experiment, that Light at least is ponderable. At the Royal Institution, the other Friday evening, MR. CROOKES gave a lecture, in which he appears to have actually demonstrated the possibility of weighing a ray of Light. Now if Light has weight, the weight of Light in some quantity must be no light weight, and in that case, therefore, it is manifestly not a paradox to say that light is heavy.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LADSTONE and LOWE *v.* Everybody Else; Spirited Policy *v.* Close Calculation of Per-Centages; Ratification of Suez Canal Bargain *v.* Repudiation of Same. Such was the triple issue very decisively settled (*Monday, February* 21) without any Division but that of the Opposition against itself.

DOCTOR LOWE should really be cautious how he uses his blistering ointment. It is a dangerously lively irritant, as may be inferred from its ingredients. To equal parts of penny wisdom, cynicism, and self-complacency add equal parts of wit, half-truth, and Oxford logic. Rub in hot, the wrong way of the hair; and stand clear of the patient's teeth and claws, or horns and hoofs, as the case may be. It has been known to set even Deputations kicking. No wonder that the British Lion and British Bull are not very patient under it. Nor are these high-spirited animals just now more in the mood for putting their heads into MR. GLADSTONE'S Economical Muzzle.

Not satisfied with Monday's discomfiture, the conscientious and energetic W. E. G. has since hung up his twenty-seven headed syllabus in the columns of the *Times*. There is much force, and we doubt not solid foundation, in his cross-questioning of the ministerial bargain from the pure Economist's point of view. But that is not the standpoint from which JOHN BULL just now looks at it. He applauds a prompt act of "spirited policy,"—annoying as such a strange piece of perversity may be to MR. GLADSTONE—and persists in his "inflammatory approval" of MR. DISRAELI'S unprecedented *coup de bourse*. Nothing can show this so clearly as the hornet's nest MR. GLADSTONE and MR. LOWE have brought about their ears, even from the friendly columns of their own Press, by their objections to the purchase. The course and conclusion of Monday night's debate gave Parliamentary proof of the same incontestable, however inexplicable, fact. MR. GLADSTONE must appeal from JOHN BULL "inflammatory" to JOHN BULL "condemnatory." That appeal cannot be yet set down for hearing; but it may come on.

Tuesday (*Lords*).—Patents Bill: same as last year's, but with only one class of Patents (for fourteen years) instead of two (one meant for "one-horse" Patents, to last half as long), and without the power to appoint professional referees, besides the Commissioners and Examiners of Patents, to sift the grounds of Patent claims—both changes for the worse, but said to be pressed on the Government *ab extra*. No sufficient reason, we are glad to learn on satisfactory authority, for the complaints of the Martini-Henry rifle as the soldier's shooting-iron.

(*Commons.*) First night with the Fugitive Slave Circulars.

MR. WHITBREAD—as by right hereditary—moved Resolutions involving immediate withdrawal of Number Two, without reference to the Commission's report.

MR. HANBURY moved a Resolution *contra*, to wait for the oracle from under the extinguisher.

Hence two nights of very long speeches; the lawyers having a good deal of the field to themselves, and expatiating freely, but as unable as their lay-fellows to reconcile the irreconcilable.

There is no denying the fact that LORD CLARENDON in 1870 wrote a letter that goes the whole length of Circular Number Two. Policy and public feeling, conscience and comity, the hearts of the British Public and British Officers, and the heads of departments, are all alike at odds in this unlucky matter. "*Que diable allaient-ils faire dans cette galère?*" Why didn't Government leave the difficulty as it has been left till now—in the discretion of the British Captain? There seem to have been only six hitches concerning fugitive slaves in some thirty-six years; and better any number of such hitches than an official act of the Government tying the hands of British Naval Captains — discreet and indiscreet alike — from helping the slave out of his shackles.

Several speakers in the course of the two nights' talk recalled, with a sigh of regret, LORD MELBOURNE'S famous query — in a similar perplexity between conflicting courses with much to be said for each—"Why not let it alone?" It was a British Admiral (SIR J. HAY), who suggested the course *Punch* would have recommended, to await the Commission's Report, and meanwhile withdraw the Circular. Even staunch Conservatives prayed MR. DISRAELI to follow SIR JOHN HAY'S sensible advice. Of course, it isn't a party question; of course, Her Majesty's Government hates Slavery as much as Her Majesty's Opposition. But, unluckily, if a Member of H. M. O. moves Resolutions, and a Member of H. M. G. moves counter-Resolutions, the fight *will* become a party one in spite of everybody's teeth, and so it was here. Two nights' talk (Tuesday's and Thursday's) ended in a party division. Circular Number Two stands, and MR. WHITBREAD'S Resolutions are defeated by 45 (293 to 248), a few of the usual supporters of the Government holding aloof. A solitary "Act" of stout MAJOR O'GORMAN'S enlivened the long and wearisome two nights' discussion of humanity, internationality, and exterritoriality. The portly Major wound up with an impassioned allusion to his portly Dartmoor *protégé*, ARTHUR ORTON. What that obese impostor has to do with the Slave Circular is not clear, though, taking corpulence and captivity together, one *does* see an association of ideas between him and a circular slave. One thing must be said to the House's credit. There was less "cant" and "rant" than might have been expected on such a subject.

But whatever Commission may report, and Commons vote, *Punch* agrees with SIR HENRY JAMES that Circular Number Two is as dead as Circular Number One. The country, simply, will not stand it. It has "got to disappear," as our American cousins say—whether under the Commission extinguisher, or what other device of Disraelitish ingenuity, matters not. "*Actum est!*"—*i.e.*, in English—it won't act. No, Siree! it won't *wash*—except out.

Wednesday.—An Irish afternoon. First instalment of the Home-Rule Bill-Budget—a plan of CAPTAIN NOLAN'S to shift the control of County Finance from

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Grand Juries to Boards elected by Twelve-pound Ratepayers—*i.e.*, "out of the frying-pan into the fire."

The Irish Members had the fight to themselves; and the opponents of the Bill, led by MR. KAVANAGH—who has a Bill of his own for tinkering the frying-pan—had the best of it.

Then followed Home-Rule Measure Number Two, MR. BUTT's Grand Jury Presentments Bill—knocked on the head after a refreshingly short struggle.

Thursday (*Lords*).—LORD SALISBURY introduced the Oxford Reform Bill. The Government of the University is to be put into Commission after 1877. Till then, if a House likes to put itself in order to the Commissioners' satisfaction it may do so. Funds for University needs are to be got by abolition of "Idle Fellowships," which ought to put £50,000 at the University's disposal at once, and four times as much eventually. The Marquis tried to make a distinction between "idle fellows" and "idle fellowships." What Colleges and Captains have to do is to get the idle "fellows" out of their "ships" as soon as may be.

Thursday's (*Commons*) Essence we have extracted in advance.

Friday (*Lords*).—THE LORD CHANCELLOR tried to prove that the New House of Lords' Court of Appeal would be the Old House of Lords—or that *parvum concilium = Magnum Concilium*. What 's in a name? LORD CAIRNS could answer *Juliet's* question.

Commons.—HOLMS of Hackney made a rash and ill-directed attack on the Militia and the Barrack System, and was very energetically and sensibly answered by MR. HARDY. Hackney readily suggests hobby; let not MR. HOLMS, though sitting for the one, take to riding on the other.

PHILOLOGY "IN SPORT."

IT is agreeable to notice a praiseworthy effort to make the study of abstruse languages no longer a task and a drudgery, but a pastime and a pleasure. *A Sanskrit Handbook for the Fireside* has our cordial wishes for its success through many editions to come; and we hopefully look forward to a time when the language, dealt with in this very alluring manner, will have become as familiar as Irish or Scotch, Erse or Gaelic, to many a solitary student by his lonely hearth, to many a fair philologist in her comfortable chimney-corner.

We are betraying no secrets, abusing no confidence, in announcing that this help to Sanskrit is only the first of a series of Handbooks planned to while away odd moments and unconsidered minutes. The following pleasant little manuals may be expected to appear in due course:—

Garden Strolls among Greek Roots.
Chinese at Tea-time.
Arabic over a Cup of Coffee.
A Gujarati Handbook for the Easy Chair.
Siamese in the Summer House.
Hungarian: a Book for those who are kept waiting for Dinner.
How to study Polish while you are having your Boots blacked.
Tamil and Telugu: a Breakfast-in-Bed Book.
Turkish over a Pipe: a Bird's-eye view of the Language.
Anglo-Saxon in a Country Ramble.
Icelandic: a Book for the Chimney-Corner.
Half-Hours with the Hardest Languages.

SUN *v.* STEAM.

ACCORDING to the *Athenæum*, a Frenchman "states that he has proved his position of being enabled to use sunshine as a motive power." This piece of scientific intelligence suggests three obvious corollaries:—

1. The employment of sunshine as a means of locomotion is altogether distinct from the extraction of that article from cucumbers.
2. Should a patent be taken out for the practical application of this discovery, it will be of but little value in the Metropolis, Manchester, and other large cities and towns, owing to the absence of the motive power for a considerable portion of the year.
3. It may be fairly assumed that within twelve months from this time some other sanguine projector will uphold the claims of another motive power as equally efficacious—namely Moonshine.

The Pope and the Pretender.

THE Carlist forces having been signally defeated at Vera, Estella, and Tolosa, DON CARLOS is told from the Vatican that, in the opinion of the Holy Father, "he ought to cease carrying on war in Spain now that there is no probability of his being successful." His Holiness, claiming to be the Vicegerent of Heaven, recognises the safety of siding with the big battalions.

MUSIC AND COOKERY.



A MEETING has been held at the Mansion House, the LORD MAYOR in the Chair, to aid the new National Training School for Music, about to be opened at Kensington, by the establishment of Free Scholarships. Several of these, the great Corporation, City Companies, and Common Councilmen, have undertaken to found. Not a word can be said against this laudable movement in the East, to promote harmony and the study of counterpoint and thorough bass in the West. But there is another educational institution, now in full operation at Kensington, which, we trust, will not be forgotten by City opulence, appealing as it must do to tastes and pursuits which, for many generations, have been cultivated with untiring energy and complete success to the East of Temple Bar. It can only be necessary to name the School of Cookery and its wants, to prompt the most hospitable Corporation in the world; the Fishmongers, the Fruiterers, the Vintners, the Poulterers, the Cooks, and all the rest of the festive City Companies; and the genial Common Councilmen of Portsoken, Vintry, and every other ward in London, to endow, with loving care and affectionate liberality, an establishment in which they must all feel the deepest personal interest—thereby showing that while they are mindful of the wants of the larynx and the voice, they do not overlook the claims of the epigastrium and the appetite, and are as sensible of the pleasures of good eating, as they are alive to the delights of drinking in sweet sounds. Music has had a hearing at the Mansion House: we hope that Cookery also will soon receive proper attention in that congenial atmosphere.

QUESTION IN RULE OF THREE.

(*For Vestries and Vestry Reformers.*)

Pure and Mixed Mathematics. Time allowed, to December, 1876.

A GENTLEMAN of Florence writes to say that all the snow that fell in that City was rapidly carted away by hundreds of carts and flung into the Arno. Now, if a block of snow in front of my door, measuring four inches by four inches, weighs two and a half ounces, and can be compressed to one-third of its bulk (for snowballing), how many carts, and of what capacity, will be required to cart away all the snow lying in one mile of a London street fifty feet wide, the snow being four inches deep? Having found this, find how many carts, of the same capacity, will be required to do the same work for all the main thoroughfares of London, showing how they will get to their work, and how they will travel to the River with their loads, and back empty (traffic not to be suspended during this cartage).

Jenkins v. Jenkins.

THE JENKINS tribe, it seems, are fain
In contrariety to revel:
One JENKINS writes *The Devil's Chain*,*
Another holds there is no Devil.
'Twixt two such JENKINSES, 'tis plain
Satan will find his proper level.

* See the drastic and didactic Temperance Novel, so called, by E. JENKINS, Esq., M.P. for Dundee.

An Old Rhyme.

(*Adapted to a Modern Mania.*)

Angelina. Fain would I rink, but that I fear to fall.
Edwin. You must risk "spillers," or not rink at all.

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THE HARD-UP HORTICULTURISTS.



LET us give a tear to the sorrows of the poor Royal Horticultural Society! They were pathetically recounted by LORD ALFRED CHURCHILL, presiding at the adjourned annual meeting of the Fellows of that impecunious Corporation in their Council Room, South Kensington; and signally illustrate the auspiciousness of the *genius loci*. His Lordship stated that:—

"In the past year the income of the Society had been diminishing, and the rent of the Gardens had not been paid. The Royal Commissioners, however, had given the Society three years in order to enable them to raise their income up to £10,000 a year. Up to the present time they had only received £3,000, but still the year was young. If, however, the income was not raised in three years to £10,000, the Society could not any longer exist."

The report above and below quoted contains no reference to any payment or delivery of prizes due to successful competitors at the Society's shows. Those debts may possibly have been paid, though rent is owing. But never say die!

"DR. ALFRED SMEE was of opinion that, no matter what they did, they could not damage the prestige of the Royal Horticultural Society."

No, indeed. The prestige of a Horticultural Society in arrears of rent for its grounds, or prizes for its premium-winners, must be pretty well past damaging.

"Although the Society might be short of funds, it would still rise again."

Yes; in the meanwhile its motto may well be *Resurgam*—for how long? DR. SMEE continued:—

"They might do many things to raise the fortunes of the Society. They might have Skating Rinks and other attractions, but unless they kept to the cultivation of horticulture, they could never maintain the Gardens in their proper position."

At South Kensington? Is that a proper position for the Horticultural Gardens? And would not the position be more suitable for "Skating Rinks and other attractions" than for the "cultivation of horticulture"? If the "other attractions" included Skittles, the sad Horticulturists might, at least, have a chance of competing with the "Jolly Gardeners."

The Horticultural Society has had losses, personal as well as pecuniary. It has lost Fellows. There are some Societies that no Fellow can possibly be expected to remain in connection with, and whose accounts are of the things no Fellow can understand, not even *Lord Dundreary*. But, of course, it would be uncivil to say that the Royal Horticultural Society is one of them. A bold Fellow suggested an attempt to reclaim the Fellows they had lost:—

"He (MR. BOWRING) was exceedingly glad that the Council had come round to the views of the Fellows, and he would urge that it was of the highest importance that the Fellows who had been lost should be recovered to the Society. (*'Hear, hear!'*) Let the Council make a special appeal to those Fellows to come back to their Society, and let there be a systematic house-to-house canvass in the neighbourhood."

"*De l'audace, de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!*" appears to be the motto of bold MR. BOWRING. What cheek a Fellow—any Fellow—must have to propose sending round the Hat on behalf of the Royal Horticultural Society! Systematically, too, from house to house in the neighbourhood! Would not that expedient be a little less unlikely to answer in a remoter district wherein the Concern on which residents are solicited to bestow their charity is less known than the R. H. S. is at South Kensington?

THE TURNER'S "TIP" TO THE CITY COMPANIES.

"I desire that each of these local institutions may thrive and prosper on that only basis on which anything can permanently thrive and prosper—namely, the steady and careful performance of its duties. . . . So far from desiring their abolition, what I cordially desire is their development and expansion in an application to duties that are of the greatest importance to the country. . . . It is not for an infant to advise adults. . . . The main difficulty, no doubt, is the change of circumstances; but if we look to the original duties of these ancient Guilds, we shall find in most instances they have disappeared, and you do not know where to find them. There is required for full conformity to the purposes of these Companies, a change in the form in which their energies and resources were to be applied. . . . A great mass of new wants have come into existence. . . . The necessity of falling back upon our ingenuity, and developing our resources, has become greater and greater. . . . Professional and technical training is wanted by most of the various classes of our artisans . . . and all these classes are, as it were, knocking at your doors, and asking what help you can give them."—MR. GLADSTONE *to the Turners' Company.*

GREAT City Guilds, what think you, pray,
Of the new Turner's "basis"?
Affairs are entering, one would say,
Upon a novel phasis.

"New wants," indeed! the "want to know"
Which Brother GLADSTONE starts with—
Is this the sort of thing to go
And trouble Civic hearts with?

This Woodman deals a sturdy stroke
Stark strength with skill combining.*
Duty with him is not a joke,
Or synonym for dining.
A guest extremely kind and nice
To have within your border,
Who gives you neatly-veiled advice
To—set your house in order!

Not JONES's gush nor COTTON's sneer
Will this stern Woodman soften.
For *turning!*—well, his foes, I fear.
Deem he 's done that too often.
But when he spots a Upas tree,
And thinks it ripe for axeing,
To turn *him* were a task, pardie!
Titanic muscles taxing.

And yet this "infant's" cool advice
Perhaps is worth revolving,
Ere the new Turner thinks his thrice
And reaches to resolving;
Or other chopper-wielders rise
To mark your trees with "blazes,"
And tell home-truths to Companies
In less mellifluous phrases.

For these are days when revenue
Entails responsibility;
Big trusts are left to very few
To toy with in tranquillity.
Commissions sometimes take by storm
Strongholds of Corporation;
And then the "rude hand of Reform"
Works wondrous tribulation.

Neglected duties, funds too fat,
And interests sly and sinister—
Which he so gently hinted at,
Our fluent ex-Prime Minister,—
Are not the things to buoy a barque
When storm to storm seems beckoning:
How would it be, to build an ark
Against a day of reckoning?

Those duties of each ancient Guild,
To which old Charters bind them,
Most surely ought to be fulfilled
Wherever search may find them.
And if Time's metamorphosis
Have blurred their very traces,
One thing is certain, and 'tis this—
New ones must take their places!

Trade interests alone may yield
Full scope for all your vigour.
To bring Art-work into the field,
And put down rogues with rigour,
Are tasks to tax your cash and skill;
Since some who look upon her
Fear Britain's course must be down-hill,
Till scamped work brings dishonour.

Shrink not from Satire's friendly whip,
Nor pose yourselves as martyrs;
But take, in time, the Turner's "Tip,"
And overhaul your Charters.
Pageants, brave halls, and sumptuous feeds,
Mean vulgar ostentation;
Trade and the Time have larger needs
Which claim consideration!

* "A poet, whose works are now three thousand years old, in one of his immortal lines has told the world that the excellence of a Woodman lieth not in his strength, but in his skill."—MR. GLADSTONE.

SYLLABUS AND SUEZ.

MR. GLADSTONE has sent the newspapers a "Syllabus" of questions on the Suez Canal shares purchase. A Syllabus from the Author of *Vaticanism!* What more could have been expected from the Vatican itself? Is WILLIAM going also to proclaim himself infallible?

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AN OLD KING BY A NEW NAME.

Tymkyns. "GOOD MORNING! A—A—I WANT A COSTUME OF HENRY THE FOURTH OF ENGLAND, IF YOU PLEASE!"

La belle Costumière (affably, but not without a touch of scorn). "*EXCUSE* ME, SIR! HENRY THE *EIGHTH* OF *ENGLAND!* HENRY THE *FOURTH* WAS A *FRENCH* KING!"

The Costumier (solving the difficulty). "PARKINS! PAR-KINS!!" (*Voice in the distance.* "YES, SIR!")

The Costumier. "BRING DOWN THE '*ANGRY CAT!*" [*He must have meant "HENRI QUATRE," but that was what he said.*

CHAIRS BEHIND COUNTERS.

As a rule, when a customer enters a Draper's shop, an Assistant hands that customer a chair. That is, if you are a Lady, or a being of the lower sex at ladies' heels. Not if only a Man, come shopping simply on your own account. Male customers never have chairs offered them. The Shopmen know that the man will be suited immediately. He will choose what he wants out of any assortment of articles at a glance. Man, in making purchases, of draperies at least, does not compare, deliberate, and judge. It is not his nature to. He will buy and be off. He won't sit down for an hour, or even a minute. He does not want a chair, not he.

However, chairs are at his elbow, plenty, before the counter. But there are none behind it. There, those who serve stand. The Female Assistants stand, as well as the Shopmen, and have to stand all day. A Lady, who at farthest will probably not exceed three hours in choosing a silk or a muslin, has a seat provided for her; but the Female Assistant, to say nothing of the Shopman, who serves her, must keep on her legs not only while attending on customers, but even whilst unoccupied, from early morning till late at night. There is no sitting at the receipt of custom for her; no sitting for anybody but the Cashier. Why does this particularly brutal and barbarous arrangement exist? "It is said that this custom has to a certain extent been adopted out of deference to the supposed wishes of customers." So we learn from a Circular signed by a number of Ladies resident in Bristol, Clifton, and the neighbourhood, deprecating the regulation by which Female Assistants in shops are "obliged to stand so many hours continuously," to the detriment of their comfort and health. These are their words:—

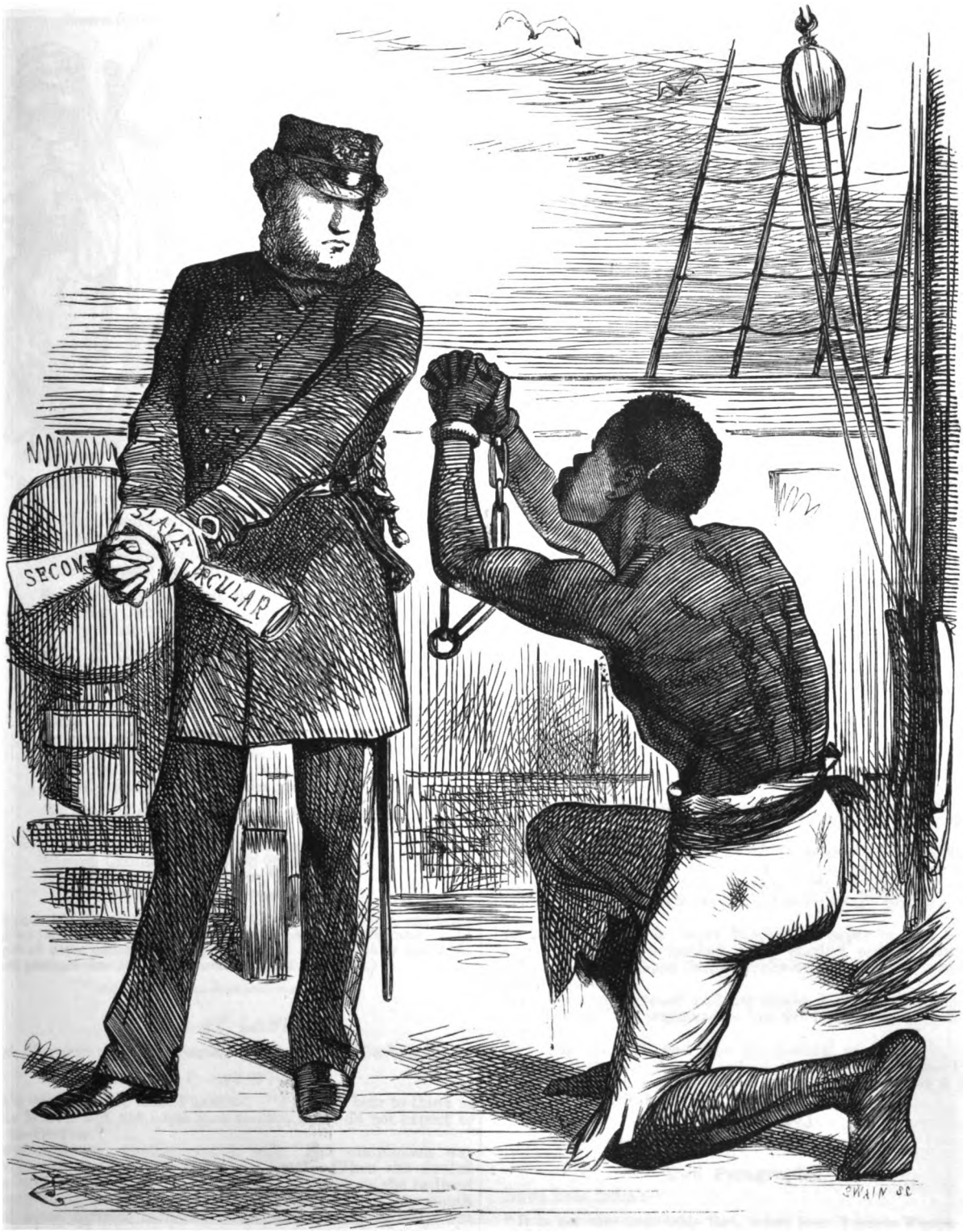
"Without any desire to interfere unduly in business arrangements, but solely out of sympathy with those of our own sex, we beg to submit to the Masters of all retail shops in which women are employed as Assistants, that it would very much add to our comfort when we are making our purchases, if we saw these young women relieved from this unnecessary strain upon their constitution, by seats being provided for them, and permission given to sit and take a few minutes' rest at the various intervals, in which, as we believe, they might, when not serving, do so without neglecting the interests of their employers."

This appeal, though addressed to all Shopkeepers who employ Female Assistants, chiefly concerns Drapers. The Philosopher, detained in a Draper's shop, and looking around him, is generally struck with the pallid, hectic, pasty, flabby, and otherwise unwholesome visages of the Assistants, male and female. Of the latter even he may often grieve to notice that not a few have partially lost their hair, so that their heads present here and there appearances similar to the half-worn mop, or long-abandoned crow's-nest. He feels that all this is partly owing to the vitiated air of the shop, always peculiarly stuffy, though made so by emanations from sources worse than stuffs, and he sees that the injurious effect of a bad atmosphere is greatly aggravated by having to stand in it all day long.

The considerate Ladies who beg that Shopwomen may be allowed seats, add the suggestion that all shops might advantageously "be closed at a much earlier hour than is now the case." They truly observe that—"The chief thing wanted is unanimity among the Masters." An initiative is needful to render people unanimous who are not so yet. Might it not be judiciously taken by any enterprising man of business, master of Female Assistants? He would surely find it at least a safe "spec" to combine enterprise with humanity. Who will risk it? "Seats behind the Counter"—would not this be a taking legend in a shop-window amongst the scrolls that teach us to come and buy? Of all attractive labels announcing the "novelties of the season," would not this be the Ticket?

NEW NOVEL.—*Angry Livers.* By the Author of *Cross Lights.*

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MEN AND BROTHERS!!

FUGITIVE SLAVE. "TAKE THESE OFF!"
CAPTAIN, R.N. "HOW CAN I?—WITH *THIS ON?*"

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EAST AND WEST.

Punch to the Maharajah of Burdwan.



Welcome, Wise Rajah of Burdwan!
From the far heart of Hindostan,
Is this kind gift you send.
Punch, pink of Western courtesy,
Feels it his part to make reply
To England's Eastern Friend.

These medals, sent from East to West,
When hung upon each boyish breast,
Will tell the stirring story,
How British lads could play the man,
And how a Prince of Hindostan
Could see, and swell, their glory.

Punch thanks you in the youngsters' name.
"Such deeds are not of local fame,"
Your Highness says, and rightly.
Yet none the less their thanks are due
To one who proves that dictum true,
So promptly and politely!

Such deeds, such words, do much to knit
Far lands; when diplomatic wit
Proves the more strained the duller:
The "touch of Nature" everywhere
Knits hearts that feel and hands that dare—
In spite of creed and colour.

Be sure our boys will wear with pride
These tokens from the Orient side
Of Britain's empire spacious—
From one you courteously call
"Their fellow subject," in Bengal—
Kind thought, and impulse gracious!

We serve one Lady—Empress—Queen,—
Mere title matters not, I ween,
While we are friends, not foemen.
Though Critics carp, though Statesmen jar,
Burdwan, from her oasis far,*
Sends words of pleasant omen.

* ("Burdwan is one of the most productive territories of India, and being environed by jungles, appears like a garden surrounded by a wilderness." The Rajah's gift of silver medals to the boyish heroes of the *Goliath* is one of the pleasantest passages ever recorded between England and India.)

UNITED AT LAST!*

A Novelette for the Drawing-Room and the Kitchen.

Chapter I.—*All Wrong!*

"Don't speak to me," said Frances. "I cannot bear to think of it. Your Master did not come back to-day, and I do not expect to see him to-morrow."

She was a pretty, pouting young wife. Her complexion was cream-coloured, and her eyes a glorious hazel. When she smiled her face became as bright as a sunbeam; but now, as she reclined on her easy-chair, there was a curl about the ends of her rosy mouth telling of great distress of mind. The expression of anxiety was out of place on that sweet, trusting countenance. So thought the faithful Atalanta.

"You will find it will come all right, Mum, in the end," observed the faithful creature. "Take my word for it—it will all come right."

"I have done my best to make my home comfortable for his sake," continued the Mistress of the house; and her lip trembled. "I have clothed the walls in blue-green tints, and hung up any amount of delft and Persian plates. All the furniture is artistically ugly and æsthetically uncomfortable; and, to please him, I have changed your name from Betsy to Atalanta, because I thought it sounded more refined."

"Indeed you have, Mum," replied the faithful creature.

"And yet he does not come!"

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when a loud knock was heard at the front door. The two women looked at one another as women will when they feel their hearts in their mouths. Then Frances clapped her hands with joy, and Atalanta glided gracefully out of the room to attend to the visitor. In a moment more a hurried step was heard on the stairs, the curtain barring the entrance to the *boudoir* was thrust aside, and husband and wife were locked in one another's arms. And then they began to talk. He was full of conversation. He gave her a *précis* of all the leaders in the daily papers, and read many articles from the *Law Times*, the *Engineer*, and the *Economist*.

"I could listen to you for hours," at last she said; adding, with a smile, "Indeed, I have done so. But I want so very much to ask you a question, dear."

"Nay, nay, pretty trifler," he replied hurriedly, but affectionately, "you really *must* hear this. Listen!"

And then he read, from beginning to end, the last number of the *Journal of Psychological Medicine*. She listened with a half-smile upon her lips, but there was a feeling of anxiety at her heart—at her heart of hearts.

"You must tell me," she said gently, but firmly, "why you did not return to dinner?"

"Did I not?" he murmured, absently.

"O Edwin, you know you did not."

He blushed up to the roots of his hair. He felt that his evasion was regarded as a subterfuge.

"You are right," he said, at last—and there was a hard, cold expression about his eyes as he spoke—"I did *not* return to dinner."

She was all of a flutter, and the tears gathered in her eyes. In a moment she was clasped to her husband's heart.

"O my darling!" he cried, "we have been married only six weeks, and yet a shadow has arisen between my loved one and myself: a shadow bringing with it agony and remorse—a shadow horrible and palpable!"

She was cold and pale now, but she replied, calmly, "You mean the shadow of dinner?"

He buried his face in his hands, and was silent.

"Edwin, my love, my angel," she said, softly, "before we part for ever—for part we must if the Club claims you daily for its own—Nay, do not interrupt me, darling. I repeat, before we part let me ask you, is there *no* hope?"

He was silent for a moment. Then he wiped away a few tell-tale drops of moisture from his eyes. Then he sighed heavily, and produced a newspaper.

"Only this," he said. "Take it!" He moved towards the doorway. When he reached the curtains he turned round and cried, with a voice trembling with emotion, "My darling, O my darling, I leave my dinner in your hands. Let us forget the past in a glorious future."

As he disappeared she began to read the paper he had left with her. A passage was marked. The marked passage contained a report of a Lecture upon Cookery delivered by Mr. Buckmaster at High Wycombe.

Soon her eyes glistened and her cheeks became rosy. "At last I know the way," she murmured—"at last I know the way. And now for Atalanta."

She rang the bell, and soon the faithful creature was closeted with her Mistress. At the end of the conversation the Mistress kissed the servant, as women will under the impulse of a joy too great to bear single-handed.

(*To be continued.*)

* So many stories are published now-a-days without a purpose, that *Mr. Punch* has no hesitation in presenting his readers with a tale having a very high purpose indeed—the spread of the science of Cookery. The style of its popular Author is so patent in every line that it is unnecessary to divulge his name.

Two Paragraphs.

News from India:—

"It is not very improbable that, before long, Burmese Women will be employed as land surveyors in the Amherst district."

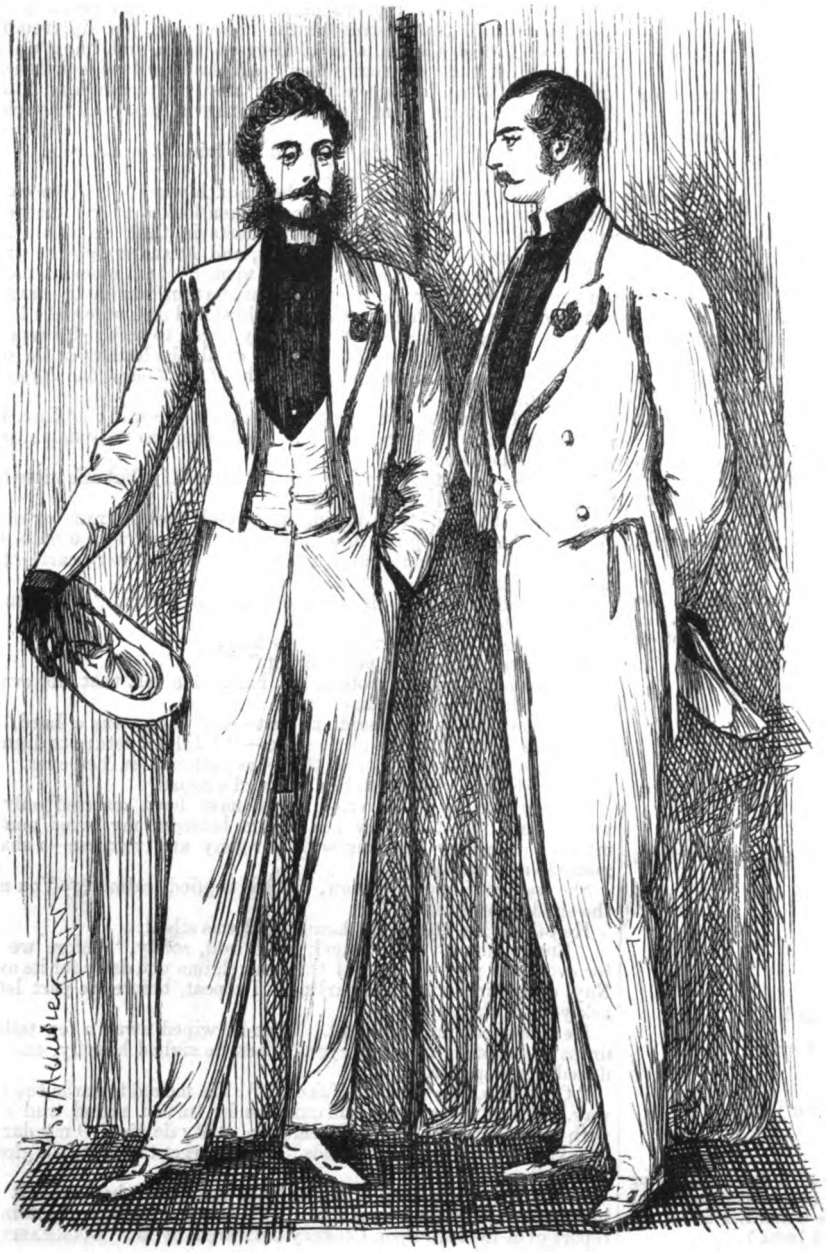
The champions of Women's Rights are in high spirits, and parade enlightened Burmah as an example to prejudiced England.

News from St. Petersburg:—

"An official ukase forbids the exercise of the functions of barrister by Women."

The champions of Women's Rights are in low spirits, and use harsh language about poor benighted Russia.

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A SUGGESTION IN BLACK AND WHITE.

OUR ARTIST BEGS RESPECTFULLY TO SUGGEST THAT WHITE EVENING SUITS MIGHT WITH ADVANTAGE BE ADOPTED BY GENTLEMEN DURING THE COMING SEASON. BLACK SHIRTS MIGHT ALSO BE WORN, IF CONTRAST OF COLOUR IS DESIRED.

[N.B.—Our Artist will have to draw a good many Evening Suits in the course of the coming Season, and probably grudges the labour of imparting the proper amount of blackness to them.—ED.

REAL "FASTING GIRLS."

THE announcement of "Another Fasting Girl," which is going the round of the papers does not interest *Mr. Punch*. He is far more concerned for the poor fasting girls whose total earnings for a week's work of eight hours a day only amount to three or four shillings. There is certainly something of "the miraculous" in the fact that these unfortunate creatures manage to keep body and soul together; rather more wonderful, thinks *Mr. Punch*, than that a girl should be able to lie in bed and sustain life by the "moistening of her lips with wine, brandy, &c." "Moistening" is a convenient word, and "&c." is a wide term. A little wine and brandy, and a few "*etcæteras*" would often save the life of an over-worked sempstress, whose "fasting" had become a matter of cruel necessity.

If our readers wish to have brought home to them a real and recent case of this sadder order of "fasting girls," let them read, mark, and digest this brief record, from last Thursday's morning papers:—

"Last evening, MR. BEDFORD held an inquest at St. Martin's Vestry-hall, Charing Cross, respecting the death of ADA FILE, an unmarried woman, aged twenty-two years. From the evidence it appeared that deceased and an elder sister lived in one room in Chandos Street. Since the death of their mother, who died recently, they have gained a precarious livelihood by needlework. The deceased was at work all Saturday night and Sunday morning. At about half-past five on Sunday morning, she gave a sudden shriek, and fell back in her chair, and died almost immediately. The medical evidence showed that the body was extremely emaciated, and the stomach was completely empty. All the internal organs were healthy, with the exception of the right side of the heart, which was dilated. Death arose from the failure of the action of the heart, produced by over work and long abstinence from solid food. The Coroner said it was a sad case, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence."

"EMPRESS" *v.* "QUEEN."

WHEN CÆSAR shirked the kingly name,
And reigned as "*Imperator*,"
The choice implied no higher aim—
None deemed that title greater.

With anxious care he shunned the style
That Roman pride offended—
Content the "*cives*" to beguile,
And rule through forms less splendid.

What though that daring Soldier's sway,
Through scores of rogues transmitted,
Enslaved Old Europe, from the day
When Roman freedom flitted;

And, age by age, that name accurst
Has still, from first to latest,
Implied of Monarchies the worst,
But ne'er with us the greatest;—

What though the phantom of a Past
With crime and folly teeming,
Was, for a wonder, doomed to last
In faint imperial seeming,

Until this shadow of a shade,
A tyrant's views offending,
Like some old ghost, at length was laid
By NAP'S resolve unbending*;—

What though this empty name, the scorn
Of honest right and freedom,
In apish mimicry is borne
By those who little heed 'em;—

Let mushroom dynasties that spring
From spoil and usurpation,
To this, as to each emblem cling
Of lawless domination.

For us, though now we go to school
Where crazy Crotchet's mission
Seems to be to subvert old rule
Of History or Tradition—

Still "King" or "Queen" from earliest days,
To British understanding,
A sense of rank supreme conveys,
That brooks no rash expanding.

Symbol august of regal state,
With Freedom's spirit blended;
Can title so securely great
Be altered or amended?

* On the compulsory abdication of FRANCIS THE SECOND, the last of the Emperors of the old Holy Roman Empire, which was broken up by NAPOLEON'S conquests.

MERCY TO ANIMALS.

THE Baring reign has come to an end in India. Let us hope, thanks to the joint influence of FLOWER and common sense, it will not be resumed in London.

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"DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE."

Near-Side Passenger. "HE EVIDENTLY WANTS TO RACE YOU."

Driver (disdainfully). "BUT YOU DON'T SUPPOSE FOR A MOMENT SIR, THAT I 'M A-GOIN' TO RACE WITH ONE O' THEM TWOPENNY YALLERS?"

HARD-BOILED EGGS.

"The answer to the Andrassy Note was ready on Wednesday, but was kept some days awaiting the approval of the SULTAN, who was ill with cholera from having eaten eighteen hard eggs at one meal, and could not be communicated with."—*Constantinople Correspondent.*

GREAT SULTAN, stubborn 'gainst attacks,
Diplomacy attention begs,
While you digestion over-tax,
By this excess in hard-boiled eggs.

Look, where your Rayahs evil-starred
Oppression's cup drain to the dregs,
And think *your* yoke on them lies hard,
As on you yolks of hard-boiled eggs.

From scorn, wrong, robbery, grant them rest,
And you may spare your powder-kegs—
And find it easier to digest
Hard-worded notes than hard-boiled eggs;

Or, when Al Sirat's narrow bridge
You cross with rather shaky legs,
Rayahs will speed you o'er the ridge
With blessings on those hard-boiled eggs!

AN ÆSOP'S FABLE.

(*Re-written.*)

A CERTAIN Actor was tried and condemned for murdering a Moorish Captain in the employment of the Venetian Republic. On his way to the place of execution, he requested, as a last favour, that he might be allowed to shake hands with his Critics, who followed in the crowd, weeping. The favour was granted, but in this act of apparent cordiality the condemned man contrived to twist out of joint the pen-fingers of the Critics' hands.

"Unhappy man!" exclaimed the bystanders. "Will you, at this awful moment, add yet another to your catalogue of crimes, that you treat thus your best friends and advisers?"

"Not so," replied the condemned man. "If these Gentlemen had not told me when I was a beginner that I was a happy mixture of ROSCIUS, BETTERTON, GARRICK, KEMBLE, and KEAN, I might never have come to this unhappy fate!"

Moral—superfluous.

THE FATAL TWENTY-NINTH.

"MR. FITZ MILLION presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and would be glad to know from the Universal Monitor of Mankind what to do with these letters, all of which he found on his breakfast-table on the morning of the 29th of February."

Mr. Punch's reply was laconic: "Burn them." As there were about five hundred, they will make a pretty bonfire.

MR. FITZ MILLION is twenty-two, and has just inherited his worthy old father's vast property. He is emphatically—

"A marriageable man, with plenteous cash."

Mr. Punch selects three letters as fair samples of the terrifying mass.

I.

DEAR MR. FITZ MILLION,

How I wish I knew your Christian name! I dreamt it was FERDINAND. Is it? I have seen you driving four-in-hand, like Apollo driving the chariot of the Sun. Your hair is golden, like that Deity's. O happy Leap Year, in which, without maiden shame, I can tell you that I love you!

I am poor, but poetical. I make my own costumes—why should I blush to own it?—but I am divinely beautiful. Your ecstatic love will decorate me with the most resplendent apparel and the costliest gems, will it not, dear FERDINAND? O fly to my arms, most adorable of heroes!

Your impatient, impassioned,
AMANDA BLOGG

II.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I HEAR that you have inherited large property, and I propose to take the control of it in the interests of Science. This being Leap Year, I have a right to make you a matrimonial proposal, which of course you will not refuse. You are, I am told, extremely ignorant; but you are very young, and as I do not suffer from either the one or the other misfortune, I shall be able to educate you, so far as a mere masculine intellect is capable of development.

To devote your wealth to the noble pursuits of Science will be a grand enterprise. Money is very needful for great experiments. To find DARWIN'S missing link it is only requisite to keep a few thousand apes of different species, and select such of their offspring as show a tendency toward manhood. This is one of many valuable experiments in which, as the husband of my natural selection, you will be privileged to aid me. I have tried it on with others of your sex in preceding Leap Years. You succeed to their chance on the Darwinian principle of survival of the fittest. You will, of course, call at once. I remain at home to receive you.

PRISCILLA GUBBINS,
Professor of Anthropology, University of Laputa.

III.

Πανδαμάτωρ Ἔρως,
How daring he grows
In the year that 's bissextile, when fun overflows!
Ἀθανάτ' Ἀφροδίτη
Is equally flighty,
And won't give us maidens a minute's repose.

Nummus aureus est
By no means a pest,
If you know how to spend it with wisdom and zest:
So dear MR. FITZ,
If keen are your wits,
In CHLOE, M.A., you at once will invest.

Girton College.

Such are the dangers of Leap Year. MR. FITZ MILLION (whose name is *not* FERDINAND) did well to ask our friendly advice.

A COMMON CLERICAL SCANDAL.—A Bachelor Rector with a Family Living.

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MUCH IN THE SAME LINE.

Chinamaniac (on the prowl, with an eye to prey). "HAVE YOU GOT ANY OLD CROCKERY, MY GOOD WOMAN!"
Old Woman (suspiciously). "CROCKERY, INDEED! WHAT DO YOU GIVE FOR RABBIT-SKINS?"

ON A POLITICAL ZOILUS.

(LOWE *v. High Policy.*)

THERE 's a scholarly Statesman who wields a keen wit,
Like a rapier polished, and pungent of point;
You might warrant that wonderful swordsman would hit
In a dragon-fly's armour the tiniest joint.
The Gushers and Foggers fight shy of that blade,
The Wind-Bags all shrink from its pitiless prick,
And fools at the flash of it slink to the shade,
Double-Quick!

But so keen is his eye, and so sure is his hand,
That to pry and to prod grow his only delight.
For sentiment—pooh! 'tis a mountebank's wand,
And policy—nothing but conjuror's sleight.
Small prudence, thinks he, based on *L. s.* and *d.*,
Backed by cynical sneer and discourteous snub,
Is *the* Ægis of State. But JOHN BULL can't agree;
There 's the rub!

The spy-glass and scalpel are all very well,
But a microscope 's useless for watching the stars;
And the blade that 's a boon when it cuts up a "sell,"
When it pricks little holes in big policy, mars.
We are not wholly governed by ledger-law yet;
And the pitiful prudence that fain would have shrunk
From a right royal risk, *Punch* declares—with regret—
Looks like—funk!

A New Shakspeare Reading.

Adapted to the Times.

"ALL the world 's a Rink,
And all the men and women merely skaters."

A DELICATE SITUATION.

MR. PUNCH,

As the Pantomimes are nearly over, I shall soon be out of place, and what do you think of my applying for the situation following?—

WANTED, a Christian Person who has seen better days, and would value a kind home more than high wages, as NURSE in a private family.

I'm a rare hand at nursing (ask *Pantaloon* if I'm not), and, though I'm often heard to exclaim "Oh, what a day we're having!" I don't at all mind owning that I've seen many better. People who have seen me steal a baby, and then thump it on the floor, or treat it like a football, may entertain a doubt if I can be "a Christian person;" but people who in these days expect to find a servant who will work for them for kindness' sake, and next to nothing wages, may expect their advertisement to be treated as a joke, and answered by

A CLOWN.

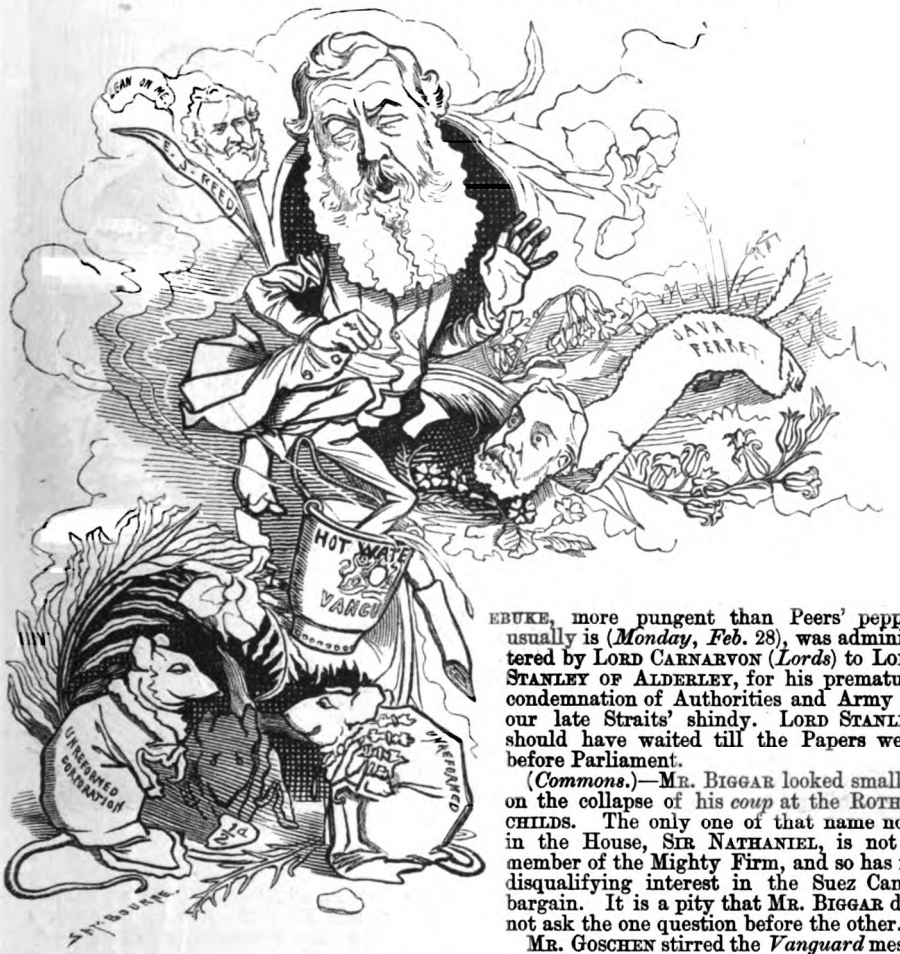
Music of the Future.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH is going to give something more than his Patronage to the New National Musical Training School of Kensington. His Royal Highness, we hear, contemplates giving Lectures on the National Wind Instrument of Scotland, with personal illustrations on the Bagpipes. Of course there will be a Bagpipe Scholarship to add to the fleet of scholar-ships already announced. The question as to "who will pay the piper" has not yet been answered. Doubtless, H.R.H., as England's Sailor Prince, will also throw in a Hornpipe Scholarship. The lucky winner of both honours will be known as Kensington Bag-and-Hornpiper to H.R.H. the DUKE OF EDINBURGH, by Appointment. So far, the prospects of the New National Musical Training School are magnificent!

THE WORST SLAVE CIRCULAR (*By a Brute of a Bachelor*).—The Wedding-Ring.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT



EBUKE, more pungent than Peers' pepper usually is (*Monday, Feb.* 28), was administered by LORD CARNARVON (*Lords*) to LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, for his premature condemnation of Authorities and Army in our late Straits' shindy. LORD STANLEY should have waited till the Papers were before Parliament.

(*Commons.*)—MR. BIGGAR looked smaller on the collapse of his *coup* at the ROTHSCHILDS. The only one of that name now in the House, SIR NATHANIEL, is not a member of the Mighty Firm, and so has no disqualifying interest in the Suez Canal bargain. It is a pity that MR. BIGGAR did not ask the one question before the other.

MR. GOSCHEN stirred the *Vanguard* mess, with its accompanying messes, the Admiralty Minute on the finding of the one Court-martial that *was* held, and the Admiralty mistake in refusing the two Courts-martial that *ought* to have been held.

MR. WARD HUNT defended himself after his wont, blunderingly, but in perfect good faith. He did not seem even to see the point of MR. GOSCHEN's attack—that in over-riding the Court-martial's censure of one of his own colleagues by an Admiralty Minute, he was exposing a good and gallant officer to the most unfavourable imputations. Also that a Court-martial on ADMIRAL TARLETON and CAPTAIN HICKLEY, so far from a hardship, would have been the greatest boon to both. The Service, differing on every other point in the case, agrees in dissatisfaction at the withholding of full public inquiry into the conduct of the two officers exonerated by the Admiralty Minute, and this without reference to their deserts in the case.

That is about the upshot of the long night's talk. Even MR. WARD HUNT must, one would think, have got the true *gravamen* of his own blunder beaten into him by this time. It is true, his power of resisting the ram of reason is amazing. Talk of iron-clads!

A snug job (creation of a Chief Civil Service Commissionership at £2000 a-year, for LORD HAMPTON, *æt.* seventy) rudely questioned, and all but upset. Too bad. Aren't there two Commissioners to do the work, and hasn't LORD H. earned a retreat for his old age?

Tuesday (*Lords*).—Second Reading of LORD CAIRNS' BILL, bringing the law as to Crossed Cheques into accordance with mercantile practice, out of which a recent judgment has rudely shaken it. A cheque crossed "& Co.," may be paid through any banker. But any one who takes a cheque specially crossed with a banker's name—except that banker—does it at his peril.

LORD SANDHURST led an attack on Knightsbridge Barracks. But they have got to be re-erected. The site is pronounced, on high authority, the best for strategic purposes—if the Guards should ever have to do bloodier duty than guard the line of route for a procession—*quod Di avertant*. Besides, the Duke assures us that the healthiest cavalry barracks are those where men's rooms are over horses' stables. Troopers so lodged are not so liable to chills as when they pass, heated, from detached stables to gusty barrack-rooms. The ammoniacal odours, we presume, they get used to. Nay, perhaps we shall be told these are medicinal. Did not an elderly carcase-butcher tell the Smithfield Committee that if ever he felt a little "queer in his inside" he used to go and inhale the odours from the grating of one of the Smithfield sewers, and it always brought him round better than any physic? *Odor equi*—like *odor lucri*—*bonus est*.

(*Commons.*)—The brisk Baronet of Chelsea gave the House a delightful night's ratting sport over the "unreformed Corporations." There were some hundred little burrows left untouched when the municipal rats were smoked out of the bigger boroughs. It was intended, no doubt, to bring the sulphur and the ferrets to these lesser holes, after the big ones were cleansed and set in order; but this latter work took more time and energy than was calculated, and so the venerable rottenness of these cosy retreats of antiquated corruption was spared to exercise the Chelsea Baronet's keen taste for ferreting. Last year he turned his ferret into the burrows of New Romney, Queensborough, and Woodstock. This year the sport is spread through Sussex, the Isle of Wight, Dorsetshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall. Shall *Punch* wrong DILKE by picking the plums out of his pudding? No. Let our readers go to his speech if they would enjoy the amazing "bag" of musty abuses and venerable villanies his sharp eye and keen scent have brought to light. Never was there such an unearthing of vermin since the Pied Piper of Hamelin charmed the rats into the Weser, and did *not* earn the blessing of the Corporation.

MR. CROSS undertakes the future ferreting in these well-stocked preserves, and SIR CHARLES leaves the sport in his hands. The vermin should have been unearthed, and their rotten old burrows cleared out, forty years ago—but better late than never.

Wednesday.—Another Irish afternoon. By doubling the usual number of Parliamentary sponsors to a Bill, the Irish Managers have doubled their chances on the ballot for days. So we are in for a good allowance of Irish Bills. *En revanche* the English Members seem disposed to leave Irishmen all the talk on Irish business.

The Great O'GORMAN moved to assimilate Irish to English municipal franchise. It would be more to the purpose, if we could, to assimilate the English municipal franchise to the Irish—of £10 rating. As it is, having made the mistake of severing municipal taxation from representation, in our own Corporations Reform Bill, we should be cruel to do Ireland the same bad turn.

The Bill was thrown out by 176 to 148, a narrow majority under the circumstances.

Thursday (*Lords*).—Second Reading of the Ecclesiastical Offices and Fees Bill. Offices are to be amalgamated, staffs reduced, fees diminished, vested interests preserved or compensated, £10,000 a year saved out of more than four times that amount, and, with all this, a salary to be screwed out of the surplus for the new Judge under the Public Worship Regulation Act. All facts about fees are the better for sharp sifting—and those about Ecclesiastical Fees are particularly likely to repay investigation. So *Punch* can't pretend to be sorry that the Bill was referred to a Select Committee.

(*Commons.*)—Army Conversation and Army Estimates.

HARDY—*toujours hardi*—tackles his hard task like a man. He gallantly speaks up for the Knightsbridge Barracks site—echoing the DUKE. The road *is* to be widened when the barracks are rebuilt. He increases the pay of noncommissioned officers and rank and file. He has settled a scheme of deferred pay, both for the line and the reserve, calculated to check desertion, and to bring the reserve-men up to the colours. He speaks, and thinks, hopefully of our recruits, and gives very good reasons for so speaking and thinking; and he has done his best to content the Medical Service and attract to its ranks the strength now wanting. Altogether HARDY shows cause for the extra half-

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THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC.

Paterfamilias (dismally, to Uncle John, who has called to ask the young People to dine, and go to the "Play"). "WELL, WE'VE RATHER A SICK HOUSE! 'FACT IS, WE'VE BEEN RINKING A GOOD DEAL LATELY. MATILDA HAS DAMAGED HER KNEE-CAP; GRACE HAS GOT A BLACK EYE AND LOST SOME OF HER TEETH; GEORGE HAS SPRAINED HIS WRIST; AND FRED'S IN BED WITH A COMMINUTED FRACT——"

Servant (at the Door). "DR. SPLINTER, MUM!!" [*Tableau!*

million he asks for. If the figure-head of the Navy were carved out of the same stuff as the *ex-officio* head of the Army, it would be all the better both for the Services and the Ministry.

Were HUNT but as HARDY 'twere well for the Navy;
But a HUNT for a HARDY means taking your davy
That whate'er you go in for will end in *peccavi!*

Friday.—MR. OSBORNE MORGAN'S Resolution, affirming the right of all parishioners to be buried in their parish churchyards without reference to the burial service that may be celebrated over them, was defeated, in a House of 527, in the teeth of the "uncompromising" opposition of the Government, by a minority of 31. Shall we say next year, or the year after, for the Bill? After such a division, it is clearly due.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Based upon Calculations made during the Present Year.

THURSDAY.—It may rain. Very prudent people will take out umbrellas.

Friday.—Probably wet. Ordinarily cautious folks will not leave home without umbrellas.

Saturday.—Rain and sleet may be looked for. The price of goloshes will increase twenty-five per cent.

Sunday.—A snow-storm may be expected, accompanied by wind. No one will go to Church without a greatcoat and an umbrella.

Monday.—It is likely to rain. Several nasty cases of umbrella stealing will be reported from the Clubs.

Tuesday.—There is a great chance of a wet day. Umbrella stealing will continue, and much bad language will be used in smoking-rooms.

Wednesday.—The odds are in favour of its pouring cats and dogs. Thousands, in their eagerness to buy *Punch*, will leave their umbrellas at home.

THE REJECTED OF ROME.

A "PRESBYTER" (High) "ANGLICANUS"
Would, forthwith, turn *Sacerdos Romanus*,
"If you'd only agree
To admit us," says he,
"Not requiring to first reordain us."

We own English Orders? *Profanus.*
Ineptus, insulsus, insanus!
Did he verdure espy
In the living POPE'S eye?
Stupidissimus asinus vanus!

Speaking Out.

PUNCH finds this advertisement in a provincial paper:—

WANTED, a GENERAL SERVANT, one who can neither Read nor Write preferred. She must be clean, obliging, willing, and honest. Good wages given.—Apply personally, to M., Post Office, &c.

Would cleanness, obligingness, willingness, and honesty be any the worse *with* reading and writing? Let us hope that, if the former qualifications were found in the applicant to "M.", the reading and writing would not be fatal—disqualifications!

Notice.

As the recent discussion about Crossed Cheques has produced a state of anxious agitation, difficult to describe, among several nervous elderly Ladies and amiable Clergymen, it is requested that all Cheques, about which there may be any hesitation as to their immediate destiny, be made payable to *Mr. Punch* or order, Fleet Street, without crossing of any kind.

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A POINT UNSETTLED IN HISTORY.

Lucy (to her elder Sister, who has just been relating a thrilling Episode in the Life of William Tell). "AND WAS THE LITTLE BOY ALLOWED TO *EAT* THE APPLE AFTERWARDS?"

COLLISION EXTRAORDINARY.

COLLISIONS at sea are, as every one knows, but too common, though they usually occur when one or the other of the vessels is urging on a wild career with supreme indifference to the fate of any unlucky craft that may happen to be in the way. The disaster of the *Strathclyde* has taught us that broad daylight, smooth sea, and unimpeded sight of the vessel into which you are driving, are no securities against running down. But we had yet to learn that not even the fact of both ships being at anchor will prevent vessels from indulgence in their favourite pastime. In the Wrecks and Casualties report of last week we read:—

"GRAVESEND, Feb. 27.—The *Dorothy*, of Sunderland, from Newcastle for Marseilles, has returned from the Downs with damage, having been in collision with the *Toivotaar* (barque), CAPTAIN LINDELL, from Shields for Genoa. Both vessels were at anchor at the time (midnight) in the Downs. The *Toivotaar* has received considerable damage to quarter, &c."

If we feel profoundly puzzled how the *Franconia* came to run into the *Strathclyde*, we are still more curious to learn by what perverse capacity for mischief the *Dorothy*, at anchor, managed to run into the luckless *Toivotaar*, at anchor too. At all events, the occurrence goes far to justify MR. HUNT'S assertion that collisions "will" occur.

RUM 'UNS FROM ROMSEY.

(*A Rural Roundelay. See "Hants Independent."*)

THE chap as for his feller feels
  Is one as 'ool bemoan
The loss of are another's pigs
  As thof they wuz his own.
Ah, you and me, mates, knows what 'tis
  Pigs of our own to keep!
A case in Porchmouth County Court
  Must meak all hearers weep.

There did Pigdealer HOLIDAY
  Pigdealer OSMAN soo
For five disazed pigs sold for sound,
  On a warranty untrue.
'A s'ore to Romsey on the Mud
  'A went last Romsey Fair,
And dealt wi' un for thirty swine,
  And bought 'um of un there.

Gie'd fower pound iteen shill'ns apiece,
  And the seller a said, says he,
"I warrand them there pigs all right;
  If they bain't, I 'll meak 'um be."
The pigs that night to HOLIDAY
  At Fareham come by train,
They sim'd all right for all he zee,
  But praps 'a couldn't zee plain.

Next marn 'a found their stummicks fail,
  Their happy tights all flown,
They 'd nuther touch milk, nor barley-male
  Ate up, and 'oodn't lay down.
Fust one on 'um died a nateral death,
  Soon fower moor went the same.
Some says, for Hampshire sassidges,
  That Romsey 'll arn a name.

Poor Plaintive to Southampton hied,
  He there Defendant zee,
And said, "This here 's a purty job
  Into as you 've let me."
Too late 'a went the cheque to stop
  For his ity-zeven pound,
Zo 'a went to laa for the fourteen ten
  'A'd paaid for the hogs unsound.

Defendant, on his 'davy s'orn,
  Pigs' warranty denied.
'Bout pigs when dealers disagrees,
  The jury must decide.
That 's what the Judge his Honour said,
  So they for OSMAN found,
And HOLIDAY lost them there five pigs,
  And moor nor vowerteen pound.

Now Romsey is a noted pleace
  For beer and likewise drought.
What haven' a ben to Romsey manes
  Is well know'd hereabout.
Oft, whilst the rhwoad to Romsey 's straight,
  'Tis zigzag back from there,
Mind that, whenever ye gooz to dale
  In pigs at Romsey Fair.

Ancient Drinking Customs.

ONE of the officials of the Corporation of Lostwithiel fills the agreeable, but responsible office of "Ale-taster." The existence of Ale-tasters, probably, also, of Wine and Spirit-tasters, is quite within the bounds of possibility, not only in the unreformed Corporations, so amusingly shown up by SIR CHARLES DILKE, but may we venture to suggest in some of the reformed ones also. How about our Venerable Civic Corporation itself?

LEAP YEAR READING OF AN OLD PROVERB.—*La femme propose, Dieu dispose.*

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"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

(In which the bubble bursts, and the Public is made acquainted with the real facts of the case.)



OUT of the question to say, "Dear Sir," until I have received the necessary funds to carry on the war. What is a man without his sinews? Nothing. "No song, no supper!" no cheque, no chatter. That's my motto. Those, Sir, are my sentiments.*

'Tis early morning. The dews are falling—(why do I use this word? Strange! Heaven gives the earth its dew every morning and evening; and yet, Sir, why do *I* not receive my *due* from you? I couch this playfully, *but I mean what I say*)—the Indians are snoring round the camp-fire, my Noble Sportsman is asleep. He little dreams that when he awakes and calls for his most faithful and most loyal companion, that his summons will not be answered. No, I must away! I cannot own to my Illustrious Friend that I have come to my last rupee! *I cannot borrow.* Do you ask me *why* I cannot? Ask your own heart, if you have one.†

And I who have done so much for my country! Alas! how does History repeat itself! Did not an ungrateful people make CÆSAR himself sit in a swamp all night until he caught the cramp, from which he never fully recovered? Was not HANNIBAL, the liberator of his country, put under a burning-glass off Syracuse, and scorched to death by his own admirals? What was the end of POMPEY? What of HELIOGABALUS? What of IVANITCH THE FIRST of Russia, whose near relation, the chief of the M'SCATCHITT clan of Scotland, was also cruelly rewarded by his own ingrate countrymen? Not to multiply examples, how about MAC ASSAR THE THIRD and ROWLAND O'DONTO, surnamed "the Dandy," tenth King of Trim, Ireland?‡

However, so be it! Farewell the tented field! Farewell the elephant-hunt, and the death-struggle with the tiger! *Farewell the private scandal and the secret history of our life in India!* Ha! Sir, do you not *now* regret not having forwarded me the paltry dross? Why, if you liked to come to terms *now*, aye, *at the last moment*, I could a tale unfold of *Indian life behind the scenes* which would make each particular porcupine stand on end, and send up your circulation to the highest degree on the journalistic thermometer. Six thousand a second would be your sale. *But* there are two sides to every question.

My esteemed and Royal Friend has but to say to me, "Don't!" and, *on my word of honour*—unless you make it very well worth my while, by placing £20,000 to my account at once, and getting me a free pass to the South of Lusitania (where there are some charming spots for a literary man to live in)—I say, on my word of honour and of loyalty, I would not (except on the conditions just mentioned) allow a single word of all this to pass my lips. But let me remind you *there are other firms*, besides your publisher's, *who know the value of this offer*. But I would rather, *for old friendship's sake*, that you were first in the field; so if you want to realise thousands, *send a boy on receipt of this with twenty-five pounds on account.*§

I am bidding farewell to my old and faithful *Sunderbund* (a kind of Indian valet), who has served me most faithfully ever since my arrival. The poor fellow is weeping bitterly.*

It is a heartbreaking scene. Our *Tattes* is packed. I have given away my last new pair of *palankeens*, with India-rubber straps, made by the best Indian tailor, to my old *Suwarree* (Indian cook), while my pistols, I am presenting, as a *souvenir* instead of wages (for as to wages, like "two into one," I *can't*), to my trusty *Patarras* (a kind of gamekeeper), the truest shot in India.†

I suppose I must bid farewell to my Illustrious Friend, even if I run the risk of having the bootjack thrown at me; for this he will do when suddenly roused from sleep.

My elephant, and camels, and Arab steed await me. I must depart without noise, and get down to the coast. Away! Ah, the weeping Nautch girls! Muffle the tom-tom! Adieux! This is my last morning in India . . . unless before I embark I receive a telegram from Gravesend to say, "*All right—cash paid—stay on the tour—see it out!*" in which case duty before pleasure, and I will stay, and write you all particulars.

* * * * *

Oh, Sir, as you are great, be merciful! For the sake of my poor widowed mother! for the sake of my bedridden children and my disconsolate wife, to whom your harsh conduct would be a death-blow! for the sake of my family name! do not, do not proceed to extremities!‡ I admit it all. Let me tell my story. You wanted a first-rate Correspondent. I am *that*. You will own so much, I know. Sir, I was on my way out—I mean I had packed up, and was (for economy's sake) carrying my valise myself, down Regent Street, in order to reach Charing Cross Station, when an intelligent Hindoo, to whom I have often given a penny, thereby saving a dirty boot, touched his turban, said "Salaam, Sahib!" and offered to carry my small portmanteau for a trifle. While arguing with him the simple point of remuneration for his services, I told him the object of my journey. Ah! unhappy wight! Treacherous Black! The glitter of his eye fascinated me! the cunning of his suggestion floored me! "Sahib," he hissed in my ear, "Why Sahib go? RUMMUM PAL BOSHJABBA" (himself he meant) "can tell the Sahib all he wants to know. RUMMUM tell him all Indian words—everything that go on in his own country, all true, on RUMMUM PAL'S head be it! Den Sahib save the money for his poor little childs and fader and moder, and his whitey wifey, and live happy ever after! *Who will know?* RUMMUM PAL not tell! Swearee! Takum Affa Dava, RUMMUM no split on Sahib!"

Was not this a tempting offer? It was.

It was too much for me. Home ties held me. I went to Gravesend. RUMMUM PAL came down every evening after his dirty work was done to do dirtier.

Sir, I have been betrayed. You have also suffered. RUMMUM'S *Indian words were all humbug. So was he.*

One evening, when, in consequence of some inexplicable delay on your part, the usual supply did not arrive, the RUMMUM became very angry. He came the worse for liquor; he got worse and worse for liquor as the night wore on. He would not give me any Indian words. He insisted upon receiving all the money himself—may I never again have to do with such an unprincipled vagabond—and because I would not yield a point (for with me, on honour, a bargain *is* a bargain), he became violent, dashed his turban on the ground, whirled his broomstick round his head, and exclaiming, "Hurroo for owld Oireland!" upset the whiskey and rushed at me.

I was one too many for him, and encountered him with the poker. We parted, and I have not seen him since. When we next meet, I shall have great pleasure in handing him over to the police, as I consider that *you*, Sir, have serious cause of complaint against him, and so have I.

My letters would have ceased there and then, but for my happening to meet your boy, *who had just purchased an Indian Dictionary*, and was taking it back to you.§ I asked him to stay while I looked

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* The cheque *was* sent, was received, and was cashed. We know all about it now, and so shall the patient public.—ED.

† The evident reply to Our Correspondent's question, "Why cannot I borrow?" is, of course, "Because no one would be such a donkey as to lend you anything." *We know Our Man by this time.*—ED.

‡ In spite of all that *has* happened, and of all that *may* happen, we shall always regret that a gentleman of such historical learning and research should have so utterly thrown himself away as the public will subsequently learn he *has* done. We willingly admit that so accomplished and erudite a scholar would be an ornament to any society. Alas! poor *Yorick!*—ED.

§ Here Our Correspondent at last let the cat out of the bag. In his eagerness to secure the money, he wrote, as may be seen, "*send a boy on receipt of this*"—forgetting that his letter was supposed to be written in India. We secured the envelope. It was stamped *Gravesend!* We took steps accordingly. Gravesend is associated with the place wherein to "spend a happy day!" We know Our Man *now*. *Attendez!*—ED.

* A *Sunderbund* is "a forest tract on the Delta of the Ganges!" *Vide* our Dictionary, on which we are now certain we can perfectly rely. But we are not to be taken in—in fact, we never were; we always said we mistrusted him.—ED.

† Once for all we unmask the deceiver. *Tattes* is *not* a trunk or portmanteau, but a "screen of glass placed in a window and cooled by water!" Everyone knows what a *palankeen* is, though more often spelt palanquin; everyone knows it's not a garment of any description. And, finally, a *patarras* is no more a gamekeeper than a tom-cat, being, in fact, "a pair of boxes slung on a bamboo." So much for Buckingham! Off with his head!—ED.

‡ This change of note is attributable to the sudden appearance of our Head-clerk, with a Police-officer, just as Our Correspondent and the missing Boy (whom we sent, months ago, to buy a Dictionary) were leaving his cottage to go out for a row on the river.—ED.

§ Our office is in Fleet Street. *Why did our Boy go to Gravesend for an Indian Dictionary?*—ED.

We have just asked him this very question. The Boy (who is a good lad enough) replies, "Because I'd always 'eard as hinjun dikshonaries was cheaper down at Gravesend." This looks like truth. The Boy, at *his* age, could not have *invented* such a falsehood. We shall retain him on the establishment, and deduct the half-sovereign.—ED.

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out a word. He stayed. I looked out several words. He is here now. I surrender him. He is not a bad boy, though, were I you, I would not implicitly trust *all* he says, especially when he is speaking about *me*. The Indian Dictionary is, I regret to say, lost. I took it to church by mistake for my prayer-book, and left it in the pew. When I went to afternoon service it had disappeared. *So much for piety!* I am now ready to go out to India, or wherever you like to send me. But, believe me, in all your establishment you have not a truer or more faithful Correspondent than has been ever

YOUR CORRESPONDENT.*



* The Clerk and the Policeman returned with the Boy. The Boy owned to having spent the ten shillings. He never bought any Dictionary. He *now* says that he went down with the money to Rosherville "to spend a happy day." There, he says, he met Our Representative. The Boy (who is a brave little fellow) attacked him, and charged him with ingratitude to his employer. Our Representative retaliated, and threatened to take the Boy to the nearest police-court. The case was serious, and the Boy's mother interfered. The Boy was induced to remain with eight-and-sixpence at Gravesend. His mother received eighteenpence, and left. Our Correspondent took the money, saying he would give the Boy a weekly allowance of twopence. He kept his word so far as to give the Boy an I O U for that amount every Saturday. We believe the Boy, and have blamed the Policeman for not having brought up the principal offender, who has now absconded. However, on behalf of his afflicted family mentioned in his appeal, we have written a full and free pardon.

P.S.—On inquiry we find that Our Correspondent has not got a wife, or a mother, or a father, or any children at all. We have been imposed upon, but it is for the last time. "Never again with you, Robin!"—ED.

PAVING THE WAY.

The Clerical Mrs. Partington on the Burials Question.

"We shall give our stanch and unqualified opposition to the resolution of MR. OSBORNE MORGAN."—MR. DISRAELI *to the Deputation.*

"Nature will prove too strong even for a Conservative majority."—*Times.*

BRAVVO, my dear BENJAMIN! Bless you! Sich words is the sort I assure you
To settle them dratted Dissenters. You stick to that text and you 're right!
No Surrender 's the only safe standing. So don't you allow 'em to lure you,
From the proper Conservative posture, as gives you a pull in the fight!

Nonconformity 's getting a nuisance; and as for that horrid O. MORGAN,
Cremation 's the best I can wish him—the sooner the better I say.
Equality 's rubbish; the cry of each tuppenny tub-thumping organ,
And means what that darling EARL FEVERSHAM patly called "paving the way."

As certainly no "good intentions" to us, or to anything proper,
Don't form any part of that pavement, although its direction 's the same
As—but, there, I don't wish to speak strong, not at all! but we must put a stopper
On plans whose prime mover 's a Person I 'm always unwilling to name.

For whatever that bragian JENKINS, as bothered poor dear MR. COOK so,
May say in his nasty stuckupishness, *I* 'm too Conservative far
To give up my Satan, though Science our Church's foundation has shook so,
Resolving all faiths into Sun-Myths, and him I suppose to a Star!

But none of your sly "educating," no "leaps in the dark," dearest DIZZY!
"Moderation" may sound very nice, but it often means pulling up stakes.
Your talk of "discussion" and "reason," with MIALL and MORGAN so busy,
Remembering what I remember, I own sich talk gives me the shakes.

The question did ought to be safest, as EGERTON says, with the Tories.
Which why to be buried like Christians the Tubthumpers can't be content,
Fogs me. But the fact is, their aim is to strip us of all our old glories,
And that, my dear DIZZY, is why I would have you so down on Dissent.

As to saying that Nature 's against us, that 's gammon! She knows herself better.
They 'd make her a Rad, if they could, with their science and freedom and stuff.
They envies our Church her position, and does their black best to upset her.
Concession! It 's not to be thought of; they 're truckled to more than enough!

Keep 'em out! That 's the watchword, dear BEN. The thin end of the wedge they 'd be driving;
They 've horrid "ulterior objects"—as doubtless to you is beknown.
To sweep back this deluge of dirty Dissent I have long been a-striving,
And if you will aid Me and my Mop, I have hopes we may yet hold our own!

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

PAPERS TO BE READ.

Antiquaries.—"On an Ancient Venetian Mile-stone."
Asiatic.—"On the Discovery of a new variety of Chutnee."
Astronomical.—"On some Indications of Adulteration in the Milky Way."
"On Theatrical Stars."
Botanic.—"On Flowers of Speech."
Clinical.—"On Breakfast in Bed."
Entomological.—"On Black Beetles."
"On Spelling Bees."
Horticultural.—"On the Connection of Rainy Days with Flower-Shows."
Institute of British Architects.—"On Aërial Castellated Structures."
Medical and Chirurgical.—"On the Symptoms of Insanity to be detected by Dissection in the March Hare."
Mathematical.—"On 'The Loves of the Triangles.'"
Meteorological.—"Biographical Notices of the Clerks of the Weather from the earliest period of the Weather Record."
Numismatic.—"On the French Forms of Change for a Sovereign."
Pharmaceutical.—"On Money as a Drug."
New Shakspeare.—"Was SHAKSPEARE acquainted with the First Four Rules of Arithmetic?"
"On the Traces in SHAKSPEARE's later Plays of his Knowledge of the Semitic Languages."
"On two proposed Emendations in *Hamlet*—
a. "'Twas caviare to the General."
b. "An eye like Ma's, to threaten and command."
Statistical.—"Tables showing the Number of Proposals made by Ladies to Gentlemen in the Leap Years of the Present Century, and their results."
Zoological.—"On the Gregarious Habits of Birds of a Feather."

[Secretaries of Learned Societies will confer a favour by giving early intimation of forthcoming Papers.]

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UNITED AT LAST!

A Novelette for the Drawing-Room and the Kitchen.

CHAPTER II.—*All Right!*

IT was a very happy party. EDWIN and FRANCES were seated at a table upon which was spread a snowy white cloth, upon which were placed some hot-house flowers. He was eating heartily; she was all aglow with excitement. In the background ATALANTA stood like a presiding genius, the very impersonification of contentment. The faithful creature was employed in removing the dishes. The soup had been praised; the fish had been excellent; the joint was on the table.

"Come," said EDWIN, "this is something like a dinner. I will be bound no dirty fork was used to remove this boiled beef from the pot to the dish."

"I should think not," replied the now happy mistress of the house, pouting. "I followed the directions of the great master."

"You mean BUCKMASTER?" put in EDWIN.

"I do mean MR. BUCKMASTER," replied FRANCES, smiling. "A piece of tape was tied round the joint. The dirty fork lets out the gravy."

"It is beautifully cooked!" murmured EDWIN.

"It is," returned his wife, with conscious pride. "Thoroughly agreeing with MR. BUCKMASTER that it is a great mistake to keep the pot bubbling away, I got a receptacle large enough to receive the meat in, the clean soft water I had heated to about 190 degrees to receive it. The meat was boiled a quarter of an hour to every pound. I carefully (with the assistance of my faithful ATALANTA) removed the scum every now and then, and you see the result."

"I do indeed!" cried EDWIN, laughing merrily, and holding out his plate for a second helping. "How good the soup was!"

"Yes," murmured FRANCES, dreamily, "I followed the directions of MR. BUCKMASTER. I put the meat in cold water, and set it on the hob to simmer for three or four hours."

"Did you say *cold* water, my angel? Another potato, please!" It was EDWIN who was speaking.

"Yes. The joint was plunged into hot water, the meat forming (with oatmeal) the nourishment of the soup, was thrown into cold. In one case I wanted to keep the juices inside the joint, in the other to get the juices out into the soup. In future (following the advice of MR. BUCKMASTER) I shall turn the liquid in which the meat is boiled into soup." This was said with a pretty little air of determination.

"How good these potatoes are!" cried EDWIN, enthusiastically. "I am sure you took the advice of MR. BUCKMASTER on this subject, too?"

"I am not ashamed to say I did," was the reply of the sweet young wife. "I selected potatoes of the same size and same variety, I washed and scrubbed them with a hard brush."

"Did you remove the skin before cooking?"

"Certainly not," she cried. "If I had, all the delicate flavour of the potatoes would have been lost. If a raw potato is peeled, the part giving the distinctive taste of the different varieties — which lies just under the skin — is wasted. No, Sir, I packed them as tightly as possible in a saucepan, and covered them with the smallest quantity of rain-water. I brought them quickly to the boil, and when they did boil I set them aside till they were tender. I soon ascertained that they were tender by using a knitting-needle—not, mark me, a dirty fork. When I knew that the potatoes were indeed tender, I put them on the fire to boil for two or three minutes quickly. Then I poured all the water I could away, gave the potatoes a shake, and took off the lid to allow the remainder of the water to evaporate. Then, and not until then, the potatoes were peeled, and sent up to table."

EDWIN was silent for a long time, thinking deeply and gravely; then he rose from the table, went to his desk and wrote a short note. All this while FRANCES was watching him anxiously and eagerly. Then he came to her, and smilingly placed the letter in her fair hands.

"My soul!" he murmured, as he embraced her, "it is my resignation of the Club. In future I dine at home with a darling little angel who knows how to cook. Thanks to MR. BUCKMASTER'S teaching, this is now a happy house — and, darling, we are united at last!"

Our story is over. EDWIN and FRANCES (now MARQUIS and MARCHIONESS OF BROMPTON AND ISLINGTON) are the most contented couple to be found in the pages of *Burke*—their dinners are the



MR. PUNCH'S DRESS DESIGNS (AFTER NATURE).

COSTUME DU SOIR—ROBE EN HOMARD.

[*A Suggestion for Tight Dresses.*

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CIVIL SERVICE STORES.

"WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU, MADAM? ROYAL COMMISSION?—SELECT COMMITTEE?—PAPERS?—CAREFUL CONSIDERATION?—OFFICIAL INQUIRY? ANYTHING TO OBLIGE!"

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theme of admiration for miles and miles round their many country seats. As for ATALANTA, that faithful creature learned the theory of Cookery, went to Canada, and married a wealthy farmer. She has her box at the Opera at Toronto, and her husband keeps a pack of hounds.

And now let us drop the puppets, lower the curtain, blow out the lights, and—with MR. BUCKMASTER as our guide—cheerfully and comfortably to dinner.

NE QUID NIMIS.



DEAR OLD PUNCH,

Now *do* be reasonable—and don't *scold* so. You know it is absurd to expect us to make ourselves pretty—and we do make ourselves *lovely* only for you horrid men—without destroying something or other. Of course I don't want to hurt the *dear* little Robins though I believe they deserve their name—though what they would say at the Spelling Bee if I spelt Robbing without a *g* or Robin with two *b's* if it comes to that I don't know—but goodness gracious you know you really make us out *too awfully cruel* and I cannot think why for surely tropical birds were not meant to waste their beautiful plumage on savages or their desert hair and after all when our first parents, I don't mean anything *profane* you know, committed their first sin their first thought was dress and beasts meant birds one would think though perhaps as salt was not discovered it *might* be difficult for ADAM and EVE to put any on their tails.

Dear dear I fear there are no stops but I am in *such* a hurry to go to the Rink and I *must* tell you, you old dear, what I think and that is that nobody cries out about the poor silkworms who spin their own catacombs for us or the dear little cochineal insects or the shivering lambs or the thousand and one animals that lay down their lives *gratefully* at the shrine of Beauty, no that's nonsense but you know what I mean and though as I said before I am sure I would not have darling Robins and those sweet nightingales shot to put in my hat I hope we shall not have any of my sex shrieking about the innocent Bombyx or the ill-used Ostrich which after all are to be pitied for it must be painful after weaving so much silk and growing such beautiful feathers to be unrolled or plucked just when you have succeeded in producing your best, and if the silk was meant for our use surely the beautiful scarlet and green and purple, and blue sheen were not intended *only* to adorn the virgin forests—oh! and I quite forgot all the chirpy little squirrels and *petit-gris*, is that a weasel a squirrel or a rat? which must have multiplied by *millions* you know lately for it takes nearly a hundred and fifty skins to make one of the mantles we wear and you know *everybody* does and we could not go without. Is that cruel too? I suppose it is somehow or other but then there are chops and cutlets and dear me I suppose I am *very* hard-hearted but nothing will ever make me turn vegetarian. There's CHARLIE's knock! Ta-ta you *dear* old thing you.

Ever your admiring subscriber,

EDITH ROSAMOND SPARROWHAWK.

The Eagle's Nest, Falconsbridge.

Celestial Cruelty.

THE Chinese have a Board of Rites called *Li-pu*, which has lately published an edict to the effect that brides of Mandarins are not to wear more than eight ornaments (it says nothing about bridesmaids, by the way). What would become of *our* brides, and their châtelaines, lockets, and bangles, under such cruel sumptuary restrictions? Li-pu Board of Rites, indeed! Had we anything of the kind here, English Daughters-in-love and Mothers-in-law would call them a Board of Wrongs.

VIVISECTION.

Old Lady Day.

SIR,

No less than forty-eight Mayors, some of them old Mayors—and so perhaps of no further use except to the knacker or vivisector—protest against the cruelty of Vivisection, and call on Parliament to legislate against "the existing evil." I can sympathise with them, and hope they will succeed in neutralising, by law, the philosophic curiosity and cruelty of Students.

Never be afraid, Sir, to ride your "Cockhorse" to our "Cross," to pay *me* a visit. I will protect from the dangers of vivisection your horse, and as many Mayors—equine or asinine—as you like to bring.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Banbury, Feb. 29, 1876. THE OLD WOMAN.

P.S.—Why do they not enlist in their cause the *mères* and *commères*, as well as the Mayors?

Christendom was once "*our* hell" as well as that of "dumb animals" (see advertisement). Cruel wretches used to vivisect us after they had hanged or drowned us as witches. THE O. W.

The Old Woman encloses the following advertisement, to which we gladly give publicity:—

REASONS AGAINST the SCIENTIFIC TORTURE of ANIMALS, most respectfully addressed to the Members of the House of Commons, shortly to be engaged in the consideration of the question of Vivisection:—

Because it cannot be justified without justifying the scientific torture of man. To torture a man is not wrong on the ground that he is intelligent or immortal, but only because he has a sensitive body; and the same is true of all vertebrated animals.

Because it cannot be practised without an immediate hardening of heart to students who grow up under it, and a spreading demoralisation in the community.

Because in particular it becomes impossible to punish boys for indulging their boyish curiosity by cruel experiments, when philosophers indulge their philosophic curiosity by experiments prodigiously more cruel. So too if a philosopher may try how many minutes it takes to bake a dog to death, or what amount of torture suffices to alienate his affection, rude man cannot be punished for trying which of two animals has greater endurance of wounds.

Because a medical degree is at best a test of intellectual attainment, not of gentleness, patience, and wisdom; and since one heartless man who has taken a medical degree can torture in living death tens of thousands of dogs, cats, and rabbits, no licence of torture can safely, wisely, or justly be granted to any one by virtue of his degree or station.

Because the increasing use of more and more artificial apparatus for ingeniously torturing our helpless, harmless, and innocent creatures, has been accompanied with an increasing tendency in the medical profession to approve of and promote artificial impurity in the blood and in morals; cruelty, recklessness, and impurity going hand in hand; so that we are threatened with demoralisation of a complicated order from the profession which ought simply to minister to health.

Because it cannot be proved that any truth of science worth knowing is not attainable by legitimate observations and experiments which involve no cruelty, and especially by observations upon human beings.

Because in particular it is denied by competent medical authorities that the circulation of the blood and the function of the nerves were discovered by vivisection; while other eminent persons have avowed that this cruel practice has perpetuated error and distracted students from truer modes of discovery.

Because it is not even pretended that the cruelties aim directly at the relief of human suffering. Avowedly they aim at science, that is, at the gratification of curiosity; any relief to man from it is only contingent and barely possible, and to judge by results may rather be called a fiction and a fraud.

Because Christendom has long since been taunted by the nations beyond as the hell of dumb animals, and Christianity must be eternally and fatally disgraced if nations called Christian allow the perpetration of these heart-rending enormities under any pretext whatever.

Issued by the Birmingham Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. H. F. GOODSON, *Hon. Sec.*

It would be difficult to find a better illustration of the softness of heart—and head—at the bottom of the present vehement horror of Vivisection. The Commission's Report recommends the wise course, regulate, but do not prohibit. Prevent the abuse of Vivisection, but in the name of Science and Humanity do not deprive the world of the use of it.

Admiralty Maxim.

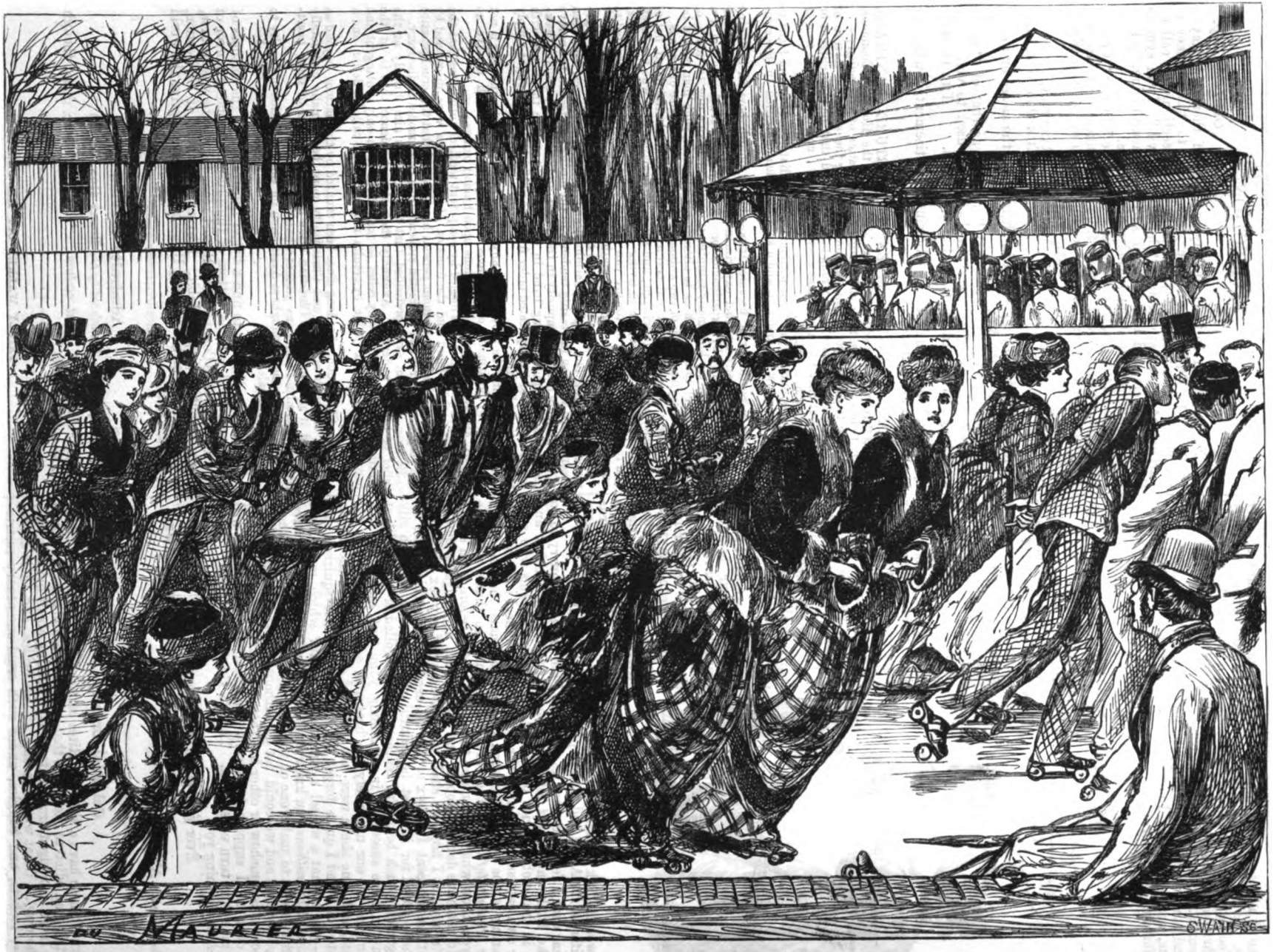
(*As Translated by the* RIGHT HON. W. H.)

FIAT Justitia (?), *ruat cœlum.* "Let Justice be done, though EVANS come to grief."

FAIRLY WALKED OFF HIS FEET.

MRS. MALAPROP writes to sympathise with poor PAYSON WESTON on his great walking feat having come off! She doesn't wonder at it, considering the awful amount of work they have had!

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JOHN THOMAS TO THE RESCUE!

RINK SOCIETY IN THE PROVINCES IS APT TO BE RATHER MIXED. AT ALL EVENTS, LADY FITZ-TOPPINGTON THINKS SO, AND WILL NOT HEAR OF HER FAIR DAUGHTERS SKATING WITHOUT SUCH ATTENDANCE AS BEFITS THEIR RANK AND STATION.

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LAST MATCH OF THE SEASON.

Exciting Race.—Jumping in Ulsters! By Gentlemen Amateurs! (*Umbrellas "de Rigueur"!*)

FOG-SIGNALS.

Mr. Punch has picked up a pocket-book (with the initials W. H.), containing nothing (as far as he can make out) of any value to anybody, including the owner. In the hope of identification, he publishes a portion of these contents—rough copies, apparently, of what would seem to be letters. No signatures are attached in any case.

(*Private.*)

Dear Admiral T*******,

Of course you could not be expected to be on deck in your position, and I don't blame you the least for being below when the collision took place. Try not to do it again.

(*Private.*)

Sir,

What the devil do you mean by being below when your Commanding Officer was not on deck? If you had not slowed your ship, you might have gone right through the other, and in the fog we should never have heard more of her. Now we shall have to make an example of you, as Admiral T******* did of Wilmot, when he ran his ship ashore.

(*Private.*)

Sir,

What, in Heaven's name, do you mean by thinking, when you ought to have been below instead of on deck—no, I mean ought to have been on deck instead of in the tops? You did it for the best, indeed! Why did you not follow the example of your Captain, and do as he did? Had you drowned yourself, it would have been better for us all.

(*Private.*)

Dear Captain,

Of course you know best. There is no doubt that, if the Captain's place on board the *Iron Duke* was on deck, your place on the *Vanguard* was below. If the Admiral was right in not being on deck, which cannot be contradicted, then Lieutenant E—— ought to have known better than to remain out of his cabin. You are not to blame any more than the fog.

(*Private.*)

My Dear G******,

I am in a fog. That is, they were in a fog. Do tell me who ought to have been on deck and who below? When an Admiral is below, ought the Captain to be in his berth? Has a Lieutenant in charge any right to leave the wheel, or may he remain in the galley? Answer me these questions at once, or I shall be in a fix.

LOVELINESS BY LIMELIGHT.

"During the Prince of Wales's visit to Agra, the Taj Mahal was illuminated by coloured lamps and limelight, with results as little pleasing to the senses as to æsthetic sentiment. Malodorous fumes from myriads of oil lamps and Will-o'-the-Wisp illumination suggestive of a Crystal Palace firework 'set-piece' on a windy night, could hardly have enhanced the native beauty of the place, or—one would think—the pleasure of the Prince."—*Our Own (indignant).*

Uxorious Shah Jehan, could you return
To view the peerless tomb your love created,
How would your Eastern blood within you burn,
To see that sacred shrine so desecrated!
The snowy marble must have blushed for shame.
Better decay like Tadmor's should, with time, light
Upon that fairy dome, than it should flame
A la Cremorne, with coloured lamps and limelight!

Were Sahibs snobs that they should do this thing,
Where the East's Marble Miracle reposes,—
A dream of "mist and moonbeams" glistening
Amidst its clustering cypresses and roses?
A Prince's Progress has its needs, no doubt;
Yet is there not a dash of something sad in
Thought of the lovely Taj tricked, tawdry, out,
Like—Covent Garden, when they play *Aladdin*?

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AURINKULAR CONFESSIONS.

(By Witnesses examined before Mr. Punch's own Royal Commission.)



THE HONOURABLE MR. DAWDLE confesses he thinks Rinking rather fun than otherwise. Does not skate himself. Likes to drop in, don't you know, and look at other fellows.

MISS AURORA GUSHINGTON does not mind confessing that she dotes upon the Rink. Thinks it quite too awfully jolly. Is not very strong, and gets knocked up by dancing. Can skate for hours and hours — at least, when CHARLES is with her.

CAPTAIN HARDUPPE (unattached) skates because it 's cheap. Can't afford to hunt, or to play rackets, or tennis. Rinking only costs you eighteenpence a day. Cheapest exercise there is, and never wears one's boots out as one does by walking.

LADY SHORTCOMMONS confesses, with a blush, that, as the mother of six daughters, she looks upon the Rink as quite a heavenly institution. Girls must have amusement, or they get out of sorts, and even out of temper. Now skating is so economical a way of taking exercise, and quite as fashionable as riding, which is *so* expensive. Besides, there are always some eligible young men now at the Rink, and who knows but an attachment may spring up from a premeditated tumble. Really, don't you know, a Rink is quite as suited for flirtation as a ball-room; and there 's no expense incurred for bouquets or evening dresses.

MR. SLOWCOACH confesses he objects to this new-fangled amusement. Thinks it quite un-English to go skating in summer-time. Seems to him like flying in the face of Nature.

MR. DASHERTON confesses he goes in for Rinking a good deal. Has averaged five hours a day for the last six months. Doesn't care much for the skating—in fact, considers it a bore. But likes meeting girls one knows, you know, and having larks and chaffing with them.

MR. BONESETTER confesses that, professionally speaking, he much approves of this new fashion of skating upon wheels, for it has brought him several highly interesting cases. Asphalte is more dangerous to tumble on than ice; accidents, though personally pitiable, are professionally paying.

MISS OGLEWELL confesses she loves Rinking. Those little ducks of hats are so delightfully becoming, and a short skirt looks so well when one has pretty feet and ankles. It 's really, don't you know, almost as awfully nice as valsing. Indeed, in one respect, it 's nicer, for if one feels timid one needn't be ashamed of leaning upon somebody.

CAPTAIN RATTLECASH thinks Rinking a good spec. He has helped to get up heaps of Rinks, and, as a promoter, of course has helped himself to somothing handsome.

MR. SPOONLEY confesses that he 's awfully fond of Winking. Yes, he means to say Winking. Can't pronounce his R's well. Likes Winking better than waltzing. Comes a cwopper pwetty often. Hasn 't fallen in love yet.

MISS DOLDRUMS confesses she thinks Rinking a sadly demoralising habit, and one likely to produce a most pernicious influence upon the female character.

MR. ADONIS WOBBLEBY confesses, upon pressure, that although he is most brilliant in a ball-room, he does not shine on wheels. Has an uncommonly fine figure (for a fellow over forty), but rarely shows it on the Rink for fear of looking awkward.

MISS PRETTIPET confesses, with some shyness, that she delights in skating; that is to say, when she gets some one nice to teach her. Really, is so nervous that she dares not try alone, but can manage pretty well, if some one holds her by the hand. When one makes a slip, you know, he cannot well help squeezing it. (*The last six words were spoken in so low a tone that the Witness was obliged, with great reluctance, to repeat them.*)

SIR CHARLES DILKE AND THE CORPORATIONS.

ALAS, ye unreformed Municipalities,
With small venalities,
Saltash, Lostwithiel, Pevensey, and Wareham,
This harum-scarum
Young Baronet has tried you, taking notes
From the Land's End, it seems, to John o' Groat's,
And swears your members all are greedy sinners,
Who spend the public money upon dinners.

Certes, not quite un-English this proclivity
To free festivity:
GLADSTONE, in tones half menace and half pity,
Has told the City
That not for banquets did our fathers build
The deep foundations of the traders' Guild:
And who can doubt that all men will be learners
From WILLIAM's wise sayings to the Turners?

So Romney, with your very grave election *
(Then gay refection),
And Brading, with your Hall for Aldermen,
Eight feet by ten,†
And Plympton Earle, that sold the portrait rare
Of great SIR JOSHUA, your most famous Mayor,‡
Not very long the public shall you bilk:
Reform must follow on the words of DILKE.

* "The Corporators of New Romney sat round a tomb to elect their Mayor, and, locking the gate of the Church to keep the people out, declared themselves a public meeting of the inhabitants."

† "At Brading the Town Hall and the Stocks were the only outward and visible signs of the existence of the Corporation. The Town Hall was the smallest he ever saw, being only eight feet by ten."

‡ "SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was once Mayor of Plympton Earle, and, not being able on one occasion to attend the Corporation dinner, he sent down his portrait, painted by himself, to be put in his vacant place. It was afterwards hung in the Town Hall, but, after a long period had elapsed, the representatives of the Aldermen claimed that the portrait had not been given to the Corporation, but to the Aldermen as private individuals. They sold it, and it was now in the possession of LORD EGREMONT, at Silverton Park."

OUR LEVÉE.

BY Command, a *Levée* was held yesterday afternoon at 85, Fleet Street, by H.R.H. PRINCE PUNCH (on behalf of HER MAJESTY).

The following Presentations were made:—

The S-LT-N, on his not paying his debts, by a Commissioner of Bankruptcy.

The KH-D-VE, on his selling the Suez Canal (and the purchasers?) by a Stock Exchange Bear.

DON C-RL-S, on his happy dispatch, by the Spanish nation.

MR. L-WE, on his late heavy falls, both in Public Opinion, and on the asphalte, by the proprietor of the —— Skating Rink.

B-R-N DE R-THSCH-LD, on his obtaining his commission, by MR. L-WE.

MR. W-RD H-NT, on his naval policy, by ADMIRAL T-RLT-N.

MR. GL-DST-NE, on his Syllabus, by MR. D-SR—LI.

Several Conscientious, Painstaking People, on reading the Syllabus, by several other C. P. People.

MR. C-VE, on his deliverance from Egypt, by the KH-D-VE.

SIR W-LFR-D L-WS-N, on his great success in the character of J— M-LL-R, by MR. ALLS-P B-SS.

DR. K-N—LY, on his having mercifully held his tongue this Session, by the SPEAKER.

Six other K-N—LYS, on their chances of being returned to Parliament, by their father.

MRS. PR-DG-RS, on having ridden 1 mile 1759 yards for eighteenpence, by a Metropolitan Stipendiary Magistrate.

MRS. CR-WSH-Y, on her attempts to abolish maid-servants, by the grateful Head of a Family.

RISHMAYDAYKOOKOKLARMAN (Spelling-Bee Directors, beware!), on his splendid reception of the PR-NCE OF W-LES, by his taxed subjects.

MR. IRV-NG, on his *Othello*, by S-GN-R S-LV-NI.

MR. T--LE, on his refusing to play *Macbeth*, by MR. IRV-NG.

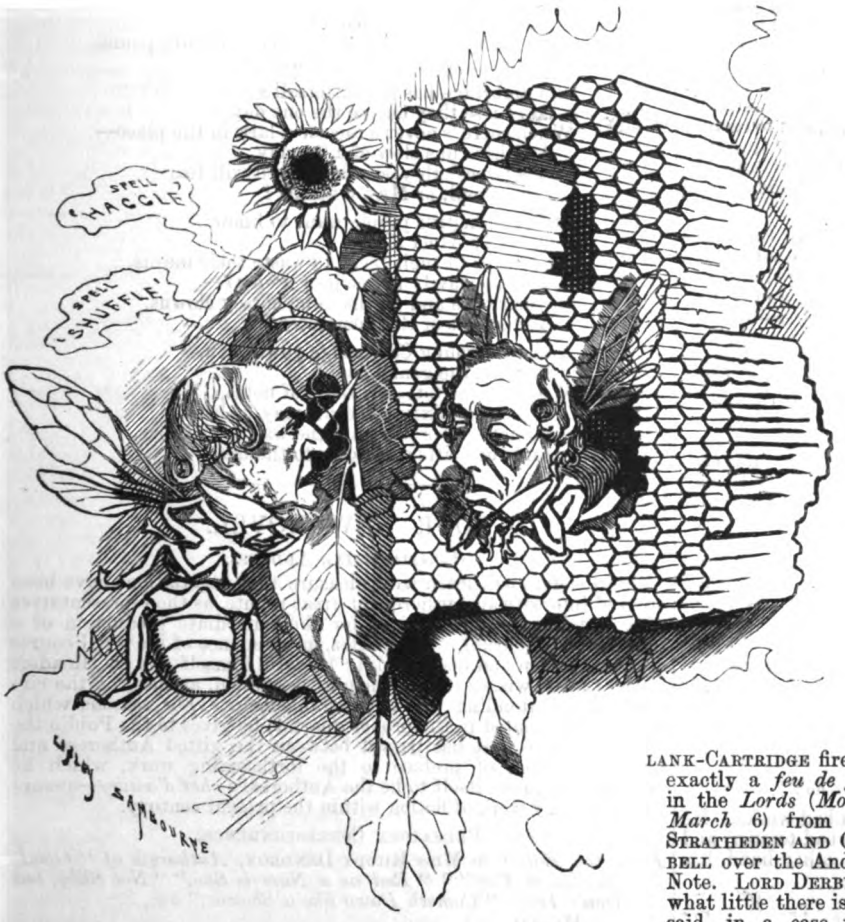
The D-r-ct-rs of the W-stm-nst-r Aq--r--m, on their laudable endeavours to promote the study of pisciology, by an instructed public.

Various Contributors to *P-nch* (whose modesty will not allow of their names being printed), on the refining, enlightening, and edifying effect they produce on the world, by the aforesaid grateful world.

CRACK!—Reports of the Martini-Henry Rifle have been presented to Parliament. The most conclusive report is the Rifle's own.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LANK-CARTRIDGE fire—not exactly a *feu de joie*—in the *Lords* (*Monday, March* 6) from LORD STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL over the Andrassy Note. LORD DERBY said what little there is to be said, in a case where there is nothing to be done but to keep our eyes open, mouths shut, and see what the SULTAN will send us. We couldn't keep our fingers out of the Turkey Pie when all the Great Powers were dipping theirs in; but it is a comfort to know we have not plunged them deeper than was inevitable, and than will allow us to take them out without soiling—it is to be hoped—or burning.

(*Commons*).—A night on the Suez Canal. The Government declines a partnership in the Egyptian National Bank. It has not declined to appoint, with France and Italy, one of three receivers of Egyptian revenue, with power to appropriate the needful out of Egyptian income, for payment of Egyptian debt. Unfortunately any dealing with the KHEDIVE flings our Government among the bulls and the bears. It is unlucky that our road to India should lie, not only through the Suez Canal, but through the dirty alleys of the Stock Exchange.

MR. GLADSTONE twitted the Government on the dismissal of SIR D. LANGE from the English agency of the Canal Company. M. DE LESSEPS wants to show he is still master of his own house, if England flatters herself she has bought the latch-key. MR. GLADSTONE thinks, as most people are likely to think, the publication of private and confidential despatches an inadvertence and an error, and suggested that the Government ought to intervene on behalf of an agent whose only fault was being too English.

MR. DISRAELI retorted with some irritation. SIR D. LANGE had not asked the intervention of Government. When he did it would be time to consider of action on his behalf. Two, and the most important, of his five Dispatches published, were not marked "private and confidential." Besides, LORD GRANVILLE had seen the Blue Book, and had not objected to their publication.

LORD HARTINGTON explained that the papers were sent to LORD GRANVILLE merely as an act of courtesy, and that he had not been consulted as to the propriety of the publication of SIR D. LANGE'S Dispatches.

Altogether, MR. DISRAELI did not come brilliantly out of the night's skirmish. The Bill to raise the Four Millions was read a Third Time.

In Committee of Supply on Army Estimates, SIR WILFRID poked fun at the increase of MR. HARDY'S little Bill; and MR. PEASE, with better taste and more sense, withdrew his Motion to knock off 10,000 men.

MR. HARDY defended his estimates gallantly. He hankers after MR. ANDERSON'S scheme for marking recruits in vaccination. And why not? There seems more prejudice than reason against such a plan of making a "marksman" of the British recruit. Of course, if outsiders *will* call such a mark a "brand," it sounds ugly, and is likely to be pooh-poohed. If it be adopted, officers should be marked as well as men.

An Irish row over the appointment of the Referee Committee. MR. SULLIVAN wanted more Irish Members on the Committee. MR. BUTT was not there to keep the "boys" in order; and so SULLIVAN and O'GORMAN between them kept up the game, through seventeen divisions, till after four in the morning! Now "division," like love, may be

"The sowl of a nate Irishman,"

but Englishmen get tired of the sport, when begun unreasonably and kept up hopelessly.

MR. SULLIVAN ought to know better than discredit Ould Ireland by such "devilry," especially when all decent folks—even M.P.'s—want to be in bed. The pleasantest Club in London will lose its character if this sort of thing happens often. To be sure, the Home-Rulers are not particularly anxious to promote the harmony of its evenings.

Tuesday (*Lords*).—LORD GRANVILLE disposed of MR. DISRAELI'S statement that he had sanctioned the publication of the Lange Despatches. LORD DERBY had to admit that no such sanction had been given. He added a lame defence of what remains after all said and done, an official blunder if no worse.

The best summary of the *pro* and *con.* on the subject of the Slave Circular that Parliament has yet obliged us with. LORD CAIRNS for the Government, LORD SELBORNE against. LORD SELBORNE'S argument clinches the case against Circular Number Two. Why not have substituted for it a declaration that we would *not* restore Fugitive Slaves, and leave the aggrieved Governments to look after their own Niggers? That's what it must come to, with more or less circumlocution.

(*Commons*).—Three talks on Wine Duties, Tralee Savings Bank Losses, and Railway Passengers Duty. Government won't give Select Committees on the two first (wonderful! Select Committees are *not* granted as asked, then); but to make up for the unexpected refusal, grants one on the third.

Wednesday (*Commons*).—Great rejoicings of Opposition. In the fight over MR. M'LAGAN'S Scotch Game Laws Bill, Government floored by 172 to 150. First blood for the Opposition!

It is true it was a scramble. The Government didn't seem quite to know their own mind. The Bill was a decently good Bill, on a subject fertile of bad blood, and hard to handle reasonably. Scotch Members are not so easily driven as English, when the Government road is one they don't want to go.

It wasn't much of a victory, but the Opposition is thankful for small mercies in that way, and yelled vociferously at the announcement of the division.

Thursday (*Lords*).—An instructive talk on LORD SALISBURY'S Oxford Reform Bill. When their Lordships do talk to the point, their wisdom is wonderful. We seem in their high House to breathe a serener atmosphere than the hot, if breezy and healthy, breath of the Commons. But who are the "Idle Fellows" LORD SALISBURY is for waging such fierce war on? *Punch* would have said that Clerical fellows, as a rule, best answered the description. The danger seems to be that LORD SALISBURY'S Bill will hand over the University to the tender mercies of these very Clericals. If that is what LORD SALISBURY means by strengthening the University element, we would rather he strengthened the Colleges, by getting rid of the Clerical dry rot which now infests them, and left the University to take care of itself.

(*Commons*).—Queen or Empress? Which

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is it to be? "Empress," says MR. DISRAELI, with much emphasis, yet with little force of logic, or reason of history. "Queen," says MR. GLADSTONE, with emphasis all the more effective for the pulse of patriotism and force of feeling that beat and glowed under his words.

The House, like the Country, is most anxious to avoid anything that shall have the appearance of interfering with HER MAJESTY'S choice of a title, still more of disapproving any title she may choose. But HER MAJESTY always feels with the Country. For her best title, if she still hesitates, we beg to refer her to our Cartoon, and to remind her of the additional reason she has given in favour of "Queen of the East," by her last week's visit to the London Hospital, and the womanly and motherly feeling which guided her kind hand to poor little KATIE AMBLER'S pale cheek.

Friday (*Lords*).—A good word for a good thing—LORD SHAFTESBURY on Training-ships—the most useful of machines (witness the boy-heroes of the *Goliath*) to work up the waste of our back slums into stout "fearnought"—about the best stuff going for wear and tear.

Government admits the need of able Seamen and the feasibility of converting our X. Y. Z.'s into A.-B.'s. The question is, who's to find the money? The Ship-owners, for whose use the article is manufactured, are not at all disposed to pay for it. JOHN BULL doesn't like to be asked to dip his hands in his pocket, though it would be cheaper, in the end, to turn street Arabs into sea-boys than into gaol-birds.

(*Commons.*)—MR. BRASSEY on the same tack as LORD SHAFTESBURY. *Punch* is glad to hear that the Admiralty is ready to pay twenty-five pounds for every trained boy who joins the Navy, and three pounds for every Naval Reserve boy, and to provide three training-ships a year.

MR. BRASSEY, besides training-ships to look after the launching of our Jack-tars, wants a Pension Fund to provide for them when "laid up in ordinary"—their best berth, when disabled, now being the Workhouse.

Here again Government is welcome to do its utmost, but Ship-owners will not hear of a compulsory contribution. The Sailors' Friends must fall back on "Voluntary Contributions"—in other words, the generous must pay for the selfish.

"So was it ere my life began,
So is it, since I've been a man,
So will it be when I am gone!
Let SHAFTESBURYS, BRASSEYS, still work on!"

Altogether, this has been one of MR. DISRAELI'S bad weeks. He has treated the House, strange to say, to bad taste, bad temper, and stranger still, bad talk. MR. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, has been in rare force—quite a revival of the old man—

"The ARTHUR whom we knew,
From spur to crest a star of tournament."

THE 'VARSITY FŒNERATOR



MAJORES nostri furem dupli condemnârunt, fœneratorem quadrupli."—CATO.

THE 'Varsity Sixty-per-center
Is a gay and genial wight;
In parting with his money
He taketh great delight;
And is piously glad when the Undergrad
At his gilded hook will bite.

Some youth who go to Cambridge
To sap for honour are fain,
But the faster sort they love their sport,
And the midnight oil disdain,
Save that which lights Unlimited Loo
And Van John's loss and gain.

At pigeon-match and race-course
They love to take the air,
And where they bet, "Hail fellow, well met!"
The Sixty-per-center's there:
For a loser rash he'll find the cash,
So nobody need despair

These youthful Cantabs, gallant and gay,
Diversion merrily seek;
Both *x* and *y* they do defy,
And also Latin and Greek:
Who hard up would be found when twenty pound
Can be had for a pound a week?

So Cambridge has its Tattersall's:
Of course they choose the one day
When there's never a race or a lark in the place—
And life runs slow of a Sunday.
In his twentieth year what youth will fear
Don, Devil, or MRS. GRUNDY?

Still, inquisitive people want to know
If really Alma Mater
Likes boys in their teens to waste their means,
And so heavily mulct poor *Pater?*—
In their caps and gowns to be horsey clowns,
And slaves of the Fœnerator?

And you, young Cambridge gownsmen,
Distrust the genial cad
When out he totes his sheaf of notes,
Which for sixty per cent. may be had;
Such helps over stiles are the way to the dogs,
And such lifts short cuts to the bad.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

CONFIDENTIAL ADDRESS.

OUR Readers will learn with pleasure that negotiations have been entered into with an Authoress of great repute, as the representative of a certain school of fiction, for the immediate production of a Novel in this Journal. The Editor, in pursuance of his usual course of plain-spoken and open dealing between himself and the Readers of this paper, wishes to put them in possession, at once, of the circumstances attending this new arrangement. For reasons which will be appreciated in the proper quarter, he gives to the Public the correspondence that has passed between the gifted Authoress and himself, in lieu of preface to the forthcoming work, which he believes will prove itself to be the Authoress's *chef d'œuvre*—unsurpassed by any work of fiction within the present century.

PREFATORY CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Editor to MISS RHODY DENDRON, *Authoress of "Good-bye, Sweet Tart!" "Red as a Nose is She," "Not Slily, but Don't Tell," "Cometh Down like a Shower," &c., &c.*

DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE not had the great pleasure of reading any of your charming Novels, but having heard from a great number of my fairest and liveliest friends that your works are "awfully good," I have determined upon asking you to give us something in your very best and most characteristic style. You understand, of course, the *high moral tone* which is required from all Contributors to this Journal, and I am certain that it will be your aim and object, as well as your greatest pride and truest pleasure, not only to adorn your tale, but also to point clearly and emphatically a *first-rate and unexceptionable moral.*

I remain, my dear Lady, yours, in most sincere admiration of your undoubted and acknowledged talents, THE EDITOR.

To the Editor from MISS RHODY DENDRON, *Authoress of "Red as a Nose is She," "Not Slily, but Don't Tell," "Good-bye, Sweet Tart," "Cometh Down like a Shower," &c., &c.*

DEAR SIR,

Do you object to *tremendous Love interest?* If not, I think I have the very thing for you. Yours truly,

R. D.

From the Editor to MISS R. D.

MY DEAR YOUNG LADY,

I NEVER object to "tremendous interest," even up to *fifty per cent.* Yet permit me to observe, as a matter of business, that, when the interest is *extraordinary*, the *risk* is proportionately large. You will take this remark as made from a humorous point of view, and will have too much uncommon sense to be in the least offended. In fact, I am sure that I may leave the question of "Love interest" to your own good taste, delicate feeling, and excellent judgment.

With most profound respect for your genius, and every confidence in the result of our arrangement,

I beg to remain, &c., &c. (*as before*).

From MISS R. D. *to the Editor.*

DEAR SIR,

I TAKE you at your word. You are willing to accept a high interest *with* proportionate risk. *Of course I do not write for milk-sops*, and I am sure that you would not wish either yourself or your

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readers to come under *that* designation. My object is to raise a rosy cloud of Love and maddening witchery round you, to make your veins throb, and your pulse beat with ecstasy,* as I guide you onward, with my enchanter's wand-pen, into the very presence of divine ambrosial loveliness. Those who listen to the voice of this Syren, must prepare their palates for goblets of the vein-tingling nectar of the Gods and Demigods. I do *not* profess myself to be a demure Hebe serving out flabby toast and wishy-washy tea to sleek divines and weak effeminate milksops. As to "pointing a moral," my dear Sir, depend upon *me* for that. I am proud to say that there is not one of my novels which has not been written *with the highest possible aim*. All teachers of morality have not one uniform plan of inculcating their lessons. If you have not already made yourself acquainted with my method, you should do so without delay. *I consider the bargain concluded*, and the novel shall forthwith be commenced in your pages.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours, &c., R. D.

P.S.—Do you really mean to say you've never read my *Red as a Nose is She? You should.*

From the Editor to MISS R. D.

DEAR MADAM,

No, no, we are not milksops. On the contrary, no man whose daily literary *pabulum* is the *Revue des deux Mondes*, MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S *Objections*, SCHLEGEL'S *Philosophical History*, GÜNTHER'S *Problematika*, and reviewing the latest Dysteleological arguments of Circulionist *savans*, with a cold bath every morning throughout the year, and the dumb-bells and leaping-bar to follow, can be much of a "*milksop*." The day is gone by for milksops. Give tapioca to the timid, steaks to the strong! Were there any "milksops" among our readers, I should request them to take their money back, as they would not find the food provided by *this* Journal of the "flabby toast" and "wishy-washy tea" description mentioned in your letter. I heartily agree with you, and, holding out the right hand of fellowship, I will order the agreement to be drawn out at once, and am yours strenuously and hardily, THE EDITOR.

P.S.—I couldn't get *Red as a Nose* at either MUDIE'S or SMITH'S. I suppose the run on it was enormous. Should like to read it. You might send me a presentation copy on toned paper.

From MISS R. D. *to the Editor.*

DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter is highly satisfactory. *Now* I understand you. As you say, "Tapioca for the Timid," so I may be permitted to add Rice for the Respectable! Venison for the Venturesome!! Beef for the Bold!!! Why did you not tell me at first the sort of thing you expected? I detest beating about the bush. But *now* you shall have your Novel. You want a real good thing—the pith and marrow of *Red as a Nose is She, Good-bye, Sweet Tart, Not Slily, but don't Tell, Cometh Down Like a Shower*, and the rest of my popular works, all distilled into one strong, clear jelly—a very Liebeg's Essence of a Novel! Good, my dear Sir, you shall have it. "Man wants but little here below, but wants that little strong."

Yours sincerely, R. D.

P.S.—"That Little—Strong!" wouldn't be a bad title. But I prefer either titles of popular songs or a bit of a proverb. I have had my eye on several song-titles, such as "*Tommy, make room for your Uncle*," which might be cut into "For Your Uncle;" also "*Don't be Sorrowful, Darling*," which could come out well as "Sorrowful Darling!" * * * Stay! I have just put my hand on what I am told is quite a catch phrase about Town now, and *that* will be half the battle of popularity. It is "*There's another good Man gone Wrong.*" You can therefore announce my new Novel as

GONE WRONG!

And you can advertise the first Number for your Next.

* On showing this letter of the gifted Authoress to a confidential friend, whose advice we have hitherto found invaluable, he remarked, "Ahem!—'veins throbbing'—'pulse beating with ecstasy'—ah—um—if the Novel is to have this effect on *you*, don't you think it would be as well to keep a first-rate medical man on the premises?" We felt he was right, and acting on this suggestion, we intend to edit the forthcoming work under medical advice. *With a Doctor and a Solicitor on the spot, we can't go very far wrong.*—ED.

To the Public.—In consequence of a private communication, the Editor, in the interests of the Public, of the Publisher, of the Authoress, and of himself, has, with the advice of his Solicitor, inserted a clause in the agreement with MISS R. D. (in whom he has, of course, all the confidence consistent with ignorance of the gifted lady's previous writings), to the effect that, on occasion, he may, in his highly responsible capacity of Editor, insert a little explanatory note, or remark, wherever the text may appear to require it. To this the distinguished Authoress has, with a ladylike courtesy which does credit at once to her head and heart, replied, that, as her text will need no comment, she has no objection to the insertion of the above-mentioned clause, which stipulation the talented Lady goes on to observe, seems to please the Editor, and can do no sort of harm to the writer. On this amicable understanding, the Editor has the greatest possible pleasure in welcoming this rarely-qualified Writer as a contributor, who will widely extend her already large circle of ardent admirers.

A ZODIACAL CONGRESS.



A MEETING of the Signs of the Zodiac, in reference to the state of the weather, was recently held at the Mermaid Tavern.

As the PISCES (though "parents of sweetest sounds") are not famous for oratory, AQUARIUS was unanimously voted to the Chair.

The venerable but rather washed out Chairman remarked that, although his duty had ended in February, his successors had carried out his aqueous policy with real consistency, for which he heartily thanked them. He was proud to be able to say, in the words of HORACE,—

"Piscium et summâ genus hæsit ulmo,
Nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis."

PISCES wagged their tails in grateful response. There was no need to provide for them a special aquarium, as the room was under water.

ARIES rose to dissent from the Chairman's watery discourse. His favourite grass meadows were all overflowed. It was his chief duty to provide good mutton for the Lords of Creation, and that could not be done unless the sheep had wholesome grass to eat. Had it not been for the fun he had lately had—on salt water—thanks to the employment found him by the *Iron Duke*, he really hardly knew how he could have stood the late superfluity of fresh water vouchsafed by JUPITER PLUVIUS.

TAURUS followed on the same side. He had no personal disrespect to the Chairman, but he should like to see him cross *his* paddock with water-buckets. He should have an aërial voyage gratis, and see how he relished another element. He had quite enough to do on the Stock-Exchange, in keeping up his "Egyptians," without having to waste his time on a set of "*Pumps!*"

The GEMINI spoke together, and swore a little, but they were suddenly interrupted by

LEO, who, having kicked CANCER out of the way, roared his approval of the remarks of ARIES and TAURUS. Both men and lions wanted beef and mutton (*sensation*), and you couldn't grow either in wet weather. For his part, he was thankful that the Ministers had given *him* a permanent interest in the fine dry climate of Egypt, and the Canal he was most concerned in was one not of drainage, but—passage! (*Sensation.*)

LIBRA rose to deprecate political allusions. It was his object, and should be that of his brother and sister Signs, to hold the balance between Government and Opposition. "Open to all parties, influenced by none," should be the motto whether of houses, or Planets, who hung out Signs to the public! He hoped his friend AQUARIUS would not misconstrue him.

Here LIBRA was cut short by an unanimous call for

VIRGO, who remarked, in a musical voice, that, as she looked for garden-parties and pleasant hours on the river in that part of the year which was specially her own, she should take good care that strawberries and flirtations should not be spoilt by the extravagant folly of the Chairman and his *clique*. A great poet—ANACREON—had said:

"Nature to bulls gave horns,
To lions fierce-fang'd jaws"——

But to Woman (he sang)

"What 's Nature's boon?—'tis beauty—
More than a match for shields,
More than a match for spears!"

With such authority on her side, she had courage to defy what she must call the fishy conspiracy against the comfort of mankind. Aquariums were all very well, particularly with "covered" rinks attached to them; but to turn the world into an aquarium was a thing unendurable. The race of mortals should have a summer this year, if a lady had anything like the influence due to her sex with the Clerk of the Weather.

The speech was greeted by loud cheers, led by LEO and TAURUS, and the meeting broke up without a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

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A PROTECTOR.

Frustrated Garotter (to his Pal). "BLESSED IF A COVE DIDN'T OUGHT TO GET *SIX MONTHS* FOR KEEPIN' A DORG LIKE THAT!"

MARY-ANNER ON THE RAMPAGE.

"I see before me say two thousand honest, virtuous, industrious young women, working hard and half starved; and I see before me at least twenty thousand other women holding out plenty in both hands, and that plenty rejected with scorn by young women of very little merit, or, if not rejected, accepted only under vexatious and galling conditions imposed by the persons to be benefited. . . The way the modest householder is ground down by these young ladies is a grievance too large to be dealt with under this head, and will probably lead to a Masters' and Mistresses' League. . . . Why do they (the Sempstresses) sit hungry to the dullest of all labour, and hold aloof from domestic service, at a time when Ladies born are beginning to recognise how much better off is the rich housemaid than the poor Lady? . . . They think a female servant has no 'liberty,' and that her principal remuneration is her 'wages.' . . Her wages are as a drop in the ocean of her remuneration. . . . In the place where she pigged with her relations, she often had a bit of bacon for dinner and a red herring for supper. In the palace of cleanliness and comfort she is promoted to she gets at least four meals a day, and butcher's meat at two of them. . . The wages of her class have been raised, when they ought to have been lowered."—MR. CHARLES READE'S *Letter*, "*Starvation refusing Plenty*," *in the Daily Telegraph.*

DEAR SUSAN JANE,
I takes my pen, I may say, *con amory*,
Just to relieve my mind a bit. Which a more wicked story
Than that there MR. READE, as writes his rubbidge to the *Telly*,
I never see. And that, as JOHN would say, 's the *caseis belly!*

Of course you 've read his letter, SUE. A nasty, spiteful—there, I
Should like to comb his wool a bit, and so says JOHN and SAIRY.
Which what domestic Ladies, SUE, possessed of sense and sperrit,
Likes being called "young women," and "of very little merit"?

A lot he knows about it, I dessay, as talks of Mississes
Being ground down by Servants. *He* should know what groans and hisses is,
If the slandered twenty thousand in his presence might but muster;
I'd like to tackle him alone, armed with my tongue—and duster!

He seems to think us Servants' lives is regular paradises—
"Where ignerance and cetrer." But, oh lor! my dander rises
When he says our wages is too high, and reckons up our perkses.
A Screw, as ought to go and herd with Ottingtots or Turkses!

And then his nasty insults, SUE! Young Ladies in *our* stations
Don't feed on no red herrings when we "pigs with our relations"—
O drat his imperence!—which, SUE, it well to you beknown is,
My folks would rather starve than stoop a step below polonies!

"Trampling too hard on Mississes"? I wish he 'd got a sample
Of Stuckup Naggers at his heels. I guess he 'd want to trample!
Which if us Servants didn't show a sperrit, lawkamussy,
Tain't us would play *that* little game, but rather *wisey wussy!*

And as to talk of cutting down our liberty and wages—
Well, there—it ain't no use, I s'pose, to fly into sech rages!
I 've spilt the ink, and Missis is that horridly pertikler!
But let who will knock under, SUE, I keeps *my* perpendikler.

He talks about a league among the Mississes. O drat it!
They 'd better try it on, they had! I'd like to see 'em at it!
I proudly hopes there 's none on us, from Brixton to Belgravy,
As wouldn't rally to the flag; no not the veriest slavey!

And as to them there Sempstresses he 'd shove into our cribses—
Walker! I says. The letter, SUE, 's all foolishness and fibses.
Just like that "Lady Helpses" dodge! Would READE, for all his bawling,
Relish two thousand *Hammy Toors* pitchforked into *his* calling?

He says we holds our heads too high. I guess we 'll hold 'em higher.
It 's time we pulled together, SUE. But there! that 's MISS MARIAR
A pulling of her bell like mad, as is her usual manner—
And so no more at present from your much-riled

MARY-ANNER.

The Sweets of Savage Life.

PLINY tells us that, among the ancient cannibals of Ethiopia, black pudding was a favourite dish at all state dinners. In default of other sweets, they beat their wives into a jelly, or made mince-meat of their enemies. As regards one dish of this appetising *menu* ancient Ethiopia may boast a rival in our modern Black Country.

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HER BEST TITLE—"QUEEN OF THE EAST."

"MY DARLING, I HOPE YOU WILL BE BETTER NOW!"

[*The New Wing of the London Hospital, given by the Grocers' Company, was opened by Her Majesty in person, March 7th, 1876.*

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MERE METAPHOR.

Dialogue on a Debate.



SOME writers say that an English public ship, wherever she goes, is part of the English soil. . . . I must beg leave to doubt the accuracy of that proposition. I believe it to be a metaphor, and a metaphor eminently calculated to mislead." — LORD CAIRNS *on the Slave Circular.*

"There is no such thing as a Slave by the law of England." — LORD HOLT, *as quoted by* LORD COLERIDGE.

Jack (*looking up from his Newspaper*).
What 's a "metafore," Mate?
Bill (*scratching his head*). Well, I can't rightly say;
But it 's poetry-lingo for somethin' or other;
A sort of a figger o' speech, anyway,
As seems to say one thing and means quite another.
Jack. Hang sich figgers o' speech then! A false figger-head
To a sneaking piratical craft isn't wuss!
Bill. Don't know as you 're werry far out when all 's said;
But if land coves will use 'em, 'taint nothin' to us.
Jack. Ain't so sure about that! Here 's a Parlyment chap—
Their top-sawyer Lawyer, I take it—as says
That we Jacks has been sniffin' this "Metafore" trap,
And is like to be caught in it one o' these days.
Bill. How 's that, JACK?
Jack. D'ye see, we have had an idee
As our deck is a bit like o' free British soil.
But this chap says, says he, that 's pure fiddledeedee—
Mere misleadin' "metafore"!
Bill. Pity to spoil
A straightforrard rule with such stuff, JACK, say I.
Which, wot with their Cirkylers, chatter and patter,
We 're more in a fog than the *Wanguard*—'cos wy,
We 've got no chart to steer by—and that 's what 's the matter!
Jack (*ruminating*).
A "metafore," eh BILL! That sticks in my gizzard,
Which how many more such false signals is flying
Who knows? An A B ain't exactly a-wizard;
I can't see my way, BILL, it 's no use a trying.
All that 'bout BRITANYER a rulin' the waves,
"Hearts of Oak," and the "Cherub as sits up aloft,"
With the Union Jack as can't cover no slaves,
Is metafore, p'raps!
Bill (*who has been taking a spell at the Paper*).
Avast jawing, JACK! Soft!
Here 's another bigwig—and a Lawyer, by Jingo!—
Says *there ain't no such thing as a Slave, by the law Of Old England!*
Jack. Ay, ay! that 's the right sort o' lingo.
Let 'em stick to that there, and what need o' much jaw?
What call for to reckernise any sich sham
As the "rights" of a rogue in the thing he has stole?—
For to talk about *buying*, BILL, 's only a flam,
When the article 's contryband,—sich as a *Soul!*
Bill. Jest so, JACK. My eyes! if we 've got for to play
The part o' Perlice to 'scaped Niggers and such,
Why, don't let us have no more "metafores," pray,
'Cos they only means bounce when they 're put to the touch.
Jack (*pointing to Paper*). Here 's lots o' palaver: I don't rightly see
What the plague they are driving at. When they have done,
I hope that plain fellows, like you, BILL, and me,
May be able to spell out our duty. For one
I goes for the faith of the true-blue old school,
That a man-o'-war's deck 's like a bit o' free land;
But if that 's only Metafore—let 's have the rule
Put in plain English speech as we 'll all understand.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

(*An Apostrophe to* DR. JOHNSON.)

MARRIED life is indeed a sad affair when all the conversation between the partners is "whether the mutton shall be boiled or roast, and probably a dispute about that." But in so saying, DR. JOHNSON, you did not mean to countenance a foolish disesteem of eating, and to censure culinary discussion. No, Sir—not you. A conference—no altercation—between husband and wife as to what shall be done with the mutton or the beef—question not confined to the alternative of boiling or roasting, but extending to the possibility of frying, stewing, mincing, hashing, making a *vol-au-vent* of it, or a curry, or bubble-and-squeak—this, Sir, surely you would consider an intellectual talk on a practical branch of the most useful knowledge. You were never the man to disparage gastronomy, or gastrology either; you, Sir, who declared that "the man who would not take care of his belly would hardly take care of anything else."

Sir, an interesting letter in the *Hour*—a Tory, or, as we now say, a Conservative paper, mind—on "Teachers of Local Cookery Schools," signed "SPES," announces that at Darlington, Stockport, Middlesborough, and other places in the North, some sensible persons are actively endeavouring to institute local schools of Cookery. You will doubtless approve the suggestion of "SPES" that it is not only girls in elementary schools, but girls in "middle schools"—that is to say, School-board schools for general teaching—who require instruction in the art of preparing food:—

"A local school should provide for teaching both classes; and MR. BUCKMASTER, at one of the meetings to which we have referred, says:—'A local school should not exist for the instruction of children of the working classes only, but the daughters of the middle and upper classes, and, indeed, any class wishing for the instruction. It is the want of this knowledge which makes mistresses dependent on their servants.'"

Why, Sir, might you not have said all this yourself? and did you not, in fact, very often say the like in the course of your valuable life? You know the concise Alderman who, being a man of more wisdom than eloquence, exclaimed on an occasion, "I say 'ditto' to MR. BURKE!" Sir, you are eloquent, otherwise you likewise might simply say "ditto" to what follows:—

"The school must be taught by a person who had not only passed the technical and practical examinations at South Kensington, but who was able to impart her knowledge to others in a pleasing and interesting manner. Such a teacher should be received and treated as a Lady, supposing her to be, as she ought to be, a person of education and refinement, with whom no Lady ought to be ashamed to associate. You can never elevate or improve the Art of Cookery by despising the persons engaged in teaching it."

Them, Sir—pardon the vernacularism—them 's your sentiments. That is, if BOZZY has enabled us to divine them. You must know that the MR. BUCKMASTER referred to by "SPES," is a propagandist of practical gastronomy, an expert and able philosopher, who goes about doing good by lecturing on culinary science and art. You perceive that a principal object of BUCKMASTER's labours is to train ladies to be, so to speak, Buckmistresses—and what better right-hand, I ask you, for a Materfamilias? Mistress-cooks are rare. A *chef* is *ex vi termini*, always a man. Master minds in cookery, as in poetry, painting, and music, are specifically—genderically may we say—masculine. Is cookery, then, one of the High Arts? Perhaps; but until Ladies are taught that art as well as those others, we cannot know that its highest range is above their powers. Masculine ideas may be necessary for composing a symphony, but do you not think due precept and practice should suffice to enable any thinking woman to compose a *salmi*? Many women have an aptitude for inventive cookery, as in the case of a Lady who did herself the injustice of saying that she had made some mock-turtle out of her own head. Surely, Sir, this aptitude has only to be duly cultivated to qualify any Lady endowed with it for appointments at Clubs and Hotels now entirely engrossed by the male sex, or to preside over the kitchen as well as at the table of a rational husband, one who, having known how to appreciate a real treasure, has insured himself an antepast of your Elysian and ambrosial beatitude, Sir, in the good things provided for him at home, by the truly *placens uxor*, an educated woman whose education has rendered her, as a thorough Cook, indeed an "Angel in the House."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—MR. WESTON, who has walked, and was still walking when we last heard of him, so hard against Time, declares he is not in the least sensible to the shock of the collision. Will he never stop? It really looks like it.

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'RINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES—"

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SWEET SIMPLICITY.

Visitor. "JANE, HAS YOUR MISTRESS GOT A BOOT-JACK?"
Maid-of-all-Work. "NO, SIR; PLEASE, SIR, I CLEAN ALL THE BOOTS, SIR!"

THE ANTI-VIVISECTION MOVEMENT.

A MEETING of lower Animals to claim participation in any measure which may be framed to regulate the practice of Vivisection, was held last evening at the Æsopian Hall. A Pig was unanimously voted into the Chair.

The Pig complained that Pigs were subjected to death by most unpleasant Vivisection. An incision was made through the Pig's neck into a large vein, and he was bled to death. He demanded that porcine Vivisection should be performed under chloroform. Then he should not mind. A Pig must die somehow; and if under an anæsthetic, after a good meal, he would as soon die as sleep.

The Eel wanted to know how much longer he was going to be skinned alive. He wished to give the most decided contradiction to the statement that Eels were used to it. He spoke on behalf of Fishes in general. It was as bad as any Vivisection to be hooked on to a night-line, and remain so for hours.

The Earthworm had something to say to that. His own lot was still worse; and the Eel might remember that he owed all he got to biting at worms.

The Eel replied that, as for that, it was only putting worms out of their misery.

The Earthworm would submit that fishing with ground-bait should be forbidden, and gardeners obliged to be careful in digging not to cut worms in two.

The Lobster wanted to know if the proposed Vivisection Bill would contain any provision to protect him from liability to be boiled alive.

The Domestic Pigeon contended that being torn with shot which did not at once kill a bird, amounted to Vivisection of the very worst kind, for it had not the excuse of shooting wild creatures for food, nor that of any scientific or other useful object whatever.

The Sheep concurred with all that had fallen from the President the Pig. He wished to know if mutton would be any the worse for being made under laughing-gas?

The Calf desired to extend the observations of the last speaker to veal. It was cruel stinginess of butchers to grudge a poor animal a little nitrous oxide.

The Frog had been represented by some physiologists as a creature of what they called "low organisation." They tried to make out that Vivisection did not hurt him. He knew best, and he begged to differ from them.

The Beetle said he had SHAKSPEARE'S authority for the fact that when trodden to death he suffered as much as Gog or Magog would. People should mind how they walked; and he had quite as much right to protection as the Frog.

The Flea also argued that no relation whatever existed between size and suffering. He was liable to be cracked without the slightest compunction. If cracked at all, why not under chloroform? He claimed the same consideration as his biggers.

Several Animals here rose at once, and said that Legislation must draw the line somewhere. An uproar of inarticulate noises ensued, and the Meeting broke up in confusion.

THE WRONGS OF OUR NATIVES.

(A Moan from the Molluscs of Milton.)

"NATURALISATION OF ALIENS.—Some revelations which are calculated to surprise the oyster-eating community were made yesterday in a case which came before MR. RECORDER WEST at the Manchester Quarter Sessions, involving a charge of theft against one CHARLES SMITH, employed as oysterman at 'The Manchester (Limited)' restaurant below the Royal Exchange. On the 18th of January he got £4 from the cashier to buy oysters, but absconded with the money. On his apprehension a month later at Harrogate he denied the theft, and said he had left the place because he was disgusted at having to supply Dutch oysters as natives. The cashier and the manager of the restaurant admitted, under cross-examination by the prisoner's counsel, MR. COTTINGHAM, that it was the practice to put Dutch oysters into native shells, and sell them under the pretence that they were native oysters. The manager stated he was the responsible person, and 'kept it quiet.' It was done at the suggestion of the prisoner. The prisoner was found guilty, and was sent to gaol for six months.'"

DEAR PUNCH,
We gape with indignation
At this appalling revelation!
Crossing in love we hold a trifle,
But *this* stirs wrath too strong to stifle.
We 've seen our race, by lovers' treason,
O'erdredged, and swallowed out of season;
We 've borne the sauce of vulgar rivals,
Though—thank our strength—we 're still survivals—
But, by our beards, this is too much—
To be translated to Low Dutch!
What 's six months for this worst of "sells,"
That serves up Dutch in Natives' shells?
How could they hope to "keep it quiet,"
While England, like Worms, has a diet?
Manchester of its taste cracks much;
But fancy DANDO done by *Dutch!*
What is electoral personation
To this blow at our reputation?
Aliens pretend to Native worth!
Then what is name or fame on earth?
Much it concerns the whole community
Such a crime pass not with impunity.
Dear we may be, but we 're delicious;
And less *we* 'd fetch if less *you* 'd fish us.
Seasons too should share blame for *that!*
How can *we* help short falls of "*spat*"?
But Natives' character should stand—
Above all, in their native land—
At whate'er cost they show your dish on,
Like CÆSAR'S wife, above suspicion!
Sure this worst form of personation
Asks the strong hand of legislation.
If they who personate electors
Have statutes, sentences, detectors,
What Act would be too bad for *such* men
As dare for Natives pass off Dutchmen?
And though I thank RECORDER WEST,
The muse of MILTON in my breast
Swells into protest at the thought
That such crime, to conviction brought,
But dooms the wretch to six months' prison
Who gives the Dutchman what 's not *his'n*,
But *mine*, the advantage of the favour
I owe to my unrivalled flavour!
Then lay, O *Punch*, thy potent lash
On him that, for vile greed of cash,
The worse for better oyster sells,
And plants intruders in our shells—
What doom 's too bad for the low caitiffs
Who pass off Dutch for
Your own,
NATIVES!

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EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

Draper's Shopman (Melbourne, Victoria). "WHAT DO YOU WANT, MY MAN?"

Successful Gold-Digger (who has been admiring the Customer seated near him). "JIST YOU RIG OUT MY MISSUS LIKE THAT 'ERE YOUNG 'OOMAN!!"

THE SLEEPY HOLLOW OF SCIENCE.

A LECTURE on "The Paraffins and their Alcohols" was given the other Friday evening by PROFESSOR ODLING, in the Theatre of the Royal Institution.

A lecture by a clever man on combustible matters, illustrated by experiments, is peculiarly interesting to a popular audience. The remark, therefore, below quoted from a report of PROFESSOR ODLING's discourse, may to some minds appear unaccountable, if not a joke at the Professor's expense. Of paraffins the Lecturer had said:—

"The lightest and most volatile varieties constitute benzoline, a liquid of many uses in the arts, but exceedingly dangerous for lamps."

His reporter continues:—

"PROFESSOR ODLING placed a minute quantity on some cotton wool in a jar of oxygen, allowed a few seconds for it to diffuse itself, and then applied a match. A sharp, short, and very loud report resulted, the effect of which was peculiarly observable on those of the audience who were unable to struggle against the demand for an after-dinner doze."

Nobody, however, who has ever experienced a crowded theatre of an evening at the Royal Institution will make the mistake of supposing that PROFESSOR ODLING's observations on paraffin had sent a good many of his hearers to sleep. The demand for an after-dinner doze on their parts was created not by scientific information, but by carbonic acid gas, with which the atmosphere in the Theatre of the Royal Institution is always loaded when full of people whose lungs, by a law of nature, exhale that narcotic. What we learn from their somnolence is not that PROFESSOR ODLING lectured in a somniferous style, but that the Royal Institution remains unventilated, although its Managers have had pointed out to them, what it is strange they should need to be told, that their Theatre, a Theatre of Science in general, and Physiology and Chemistry in particular, whenever crammed, is crammed, literally, to suffocation.

MY ONLY "CROSSED CHECKS."—My own Shepherd's-plaid Trousers.

GAMGEE TO CELIA.

(See the Accounts of the Professor's Wonderful "Glaciarium," or Real-Ice-Rink.)

RINK with me upon Nature's ice,
And I'll match hers with mine:
Out of your asphaltes, so cracked up,
'Tis I will take the shine!
I make an ice that's more than nice—
Ethereal, divine!
And they in Rinks that would invest,
Had best buy into mine!

The Great Divide.

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN has chosen a subject for his new book which will deeply interest all British matrons. Of course the object of *The Great Divide* is to teach economy in the use of coals and firewood. His Lordship would, however, do well to attend a Spelling Bee, and he will then be able to announce his next edition under its correct heading, with the "e" in the right place, and an explanatory second title, *i.e., The Grate Divide; or, How to Save Half your Fuel. A Narrative of Mi-grating into the Hearthstone Country during the Last Three Winters.* But perhaps this would be more suitable to *Lord Dundreary* than LORD DUNRAVEN. Or, why not collaborate?

Baring and Over-bearing.

THAT FLOWER'S crusade has not been vain,
By a late change is shown:
Ere he'll brook SALISBURY'S bearing-rein,
NORTHBROOK gives up his own!

A DISH RE-CHRISTENED.—For Cabinet Pudding, read Sues Dumpling.

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SACRILEGE.

Parish-Clerk's Wife. "LET YOU INTO THE CHURCH, TO DRAW A INTERIOR! I DU'STN'T DO IT, MISS. THERE WAS A PARTY THERE LAST YEAR, AND DO YOU KNOW THEY LEFT A 'ORRID DISSENTIN' TRAC' IN THE RECTOR'S PEW! EVER SINCE THAT IT'S AGAINST ORDERS!"

OUR COUPLE OF CRAZES.

THE thoughtful Sage, who notes each "rage"
Prevailing 'mongst his kind,
Regards with amaze the present craze
Of what 's called the public mind,
On a single fad the world run mad
'Tis no new thing to see;
But now 'tis insane upon fancies twain—
The Rink and the Spelling Bee.

Like droves and herds, and flocks of birds,
Like oxen, sheep, and swine,
And rooks and daws, whom an instinct draws
Together, how folks combine,
With one consent on a purpose bent,
For no reason the wise can see,
With a common crush as in crowds they rush
To the Rink and the Spelling Bee!

The human swarm will sometimes form
Intent on perilous ends;
But if spelling and skates have turned your pates,
That is all the harm, dear friends.
You indulge no vice on the mimic ice,
Or in mild orthographiè,
And no naughtiness shames the popular games
Of the Rink and the Spelling Bee.

Our William's Last.

FANCY what the Farmers will say to MR. GLADSTONE'S late declaration that he derived more lively and unmixed satisfaction "from the increase of the agricultural labourer's wages" than from "any of the economical changes he had lived to witness!" "Increase o' labourer's wiges! Yah! Call that there a economical change? Purty economy for we Farmers! There be'n't many as 'ood practus the 'conomy o' spendun moor money nor they could help. What's the differ'nce, at that rate, 'tween economy and ixtravagance?" In these, or similar observations, it may be feared that too many agricultural gentlemen will criticise the epithet applied in its philosophical sense by WILLIAM to increase of wages.

ADVICE TO ASPIRANTS.—If you go in for a Spelling Bee, and are brought down at the first shot, mind not to be waspish.

CLUBS ARE TRUMPS.

NEW Clubs are rising almost as rapidly as Rinks and faster than mushrooms. An unsophisticated provincial may perhaps wonder what denomination of mankind remains to be catered for. *Mr. Punch* can answer his mute amazement with the following list of proposed Clubs:—

"The Janus." Political. For unsuccessful Candidates in Parliamentary Elections, who are not quite decided as to what line they may adopt when they next offer themselves to the Nation.

"The Brillantine." Social. For the younger members of the highest Society, who find their partings not accurately defined at TRUEFITT'S or DOUGLAS'S. A staff of German shavers and French hairdressers are engaged.

"The Wag and Lavish." Military. For those Gentlemen who, having strong military tastes, are, from failure in obtaining commissions in the Army, ineligible for election at the Army and Navy, Junior ditto, United Service, Junior *idem*, Naval and Military, Horse and Foot, Star and Garter, and other Clubs. No Servant of this Club will address any Member otherwise than "Captain."

"The Tarbrush." Consolation. For Gentlemen who have been blackballed at all other Clubs. Five blackballs insure admittance.

"The Ham-and-Eggs." Festive. Many Gentlemen having complained that in no London Club can they get a decent early breakfast after leaving the Hyde Green whist-table at six o'clock in the morning, this Club will be considered positively a *sine quâ non* for men about Town, and breakfasts, at a moment's notice, may be obtained here between 5 and 10 A.M. during the Season.

"The Worms." Ditto. A Club which has long been wanted. Where early birds, turned out of other Clubs by their absurd rules and regulations, may find a snack and a pack of cards after 4 A.M.

"The Pavement." Good intentional. Only Gentlemen are eligible who have sworn off plunging, whist, and *écarté*, and have made vows to drink nothing stronger than gingerbeer. Spillikins the only game allowed in the Club. Tea at any hour up till twelve at night.

"The Alexandrine." Literary. It has long been a subject of astonishment in literary circles that no Club has been started to meet the requirements of Poets—a class now increasing every day. This Club is opened to benefit the numerous disciples of Parnassus who may not find their æsthetical tastes appreciated by Club men of other denominations. A Listener of long standing and great judgment will be kept on the establishment. Members may introduce Publishers as visitors at all hours. Hair-brushes not allowed.

"The Sable Stockings." Exclusive. Got up by Gentlemen who have found it expedient to retire from the Hyde Green, Bézique, Brag, and other card-playing *réunions*. Members are allowed to bring their own packs, bones, and boxes.

Other Clubhouses too numerous to mention are in course of con- and obstruction, with power to add to their number.

Two Birds with One Stone.

MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—I'd like to know why we're having all this botheration about the addition to the Royal Title? Sure HER MAJESTY (long life to her!) can do what she plases. It is not as if there wasn't a new style convenient, and one that would flatther more than the Indies.

See here, Sir. Don't we all know the Emerald Isle is the finest jool in the British Crown, and why wouldn't the QUEEN be ownin' it? Sure, thin, isn't here an iligant title which would be aiqually nate and appropriate for Ireland as for India—and that's the Paddy Shah?

Should the Royal Titles Bill pass its Third Reading in the Commons, LORD BROWNE AND ORANMORE might take the matter in hand, when the Act reaches the Upper House.

Allow me, Sir, to sign myself

A PAT AND A PATRIOT.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



E may take comfort from LORD CARNARVON'S assurance (*Lords, Monday, March* 13) that, if the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, when Colonial Secretary, *did* despotically abrogate the Constitution of Heligoland, Heligoland has since got on ever so much better for the loss of her Constitution. She no longer shares the discredit of Monaco, the Governor having done what her Constitutional Council would not—put down her gaming-tables. A desultory talk on Iron-clads, led off by LORD DUNSANY. Why is it that on Naval Construction everybody thinks himself able to advise the Government? What with Naval Lords, Naval Construction Board, Professional Advisers, Amateur Critics of the Royal Navy, the Merchant Service, and *all* the Yacht Clubs, the Admiralty ought surely to be able to command the best advice. *Punch* never reads a Parliamentary discussion on the subject of ships and ship-building, and what the Admiralty ought to be and to do, but the moral of ÆSOP'S *Old Man and his Ass* is borne in strong on his mind.

(*Commons.*)—Nor was the thought of that pregnant apologue ever more present than to-night, when, after MR. BENTINCK'S Resolution (that the First Lord of the Admiralty should be a Naval Officer) had been curtly, and with general consent, disposed of by 261 to 18, MR. DISRAELI having first elaborately smothered Big Ben under Blue Books, MR. REED applied his private and peculiar measuring rod to our iron-clad sea-going Navy, and by excluding first one class of ships as too long, and another as too short, and a third as too fast, and a fourth as too slow, or for some equally sufficient reason, brought down our fighting fleet to a poor dozen, and hence concluded, to his own satisfaction, at least, that France, joined with either Germany, Russia, Austria, Turkey, or Italy would be more than a match for Great Britain. Even Germany, Russia, and Austria—land-lubbers our JACKS have been accustomed to think the smallest beer of—together were stronger on the Ocean than poor BRITANNIA, ex-Queen of the Sea! Our rule of the waves, in fact, according to REED, is a lapsed legacy of the past, and an idle dream of the future, unless we lean on our REED as we ought, and go on as he would have us, building more, and still more, Iron-clads of the kind he fancies. "*Vous êtes orfèvre, Maître Josse!*" You are an iron-clad-ship-constructor, MR. REED. Not only do you believe in nothing but Iron-clads; but your faith in Iron-clads is apparently confined to those of MR. REED'S building. *Verbum sap.*

Till somebody will satisfy *Mr. Punch* that there is a vital distinction between land-fighting and sea-fighting, he must continue to ask why the experience of armour on shore is so utterly inapplicable to the future of armour at sea? Why, if the Knight's steel-coat was thickened and complicated till it fairly swamped the man inside, growing, at last, too heavy for any horse to carry, and too cumbrous for any strength to wear, and wield weapons in, should not a similar danger be apprehended from thickening the armour-plates of our men-of-war? So far from feeling with REED, *Punch* must own to deriving comfort from MR. WARD HUNT'S assurance that for the present he means to confine the new ship-building work of the year to *un*armoured vessels. We want eighty-four of these, it seems, for the regular reliefs, and have only eighty forthcoming; so MR. HUNT has already made contracts for six gunboats and two sloops, without waiting for leave of Parliament, and proposes to contract for twelve more gunboats, six corvettes, three sloops, and four torpedo-vessels—in all 4,000 tons of new unarmoured craft to 5,200 of armoured ships now building under contracts of former years. Altogether, if MR. HUNT asks for £11,400,000 of Navy Estimates, he shows us value received for it. And, as earnest of his performance in the year to come, he informs us he has built up to within 450 tons of his programme in the year gone by. If *Punch* could only, like the *Iron Duke*, sink the *Vanguard*, he would say, "Well done, WARD HUNT!" He not only spoke to the point, if clumsily, on Monday, but showed a good tale of work done in the last twelve months. Altogether, spite of the *Vanguard*, &c., &c., &c., *Punch* feels more like trusting WARD HUNT than leaning on E. J. REED. "Nothing like leather!" may be a natural cry for

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ON HER DIGNITY.

Cook (at the Registry Office). "'AVIN' NEVER LIVED WITH ANY BUT 'IGH FAM'LIES, 'SHOULD WISH TO KNOW IF THE PARTY KEEPS THEIR CARRIAGE,—MEN-SUVVANTS IN THE 'OUSE,—MOVES IN GOOD SOCIETY——"

Mistress of the Office (shortly). "THE LADY HAS BEEN PRESENTED AT COURT, IF THAT WILL SUIT YOU!"

Cook (condescendingly). "*THANKS. THEN I THINK I'LL CALL UPON HER!!*"

dealers in skins, but it does not beget confidence in the article; and "Nothing like armour-plates!" works the same way. *Punch* can't, for the life of him, help putting more trust in hearts of oak than in plates of iron, and in big guns than big ships.

Tuesday (Lords).—"*Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?*" Fancy LORD HALIFAX and the DUKE OF ARGYLL—two of the most aggravatingest Indian Secretaries that ever nagged a Governor-General and his Supreme Council to tearing of hair and gnashing of teeth—united to wig the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY for dictation to LORD NORTHBROOK, because he preferred other tariff reforms to the remission of the 5 per cent. import duty on cotton goods! That the Secretary of State for India must have *some* say in Indian Government, is admitted. It needed no J. S. MILL to come from the grave to tell us THAT. That, with the telegraph at his elbow to say his say through, the Secretary of State is likely to say it more promptly and peremptorily than always pleases a Governor-General, is not surprising. Perhaps, in the instance specially complained of by LORD HALIFAX, LORD NORTHBROOK may have been right, and the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY wrong. Doctors differ. But surely it is rather unreasonable to complain of a Secretary of State suggesting that it might be more convenient if important acts of Indian legislation were submitted to him, as a rule, for approval, *before* they are passed in Council, rather than for *veto* after passing. Altogether, in the night's debate LORD SALISBURY seemed to *Mr. Punch* to have decidedly the best of it—whatever he may have had in his difference with LORD NORTHBROOK.

(*Commons.*)—MR. CLARE READE enjoyed that pleasantest and proudest of all positions—that of the martyr who can point to the conversion of his persecutors to the faith he has suffered for. He resigned Office because the Privy Council would not enforce uniform regulations for the slaughter of diseased cattle in Ireland and England, and lo the Privy Council have agreed, as LORD SANDON now announces to the House, to uniformity of regulation in the two countries!

As MR. READE'S case was unanswerable, his triumph is complete; and he has fairly earned the handsome testimonial which his friends the tenant-farmers have subscribed to present him with.

He remarked significantly, in closing the debate, that all the changes made by the Privy Council had been made since his resignation in November. He has earned his little crow.

The Government has lost more in MR. READE than MR. READE in his berth under the Government.

Wednesday.—A wonder!—the Scotch Members divided among themselves, over MR. M'CLAREN'S Bill for the Abolition of Church-rates in Scotland. As the organs of Scotland's collective wisdom always manage to agree among themselves when the object in view is clearly and demonstrably good, we conclude that MR. M'CLAREN'S Bill was *not* of this kind; and that it was rejected by 210 to 155 for good and sufficient reasons.

MR. EGERTON'S Bill for putting parishes into "mission" whose parochial "black shepherds" neglect their pastoral charge, was talked out.

Punch is rather at a loss whether to condole with MR. EGERTON, or to rejoice for JOHN BULL that another Clerical bone of contention is not to be added to the heap already collected; but he is disposed to think that the measure might have done good in some cases, and that some of the black shepherds it aimed at might be the better for its rod being hung up over their irreverend heads.

Thursday (Lords).—The LORD CHANCELLOR'S Bill for lopping the too luxuriant branches of the Irish Judicature. The twenty-three judges are to be cut down to twenty.

Et tu, Brute! Then die, Irish Conservatism!

The changes suggested seem called for. But let us hear what Ireland—above all, the Irish Bar—may have to say to them, and then cut away, CAIRNS!

(*Commons.*)—Second Reading of the Royal Titles Bill. The Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition gave voice to the general feeling in his Amendment that "it is inexpedient to impair the ancient and Royal dignity of the Crown by the assumption of the style and title of 'Empress.'" But MR. DISRAELI persevered, in spite of

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argument in the House and feeling out-of-doors; and his followers stood staunchly to him, and gave him a majority of 105—in a full house—305 to 200.

Is the objection *really* a party move, or a gross figment? Is *Punch* right in thinking that—party apart—the more JOHN BULL thinks over the proposed title, the less he likes it? And that whereas, at first, J. B., like *Mr. P.* himself, though on the whole rather for Queen than Empress, had no very strong feeling in the matter, he now very decidedly would rather the QUEEN did *not* weight the ancient and royal style, under which we love and honour her, with a new and unfamiliar title, of doubtful antecedents and objectionable associations. So far as *Mr. P.* can feel JOHN BULL's pulse, that is the tune it beats to. For his own part, he must admit that of the two *D. G.'s* he prefers the old one—"*Victoria Dei Gratiâ Angliæ Regina*," to "*Victoria Disraeli Gratiâ Indiæ Imperatrix*."

Friday (*Lords*).—Crossed Cheques Bill passed. May all who have had crosses and checks in life henceforth find them coupled in the pleasant guise of *crossed cheques*.

Bill authorising Pensions to three Members of the Council of India. LORD SALISBURY admits that, if he had his way, he would have Members of the Council appointed for life, leaving it to themselves to retire and draw their pensions when they felt no longer fit for service. That would be the handsomest arrangement in the case of such men as deserve to fill seats in the Council, and so give the last of their lives to the public service. But what would MR. RYLANDS say to it?

(*Commons*).—Sharp attack on MR. SCUDAMORE. All his figures, in connection with the purchase of the Telegraphs, called over the coals—his estimates of cost contrasted with actual payments—those of revenue with actual returns, and general cawing of the croakers over what they are delighted to call the failure of a great experiment. They crow best who crow last. MR. SCUDAMORE, and the Purchase of the Telegraphs—can both wait for time to justify them. *En attendant*, LORD JOHN MANNERS said what he could in anticipation of time. So Manners, ye cavillers, and croakers! Be of good cheer, SCUDAMORE!

MR. MELDON on the insufficient salaries of Irish National School Teachers. On this one point, and only this, all who wish well to Ireland are of one mind. Whether out of voluntary or compulsory rates, imperial taxes, or school pence, the salaries of Irish National School Teachers have got to be raised. The Government seems to feel it; so *Punch* hopes he may live to see it.

"LINKS WITH THE PAST."

To the Editor of Punch.



SIR,

I BELONG to a singularly long-lived race. My great grandfather lived to be ninety-seven, my grandfather was an unquestioned centenarian, my father would have been able to claim the same distinction if gout had not carried him off somewhat prematurely, and I myself am now in my ninety-second year—writing, as I think you will admit, an extraordinary hand for one so far advanced in life. I cannot remember my great-grandfather, but the family tradition has never wavered that he was an eye-witness to SIR WALTER RALEIGH laying down his cloak in the mud for QUEEN ELIZABETH to step upon. My grandfather, whom I am said strongly to resemble, distinctly recollected the wart on OLIVER CROMWELL's face, and had often escaped from his nurse's charge to see CHARLES THE SECOND feeding the ducks in St. James's Park. I think the event which had left the deepest impression on my father's mind was his being hoisted on the shoulders of "BEN," the old family coachman, to admire the illuminations for the Battle of Blenheim.

Here, then, you have only four generations from ELIZABETH to VICTORIA. I imagine it would be difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to find any other living person who can boast of such extraordinary links with the past as these.

Your obedient Servant, NESTOR.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I WOULD rather not mention my age, but will leave you to conjecture the year in which I was inoculated, when I tell you that I have a perfect recollection of GEORGE THE THIRD applauding MRS. SIDDONS, at Drury Lane Theatre, in the character of *Lady Teazle*, and saying, in a loud voice, "Very good, very good, very good!"

But I am not writing to you to gossip about my own reminiscences, but rather to inform you that my mother's sisters (AUNT GRISELDA and AUNT JANET) danced with the young Chevalier, and a Gentleman, who, from their description, I think must have been Mr. Waverley, at the ball given at Holyrood, in the eventful '45. We have still in our possession a few grains of snuff, which fell from the Prince's *Vernis Martin tabatière* on that memorable occasion. I would enclose some for your inspection, but the precious powder (an heirloom) is in the muniment-room, at our family seat in Mid-Lothian; and I write this hasty note from Torquay, where I am wintering.

Ever yours, my dear *Mr. Punch*,

FLORA MAC JARVIE.

I enclose my photograph, *untouched*.

MR. PUNCH,

I AM eighty-four, and can still play the flute. My foster-brother is eighty-two, and able to read the smallest print without glasses. My mother-in-law, who was ninety when she died (after living with us for more than half a century), rode to market on a pillion in the last year of her life. One of my sponsors attained the extraordinary age of ninety-nine, and never took a dose of medicine or wore a great coat. The husband of my eldest sister, now in his seventy-ninth year, gets up at six winter and summer, and practises for an hour with the dumb-bells. Not to weary you with too many details, my step-father, when he was considerably over four-score, walked from Putney to Mortlake and back on the day of the great boat-race, and afterwards dined at the "Star and Garter" at Richmond, and played three rubbers in the evening.

If there is any other family which can pretend to so much longevity and vigour in its different members, I shall be surprised, and not altogether pleased.

Yours faithfully, SENEX.

PUNCH,

I HAVE seen the last link-boy and the first gas-lamp, the last watchman and the first policeman, the last mail-coach from London to Dover, and the first tram-car from Westminster to Brixton, the last pig-tail and the first wide-awake, the last Bishop who looked awful in a wig, and the first servant girl who made herself ridiculous with a chignon.

I have handled snuffers, lit my pipe with a tinder-box, been carried in a sedan-chair, worn powder and a night-cap, slept in a bed warmed with a warming-pan, carried my watch in my fob, pulled a bell-rope down, fastened letters with wafers and dried them with pounce, eaten my dinner off a pewter plate, pursued peas with a two-pronged fork, and for many years taken a bottle of port after dinner without experiencing any inconvenience.

I have seen the first envelope, the first postage-stamp, the first match striking exclusively on its own box, the first photograph, the first perambulator, the first breechloader, the first Great Exhibition, the first croquet match, the first "Ulster," and the first Number of *Punch*.

I think you will agree with me that my Links both with the Past and the Present are sufficiently striking to be noticed in your columns. What will they be with the Future? Even your prescient eye may here acknowledge some indistinctness of vision. But is it very venturesome to connect with the coming time submarine tunnels, and sea voyages smooth and agreeable as a summer's evening excursion on the Thames, and reasonable hotels, and comfortable hats, and clean swept streets, and the final extinction of parochial misgovernment in the Metropolis?

Yours, P. P. F.

P.S.—My father has often told me that, when he was a boy, he used to go bird-nesting with another boy whose father, when he was a boy, bird-nested with a young companion of his own age, whose grandfather was the first person to cultivate potatoes in his own garden. Few "Links with the Past" can, I think, compete with this in interest.

NEW TITLES.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL—HOLKAR of Indore.
Solicitor-General—GIFFORD of Out-door.

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"Unreasoning Panic" in Plain English.



"SOME may ask, What's in a Name? In these things everything's in a name. Association and sympathy gather round these ancient names, and it is these things which constitute the national spirit and the continuity of national life. Patriotism and loyalty—sentiments the strongest in our nature—are made of these ancient associations. It is for these things that great men have been proud to live, and good men have dared to die."

SIR W. HARCOURT *on the Royal Titles Bill.*

JOHN BULL (*loquitur*)—

DON'T like it, that's a fact! They wonder why.
SIR STAFFORD says it's all unreasoning panic.
Perhaps. Yet stick to the old "Queen" say I.
No mixture of the Imperial or Sultanic
Should taint that ancient title. I would drink
Still to the good old toast—"The QUEEN! God bless her!"
But "Empress"—'tis a word from which I shrink—
A name by which I'd rather not address her.

"What's in a name?" Well I suspect there's much,
Far more than is accounted for by reason;
But there are things 'twere hardly well to touch
With Logic's fingers. Fellows who spout treason
Might say that Loyalty is but a name
For something rather baffling definition—
Mere sentiment. It rules us all the same,
Spite of the sumphs who dub it Superstition.

"What's in a name?" Well, there's association
Still counts for something. Did it not, confound it
Society were pure chaos. Should the nation
Snap the old well-loved links that long have bound it
In ordered freedom, loyal ranks well ranged,
Before they find the bond to be a fetter?
Not so! Nor should the Royal badge be changed
Until we're very sure we've found a better.

"No change—addition only"? Well, I'm bad
At logic-chopping, but that statement strikes me
As much like quibble. I'd be vastly glad
To please HER MAJESTY; but *this* mislikes me,
I must confess. An Orient *alias*
Tagged to her grand home-title's not precisely
The sort of compliment I'd choose to pass
On one I love so well, and—I hope—wisely.

"India craves it?" Well, I have my doubts
If those who say so can read India rightly.
I thank her for her loyal shows and shouts,
But yet would wish to intimate—politely—
That, though her wants and wishes have all claim
Upon my thought and care, 'tis my opinion
The British Empire's Mistress bears a name
Grand enough e'en for the Mogul's dominion.

I'm for the QUEEN! Two titles *might* get mixed
In course of time, and—well, with names, the bigger
Mostly gets foremost. BEN, your aim seems fixed,
But pause a moment ere you pull the trigger.
You may bring down much more than you intend;
The QUEEN, as England's Queen, rules England's realm:
For guide and guard her empire to defend,
Loyalty at its heart, Law at its helm!

A NEW SONG.

"*LET me Flog him for his Father.*" Dedicated to MR. WILBERFORCE, J. P., by the Author of "*Let me Kiss him for his Mother.*"

"SPEAKING OUT."

(THE following advertisement, and comment, are to be found in our number for March 11:—

"'WANTED, a General Servant, one who can neither Read nor Write preferred. She must be clean, obliging, willing, and honest. Good wages given.—Apply personally, to M., Post Office, &c.'

"Would cleanness, obligingness, willingness, and honesty be any the worse *with* reading and writing? Let us hope that, if the former qualifications were found in the applicant to 'M.,' the reading and writing would not be fatal—disqualifications!"

They have elicited this plain-spoken letter:)

SIR,

IN answer to your query, allow me to state, briefly, that after twelve years' experience as the Mistress of a Household, numbering from five to eight domestics, I unhesitatingly affirm that those who have been innocent of the three *R's*, were invariably the most industrious, and the most honest. Instead of reading *my* letters, and rewriting *their own*—of the Cook basting her joint with one hand, and her eyes on a greasy cheap pamphlet held in the other (a fact), of the Housemaid carelessly dusting my drawing-room with a feather-brush, and then spending the hour she had gained in my rocking-chair reading some mawkish novel, pregnant with evil results, my *ignorant* servants have been faithful to their duties, respectful, and respectable; and this, I think, is the experience of thousands.

With every wish of good Mistresses to be considerate to their servants, their homes are hives for labour, not houses for idlers to lounge in; and with every deference to the great and good in our land, who have endeavoured to ameliorate the condition of the poorer classes, my experience tells me, and my ordinary sense shows me, that with regard to female servants, their efforts are monstrous failures.

My sympathies are entirely with the Advertiser "M," whom you hold up to scorn;* and I think I should find an ally in *Mrs. Judy.*

Yours,
A CONSTANT READER.

* Not scorn, but question.

PATINAGE.

WHAT would have become of French Comic Opera but for the resource of drinking choruses? One cannot help thinking, as one listens to the singers clinking their glasses together to the same eternal refrains, that a little variety would be a boon sometimes. We would suggest something like the following, by way of a change, to the Manager of the Opéra Comique. The verbs "rinquer" and "flirter" being as familiar in French as "rink" and "flirt" in English, there can be no objection to their introduction.

Chorus of Village Rinkers.

Rinquons!
Versons,
Garçons et filettes!
Aimons,
Courons,
Tous sur les roulettes!
Flirtons,
Faisons
Jamais des boulettes!
Et rinq', rinq', rinque!
Choquons nos patins!
Rinque, rinque, rinque,
Du soir au matin!

Woman to the Rescue!

March 12, 1876.

SIR,

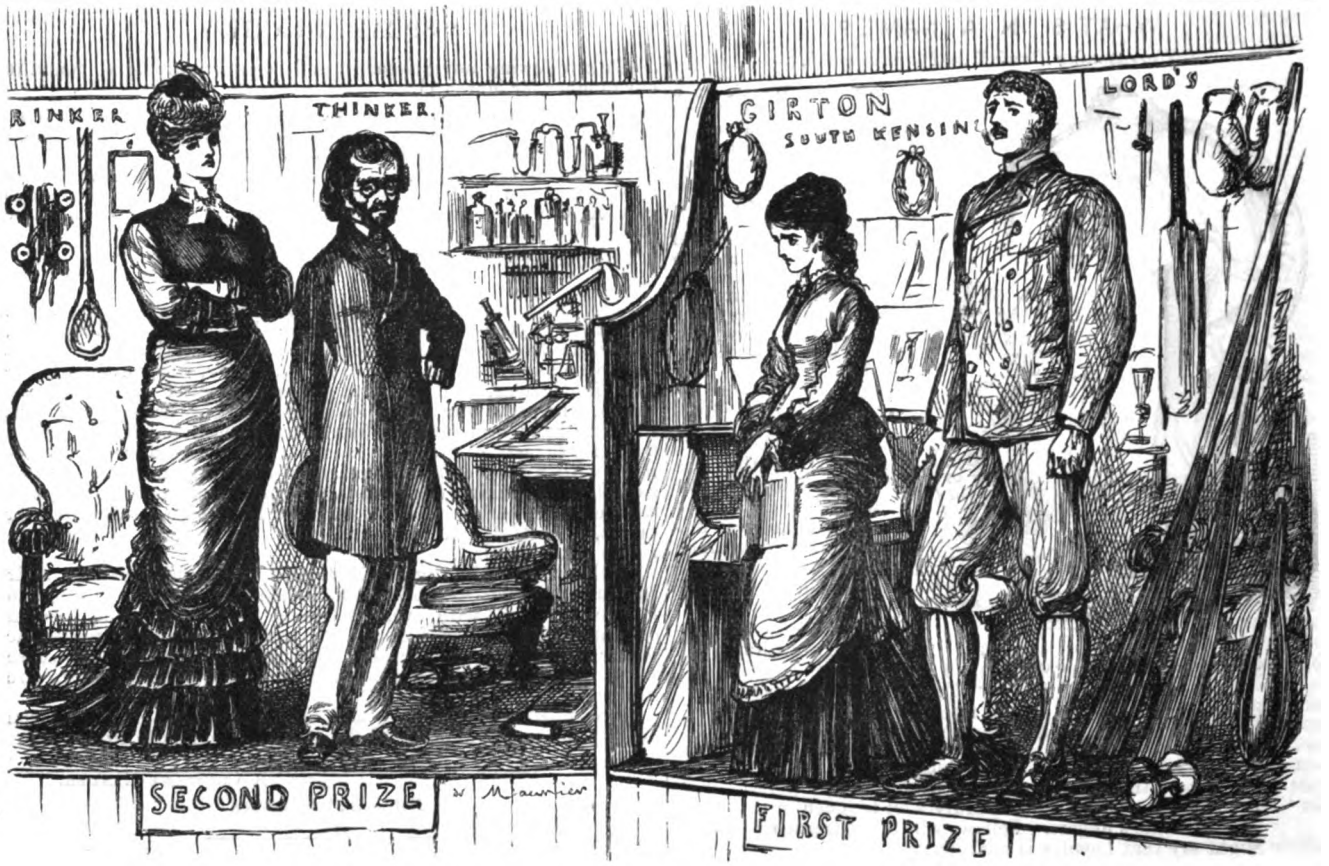
MR. HARDY seems to want Surgeons for the Army, and to be unable to get them. I propose a remedy. Let him throw open the Service to Medical Women! They would come forward in shoals, and the British Soldier—our noble defender, Sir!—would no longer be left to the tender (?) mercies of ignorant men.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
MINERVA SHEDRAGON, M.D.

Brahmin to Benjamin.

EMPRESS OF INDIA, and of England QUEEN!
DISRAELI, what does that distinction mean?
For me an Empress, but a Queen for you!
No, *your* Queen, Sahib, please, and *my* Queen too.

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PAIRING AND REPAIRING.

THE reasons inducing two young people to enter the holy bonds of Matrimony have hitherto, as a rule, been love, interest, intellectual sympathy, compatibility of temper, parity of social rank, and so forth. Now, *Mr. Punch* (who is an inveterate match-maker) thinks it high time these selfish and old-fashioned notions as to what constitute mutual fitness for the married state should be improved away, in the interests of the Anglo-Saxon race. He begs to present his readers with a sketch of two prize couples, exhibited by him (in imagination) at a "Married Couple Show" (evolved from his own inner consciousness), and earnestly commends the same to the thoughtful study of the youth of England. And oh! should one single misguided pair of gifted but dyspeptic enthusiasts be induced hereby to forego their intention of taking each other for better for worse—should one single splendid champion of the river and the cricket-field, on contemplating the above, transfer his affections from some simple-minded and congenial rinker to some such inspired little being as that who divides the first prize in the picture—*Mr. Punch* will not have thought and wrought in vain. *Verbum sap.*

"THE MORE HASTE THE WORSE SPEED."

SCENE—*The Charing Cross Station of the District Railway.*

Country Cousin bound for Bayswater, to Ticket Clerk, with scrupulous politeness. If you please, I want a first-class ticket to Bayswater.

Ticket Clerk (*abruptly*). No first-class here. Go to the next booking-place.

[Country Cousin *retires rebuffed, and finds his way to next booking-place.*

Country Cousin. If you please, I want a first-class ticket to Bayswater.

Ticket Clerk (*explosively*). Single or return? Look sharp! You're not the only person in London!

Country Cousin (*humbly*). Single, please.

[*The ticket and change are slapped down unceremoniously, and* Country Cousin *is shoved on from behind by an impatient City man. Rushes precipitately down brass-bound steps, and presents his ticket to be snipped.*

Snipper (*inspecting ticket*). Queen's Road, Bayswater? Wrong side! Go up the stairs, and turn to the right. Look sharp! There's a train just coming in!

[Country Cousin, *with a deepened sense of humiliation and bewilderment, hurries up-stairs, turns to the right, and reaches entrance to platform just in time to have gate slammed in his face. The train being gone, gate is re-opened, and the necessary snipping performed on his ticket.*

Country Cousin (*to* Snipper, *politely*). If you please, will the next train take me to Queen's Road, Bayswater?

Saturnine Official. Can't tell you till the train comes.

[Country Cousin *paces the platform in moody silence, and wishes he had taken a cab.*

Enter Train, rushing madly along.

Stentorian Voice (*without stops*). Earl's Court North End and Hammersmith Train first and second-class forward third behind!

[Country Cousin *makes his way towards a carriage, but finds it full. Tries another with the same result, and is frantically endeavouring to open the door of a third-class compartment in which there is one vacant seat next a fat woman with a baby, when train moves on.*

Indignant Official. Stand away there! Stand away, will you! (*Drags back* Country Cousin.) That ain't your train! What do you want a-trying to get in there for?

[Country Cousin, *in deeper humiliation, re-arranges dress, disturbed by recent struggle, and resumes his agitated march.*

Enter another Train more madly than the first.

Stentorian Voice. High Street Kensington Notting Hill Gate and Bayswater train Main Line train!

Country Cousin (*to* Haughty Official, *in an agony of entreaty*). Is this train for Queen's Road, Bayswater?

Haughty Official. Yes, Queen's Road. Look sharp! She'll be off in a minute.

[Country Cousin *scrambles through the crowd to a carriage; drops his umbrella; stoops to pick it up, and on rising finds train three parts through the tunnel. Exit* Country Cousin *in a rage, to get a cab, having lost twenty minutes, the price of his unused ticket, his self-respect, and that of everybody he has come in contact with in the Metropolitan District Railway Station.*

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THE NEW TENANT.

LA FRANCE. "*THAT* MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE! BUT, MON DIEU, SHE LOOKS *QUITE RESPECTABLE!!*"

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GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "Cometh Down like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She," "Good! Buy Sweet Tart!" "Not Slily, But don't Tell."

CHAPTER I.—*What Jenny says.*

OH the Sea! the Sea! the open, the unpalling, the unfriendly, the unequal, the billowous, unsmooth, the unfailing, the unsteady, the unboundless, the fishful yet porpoiseless, the unshrimping, the unawhaling Sea!

Grand weather for poor little despised Wollum, on the low coast of the Fullum Roads, within full view of the far-stretching Shell Sea. Poor little Wollum! Few people know it, fewer still love it. Pierless Wollum! with its swarms of flies drawn to the place by one horse, and its neat little wheel Bruffum machines, at so much an hour not including the driver. Fresh, sparkling Wollum! with its leafy glades, where the loving trees twine their lissom arms above the low-voiced 'busman's head, and kiss one another in the shady twilight.

And so on the Green—the Green of Wollum—old, froggy-blooded people tottered, and basked, and the marine-coated policeman cracked a nut or two for sheer wantonness, shading his eyes from the fierce darts of the great sun-god, and peered in the direction of the old Knight's Bridge on the one side, the Reach of Putterney on the other, or out on to the horizon-bound Shell Sea.

The small first-floor of a small Wollum Green House; its temperature up to one hundred in the shade; a temple dedicated to rich odours and brave tints; and, in this room, we two sisters, the two MISSES ST. JOHN VILLARS.

JENNY—I am JENNY—is engaged in the interminable work of knitting sand-ropes whereon to string the highly-scented, nature-favoured apple-beads of Shalotte. JENNY is the elder of the two. She is a young old maid, and likely to remain so, as her figure has long since passed the turning-point, the *embonpoint*, of comeliness; and young men with short crisp hair, grand broad chests, clean-shaped limbs, muscles of iron, and no sinews of tin in their composition with their creditors, are not likely to be enticed by the matrimonial advertisements of a poor, but respectable, family inviting them to "Try our Stout JANE!"

Let us go to the other—as men always did—BELLA ST. JOHN VILLARS. BELLA is our youngest born, and the show one of the family. She is not in a particularly graceful attitude just now, and yet there is a certain charm in it, which would make male passers-by look twice—three times—perhaps even four times, at the two round greyish-green eyes deep set and as full of sweetness as un-shelled peas; and a fifth time would men of maturer age glance at the plump white arms, hanging lazily out of the window, playing with her tresses of bright hair, which she is swinging, to and fro, in the softly-caressing breeze. Neither wholly red, nor purely golden, are her electro-plaited locks, which gleam with all the brilliancy of an autumn walnut in a dank wood. She is just settling in her mind which colour it is to be, and has done her sister the honour of consulting her. She makes a soft pillow for her little glossy head on the window-sill. Thought made her head ache.

"I do not want to dye yet!" she murmured plaintively.

"There is no necessity for it," I say. I always say whatever BELLA wishes—it is my *rôle* in life, and I take a good look at her as she twines her shapely fingers in among her sunset tresses. She has big grey eyes, in which, at first sight, there appears to be a considerable amount of green. She has the small upward turned nose of a person who is passing through Cologne, or through a back street of the Seven Dials in the hottest summer time, with two little heart-shaped, dimpled nostrils, that are very extinguishers for men's souls. Her laughing full-blown lips form an elastic framework to a gorgeous mouth, which could scarcely be measured with the breadth, or length, of two table spoons, and enough to make a selfish man of large appetite (and most men have both qualifications) pause before inviting her to dine with him on the remains of yesterday's meal *tête-à-tête* in his luxurious bachelor lodgings.

All men who looked once at BELLA's mouth, thought twice. It seemed to expect life to be one long pleasant dinner of ever-varying dishes, with luscious fruits for the dessert, and then the whole movement *da capo* from the *potage à la Reine*.

There is a lurking gravity in her low forehead which most men have wondered at; and her full, unblushing cheek, men admire still more, but wonder at less. This face is nicely set on a warm round throat, not too white, nor like unliving marble, but like a large, well-turned, soft, consistent roley-poley pudding, with the veins of raspberry jam within, indicated on its warm, soft surface.

As for BELLA's figure,—well, she has told me, her Sister JENNY, that five thousand a year would be about her figure, if the *parti* were in other ways suitable. But there is no depending upon the whims and fancies of this soft, undulating, plump, dumpling-like girl, who is fascinating all round, and whose whole *contour*, whatever our family lineage may be, would never induce an antiquarian to believe in her having been descended from the Angles, though indeed, some observant naturalists, or logical theologians, holding severally the theories of evolution or development, might have arrived at a somewhat different opinion. But all this is too high for me, who am only Sister JENNY, and, physically speaking, a failure.

BELLA wears a pretty little dress of Japanese silk; of so simple a pattern as to consist of only three figures crossing a bridge, two people in a boat, a quaint tree with large blue apples, a sort of pagoda, two brilliantly plumaged birds fighting in the air, and that is all. It is too plain and quiet to suit most people; it becomes her marvellously, and, being drawn in slightly at the girdle, gives a truer expression to her healthily firm and shapely shoulders, than many a grander garment would have done.

There she sits, lazy, happy, passive; a pretty dollop of colour on the grey stone window-sill of our first-floor front.

"I wish I had something to eat!" she exclaims, wearily. "This air gives me an appetite, especially out here——" (As I have intimated, she is on the window-sill, and throwing these remarks into the room to me.) "I sent TOMMY out to buy some jelly and a pickled cabbage. Where is he?"

"Good Heavens!" I exclaim—I generally exclaim 'Good Heavens!'—"you don't suppose the unhappy imbecile is so infatuated as to run about Wollum with pickled cabbages and jellies in his pocket?"

"Yes, I do," she returns triumphantly, "and ices too, and sponge-cakes, and buns, and nuts. What's he made for, if not to be useful?"

I am about to attempt an answer to this problem, when the sound of a concertina strikes our ears.

BELLA starts up, and holds on by the window-sash, craning her neck out to look round the corner of the next balcony, and down the street, a few yards distant.

"Here he is!" she cries. "He is always playing the same tune, that is, as much as he knows of it." (It is "*Pretty Jemima, don't say 'No!'*" and we both recognise it.) "And—oh!" she cries, almost bounding off her perch, "he's got some one with him! A Man! such a Man! Oh, I *do* hope he is going to bring him up here!"

I look out of window, and see TOMMY—that is, our friend, the REV. THOMAS HASSOCK, who is taking care of us at the seaside—in his long clerical coat, high waistcoat, large white tie, and big, soft, pulpy, slouched hat, dancing about in the middle of the road, playing the concertina; his little pink eyes thrown up, beseechingly, through his pale green spectacles, towards the object of his loving worship, eager for one smile—for one slight glance of approval, or even of recognition, of his attempts to please and amuse her.

But BELLA's eyes are turned in another direction. For a time she is apparently utterly ignorant of the very existence of the REV. THOMAS HASSOCK, and as deaf to the voluptuous harmony of his concertina, as she had been, for months past, to the theme of his pitiful entreaties. It is a *Man* who has attracted her attention; and even I, with all my old-maidish contempt for the sex, am forced to admit that BELLA is a connoisseur of this portion of the creation, and that she is right in refusing this title to poor fluffy-headed, green-spectacled, whimpering Reverend little TOMMY, who would play and dance himself to death in the broiling sun on the Wollum Green, if thereby he could hope to win from her one word of love.

"Come in!" She beckons imperiously to the infatuated dancing Clergyman, with a whisk of her dimpled, white, plump finger cutting his capers short.

TOMMY obeyed instantly.

In another second he is in our room.

"Where's your friend?" BELLA asks.

"Outside," answers TOMMY, blushing, and smoothing his curly straw-coloured hair with the corner of his concertina.

"Why didn't you bring him up?" BELLA inquires.

"He is old enough to have brought *me* up," replies TOMMY, turning all manner of colours, and pulling out a chord from his instrument.

"You are such a donkey, TOMMY!" says BELLA, throwing at his head a thick cushion on which she has been sitting. The cushion caught the REV. MR. HASSOCK on his right ear, and brought him suddenly to the ground.

"Never mind," I say, trying to soften matters—it is my mission in life to soften matters—"she does not mean it."

"You know, MISS JENNY," the poor creature says to me, "I would do anything for BELLA. If she told me to stand on my head I would do it."

"Don't call me BELLA," says the young lady, sharply. "*And do it.*"

"Stand on my head?"

"Yes."

He requires no further pressure. He is on his head, with an agility which shows he has prepared for this occasion, and is turning slowly round and round, following with his spectacles BELLA into whatever part of the room her sudden impulsive walk may take her.

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EN PASSANT.

"RATHER REMARKABLE, AIN'T IT, SIR? BUT 'AVE YOU HEVER NOTICED AS MOSTLY ALL THE PLACES ON THIS LINE BEGINS WITH A 'H'?"

"AW—'BEG YOUR PARDON?"

"LOOK AT 'EM! — 'AMPSTEAD, 'IGHGATE, 'ACKNEY, 'OMERTON, 'ENDON, 'ARROW, 'OLLOWAY, AND 'ORNSEY!"

THE DUTCHMEN'S PROTEST.

(*See "Wrongs of Our Natives."—Punch, March* 18.)

DEAR PUNCH,

WE hope, in this Metropolis,
They play no tricks of Calicopolis:
But we, plain Dutchmen dare to say
We are of real use to-day;
Nor to you only *Mr. Punch*,
Who, having had your oyster-lunch,
Resolve it into purest pearls
For thoughtful men and laughing girls.
We cry, "Come; eat us! Let the best,
Who boast the Natives' choicest zest,
Awhile beneath the ocean rest.
To them we claim not to be equal,
Yet eat us, and await the sequel."
Once, if we credit Roman stories,
Ceteris ostriosior oris
Was the far-famed Rutupian marge
Where Latian epicures at large
Enjoyed a British oyster-supper,
When HORACE reigned instead of TUPPER.
But oh the oysters night and day
Eaten, since CÆSAR came this way!
Since Roman *gourmands*, growing boisterous,
Swore that Olympus was an oyster-house,
That Hermes opened bivalves well,
And always in the concave shell;
That Zeus, almighty self-refector,
When eating them abjured his nectar,
Thought Ganymede a clumsy lout,
And wisely called for London stout.
Natives no longer are abundant;
We, by comparison, redundant,
Not caring, though with scorn you treat us,
"Come, ope," we cry, "come, ope, and eat us."
Trust not the men who, fond of "sells,"
Translate us into Native shells;
But gulp us in an honest way,
And, having done it, you will say,
"'Twere wiser to grant breathing time,
For Natives to regain their prime,
Nor, while we spare them, scorn too much
The plump and modest Anglo-Dutch."
The doings of Mancestrian folk
Are, we admit, beyond a joke,
But we are not in league with such men:
We're honest, unpretending

DUTCHMEN.

WHAT OXFORD QUESTIONS. — Whether the way to supply sins of omission be by sins of Commission?

Then she stops, and speaks, before releasing him.

"You'd better stay as you are. For months you have been 'off your head.' Your parishioners will be glad to hear you are on it again. Tell me what's your friend's name?"

TOMMY, having righted himself once more, produces from his pockets a pickled cabbage, some ices in brown paper, a bottle of ginger-beer, two jam tarts, and a sausage-roll. These he offers to BELLA.

"I thought," stammers the timorous little man, "I once heard you say you liked them."

She puts them aside, and repeats her question—"Tell me his name?"

He answers, "DUSOVER BELJAMBE."

"What is he?"

"A Captain."

"A Captain! I shall go out for a drive with him."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaim.

"My dear MISS BELLA," says TOMMY, nervously, drawing out one long expostulatory note on his concertina, and twisting round slowly on one leg, as he sings, in a high, but not positively unmusical voice, "What will Mamma say? What will Papa say? Oh my, fie for shame! What will Mam——"

But a mischievous, tormenting look flashes into BELLA'S grey eyes.

"Take off your coat and hat!" says the wilful girl, in a calm, determined tone, to TOMMY, who stands aghast—"Take off your coat, hat, waistcoat, and white tie! *I am going for a drive with* CAPTAIN DUSOVER BELJAMBE!"

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT IT SEEMS LIKELY TO COME TO.

THE Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury contemplate the opening of Westminster Hall as a Skating Rink, for the use of Members of both Houses, the Bench, and the Bar.

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's hope shortly to be able to announce the opening of their new Skating Rink, in the Cathedral crypt, for the use of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.

Loggia and box-holders at the Albert Hall, who have converted their property into private Rinks, are requested to abstain from skating during the few remaining Concerts which will take place before a Bill is applied for to authorise the adaptation of the Hall as a Metropolitan Rink for the use of the British Public.

The President and Members of the Royal Academy of Arts beg to inform Exhibitors that their entrance cards will admit them to the new Art Rink, to be constructed in the courtyard of Burlington House previous to the opening of the Exhibition.

The Zoological Society is about to turn the Fish House into a Skating Rink. Lessons will be given by the Polar Bears.

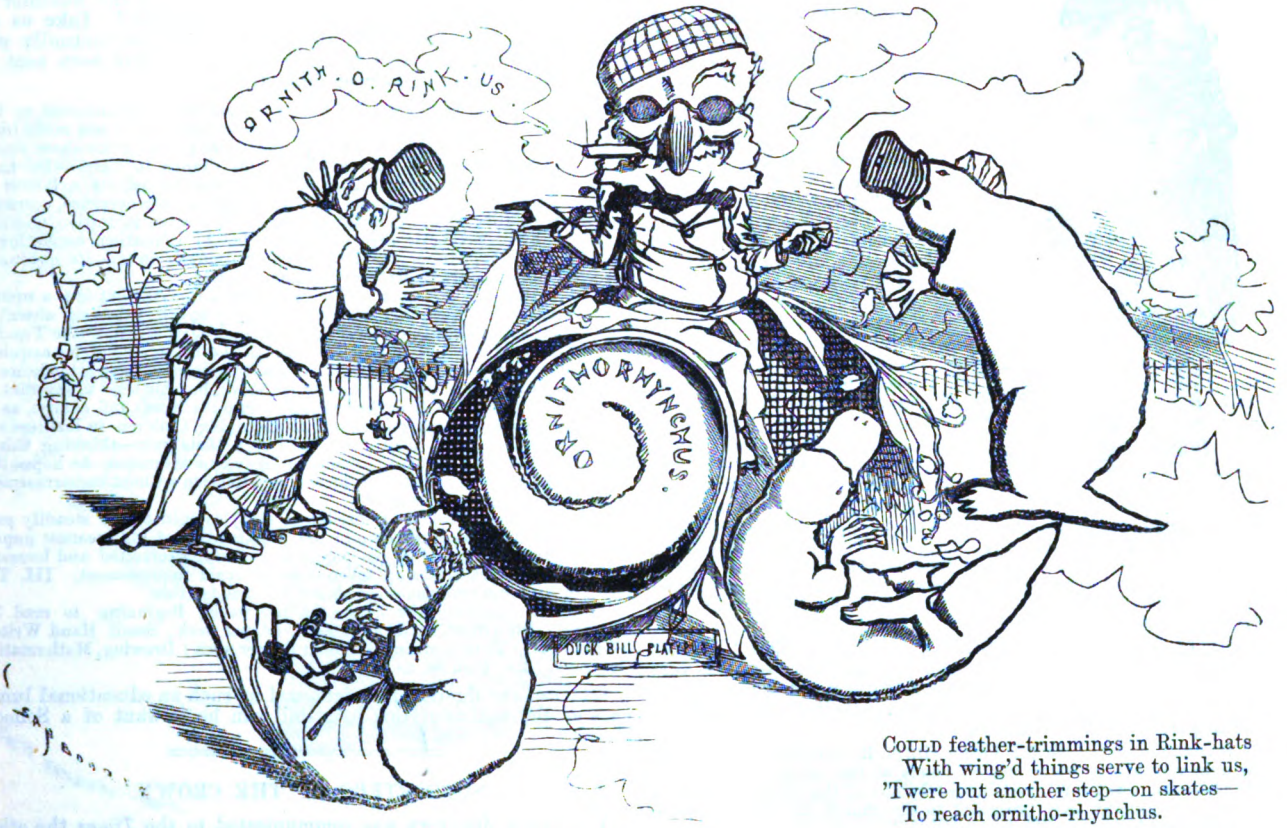
Conservative Notions.

IT is understood that, should the sanction of Parliament be given to the Ministerial proposal of adding the new and foreign denomination of Empress to HER MAJESTY'S old English title of Queen, MR. DISRAELI will shortly ask the House of Commons to vote a sum of money for the purpose of whitewashing Westminster Abbey.

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DUCK-BILLS DEVELOPED.

(On the Rink.)



That strange Australian animal,
Half-bird, half-beast, whole puzzle,
Needs little humouring, after all,
Of paws and duck-billed muzzle,

To turn into a dowager,
Upon her "Spillers" balanced,
With hands outstretched to steady her,
And rink-hat feather-valanced.

Could feather-trimmings in Rink-hats
With wing'd things serve to link us,
'Twere but another step—on skates—
To reach ornitho-rhynchus.

"Ornis-ornithos—Greek for bird."
Quoth *Punch* behind his blinkers,
"Old rinkers in plumed hats—absurd—
Call 'em, ornitho-rinkers!"

APPREHENDED OUTRAGE AT HAMMERSMITH.

According to a Correspondent of the *Times*, some wretch connected with Hammersmith proposes to cut down the noble trees by the River side at the end of the Mall, two hundred years old, and said to have been planted by the Queen of Charles the Second. If so, and the caitiff is only quick enough about his work, he will be in time to cause regret and annoyance to numerous spectators who will miss those picturesque objects at the University Boat-Race. Let us, therefore, be informed, as soon as possible, who this fellow is, in order that, whilst all the Philistines, and snobs that rejoice in Vandalism, and revel in the destruction of ancient memorials, will unite in applauding his design, every possible opposition may be offered to it by every sensible person who can make any.

An Enigma.

(*Apropos of the Oxford Professor on Political Economy*, Bonamy Price, Esq., M.A.)

All questions of Exchange
Are settled in a trice
At Oxford University
By reference to Price.
Still it is understood
Political Economy
Has never yet held good
With what proceeds from Bonhomie.

Inhabited House Duty—The Servants'. And I wish they'd do it.—Yours, Paterfamilias.

Slippery Ground.

The following note occurs in a column of Southampton news:—

"Charles Edwards is announced to give Gospel addresses in the new Skating Rink to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon and evening."

To serve the purpose of Mr. Edwards, a Skating Rink seems about as fit as a Circus; but authority for preaching both in season and out of season may equally warrant preaching whether in or out of place. However, perhaps a sermon would not be quite out of place in a Skating Rink, where it might touch backsliders.

Elementary Education.

The Elements of late have been unusually unruly. Meetings to promote Elementary Education have had not the slightest effect in restraining their violence, so as to keep them from tearing telegraphic wires, and throwing tiles and chimney-pots. There are Elements which nobody as yet has been able to master; hence the late tempestuous weather. Better luck to the efforts of philanthropists to educate the people.

Proposal to Parliament.

In order to the more effectual exclusion of private jobbery from Parliamentary proceedings, suppose you resolve that any Honourable Member accepting office as a Railway Chairman or Director, shall by the fact of so doing, like the receiver of a Ministerial appointment, vacate his seat, and ere he is permitted to resume it, have to offer himself for re-election.

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PERFORMANCES IN LENT.



THE *Hampshire Independent*, under heading of "Lenten Missions at Southampton," reports the particulars of certain proceedings lately conducted at various churches in that town and its neighbourhood by certain "mission preachers," invited by some thirty Clergymen, who, "headed by the Rural Dean, the REV. DR. CARY, approached the LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, and obtained his sanction and warm approval of a series of Services to be held during the first eight or ten days of the present Lent." Some of these proceedings would once have been deemed prodigious, and not merely extraordinary; but in these days we are accustomed to notices of Theatres Clerical, such as the following account of a performance at—

"ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.—Those who, knowing the Ritualistic tendencies at this church (REV. F. M. GREGORY'S), expected that the Mission would be accompanied by extravagances, were not disappointed. The notices, announcing the Services stated the Mission Priests will be ready to hear confessions, or to give spiritual direction after any of the Services, with the Service for the renewal of baptismal vows."

The acting at the REV. F. M. GREGORY'S Church, where "Mission Priests" attended to hear confessions, if truly described, was very close to the real thing indeed. MR. GREGORY appears to have played the part of a provincial POPE GREGORY in capital style. This is further apparent from what follows:—

"On Saturday evening the Missioners (REVS. R. LINKLATER and L. N. JONES) were met by the Vicar and choristers at the old parsonage house, where a procession was formed, and headed by one of the choristers bearing aloft a jewelled crucifix, they proceeded to the church, singing, '*Onward, Christian soldiers!*'"

These soldiers, however, seem unaware that they are troops with whom the genuine Pope's Own would not march through Coventry, nor would have marched through Southampton.

A "service," we are told, was next "conducted" by MR. GREGORY—playing Anti-Pope, perhaps, rather than POPE GREGORY, as the Ritualists disobey PIUS. It was "taken from the Book of the Mission":—

"In this book the advantages of coming to confession are set forth, with directions 'how to make a good confession,' in which an admonition is given 'not to keep back anything,' to 'take care to be plain and simple, and if you find it difficult, to ask the priest to help you;' 'if you doubt whether anything you have done was sinful, ask the priest;' 'keep to the point, and remember you have to confess your own sins, not the sins of other people;' 'make your confession as if it were your last, and you were going to die to-night.' Then is given the following form of confession."

This was simply the Roman preamble to auricular confession slightly garbled to suit the Ritualistic stage. It is followed by the direction, "Then tell the priest your sins," and, that done, finally, to pray "you, my father, to give me penance, counsel, and absolution."

Might not the penitent, told not to confess the sins of other people, as well consider how far he is sure that his own will not be divulged by his mimic "Father Confessor"? There is nothing to prevent a Ritualist from being a hypocrite; nor are there in the laws of the Church by Law Established any provisions to regulate the practice of "Confession," which, as a practice, that Church ignores. No such provisions are likely to be made by Act of Parliament, and even if the Bishops could be prevailed to frame any, what Ritualist—each his own Pope—could be trusted to obey his Bishop? Let boobies, therefore, beware how they play at auricular confession.

The thirty odd Hampshire parsons have "approached" the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER to such purpose that next, instead of warily "approaching" him—getting at him in a gradual and tentative manner—they will perhaps at once peremptorily request him to patronise their sacerdotal performances. If the REV. MR. GREGORY, of Southampton, for instance, has the courage of his opinions, will he hesitate to apply to his Diocesan for a faculty to erect a Confessional in St. Michael's Church? For that purpose, however, the mere faculty of imitation will not do.

AN EDUCATIONAL NORTHERN LIGHT.

IN these days, when the Schoolmaster is so much abroad, what a comfort to know that even where School Boards are not spread, the banquet of instruction is ready for the children of the humbler as well as the highest orders. And what instruction! Take as an example the following *bonâ fide* educational *menu*—actually put forth by a North Country Schoolmaster—which has been sent to *Mr. Punch*, and which he reproduces textually.

"MR. —— now ventures to commend his scholastic attainments to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of ——, feeling confident he has made himself master of a good sound English education, after pursuing the above object many years—nevertheless returns his sincere thanks to those who have favoured him with their patronage and yet earnestly solicits a favour of greater patronage feeling assured that by strictness, perseverance, economy and wonted ability he will give satisfaction to both sexes in tuition and also to parents by imparting to their Children a liberal Education, consisting of Reading, Writing, Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic in all its extensive branches and powers, also Mathematics and Drawing.

"N.B.—MR. —— deems it highly necessary to remark that it is a matter of great materiality regarding the progress in any boy or girl being absent at school, as their progress entirely depends on their attendance, if the Teacher do his duty, and it is an undeniable fact that Learning cannot be acquired unless attention be paid, hence MR. —— only wishes to have attendance of boys and girls, to prove what he has stated above, but he begs to say that he wishes parents would deliver their Children into his hands and charge, as he has already proved in several cases that indulging Children in laziness and not making them obey their duty have been their ruin—thinking this a sufficient remark yet without verbosity or any vague assurance—he hopes this will be conclusive and worthy of the readers attention without embarrassment of un-accomplished achievements.

"METHOD.—I. A course of intelligent study is initiated & steadily pursued having immediate reference to the requirements of his meanest pupils. II. The exercises worked by his pupils are carefully corrected and honestly criticised and every means are taken to secure rapid improvement. III. The result of six years experience are offered for consideration.

"TERMS.—Learning the letters 2*d.* per week; Beginning to read 3*d.* per week; Ditto Writing & Arithmetic 4*d.* per week; Small Hand Writers 5*d.* per week; Those learning Grammar 6*d.* per week; Drawing, Mathematics, Geography, &c., from 9*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*"

Who can say the region enlightened by such an educational luminary as the author of this hand-bill can be in want of a School-Board?

SUPPORTERS OF THE CROWN.

A NOTABLE discovery was communicated to the *Times* the other day by MR. HENRY WALKER, the Honorary Secretary of the West London Scientific Association. On the preceding Saturday afternoon, in the brick earth pit of the old Thames bed at Crayford in Kent, a gentleman belonging to the learned body abovenamed found an unquestionable relic of a noble animal too commonly, of late years, accounted a myth:—

"One of the members of this Association, MR. R. W. CHEADLE, of Christ's Hospital, was successful in excavating a bone which was identified by PROFESSOR MORRIS as the thighbone of a British species of lion."

Thus the British Lion, whose very name is sneered at by subversive scoffers as all humbug, is now demonstrated to be a genuine reality, at least to have been a real quadruped once; a live lion in his day, the most ancient of the good old days,—

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

Said "noble savage" being the aboriginal Briton, bedaubed with woad. That is if in Britain at that prehistoric period there existed any aborigines on two legs and featherless, and if woad was comprised in the British *flora* at an epoch when the British *fauna* included lions. But, most strange to say, the discovery of the British Lion is not the only one made by MR. CHEADLE. A more remarkable case of "curious coincidence" has perhaps never been announced in any journal than that which remains to be pointed out:—

"MR. CHEADLE found at the same time several teeth of rhinoceros in this cemetery of ancient life among the hop-gardens of Kent."

It is indeed wonderful that the remains of a creature associated in heraldry with the British Lion should have been discovered near those of its companion on the Royal Arms, and that the same fortunate explorer should have had the honour of discovering not only the Lion of our British escutcheon, but the Unicorn as well.

ITALY ON FRANCE.

"LA Republica non aveva che una *Gambetta*;
Adesso ha due gambe, e sta ferma!"

CHANGE OF NAME.—*Notice.*—The REV. ORBY SHIPLEY to be called the REV. URBI ET ORBI SHIPLEY.

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PUNCH'S PICTORIAL PATENTS.

Patent Front-and-Back-Fall Buffer (for Beginners).

PRESIDENT CINCINNATUS.

"The Senate have passed a resolution reducing the President's allowance from 50,000 to 25,000 dollars."

Our Transatlantic cousins trying
To meet the last cry from the Gallery,
Go in an honest head for buying
At half the present scale of salary.
Almighty Dollar's slaves essay—
The notion strikes us here as comic—
To halve their President's poor pay,
And so prove clean hands economic.

Alas! there will be no more fun—
Hops, Germans, champagne lunches, dinners—
At the White House in Washington
For hungry saints or thirsty sinners.
Your public life alas! breeds dirt,
Your public organs throw it gaily;
And now the Presidential shirt
Will hardly pay for washing daily.

What *is* five thousand pounds a year?
'Tis just an English Bishop's income.
While, in the President's starved ear,
The dollars melt from hands that clink 'em!
Roumanian Boyar, Russian Prince,
Outspent in rear of Shoddy tarries:
And English Dukes with envy wince
While Shoddy pays them down in Paris.

Emperors and Kings are much too dear:
A President may well come cheaper:
But why give *anything* a year
To your exalted office-keeper?
Put up the place to auction, friends,
Choose who bids highest—when you 've made him,
Wait till his term of office ends,
And, guess, you 'll find, somehow, it 's paid him.

A Fruitless Visit.

Mrs. Malaprop has suffered a great disappointment. Hearing of "the fall in the price of silver," she thought it was a favourable opportunity to buy what she had long wanted—a few additional forks and spoons. Her expectations of a great bargain were rudely dashed to the ground when she reached the silversmith's shop.

AN OXFORD MIXTURE.

The following letters have been received at 85, Fleet Street, during the past week, on the subject of the Oxford University Bill, now before the House of Lords. In these days, when public opinion is so powerful, all useful hints should be of service to Commissioners, both of the present and the future. This being the case, *Mr. Punch* has no hesitation in publishing the communications of his correspondents for that unknown quantity—what they are worth:—

(Letter I. *Postmark*, "*London, W.*")

Dearest Mr. Punch,

You have *always* been the *best* friend of the Ladies—always—and I do *so* want you to help us now. You are *so* good and *so* clever and *so* amiable that I am *sure* you will if you can, and you *know*—you satirical, nice *important* creature—you *know* you can do *anything* if you please. A single line in your *truly* amusing paper will have (as Papa calls it) "the desired effect." You know it will, now don't you?

After reading the *first* column of the *Times* the other morning, I turned to the other pages (as I *always* do, to see if there is any news of the *dear* Prince), and, quite by accident, I came upon a long account of a meeting of a Convocation at Oxford, headed "Lord Salisbury's Bill." As my brother John is at Oxford, of course I *devoured* the article with the most *awful* relish. I couldn't quite understand it, but Papa tells me that it is proposed to alter the way of spending the money belonging to the Colleges—the endowments or something—you know what I mean. I hope you won't consider me a *very* silly goose if I suggest something *en passant*. I suppose the old Gentlemen have been *too* extravagant in their tailor's bills—I know at Commemoration some of the gowns were quite *too* gorgeous! Now for my suggestion.

Don't you remember there was a *great* fuss a short time ago about the expenses of Commemoration. I recollect a *lot* of letters in the papers saying that the *young* men could not *really* afford (poor fellows) to entertain their sisters and cousins in proper style. One *wretch* wanted Commemoration to be abolished! Now *this* would be simply too awfully miserable; it would be really *wicked!* Commemoration is *too* nice, it is indeed.

Why shouldn't some of the funds, *dearest Mr. Punch*, be devoted to paying for the Balls, Pic-nics, Garden Parties, and Flower Shows? If the Heads of Colleges (is *that* the right name for them?) objected, they might be *wheedled* into saying "Yes," by receiving a lot of cards of invitation to everything—of course on condition that they only asked *nice* young Men and unmarried Ladies at least over forty.

Do, do get this done for us, *dearest Mr. Punch*, and *merit* the eternal gratitude of yours most sincerely,

A Little Girl.

P.S.—I must introduce you to Jack. I am *sure* he would be *delighted* to put you up for the week, and his breakfasts are really *quite* too lovely.

(Letter II. *Postmark*, "*City Road.*")

Mr. Punch,

Sir,—I am not a Member of Oxford College, but I have written ten five-act pieces that a jealous clique of theatrical Managers (in London and the provinces) have kept off the boards once trod by that far-famed gentleman sometimes called the famous "Swan of Avon."

Sir, "if there is any justice in the land of the brave and the free; if there is still a sun keeping watch over the busy world by day as the silvery moon does by night, like a hawk searching for his first meal—the early worm of daybreak" (pardon me for quoting from my own works), let some of the bloated funds of the luxurious College of Oxford be expended in assisting

Your obedient Servant,

A Genius not yet Recognised.

(Letter III. *Postmark*, "*Aldershot.*")

Sir,—After careful consideration I have come to the conclusion that an Oxford education is scarcely the sort of thing to suit a man

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intending to enter the Army. My present duties are confined to company drill, the internal economy of a regiment (inspecting raw meat and tasting weak tea), and occasionally assisting at the deliberations of our Mess Committee.

Why should not some of the University Funds be devoted to purchasing parade-grounds and the endowment of a Chair of Military Science? I may say the exercises would be of local as well as of general importance. As a soldier it is my opinion that even the Heads of Colleges would be benefited by a course of "setting-up drill," and as for "the coaches" a month of "par-buckling" and a fortnight of "trench digging" would do them all the good in the world—it would make men of them, Sir.

For the sake of the Service you will be glad to hear that what I learned at Oxford I completely forgot at Sandhurst.

Yours faithfully,

B. A. (*Oxford*), *Lieutenant —th Foot.*

(LETTER IV. *Postmark*, "*Putney.*")

MR. EDITOR,

FAR be it from me to suggest that a good oar must necessarily be a bad scholar (on the contrary, many of our best Blues have been the prides of their respective Colleges); but surely field and water sports might now take rank with cramming.

The London Public, Sir, fully appreciate the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, and the University Cricket Match; but those two great contests have never been properly recognised on the banks of the Cam and the Isis. I see a good opportunity for some reparation in the proposed redistribution of the Oxford funds. Two chairs (one for Cricket, the other for Boating) might be advantageously established; and perhaps a small fund might be reserved for the entertainment of ex-Lord Mayors by victorious Eights, or conquering Elevens.

Let this be done, and I say that Athletic Oxford will be more than satisfied.

Yours most truly,

AN OLD BLUE.

(LETTER V. *Postmark*, "*Little Peddlington.*")

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—You will see by my signature that I am the celebrated Tragedian. Sir, in that character I have a right to be heard.

Sir, what do our young men know about elocution? Nothing—absolutely nothing. Don't talk to me, Sir, about a Public Orator. Pshaw, Sir!—his office is a sinecure, a farce, a sham! Sir, I hear that Oxford proposes to spend her money after a new fashion. By all means let her do so.

I am given to understand, Sir, that the University boasts a Theatre of its own (I have my own doubts upon the subject, Sir; for I cannot find it mentioned in the *Era:* but no matter). Then let that Theatre (if it exists) be worthily filled.

Sir—mark me well—let the University make it worth my while, and I will allow our youth to see me nightly in a round of my most famous Shakspearian parts.

As you know, Sir, I am *the Hamlet, Macbeth, Romeo, Apothecary* (as played by me at the Theatre Royal Sadler's Wells for more than three consecutive nights), *Othello* and *Falstaff* of the epoch. Need I say more?

Sir, your obedient Servant,

GARRICK KEMBLE JONES,

Late of the Theatre Royal Sadler's Wells.

P.S. Should my offer be refused, I shall be at liberty at Easter for Tragedy, Eccentric Comedy, and Utility. I understand the time—eight.

(LETTER VI. *Postmark*, "*London, E.*")

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

DOUBTLESS there will be many excellent suggestions made for the redistribution of the Funds of Oxford University. Accordingly, I am a little shy of advancing the claims of the class to which I myself belong, and yet if something could be done for us, it would indeed be a blessing. Indirectly, many an Oxford man working either in the slums of London or in the heathen lands of the country might be benefited. But the will must be precursor of the way.

Sick calls, Lenten duties, and my ordinary parochial work prevent me from writing more.

Your faithful Servant,

A POOR CURATE.

QUESTIONS FOR ANY NUMBER OF BEES.

1. Spell LJUBIBRATICS.
2. Pronounce LJUBIBRATICS.
3. Who is LJUBIBRATICS?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



GOOD joke (*Lords, Monday, March 20th*) of LORD STANLEY of ALDERLEY'S — Will Government issue a Fugitive-Coolie Circular — the Fugitive Slave Circular having proved such a success? LORD DERBY, with perfect seriousness, disclaimed any such intention.

(*Commons*).—*In Committee on Royal Titles Bill*, MR. DISRAELI tried to take the sting out of the Bill by explaining that the QUEEN would, under no circumstances, assume the style of Empress in England. VICTORIA in fact, is to be Empress, "Limited"—to India—and her children, further West, are still to be Royal—not Royal and Imperial—Highnesses. LORD HARTINGTON was sorry this re-assuring pledge had not been given before Second Reading of the Bill. Still he foresaw awkward complications. Think of the difficulty of keeping the Snobocracy—Social and Municipal—to the old title. There would be something so irresistibly tempting to JENKINS in a new and lower form of Kotow!

SERJEANT SIMON wanted to include a reference to the Colonies in the Royal Style. Our *Warwick*—Empress-maker as he is—really didn't just now see how that was to be managed, but did not despair that some day a happy device might be hit upon!

Now it *has* come to tinkering the Royal Title, *Punch* can't for the life of him see the difficulty of turning out a serviceable and comprehensive article. What is the objection to "VICTORIA by the Grace of GOD, of Great Britain, Ireland, India, and the British Colonies and Dependencies, Queen?" Or—better still, because briefer,—why not, "VICTORIA of the British Dominions Queen?" *Mr. P.* will be happy to meet the RIGHT HON. B. D., the RIGHT HON. W. E. G., the RIGHT HON. SIR S. N. BART, and the RIGHT HON. LORD HARTINGTON, and will back himself to help those four lame dogs over the Royal Style in the course of an hour's confab, with the aid of a sedative cigar.

After some boggling, and with many wry faces from the Opposition, and no great appearance of relish on the part of the Majority, the Bill was got through Committee without a division.

Then the House, having shaken off its nomenclative nightmare, went joyously into Committee of Supply, and knocked off a good batch of "excess votes" in Army and Navy Estimates.

Tuesday (*Lords*).—LORD SALISBURY has ventured—RYLANDS notwithstanding—to make the post of Indian Councillor tenable during good behaviour. Their Lordships are to have the comments of the Hebdomadal Council and Convocation on the Oxford Bill, before going into Committee. That is only fair.

(*Commons*).—Thank you, MR. RITCHIE, for a very useful *exposé* of the constitution, efficiency, expense, and pay of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, in support of demand for a Select Committee. Would that all Committees asked and granted had as good a ground laid for them or the chance of being as useful.

SHAW the Life Guardsman used to be a popular hero in the days when the *Battle of Waterloo* came off annually at Astley's. *Our* SHAW—the Life and Property Guardsman—has a more solid claim on London's recognition, for he does a large work with small means, and spends himself and his men freely for very inadequate reward. If all our big Babylon's municipal services were as well administered, manned and worked as her Fire Brigade, we should have less need for reform of our Local Government.

DR. CAMERON—with Scotch shrewdness and Highland pluck—brought forward the grievances of the *Talisman's* crew; the men, imprisoned without trial, for more than a year, in a filthy dungeon at Callao, then released without compensation, after being forced to serve the Peruvian Government for a cruise aboard their own ship; the officers still untried prisoners after fifteen months' suffering, and one of them murdered *en attendant* by one of the native ruffians shut up in the same foul hole.

MR. BOURKE told at great length the story of the *Talisman*—seized

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CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Publican. "YOUR DOG'S VERY FAT, SIR. PRAY WHAT DO YOU FEED HIM ON?"

Traveller. "WELL, HE HAS NO REGULAR MEALS; BUT WHENEVER I TAKE A GLASS OF ALE, I GIVE HIM A BISCUIT, YOU KNOW!!"

fairly enough by the Peruvian Government as having been chartered and loaded here by agents of conspirators against the Government, and used for the purposes of a rebellion in the country—but shirked DR. CAMERON'S point, which was that our Government had been slack in acting on behalf of the crew. We are glad to hear from MR. BOURKE that LORD DERBY has, at last, sent out a peremptory demand for the immediate trial or release of the officers. Better late than never. Unfortunately, the demand comes too late for the mate, SIBLEY. The ruffian's knife has already picked the dungeon-lock for him, poor fellow!

LORD DERBY should be made to feel that there *are* occasions on which it is the duty of a Foreign Secretary's blood to boil. Peru may be as weak among powers, as she is lawless in her prisons, and rascally in her finance. But that is no reason why she should be allowed to imprison and ill use English sailors with impunity. Weakness *has* its privileges; but this is pushing them too far. Let us hope that DR. CAMERON'S creditably cool and clear exposition of the case will from this time secure his clients against the cooling influences of Foreign Office snow-broth. Even MR. GLADSTONE admitted that LORD DERBY might have shown more spirit, without infringing his over-cherished rule of discretion.

(*Wednesday.*)—An Irish afternoon as usual. DR. WARD busy proving that the Irish Fisheries had been knocked on the head by the treacherous jealousy of the Saxon, and starved, when the Scotch Fisheries were fed fat on grants and bounties. He only asks for an Irish Board of Commissioners, like the Scotch—a branding system, like the Scotch—and a modest annual grant of £20,000, to be spent in the repairs of piers and harbours, and loans to fishermen, &c. &c.

DR. WARD, backed by MR. BUTT, LORD HAMILTON, and MR. BRUEN, and a strong muster of Irish Members, made out a good case, in the teeth of BAXTER and the Economists; and SIR M. H. BEACH was driven to the candid admission that so long as the Scotch system was maintained, if it could be shown that the Irish Fisheries suffered for want of it, it ought to be extended to them. He promised inquiry. As to the grant, there were various loans out of the Reproductive Loan Fund under the Act of 1874. Let us see how the repayments under that came in, and then it would be time to talk about an extension of the system. Sly SIR MICHAEL! On the whole, he must oppose the Bill. So it was negatived by 215 to 131. But DR. WARD can't say he has taken nothing by his motion.

Thursday (*Lords*).—LORD SALISBURY promised the Cambridge University Bill after Easter. Why are the Dark Blues to have precedence?

(*Commons*).—"*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette Galère?*" A startler for Egyptian Bulls. When DISRAELI promised CAVE'S Report he had not read it. Having read it he thought KHEDIVE mightn't like it. KHEDIVE being asked, said he didn't like it, and the voice of the CAVE is not to be heard in the City. So the Report is burked, and the Bears are loose with a vengeance! DISRAELI may boast to have repeated the feat of his forefathers. He has spoiled the Egyptians!

MILTON'S hymn comes to mind—with a difference:—

The Oracle is dumb!
From forth the Cave no hum
Skaketh the market, up or downward heaving.
The KHEDIVE doth opine
That light might raise a shine.
So Cabinet seals CAVE—Egyptian darkness leaving!

Another contribution—perhaps the largest of the year, and they have been both large and many—to BENJAMIN'S mess.

But he crowned even this to-night, by his amazing speech on the Royal Titles Bill—in which he ran playfully down a whole gamut of "authorities," from SPENCER'S *Fairy Queen* and CAMDEN'S *Britannia* to *Whitaker's Almanac*, and the letter of a nursery correspondent—a dear good girl of twelve—who finds the QUEEN called Empress in her school-geography, a work with the high authority of an eighty-ninth edition.

But the Sphinx's most mysterious riddle was left for the last. Have not the bazaars and the ryots heard of an "Emperor"—an irresistible conqueror—who is slowly, but surely, absorbing Asia, from the North downwards? Henceforth India shall have her "Empress" to throw in the "Emperor's" teeth!

Marvellous medicine of a word! Mighty mystery of the Asian mind! Soundless depths of the Disraelitish incomprehensible!

Here be reasons, O BULL! plentiful as black-berries, and big as it is easy to make wind-bags. So Third Reading of the Bill was carried by 209 to 134, under protest of the Opposition, well and weightily uttered by the accredited mouths of GLADSTONE and LOWE; and with the freshness and force of a new voice, besides—that of COWEN, a dark diamond from coaly Tyne. So passes the Bill to the Lords. *Q. b. f. f. que siet*, prays *Punch*, but doubtingly, for he loves not to see high things lightly handled—and is for holding to the old ways nowhere so reverently as in the region round the Throne.

On Merchant Shipping Bill. There is a chance of getting the pressure of Poor JACK'S collar lightened in one place. MR. GORST enforced from recalcitrant ADDERLEY promise of a Clause to confine imprisonment for breach of sailor's contract to cases involving danger to life or ship.

Friday.—Nothing so remarkable as SERJEANT SHERLOCK'S gallant proposal to uncage the Ladies! Many Members—HOPE and MANNERS included—maintained that the Ladies preferred their present den "behind the *grille*, behind the *grille!*"—to parody the Laureate.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor brazen bars a cage;
Ladies, the House who visit, take
These for a privilege!

NOTE ON NAVAL ESTIMATES.

ONE Gun that will sink an Iron-clad is as good as a broadside. A gunboat, whilst hitting hard enough to sink a *Minotaur*, is hard for the *Minotaur* to hit. The smaller the vessel and fewer her crew, the smaller and cheaper the calamity of her going to the bottom. A Little Ship with a Great Gun might do wonders. We want a lot of those Little Ships, my Lords.

AN APROPOS TITLE.

MONARCH OF MONARCHS,

COULD you not suggest to the mighty Mystery-Man that he should style his Royal Mistress Suzerain (*Suez-reine*) of Hindostan? The title would commemorate at once his two grand *coups* at Canal-buying and Sovereign-coining. Yours, abjectly, AGAG.

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PROPRIETY IN A FIX.

Mrs. Quiverful has three Daughters just engaged, and the pleasing Duty devolves upon her of chaperoning them when they take their Walks abroad with their respective Lovers. Unfortunately, the young Couples *will* go their own divergent Ways!

OUT AT LAST; OR, DIZZY'S ODD TRICK.

The Fox in the fable had tricks ten times ten
To get back to his den in the day of disaster;
But what was that Fox to High-Policy Ben,
Of phrase and *finesse* the redoubtable master?
Dealt out one by one tricks make excellent fun—
For the dealer at least. But the last was mysterious,
A very "dark horse" of a dodge. If hard run
Ben would have to try that; the result might be serious.
High Policy! Mum! So the chase seemed to flag,
When—out pops that identical trick from the bag!

"Why Empress?" quoth John. With Sphinx finger to nose,
The Great Wizard replies, "There are various reasons.
You don't want them all in a lump, I suppose,
But I'll dribble them out—at convenient seasons.
Dear India desires it. She treated your boy
So remarkably well that she merits your gratitude.
Shown thus she will hail it with genuine joy.
See how eager her eyes, how expectant her attitude!
You don't quite perceive it? That's very absurd.
But no matter, *I* do; so you 'll please take my word.

"Objections? Pooh! pooh! All this silly to-do
Is mere party device and unreasoning panic;
There are plenty of answers, good precedents too,
Let me draw your attention to regions Germanic.
It means very little—it means a great deal.
My plan's purely local—no change, mere addition.
'Twill strengthen your rule. If the Colonies feel
Just a little bit sore, why some new definition
May fix their relation and plaster their sore.
'Tis but tinkering the title a little bit more!

"'New-fangled!' O dear, not at all! An old term.
I have heaps of Authorities—Camden and Spenser,
And Pinnock, and Whitaker. So I affirm
That *Victoria Imperatrix Fidei Defensor*
Is no innovation. And should you suppose
My research on the point has been careless or cursory,
I make my appeal, the whole matter to close,
To the highest of courts, which, of course, is the Nursery.
I won't mention names, but you've only to look
In my infant Egeria's Geography Book!

"Not satisfied yet? Well, then, listen. Prepare
For a startler—the heart of this new Asian mystery—
'Tis a hint for the ear of the Great Russian Bear!
(Prince—Suez—new title!—three steps in one history)
He has munched up the Tartars! A rival? O no!
But we 'll borrow his title to make matters equal.
Sometimes a big word is as good as a blow:
Will he funk it, or grin? We shall see in the sequel.
He fights, and intrigues, and creeps nearer apace;
I, by way of reply,—*fling a name in his face*'"

Writ de Rheumatico, &c.

Dear Punch,

There is a young Lady for whom I have a great—though, since the late winter set in again, it has been a neuralgic—affection. One day last week she suddenly stopped sneezing, and asked me to write some lines in her album. To blow my nose, and produce the following was the work of a moment:—

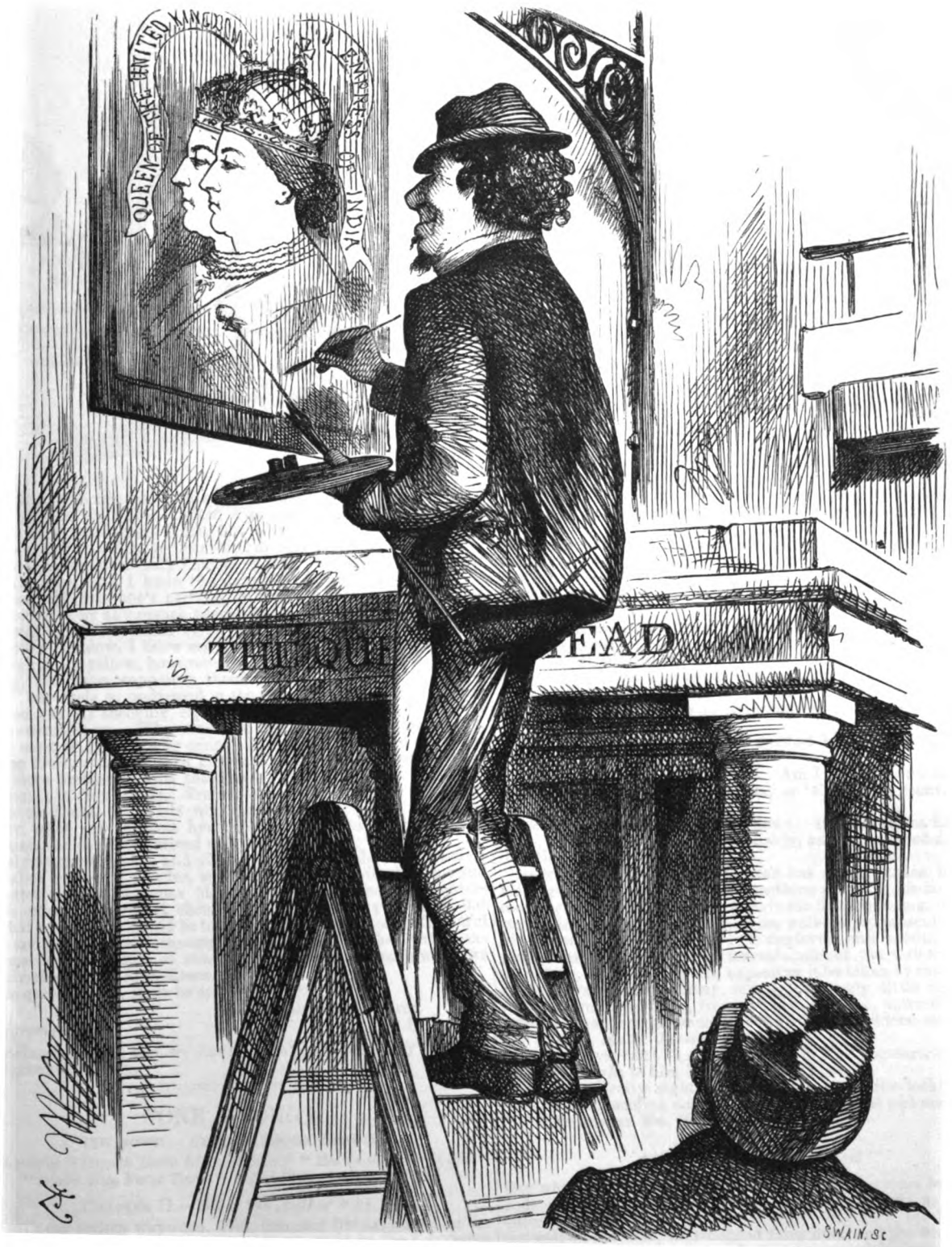
Come where the aspens quiver,
There we 'll indulge in a shiver:
Bring your catarrh
To my sciatica,
And we 'll sing of lumbago and love!

I really didn't know I had it in me.

Yours, North-Easterly,

Snow Hill, March 29. M. Archwynd.

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"THE QUEEN WITH TWO HEADS."

MR. BULL. "NO, NO, BENJAMIN, IT WILL NEVER DO! YOU CAN'T IMPROVE ON THE OLD '*QUEEN'S HEAD!*'"

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DRAWING-ROOM DRESSES.



You Dear Creature,

I know you receive letters from Ladies sometimes—very often, perhaps,—but, anyhow, you published a week or two ago one from an awfully jolly girl, I should think (though I really forget what it was about). But what I want to say is *à propos* of these Drawing-Rooms Her Majesty (I suppose I ought to say Her Imperial Majesty?) has announced—that is, of course it is the Lord Chamberlain, not the Queen, who announces them—for May next

I am sure no girl in the United Kingdom, India, or the Colonies, can be *more loyal* than I am, but why on earth we should be victimised and forced to go in evening dresses to a morning performance goodness gracious only knows. I have been to more than one Drawing-Room, and I know the delights of running out, even in May mornings, into one's carriage in low body and a train; sitting to be stared at by any casual passer-by in St. James's Street—and, whether it be Lord Ogleby or the crossing-sweeper who looks into the carriage window, I know my shoulders in broad daylight must look frightfully yellow, however much *poudre de riz* I put on before starting, and even supposing them *couleur de rose* or "cherub-tinted," one feels so undressed in the day-time that it really seems quite too awfully shocking, especially as a girl does not take a fan to a Drawing-Room. Why are these *fêtes* not held at night? Or, if they must be by day, why cannot Ladies be received in a special morning dress, which, Worth knows, may be quite as expensive and much more becoming, with those loves of *Bébé* bonnets which are just coming in from Paris. Trains, of course, would be discarded, though no doubt the skirts would be quite as long. But what anxiety, what nerves, what hysterics would be avoided if such a consummation could be arrived at!

Surely feathers, trains, and all the rest of it should be as obsolete as cavalier boots and powder, or, at any rate, as tail uniforms and epaulettes. Some Mammas (don't print this), whose daughters possess exceptionally good shoulders, might object, you know, but oh! what a blessing it would be to most of us, who now catch frightful colds, and in some cases consumption, merely to give the Gentlemen-at-Arms an opportunity of studying æsthetical anatomy while we are shivering in the Ante-Room.

I am quite serious, so do be so for once, and help

Your devoted admirer,

Belgravia. Bertha.

I enclose my card, and we have five o'clock tea every Tuesday throughout the season.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "Cometh Down like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She," "Good! Buy Sweet Tart!" "Not Slily, But don't Tell."

Chapter II.—*What the Author says.*

While our erring, wayward, wild, innocent Bella, despising the shackles of conventionality, is disguising herself in the Reverend Tommy Hassock's clerical costume, and making that soft, dumpling-headed clergyman turn quite pink with exasperation at being locked into the jam-cupboard during the process of masquerading which is going on in our front apartment,—Jenny takes a good long look at the innocent cause of all this excitement, who is standing in front of the one hotel at Wollum. He is engaged in swallowing a basin of soup, while, with his eyes, he is devouring the bill of fare which the waiter is holding up for his inspection. Not a very romantic situation for a hero, truly; yet Bella,—pausing to settle her white tie, and adjust the Reverend Tommy's pale green spectacles to her great unusual-looking eyes, which shine brightly under their white lids,—catching the movement of his deep, poppy-hued lips,—half hidden under a Niagara of tawny hair,—as they pronounced the words, "*Real Turtle*," felt, that, within her soul, there was suddenly revealed to her a bottomless depth—a wild, mad, reckless fervour of passion, to which all her past girlish pleasure in ices, jam-tarts, rolls, and cauliflowers, were but as a drop of summer dew to the tempestuous upheavings of old ocean's stormy bosom. She had seen his lips move; she had caught the masterful words, "*Real Turtle!*"

And what sort of man was he, who, this day, had been so freely inspired with the secret word, the talisman, the key to this priceless treasure of new-born uncalculating passion? This is he:—A big, powerful figure, deep-chested, clean-limbed, thin-flanked. Arms long and sinewy, with muscle rising in knotted cords upon them. His head,—towering stately over the heads of other men, being, as anatomists technically express it, "screwed on the right way,"—was so firmly set on his long, massive, columnar neck, as—his rich tawny, deep-brown hair, being cut short, and brushed straight up, artichoke fashion—to find a perfect resemblance in the sun-lit pine-apple that crowns the summit of Old London's fiery Monument.

He has harsh, swart features,—swarter than most swart features,—and a great, soft, black-brown moustache, silkier than the silkiest floss, drooping over his ample, gleaming, mouth. Penthouse brows, and dwelling under them, in their shadow, luminous dark eyes that loved to feast royally on Nature's bounteous gifts to women, with long, unshackled looks. A magnificent ugly man. Such was Captain Ivar Dusover Beljambe.

So much for his outside. For his inside, it requires a more intimate acquaintance with the *menu* he is considering than we as yet possess, ere we can weigh and measure this momentous question, and pronounce according to any fixed constitutional standard. He was not more conceited, more dissipated, more self-indulgent, or secretlier fonder of nuts, preserved fruits, and sweet things at dessert after the ladies have gone, than most men are. His voice was soft, and low as the tone of a muffled fog-horn sounding o'er the summer sea through the mists of evening-tide. Dreadfully soft could that voice be when it chose, suiting itself to the quality of the willing listener.

An ostler is waiting with a dog-cart for Captain Beljambe. Seeing this, he finishes his soup, and stretching out lazily one of his long, big, strong, shapely legs, he gave free play to his muscles, and with an abrupt intimation of his iron, inflexible, foot, dismisses the waiter, who, borne upward, and onward, by the giant impulse, floats away to where the sun is already sloping westwards, and disappearing in the first sprinkling on the water of the holy moonshine, is, so, gradually lost to view.

During the above, Bella has finished her toilette, has turned to her sister, and asked,

"There, Jenny, am I a waiter? Am I a waiter or a clergyman? Am I to say 'My Christian friends,' or 'C'mingsir, yessir, d'reckly-sir'—which is it to be?"

"Good Heavens!" exclaims Jenny. But before she has time for more, Bella has shut the door briskly, and has rushed down-stairs into the street.

Captain Ivar Dusover Beljambe has already taken his seat in his dog-cart, is giving the last smoothing caress to his lion-coloured moustache, before taking the reins in the firm-enclosing, unrelenting strong, iron, grasp of the long, clean, well-shaped muscular fingers of his sinuous right hand. His left, ungloved, still retains the soup-plate, which, in momentary forgetfulness of the waiter's enforced departure, he is holding out, expecting it be taken by the attendant. And so it is. White, plump, round, soft, ready little fingers seize it, as a tremulous voice, from a pleading face, upward turned towards his hairy countenance and herculean shoulders, says

"*Sherry, Sir? Yessir, d'recklysir.*"

Happy Dusover! Lucky Moslem in the dog-cart, to have his sherbet brought to him by such a *houri!*

It was a pretty sight: the big, gentlemanlike-looking man in light clothes, bending down towards the beautiful girl masquerading in the Reverend Mr. Hassock's clerical attire—

"Half light, half shade,
A silent waiter, or a gleeful maid?"

Her white tie, tumbled and creased in her endeavours to make both ends meet, seemed but a poor muddy yellow strip, as it lovingly encircled her soft, white, warm throat. Her high, black, waistcoat sat well on her bold, well-defined fairy bust, and the sun kissed her hair and her hands, as though he were some rod-loving schoolmaster who could never be sated with tanning her. Her cheeks, rosier than rosy red, are glowing hotlier and hotlier with the unwonted excitement, and her eyes sparkle and glitter like beautiful great sapphires.

The grey mare is growing restive.

"Come up!" says the deep tone of Dusover Beljambe's bell-like voice; so deep, so bell-like, that, at its sound, the good people

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FORBEARANCE.

Member of Hunt (to Farmer). "I WOULDN'T RIDE OVER THOSE SEEDS IF I WERE YOU. THEY BELONG TO A DISAGREEABLE SORT OF FELLOW, WHO MIGHT MAKE A FUSS ABOUT IT."

Farmer. "WELL, SIR, AS HIM'S ME, HE WON'T SAY NOTHING ABOUT IT TO-DAY."

of Wollum took up their prayer-books, and were for trudging off to church; while some few of the smaller tradesmen came out to put up their shutters, under the impression that the knell of the Lord of the Manor, or at least of the old Squire, was being rung.

"Come up, will you?" he says once more to the restive mare.

BELLA VILLARS hears, looks up at him hardily, growing crimson, but with a dare-devil light in her eyes, and repeats,

"'*Come up, will you?*' I will."

"I don't care about mixed society," returns CAPTAIN BELJAMBE, rudely; "and you seem to be neither one thing nor the other."

"If I am not allowed to do what I like, I scream," answered the girl, gravely. "I am coming for a drive with you, and intend to upset your cart. Do you give me *carte blanche?*"

"This is my *carte de visite*," replied CAPTAIN DUSOVER BELJAMBE, carelessly, "and I am going to make a round of calls."

"So am I!" cries BELLA. "TOMMY, make room for your uncle!" she adds, as, at one bold jump, she springs up lightly into the vehicle, and seats herself by his side, not more than three inches distant from his great shoulder.

"Now then! Wake up! Off we go!" she exclaims, as, in a sudden ecstasy of breathless enjoyment, she reaches over the splash-board and flogs the mare with poor MR. HASSOCK's crumpled hat.

CAPTAIN DUSOVER looks at her full womanly figure, at the round white throat, like a column of Devonshire cream, and then, with one short stirring cry, and a sharp click of the whip, he gives his mare the reins, and away they are carried at the rate of thirty miles an hour, while her sister JENNY from the balcony is shouting out, "Come back! Come back!" and the REVEREND MR. HASSOCK, pink with vexation, and dressed in BELLA's cast-off gown, which the emergency has compelled him to adopt, is waving his blue umbrella from an upper window.

"She is a dear good girl," he is saying to himself, "and really fond of parish work."

He waves his umbrella once more, and for the last time—BELLA is out of hearing, out of seeing, now: she is galloping down the shady green lanes by the sea, looking up into the searching flame of DUSOVER BELJAMBE's gaze, sipping draughts of poison, thinking to herself "All this is very wrong, highly improper, but what of that? It is utterly unimagined bliss!"

So they sped on, swiftly, these two, down the still road.

(*To be continued.*)

Foot-Note (*Private Correspondence*):—

What the Editor says.—"I say, isn't this a trifle too strong? Where's the moral?"—ED.

What the Authoress says.—"Too strong! Not a bit! Graphic, descriptive. I'm giving you the pith and marrow of all my other works. Not for wishy-washy milksops. Moral's coming."—R. D.

A BRIGHT SUGGESTION.

ATTENTION, Metropolitan Board of Works, to a request which you should comply with. "J. E. S.," writing to a contemporary, sets forth the difficulty he and thousands of others, occasional visitors in London, experience in finding their way about, especially at night, owing to the multitude of streets with no names visible at all, and even in the principal thoroughfares none to be seen for half a mile. You need not be told how to remedy this state of things in respect of daylight; but as to darkness perhaps are not so ingenious as not to require being enlightened by "J. E. S." as follows:—

"What I wish to propose, or rather suggest, is this: that the names of the streets be put on the lamp-glasses, as you now see at many of the Railway Stations. The cost would be trifling, and the boon immense."

A clever idea, isn't it? and one which, if realised, would be a great improvement, and an immense boon indeed to many, especially country cousins, now that education has taught even bumpkins to read. Be so good as to execute it without delay.

HIBERNIAN TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—Home Rule and Imperial assistance.

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A NEW TEST.

Aunt (in alarm). "SURELY YOU 'VE EATEN ENOUGH, HAVEN'T YOU, TOMMY?"
Tommy (in doubt). "F-F-F-FEEL ME!"

SOMETHING NEW.

Oh, who will show us something new!
Too common Rinks are growing,
And Spelling Bees are, *entre nous*,
Too solemn and slow-going.
Against monotony rebellers,
We 're sick of Spillers and of spellers.

What is a Rink?—A giddy whirl
That makes a poor girl dizzy:
No time to question, as you twirl,
Who, what, or how much is he?
And if one has an awkward tumble,
It 's hard to smile, instead of grumble.

Lubbock proves Bees a stupid race,
Good but to buzz and guttle,
Our Spelling Bees thrust in one's face
Sharp stings of queries subtle:
Interrogators poor girls tasking
With questions—all but the one worth asking.

Dear *Mr. Punch*, do pray invent
Some new game—you 're *so* clever:
Of course one *must* be dull in Lent—
But Lent won't last for ever.
Then Lent means fast—'gainst slowness make head;
Costume, *décolleté*—not *too* naked.

Punch *replyeth.*

Old pleasures tire, young fancies fire,
But *Punch* has outlived passion:
Ladies invent, and *men admire*—
'Tis *yours* to set the fashion.
But why seek novelty? Behold
Flirting, still new, however old!

For dress, the thin disguise let fall;
With tight skirts form-revealing,
You 've reached the art of showing all
Dress makes show of concealing.
To help you dress why *Punch* be pressing?
The *Modistes'* art is *now un*-dressing.

A FEAR FROM THE INDIAN TREASURY.

May not the new coinage of our Indian Crown still further bring down the price of the Rupee?

MORAL SUASION FOR SOTS.

(*An Appeal to the United Kingdom Alliance.*)

Why cry for vexatious laws to curtail the freedom of the Briton, destroy the Liquor-merchant's livelihood, rob the poor man of his beer, and in consistency the rich man of his burgundy, when you could make people sober without any restrictive Act of Parliament? The way thereto has long been an open secret for any one with eyes in his (mind's) head. Now every fool who runs may read it in a paper just issued by the Howard Association on the "Means of Diminishing Intemperance."

For this purpose, instead of trying to go the whole hog like tee-total fanatics, the Howard Association proposes to proceed on old "Hesiod's maxim that "the half is more than the whole;" to do as much as will suffice, and not to fail by over-doing. Having suggested certain modifications of the present licensing system, they observe, for the instruction of Good Templars and Permissive Prohibitory Allies:—

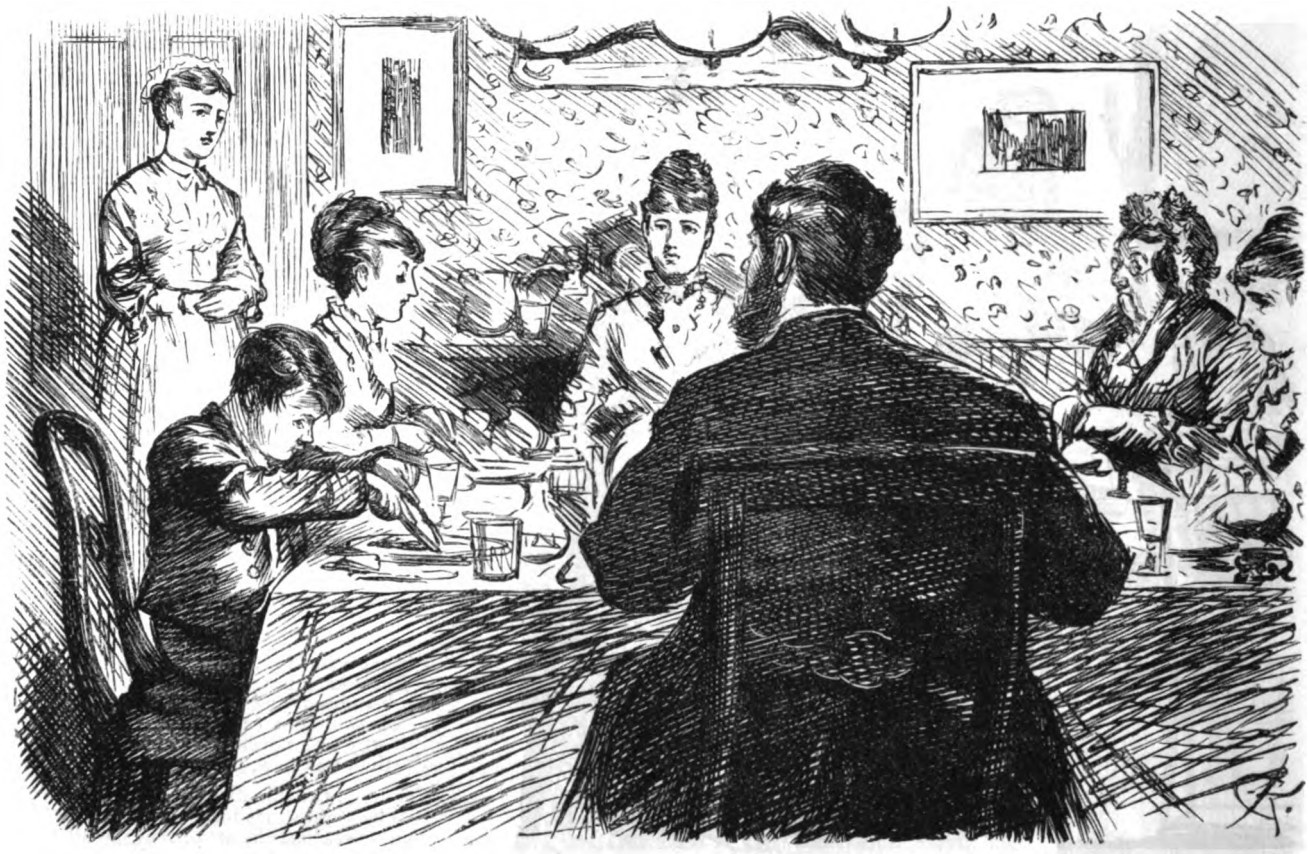
"But when all has been done that intelligent public opinion is ever likely to sanction in the way of legal restrictions and licensing conditions, the principal work will *still* be to influence the personal convictions and habits of the people themselves as voluntary agents. And this can only be effected, as hitherto, by Moral and Religious Operations concurrently (it is important to remark) with an increase of such necessary facilities of sobriety, as Healthy Dwellings, Provident Habits, Innocent Recreations, Workmen's Clubs, Educational Elevation, and a cheap and ever-ready supply of Harmless Beverages."

Why, is not all this the revelation of a secret which everybody must now see to be as plain as the nose on his face—how plain soever? Who are the sober classes pray, Sir Wilfrid Lawson? Just exactly those who enjoy the abovenamed advantages, all, except Workmen's Clubs, because you Swells have Clubs of your own—the Carlton, Reform, Conservative, and such. You are the sober classes, you, the superior classes—not always classes as sober as they were superior. You, the comfortable and luxurious classes, blessed especially with healthy homes, and with a cheap and ever-ready supply of harmless beverages—champagne, claret, and numerous other wholesome wines; beverages dog-cheap to you who can well afford them, and not only harmless but beneficial to you who know better than to abuse them, and have no temptation. When the superior classes drank port and sherry and brandy-and-water, a sot, drunk and incapable, used to be proverbially said to be "as drunk as a lord." Do you ever see a nobleman in the gutter now? With good hot coffee, as sold in the streets of Birmingham at a halfpenny per cup (and a profit of from 12 to 15 per cent.), good ginger-beer no dearer than bad ale, try if you cannot wean the drunken classes from intoxicating liquors, as their betters—so called—were weaned on light wines before them. Legislate for the drainage and ventilation of those dwellings, from whose filth and squalor they fly to the public-house. Give them—the Howard Association particularly urges—religious training: that is to say, Christianity, not Mahometanism. The Turks are patterns of temperance, but of what other virtue? Suppose, whilst you, the United Kingdom Alliance, go on agitating for coercive liquor laws, the preventives of Intemperance recommended by the Howard Association are effectually tried. Suppose by-and-by you find drunkenness, your *raison d'être*, abolished, your platform cut from under your legs, and your occupation gone. How glad, no doubt, you will all of you be; how rejoiced at beholding national sobriety effected without the enforcement of unwilling abstinence!

A Change of Name for Weston the Walker.—For "Payson" read "Pace-on."

Fast Flowers.—"Mad-cap" Violets.

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GASTRONOMY.

Young Hopeful. "PA', WHY DOESN'T THE QUEEN GIVE DINING-ROOMS 'STEAD OF DRAWIN'-ROOMS. I KNOW" (*with his mouth full*) "I WOULD!!" [*Is helped last to pudding!*

RANDOM REFLECTIONS.

(*From the Note-Book of a Tourist.*)

HE is a wise man who knows his own luggage, when he travels with a wife and her twenty-seven packages.

For want of a whistle the cab was lost, and for want of a cab the train was lost.

£ *s. d.* are your real letters of credit.

France prides itself on being the most civilised of nations; yet you may travel from one end of the country to the other, and never see a saltspoon.

Looking-glasses certainly are entitled to be classed among the many foreign things that will not bear reflection.

Except that the briefer the tomfoolery the better, there is not much to choose between a Lord Mayor's Show and a Carnival.

A collie dog is doubtless useful in its way, but how very much more useful would be a *colis* dog to look after one's luggage.

An Englishman will never cease to grumble on the Continent until he finds soap in his bed-room, and is not charged a franc for a farthing's-worth of bed-candle.

En revanche, how a foreigner, when travelling in England, must be driven to despair by our cookery and coffee!

May it be accepted as a proof of the military spirit of the French, that, at their *tables d'hôte* especially, in every dish of fowl there is a prevalence of drumsticks?

The man who stares about a church, while the poor people are at prayer, is a cad who would cut the name of SMITH upon the Parthenon.

La Manche, with all thy faults, I love thee *still*.

The only circulars worth reception by a tourist are circular notes.

The Tallest Style.

WITH talk *pro* and *con*. Queen and Empress we're dinned.
One crown either title 's sufficient to cover in:
But Great Britain, Ireland, the Colonies, Ind,
Supply just the four crowns that make up a *Sovereign*.

THE WILLIAM ON *THE* BILL.

WILLIAM again, and to the point, as usual—"Titles BILL" we may surely call him after reading this from *King John*, Act. iv. sc. 2:—

"*King.* Here once again we sit, once again crowned,
And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
Pembroke. This 'once again,' but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous: you were crowned before,
And that high royalty was ne'er plucked off;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any longed-for change, or better state.
Salisbury. Therefore, to be possessed with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refinèd gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
Pembroke. But that your royal pleasure must be done.
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the last repeating, troublesome.
Salisbury. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigurèd;
And like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about:
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected
For putting on so new a fashioned robe."

Neatly Turned.

MR. PUNCH congratulates MR. EDMUND HAY CURRIE, Chairman of the House Committee of the London Hospital, on the knighthood (couldn't they have made it a night-nurse-hood?) with which HER MAJESTY has condescended to invest him—more especially as the determination to favour CURRIE is not the result of any undue attempt on his part to curry favour.

LEGEND FOR THE LORDS.—*Nolumus nomen Reginæ mutari*

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Salad-mixing is suggested by the composition of the Oxford Commission (*Lords, Monday, March 27th*). There is Lord Selborne for the lettuce, Mr. Matthew White Ridley for the oil, Sir Henry Maine for the salt, Dr. Montague Bernard for the pepper, Mr. Justice Grove for the tarragon, Dean Burgon for the vinegar, and Lord Redesdale for the mustard. The Commission is to be for four, not seven years. A good deal may be done in four years. But *will* this Commission do much? Burgon and Redesdale forbid!

The Duke of Richmond promises the Duke of Northumberland a Royal Commission to inquire into noxious vapours — the breath of Vested Right in its most unsavoury forms of candle, soap, and manure manufacturing, bone-boiling, alkali-making, copper-smelting, and so forth—but does *not* think the Commission should recommend what legislative measures are required to deal with these rank offences, which smell to heaven at least as strongly as *Claudius's* fratricide. Parliament as well as the public would have reason to thank the Royal Commission that could suggest any legal remedy for such nuisances that would work. Otherwise, we hardly see the good of the inquiry. The nuisances are admitted, and we have plenty of legal remedies that won't work, already.

Lord Cairns doesn't see his way for the present to a Marriage Act to harmonise the law of connubial coupling for England, Scotland, and Ireland. More shame for John, Sandy, and Pat, who are content to leave it a puzzle for legal heads to solve when one and one make one, and when they make two, by the law of the three countries.

(*Commons.*)—Samuel's son trying to undo the work of Benjamin. The Chancellor of the Exchequer did his best, but to little purpose, to temper the wind to the shorn bulls, by explaining away the non-publication of Cave's Report. It won't do. Everything is presumed against our unfortunate client, the Khedive. Benjamin has smitten the Egyptians hip and thigh; and Poor Ismail brought to his marrow-bones by a fall of ten per cent. in less than ten days, may well pray, "Save me from my friends!"

The Leader of the Government promises the Leader of the Opposition an opening for a set-to, on the vote for the cost of Mr. Cave's mission. *Somebody* ought to catch it, hot and heavy.

In Committee on Merchant Shipping Bill, Mr. Plimsoll temperately, and therefore powerfully, pleaded for his Amendment enforcing a survey of all unclassed ships, in preference to the Government plan of punishing the Owner who sends an unseaworthy ship to sea. The Country's feeling goes with Plimsoll; and *Punch* is not by any means inclined to bow down to the authority, as pleaded by Mr. Shaw Lefevre, of nearly every President of the Board of Trade and all the permanent officials in favour of penalties and against the protective operation of survey.

After a long discussion—in which Mr. Forster's adherence to Mr. Plimsoll is worth noting—the Chancellor of the Exchequer threw his weight into the scale against Plimsoll, declaring that the Government, after much balancing of the two plans, had deliberately preferred punishment to enforced survey, as a preventive of unseaworthiness. The fear is that the State Surveying Board would finally swallow up all the private surveying bodies like Lloyd's, and that this would create a false security, and exonerate shipowners from responsibility. So pleads Mr. Norwood. We don't feel quite disposed to take the word of the wolves on the efficacy of competing systems of sheep-watching. But the end was —after a debate, in which Mr. Plimsoll put his case very effectively, and the Board of Trade (till the Chancellor of the Exchequer came to the President's aid) very weakly—the defeat of the Amendment by 247 to 110. So be it. Let us see how penalty works. We may yet come to prevention.

Tuesday (*Lords*).—The Duke of Buccleuch indignantly disclaims the intention of seconding Lord Shaftesbury when he asks the Peers respectfully to pray Her Majesty not to flaunt Imperial Purple in her Bull's face. We are only sorry the Duke is *not* going to do about the most sensible thing a Conservative Peer could do in this unlucky business. As Government did not concert with Opposition before bringing in the Bill, their best course would be so to concert before passing it. But they won't—the more 's the pity.

(*Commons.*)—Mr. Disraeli fenced and dodged about a question of Mr. Anderson's as to the precedents for the Queen's going abroad during the sitting of Parliament. Mr. Disraeli is not happy in this kind of performance, which is always a dangerous one. Even so popular and skilled a performer as Palmerston damaged himself seriously at it. The House is glad to laugh at a smart answer to an awkward question, but, in the long run, resents being poked fun at.

Government had the narrowest escape from a very damaging defeat on Mr. Meldon's Motion for assimilating the English and Irish Borough Franchise—in other words, for giving household suffrage in Irish boroughs.

To be sure, household suffrage in England corresponds to mud-cabinhold suffrage in Ireland. We should have thought this a weightier distinction than it appears to John Bright, who came out quite in his old form, so that the Home-Rulers found themselves in a minority—would it be more Irish to say a large, or a small one?—of 166 to 179, and nearly shouted themselves into hysterics. *Punch*, from his invisible seat in the gallery, turned his eyes tenderly away from the Major, out of respect for his feelings.

The Irish Reform Bill stops the way! Reform Bill coming down!

Wednesday.—An Irish afternoon, in the coolest sense of the word. Mr. Butt, with inimitable assurance, brought forward what he called a Land Tenure—but which Mr. Herbert of Muckross more correctly described as a Land Transfer—Bill for Ireland. The Honourable and Learned Member for Limerick proposes to deprive Landlords of the power of Eviction, except for non-payment of rents, to be settled by the award of a Court of Arbitration. This, with a variety of other limitations and conditions, would result in what Mr. Herbert not unfairly described as a transfer of the land of Ireland to the Tenant-Farmers, reducing the Landlords to uncertain annuitants on rent-charges, the amount of which would be very much at their Tenants' mercy.

The House wasted the afternoon on this wonderful specimen of Home-Rule Legislation, and finally paid it the ill-deserved compliment of an adjournment till Monday. Lord Hartington was somehow crowded out, or he ought to have stood by Sir M. H. Beach in putting down his foot on this audacious attempt at confiscation. Irish Landlords may be bad enough—some of them —but does what we know of Irish Tenants warrant any hope for Ireland from putting them in their Landlords' shoes? There is "property" in the serious, and "property" in the theatrical sense. We may help Mr. Butt's Irish mob to treat the one as if it were the other. But the House of Commons should not be the place to let the distinction be disregarded, even for a Wednesday afternoon.

Thursday (*Lords*).—The Royal Titles Bill read a Second Time, without a division—except of opinion. But that division found as full and potent voice as if their Lordships had been voting "Aye" and "No." The Duke of Somerset spoke his protest; and when the straightforwardness of Lord Grey—christen it "crotchetiness" if you please, you can't deny the intelligence and independence that are worked into its warp and woof—the plain-spoken sense of Lord Lawrence, the experience of Lord Wavenet, the whimsical keenness of Lord Stanley of Alderley, the polished humour of Lord Granville, were pitted against the perfunctory pleading of the Duke of Richmond and the trenchant audacity of the Marquis of Salisbury, can we wonder if filigree "Empress" kicked the beam against weighty "Queen"?

What we do wonder at is, that the President of the Council and the Indian Secretary should dare maintain that the dislike to the title is a figment of faction, and the public meetings and petitions against it a "got-up" thing! Your motto, my Lords, your motto — (see your *Punch* of last week) — "*Nolumus nomen Reginæ mutari:*" Speak it out—the voice of England is ready to echo you.

(*Commons.*)—Mr. Cross announced Tyler's fiat, closing Hammersmith Bridge on Boat-Race day.

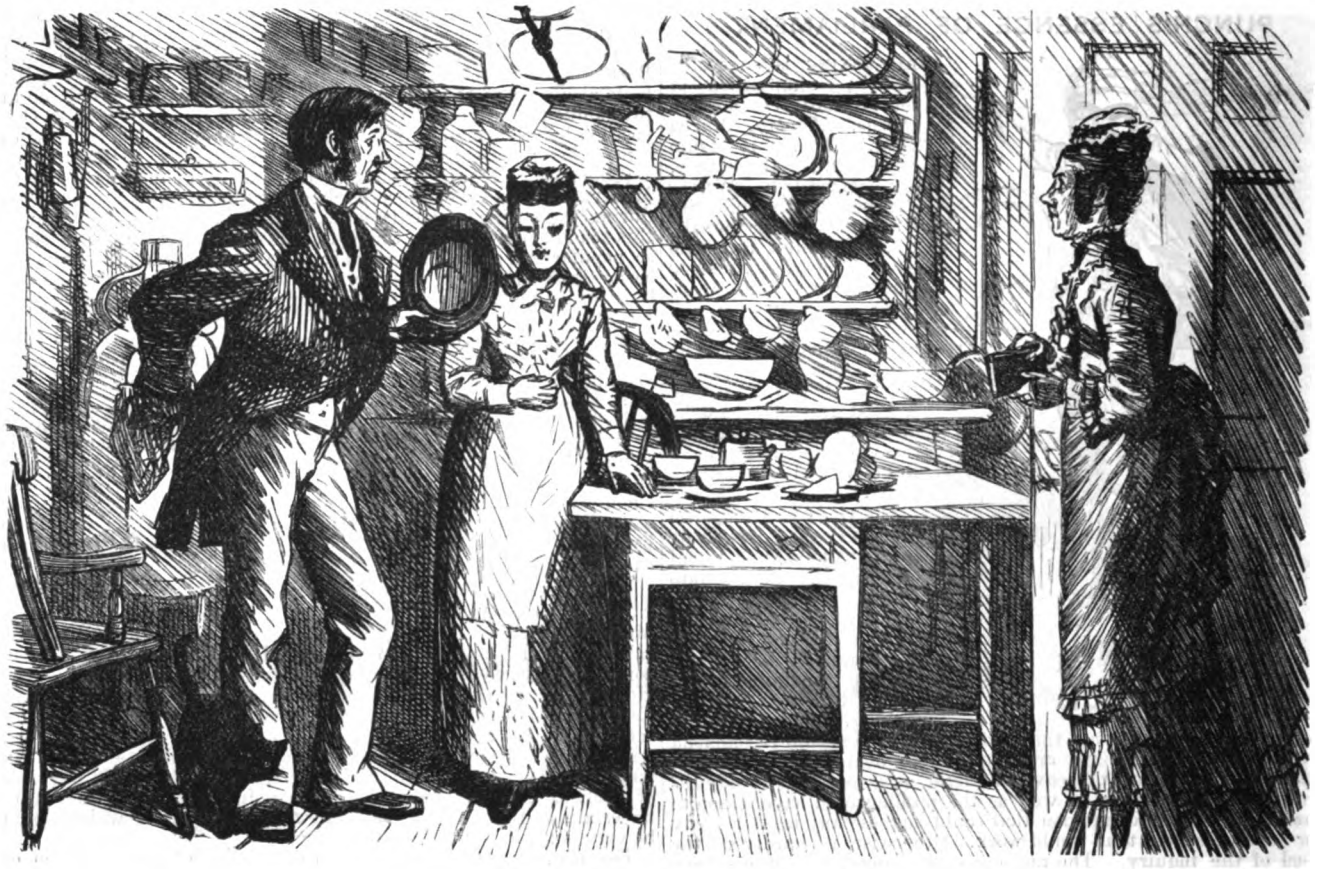
More Merchant Shipping.

Friday (*Lords*).—A gallant attempt by Lord Granville to turn Lord Salisbury's flank. Instead of doing away with the "Idle Fellowships"—falsely so called—Lord Granville proposed to open the Clerical ones! Audacious! But strange to say 40 to 57 went along with this audacious innovator.

The Unattached Students may thank the Archbishop of Canterbury for empowering the Commissioners to employ surplus funds in founding scholarships tenable by these well-deserving waifs—these diligent dogs who eat of the crumbs from the rich men's tables.

(*Commons.*)—Chambers and Newdegate, like Knight-Templars,

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AWFUL ALTERNATIVE.

Mistress (Low Church) to Follower discovered in the Kitchen on a Sunday. "NOW IT IS GETTING LATE, SIR, AND YOU MUST LEAVE THE HOUSE AT ONCE, UNLESS YOU'D BOTH LIKE TO COME UP-STAIRS WITH ME, AND I'LL READ YOU A SERMON!!"

two on one hobby, running a-tilt at Monks and Nuns. The House declined to follow them.

KHEDIVE consents to publication of CAVE's report! After the Bears have worked their wicked will on his stock for more than a week! Poor impecunious, impetuous, impracticable KHEDIVE! Again we hear his prayer, "Save me from my friends!'

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ENGINEERING.

"I think it is not too much to say that if the school of ARCHIMEDES had triumphed over the school of PLATO, the frightful catastrophe which overthrew the Roman Empire, and condemned mankind to a thousand years of barbarism and misery, would have been averted. . . . And when I remember how many men have spent their lives in small grammatical researches, in reading or writing bad poetry or execrable histories and biographies—all this rubbish to be read by the few, and thrown aside by the many—it is a gratifying reflection that we are this day met to celebrate the triumphs of a profession which has not only benefited its members by the riches they have derived from its pursuit, but has been the means of securing the world against the most awful calamity that could befall it—after a far advance into civilisation—a relapse into barbarism."—MR. LOWE *to the Engineers.*

HIDE, PLATO, thy diminished head, and pass
Into Philosophy's inferior class,
Since but for thee, vile sophist, but for thee,
There had not been the sad catastrophe,
When the barbaric tide was onward hurled,
And Rome no longer ruled a happy world.
Yes, metaphysic prater, but for thee,
Rome would be mistress still, o'er land and sea,
Gallia and Britain, humbly crouching down,
Would send their tribute to the Imperial town;
And subject provinces would lick the dust
Before our Emperor, peerless and august.

Thus MR. LOWE, who always greatly dares:
And next, he kicks the literate world down-stairs,
Sneers at the small grammarians, although he
Has lately stooped to grace a Spelling Bee;
Lays heavily his strenuous lingual lash
On poets' rubbish and historians' trash,
And fails to see that, if poetic thought
And great historic records go for nought,
If life is sunk to mere material sense,
No State existing would be worth defence.

'Tis very well to praise the Engineers—
A useful army—but they have their peers:
It is the solitary thinker's brain
That gives us lightning-wire and railway-train.
Apollo bids the radiant arrows fly:
Let Vulcan forge the sun-god's panoply.
As to the Roman Rule, it may be sad
That it was crushed by the barbarian cad,
And all through PLATO—sad to think that we
Are Englishmen, and tolerably free,
Instead of working hard at Roman roads,
And bringing to the CÆSAR birthday odes.
But in that higher state, we want to know
What special corner would belong to LOWE.
Would he not vanish, Orator of whim?
And would there be a *Punch* to laugh at him?

Piping Times

THIS must be a pleasant and easy-going employer, who advertises in the *West Sussex Gazette*:—

WANTED, a CARTER. Will be allowed to do anything he likes except smoke in the drawing-room. Liberal wages given.—Apply, &c.

Carters seem to inspire facetiousness in advertisers. This is from a Bolton paper:—

WANTED, immediately, an idle, drunken CARTER. The Advertiser has had so many Sober Carters that he wants a change, but a moderately sober one would not be objected to.—Inquire, &c.

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"TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO."

Tommy (to Mamma, encouragingly). "NOW THEN, MA', HARDEN YOUR HEART, SIT WELL DOWN, AND NEVER SAY DIE!"

SANITARY SANGRADOISM.

REALLY, the Doctors are determined to frighten us out of our wits. Every day we are warned to take care of our nerves, not to touch alcohol, not to walk too far, not to play a game of cricket, or row on the river with AMANDA—

> Where on the ait all emerald is the osier,
> Where the white swan-fleets indolently sway,
> When, in the sunset, Beauty, growing rosier,
> Murmurs, "How happy we have been to-day!"—

not to sit up late o' nights, whether to hear the chimes at midnight or unsphere the spirit of PLATO; not to do anything which our strong forefathers did freely, yet lived to a good old age with clear brains to the last, in spite of gout and insanitary surroundings.

Such Sages as CLEOBULUS and PITTACUS were all very well with their "Measure is best" and "Nothing in excess": but nowadays we are vexed with an immoderate moderation, an intemperate intemperance. Here is DR. RICHARDSON, who tells us that alcohol produces "Nothing but disease and death—mental disease, mental death; physical disease, physical death." Silence the profane rhymer, who sings—

> Hear, oh hear!
> DIONYSUS and DEMETER—
> Give, oh give
> Wine and corn, that the Poet may live.
> All Olympus I disdain,
> Blest with aid of that glorious twain.

And don't for a moment suppose that one drink is worse than another. "To say this man only drinks ale, that man only drinks wine, while a third drinks spirits, is merely to say, when the apology is unclothed, that all drink the same danger." *Mr. Punch* has never unclothed an apology; but he holds that there is less danger in a pint of sound ale or wine than in a much smaller dose of brandy or whiskey.

The same medical luminary objects to exercise, except of a languid sort. He thinks the tortoise wiser than the eagle. Perhaps he is, if length of life is the only desideratum. "Centuries of life in the aggregate," says a *Times* Critic, as humorously as if he were writing for this lighter page, "may have been sacrificed by the single invention of the staircase." If so, what has the railway to answer for, shattering every fibre of brain and body through miles of travel? Let us all be lotos-eaters. Let us swing in hammocks, and read *feuilletons*, and smoke latakia. A pleasant idea, doubtless; but the world will move, and its inhabitants must move with it. Besides, what says SIR WALTER?—

> "Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
> To all the sensual world proclaim,
> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name."

The heroes eat no lotos. *Ulysses* and *Mr. Punch* alike decline torpidity. The universe wants the mind of man to keep it going. Fancy the result if everybody were to give up hard work and midnight fun, to stay at home and nurse his nerves, and go to bed early after a moderate supper of water-gruel! Faith, it would be high time for the Ladies to take the reins—and they would do it too, and make the "mildeyed melancholy lotos-eaters" break into a sharp trot.

> There are doctors of nerves, whom it pleases
> To write about modern diseases:
> Who believes in their books
> Will feel "off the hooks"
> If he suddenly shivers or sneezes.
>
> Appalling the tiniest swerve is
> To any who knows not what nerve is—
> But the string of the bow
> Whence brain-arrows flow,
> Oft must tremble to do the State service.
>
> O reader, who wisdom discernest,
> Take life at its gayest or sternest:
> The doctors may prate,
> They are welcome to wait.
> Eat and drink, work and play, in good earnest.

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TEMPERANCE TAVERNS.



OUT of the columns of a contemporary *Mr. Punch* transcribes, with high delight, an interesting paragraph respecting—

"PUBLIC-HOUSES FOR WORKING MEN.—We have been requested to draw attention to an effort to establish another 'Public-house,' without the drink, in the East End of London. The success already attending the movement has induced the REV. G. P. KEOGH, Vicar of St. Paul's, Stratford, to start another in that populous neighbourhood. The district contains some ten thousand inhabitants, chiefly working men. MR. KEOGH has raised one hundred pounds but wants the balance of one thousand pounds to enable him to complete the good work."

"Without the drink," at a public-house of the kind above-mentioned, means, not the negation of any drink at all, but only the absence of those particular beverages which, in excess, occasion inarticulate utterance, bad language, metaphysical argument, devious gait, prostration and incapability, or disorderly conduct, violent assaults inflicted on pot-companions, passers-by, or policemen, and the commission of furious outrages, such as savage beating or kicking upon wives. Of course, public-houses for working men supply them with the means of purely quenching their thirst, and are furnished with bars if not taps; but the bars, and the taps if there be any, are temperance taps and bars. From the foregoing statement it appears that the "movement" of co-operation in establishing such public-houses is a success. It is therefore one in which the benevolent may invest money with the reasonable hope of high returns, not to say dividends, in the shape of the improvement and welfare of their kind. Certain Teetotal Societies are in the receipt of subscriptions for which, perhaps, though there are many tracts and much talk to show, there is little temperance. The quantity of this at present inadequate result would be greatly increased if they would rather expend enough of their income on the institution of these public-houses to promote sobriety; and in particular contribute a sufficiency to make up the balance required by the REV. MR. KEOGH for the completion of the truly good work to which he has devoted himself in Oriental London. Success to that Reverend philanthropist's endeavours to provide carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers-and-glaziers, and other workmen, with houses of call which are not pot-houses; public-houses without barrel or bung.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "Cometh Down like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She," "Good! Buy Sweet Tart!" "Not Slily, But don't Tell."

CHAPTER III.—*What Jenny says.*

"GOOD Heavens!" I exclaim. This is my favourite ejaculation, and being recognised only as "BELLA'S Elder Sister," it is as good as any other, nobody seeming to pay any attention to my observations, which are invariably distinguished by excellent common sense.

We—that is the REVEREND MR. THOMAS HASSOCK and myself—are tramping across the fields within view of the Wollum high road, and the grey, monotonous, motionless sea-shore. I am carrying BELLA'S dress, which she has left behind her in our room, and poor, hapless, hopeful TOMMY is holding his green umbrella over my head with one hand, while with the other he is disconsolately playing "*The Glorious Flag of Old England!*" on the concertina. In this world one must love something—even though it be a donkey "averse to speed"—and yet I neither love, nor am beloved. I have set up no idol, to be adored with frenzy and knife-gashings. No; I do not get beyond homely intercourse with a "friend," and a friend is a sexless thing, I shall never have a lover: I had better become at once a member of the "Society of Friends," where, perhaps, I shall meet with nothing more grand, manly, or fondly devoted, as far as I am concerned, than is, at this present moment, the REVEREND THOMAS, who is secretly worshipping his Ideal, while his little pink eyes are peering through his blue spectacles, and a small pocket telescope of unusual power, into the mist beneath the dull yellow moonlight. Then he hands me the telescope, and by its aid I see what makes me exclaim, for the second time, "Good Heavens!"

BELLA is seated in the trap close to DUSOVER BELJAMBE'S great, broad shoulder. Her small head is bent down towards the grey mare's tail, which is heavily laden with great twists of crisp, silky, furzy hair tied with a blue bow; and, as the restless wavering moonbeams fall under BELLA'S soft hat, and light up the deep emerald eyes of that small downy face, he could not fail to notice how downy this beautiful creature looked,—

"So downy she,
As none like her could snare the wingèd songster,
With bait saline upon its hindmost feather:
So downy she—that, not in all creation,
Could aught, except a hammer, be proclaimed
Her peer in downiness."

TOMMY'S telescope brings them so near to us that we are able to catch their words.

"I hated my father," says BELLA presently, dangling her white, plump hand over the wheel, and playing with the mud, as it spirts up in little silver jets over the folds of her long dark robe—whereat MR. HASSOCK groans audibly—for it is *his* clerical coat that my wayward sister is still wearing.

"And your mother?" asks DUSOVER, bending his head so as to stare right under her hat into her grand opal eyes.

BELLA drew up her long white throat, and tossed her head in the air. CAPTAIN BELJAMBE eyed this feat with curiosity, but with no apparent admiration. It occurred to him that a girl, who could do so much, might throw herself away. In all his past experience of women, this one was something new, relishing, appetising to his jaded palate.

Then BELLA folded her round, plump, dimpled hands in her lap, and put them carefully away in her pocket, while delicious ripples of laughter played about her rosebud lips and warm southern cheeks, on which still remained the blush-dye of the fiery sun-god's kiss.*

"My mother," answers BELLA, "was a good, dowdy old soul, always in tears and revoking at whist." And BELLA disdainfully thrusts out her red under-lip, and looks up into DUSOVER'S hirsute countenance with contemptuous pink face, as she recites,—

"'Who was it slapped me when I fell,
Who whipt, and bade me not to tell,
Who kicked the place to make it swell?
My Mother!'"

"Shall I sing to you?" she asks, suddenly.

CAPTAIN DUSOVER, who is leaning his arms on the splash-board, and craning his sinewy brown neck out beyond the grey mare's blinkers, to ascertain the clearness of the coast towards the direction in which they are rapidly going, replies, carelessly,

"If you *can* sing, *chantez!*"

"*Chantez!*" she repeats, drily: then adds, pettishly, "*Shan't-y.*"

"Do you mean that for a pun?"

"If you like."

"I don't care."

"No more do I."

"Sing!"

"Shall I? In this dress?"

She points down at the long clerical skirt which is wafted against his knees. TOMMY HASSOCK, seeing this from afar off, sinks on his knees, while tears well up into his little pink eyes, and suffuse his blue spectacles.

"I think I might *mould* her!" he sighs, clasping his moist, limp hands.

"Mould your grandmother!" is my rather vixenish reply. It is enough for him, and he says no more.

Why on earth cannot this *manling* propose to *me*? I am his senior by twenty-five years, and should know what was good for him. I should like to see him try to "mould" *me*. I would "mould" *him* first, with a heavy tombstone over him in his own churchyard, before he should try such nonsense with me. But he has not yet offered. Perhaps he may. I take to my telescope again, and see what I can see by the assistance of an extra strong glass.

BELLA is leaning her round, white elbow on her lap for a moment, until her pensive look fades out of her face, and a dare-devil smile flashes over it.

"Are you a Rollicking Ram?" she asks, abruptly.

"Not *now*," he answers. "Why?"

"You cannot take my song personally, that is all. Listen!"

* *What the Editor says.*—"Does this mean that she was sunburnt? We only ask for information."—ED. *to* MISS R. D.

What the Authoress says.—"Why, of course. Any milksop could have written 'sunburnt cheek.' Where's your fine poetic enthusiasm?"—MISS R. D. *to* ED.

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This is BELLA's song, as it rings gaily out over the silent shore. Most of you, my friends, know it well enough.

"Come along, come along, come along!
For I am a Member of the Rollicking Rams!
Come and be a Member of the Rollicking Rams,
Out all night till broad daylight,
And never go home till morning!"*

"Do you like it?" she asks.

"Immensely," he replies, and there are tears in his shaken voice.

"You are crying. Are you never merry when you hear sweet music?" she asks, harshly; for to *her*, as to most of us, in a man's hairy, blubbered face, there is always less of the sentimental, than of the justly irritating.

The REVEREND TOMMY, still at my side, runs his feeble, dumpy fingers through his dry straw-coloured hair, and begins to whimper helplessly.

"Can I do nothing for you?" I ask, staring at him uncomfortably.

He brightens a little.

"I should like to have my hair nicely combed," he says, simply.

From my pocket, where I generally keep a number of useful articles, I produce a small three-legged stool, and comply with his request. When I desist, exhausted, TOMMY sits down in a stooped, shapeless attitude, of utter despondency.

Again I take up the telescope, and exclaim "Good Heavens!"

This is what I see, and hear.

The horse stops suddenly—brought up in the way he should *not* go, shortly and sharply, by a heavily barred gate, apparently belonging to a toll-house on the cliff.

The old deaf toll-keeper is the only one awake within the cottage. He is playing the fiddle dreamily, and his sole audience is his soft, sleek cat, purring an accompaniment before the fire. All else are asleep.

Silence for a few moments. No sound but the "swish" of the whip on the mare's light grey, moon-lit hide, and the cool plash of the beady puddles kicked up by the animal's strong hind legs against the dark splashboard of the dog-cart.

"Can you take a leap with me to-night, BELLA," DUSOVER asks, looking down into those dewy green wells—his darling's eyes.

"Shall we look before we leap?" replies BELLA, with a startled, shrinking look. "Or," she says, stopping a rising sob, and trying to realise the great plunge she was about to make, "*Shall we clear the gate without a ticket? Who's afraid? Are you?*"

CAPTAIN DUSOVER whistles softly, and looks rather too proudly conscious of the sixteen centuries of Norman blood in his strong fibrous veins.

Suddenly, before BELLA can utter another word, a white cow, that has been lying by the roadside, rises slowly, majestically, ghostly as a spectre of remorse from a grave of past memories! The grey mare starts, pricks up her ears, then forces them back, so that they incline towards her mane, as the ripe ears of corn are bowed down beneath the fierceness of the hurricane—then, drooping her long beautiful head, with her wild lustrous eyes riveted on the dread apparition, she sniffs the earth with pink, dilated nostrils, and, heaving her gracefully curved shoulders, begins to sob hysterically, as the autumn wind wafts one lock of her long, grey, silky tail against DUSOVER's swart, earnest face. In another moment, her fore feet are rooted immovably to the soil, her hinder steel-clad hoofs glitter in the calm, clear moonlight,—a tremendous bound—a cry—a scream—a groan—a deep-toned "moo" from the ghastly cow—a whirlwind of dust, a volcano-like eruption of mud, stones, and slush,—and CAPTAIN DUSOVER and BELLA are flying in the air;—the dog-cart, shivered into ten million splinters, lies a mere wreck on the white coast; while the cow, mad—delirious—amidst the havoc she has caused, bursts the one tether that yet holds her to earth, and yielding to an uncontrollable, curbless frenzy of passion, with one great giant bound, springs from the edge of the cliff, and disappears over the moon!

Within the cottage the deaf toll-keeper is still fiddling away to his cat—full, sleek-coated, and sleepy-eyed—seated by the hob, while his good wife and family are soundly eking out their well-earned repose. A dish—it is the soup-plate which CAPTAIN DUSOVER had placed under the seat of the dog-cart before starting from Wollum—is rolling down the road with a bright, metal spoon, firmly wedged into its shiny, round sides. A small, lazy, lolling, blear-eyed pug-dog, the sole witness—save ourselves—of the abrupt catastrophe, awakes from slumber, in the cottage garden, to bay the moon, with canine cynicism ridiculing the vain efforts of human bipeds—his masters, forsooth!—to oppose their puny barriers to the onward pitiless march of what nomad philosophers call "Our Destiny."

As DUSOVER rises in the air, the rarefied atmosphere of the upward road to Heaven clears his brain. The plump, supple form is no longer by his side; the white, warm, round arms have disappeared.

"Where is she?" he cries hoarsely, while big, heavy tears temper the blaze of his agonised eyes.

A deep groan from below the cliff falls on his ear, and stabs him to the very heart. Is she lost to him—for ever?

(*To be continued.*)

* *What the Editor says.*—"Never even heard of it. We do not *now* understand its meaning. Are the words an attempt (we speak under correction, as they *might* be MR. TENNYSON'S or MR. BROWNING'S—only we don't remember to have come across them in our reading, which, we admit, *may* have been as limited as a modern Company's liability) at turning some deeply expressive compound word in some German poem into English? We should be really glad of instruction."

What the Authoress says.—"Is 'Bosch' German? *Je suis une paysanne*—'I'm a young girl from the country, but—' *mais—comprenez-vous? C'est bien. Je vous aime.*"—MISS R. D. *to the* ED.

What the Editor says.—"The suggestion may be feeble, and if so you will forgive it; but haven't we read something like the events of this chapter in an old Nursery book of Rhymes, commencing 'Hi diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle' (which are realised in your old toll-keeper amusing himself indoors), 'The Cow jumped over the moon' (which *you* make her do), 'The little Dog laughed' (you mention the pug-dog baying the moon—it *is* a curious coincidence) 'to see such fun'—well, everyone has their own idea of fun—and, to conclude, 'The dish ran away with the spoon' (which actually happens to a soup-plate in your novel). We of course see that it might have been a pure accident, and accidents *will* happen in the best-regulated novels. Don't forget the moral."—ED.

What the Authoress says.—"What *are* you talking about? Nursery rhyme! Nonsense. I never was in the Nursery, and don't suppose I ever read it. Why don't you felicitate me on the '*go-bang*' of the whole thing? Unexceptionable Moral coming."—R. D.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.



THAT the House I think of taking is a model and a marvel of domestic modern architecture, and has been built and fitted up under his own personal and experienced inspection, and with a complete regardlessness of cost.

That, to his certain knowledge, none but the very best materials have been used, and the best workmanship employed in the construction of the dwelling, and that wellnigh every penny expended on the premises has been spent with an eye to durability, convenience and comfort, and not for tricky showiness or deceptive display.

That, although my Lease may bind me to pay for all repairs, none can possibly be needed for fourteen years at least; so a moderate calculation of the money saved in this way really should in fairness be added to the rent.

That in all the neighbourhood the soil is nowhere so salubrious as is the exact spot whereon the house is built.

That all the gas and water-pipes have thoroughly been tested, and the drainage has received the most especial care.

That the fittings, to be taken at a valuation, are likely to be mine at less than their prime cost.

That the fires have all been lighted in all manner of wind and weather, and it has been fully ascertained that not one single chimney smokes.

That, although there is a "slight odour" of paint (his language and his sense of smell are not so strong as mine) about the passages, it cannot penetrate the sitting-rooms, and will pass off in a week.

That the Vestry is one of the most honest and enlightened in the Kingdom, and the district is renowned for the lowness of the rates.

That the bells are all well hung with the best of cranks and wire, and there is not the slightest danger of their getting out of gear.

That, owing to some secret meteoric influence, high winds are comparatively unknown in the neighbourhood; and the house is therefore, so to say, insured against the elsewhere common and expensive accidents of a falling chimney-pot or a loosened slate.

That all the window-fasteners, and locks, and knobs, and handles are of the most durable description; and the stoves and kitchen-range the very best that can be bought.

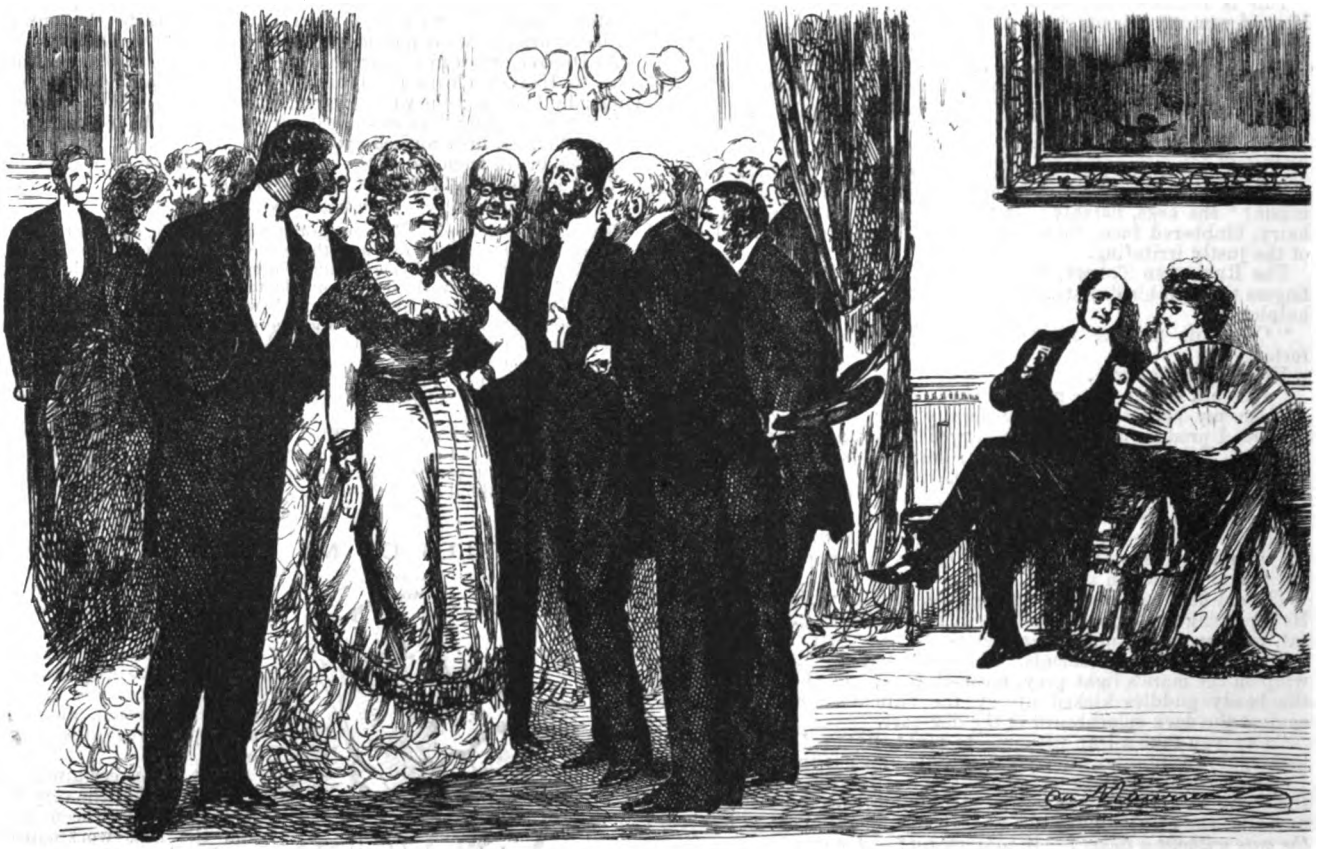
That the neighbourhood is free from all the usual street noises, and that organ-grinders never venture to intrude.

That all the doors and window-frames are made of seasoned wood, and there is no fear of their warping or admitting any draughts.

That the rent asked is far less than the house is really worth.

And, as a final clencher, that only his anxiety to have me for a tenant (owing to his knowledge of my character or family) prevents his now accepting higher offers for a lease.

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"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

Interlocutor. "WHO'S THAT SHOWY WOMAN WHO TALKS AND LAUGHS SO LOUD, AND DIGS PEOPLE IN THE RIBS?"

Interlocutrix. "OH, THAT'S THE DUCHESS OF BAYSWATER. SHE WAS A LADY GWENDOLEN BEAUMANOIR, YOU KNOW!"

Interlocutor (*with warmth*). "AH! TO BE SURE! THAT ACCOUNTS FOR HER HIGH-BRED EASE, HER ARISTOCRATIC SIMPLICITY OF MANNER, HER NATURAL AND STRAIGHTFORWARD——"

Interlocutrix (*putting up her eye-glass*). "BY THE BYE, PARDON ME! I HAVE UNINTENTIONALLY MISINFORMED YOU; IT'S MRS. JUDKINS. SHE'S THE WIDOW OF AN ALDERMAN, AND HER FATHER WAS A CHEESEMONGER IN THE NEW CUT!"

Interlocutor. "*DEAR* ME!—AH!—HUM!—ER—HUM!—HA! THAT *QUITE* ALTERS THE CASE! SHE *IS* VERY VULGAR, I *MUST* SAY—*AWFUL!*" [*N.B.—It was the Duchess, after all.*

MR. PUNCH'S "OWN MAN" AT THE BOAT-RACE.

AM I premature? Will anyone say that it is dishonest to describe that grandest of contests, that noblest of sights, that magnificent exhibition of British pluck, the University Boat-Race, days before it (as they have it on the river) "comes off"? I pity the man who thinks so. Yes, indeed I am sorry for the creature whose heart is so dead to every noble impulse that he cannot appreciate an account of the "Blue Riband of the River" simply because time is anticipated, and dates are hurled into space. I have nothing to do with him—he is not of my class; we (so to speak, and as they say at Putney) do not "row in the same boat." It is to the true sportsman, the honest young Englishman with rosy cheeks and curly hair, the representative of all that is good and grand in the national character—it is to him that I address myself. He will understand me, he will appreciate my wonderful word-painting, he will recognise the profound knowledge I possess of matters aquatic, his heart will beat with mine—in a word, he will pull bow to my stroke. The University Boat-Race has often been described before; it is described again. Once more, should it appear to some of the more thick-headed of the public that the description (under the special circumstances of the case) is a little premature, let it be remembered that *Mr. Punch* is no ordinary man, that his wealth is boundless, and that wealth can purchase everything. *Mr. Punch* commissioned his "Own Man" to write an account of the Boat-Race, and an account of the Boat-Race has been written. Transactions of a similar character to ours between editors and contributors have taken place before. Men have described battles on the Continent without leaving London; they have hunted the tiger in far Bengal, and yet during the chase have still contrived to sleep nightly in their apartments at Lower Tooting. Let it be remembered by the thoughtless that one Boat-Race is the counterpart of the others, and then "good luck to us all." Ring the bell, take off your hats in front, and clear the course!

THE ROAD.

"What sort of day is it?" was the popular question in the early morning of April 8th. Dukes reclining on couches set with jewels and curtained with cloth of silver and gold, put the question to their countless domestics; and costermongers, taking their fevered heads out of the coal-skuttles in which they had deposited them the night before, made the same inquiry of their "old women." And what was the weather? Well, to some people it would have appeared a bright, sunny spring day. Others might have declared that it rained heavily, and was bitterly cold. Nay, some might have said it snowed. After all, the weather is a mere matter of opinion; and such was the weather on the 8th of April, 1876.

From an early hour the roads leading to the scene of the contest were thronged with pedestrians and vehicles. Who does not know the scene? Who does not remember the hansoms, four-wheelers, stanhopes, broughams, and family coaches? Why, it is a twice-told tale, as stale as the news of the decease of Her Majesty QUEEN ANNE. Shall I tell this tale thrice? Shall I, who have seen the most glorious sights in the world—the mighty Niagara, the frowning Rock of Gibraltar, the twinkling lights of the Rue de Rivoli—shall I descend to such homely stuff as this? Never! I will content myself with one or two sketches.

First, a roomy carriage filled with a bevy of pretty girls all dressed exactly alike. Their beauty was the same—hazel eyes lan-

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A TIGHT FIT.

TAILOR. "I THINK, SIR, WE SHALL *JUST* MANAGE TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET!"

MR. BULL. "WELL, IF YOU CAN'T, NORTHCOTE, THE FAULT MUST BE IN *YOUR MEASURES*—NOT MY WAIST!"

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guid and yet sparkling; clear olive complexions, suggestive of the most luscious Devonshire cream; rosy cheeks, and dark reddish-black hair. How happy they looked as they gaily passed the champagne! And why did they look so happy? Because the man they loved, the man any one of them would have willingly taken for a husband, was with them. A gay young bishop was the lucky fellow. "It was too bad of you, my Lord, to ask Mamma to get out while we ascended that last hill, and then to leave her behind! I am sure we shall never find her again!"—I heard one of the fair creatures say to the young ecclesiastic. The Bishop's cheery laugh was heard for yards round, and once more he began to amuse them. Well, and why should not a Bishop put on a false nose if Beauty smiles? I envied *them* their beauty, and *him* his luck, and passed on.

An open window. I nodded right and left, for this was a *tableau* of celebrities. There was an eminent Comedian, talking to a not less eminent Statesman; and the Editor of a Newspaper was explaining to a great General the theory of war; a celebrated Dissenting Minister (who had come to see his University win) was smiling at the sallies of wit of a famous writer of *opéra-bouffe* books. And what a background of loveliness! I had to shade my eyes with my hand as I noticed that the female portion of the Chorus at the Opera had apparently come to see the Race *en masse*. Later in the day, I found that the celebrities of the day had, so to speak, thawed, and were gaily dancing quadrilles with their fair companions. Ah! beauty and genius! It is good to be wise, but better still to be young and lovely!

And the crowd. Officers in the Guards, in State uniform, rubbing shoulders with Barristers, who had run out of Chancery Lane just to see the Race; Conjurors; Brass-bands; Punch Shows; Circus Processions (greatly impeding, by the way, circulation on the towing-path); and hearses. Here was a Bridegroom who had, on the way home from church, taken his blushing Bride to see "the finish;" there a Company of Mourners, who had stayed awhile to hail the victory of the Winning Blue. Oh! it was a grand sight! Once seen, never forgotten—and, never forgotten, always described!

The River.

It is not every wiseacre who can say whether the River is smooth or rough. Sometimes there may be waves that look to the short-sighted like ripples. Then why describe the state of the River on the ever-memorable 8th of April? To the learned it would be an insult, to the unlearned it would be an injury! So the state of the River shall *not* be described.

Plenty of boats, barges, steam-launches, and outriggers! Here was an elderly man in a tub, pulling as if for dear life, and yet smiling with a glee scarcely befitting his grey hairs. Who was he? By the respectful manner in which the River-Police saluted him, evidently some one of consequence. Was he the Lord Chief Justice, or Cardinal Manning, or Mr. Gladstone? Who can say, on a day like this? and so he passes on. The steamers soon give him their wash, and the tub disappears.

And now it is time for the Race. The bunting either flies gaily in the crisp sunshine, or hangs heavily in the wet. There is a shout—and a mighty one. "They are off!" It has been said before, and it will be said again.

The Race.

The boats left Putney together. One of the Blues was on the Middlesex side, the other hugged Surrey. And so they started, pulling a stroke which had eight oars to give it the necessary impetus.

The Water-Works were neared and passed; the Gravel Pits followed the same fate. Off Chiswick it was anybody's race! "Go it, Oxford!" "Cambridge wins!" were the rival cries as the two boats steadily pursued their way. Every sinew cracked, every muscle was stretched to the utmost.

And oh! what a shout there was at Hammersmith as the rival crews came in sight! And how the people cheered at Barnes and Mortlake! Hark to the gun! 'Tis over. The expectant enthusiasm of the year is concentrated into the madness of a thrilling *quart d'heure!* Oh, it was a noble race nobly won. Both victors and vanquished deserved well of their respective "Varsities," (as the Universities are called by members of the less important Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge), and no one was surprised at

The Result.

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race of 1876 was won on Saturday, April 8th, by the Light Dark Blue. The time (as taken by Benson's chronometer) was about twenty minutes—a minute or so more or less either way.

And thus it will be seen that (as usual) the best men were the victors! Long may it be so; and long may we be there to see it, and to tell the tale!

Sentiment to accompany the Toast of "The Queen and the Royal Family."—"Though absent, ever dear!"

THE IRISH £4-HOUSEHOLDER TO JOHN BRIGHT.



"The value of the house is not of so much importance as you fancy. Every man who is admitted under household franchise is the head of a family; he has his wife and his children, with all those calls to industry and fair conduct in life which those have who live in better houses, and you may therefore throw out of view the bricks and roof by which he and his family are sheltered."—Mr. Bright *on the Irish Borough Franchise Bill.*

More power t'ye, John Bright, 'tis yourself that is right
Whin you say, wid the hoighth of urbanity,
'Tis not morthar and bricks, and a man's bits o' sticks,
Fix his pull in the scale av humanity.
Boys in the Green Isle may be out-an'-out loy'l,
And show clargy and ould blood a steady phiz,
Though they don't kneel for mass in the light o' plate-glass,
And reside in a humble mud-edifice.

Cowld Protestant folk on poor Pat crack their joke—
But don't think that thim Saxons so glib are right;
A bould pisant in frize is a man in your eyes,
Though he 's not fed nor lodged like a Sybarite.
If each other we bate while for Home-Rule we wait,
Still we 're cute boys, both pisants and artisans,
And just see won't we fight for your broad-brim, John Bright—
'Tis the kind sowl that turns Pats to partisans.

Palace Green never heard thruer manlier word*
Than yours, though you 're Saxon and stranger;
There 's a heart in poor Pat, and 'tis *you* gits at that,
When you prache that fair-play is no danger.
And if Pat's voice could rache up as high as yon Bache,
'Twould tell Saxons to alther their attitude;
On'y give us fair-play, and you 'll find, some foine day,
There 's Celts can *bate*† Saxons for gratitude.

* "It remains true—although all the officials in the world think it worth their while to call it in question—that justice done by the Government and Parliament to any portion of the population, be it the most remote, or be it the most abject, is never lost; it is compensated to the power which gives it, be that power Monarch or Parliament, by greater affection and more firm allegiance to the law, and by the growth of all those qualities and virtues by which a great and durable nation is distinguished."—Mr. Bright's *Speech on Irish Borough Franchise.*

† *Punch* never doubted it—but query the sort of "bating."

The Little (too) Busy Bee.

The Rev. Mr. D'Orsey writes to the papers defending his spelling, or mis-spelling, of "peas." Mr. D'Orsey still contends for "pease." It would, perhaps, be as well if, on the occasion of the next etymological encounter at St. James's Hall, he would urge something with effect in favour of "Peace."

Punch to B. D.

If Seventy-Six be dispensatrix
Of the title *Imperatrix*,
Is not the title like to stick, Sir,
Of "Benjamin, *Imperatrickster*"?

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CONFUSION OF COURTS.

(*See* "*Punch*," *ante*, *p.* 109.)

Cook (*scornfully*). "Which it were the County 'Court' as the Lady were Persented at! 'cause she Refused to pay her Cook's Salary along o' her claimin' her Perkisits!!!"

GAMP *VERSUS* PECKSNIFF.

Sairey on the Rampage again.

"This political Pecksniff, who preaches of conscience and honesty . . . . shall he come down and harangue the Tory party on its want of conscientiousness, whose only service to that virtue has been the warning example he has offered of the opposite vice? . . . His premature and sinister resumption of the post which he had formally resigned, and his perverse and poisonous invectives where it was certain that opposition could only aggravate the mischief, if mischief there was, in the measure introduced by Government, will be found, we think, to have indefinitely retarded the recovery of his former hold on the respect and confidence of the people."—*Standard*, *on* Mr. Gladstone.

Gr-r-r! Drat him! He 's at it agen; and I hoped he were settled at last,
That wexing and worritting William, as plagued me so much in the past.
Which my Ben giv him one in the wind, and he seemed out of time fairly knocked—
Here he comes up a-smiling once more—drat his cheek!—wich I really feel shocked.

He wenture to talk about wirtue, prerogative, conscience, and such?
He twit us with blind Party Sperrit? O lor! that 's a little too much!
Though Benjamin roasted him rarely, *I* must have a go at him too,
As what Benjy's p'int mayn't be good for my cotton umbrella may do.

For a bounceable party like William a thump is as good as a thrust,
And it 's more in my line; which my gingham I'd ply till the ribs of it bust,
If so be it might beat rub-a-dub on *his* ribs, as it often has done;
Though, drat him! he don't seem to care, which, you know, rayther takes off the fun.

Party Sperrit, says Burke, has its use. I says ditto to dear Mr. Burke;
But it ain't that 'ere sperrit one sees on the Liberal Benches at work.
That 's Fackshus Obstruction—a wiper as Tories was ne'er known to nuss:
There 's nothink I so much despiges, or daily drops down upon wuss.

But for this 'ere Political Pecksniff, whose buzzum's a bed of sech snakes,
To fie-fie each nice little move as my own blessed Benjamin makes,
Is just the most bragian bunkum. A nasty, mean, wenomous pest!
If there 's one thing as I says my prayers for—it is that that man may be—blest!

Which I *did* think he 'd guv up the reins, and did hope we had done with him quite,
This Jehu, whose desperit driving so long filled poor Sairey with fright.
And what does he want sneaking round with the whip in his hand as of old,
Which its werry first well-beknown crack makes my blood to run creepy and cold.

He a hermit indeed! Well a *Hermit* once won the "blue riband," so please
Hold tight, my boy Ben, and look sharp 'ow you drive, or the ribands he 'll seize.—
(As this 'ere 's an aside, to the world I proclaim he ain't got half a chance,
For all his great gift of the gab and his fine hanky-panky finance!)
He has spiled his last chance—(so I swears, and I wish, how I wish, it was true!)—
A insulting his Hempress! Just like him—and, Benjie, how little like *you!*
As I fearlessly arsts what concern is Her Majesty's Title of his'n?
A bragian and bounceable traitor, as ought to be popped into prison!

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OH! HORROR!

Tommy (suddenly—on his way home from Church). "WHAT DID *YOU* TAKE OUT OF THE BAG, MAMMA! *I* ONLY GOT SIXPENCE! LOOK HERE!"

SMALLPOX AND SEE-SAW.

THE Guardians who the Workhouse sway,
In Dover's famous town,
Pulled, for repairs, the other day,
Their Mortuary down.

About a yard adjacent flung
Its mouldy relics lay,
Wherein the dull-eyed Workhouse young
Pursued their dreary play.

Rejoicing in the wreck around,
As e'en young Paupers would,
Some ancient trestle-frames they found
Of black and battered wood,

Which means for the unwonted pranks
Of these poor brats supplied,
As gallows, whereon balanced planks
For see-saw swayed astride.

But soon to grievous ending came
Those little Paupers' fun.
Smallpox broke out and stopped their game—
Attacking every one.

Those black frames which, devoid of fears,
For see-saw they had ta'en,
Were trestles that had borne the biers
Of Paupers Smallpox-slain!

Four years ago—grim workhouse guest—
Had that complaint been rife:
And now the dormant germs of pest
Awoke to active life!

But not too drear a tale to tell,
With agony high-piled,
Those Workhouse Children all did well,
Having their Smallpox mild.

They had been vaccinated all:—
Hear that, ye blatant band,
'Gainst JENNER'S blessèd boon who bawl
Your folly through the land.

Remember, for your Pauper brood,
Ye Guardians of their fates,—
That coffin-trestles pest-imbued
Are playthings that raise rates.

No; let him go back to his crockery, classiks, wood-chopping, and such,
Pitch into the POPE, if he pleases: *they* can't maul each other too much.
Which SAIREY puts up one more prayer, most frequent and fervent, and that 's
May they fight till no more on 'em's left than was left of the Kilkenny Cats!

Make your Game!

A RECENT telegram from Paris, announcing the marriage, at the Church of St. Roch, before a great crowd, of the PRINCE RADZYVILL to MLLE. BLANC, daughter of the potent ex-King of the tables at Homburg, and reigning Sovereign of those at Monaco, mentions that "the bride's *dot*, or marriage portion, is said to be 5,000,000 francs." Such a *dot* may well brighten a bride's eyes in those of her husband. But what a triumph of modern financial enlightenment over the darkness of old aristocratic prejudice is such a marriage! May we not henceforth say to exclusiveness, *Le jeu est fait*—"the game is up"? And when a proud Prussian *junker* can thus move with the times, should we not exclaim, *Rien qui ne va*, rather than *rien ne va plus*?

Sors Miltoniana.

"To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad—
'Empress, the way is ready and not long.
* * * * *
If thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.'
'Lead then,' said EVE."

Paradise Lost, Book ix., l. 625.

A QUESTION TO BE ASKED.

New Carnivora House, Regent's Park, April 1, 1876.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

ON the authority of MR. DISRAELI, we are informed that the "Royal Titles Bill" is to have a strictly local operation. I wish, therefore, to know whether the tigers residing in our Indian possessions will be affected by its operation.

Will it be correct in future to speak of a *Royal* Bengal Tiger? Here, in the Zoo, I suppose this designation will still hold. But in India itself must not "Royal" be exalted to "Imperial"?

If so, I hope the tigers will feel a proper sense of their dignity, and improve accordingly in their manners, tastes, and tempers, particularly now that they, like the other native rulers, have had the advantage of becoming more nearly acquainted with that model of urbanity and good-temper, H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.

MR. DISRAELI, though unsuccessful with LOWE forms of human nature, may, perhaps, like Orpheus with his lute, be able with his Act to tame that of the savage brute—

"Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres."

I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*, yours,
A WOULD-BE IMPERIALIST.

Colourable Reasons.

As Red rouses Bull, DIZZY 's ready to swear
That Imperial Purple will terrify Bear.
But query, as Bear we 've seen run from red wool,*
If Imperial Purple mayn't aggravate BULL.

* At Alma, Inkermann, &c.

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ELIGIBLE TENEMENTS.



Some few days ago there occurred on a railway an uncommon kind of accident—uncommon in that the Directors were not to blame for it. The carcases of a pair of houses that were being built in the Earl's-Court Road, adjoining the Earl's-Court Station, suddenly tumbled down upon the line with a crash in a heap of ruins which blocked it for three hours. This catastrophe occurred about midday, just as the carpenters inside the newly-raised edifice, finishing off the flooring, were about to leave work for refreshment—the beverage "brother chips" and other workmen term their "twelveses." Several of these poor fellows were badly hurt, and one is reported to have died. The fall of the houses immediately followed the passing of a London and North-Western train, of which the last carriage had a narrow escape. It is supposed that the vibration caused by the transit of the train shook them down. These structures, while standing, were evidently specimens of an order of domestic architecture, examples of model suburban dwelling-houses for the middle classes. It is comparatively fortunate that they fell to pieces when they did, instead of remaining to be completed, and soon after that to topple upon their tenants, overwhelming perhaps a diligent clerk of an establishment in the City, together with the wife of his bosom, a child or a lot of children, a baby in arms, and a maid-of-all-work. In re-erecting those typical eligible tenements, perhaps some care will be taken that their construction shall not be so shamefully scamped as to render a tragical occurrence of that description too highly probable.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

Downing Street, April 1, 1876.

My Dear Mr. Punch,

I crave the publicity of your columns to dissipate some of the fears which are abroad in connection with the Royal Titles Bill.

The Royal Arms will not be altered in this country. But in India, yielding to a wish which has long been felt and at last openly expressed in the Bazaars and Zenanas, Her Majesty's Government have advised that the Lion and Unicorn should be replaced by the Tiger and Elephant, as creatures more imposing to the Oriental imagination.

Not a bar of our glorious National Anthem will be touched. In the words some changes, to be strictly localised and confined to India, must of necessity be made. The few leisure moments I can command I am employing in recasting the Anthem in English, Hindustani, and Tamil; and I hope in the course of to-day to send you a rough draft, that I may have the benefit of your sagacious and good-natured criticism, before submitting my new version to Parliament.

Her Majesty's Government would view with horror and amazement any attempt to interfere—certainly in Great Britain and Ireland—with those familiar and time-honoured letters V. R., which have sent a thrill through so many loyal hearts, and can never be read without emotion on our mail-carts and pillar-boxes, and on the lead pencils which are daily and hourly wielded by the Civil Servants of the Crown.

I trust that these explanations will calm the public mind and restore tranquillity to the national pulse.

I am, my dear *Mr. Punch*,

Yours very faithfully, B. D——i.

Dear Punch,

I can guess your thoughts at the present hour when the excitement is growing every moment deeper and more intense. They are not fixed on the Budget, or the Royal Title, or the University of Oxford Bill, but on the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race; and you are yearning to know which University will be victorious on the 8th. I can tell you, for I have seen every race for the last twenty years. I have watched every movement of the two crews since they were at the two Universities. I am on the river-bank all day long, and sleep alternately at Putney and Mortlake. Don't be guided by Lord Salisbury, or either of the Vice-Chancellors, or even the most knowing of the Heads of Houses, but pin your faith on me, and then you will wear the winning colours next Saturday. Take time by the row-lock, and meet me *at once* opposite the Soap-Works. I wear a white hat, with a blue ribbon.

Yours, Corney Reach.

Putney, Saturday.

Mr. Punch,

Come and witness my great and unprecedented feat of walking 10,000 miles in 10,000 hours. In the outer Circle, Regent's Park, roped in and kept clear by the Mounted Police, illuminated after dusk, military bands playing all day and night long, fireworks at the expiration of every mile, vocal and instrumental concert at the end of each week. Referees from every nation in the world, umpires in all languages, judges from all the Courts of Law in Europe and America. Admission, One shilling; season-tickets, a Pound.

Hare and Tortoise, N. W., 1 *April.* Felix Footit.

Dear Mr. Punch,

It will give us much pleasure if you can act as Interrogator at a grand Spelling Bee which we propose to hold in the Royal Albert Hall in Easter week. There is no one in whom the Committee would feel such absolute confidence. We have engaged six military bands, and the choruses of the two Opera Houses, and we hope to induce the Moore and Burgess Minstrels to give us their invaluable assistance. Our Bee will take a wide range, and settle on many branches of knowledge. Spelling, and Definitions, and Proper Names, will, of course, be included, but, besides, we propose that you should test Candidates in Modern Languages, Chronology, Cookery, Domestic and Political Economy, Physical Geography, Moral Philosophy, and the Higher Mathematics.

Our prizes will be worth the struggle. They will include a furnished house, a carefully selected and handsomely bound library, a complete *trousseau*, and a fine organ—built expressly for the competition by those eminent makers, Messrs. Bellows and Blow.

Signed, on behalf of the Committee,

Knightsbridge and Brompton, *Chairman.*

Committee Room, April 1, 1876.

Punch, old man, why did you not come on Monday? I particularly wanted you to see, before I sent it in a special van to the Academy, what I fearlessly assert to be the greatest picture of the year. What do you say to a canvas 32 feet by 18? Well filled, too—not an inch of space "to let." You know the subject. One of the grandest events in the annals of modern civilisation—one of those critical turning-points in the history of peoples and dynasties: "His Highness the Khedive of Egypt in the act of affixing his signature and seal to the transfer of his shares in the Suez Canal to the British Government." Painted for the new Town-hall at Cairo.

How often have we discussed the treatment! I have made one or two slight changes since our last conversation on the subject. Now the Khedive is surrounded by his Ministers, Grand Muftis, Dragomans, Bashi-Bazouks, Pachas, Effendis, Camels, and Foreign Advisers: he is in the act of dipping his pen in a splendid gold standish, and looking, a little anxiously, at the Sphinx. The Pyramids, irradiated by the setting sun, form the background; the Nile, guarded by the Sphinx and Memnon, is in the middle distance; and the Canal itself fills up the foreground. All the figures are life-size; and the buildings, palm-trees, dates, dahabeeahs, &c., are done to scale. I hope to see you at the Private View, and show you my picture myself. So I will not dwell upon details, except just to mention that, exercising a pictorial licence, I have introduced one of the zinc cases in which the Share Certificates were transported to this country. I think you will say that the painting of this interesting accessory is life-like.

Ever yours,

Kensington, Saturday. Sebastian Andrew Dawbney.

[There is one singular circumstance about this Correspondence which we cannot quite fathom. All the letters have the same date, and were received on the same day—Saturday the First.—Ed.]

Just What's Wanted.—Sir Charles Adderley, in the Parliamentary report of Friday's *Times*, alludes to Shipowners as "Responsible undertakers." If we could only make them responsible!

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



IN the Royal Titles Bill (*Lords, Monday, April* 3), LORD SHAFTESBURY moved his Resolution praying the Queen to take a Title more in accordance with history and JOHN BULL'S feelings than that of Empress—which may fairly be said to have been received by the Nation with the reverse of *Empressement*. In vain LORD SHAFTESBURY—who for *party* has *not* given up what was meant for mankind—reurged all that has been urged already against this ill-starred move in a wrong direction. In vain LORDS SELBORNE, SANDHURST, ROSEBERY, HOUGHTON, pressed the reasons against

"That word of fear,
Unpleasing in an English ear,"

that most commend themselves to the legal, lay, military, and literary minds. Ministers have hardened their hearts, and stand upon their majority, such as it is. In the Lords, 137 to 91 is not a very commending division, with 200 Peers standing aloof too. LORD CAIRNS and LORD CARNARVON tried to argue that the dislike to "Empress" is factious and factitious. They know it is neither. The CHANCELLOR thinks the title can be *localised*. He reckons without his JENKINS.

In the meantime let official Conservatism take note that it is unofficial Conservatism which utters protests, "not loud, but deep," against this bartering of a new Crown for an old one, which the soundest sense of England feels is likely to bring no more blessing to QUEEN VICTORIA than yielding to the analogous temptation of "new lamps for old ones" did to QUEEN BADROOL-BADOOR. Will no QUEEN'S friend show HER MAJESTY *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon? To ALFONSO THE WISE'S famous triad of old things that are the best things—"Old Wine, Old Books, Old Friends"—let *Punch*, ALFONSO'S successor in wisdom, add "Old Titles." On *our* Crowned Head rested the oldest, most honoured, and most honourable Title in Europe. Ill-advisers have marred it by an "addition," which should be called a subtraction. No wonder Republicanism at home sneers, and Republicanism abroad chuckles, over this lowering of the Royal Style.

All this is on the supposition that the QUEEN wishes for, and means to assume, the Empress. But query, does she? What Royal act or word from the beginning of her reign till now, has showed her unable, or unwilling, to read the signs of the times—to recognise and respect the genuine will of her people? *Punch* has already told her, in his own way, that "the Queen with Two Heads" is *not* one of the signs of the time; whereas the old "Queen's Head" is a sign for times past, present, and to come; and he can't, for the life of him, believe that QUEEN VICTORIA is not just as well aware of the fact as her most faithful Public and Privy Councillor *Punch*.

(*Commons.*)—Make way for the Budget! MR. BULL'S Bills for the year, "foot up," the imposing total of rather more than £78,000,000! To meet this extremely handsome outlay, the House Steward hopes to be able to lay his hands on £77,250,000, leaving him nearly £800,000 short. So there is nothing for it but putting his hand into master's pocket for another penny in the pound on the poor old Gentleman's—we beg his pardon—the wealthy, old Gentleman's income, and this will give House Steward NORTHCOTE, some £364,000 more than he wants to make both ends meet! Such is the Budget in brief.

My dear BULL, you must pay for your blessings; and a Conservative Government is not one that can be had for nothing. True, when MR. GLADSTONE, once, in a moment of rash anticipation, promised to get rid of Income-tax altogether, DISRAELI met him by the assertion, that abolition of Income-tax was peculiarly Conservative policy. But SIR STAFFORD explains that only meant if and when the Government could do without it. So far from being able to do without it just now, they want an extra penny. But they will do their best to make the rise easy to the middle-class elector, by raising the limit of exemption from £100 to £150, the amount of deduction from £80 to £120; all incomes up to £400 to have the advantage of the deduction.

In this way the rise will be felt only by those who are too comfortable to complain, or too well-off for their complaints to find sympathy from the masses. All with less than £400 a-year will be better off under the new tariff than under the old one. If this is questionable political economy, it is like enough to be popular policy, and will secure the Government against the opposition of those who turn the scale at Elections.

Tuesday (*Lords*).—LORD INCHIQUIN moved the Second Reading of his Bill to limit the further creation of a very useless and unhappy order of beings—Irish Peers, who, where real Lords come, may be best described as neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring—the Irish Bulls of the Peerage. But while prohibiting any further creation of these objectionable abortions of aristocracy, he proposed to add four to their representatives in the House of Lords, to make up for as many Irish Spiritual Peers improved off the face of the Green Isle. *Punch* doesn't quite see the logic of this. LORD INCHIQUIN would also open Irish boroughs to Irish Peers, who may now represent English but not Irish constituencies. Anything to give these poor creatures an enlarged field of usefulness. If an Irish Peer can find an eccentric English borough to elect him, why should we not have that chance, and the borough that pleasure? It seems odd to make any position in the Peerage, however humble, an absolute disqualification for contributing anything, however little, to the Collective Wisdom.

(*Commons*).—A good deal of bother in arranging for a night for PROFESSOR FAWCETT'S Farewell to the Royal Titles Bill. After much *pro* and *con*. it seems the House is not to have this treat till after Easter.

The Whiskey War!—

"Irish spirits and Scotch,
In the hot *mêlée*
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
Ye that mingle may!"

A spirited debate—as was to be expected. The O'SULLIVAN opened, denouncing, in the name of the public health, the pernicious practice, now sanctioned by law, of adulterating Irish Whiskey in Bond with inferior Scotch spirit, under the specious name of "blending," and calling on the Government to become bonded warehousemen on the largest scale, by keeping all spirits and whiskey in bond till it was twelve years' old—had sown its wild oats in the shape of fusel oil, and mellowed to a drink equally wholesome and delicious.

Then ANDERSON arose and raised the slogan of the Scottish Still—that "Still" whence Silent Spirit flows!—the Silent Spirit which does not seem to be the ruling spirit of the House of Commons. He declared "blending" was not adulteration but improvement; that Irish whiskey unmixed was an unmixed evil, "full of headaches to the brim," only to be drunk with impunity by natives—as snake-charmers are said to swallow cobra-poison—but to the world at large only to be made tolerable by a liberal infusion of "Scotch," that pure and healthful blood of JOHN BARLEYCORN, which neither is an enemy in men's mouths, nor a stealer away of their brains, but circulates in the shape of health, and utters itself in words of wisdom!

Then SIR W. LAWSON arose and chaffed impartially both champions, of Scotch and Irish—

"Tros Tyriusque illi nullo discrimine agendus."

The better the whiskey the worse—in SIR WILFRID'S eyes—because the more tempting. "More blame was laid on fusel oil than it ought to bear." To SIR WILFRID the "fusel oil" is as the salmon that bears the burden of Greenwich compotations—an innocent and much-wronged creature.

MR. SULLIVAN said something like ditto to SIR WILFRID.

SIR W. CUNNINGHAM contributed one wise and weighty saying to the debate:—

"If bad Scotch spirits were prevented from going to Ireland, there would be plenty of bad Irish spirits to take their place."

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FAT AND LEAN KINE.

Fat Man. "FIVE-AND-TWENTY MINUTES WITHOUT A CHECK! YOU MUST HAVE FOUND YOUR WATERPROOF VERY WARM, MR. WIGGLES!"

Mr. Wiggles. "MY DEAR SIR, THERE IS NOTHING OF ME TO *BE* WARM!"

In the long run the Government, recognising that it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, declined to interfere, by 145 to 69; and the imprisoned spirits remain as they are—in bond—but open to blending!

Desultory and ineffectual talk about the Slave Trade and the Peace Preservation Act in Ireland. Even MR. BUTT seemed ashamed to press for relaxation of the Act, in face of such an agrarian outrage as the attack by an armed and ambushed band on MR. BRIDGES near Mitchelstown.

Wednesday.—A premature, and, we need hardly add ineffectual attempt of MR. DIXON, to make Board Schools, and compulsory attendance at them, universal throughout England—as the Scotch have made both throughout Scotland. When the English are as ripe for such a move as the Scotch, MR. DIXON will not have to urge his views in vain upon a large and variously recruited Majority.

Thursday (*Lords*).—The LORD CHANCELLOR will not give the House of Commons an opening for new discussion of the Royal Titles Bill. He thinks "Localisation" may be secured by proclamation, without amendment of the Bill.

(*Commons.*)—In answer to LORD HARTINGTON, SIR STAFFORD does not consider it the duty of Her Majesty's Ministers to initiate a financial policy for the KHEDIVE. They have done quite enough in bringing down his Stocks some twenty per cent. in as many days.

MR. HUBBARD on his favourite old hobby—Income-tax—with the usual result—*nil.*

Some progress with Merchant Shipping Bill.

Friday (*Lords*).—Royal Titles Bill again. LORD SELBORNE doubts whether,—

"Localisation by Proclamation
In Law may not be bad,"

and JOHN BULL may finish the adaptation,—

"A Queen with Two Heads bothers me,
And 'Empress' drives me mad."

CAIRNS tried to pooh-pooh SELBORNE. But when *such* Doctors differ, *Punch* will still hope, with LORD DENMAN, that the QUEEN will still go by the old style, seeing that her subjects can't get over the new one.

(*Commons*).—Some wretch, not having the fear of the Sergeant-at-Arms before his eyes, has been signing the highly respectable name of NEWDEGATE to some indecorous petitions, insinuating nasty things of convents, and their rules, practices, and inmates.

MR. CALLAN moved the offensive petitions off the table. As their proper destination clearly was the dust-hole, MR. NEWDEGATE was ill-advised in resisting the motion for a moment, though the petition *was* one against his pet bugbear.

MR. SPEAKER submits to the House a curious question, "Shall a petition from Boulogne (signed by French, as well as English inhabitants, of that hybrid sea-port), that their Consul may not sink to Vice, be received by the House?"

MR. DISRAELI is for receiving it; MR. GLADSTONE, on the whole, for declining to receive. It is not desirable (he thinks) to encourage petitions against what might be a proper use of the Treasury cheese-parers. Besides, to lend an ear to such a prayer, might stimulate Consuls to get up an agitation against their degradation to Vices, or set Vices trying to raise themselves to Consuls. Much as this might seem to tend to morality, a good deal was said, and evidently more remains to be said, on both sides. The point is to be referred to a Committee, as it ought to be.

MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN aired a matter which much interests the Upper Ten—the grievances of Assistant Public School Masters. BROWNING'S case was lengthily discussed.

MR. CROSS interposed his *mitis sapientia* as usual, and doubted if such public washing of their dirty linen benefited either Schools or Masters, parents or pupils. *Punch* shares the doubt. The House did well—he thinks—to decline granting a Select Committee. Oh, for an hour of old KRATE! Fancy the House of Commons offering to interfere with *him!*

The removal of Woolwich Arsenal and the punching of MR. PALMER'S head were then discussed with much emphasis, though to uncommonly small audiences, and the varied evening's entertainment wound up with the favourite farce of "Votes in Supply"!

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UNENCUMBERED.

Policeman. "Where d' yer live?" *Lost Child.* "Boo-oo! 'Don't know!"
Policeman. "Who's yer Father and Mother?"
Lost Child. "Ain't got none."
Policeman (perplexed). "Are yer Married?" *Lost Child.* "No."
Policeman (relieved). "Ah, shure, thin ye're all right! Away you go!"
[*Crowd disperses.*

STORES FOR THIRSTY THOUSANDS.

Two drays, three horses to each dray,
Besides one horse-and-cart, around,
Some sixteen goodly barrels lay,
"X" chalked on each, about the ground.
Nigh which a cellar's open door,
Had just admitted many more;

The cellar of a House of Call
At Barnes, upon the River side,
Whereat the Public, great and small,
With cheering liquors are supplied.
And all those barrels lying near,
Were full of Wandsworth's noted beer.

Another House upon the brink
Of Thames, a little farther on,
Was choked with hampers holding drink,
Designed to be consumed anon.
The drink, a wayfarer found out,
Was bottled-ale and bottled-stout;

And not one quarter of the stock
Procured, expressly to allay
Enormous thirst of human flock,
The eve but one before the day
Of the great Boat-race 'twixt the Blues—
The Oxford and the Cambridge crews.

And those two taverns were but twain
Of many hundred hostels more,
Which, to supply the looked-for drain,
Provided as abundant store
Of every kind of beer and ale,
And wine and spirits, too, for sale!

Beneath teetotal tyrant rule
What preparation should we see,
The million's heated throats to cool?
Cases of coffee, chests of tea?
And lemonade disposed in pipes,
And tuns of ginger-beer for swipes?

Nemesis of History.

The Children of Israel, under a Pharaoh, were oppressed with Egyptian Bondage. Now it seems they are in a position to ask the Khedive twenty-two per cent. on Egyptian Bonds. "Thus the whirligig of Time brings about its revenges."

A NEW BACONIAN ESSAY.

Much excitement has been caused by the announcement of an article in a Contemporary, with the startling title, *The Latest Theories about Bacon.* Since the advertisement appeared, the trade in a very favourite and useful article of food has been almost at a standstill, buyers and sellers being equally unwilling to engage in any extensive transactions until they knew whether revelations were likely to be made affecting the character of a commodity of large consumption, and representing a great pecuniary value. Bacon has hitherto, on the whole, stood high in public estimation, although some descriptions have been more fancied than others; but if "Theories" are to be started and publicly discussed, perhaps to its detriment and disparagement, an injury may be inflicted on a most estimable item of domestic consumption, welcome both at the breakfast and dinner-table, and equally relished in the castle of the peer and the cottage of the peasant, from which it may never again be able to rally.

If Sausages had been made the subject of comment and speculation, but scant surprise would have been felt, and the market would probably have shown little or no sympathy with the attack; but to do anything which may shake the credit of Bacon is a very serious proceeding, and one the consequences of which may be felt for years to come, alike by the wealthy Wiltshire farmer and the humblest cotter in the remotest county of Ireland. Since the publication of the *Essay on Irish Bulls*, we can recall no occurrence which has produced a similar sensation. The writers of articles in Reviews and Magazines should be careful what titles they prefix to their lucubrations. In the present instance, a rasher one could hardly have been devised.

The New "Imperial Measure."—The Royal Titles Bill.

POETRY AND PRONUNCIATION.

Under the title of "Purple *versus* Grey" the *Post* publishes a piece of poetry, advocating the cause of "Purple," and signed "Winchilsea." This flight of genius extends to nine verses. Here is the first of them:—

"Good People of England, attend to my lay,
Which treats of the Purple compared with the Grey
And plainly declares that all facts are a farce
When view'd through the light of a strong party glass."

Thus commences a real, genuine, and original "Song by a Person of Quality." Its originality appears especially remarkable in the notion of consonance exhibited in making "glass" rhyme with "farce." The next time our noble Bard tries his pen at versification he will perhaps remember that "glass" is commonly considered to rhyme with "ass."

Astronomy Royal.

A Correspondent of *Galignani*, having enumerated the illustrious personages, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Louis and Princess Alice of Hesse, and the Emperor William, expected to be shortly present with the Queen at her Continental abode, informs us that—

"There is also a rumour that the Empress of Austria, on her return from England about the same time, may join this galaxy, if but for a day."

He seems to forget that a galaxy, however brilliant, can be visible only at night. Also that the Milky Way is supposed to consist of innumerable myriads of stars, not merely of some half-dozen. Perhaps, when he called six or seven Royal luminaries a galaxy, what he meant to say was a constellation.

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GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "Cometh Down like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She," "Good! Buy Sweet Tart!" "Not Slily, But don't Tell."

CHAPTER IV.—*What the Author says.*



HI! she has fallen below the sheer cliff, where the merry gulls sing their sweet pæans to the wind-blown, unpunctual, irregular, disappointing, unapologetic sea, and lies, her beautiful head buried kit-cat length downwards, in the muddy sand, her gleaming balmorals appealing for aid with a mighty imploring clicking of the high heels aloft, while with her lavender kid gloves she is clutching at unhappy molluscs and killing innumerable shrimps and sand-eels in her struggle for life.

DUSOVER at one glance saw the balmorals — they were, alas! the only morals that interested him—and, exclaiming to himself, "By Jove! sand-eels—I mean sand *heels*," he took the plunge, and was at her side in an instant, raising her gently, and placing her on a bank of sweet, fragrant-scented, long-dry seaweed.

Her gown clings to her limbs like a mask of soft putty, and defines her form.

"Not hurt, only a little shocked," she exclaimed, gaspingly, as she pushes back her flabby hair, and shivers. Then she sings out cheerily—

"And right to the bottom,
All kivered up o' mud,
Went the pretty Little Ratcatcher's Daughter.

Do you remember the chorus?"

"Yes."

"Let us sing it together."

"Let 's."

And they began—his deep, sonorous, tin-like, minor-canon tone, harmonising, touchingly, with the clear, resonant, treble-bob-major pitch—a pitch that no one could touch without suffering the consequences—of her rich *mezzo*, as they sang the immortal words of that sublime chorus, composed by one of England's greatest, if least known, bards—

"A doodle dee, a doodle dum,
A dum di doodle day!"

And again—

"Doodle dee, doodle dum,
Dum di doodle day!"

The next moment they were rolling over and over on the dry sand and the seaweed-covered rocks.*

A yellow light plays on his hairy face from the heights above. It comes from the candles held by the old toll-keeper and his family, who are at the several windows of their cottage, surveying the strange scene, aghast at the manners and customs of these visitors to Wollum.

"Get out, you snobs!" shouted DUSOVER, and the casements closed on the honest peasants, who returned respectfully to their well-earned slumbers, thinking that what they had seen was but the spectral illusion of a late and heavy supper, troubling their repose in the middle of the remorseful night.

Then he clasped her in his vice-like arms, and kissed her repeatedly.*

"BELLA," he said, hoarsely, as her head nestled close to his big, broad chest.

She looked up into his lurid, hungry eyes with hers, so dew-soft yet spirited, while her blood-red lips, half parted, murmured, "DUSOVER, I will marry you!"

CHAPTER V.—*What Jenny says.*

WE are on the spot, the REV. THOMAS HASSOCK, and myself.

The former, seated on his gradually collapsing concertina, which, sighing out its latest breath, sinks wheezily to earth beneath the light pressure of poor dejected TOMMY, who, rendered momentarily heavier by his weight of woe, is mournfully regarding the entranced couple, happily unconscious of his proximity.

The shrimps are skipping about blithely, the prawns are drowsily humming among the rocks, a lobster is toying with a crab, a cockle is giving them his broad, warm smile; the tremulous whelks are bathing silently in the opaline gulflets, pearly lights shine from the half-open, bad, wicked oysters, and the great, big, strong mussels are straining themselves, in playful gymnastic exercises, on the low sea-bar. All is silent, all is drowsy, and the new moon, appearing among the old *blasé* stars, smiles with all the bashful timidity of a pale, bright, maiden, at her first ball.

"What on earth are you doing here on the sea-shore?" I ask, stupidly enough.

"We drove here," answers BELLA, briskly, "to call on the tide, and do the civil thing. But when we came we found the tide was out, and isn't expected to be in again for some hours."

Poor TOMMY hears this, and murmurs softly to himself, "She is a dear, good girl, and really fond of pariah work."

For a moment DUSOVER has turned away. I am recovering my scattered senses, and BELLA is looking towards the sea. Her head is thrown forward, and the absence of the crumpled white tie, which has tumbled off, displays a white, carven, blue-veined neck, which TOMMY gazes on with passionate, yet painful, admiration. He steals towards her on tiptoe, and she is unconscious of his presence behind her back. He stoops over her, and his lips are so close to her soft, warm hair, how can he help laying them yet closer? Men never resist any temptation as long as there is no one to tell of them, and as long as their pocket is not affected.† This temptation offers peculiar advantages, as I shall shut my eyes—he might be induced to repeat the performance on me, the elder and plainer sister—and *she* will not object to what gives *him* a bitter joy.

Having once kissed her, a shame comes over him, he sighs, and, taking up his blue umbrella, he fixes his green spectacles on his moist pink eyes, spreads out his concertina, and singing softly, with a suspicion of tears in his voice,

"I've gone wrong for the sake of SARAH,"

he trudges off along the high road, and disappears into the darkness of the summer night.

"Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye!" cries BELLA, as the tail of a black shadow catches her eye. Then suddenly seeing me, she jumps up, exclaiming, "You mustn't let the poor little gentleman go without his best suit of black. What can I do?"

"I have brought your dress in a bag," I say, exhibiting my usual good common sense, and then add, authoritatively, "The sooner you change, the better."

"*A la bonne heure!*" she cries, and accompanies me to the toll-keeper's house, where, in an inner chamber, she re-makes her toilette, and I pack up the REV. TOMMY HASSOCK'S clothes in the bag. Her masquerading frolic is over.

* *What the Editor says* (*in correspondence with the Authoress*).—"'Rolling over and over.' We have some doubt as to the propriety of admitting this line. Our Editing Committee (our Doctor, our Solicitor, and Ourselves with a casting vote) are now sitting on it. We send this note by special messenger, and are anxiously awaiting answer before going to Press. Does the line mean 'rolling over and over *together*' or '*separately*'? You see it makes *all* the difference. *R.S.V.P. très pressé*."—ED.

What the Authoress says (*in reply to the above*).—"It's just as well to leave something to the imagination. Each reader will take them to roll separately or together, as best suits his or her fancy. *Honi soit qui mal y pense, et—vous payez votre argent et vous prenez votre choix*."—R. D.

* *What the Editor says* (*to our Readers*).—"As there was considerable difference of opinion as to the advisability of permitting this line to remain, and as the employment of the casting vote, in a party of three, only left matters just where they were before, it was decided (there being no time to spare, as the Press was waiting) to use the powers possessed by the Committee of adding to its number, and so we sent a boy, with a cab, from our office, and fetched a Maiden Aunt (the first we could find—between forty-five and fifty), who at once complied with our request, and was accommodated with a seat at the board. She has read the novel with great pleasure, as far as it has yet gone, and has decided on *retaining* the line in question about 'kissing repeatedly.' She says she thinks it gives local colour to the novel. Perhaps she is right. Our Doctor and our Solicitor are inclined to agree with her; and, if fine, we are all going to dine at Greenwich on turtle, whitebait, and dry champagne. The Committee has still power to add to its number, and, perhaps it would be as well (in the interest of our lady-readers) if the female element in it were to be proportionably increased. We know several very——but the Press is waiting, and so is the Greenwich Train."—ED.

† *By the Editor*.—The male portion of the Editorial Committee objected strongly to this sentiment. Our Maiden Aunt, however, strenuously opposed any alteration of the text. We think this explanation due to the Public.—ED.

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"Jenny," says Bella to me, when her toilette is completed, "Dusover likes me very much. We shall be married."

"Bella," I return, reddening with indignation at her insane conduct, "I have heard about this man. He is ugly, irreligious, ill-tempered, fierce, stingy, greedy, dissipated, and a drunkard," I say, with rising exasperation.

"*He is!*" she replies, with a triumphant smile; "but as I like ugliness, irreligion, ill-temper, ferocity, stinginess, greediness, dissipation, and the bottle—with one who combines all these qualities in himself, my married life *must* be one of unalloyed happiness."

It is impossible to answer this argument. Even in logic, Bella invariably gets the better of me.

"But," I say to my wayward sister, "you will return with me to Wollum."

"I am not going back to Wollum," replies Bella; "at least, not yet."

"Do, there 's a dear good child!" I say, coaxingly.

"I will not!" returns the dear good child.

"You want to stop with that scarlet-haired man!" I say, vixenishly.

"He is not scarlet-haired!" cries Bella, in a fury. "Go away!" she screams, stamping her foot violently.

"Perhaps," I say, giving in—I am the elder sister, and have always been accustomed to give in to Bella, whenever she screams and stamps—"perhaps I had better run after Mr. Hassock, with his bag: he will want his suit for Sunday," I add, with my usual material view of things.

So I leave her, and walk in the direction which I think the unhappy, little, broken-hearted clergyman has already taken. But I still have the powerful telescope with me, by whose aid I can see, and hear distinctly, what is going on in the dark blue night-time by the grey sea-shore.

Chap. VI.—*What the Author says.*

For a moment Bella paused before returning to Dusover Beljambe. She listened with strained attention. Thud after thud struck the dry, parched, rocky ground, the sound conveying to her mind the notion of some strong, powerful man employed in lifting weights out of a box, and letting them fall on the dull, muffled earth. Unable to resist the temptation, she descended the sheer cliff with the steadiness of a trained creeper, and, peering in between two immense boulders, saw Dusover Beljambe heaving big, overburdening sighs out of his great, deep chest.

She felt within herself that she too must share his fearful grief, and so, in her new dress, cheerful, deep-faced, metamorphosed, she stands before him.

He rushed to her, and clasped her in his strong embrace.

"My little, pure, white snowdrop!" he exclaimed, bending down his long, brown neck, and gazing, ravenously, on the small face, cavernous full mouth, pouting, ripe lips, and glorious wealth of sun-coloured, autumn-scented hair, which any three mighty sovereigns, of reddest carat-gold, could scarcely have purchased.

Dusover felt himself irresistibly drawn towards her by capillary attraction,—to this fair creature, in her plain, uncoquettish, simple attire. An orange-coloured riband snooded over her pin-like head in the innocentest, freshest manner possible, while the crown of nut-brown-sherry hair, turned up in one great bunch which she could twist into form at the rate of twenty knots an hour,—the nuttiest, brownest, goldenest, sherriest, hairiest hair over her alabasterest temple

"That ever you did see,"

formed a rare frame for her liquidest, southernest, innocentest, rosebudest, shyest, translucentest, pinkest-geraniumest face, whose great glow of unutterable gladness revealed a sunrise of enormous Love to the hungry tenderness of his dear, gorging, famished eyes.

She flung herself on to his breast, and then—*gently shook his hand.**

"I *will* be Mrs. Captain Dusover Beljambe," she murmured.

"*Will* you?" he returned, inquiringly.

Then a deep shade passed over his kind eyes, and his brown face turned white, as a tender, troubled, look arose in his deep-set, cavernous eyes.

"Come nearer, Bella," he said, "and I will tell you the secret of my life."

(*To be continued.*)

WHITE MATES IN ONE MOVE.



Paris has been giving herself up lately to the enjoyment of sensational weddings. The crowning interest has been reached by the marriage of Mlle. Blanc, who was lately pushed across by her father, the celebrated proprietor of the Monaco gaming-tables, to the Prince Radzyvill, one of his most constant patrons, for better or worse—in fact to turn out a prize or a blank, as fortune may determine. A few interesting details of the ceremony have not as yet been divulged to the public. *Punch* trusts he is not indiscreet in publishing some additional information. If old Blanc be "*Impair*" (*un père*), as he has been called by a punter now sunk to a punster of the most reckless description—let us hope that bride and bridegroom are destined to be a happy *pair*, though she is not yet twenty and he is between *trente et quarante*. The contrast of the bride's auburn tresses with her lord's raven hair made more than one spectator compare them to the *rouge et noir* of the paternal board of green cloth.

The lady certainly does not bring her bridegroom a *zero* as a dowry. Though we may not admire the connection, prejudice is no cause for not wishing that their married life may go *comme sur des roulettes*.

It is reported that when the bride arrived, pale with emotion, at the altar, her affectionate father could not resist a last paternal cry of "*Rouge perd et couleur*." This not unnaturally called up a flush on the cheek of the manly bridegroom, but he had the presence of mind to cap the paternal allusion of Blanc Senior to his daughter's paleness with a smile and the half-audible retort—with reference at once to his own blush and the lady's *dot*—"*Couleur gagne!*"

Historical Title for Government.

The present Ministry should be historically remembered—though when once out it will not be easy to re-"Member" it—as "The Additional Administration." Their policy has not led them to a Division, but to a continual Addition. Thus, *inter alia*, it has added an hour to the daily period of Drinking: it has added the Suez Canal to the list of English rivers: it has added the *Vanguard* to the total of British wrecks: the Slave Circular to the number of blunders: one penny to the Income-tax: and Empress to Queen. That the Prime Mover of all this should take the Archbishop of Canterbury's house at Addington, is a suggestion which might be acted on by a consistent politician who has also a respect for puns in place.

* *What the Editor says* (*in a letter to the Authoress*).—"We (the Committee, including the latest addition to our number) have decided upon omitting the remainder of this paragraph. At one time it was proposed (by the Chair) that the entire passage should be left out, but our Maiden Aunt (who enjoyed the Greenwich dinner yesterday immensely) forcibly argued, from the suggestion (in your latest note to Ourselves, my dear Madam) about 'leaving *something* to the imagination,' that, while your admirable description is (as the lady in question demonstrated) strictly true to nature, it is just a trifle too garish in colour, and this defect we (the Committee) have therefore remedied, by the substitution of the neutral-tinted line 'and then gently shook his hand,' which, after all, is quite in keeping with the situation, and (with our contract as to the *morale* of this novel). *does* artistically leave a considerable amount to the imagination. Should you not be entirely with us in this matter, we are afraid your communication will arrive too late, as the chapter is now going to Press."—Ed.

What the Authoress says.—"You know the proverb about pearls. Your Aunt (who seems to be a thoroughly sensible person) writes to me *privately* to say, that, *if she could have had her way*, the whole passage should have stood as I originally wrote it. Was Hogarth a moral teacher or not? Was Rubens a great colourist? Put Hogarth and Rubens together on to a report of the Admiralty Divorce and Probate Court? *Me comprenez-vous, mon ami?* Do I hold up Dusover Beljambe as a faultless hero to be imitated? or Bella as a paragon of frigid respectability, or oyster-like flabby virtue? Do I tell you or anyone to copy him or her? Do you expect a long threnody? No."—R. D.

What the Editor says.—"Dear Madam, don't be angry. We do *not* expect a 'threnody'—but a three-volumey. You see *we* are in a good temper. You are begging the question. Read our letter again."—Ed.

What the Authoress says.—"Dear Sir, I'm *not* angry. I do not see the humour of your 'threnody' joke. If I 'begged the question,' you begged the answer, and now you've got it. Haven't time for reading letters—I write."—R. D.

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LEAP YEAR.

"*I say*, MOTHER, THAT GIRL HAD THE CHEEK TO ASK ME TO DANCE! FORTUNATELY, I COULD TELL HER MY CARD WAS FULL!"

ASIAN MYSTERIES.

MR. PUNCH,

WE read your wisdom here in Cathay, where we are naturally interested in Asian Mysteries. Let me tell you of one in my own family. My ancestor, ALADDIN, had an old lamp, by rubbing which he could, in a moment, summon to his service the mightiest powers of earth and air to do his bidding, like the Jins at the bidding of SOLOMON (on whom be peace!). But one day, when ALADDIN was out, a venerable Hebrew merchant (he was in truth a magician) appeared, offering new lamps in exchange for old ones; and the court Ladies, and the snobs, sycophants, parasites, and flunkeys about ALADDIN'S Princess-wife, BADROOL-BADOOR, persuaded her to exchange her Husband's old lamp for the Jew's new one, which looked so much bigger and brighter. But with the lamp departed all those spirits of power; and the Princess, and her palace, and her hall with twenty-four windows, from which she looked on her domains in all quarters of the world, vanished away. And now tidings come from your Land of the Setting Sun that your QUEEN VICTORIA, who, for a thousand years, has worn a Crown more wonderful than even the Lamp of ALADDIN or the Seal of SOLOMON, for its power of calling men and Jins from the East and the West, the North and the South, to do her service by sea and by land, has been persuaded to listen to an old Hebrew magician, who has offered her in exchange for that venerable talisman of sovereignty a new one, made of what your goldsmiths who travel into these regions tell us is of the metal called Brummagem, electro-gilded in Parisian fashion upon German metal. Will not your QUEEN or her advisers take warning before it is too late, that the new Crown has none of the marvellous powers of the old one; and that VICTORIA may find, as BADROOL-BADOOR did, that he who offers her the dazzling gawd is an Asian magician, whose powers lie among the unsubstantial shows of the desert-*mirage*, rather than over the mighty if evil majesty of the Jins and Afreets, or the more abject red spectres of the nether world. *Salaam aleikum.*

ALADDIN THE YOUNGEST.

SUB ROSÂ REFLECTION.

(*À propos of* PALMER'S *Case. By a Prig.*)

AS FAKING BILL and me
Was enjoyin' our pots and our pipes,
He 'eaves a sigh, and he sez, sez he—
A takin' a pull at the swipes—

"I 've been thinkin', old pal, o' this 'ere—
A thinkin' until I 'm dry—
Of them Bobbies as got in the street called Queer,
For hittin' a gent in the eye.

"And I sez to myself, sez I,
What jolly times we 'd see,
If prigs was as 'ard to identify
As P'licemen appears to be!"

Words of Command.

CONCERNING certain suggestions for the Private Soldier's comfort, "SERO SED SERIO," in a letter to the *Times*, declares "comfort" an "unsoldierlike word." The divine WILLIAMS, however, makes *Bardolph* avouch "accommodated" to be "a soldierlike word, and a word of exceeding good command." Anyhow "comfort" is a thing as excellent, and a word as soldierlike as accommodation which implies it. How can a soldier be said to be "accommodated" in barracks, unless he is comfortable?

A Cabinet Question.

A PARTIAL TAX, now made more partial still,
A brand-new, lackered, Royal Titles Bill,
With mean alloy debasing England's Crown,
Bringing its pure gold to Mosaic down!
Bethink you whither these offences tend.
Are they not the beginning of your end?

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"NEW CROWNS FOR OLD ONES!"

(ALADDIN *adapted.*)

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THE WHISKEY WAR.



WHEN, a few days since, Mr. O'Sullivan rose in his place in the House of Commons to ask for a Select Committee to "inquire into the practice of 'blending' foreign spirits in bond with pure Irish Whiskey," *Mr. Punch* regrets to say that the Third Estate of the Realm was so impregnated with British prejudice that the Committee was refused. He begs to supply the omission. The following report (which has been furnished by *Mr. Punch's* own dining-room table) may be relied upon as an accurate account of what would have occurred had the prayer of Mr. O'Sullivan been granted:—

First Meeting of the Irish Whiskey Committee.

Present—The Mulligan (in the Chair); The Mac Brown of Mac Brown; Sir Dougal Creature (of that Ilk); The Macgillicuddy of the Peat-Reeks.

The Chairman said it was entirely unnecessary to call any witnesses. Sure couldn't they be their own witnesses? Was there not an elegant display of spirits on the table? They would test those spirits for themselves. He was delighted to see his fellow Committeemen. He begged to drink their very good healths, and would commence the proceedings by proposing the toast of "Erin go Bragh!"

The Mac Brown of Mac Brown agreed with the Chairman in all but his toast, which he considered offensive. They were duly qualified to test and taste Whiskeys for themselves. To be in order, then, he would propose that they should call up the Silent Spirit of the Highlands at once. It was very good drinking.

The Macgillicuddy begged to move an amendment. He would suggest the invocation of Pure Irish Whiskey in lieu of the Silent Spirit of the Highlands. He begged to say that the Pure Irish Whiskey was just the best drink in the whole world.

The Chairman proposed that both spirits should be tested. The proposal was cordially received. After the empty bottles had been removed,

Sir Dougal Creature (of that Ilk) was understood to say that something was "fery coot."

The Mac Brown of Mac Brown, as the Chieftain of a Clan, begged to ask his friend Sir Dougal Creature (of that Ilk) whether his (Sir Dougal's) remark was intended to apply to the Silent Spirit of the Highlands.

Sir Dougal Creature (of that Ilk) was understood to say that the Silent Spirit of the Highlands was "fery coot."

The Macgillicuddy asked with great warmth whether it was the intention of Sir Dougal to reflect upon the Pure Irish Whiskey. He (the Macgillicuddy) was afraid of no man. He invited Sir Dougal Creature (of that Ilk) to tread upon the tail of his coat.

The Mac Brown of Mac Brown here interposed, and the Macgillicuddy consented to withdraw his invitation on the understanding that Sir Dougal Creature should admit Pure Irish Whiskey to be also "fery coot."

The Chairman remarked that talking was dry work. He had noticed that, during the last few minutes, several fresh bottles had been uncorked—he would therefore respectfully suggest that the spirit-testing should recommence. The suggestion was adopted with acclamation. After a pause,

The Macgillicuddy sang twenty-four verses of an Irish song—assisted by Sir Dougal Creature (of that Ilk), who held his hand during the ceremony,—and declared his intention of adopting Sir Dougal Creature (of that Ilk) as a brother. He (the Macgillicuddy) was afraid of no one. Did the Chairman doubt his word?

The Mac Brown of Mac Brown interposed between the Chairman and the Macgillicuddy, to give a detailed account of his own pedigree. The latter portion of his speech was nearly inaudible and quite unintelligible.

The Chairman, at the conclusion of the speech of the Mac Brown of Mac Brown, to which he had listened with marked impatience, said that he held the Macgillicuddy in contempt. He was a spalpeen. For himself, he never felt better in his life. He had been grossly insulted by the present company. He invited the present company to dine with him that day week, and bring any one they pleased. He would be proud to see them and their friends. "The more the merrier." After repeating these words several times, first smilingly and then frowningly, he suddenly disappeared.

The Committee then retired (under the table) to consider their report.

JENKINS *v.* JENKINS.

An Indignant Disavowal.

Dear Punch,

You 've heard of me before:
Our race runs back to days of yore.
I 'm Jenkins, *not* the rude M.P.
For that unhappy town, Dundee—
So much I feel constrained to write,
For it would be too awful, quite,
To be confounded with *that* man—
But the more loyal Jenkins, who
Is proud to lick each Royal Shoe.
I quite approve Disraeli's plan.
Empress! I feel some inches bigger;
Though Rads may shout and Cads may snigger,
I shall be most supremely proud,
If I may only be allowed
To be the first who greets our Queen
By the new style, in newest sheen,
Which sheds on *her* effulgence bright,
And upon us a reflex light.
This opposition 's most vexatious.
How *can* M.P.'s be so ungracious?
I marvel at their cool effront'ry,
But every Jenkins in the country
(Save him, our loyal flock's black sheep
At whose defection I could weep)
Cries shame upon the tongue that sticks
At that sweet word, "*Imperatrix*."
Query the quantity—but Latin
Is not the language I 'm most pat in.
Is the "a" long or short?—I falter—
If it 's short, leave—if long, please alter.*
Let Benjamin on us depend,
For every Jenkins is his friend.
Who says the title 's "purely local"?
Not so, while *we* have organs vocal,
And pliant backs and callous knees;
Did Heaven bestow such gifts as these
To rust unused?—The mild Hindoo
Must not monopolise Kotou!
Besides, 'twere very poor requital
To him who blest us with a title,
Which puts us on a par with Prussia,
Makes France look bilious, frightens Russia,
To treat the Imperial style's effulgence
As all too bright for home-indulgence.
No, *Mr. Punch*. Too much we prize it,
And will do more to naturalise it,
In spite of protests and petitions,
Than any number of editions
Of most prophetic schoolbooks. *Do*,
Drop down on *Ginx's Baby*, who
Must have the brass of fifty Menkens.

Yours proudly,

The Original Jenkins.

* Jenkins is wrong; but does he think *Punch* is going to stoop to correct his false quantities?

Parochial Progress.

A Contemporary announces a happy change about to be effected in the—

"Conversion of a Churchyard.—Yesterday morning Dr. Tristram, the Chancellor of the Diocese of London, granted the application by the Rev. Henry Jones, the Rector of St. George's-in-the-East, and the Churchwardens, for a faculty to convert a part of the churchyard into a flower-garden."

In the sanitary way, as well as the æsthetic, a great improvement. For the accomplishment of so tasteful and salubrious a proceeding as the conversion of a churchyard into a flower-garden, it is gratifying to see the faculties of parochial authorities enlarged.

Inscription for the Khedive's Door-Mat.—*Cave Cavem.*

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"WHY SHOULDN'T GIRTON RINK, WHEN CAMBRIDGE ROWS?"

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"SCIENCE GOSSIP."

Brown. "Tidy lot o' Rain last Night! My Gauge (simple Contrivance—invented it myself!) registered a Fall of Four Feet Seven Inches and three-tenths!!"

Morning Caller (scientific, too). "Whew! Four Feet! Oh! Ah! Yes! I see!!" *They retire up, botanising!*

SMAIL MICAWBER.

"The week was passed most agreeably in a round of festivities. There was a grand banquet at the Abdeen Palace on Monday, the opera and ballet every night, dinners, visits, receptions. There was no appearance of care or of any critical negotiations, harassing telegrams, or serious business."—*Telegram from Alexandria.*

Feasting and festival give life best zest of all;
'Tis never low-water with Nile's brimming wave.
Cheer is abundant—reflection redundant—
What do I care how my creditors rave?
The Prince is a guest of mine: *his* purse a test of mine:
Bother all care! Clap a seal on that Cave!

Khedivès are wiser than e'er an adviser!
Who are these dogs that exhort me to save?
Ere deluge churn up, something will turn up,
Betwixt my two stools—of the fool and the knave.
Drink, honoured Shah-Zàdeh! Hang Koràn and Cadi!
While *you* smile on Egypt, I make light of Cave?

Telegrams harassing! Business embarrassing!
I know how Khedivè and host should behave.
My bonds may be fragile—my ballet is agile;
'Tis Wisdom makes merry, while Folly looks grave.
Bellow, Bulls, and growl, Bears! Tear and toss up—who cares?
Drown in salutes the low growl from a Cave!

WOMAN AND THE WORKHOUSE.

A Contemporary announces that two Ladies have come forward as candidates for seats at the St. Pancras Board of Guardians. The Guardianship of the Poor will doubtless be mitigated for them by an admixture of the softer sex with the harder. Boards of Guardians comprising Ladies may be expected to include Guardian Angels.

JOHN TO JONATHAN.

They are in a "fix" in America; embarrassed by an unexpected balance from the Geneva award, amounting to about nine million dollars. Much discussion is going on about the appropriation of this nice little sum. The Committee who have to deal with it are divided in opinion, both the majority and minority proposing different schemes for its disposition. The majority favour one set of claimants, the minority another, as the lucky recipients of the balance. If *Mr. Punch* is invited to act as arbiter, he is prepared to step in between the two parties and cut the Gordian knot with his usual unerring stroke. His proposition would be very simple and practical. Remit the balance back to this country. The dollars will arrive just in time to relieve the Chancellor of the Exchequer from the painful duty of adding another penny to the Income-tax; and we shall all, both Americans and English, meet at the Centennial Exhibition with increased satisfaction and the best cousinly feeling.

Important to Divers.

An announcement which may seem to concern philosophers and poets is that of a newly-invented instrument, exhibited the other evening at a *conversazione* of the Royal Society under the name of a "bathometer." But that this is a contrivance for indicating, without plummet, the depth of the sea, it might be imagined a device for gauging either profundity of thought, as exemplified in the speculations of some modern sages, or of imagination as manifested by certain contemporary Bards, in divers plunges displaying their proficiency in Bathos, or the art of sinking.

ROYAL TITLES.

"Queen of Great Britain" and "Empress of Ind:"
Can these phrases accord with the popular mind?
An addition of titles we do not desire:
To the prefix of "Mr." we add not "Esquire."

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A BRITTLE SEAL.



A SACERDOTALIST Correspondent, hailing from near the London Docks, denies that a "crucifix" was carried in procession at a Ritualistic performance at Southampton, lately commented on by *Mr. Punch*. The description was copied from a local paper. If "crucifix" should have been "cross"—what then?

He also denies that auricular confession is a practice which, as a practice, the Established Church ignores. In witness he quotes one of the Canons of 1603, relative to it as an occasional and optional act, and forbidding any Minister to reveal and make known "any crime or offence committed to his trust and secresy (except they be such crimes as by the laws of this realm his own life may be called into question for concealing the same) under pain of irregularity."

Mark the exception—and mark the rule. What is there in either to punish the disclosure of a confession, which is not a "crime" or an "offence" in law, but only a "sin"? Talk of a clever lawyer driving a coach-and-six through an Act of Parliament! What ecclesiastical advocate could not easily drive a railway-van through such a Canon as that relied on by our sacerdotalist friend? And what machinery is there to enforce that old Canon?

If there are in the laws of the Church by Law Established provisions sufficient to regulate the habitual practice of confession, why did a number of Romanising Anglican divines, the other day, memorialise the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY to make such provisions—and in vain?

Let sacerdotalists ask any original *sacerdos*, of the order they ape, what *he* thinks of the Canon of 1603, concerning confession, and enjoining secresy—with exceptions. What kind of a seal is such a "seal of confession"? So fragile, as to be very much less like a seal than another thing with which Ritualists are wont to play at Romanism—a wafer!

THE GIRL WHO BEES.

We know the sylph on "Spillers;" now from rinks the fancy flees,
To the *bas bleu* of the period—the learned girl who "Bees."

She has WEBSTER at her finger-ends, o'er WALKER walks with ease;
Can crack all the nuts in NUTTALL, this portentous girl who Bees.

She can spell "metempsychosis," knows how many *l*'s and *c*'s
Should be put in "peccadillo"—this alarming girl who Bees.

"Phthisis" has for her no terrors; in "sciatica" she sees
Nothing to cause her trouble—she has had them both at Bees.

Never "harassed" or "embarrassed," she can spell you both of these;
She can "braze" out MR. LOWE, can this *habituée* of Bees.

Even COTTON, ex-Lord Mayor, admits he can't afford to sneeze
At the fight where he encounters this triumphant Queen of Bees.

Blithely ever is she buzzing. Night by night, snow, blow, or freeze,
Gaily humming "I am coming," as she flits among the Bees.

Once she quailed at MR. D'ORSEY; now she puts the "e" in pease.
She 's as good as MR. CASSOWAN, that veteran of Bees.

She browbeats interrogators—"Just explain it, if you please."
"Would you kindly re-pronounce it?" says this champion of Bees.

She 's not lost, though she hesitates. She minds her *q*'s and *p*'s,
"Slow and sure" 's the golden rule that guides the heroine of Bees.

Other girls do High-Art needlework, sing BACH or nigger glees,
But she her glamour casts by spells—the Queen of busy Bees.

Our banks are furnished with them. There is really quite a squeeze
Of seraphic Curates hiving whole swarms of Ladies' Bees.

Male orthographers are cyphers: they please not, nor displease—
'Tis still the *belle* who bears away the bell at all the Bees.

May she win a prize from Hymen. Soon her fair face may we see
In a hive with blithe brood humming—Spelling changed for Baby Bee.

CORN IN EGYPT.

(*A Dramatic Fancy of the, probably not remote, Future.*)

SCENE—*A Magnificent Saloon, splendidly furnished. Table spread with a costly banquet.* Eastern Potentate *discovered in the act of entertaining* Illustrious English Traveller. Confidential Butler *and other Servants, all in gorgeous attire, in attendance.*

Eastern Potentate. Your Royal Highness will see that we are quite civilised. I speak English, and know how to order a dinner. *A propos*, I trust the *menu* has given satisfaction?

Illustrious English Traveller. Nothing could have been better, my dear Khedive. Oysters, soup, fish, *entrées*, game, everything excellent. You must have a *cordon bleu* in your kitchen.

Eastern Potentate (*smiling*). Well, I do not mind admitting that I *do* pay a good round sum to my *chef*. It surprised poor CAVE, and the man is worth the money. Even OUTRAM said he was quite up to the Parisian mark. I am rather proud of my cellar. What do you think of that Château d'Yquem?

Illustrious English Traveller. Excellent—simply excellent; and your dry champagne would do honour to Marlborough House. Now for coffee and *chasse*, and then the mild cigar (*with a sigh of anticipation*).

Eastern Potentate (*to Confidential Butler*). You hear, BEN SOLOMON. Coffee, *chasse*, and cigars!

[Confidential Butler *bows, and gives the necessary directions to the other Servants. Exeunt the other Servants.*

Illustrious English Traveller (*regarding* Confidential Butler *with some curiosity*). Does that man come from England, your Highness?

Eastern Potentate (*confused*). Well, not exactly—at least, if he comes from England—he is of Eastern extraction.

Confidential Butler (*with confidential whisper*). Fact is, your Rile 'Ighness, I 'm from Cursitor Street.

Illustrious English Traveller (*surprised*). Hum! And now as I should be glad of a confidential chat with your Highness, will you kindly desire this person to retire?

Confidential Butler (*smiling and aside*). Can't be done, your 'Ighness. Our Governor's acting for the British Bond 'olders. He didn't like puttin' his 'Ighness the Kideevy in the 'ole, as he 'ad to receive your Rile 'Ighness. But it 'd be as much as my plashe is worth, if I left his 'Ighness alone with the plate—it would, indeed, your 'Ighness.

Illustrious English Traveller (*to* Eastern Potentate). Why, who is this fellow?

Eastern Potentate. I regret to say that he is—(*hesitates*)—what you call —— Eh?

Illustrious English Traveller (*encouragingly*). Yes?

Confidential Butler. Fact is, his 'Ighness ain't up to legal English, your 'Ighness. But, between you and me and the post, I 'm the Man in Possession. [*Sensation.*

(*Scene closes in.*)

Going too Far.

DID M. JOHN LEMOINNE, in his last Article in the *Débats* on th. Royal Titles Bill, really speak of the QUEEN as "the Sovereign of a great country, which desired nothing better than to respect her, almost to embalm her"? If he did, *Mr. Punch* must set him right on one point. This *is* a great country, and it desires nothing better than to respect its Sovereign; but it certainly has not the slightest wish to embalm her—that being a process which M. LEMOINNE must know requires life to be terminated before it can be performed, and the termination of HER MAJESTY'S life is the last thing this country would desire.

An "Alias" Improved.

THY Sovereign dub an Empress, BEN? What for?
A countercheck to Russia's Emperor?
Rather, my BENJAMIN, wouldst make the QUEEN a
Match for the CZAR, entitle her "Czarina."

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ey for the Holidays!

Monday, April 10 (*Commons*).—"How does a Naval Captain decline to receive an Admiralty reprimand?"

Sir Robert Peel has been much exercised by this knotty problem, since the *World* announced that Captain Welch had ventured on what Dante would have called this "*Gran rifiuto.*"

Mr. Ward Hunt declared that there was no authority for this strange piece of news, except the *World*, which he described as a "quasi-comic" paper. We have Shakspeare's authority that "all the World's a stage," but we have yet to learn that the staple of its performances is comic, or even "quasi-comic," whatever that may mean. But the *World's* announcement may well have perplexed graver heads than Sir Robert Peel's. A man may decline to receive a present, but hardly a slap in the face or a kick on the opposite extremity of his person. That sort of thing is not usually preceded by the opportunity of such an option as includes the possibility of refusal. A cuff or kick may be *returned*, but scarcely *refused*. For a Naval Captain to decline receiving an Admiralty reprimand, would seem to be very like reprimanding the Admiralty: and *that*, as Mr. Ward Hunt explained, would "in a Captain" be the "flat blasphemy" called insubordination. A Captain, reprimanded, may ask for a court-martial.

"Had Captain Welch asked for a court-martial?" asked Sir Robert.

"No," said Mr. Ward Hunt.

A few minutes after, Mr. Anderson said he had in his pocket a note written by Captain Welch to him, stating that he *had* asked for a court-martial.

Mr. Ward Hunt declared that no such letter had "reached the Admiralty."

Now "Admiralty" is an "amphibologous" term. It means a Building, and it means a Board. It may have "reached" the one, but not yet got as far as the other. At any rate, the contradiction should be explained. It does not look pretty as it stands.

Mr. Fawcett gave notice that on the first day after the Easter recess he will ask Mr. Disraeli whether he will give him a day for discussion of the Address to the Crown, before the issue of the Proclamation under the Royal Titles Bill.

Her Majesty's faithful Commons have a Constitutional right to audience of Her Majesty. *Punch* hopes Mr. Disraeli will not refuse such audience, even to the so-called Minority which wishes to put on record its final protest against the Brummagem title of "Empress." But there is still a fortnight, at least, between us and the Proclamation. Between the Proclamation and the assumption of a title which every day is becoming more and more unacceptable to the sound sense and educated opinion of Great Britain there is the still larger interval filled by Her Majesty's excellent judgment and trained experience of the strength of feeling that couples Loyalty and Liberty in the hearts of her subjects.

Then Mr. Anderson opened his battery of heavy guns against the conduct of Government as regards the collision of the *Alberta* and the *Mistletoe*.

The Andersonian artillery took a wide range—blazing away at everybody concerned in the unfortunate accident—the Prince of Leiningen, Captain Welch, General Ponsonby (the indiscreet letter-writer to the Marquis of Exeter), the Coroner, Foreman, and most members of the first Jury, Baron Bramwell, the Admiralty, and, finally, Mr. Heywood, who had had the audacity to declare himself satisfied.

In short, it is clear to Mr. Anderson that somebody ought to have suffered, besides Captain Welch who has been reprimanded, and John Bull who has had to pay the compensations.

It would be impossible for the most hard-mouthed patriot that ever "heckled" a Minister on a case affording a grand opening for cheap clap-trap, to have discharged the duty more disagreeably, or with more apparent relish, than the rasping Member for Glasgow. And it would be impossible for any Minister, directly and offensively attacked, to have received the fire of his bitter and boisterous assailant more meekly, and to have returned it more feebly, than Mr. Ward Hunt.

Of course, the Admiralty have bungled. It is their way. But the Queen's yacht will not in future run at fifteen knots an hour through the Solent, or any other waters where small sailing craft lie thick, and ply frequent. Let John Bull put that in his pipe, and smoke it, as *his* returns from all that has been done, and left undone, said, and left unsaid, in the unfortunate case of the *Alberta* and *Mistletoe*. As for Mr. Heywood, who is base enough to be satisfied, and mean-spirited enough to hope that "bye-gones will be bye-gones," we leave him to the scorn of Mr. Anderson.

Mr. S. Lloyd did a good work in calling attention to the grievances of the Marines—those step-children of the services, whose high pride it is always to do their duty, and whose hard fate it is always to fall between the two stools of the Army and Navy, to both of which, and yet neither of which, they seem to belong, if we may judge by the proportion of kicks to halfpence in their allowance.

Everybody who spoke admitted the grievances of this gallant corps; and Mr. A. Egerton, for the Admiralty, declared that the Board was most anxious to put both promotion and retirement in the Marines on a more satisfactory footing, but did not like to apply a merely temporary remedy. Let them only make the remedy as long-lived as the grievance has been, and 'twill serve.

Then the House went into Committee on Naval Estimates, and Mr. Shaw Lefevre showed the usual zeal of ex-Officials of the Admiralty in calling attention to desertions in the Navy, the difficulties connected with the training of boys for the Navy, and the urgency of establishing links between the Navy and the Merchant Service.

Mr. Ward Hunt was as grateful for Mr. Shaw Lefevre's suggestions as obliged Officials always are to obliging ex-Officials, and pointed out all the difficulties in the way of improvement in the usual cheerful official style.

It is remarkable how much cleverer your ex-Official usually is in seeing and stating difficulties than your Official in removing them.

Tuesday (*Morning Sitting*).—Notices of Motion for after-Easter sittings—*post*-Paschal eggs, with more or less prospect of hatching.

But Sir Stafford Northcote decidedly declined to be dragged into the Suez Canal by Sir H. D. Wolff. Then St. Stephen's School broke up for the Easter holidays, Mr. Disraeli giving notice to his young friends that the business of the School would recommence on Monday, April 24.

We leave boys, Ushers, and Headmaster to their holiday tasks and amusements, with the wish that the coming two-thirds of the Session may be more prolific of good work than the first third has been!

For one who claims such exceptional powers of education as the present Head of the School, *Punch* cannot say that he will carry down to Hughenden the crop of laurels and testimonials which had probably been anticipated by his admirers.

Light Blue for Ever!

The boat in which Cambridge rowed to Mortlake and victory was built by "Swaddle and Winship." To commemorate the success of their craft, the style of the firm should for the future be altered to "Swaddle and Winning Ship."

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BIRDS FOR THE BONNET.



H, MY DEAREST PUNCH,

Do pray hold up to ridicule as *severely* as *ever* you can the *stupid* satirical remarks on a pretty fashion, which I copy from a newspaper that copies them out of *Land and Water*—a *man's* paper I never see, where they appear as an extract from a letter *pretended* to be written by a *Lady* in Westmoreland, Jamaica, "in deprecation of the cruel fashion of destroying the humming-bird for the sake of decorating Ladies' hats." Speaking of some flowering trees frequented by those birds which look so *pretty* in the *hair*, the writer says:—

"I see the humming-birds darting about the branches like sparks of emerald and crimson fire; but unfortunately their number is being rapidly reduced by the womankind of England, who will decorate their silly heads with the lovely little bodies which ought never to be seen except on the wing."

Oh, as if any *Lady* would *ever* think of calling her *own* sex *womankind*, and talking about *their silly little heads!* Of course these are the *expressions* of some horrid *man;* but what follows is beyond anything:—

"Unfortunately, too, such is the course of fashion, the Negro women here are adopting the same mode, and I fear there is not much doubt that the humming-bird will soon be exterminated. It is, indeed, a shame to destroy these little beauties in the ruthless manner they are being destroyed at the present time."

The *Negro* women, indeed! As much as to say of course that our fashion of trimming our hats with humming-birds is one which their adopting it proves to be peculiarly adapted to a *barbarous* and *savage* taste, which I call a most shameful *sneer* and only wonder the *wretch* did not accuse *us* of having *adopted* the fashion from them. And, as to *ruthless*, I should like to know what can be more so than such nonsense as the above.

If they want to *stop* the *destruction* of humming-birds, there are *plenty* ready killed and stuffed in that fusty old place the *British Museum*, where they are of no *use*, but only to look at, and a great many more than enough, and other birds besides, of the most brilliant colours equally *becoming* and all well adapted for *ornaments* to a head-dress, and do pray dear *Punch* exert your great influence with Parliament or whoever it is to order all that are not absolutely wanted to be disposed of for that purpose, and then as a fashion soon changes unless when it is found *fault* with and abused, *and made fun of* and *caricatured*, there would most likely be quite a sufficient supply of humming-birds and others in use for hat and head-dress trimmings to last as long as they are wanted and *dispense* with the necessity of *going on killing* any more.

Ever yours affectionately and devotedly attached,

ANGELINA.

P.S.—Better have *humming*-birds than *bees* in your bonnet.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "Cometh Down like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She," "Good! Buy Sweet Tart!" "Not Slily, But don't Tell."

CHAPTER VII.—*What the Author says.*

DUSOVER BELJAMBE stretched out a strong, gentle arm, and pulled her tenderly towards him. The moon steals up quietly, inaudibly, and, looking down with its own sweet, shy, silent, askant yet benignant gaze on the lovers, dashes some of her night light on his grand, recumbent form and dark, hairy face, forming a sombre ground against her pale, smooth one.

Let no one think that I am holding this pair up for imitation. My opinion is that DUSOVER is an unmitigated scoundrel, and BELLA, to say the least of it, a Slyboots. I warn my readers against falling in love with either of them, though I confess I do write this sort of character *con amore*, and I admit that it is *not* a labour of love for me to be obliged to introduce such a namby-pamby, wishy-washy milksop—excellent moral character though he be—as the REV. THOMAS HASSOCK. If we cannot all be saints, we can all be sinners; if we cannot all be strong, and, what the world calls, vicious, let us be weak, and, what the world calls, virtuous. Am I all my fancy paints others? Am I all that the fancy of others paints me? Do I recommend you all to be DUSOVER BELJAMBES and BELLA ST. JOHN VILLIARSES? Not I. If I write their characters so well, and give novel-reading young ladies and gentlemen such graphic and alluring descriptions of probable, but questionable, situations, as fire your uninventive imaginations, do I thereby offer them a temptation to rush off and imitate my heroes and heroines? If I tell you that DUSOVER, in kissing and hugging little BELLA, and BELLA, in allowing herself to be kissed and hugged, were utterly and entirely in the wrong, that such conduct, though represented as irresistibly nice, was intrinsically naughty, am I not a Great Moral Teacher? And are not such great moral teachers always listened to with the deepest attention? Am I not, in fact, the great moral benefactor of the present generation? Certainly. Then, *Liberavi animam meam*, and, on we go again, worse than ever.*

"Perhaps," said DUSOVER, painfully gnawing his heavy black moustache, and looking up searchingly under her green eyes, "when I have told you what I have to tell you—the secret of my life—you will never speak to me again."

She threw her white arms round his neck, and stroked his hairy face.

"DUSOVER," she said, steady and distinct, "if I were to have my head cut off this moment without knowing anything about it, I would not move for your sake."

He gazed on her with his dark, luminous eyes, that seemed aflame with demoniac tenderness in their cavernous ghostly depths. Then, in his deep, bell-like tone he spoke.

"You have noticed my rough-hewn massive features?'

She had; she could not deny it, had she indeed wished to do so. She had scanned his features as often as she had scanned his poetic spondæan feet, and so she answered, as in a happy, baleful trance, "Yes, my own, old, wicked, darling DUSOVER! I have!"

He caught her to him, and held her as a strong man on the edge of a precipice might grip a lamp-post that kept him from destruction. Craning his long, sinewy neck over her head, he took one deep, exhausting draught from his great, big, imperial-quarto-brandy flask.

Then his voice came, sounding unsteady, and thick.

"You have observed my great thick moustache?"

"Yes," she answered, with wondrous soothingness.

"You have not forgotten when you first saw me standing before the hotel door at Wollum?"

"Forgotten you!" she exclaimed. "Were it as many years, as it is minutes ago, that I first saw you, I should not have forgotten the moment when you were in your neat, gentlemanly dress, your knickerbockers displaying those two full-rounded calves ——"

DUSOVER BELJAMBE stopped her almost savagely.

"Hush!" he said, as his penthouse brows drew together savagely, and he bit his lips morosely. "Tell me, has any one dared to breathe a word against me behind my back?"

"Not a soul," answered BELLA, with a pretty, dimpling laugh, and closing her eyes so as to give DUSOVER scope to gloat over those fringed wonders, while she, nervously, intertwined her pale, pink, warm fingers.

DUSOVER gave a great sigh of relief.

"You must know all," he said, pulling at his grand quarto-flask, under his big, drooping moustache.

"I am not inquisitive," answered BELLA, coldly; "but go ahead, dear boy, and tell me everything about yourself."†

Their faces are close together, and she can see the wild, honest anxiety looking through those open windows.

"You have noticed my magnificent, big shoulders?"

"Yes."

"You have observed my tawny, brown hair, and lion-coloured beard?"

"Yes," answered BELLA, looking up wistfully into that haughty face, and those wicked, miserable eyes. "Yes."

"Would you like to see me without these appendages?"

BELLA raised her chestnut-shaped head, and slightly shrinking, as if from a great loathing, said brokenly, "Go on. Don't mind me."

He nerved himself to the task, for task it was to him.

* *By the Editing Committee.*—It is with pleasure that we print the above brilliant apology by the distinguished Authoress, inserted at *our* request. We were quite sure she meant no harm, and we only wanted her to be explicit upon that point. Our Maiden Aunt wishes to record that, in *her* opinion, the apology was not in any way necessary, and is entirely useless. She is in the minority.—ED.

† *What the Editor says.*—"Dear Madam, do young Ladies talk like this? 'Go ahead,' &c. We can't believe it."—ED.

What the Authoress says.—"Mine do. I don't follow a fashion, I lead. *Am I writing this Novel, or are you?*"—R. D.

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"TRYING."

Happy Swain (*she has "named the day"*). "And now, dearest Edith, that is all settled. With regard to Jewellery, my Love; would you like a Set in plain Gold, or——"

Edith (*economical and courageous, and who suffers a good deal from toothache*). "Oh, Augustus, now you ask me—do you know—I—really—but—Mr. Clinch told me yesterday that he could extract all I have, and put in a beautiful new Set for only Fifteen Guineas!!"

"When I *were*"—he said—"I mean—when I *wore* uniform——"

"In the service?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes," he replied, hesitatingly, yet with impassioned mournfulness, "when I was—in—in *service*"—she winced, and he continued, clasping her still more convulsively to his great, magnificent, broad chest, and repeating the words distinctly, and deliberately, as though he were stabbing himself, with each word, as with a dagger—"when I was in service—I wore no beard——"

"It is not permitted in the Army," she interrupted, with a secret misgiving, at her heart, of some great overpowering evil, yet to come upon her.

"Who said 'the Army'?" he exclaimed, fiercely. Then he resumed, with a despairing tenderness, that sent a thrill through her whole body down into her very sole—"No, the service in which I was enlisted did not permit either beard, or moustache; it was necessary to be close shaven."

Her last hope was vanishing fast.

"But," she murmured, "you have smelt powder?"

"Yes," answered Dusover, calmly, with a very dreary laugh, that the heart denied all partnership in, as his full lips curved downwards under his heavy, sunset-dyed moustache. "Yes, I *have* smelt powder, Bella."

"Thank Heaven for *that!*"

"And," he went on, holding her arms, and turning full on to her his own lustrous orbs, in which the fiery light was flashing and dancing, full on to her odd big green eyes, thinly curtained by her bright sweeping lashes, "*I have worn it.*"

"At Court?" she gasped, her veins throbbing.

"Aye, at Court!" said the rich voice, shaking and quivering under some strong agitation.

"Before the Queen?"

"No; *behind the Queen—on the footboard of the royal carriage.*"

He seized her hands, detaining her with a grip of iron, and hurried on in a hoarse, broken voice, "Just now you spoke of knickerbockers—of calves." He paused, as though contending with a whirlwind of passionate agitation, and conflicting emotions. Then, finding himself uninterrupted, he went on, with reckless, despairing candour, "They were my fortune. Would Heaven they had never been! I was on the footboard behind—and she—a lady of title—no matter who—sat in the carriage following *h*us—I mean *us*." She sent me a *billy doo*. I was fool enough to accept the tempting bait, and I *h*assumed—I mean *a*ssumed—the name of Dusover Beljambe at *'er* request—I mean at *h*er request."

"*Her!*" she exclaimed, lighting up an eager and mobile face. "Was she beautiful?"

This is always a woman's first question.

"No."

And this is always the man's answer to it.

Bella sighed happily, and her heaving breast rose, and fell, in short quick undulations.

"She was rich—hawful rich—and squinted frightful. But I was vain and poor—and—and—I changed *my* name in order that *she* might change *hers*. I went secretly to a night-school to complete my heddication"—he stammered slightly, and his swart face was suffused with that dark, brick-dust flush, that stood to him instead of a blush, as he corrected his slip—"I mean my 'education.' And then, she bought me a rank in the Marine Yeomanry Contingent; and then—I called myself *Captain* Dusover Beljambe."

"And," asks Bella, breathlessly, her great eyes, green as goose-berries, fastened on his face, "before that—*you* were—I mean *your name was*——"

He looks grimly down into her upturned glowing face, and answers with a death-like calmness, "I *was*—John Tummus Jeames—*the* Jeames of Bukley Square."

He watched her changing, flushing, paling face.

"Have you told me *all?*" she asked, almost inaudibly

"Nearly," answered Dusover Beljambe, smiling as bitterly as though he had taken a deep, unwholesome draught of sun-turned, thunder-struck, hop-ful beverage. "*We were—married!*"

Silence—such a silence! how many years of agony were pent up in those few pulse-beats? We shall never know, we shall never learn the answer; had Bella been asked at this moment, she would have given it up, despairingly.

"Married!" she echoed, in a dry, unnatural voice, that jarred on his ear as though it had issued from the metallic mouthpiece of an itinerant Punch showman. "Is *that* all?"

"No," he went on, with a gall-bitter sneer, which, lasting as it did for several minutes, was more painful to sustain than any tears or sneezing—indeed sneezing would have been a glad relief—"I had deceived her. I had obtained her hand under false pretences. She had taken me for my magnificent figure, for my gigantic, *h*inormous *h*and—I mean *i*normous, *and*—*u*nequalled, calves. A huge hair-pin, thrust in forcibly when I warn't looking, and causing me not the slightest *h*emotion—*e*motion—betrayed my secret. My art failed me——"

"Your *h*eart or your *art*?" inquired Bella, bent on sparing herself no single aspirate.

"*A*rt, not *h*eart," answered Dusover, emphatically. "My *h*eart could have proved true, but my *art* had played me false. My calves, like the poetry of a magazine, were *mere padding.*"

A spasm of pain crossed his face.

"Aren't you well?" she inquired, anxiously.

He made no reply, but forcibly clenching his hands, threw himself wildly on the ground, rolled over three times in his utter, hopeless, despairing, writhing misery, then turned his face to the cliff, and groaned.

(*To be continued.*)

Doctrine and Drink.

In announcing the decease of a late priest, the *Times* observes that—

"His death was the natural termination of a long illness, brought on by too close an attention to theological studies."

Theology is like wine, beer, and spirits, calumniously called intoxicating liquors, because they do not intoxicate unless they are abused or taken in excess; but then they do, and their continued abuse may end in *delirium tremens*. Theology too closely and deeply studied may prove, for the student excessively addicted to it, like brandy-and-water—too much of a good thing.

The Last Sensation.—*Too Many Titles.* A companion story to *No Name.*

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WHAT WE MAY LOOK FORWARD TO,

NOW THAT THE ARISTOCRACY IS TAKING TO TRADE.

Lord Plantagenet (to fair Customer, who has just given an enormous order for Sugar, Soap, and Pickles). "ANY OTHER ARTICLE TO-DAY, MADAM!"

Fair Customer. "ER—WELL—A—I HEAR YOUR SISTER-IN-LAW, THE DUCHESS OF PENTONVILLE, IS GOING TO GIVE A GARDEN PARTY AT FULHAM. ER—WOULD IT BE ASKING TOO MUCH IF I WERE TO BEG OF HER GRACE, THROUGH YOU, THE FAVOUR OF AN INVITATION FOR MYSELF AND MY TWO DAUGHTERS!"

Lord Plantagenet. "IT SHALL BE SEEN TO, MADAM!"

"SILENT SPIRIT."

BOTH PAT and SANDY
At a fight are handy,
Though the Scot be as stolid as his foeman is frisky;
So no wonder the shindy
Waxes warm and windy,
When the combatants are Celts and the *casus belli* Whiskey?

Says PAT, "By japers,
Here 's Old Nick at his capers,
Changin' good sperrits to evil, blendin' Scotch stuff wid potheen!
Wid the blessin' o' St. Pathrick,
I 'll be stoppin' *that* thrick.
'Tis not in Oireland's eye you 'll find the wearin' of the Green."

Sly SANDY answers "Eh, mon,
Ye ken we find it pay, mon!
Where there 's bawbees to be got, where 's the foe Scots winna grapple?
To drink yon Irish toddy
It wad just need a body
Wi' a wame o' whinstane, and airn-linin' to his thrapple."

Says *Mr. Punch*, "Good spirit
Will assert its merit,
Whether it reek of Scotia's peat or of green Erin's soil;
But 'pure' or 'blended,'
Be no brand befriended
That owes its fire to vitriol, its smack to fusel oil."

'Twixt "Glasgow" and "Dublin"
Punch will not be troublin'
His Rhadamanthine judgment to divide the laurels;
But he 's nothing loath,
In a tumbler of *both*,
To drink health to each honest brand, and speedy truce to quarrels!

And allow him to say,
In his own friendly way,
There are Members, Scotch and Irish, who, with all their merit,
Would be none the worse—
To put it plain and terse—
For a rather larger "blending" of the "Silent Spirit"!

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

THE Grand National Hunt seem to have had rare sport at their meeting at Bogside (Ayrshire), last week. It is interesting to learn, from the report in the *Scotsman*, that—"The object of the Hunt is the encouragement of the breeding, rearing, and schooling of first-class hunters." And this is how it 's done:—

"THE EGLINTON HANDICAP of 12 sovs. each, with 200 sovs., &c. . . There was no change till the plough near the bottom turn, where *Solon* dropped down dead, and *Zero*, heading *Furley*, came on and won in a canter by twenty lengths.

"THE ADAMHILL CUP, value 70 sovs., &c. . . . *Student* made play, followed by *Vagrant*, which at the first hurdle came to grief, and threw CAPTAIN MIDDLETON, who had his shoulder dislocated.

"THE GRAND NATIONAL OPEN FARMERS' PLATE of 75 sovs. . . . After clearing the last hurdle, *Percy* staggered and fell dead, and *Gamekeeper* finished a bad third."

From which it would appear that the educational curriculum of the hunters is comprehensive enough to embrace within its limits anything "from pitch and toss to manslaughter."

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"THE JOLLY ANGLERS."

(A HOLIDAY IDYLL.)

Benjamin (*to* St-ff-d N-thc-te). "AHA! DEAR BOY! THAT 'S THE SORT O' BAIT TO CATCH THE '*HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-POUNDERS!*' WHAT SPORT WE *SHALL* HAVE!!!"

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HOMELESS HUSBANDS.



Let us thank a benevolent philanthropist, who proposes to set on foot an institution for the relief of British Husbands, whom the advent of a baby or the arrival of a mother-in-law has exiled for a season from the comforts of a home.

As many a married man becomes by sad experience painfully aware, home ceases to be home to him when once a baby enters it. Nor in six cases out of seven can he call his house his own when he has placed it, so to speak, at the mercy of his mother-in-law. While the latter potentate is cosily installed there, he runs a daily risk of being snubbed by his own servants, and often half-starved at his meals. For a time he is deposed, and must retire into exile; and King Baby is proclaimed, with Grandmamma for Regent, and Monthly Nurse as Prime Minister, First Lord of the Treasury, and Minister, *ad interim*, in all the other departments.

At such a time poor husbands, being destitute of all the comforts of a home, are specially in need of shelter and relief. It is proposed therefore to found a Home for their reception, where in cases of emergency they may be admitted, without thereby incurring the stigma which might cling to them, if they ventured upon seeking entertainment at a Club.

For such of them as have no occupation to divert them in the day, the solace of a reading-room will doubtless be provided: and for the general welfare a good plain wholesome dinner will be served at seven o'clock, as a cheerful substitution for a solitary meal. In order to prevent undue conviviality, a pint of sherry, hock, or claret, will be allowed to each guest: nor will this small quantity ever be exceeded, except in the case of invalids provided with a medical certificate, signed by two physicians and a justice of the peace. After this, some quiet sober games, such as spillikins, or draughts, or chess, or possibly long whist, may be permitted for an hour or two; a special prohibition being placed, perhaps, on billiards, as savouring too much of the attractions of a Club. One cigar may be allowed each poor husband while sitting in the play room, and another may be doled out to light him going home; but only on condition of his thoroughly removing all traces of it from his clothes, hair, &c., before he goes to bed.

In accordance with the growing fashion of the day, a rink will be attached by way of outhouse to the Home—being provided as a means of healthy daily exercise for husbands who are used to pastimes such as hunting, which, if they live in London, can only be indulged in at some distance from their residence. Such pleasures they are bound to abandon for a while, in order to pay proper devotion to their family, and especially the little stranger lately welcomed into it. A Rink for Homeless Husbands will doubtless be esteemed of national importance, and a company will probably be started before long to supply what is so clearly a requirement of the age.

RINKOMANIACS.

The following cases of this very painful malady are reported from Brighton, London, and elsewhere:—

The Persevering Curate.—Skates in blue spectacles and a suit of clerical black. Progresses slowly and meekly. Will carry in his right hand (if permitted so to do) a silk umbrella. Tendency to indulge in mild flirtations with "not pretty but nice" girls of a certain or rather uncertain age.

The Defiant Mamma.—A matron of sixty, who tries vainly to look forty. Progresses slowly, but with much show of stern determination. Tendency to *embonpoint*, and extreme caution.

The Would-be Siren.—A playful but anxious coquette, painfully attempting to stand upon wheels. Unaccustomed as she is to public (or any) skating, she moves with great difficulty. She is very anxious to avail herself of male assistance. Arch, but nervous. Tendency to fall ungracefully.

The Accomplished Cad.—Can manage the outside edge. Knows how to skate "*à la* teapot." Is accustomed to progressing at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. Thinks it "fun" to upset children and defenceless females. Tendency to receive chastisement from fathers, brothers, and husbands without asking for redress.

The Daring Boarding-School Miss.—Skates well, but bashfully. Thinks Rinking "Oh *so* nice!" and seeks assistance from her cousins and their friends. Tendency to get engaged "well—not wisely."

The Youthful-Minded Matron.—Skates slowly, but with much finish. Fond of smiling amiably. Likes to go round with her youngest daughter (aged sixteen—dressed ten), in the hope that beholders may believe that her hair is real, her complexion is genuine, and that she has never purchased her teeth from the dentist. Tendency to look absurd.

The Awkward Adonis.—Skates with ease, but without grace. Seems to have very prominent arms and legs. Tendency to conjure up visions of the comic singers at the music-halls in their less successful "creations."

Mr. Punch.—No, that at least is a calumny; for, spite of the fashion, this clever gentleman is not a Rinkomaniac—yet!

EASTER EGGS A-HATCHING, OR AN-ADDLING.

What are we all doing this Easter? *Mr. Punch* will hazard a few conjectures.

The Prime Minister is settling in his own mind the ceremonial details of the coronation of Her Imperial Majesty, the Empress of India, at Delhi, on the banks of the Jumna, the next cool season. He is also understood to be preparing another surprise for Parliament, the People, and the Press; but whether he intends still further to enlarge the Peerage, or level the mounds on the borders of the Serpentine, or augment the salaries of the Civil Service, or transport Cleopatra's Needle from the Nile to Northumberland Avenue, or negotiate a Loan with Messrs. Rothschild for the immediate construction of the Sub-Channel Tunnel between England and France, is shrouded in that impenetrable future lying beyond the Easter recess from which Time alone can withdraw the mystic veil.

The Keepers at the Zoological Gardens are speculating as to the habits, tempers, and dispositions of the various Beasts and Birds, now on their way from Hindostan to an honourable captivity in the Regent's Park, and wondering what effect the Royal Titles Bill will have on the Tigers.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs are wondering whether they will be baronetted and knighted on the occasion of the Visit of the Prince of Wales to the City after his return from India.

Sundry Mayors and Corporations, with the aid of their Town Clerks, are pondering the terms of the Addresses to be presented to His Royal Highness when he sets foot once more on his native shores.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is wondering whether the Americans would remit him the unexpected balance of the Geneva award. (Doesn't he wish he may get it?)

The Talookdars of Oude are meditating a visit to London, to testify their joy at the fulfilment of their passionate longing to have an Empress to rule over them. When they come, they will be presented at a *levée*, see some fireworks (weather permitting), and attend one or more of the great May charity dinners.

Messrs. Black, Brown, Gray, Green, Pink, and White are wondering whether their landscapes, seascapes, portraits, historical subjects, and touching little domestic pieces, have been accepted by the Royal Academy.

Thousands of excellent persons are longing for the arrival of the month of May, that they may troop to Exeter Hall and other uncommodious buildings, to hear most interesting statements of the operations during the past year of the Society for the Amelioration of the Lazzaroni of Naples, and listen to stirring appeals in support of the Anti-Gregorian Chants and Vestments League.

Those peculiar people who spend their lives in the pursuit of pleasure and the cultivation of amusement are hoping some new diversion will be devised for them this season.

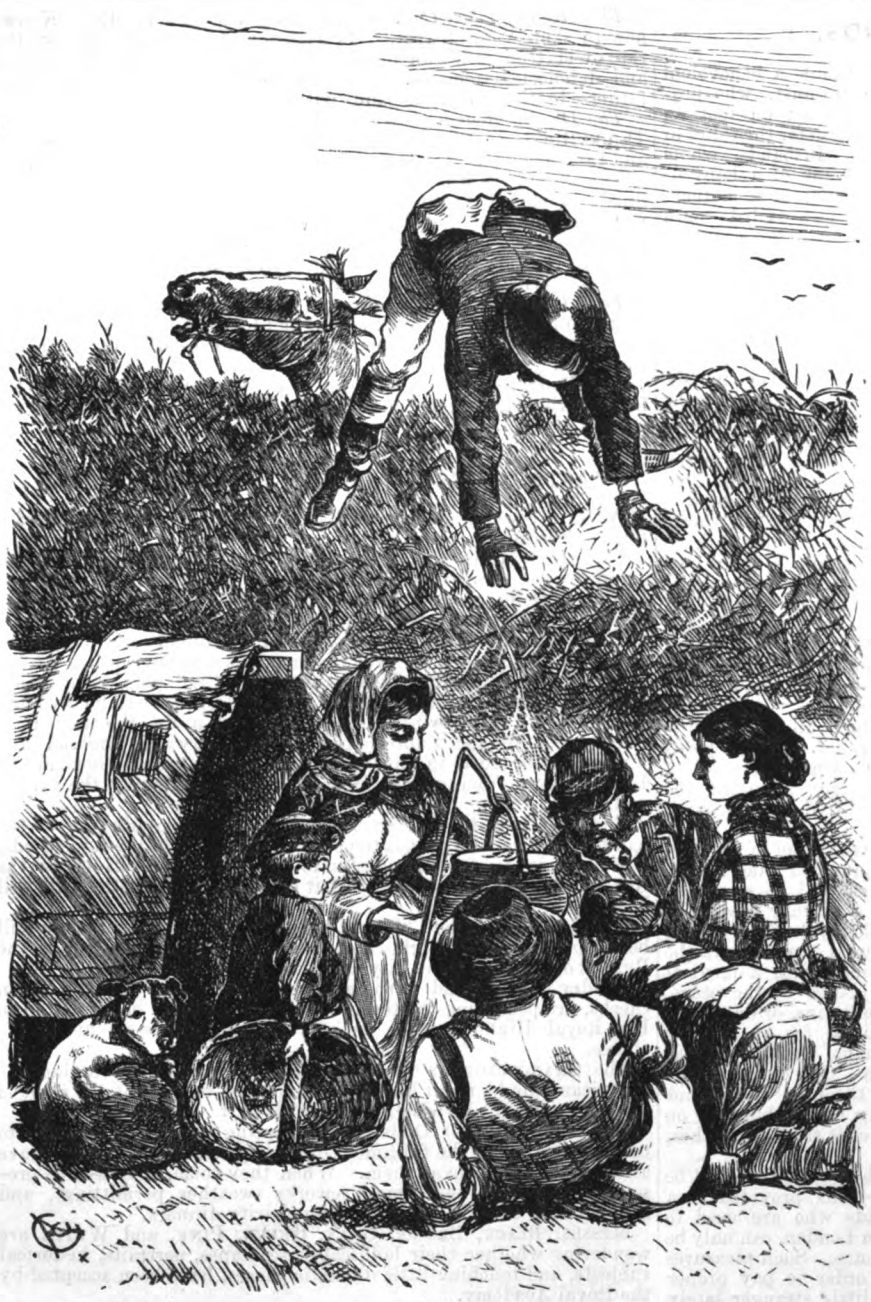
Some dear children at Sandringham are wondering what presents Papa will bring them from India.

The Weather is the cause of many anxious thoughts and speculations. The betting was in favour of Hyems against Vertumnus. But it has changed within the last few days, almost as suddenly and as decidedly as the betting on the Boat Race.

RITUALISTIC NOVELTY FOR EASTER.

"Sermon with full Orchestral Accompaniment" is the last new thing out at Folkestone. We congratulate the Reverend Caterer for Public Amusement on his happy thought, and trust his lungs will prove as powerful as his brass.

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DROPPING IN TO TEA AT A GIPSY PARTY.

CRITICISM AND DEFAMATION.

THE Annual Dinner of the Shopkeepers' Mutual Protection Society, consisting largely of retail dealers resident in South London, took place yesterday at the Hole-in-the-Wall.

The usual facetious and business toasts and sentiments having been drunk by the assembly,

The Chairman (MR. SUNDRIES, Grocer) said he had now a toast to propose which he was sure they would all drink enthusiastic. They were all on them aware 'ow important it was for a tradesman halways for to bear a good name. That required a stringent lawr for to protect 'is goods from bein' blowed upon, and a upright Judge for to enforce the lawr. Sitch a lawr was the lawr as lately laid down by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE; and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE in layin' of it down showed his self sitch a Judge. He alluded to the case of HERITAGE agin WOOD in the Queen's Bench Division, where his Lordship told the Jury that a man who considered his lawyer had made a blunder in drawin' up a lease, had no right to tell another man that to the lawyer's discredit. Now, they mightn't think that concerned them much, but it did. What was lawr for solicitors was lawr for shopkeepers, too; sauce for goose, sauce for gander. Besides, his Lordship—the *Times* said—went on to say that "a man is not free to go about the world complaining of the incapacity of a workman whom he has employed, nor may he volunteer a complaint to a friend who has recommended him." No more right, in course, 'adn't a customer to go about complainin' of the dishonesty of a tradesman for 'avin' supplied 'im with a inferior article. That would be slander, and liable to 'eavy damages—leastways unless he could prove his words. Now he (MR. SUNDRIES) would dare anybody to go findin' fault with his tea, coffee, mustard, or anythink else 'e sold. The toast he had to propose was the Lawr of Defamation and Libel, with which he would couple the name of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF HENGLAND. (*Cheers.*)

MR. SNIPKINS, Tailor, was glad to hear that clients would 'ave to keep cautious tongues in their 'eads, and take care in future 'ow they complained of misfits.

MR. VAMP, Bootmaker, would say them was his sentiments too.

MR. WATERS, Dairyman, said his milk had been a good deal cried down for bein' poor. Grumblers had better mind now—without they took care to 'ave the milk tested.

MR. RUBBLE, Builder, would defy any one to say as how he scamped his work.

So would MR. PUTTY, Painter, Plumber and Glazier, and House Decorator.

MR. VINNEY, Cheesemonger, arter wot he had now 'eerd, would dare his customers, any on 'em, to say as his Stilton warn't the cheese.

MR. FRIBBINS, Linendraper, would let people know, if ever he found 'em out sayin' his calicoes wouldn't wash. He would like, however, to know to what extent criticism was in law libellous. He had superior connections. One of them was a hauthor. He wrote for his bread. The newspapers cut up his books. Wasn't that as bad as runnin' down a lawyer, or a workman, or a shopkeeper? ("*Oh, oh!*") He would appeal to the Chairman. What was the difference between criticising a pound of tea and criticising a novel? (*Groans and hisses.*)

The Chairman would only say it was quite different.

MR. FRIBBINS.—How about a hartis whose pictures is called daubs? Some hartises is said to be pot-unters. Their picters is called pot-bilers. True enough. Their picters is their bread. Couldn't their unfavourable critics, accordin' to the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, be sued for *spilin'* their market? (*Uproar.*)

MR. BUNG, Publican.—But how if so be they be sign-painters? (*Cries of "That's another thing altogether!"*)

MR. BUNG wasn't so sure of that.

The Chairman was sartin His Lordship never meant to talk ridiculous. Besides, no British Jury would never consider hauthors and hartises in the same light with the British Tradesman. So now he would give, "The Law of Libel and Defamation, No Privileged Communication, and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE! Upstanding, uncovered, with three times three!"

The toast was drunk amid cries of "The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, 'is jolly good 'ealth," followed by the chorus, "*For he's a jolly good fellow, and so say all of us!*" Pipes and tobacco were then introduced, and the Society settled down to enjoy their evening.

Per Contra.

MR. PUNCH is pleased to observe that "Homes for Smack Boys" are to be established at Yarmouth and elsewhere. Smacks for home boys having been so long in force throughout the United Kingdom, it seems only right that something should be done on the other hand.

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FAMILY LIKENESS.

"Mummy, Darling, may I give my Biscuit to the Monkey?"
"No, Love. Come along!"
"May I give it to the Monkey's *Papa*, Mummy?"

DIGGINGS IN SPAIN.

According to the Paris Correspondent of the *Economist*, a M. Mannequin, at a meeting of the Parisian Political Economy Society, maintained an assertion, which he had previously made to M. Joseph Garnier, "that gold-mines had just been discovered in Spain of such marvellous richness that they might contribute to restore the normal relative value — 15½ to 1 — between the two metals;" to wit, gold and silver. M. Mannequin added that a Company was now being formed to work the gold-field whose richness he thus described. The foregoing intelligence seems a great deal too good to cheer even the most sanguine of Spain's creditors. Few of them probably will expect the Spanish gold-mines, of which M. Mannequin has announced the discovery, to turn out any more substantial than the celebrated "Castles" peculiar to Spain. By the bye, does not *Mannequin* in French mean what in England is called a dummy or lay-figure? This is surely a suspicious source for such startling information.

Lines Picked Up at the Brixton Rink.

Upon the Rink the Lady sat,
Beside her lay her dainty hat,
All crumpled;
She looked the picture of distress,
So dusty was her pretty dress,
And rumpled!

"I can't get up," in faltering tone,
She said. I thought that, perhaps, alone
She would not.
I picked her up. She was not hurt—
'Twas but the tightness of her skirt—
She could not!

New Coinage.—The Indian Half-crown.

THE PREMIER'S PORTFOLIO.

"No doubt the Premier's folio is well-stocked with topics."—*Morning Paper.*

1. A scheme for altering the colours of the Union Jack, so that the flag, when viewed from a distance, may resemble the gold-yellow, white, and black of Austria, Russia, and Germany.
2. A proposal to return Political Refugees to their respective Governments, on application being made to the hotel-keepers of Leicester Square and its neighbourhood.
3. Notes for a "New and Imperial History of England," in which Great Britain will be represented as a part of India.
4. A Treatise upon "The Value of Wasting Time," intended as a handbook for the use of Statesmen occupying the Treasury Bench.
5. *How I Purchased the Right of Way over the Suez Canal for £4,000,000.* A Romance.
6. A Guide-Book to the Court of Bankruptcy, dedicated to His Highness the Khedive.
7. Practical Hints upon Court Tailoring—showing how a Statesman's Coat may be easily converted into a Lackey's Livery.
8. *Bo to a Goose; or the English Bismarck, the Russian Bear, and Imperialism Triumphant.* A Burlesque. By the Author of *Ixion in Heaven*, &c., &c.
9. *The Statesman's Vade-mecum.* Being a collection of Nursery Rhymes, extracts from old Almanacks, cuttings from school-books, &c., &c.
10. *The Schoolmaster Abroad.* A Sequel to *How to Educate a Party.* By the same Author.
11. *Crowning the Edifice.* A Poem, in fragments.
12. A Serial Story, entitled *Benjamin's Mess—an Everyday Experience.*

Patriotic if you Like!—What *Mr. Punch* wishes the whole of the Royal Family—Many Happy Returns!

DEATH IN THE DOSE.

A notable case of what a great living poet calls "pestling a poisoned poison" came to light the other day before a Police Magistrate. The *Times* reports that—

"At Greenwich, Mary Kirby, chemist, of Trafalgar Road, Greenwich, was summoned for an offence under the Adulteration Act. The Officer stated that on the 8th ult. he went to the defendant's shop and asked for two ounces of milk of sulphur. On receiving it he told the defendant that it had been bought to be analysed. The defendant said that she had no reason to believe anything was wrong, and that it was what was usually sold as milk of sulphur. The analyst's certificate showed that the article sold contained forty-five per cent. of sulphate of lime. A fine of five shillings and two shillings costs was imposed."

And so the justice of the case was perhaps met, if the defendant, a female chemist and druggist, had done no worse than neglecting to assure herself that her drugs were pure. But then who were the wholesale dealers by whom she was supplied with ostensible "milk of sulphur" nearly one half of it plaster of Paris? The adulteration of this pulverulent sort of milk is rather more prejudicial to health than that of the fluid so-called, otherwise "sky-blue," diluted only with the juice from "the cow with the iron tail." Milk of sulphur is a medicine; but sulphate of lime, if swallowed, can answer no purpose but that of taking neat and elegant casts of the interiors of the digestive organs. These, however accurate and admirable, form obstructions producing such results as to justify the declaration that, if Mrs. Kirby was sufficiently punished with a penalty of seven shillings, some other dealers in drugs and chemicals ought to be hanged.

Geology and the Stock-Exchange.

We understand that, in compliment to the Right Honourable Member for Shoreham, speculators for the fall in Egyptian Securities will be known for the future as "Cave Bears."

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CHEEK.

(*The Regiment is about to "march out" with Twenty Rounds of "blank cartridge."*)

Sub-Lieutenant (*of Twenty-four hours' Service*). "WHEREABOUTS IS THIS PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY OF YOURS COMING OFF, COLONEL!!?"

"CLUBS! CLUBS!"

THE cry is still, They come! We lately published a list of those projected; the prospectuses of several new ones have since reached us. Here are a few of the latest:—

"Munchausen." Members must have been somewhere where nobody else has been, and seen something nobody else has seen. Merely looking into the crater of Etna will not secure election.

"John Bull." For Gentlemen who can pay their way and horse-whip their enemies. No weaklings need apply. Rumpsteak and oyster-sauce the favourite dinner. The finest port wine in the world.

"John Barleycorn." For the Yeomen of England. Amber ale. Breakfasts always ready at five in the morning.

"Bull and Bear." Curiously sumptuous. Entrance fee a thousand guineas. Annual subscription five hundred guineas. No dinner under ten pounds. The Cook receives five thousand a year, all found, with a brougham and pair and a box at the Opera.

"Magna Charta." Entrance fee one shilling. Annual subscription sixpence. All Members must take oath that DR. KENEALY is the greatest of living men. Tripe suppers on Wednesdays.

"Fair Weather." Yes; let it be announced with a flourish of trumpets that there is now in course of organisation a Fair Weather Club. The Clerk of the Weather to be President. Any member to have any weather that he likes, on paying the small sum requisite for the Clerk's deputy's subordinate's servant's fag's expenses—a nominal sum—the price of a pint of beer. There seems to be some doubt as to how the various weathers will work, since different people may like different weathers. However, the experiment will be tried. If a few farmers are found punching each other's heads, let us hope that this will not interfere with a rational meteorological arrangement. One man wants rain, another wants wind: let them settle it between them. They can't make English weather very much worse than it is.

"Mutual Admiration." For information as to this Club, see *Athenæum* and *Academy*. *Mr. Punch* knows nothing about it.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SMOKE.

"*E fumo dare lucem.*"

THE Meerschaum white, or the brown briar-root—
How many phases of life they suit!
Good luck or bad luck, glory or gloom,
All tone to one colour—take one perfume.
If you 've just "struck oil," and with pride run mad,
If you haven't a sou, and are bound to the bad—
Good luck may vanish, or bad luck mend:
Put each in your pipe and smoke it, friend!

If you love a Lady, fair to view,
And she turns with a cold contempt from you,
While at your rival a smile she darts—
Walking in pride on a pathway of hearts,
Wrapt in her softness, dainty and nice,
Fire in her eyes, at her bosom ice—
In search of returns precious time why spend?
Put your love in your pipe and smoke it, friend!

If you climb the ladder of politics, where
Whoso ascends breathes difficult air;
And, being highest of men of the time,
Are slightly elate with your seat sublime,
A little apt at yourself to wonder,
And mistake your own bray for real thunder;
Think how rockets rise and how sticks descend—
Put success in your pipe and smoke it, friend.

If Fame be your foot-ball, any day
A stronger player may kick it away.
Round *you* to-day Lion-hunters smother;
Next week the Lion's skin goes to another.
From Popularity's box-seat hurled,
Lie still and see your successor purled.
A nine-days' wonder nine days will spend:
So put "vogue" in your pipe and smoke it, friend!

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WHAT DID MR. PUNCH DO IN THE EASTER RECESS?

Volunteer Review! Not a bit of it! He just popped over, and had a few Days of delightful *Dolce far Niente* at Venice.

A SONG UNDER SENTENCE.

Air—"*Sam Hall.*"

My name is Aldgate Pump,
Aldgate Pump, Aldgate Pump,
My name is Aldgate Pump,
Aldgate Pump!
My name is Aldgate Pump,
Though a once rewered old trump,
Now I wipes, in doleful dump,
My dear eyes!

In ages long ago,
Long ago, &c.
In ages long ago,
My well-spring, down below,
In a pure and pleasant flow
Used to rise!

And still it sparkles bright,
Sparkles bright, &c.
And still it sparkles bright,
And pleases taste and sight;
But the mixtur' isn't right,
So they cries!

For they say that it contains,
It contains, &c.
They say that it contains
Organical remains,
Which out of graves and drains
Take their rise.

In it salts with earths are blent,
They are blent, &c.
In it salts and earths are blent,
Beyond the due extent
Of solids, five per cent.—
Heap o' lies!

So now the Doctors think,
Now they think, &c.
So now the Doctors think
My well is but a sink
Of slush unfit to drink,
Though you tries.

Daresay they 'll pull me down,
Pull me down, &c.
Daresay they 'll pull me down,
The pride of London Town,
And on my old renown
Out they cries!

But London's great Lord Mayor,
Great Lord Mayor, &c.
In my downfall if he share,
For his own he may prepare,—
Like assault His Worship's chair
Might surprise.

And Gog may cry "boohoo!"
Cry "boohoo!" &c.
And Gog may cry "boohoo!"
And Magog blubber too:
Such conduct me and you
May well surprise.

And there 's poor Temple Bar,
Temple Bar, &c.
There 's me and Temple Bar,
Doomed, both of us, we are,
Now Improvement's evil star
Doth arise.

Though I cease to suck the mould,
Suck the mould, &c.
Though I cease to suck the mould,
My place still let me hold,
As a monument of old
In men's eyes!

HOW TO FLOAT THE "VANGUARD."

Dear Mr. Punch,—I see that the Lords of the Admiralty have at last entered into a contract with an eminent French engineer to raise the sunken *Vanguard*, and that the method he proposes adopting is to fill the interior of the vessel with air-bags.

Now, Sir, I am glad to be able to inform their Lordships that the requisite motive power is to be found on the spot, free of all expense.

Let the Primate of the Irish Church summon the General Synod (which is to meet in Dublin next week) to assemble in the hull of the ship, and there will be wind-bags enough among the members to float the vessel immediately.

Mr. Dillon's system, too, of raising the ship would also by this means obtain a fair trial; for the Synod (at which great heat is always generated) would not be long sitting before there would be an explosion that would either raise the hull of the vessel, or else blow it into small pieces, and so get it out of the way.

Hoping that your influential advocacy may be given to this simple, economical, and efficacious method, I remain,

Your obedient servant, Æolus.

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HAPPY THOUGHTS OF A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN ENGINEER.



A DISTINGUISHED American Engineer has just startled the speculative world with a scheme for decanting the Black Sea into the Caspian. Although at least three hundred miles apart, the distinguished American Engineer assures us that a cutting of less than two hundred miles is all that is wanted to unite the two. Of course the D. A. E. ought to know his business, and, judging by the other transcendental propositions for changing the normal condition of our badly-organised globe which are to be found in the said D. A. E.'s memoranda, there can be no reason to suppose that the scheme will not meet with entire success.

But the D. A. E. has other schemes to follow, hot and hot, like chops at a London eating-house. Here are his Mems. of a few of them:—

Mem. A.—Scheme for converting the Falls of Niagara into a natural bridge. Construction of works for blasting a tunnel beneath the cataract. Consequent counteraction of force and reversal by suction of the Falls themselves. Gradual change of current and solution of problem.

Mem. B.—Establishment and registration of Great Geyser Hot Bath Company (Limited). Conduct of series of iron pipes from principal Geyser Depôt in Iceland. Submarine service. Every man to have his own Geyser turned on by proprietary tap.

Mem. C.—Scheme to supply the Serpentine with pure water from Lake Ontario, by cutting a connecting canal beneath the Atlantic Ocean. To be considered.

Mem. D.—The Philanthropic Super-Volcanic Omelette Society. It has been discovered that if, on the principle of the common syphon, the ocean could be poured into the well-known volcanoes Vesuvius, Etna, Hecla, Chimborazo, and others, their active fires might be extinguished, and the thousands of ostrich eggs now wasted every year in Africa—having been collected by the hordes of negro races now ravaged by the slave trade—might be cooked over the smouldering embers to the amount probably of 6,100,800 per diem.

The mode of construction of these syphons, and the necessary works for sinking them in the seas contiguous to the volcanic fires, is as yet the secret of the distinguished American Engineer.

Mem. E.—Cyclopean Dyke Scheme, to cut out the Submarine Channel Companies. Massive Dykes of Cyclopean masonry to be constructed on either side the lines of transit from Dover to Calais, one to the north, the other to the south. The Dykes, once constructed, mere child's play to drain the intermediate space. (Mem., to supply therewith salt water and fish to the Westminster and Margate Aquaria.) To turn the current of the North Sea towards the Baltic, and that of the English Channel round the Bay of Biscay, and there you are—an isthmus of Dover. The rest follows at once. Limited liability.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "Cometh Down like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She," "Good! Buy Sweet Tart!" "Not Slily, But don't Tell."

CHAPTER. VIII.—*What the Author says.*

"GOOD-BYE, JEAMES!" BELLA said, after a long silence. "I'm going."

"Call me DUSOVER," he exclaimed to her, in his great despair.

"'DUSOVER!'" she murmured, in the moonlight.

He rose, unsteadily, as the grand Camelopard draws itself up to its towering height, Agamemnon-like, among its fellows; he sprang after her, laid his iron hand on her arm, and said, in a low, hissing whisper,—hissing as though he were disgusted with her present performance—

"Are you a-goin'?"

"I am."

"You give me up?"

"Like a conundrum."

He groaned aloud, and smote his hands together violently; if he had hissed before, this she was fain to accept as a sign of his applause; and so, smiling, she curtsied gracefully in the strong lime-like moonbeams, as DUSOVER, taking a bouquet from his tail coat-pocket, threw it to her with a bitter, cruel smile.

Once more the soft, white, resolute, bewitching face let fall the rich fringe of its drooping eyelids on the peach-like bloom of her full, round cheek, as she made a deep, classically-bending obeisance.

"Where are we *now?*" he asked, hoarsely, huge pearl-beads of perspiration standing on his wide, bold forehead.

"Here!" she replied, braving him in the moonlight, helpless, powerless, tearless, doubtless, but dauntless: the soft eyes were looking hard at him: the white face showed nothing, now, save black looks: not a bit pretty now: only very pale, very brave, and very perspiring.

"You have kept me here too long," she said. And so saying, she turned—there, on the spot, where she was standing, she turned, as the whitest, purest, mildest milk will turn, when detained too long in a warm corner, as BELLA had been this night,

"Stop a moment!" he said, quite broken-voiced. And he clasped her once more in his strong, rigid, despairing, straining arms.

"My darling!" he went on in a sweet, wavering voice, to which the soft words, uttered through a speaking-trumpet, on the swelling bosom of the silent listening ocean, could be but as the tender sucking-pig's whisper on a warm autumnal eve, "You brave little child! You soft little person! You cheery, sweet, doughy, little apple-dumpling of my eye! You little, cruel, darling!" And the sound of his passionate, murmuring words, pierced into her very soul, as though she were listening to the beating of the muffled drum of her ear, over the grave of her buried hopes. They two, standing on that silent crystal shore, on a sheet of silver sand,—the sea—the great German Ocean, all silver too,—all German silver—booming, and lowing at their feet—its waves "running in" one another like playful police-children about the crowded strand; the bearded oysters on their little beds dreaming of happy months without any letter "r" in them: the unsleeping winkle singing his pleasant song, and not caring one pin for any mortal being; the pulpy, bilious sponge drinking in deep, cooling, saline draughts; and they two, looking strangely, wildly, dreamily into each other's eyes.

It cannot last for ever! They cannot remain thus, hand-in-hand, motionless, fixed, obstructing the traffic for all time.* No: the unloving, constable-like, sentimentless coastguard will pass this way, and bid these two "Move on!" Nay, even the routine-loving, mechanical sea will wash the polish from their patent leather boots in sighing, murmuring protest against the wanton trespass.

Her solemn, tragic eyes, fixed on his plain, burnt face—tanned all over, thickly, like a circus—travel slowly upward from his great, mellow, medlar-coloured beard to his rich, deep-toned, drooping moustache, and, ascending the point of his ugly nose, rest for some seconds, sadly, on that bridge of size. So they remain: a strange sight in the middle of the strand: a tall, ugly man, a fair, bewitching woman; *her* lovely eyes on *his* plain face.

"Tell me," he says, with a very whitey-brown look, and a hoarse, nervous langh, "do you still love me?"

She feels a fiery, searing pain that, but for her bravery, would make her scream in sudden agony, as she has seen—at some vague time she could scarcely recall when—the Clown start, after he had unwittingly placed the red-hot poker in his trousers-pocket, and then had sat on it.

"BELLA!" he cries, impulsively clutching her small, passive hands.

She does not answer. She is listening to a whistling oyster, and a talking fish.

The pale moon is becoming paler with her night watch, tireder and tireder she grows of this love-making, love-destroying scene, and the first blushing, crimson-red, morning star, slowly shines forth, as though drawing aside the dark blue curtain of night, and holding its small, bright candle to the rising sun-god.

A small buoy, unperceived by them till now, breaks restlessly from its moorings, and seems threatening to float with the stream to Wollum, and tell what he has witnessed of their meeting.

Could she bear exposure? Could *he?*

He could; strong, hard, japanned, brown-burnt as he was, he could bear any amount of exposure, as men always can. But for the tender shrinking woman, what of her? Would she be bent and broken, like the timid bulrush, before the searching blast of a sirocco of scandal? No; it would be her death. The buoy knew *that*, and could make terms.

"We must part," she says, coldly.

"I hate parting," he answers, abruptly.

"So do I," she returns. "But the buoy is waiting; and if you will not part, I must."

She draws from a small purse a shining coin, and tosses it disdainfully to the buoy, whose silence has been, she thinks, thereby purchased.

Once more their hands interlocked, and the fair, broad moon is

* *What the Public says.*—"We are glad to hear it cannot last for ever."

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quailing before the cruel, red stripes of streaky light that stripe-paint the sky, as though it were a gloriously illumined side of breakfast bacon.

"One last kiss!" he cried, husky-voiced, yet holding the prize—which he had so nearly won, and so lately lost—in his iron bondage. "Bella! my darling! my own! my sweet, soft, scrumpshous little dumpling! Do you know how much I love you?"

"No," replied Bella, crying pitifully, and her big eyes looking up at him through her tears, like quivering, guttering rushlights, in which the flame of love was dying out, shining through a rushing Niagara of overflowing grief.

It was Dusover's sole chance—it had come to the point of "now or never"—he chose "now," and throwing off the last rag of constraint, he let the floodgates of his passion loose, to the utter destruction of his painfully-acquired grammar, and wrapping his long, supple, muscular arms round and round her as she stood, wound her into his coils as the deadly, mesmeric-eyed boa-constrictor hugs the fascinated rabbit, tighter, tighter, bending his head down from its stately height—as the tall giraffe to nibble the lowly buttercup—to cull the fresh, moist, dewy bloom on her pouting lips, nearer, nearer—

> "He squeezeth, as, with feverish palms, the boy
> Squeezeth the pipful orange, which, when squoze,
> He chucketh down, a shapeless, tattered, rind,
> To make the thoughtful slip, the careless fall."

"I loves yer so much," hissed Dusover huskily in her ear—the whole Jeames of Bukley Square breaking out in the burst of unrestrained, furious passion—"*I loves yer so hawful much as—there—I could bile yer all to nothink, and dine hoff yer, without a relish, as if yer wos tripe-a-nonions!*"

I confess I am tired of writing about love-making.* When two people have reached the summit, they cannot go any higher, and, it may be, have both to come down again.

In his strong embrace she was almost powerless, but battling with her strong, turbid love, which would not, for worlds, have injured a hair of that dark, crisp, curly head, she whispered in his ear—

"Dusover! Jeames! *here's a policeman coming!*"

Then he let her go, and dashing her, almost roughly, against the impassive rocks, strode onwards without one lingering glance or grudging sigh, turning his back to the rising sun, as though scornfully refusing the one offer of celestial hope that dawns each morning upon a guilty, foggy world. So he strode onwards, tall, solitary, glaring-eyed, with a canker-worm at his heart, and the small, blue-eyed flower she had given him in his button-hole. So strode he on, and so was lost to view.

Then poor, erring, wayward, loving Bella, free at last, clomb the sheer cliff, and threw herself down on the warm, soft, mown grass, damp with the dews of night, as with the tears of angels on sweet hay.

"I don't care how wicked he is," she said to herself, while tumbling restlessly among the poppies, and weeping as though she would cry her heart out. "I have lost him! He has gone!—for ever!!"

The Lark rose, singing blithely, and was lost in heaven.

"That *was* a Lark!" she exclaimed, looking upward. "He has disappeared! Are there Larks still going on above the skies?"

Frantic passion, utterly uncurbed, made the girl recklessly wicked. She rolled about all over the field, among the long grass, so that the farmer might as well have had a hurricane over his property, so entirely was the outline of her soft, plump form marked out in the crushed and crumpled herbage.

"I am not one of those little muslin dolls," she cried, in ungoverned frenzy, "with wax heads and china hands, and all the rest sawdust. I can feel: *I can*. Ugly, pretty, fat, nice, great, right-sized thing!" she said, pinching her own round, firm arm quite fiercely. "There's not much sawdust in you!"

So she went on, this poor, ungoverned soul, and all the while the little watch was ticking in her pocket, at her left side, as though to remind her of the debt due from poor Humanity.

Suddenly she leapt up. She had told Dusover that a policeman was coming. Had she been right? Was that dark form approaching indeed a stern, unbending constable? True, she had not till this moment noticed the writing of the finger of fate on the board in the field, yet it was there, clear and above-board, "Trespassers will be prosecuted."

"Hallo, young woman! What the——"

She waited for no more; but, like a hunted deer, she bounded over the hedge, politely stooping her head beneath the interlacing kissing boughs, and sprung into the narrow lane.

(*To be continued.*)

* *What the Editor says.*—"'Love-making!' If this sort of thing is 'love-making,' then the less the manufactured article is patronised the better. We have written—on behalf of three out of four of the Editing Committee—to request that we may have no more of this in the present novel. We are bound, however, by our duty to our readers, to inform them that our Maiden Aunt—who still represents the female interest at our impartial board—is of opinion that there's no actual harm in it, and that in a powerful situation powerful writing is necessary. We, in a calm and dignified letter to the distinguished Authoress, ask, is it necessary to invent situations which demand such 'powerful' writing? Do you not, my dear lady (we say), dwell just a little too much on what might be (according to your own admirably artistic suggestion in a former letter to us) left entirely to imagination. For instance, with respect we advance this—why couldn't your hero say, '*I have deceived you. My calves are false; and I am a married man. Good-bye.' Then, unable to restrain his emotion, they took a touching farewell of one another, and so parted.* There you are—in a nutshell. Now, isn't your graphic and—excuse us—rather *spun-out* description of their embracing, caressing, hugging, &c., both far too much and *far too strong?*—Ed. (*for Self and Partners*).

What the Authoress says.—"Too strong!—nonsense! It isn't milk-and-water, of course, but there's not a headache in a hogshead of it. When I offered the story, you *jumped* at it. Well, now you can *skip* as much as you *don't* like. There isn't much more; but what there is is the best thing I've ever written; and as to moral!—ah! *moral's not the word.* Love to your Aunt—the only sensible fellow in your Committee."—R. D.

THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION.



Prominent among the curiosities to be exhibited at the forthcoming World's Show, we have little expectation that there will be found the following:—

Purse manufactured by the Ladies of Philadelphia, wherein the surplus money paid by England in excess of the substantiated Alabama claims will be speedily restored (with interest) to the British Treasury.

Case containing some choice specimens of the work of the Wire-pullers in Congress.

Autograph Letter from the famous Mr. Barnum, offering to organise a starring tour for the Khedive, with a view to the recruitment of his State finances.

Scheme for securing perfect purity of voting in all future Elections of President.

Cookery-Book containing many useful recipes for the cooking of Municipal Accounts by the servants of the public.

Portrait of a Lady living in New York, who has been induced to travel with less than fifteen trunks and bonnet-boxes.

Code of Rules of the Chace for the place-hunters at Washington.

A Saltspoon discovered at a Continental *table-d'hôte*. Supposed by British experts to be an unique specimen.

Photograph of a Spanish Bond, with the words "Paid in full" legibly inscribed on it.

A real London Sunbeam, carefully preserved in bottle by a Boston tourist.

Razor belonging to an English Gentleman, who has contrived to shave himself, without a single awkward cut, at a foreign looking-glass.

Forecast of the Weather expected in England during the next twelve months. By one who hardly hopes to survive its eccentricities.

Scheme for a Sinking Fund, for enabling the Sultan to keep his head above water.

Autograph exhibited by the British Admiralty, to show who was the Author of the famous first Slave Circular.

Working model of a Lavatory for publicly washing the dirty linen of the Government at Washington.

Declaration of Independence by strong-minded Mormon Ladies.

Machine for whitewashing the character of all suspected Civil Servants, to be patented by Congress.

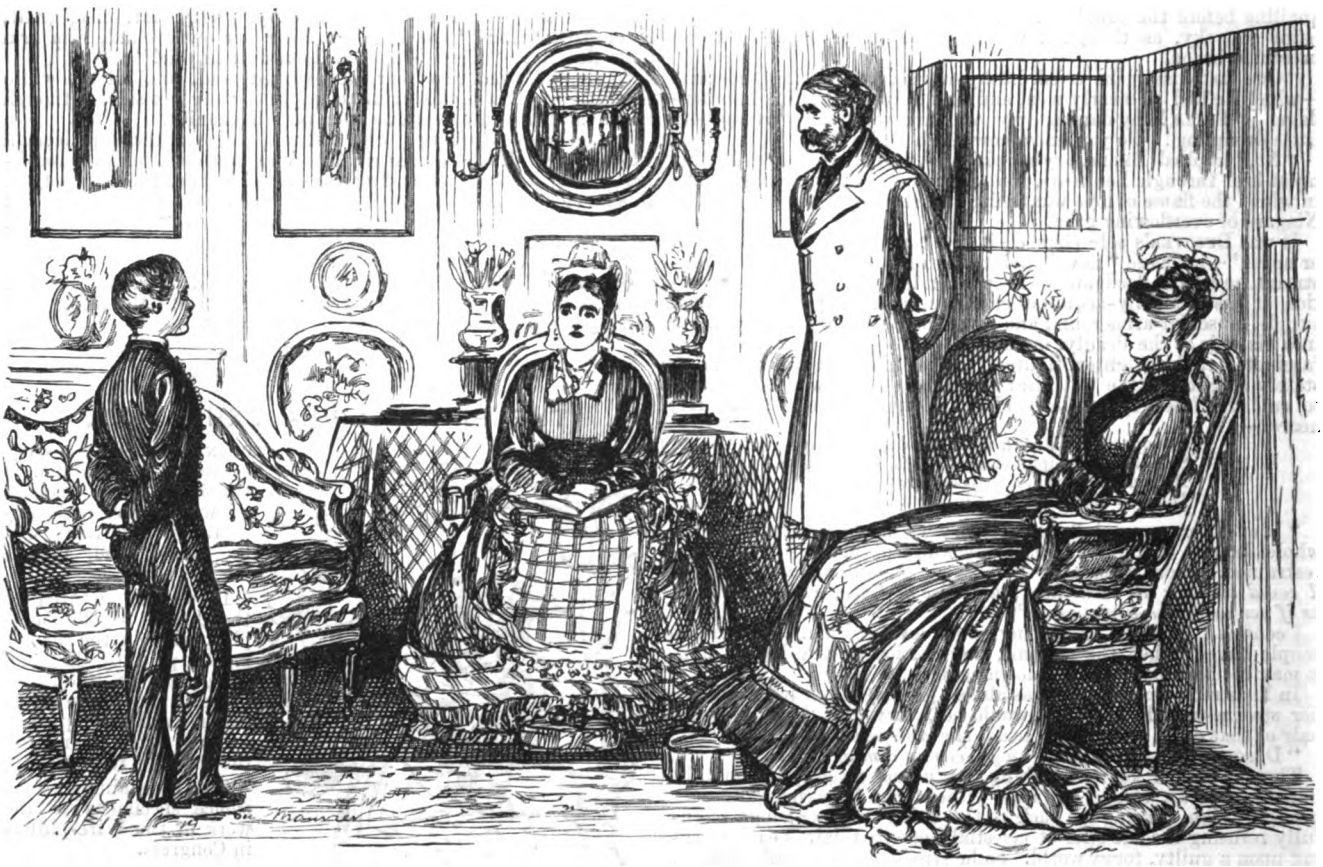
Model Hive for Spelling Bees.

Rough draught of an Act of Congress, prohibiting the Piracy of any English Author's works by any Yankee Publisher.

MRS. GAMP ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

"Which them Egyptian Bondholders in the City *does* look werry Khediverous, I must say!"

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BUTTONISM.

"I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND, SIR, THAT I'M NOT LEAVING BECAUSE I'VE ANY FAULT TO FIND WITH THE PLACE, OR WITH THE OTHER SERVANTS, OR WITH MY MISTRESS OR YOURSELF. FAR FROM THAT—I SHOULD BE MOST *HAPPY*, AT *ANY* TIME, SIR, TO *GIVE THE PLACE A CHARACTER!*"

NOBODY.

(*Dactyls to the Great Indefinite.*)

"Nobody will be surprised to hear that for this lamentable affair, as usual, nobody is to blame."—*The Echo on the Mistletoe and Alberta collision.*

HAPPY immaculate nullity! Verily,
Things with thy negative essence go merrily.
Puck paradoxical, imp most ubiquitous;
Blamelessly guilty, and safely iniquitous,
Who would not feel half in love with nihility,
Seeing thy range of unbridled ability?
Lord of Misrule, Muddle, Mischief, Mispolicy,
Crassest mismanagement, flagrantest folly see
Under thy regimen famously flourishing!
Nescience thrives through thy negative nourishing;
Noodledom owneth thy sway autocratical—
Men when they mention thee miss the grammatical.
Thou be surprised at whatever men say of thee!
Purely preposterous! 'Tis not the way of thee.
O'er the Impossible Mother of Victories,
Bland reconciler of blank contradictories!
Helpless, omnipotent, stolid, unshamable,
Who but a duffer would brand thee as blamable?
Yet so perplexed is thy rule paradoxical,
(Thou whom the saw-monger's much-quoted "*Vox*" I call *),
Playest the General Scapegoat. Society
Lays to thy charge every form and variety,
Grade and degree of delinquency. Never a
Lodging-house feline could furnish so clever a
Style of Pillgarlic. 'Tis Nobody (needlessly)
Upsets Utopian apple-carts heedlessly,
Fathers all failures, all blunders initiates,
Ever as Folly's factotum officiates,
Sets silly fashions, compels us to follow them,
Makes nasty nostrums, persuades fools to swallow them,
Shapes the conventions which make life a mockery,
Breaks all our treaties, our windows, and crockery,
Hearts and love-promises (seldom is one stable);
Nobody 's near—in the shape of a constable—
When there 's a row, and, in after-accounts of it,
Nobody 's sure to be named as the fount of it.
Positive-Negative Proteus inscrutable!
Seeing how much to thy power is imputable,
How shouldst thou wonder at what muffs may lay to thee?
Bear all their burdens, 'tis merely child's play to thee!
Big-wigs may bungle, thou bearest the punishment,
Thou art not moved by reproof or admonishment;
Each serene Sumph, foolish, luckless, or slow body,
Shifts blame to thee—but that 's "nothing to Nobody!"

* *Vox et præterea nihil.*

Candid.

(*Father and Little Boy looking on at* KENEALY'S *Easter-Monday Demonstration.*)

Little Boy (*reading Inscription on one of the Banners*). Papa dear, what do they mean by "those braying asses of St. Stephen's?"

Papa. The Members of Parliament, my dear.

Little Boy. But I thought, Papa, DR. KENEALY was a Member of Parliament——

Papa. So he is, my dear. And *there 's the joke!*

Orpheus and his Loot.

THAT festive *maestro*, JACQUES OFFENBACH, has been tempted to take a trip to America, where he is to conduct concerts at the rate of one thousand dollars a night. On such terms it is more than probable that the author of the *Grande Duchesse* may return season after season, till he is known as MONSIEUR OFTEN-THERE-AND-BACK.

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THE MINISTERIAL MESS.

(THE FIRST COURSE—BEFORE EASTER.)

BENJAMIN. "REALLY, IT'S NOT NEARLY SO BAD AS THEY SAY! I RATHER LIKE IT!!"

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THE NEW BATTLE OF LIMERICK.



CORK bates the world for butter,
Unless Waterford out-cut her,
And Dublin, Belfast, Galway has their backers less or more;
But for fish-hooks, gloves, and laces,
And the colleens' pretty faces,
'Tis Limerick bangs all places, that flower of Shannon Shore.

'Twas there that SMITH O'BRIEN,
Of the ould Milesian Line,
Was mobbed at a tay-party, when the windy-blinds they tore;
And now Limerick to her story
Adds a ruction still more gory,
Resistin' Home-Rule's glory, upon Shannon Shore!

Ye Heroes of the Nation,
Keep your pathriot indignation
For thraytors that would sell the pass, as they have done before.
But bad cess to the shillelagh
Of that Fenian, JOHN DALY,
Friends and Home-Rule assailin' upon Shannon Shore!

Oh, iligant the views is
Out of "The George" and "Cruise's,"
Convanient to the Crescent, and the Club first-floor.
And the stone nigh Thomond Bridge is,
Where the Saxon sacrilegious
Signed the treaty he broke outrageous, to the shame of Shannon Shore.

The Home-Rulers they invited
ISAAC BUTT, Q.C., delighted,
As sure he a right 'ud have to be, upon that score—
Spite of Fenians bent on baulkin'
That illustrious Q.C.'s talkin',
And the Thrades wid banners walkin' along Shannon Shore.

Wid BUTT there came O'SHAUGHNESSY,
Almost as great a man as he,
To prove Home-Rule the panacy for poor Ould Ireland's sore.
And O'SULLIVAN faced the throng wid him,
That for Limerick sits along wid him,
Who 'd have thought things could go wrong wid him upon Shannon Shore!

And the Bishop, wid his Clargy,
Whin he looked and talked so large he
Thought little of the charge he would see e'er all was o'er;
And the Priests they walked in honour
Of Home-Rule, a blessin' on her,
And the Thrades wid bands and banners delighted Shannon Shore.

To the Crescent they marched gaily,
But 'twas there they found JOHN DALY,
Wid his back agin the railins, and some fifty Fenians more,
Each an alpeen in his fist,
To which he gev' a twist,
Then let fly and never missed the head he meant to score!

'Twas the Fenians that begun
On Home-Rulers ten to one,
Knocked the wind out of their drums, and their thrumpets battered sore;
Sure 'twas luck that MISTHER SLATTERY
Closed his shutters ere the batthery,
Or his plate-glass front had suffered, that day, on Shannon Shore.

Both sides "Ould Ireland!" cryin',
Their nate black-thorns was plyin',
Blood was spilt, and boys was kilt, and drums, coats, banners sthrewed the flure:
Says O'SULLIVAN to O'SHAUGHNESSY,
"Where 's BUTT? To talk the man is he;
To put out a flame or fan, as he, who so good on Shannon Shore?"

But eloquence Parliamint'ry
Finds to Irish ears no intry,
While there 's shillelaghs going among foes, or friends, still more:
So as long as DALY'S boys,
Had hands alpeens to poise,
Sure they 'd make BUTT hould his noise on Shannon Shore.

But in spite of phillaloo,
While sticks clashed and brickbats flew,
BUTT'S iligant discoorse flowed on serene amidst the roar,
And he said that his reception
Was a triumph that bould Neptune
Had never seen the likes of since his tide kissed Shannon Shore.

Sure the sweetness of his gammon
Would have wiled a Shannon salmon,
While, like Kilkenny cats, the boys they scrimmaged, scratched, and swore;
And he spoke on widout shyin',
Though the brickbats they was thryin',
And both sixes sinseless lyin', along the Shannon Shore.

Oh 'twas sure a lovely sight,
That free and festive fight—
Who dars say Limerick's heart is not Irish to the core?—
Tara's harp, brass band, and fiddle,
Playin' the chune of "Tara-diddle,"
Ruction round, and in the middle, BUTT cometherin' Shannon Shore!

When Young Ireland's House is seen
In full blast on Palace Green,
Will they take votes by alpeen betwixt BUTT'S and DALY'S corps?
Will hard heads and hard hits sway?
Or will humbug win the day?
For a forecast of that future, go and look on Shannon Shore?

DISAPPOINTED OF DANA.

'TWIXT the cup and the lip we encounter a slip. We anticipated the arrival of a well-known gentleman of high character, culture, and attainments, as Ambassador from the United States—MR. DANA, the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*. But the Senate—as represented by its Foreign Committee—has refused to confirm PRESIDENT GRANT'S nomination. MR. DANA is rejected on a charge of "literary piracy," preferred by that model of moral and political purity, GENERAL BUTLER. The alleged piracy, if proved, would consist of an insignificant infringement, in editing an edition of *Wheaton's International Law*, of a disputed copyright in certain notes to a previous edition. As MR. DANA denies the piracy, GENERAL BUTLER further charges him with falsehood; and, having denied it on oath, further still with perjury. The piracy would be merely technical if true. And to be sure MR. DANA once stood against GENERAL BUTLER in the Essex district for Congress, and the Democratic section of the Senate had political reasons for voting his rejection. But never let us suppose they were swayed by these. Trust we rather that an extreme and oversensitively nervous horror of "literary piracy" carried them away; that their judgment was perverted by excessive scrupulosity lest the faintest shadow of a shade of a suspicion of literary piracy should sully the fair name of an American Foreign Minister.

This too fastidious moral sense of respect for the rights of authorship has expressed itself in gross injustice and indignity to MR. DANA. We are very sorry for that. But our sorrow cannot but derive some assuagement from a selfish hope. How gratifying to behold the Senate of the United States now at length suddenly awakened to the enormity of "literary piracy," and that piracy, however trifling, represented, however falsely, to have been committed in compiling notes to a treatise on International Law! The new abhorrence of the United States' Senate for that species of theft is doubtless shared by the House of Representatives, and British authors and publishers may now of course expect with perfect confidence that the American Congress and Government will at their very earliest possible convenience unite in enacting a convention with this country for a scheme of International Copyright.

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A DREAM OF MAGNIFICENT UGLY MEN.

Dear Mr. Punch,

In the admirable novel, *Gone Wrong*, which is now appearing in your columns, the Hero is described as "a magnificent ugly man," a favourite type with certain lady-writers of the period. Being anxious to obtain work as a book-illustrator, I beg to send you a few specimens of that particular kind of hero; they are all carefully drawn from Nature, as far as the face is concerned, several of my friends having kindly volunteered to sit to me with their features flattened against a window-pane, and otherwise distorted. The torsos and legs have been copied from an anatomical lay-figure, dressed in appropriate costume,—and I owe the hirsute appearance of the neck, hands, &c. (so dear to some lady-novelists), to a stuffed ape in my possession. I have also conscientiously laboured to imbue their physiognomies with as much vice, selfishness, and ferocity, as the size of the drawing will admit, and I think you will own they are not the kind of persons to be trifled with.

Trusting that you will accord me the favour of publicity in your widely circulated journal,

I remain, your obedient servant, Stickleback.

P.S.—I enclose my card.

THE SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

(A Matter-of-fact Idyll.)

It was a lovely spring day. The sun was shining brightly in a cloudless sky, and the bushes were green with early leaf-buds. It was during the recess, and *Punch* was enjoying his holiday. He was lying on his back near a silvery stream. In his right hand he held a tiny cigarette, and in his left he clasped a newspaper. As he looked up into the cloudless sky, and heard the murmur of the running brook, he could not help contrasting the pleasant peace of the country with the reckless riot of the town. And as he pondered, he heard the sweet voice of the Nightingale.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, charming song-bird!" he whispered. "You are early this year. You seldom make your appearance before May. You are very early."

"Not too early, *Mr. Punch*," replied a gentle voice. "Now don't move!" it continued, as the Sage was about to turn. "You cannot see me. Enough that you hear my words. Not too early, I say; for my voice is needed as an advocate for the sick poor—the sick poor who linger and die in the great city over yonder."

"My dear Madam, I am all attention," *Punch* answered. "I call you 'Madam,' because I know I am talking to a lady."

"Yes, you know me, *Mr. Punch*. Twenty years ago, when they talked about the Guards' Memorial, you sent in a design of which I was the central figure."

"I made a mistake just now, Madam. I gave you a wrong title. In the hospital at Scutari you were called an angel."

"I am satisfied to call myself a Nurse, and as a Nurse—a Nurse of large experience—I wish to speak to you, to ask you to add your efforts to my own in the cause of the suffering poor. Do you know what illness means when it reaches the homes of the labouring classes?"

"Yes. I have read the newspapers."

"Ah, but you must see the misery yourself to understand the full meaning of the word. When disease enters the poor man's dwelling, what was once a little better than a hovel becomes a pigstye. And it is the District Nurse (whose cause I plead) who must lead the van in the crusade against dirt and fever-nests—the crusade to let light and air and cleanliness into the worst rooms of the worst places of sick London. It is she who must show the poor how to make their rooms clean. She must sweep and dust away, empty and wash out all the appalling dirt and foulness. She must rub the windows, sweep the fireplace, carry out and shake the bits of old sacking and carpet, and lay them down again, fetch fresh water and fill the kettle, and make the bed. And when she has done all this, her real work commences as a sick nurse."

"Never-ending, thankless toil," murmured *Punch*.

"Not so," replied the gentle voice. "It may be never-ending, for it may begin again and again in new room after new room; but it is not thankless. To give the poor a clean home is to bestow as great a benefit as can be conferred upon them. This is the way to depauperise them. When a poor woman's house is once clean, it is her pride to keep it clean. She has been taught by the District Nurse what to do, and the lesson is not thrown away upon her. In one case, where a Nurse had tidied up one of the most loathsome dens imaginable, on the day following the cleansing, the eldest girl, a child of eight, scoured the place, and was found perched on a three-

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"FAINT PRAISE."

Little Landscape Painter (gleefully). "GOOD MORNING, SIR. I'M GLAD—I BELIEVE—I'VE HEARD—THE ACADEMY HAVE ACCEPTED MY PICTURE——"

Phumble, R.A. (on the Hanging Committee, with six "Bogies" on the Line). "OH, YES, BROWN, 'RECOLLECT PASSING IT. FACT IS, IT CAME UP WITH SUCH A LOT O' RUBBISH, IT LOOKED A PERFECT GEM!!"

FASHION'S LAST CONQUEST.

(See Extracts from a Lady's Letter from Jamaica, in "Birds for the Bonnet"—Punch, April 22.)

O LADIES of London and Paris,
Whose faces are radiant and fair,
Unimproved by a head-dress that carries
Rich plumage of birds of the air!
In the Boulevards and eke Piccadilly
Will you flutter bright wings without shame,
When Negresses, showy and silly,
Are doing the same?

The birdcatcher (destined to Hades)
Is netting the commons for you.
The elegant ebony ladies
Are eager to decorate too.
Your sisters in sable all cherish
A love for bright colours, and hence
Multitudinous humming-birds perish
To gladden their sense.

Their vanity needed no tutor
You teach them. Your folly destroys
The robin, untireable fluter,
Inviolate even to boys.
Ere a Lady of fashion can gird her
White brow with appropriate gems,
We must hear of the kingfisher's murder
On Avon or Thames.

Oh, let the winged melodists utter
Rich music, delicious to hear;
And let the bright-feathered ones flutter
Their plumage without any fear!
In your bonnets they hardly will figure,
Admiration as like to allure,
When we think of the plume-flaunting Nigger—
Your caricature.

A Flattering Invitation.

WE believe we break no confidence in mentioning the rumour that, inspired by certain pregnant words of the PREMIER of England, the Citizens of San Francisco have resolved upon petitioning the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES to assume forthwith the title of the EMPEROR OF CALIFORNIA, in order to protect that State from Chinese annexation.

legged stool, trying to wash the dirty linen with her poor little thin arms."

"The District Nurse must be the Angel in the House," said *Punch*.

"You shall hear what her duties are before you decide. First, she has to nurse. Secondly, she has to put the room in nursing order; that is, to make the room such as a patient can recover in. Thirdly, to bring such sanitary defects as produce sickness and death to the notice of the Public Officer whom they may concern. Nursing means keeping records of the patient's state, including pulse, temperature, &c., for the doctor, and attending to every want. When the room is in nursing order, the work of the hardest-worked housemaid has been performed. When sanitary defects are pointed out, dust-bins are emptied, water-butts are cleaned, and defective water supply and drainage are examined and remedied."

"Hard work, indeed!" murmured *Punch*.

"So hard," continued the gentle voice, "that when the Nurses return to their homes they must rest. They have other things to do than to cook for and wait upon themselves. And the homes and the Nurses both cost money. Each District Nurse must have, before she is qualified, a month's trial in district work, a year's training in hospital work, and a quarter's training in district nursing under the Superintendent-General."

"And what has been done up to the present time?" asked *Punch*. He had grown accustomed to the voice, and he listened with interest to the answer.

"There is but one District Home with five hospital-trained Nurses, and three Nurse-candidates. To make the scheme a success, with branches extending over the metropolitan area, a capital of £20,000, and an income of £5,000 a-year are needed."

"One more question," said *Punch*. "Where may subscriptions be sent?"

"To the Secretary of the Metropolitan and National Nursing Association, 23, Bloomsbury Square, W.C."

And then *Punch* woke; for he had dreamed a dream.

Not quite a dream, for in his hand he held a paper containing a letter signed "FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE." He read the last few lines:—

"I ask the public not to add one more charity or relief agency to the many that are already, but to support a charity—truly 'metropolitan' in its scope, and truly 'national' if carried out—which never has been before."

And as he read these words, the nightingale in the sky sang its song.

"You are outdone!" exclaimed *Punch*. "There is a Nightingale still upon the earth who sings a sweeter song than yours—a song that should find its echo in the hearts of the rich, and have for a reward the earnest blessings of the suffering poor."

A Wholesome Mixture.

IN a recent number of the *Scotsman* will be found an announcement of a marriage between a scion of the house of JAMESON, of Dublin whiskey renown, and a ditto of the house of HAIG, of the celebrated Cameron Bridge Scotch distillery. May the mixture lead to nothing but the best spirits on both sides; and may there have been no preliminary refusal-oil to mar the smack of meeting lips and the blend of loving hearts in the new firm, let us hope never to be shaken, of HAIG, JAMESON & Co.

Apis Orthographica.

"Acri mellis cœlestia dona."

MOI gran'vather 'ee went zure-ly
To zee the Ondustryous Vlea;
But naw the Parson, they tells I,
'As got a Spellin' Bee.

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WHEN YOU ARE ABOUT IT.

Magister Familias (parting with his Butler). "HERE IS THE LETTER, FLANAGAN. I CAN CONSCIENTIOUSLY SAY YOU ARE HONEST AND ATTENTIVE, BUT I SHOULD HAVE TO STRETCH A POINT IF I WERE TO SAY YOU ARE SOBER."

Mr. Flanagan. "THANK YOU, SOR. BUT WHEN YOU *ARE* AFTHER STHRITCHIN' A POINT, SOR, WOULDN'T YOU, PLASE, STHRITCH IT A LITTLE FURTHER, AND SAY *I'M* AFTEN SOBER!!"

THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF HEALTH.

AN illustration of the saying that the shoemaker's wife and children are ever of all people the worst shod, more signal even than that exhibited by the ill-ventilated Royal Institution, the chief seat of Chemistry, presents itself in the ill-drained public offices at Whitehall, the quarters, *inter alia*, of the Local Government Board, successor to the Board of Health. Of these offices, which are among the recent achievements of the contractors under the Board of Works—

"The drainage is so defective that visitors to the building, and those whose unfortunate lot compels them to pass their lives there, are forced to breathe an atmosphere which their sense of smell soon tells them is tainted with sewer gas. The drains pass in some parts under the buildings, the joints are defective, and the buildings have settled, the result being that the basement is in parts flooded. The whole energies of the Board of Works are occupied in effecting little ridiculous economies in articles of office furniture; and unless some champion arise to stir them up, many a poor fellow will suffer from the effects of breathing polluted air, as I understand some already have."

Thus far, in the *Times*, "OMNIA SANITAS." This ought to be the motto of the Board of Works, but at Whitehall we find, on the contrary, *quædam*, and *plurima*—indeed, *insanitas*. Not only are sanitary arrangements conspicuous by their absence, but conditions thence resulting are odoriferous from their presence. The basement of that building is evidently in a most vile state; and the filth, not removed from it by being laid at the door of the Board of Works, may be pointed to as an example of the lowest depth of muddle. Obviously, an outbreak of typhoid fever is imminent at the very centre of sanitary authority. Sanitary Reform, like Charity, should begin at home. Let the Board of Works set some Hercules immediately at work to cleanse its own Augean stable, and not leave it a warning in the nose of all local authorities who come to consult their central oracle, "how *not* to do it."

MOTTO FOR THE ROYAL TITLES BILL.—"*Divide, et Impera.*"

AN EARNEST HINT TO SIGNOR ROSSI.

CARO SIGNORE,

LET me begin by expressing my sincere sympathy with you under your mortifying extinction of voice. But then, why do you give such a handle to our cruel East wind as is presented by lower limbs indifferently protected by tights of black-silk webbing? Do, I implore you, for the sake of appearances, as well as more effectual protection from the "ethereal mildness" of our English spring, add a black-velvet skirt to your black-velvet jerkin. If you could only see yourself as others saw you on Wednesday! You looked, for all the world, like a respectable butler or groom of the chambers who had forgotten to put on a coat over his sleeved waistcoat. But the butler would have spared us the comical effect of a broad baldric of gilt plates worn obliquely over his black tights and portly bow-window. A yard of black velvet will do it all, and make you at once more comely and more comfortable. I repeat, people can't afford to go about in an English April, with their lower limbs cased in black-web tights, *et præterea nihil*.

Yours, with best wishes and kindest regards,

PUNCH.

An Australian Eden.

HERE's a prospect! Talk of the Recruiting Sergeant and his *couleur de rose* — how about the Emigration Agent? Read the following, cut from a Bristol paper, O Working-men—and don't believe it!

WANTED, Emigrants for Queensland, the finest and richest country in the world. In ten years a Working-man can easily secure a splendid landed estate, and be the owner of minerals, timber, game, &c. Instead of strikes and starvation, he can there sit under his own vine, with plenty in his pantry. No game laws, no class exclusiveness, but liberty and kangaroos. Terms: Farm labourers, free; tradesmen, £5, and £3 for wife; domestic servants free, and train fare to London paid. Next ship, ——, from London, May 5.—Apply immediately, &c.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HUT-UP—Lion! What is the use of growling any longer? Time is gone by; majorities are mighty; DISRAELI is determined; the advice will be given; the Proclamation will be issued; the title will be assumed; and VICTORIA, Queen of England, will be henceforth VICTORIA, Empress of India. Such is the position in which the House finds the BENJAMIN'S mess of the Imperial Titles on reassembling after Easter (*Monday, April* 24). *La Reine le veut. Ainsi soit-il.* England—except that portion of England which would rather be rid of a Queen altogether—does not want it. India—in so far as she has a voice to speak—declares *she* doesn't want it. Who *does* want it? That is the question not to be asked—or, at least, if asked, not to be answered—as MR. ANDERSON found out, when he wanted to know who told MR. LOWE that two Prime Ministers before MR. DISRAELI had been pressed to do this thing, and had respectfully declined. Was it a Privy Councillor let this Court-Cat out of the bag? "That's tellings," as the children say. MR. LOWE isn't a Minister now, and the privilege of being questioned in the favourite Parliamentary game of "cross questions and crooked answers" is confined to Ministers. MR. FAWCETT had asked for a day "to move the House's disapproval of the advice given to HER MAJESTY by Her Majesty's Ministers." But as MR. FAWCETT couldn't get his day before Easter, thanks to MR. KNATCHBULL HUGESSEN and MAJOR BEAUMONT, who stopped the way with their perfectly ineffectual brace of motions, and as the Leader of Her Majesty's Government declines to measure swords except with the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, and as LORD HARTINGTON, though ready to support MR. FAWCETT on a motion for a vote of censure, declines, under the circumstances, to move such a vote himself, and so run his head against the stone wall of the Ministerial majority, *cadit quæstio*. There is a good riddance of bad rubbish. The Opposition must remain content with what it has done in the way of protestation against a blunder which it considers nothing less than deplorable, in common with the overwhelming majority of intelligent and loyal subjects out of doors.

So let England shut her eyes—*not* open her mouth—and see what the QUEEN will give her. Who knows? She may have had her Royal eyes opened to the real state of the case at the eleventh hour, and may shrink from the change of title after all! At all events, *Punch* won't believe in "VICTORIA *Imperatrix*" till he has it under her own Royal hand. (Poor *Punch!* So he wrote some days ago. He *has* it now. It spoiled his breakfast last Saturday.)

Oh dear, oh dear, those debates in Committee on the Merchant Shipping Bill! with the puzzle-headed but eminently well-meaning PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE on the one side, and the almost as puzzle-headed, and still better meaning, Member for Derby on the other. Between the two, what should be debates sink into wrangles, and neither ever seems quite to know what the other is at. Wrangle No. 1 concerned Grain Cargoes. MR. PLIMSOLL wants to prescribe the means of safety: to regulate by Act of Parliament the shape, size, and thickness of shifting-boards for such cargoes. Those who have framed the Bill have been satisfied to require means for obviating shift of cargoes, without prescribing those means. *Punch* would say, by the light of common sense, that those in charge of the Bill have the best of it.

Wrangle No. 2 was over Deck-loads. Everybody who knows anything of the subject admits winter deck-loads to be one of the most fruitful sources of danger to life at sea.

MR. PLIMSOLL wants absolute prohibitions of such loads, with due exceptions to be fixed by the Board of Trade. All the Board of Trade will concede is, that deck-loads shall pay tonnage-dues. But the knowing ones seem agreed that if MR. PLIMSOLL asks too much, the Government give too little.

Hours were spent in beating about the bush, till SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE stepped in to help his lame brother ADDERLEY over the stile, and got MR. PLIMSOLL defeated by 108 to 75.

Is it quite impossible to import a little more clearness of head and distinctness of purpose into the Government conduct of the Bill? SIR CHARLES ought surely to have a foot to put down, considering what a foot he has to put in. Why don't well-meaning men learn to convey their meaning?

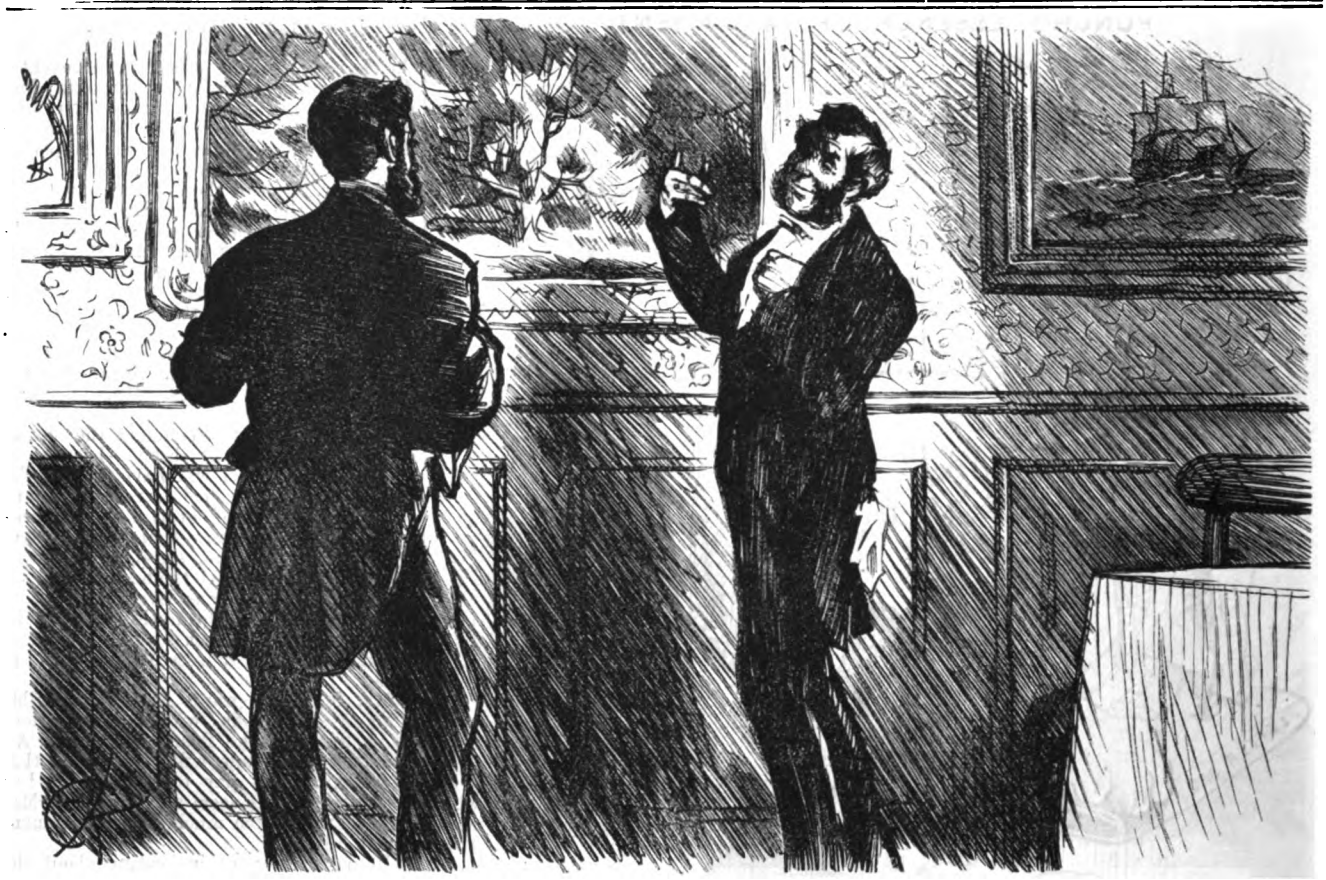
Tuesday.—We have already expressed the quintessence of what passed to-night about the Royal Titles Bill between the Heads of Her Majesty's Government, and Her Majesty's Opposition. Besides, now the Proclamation has been issued, why waste more words on what is past praying against?

Wednesday. — PENTHESILEA in arms, under the male mask of the Member for Marylebone. All the old arguments, for and against Female Franchise trotted out in better form than ever. A curious division of the BRIGHTS. JACOB for the Ladies; Brother-in-Law LEATHAM, and Brother JOHN against.

The honest avowal of plain JOHN that he was wrong when he voted with STUART MILL for giving votes to the Spinsters and Widows, had a great deal to do in determining the division (239 to 152) against the Member for Marylebone.

MR. SMOLLETT, victim of his name, flung a good deal of the mud which he mistakes for wit into the Ladies' faces (*proh pudor!*), and MR. FAWCETT gave him a well-deserved rap over the knuckles for it. Descended from the Author of *Roderick Random*, let not *our* MR. S. descend below him. He is old enough to have learnt that his ancestor's high-spiced style of humour is too coarse for modern tastes.

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AFTER-DINNER CRITICISM.

"For when our veins are filled
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts."—SHAKSPEARE: *Coriolanus.*

Guest (who has had a pleasant evening, will just have a look at his Host's Pictures before he goes). "YESH—(*hic*)—'LIKE THA' PICTSH'RE! FI' LANSHO'PE! 'LIKE THE TREESH! 'BRANSHES WAVE 'BOUT S' NASH'RALLY!!!"

MR. CHAPLIN gave a neat summary of the chief supporters of a Feminine Franchise, as "Masculine women and feminine men." *Punch* himself could not have put it more epigrammatically. Loving, reverencing, and looking up to the sex, as *Mr. Punch* does, he must needs rejoice in the defeat of those who would carry Woman into about the dirtiest field that Man has to work in— Politics.

Thursday.—The Lords reassembled. LORD STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL called attention to the Felsted Scandal, and the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER did *not* succeed in clearing himself of the discredit of having dismissed a laborious and successful Head-Master without inquiry, on the *ex parte* showing of Trustees, who, not to put too fine an edge on it, had in no way entitled themselves to such confidence in their discretion.

One thing is quite true. After speaking his mind as freely as he had done, the Master of Felsted could clearly not have gone on in his work with advantage to the school under such a Board of Trustees. As the Trustees were fixtures, there was no alternative but for the Master to go. But the question still remains, Who was to blame for bringing matters to this issue?

LORD HENNIKER tried to shift the saddle off the Trustees and on to the Head-Master. *Punch* agrees with LORD CAMPBELL that the attempt was not successful. For the Bishop—well, least said soonest mended. Only one thing seems clear—the REV. MR. GRIGNON is well rid of Felsted. But we should have felt happier, if, as he went, the Bishop had been seen at *his* side rather than that of the Trustees.

(*Commons.*)—The third bout of the fencing-match between the Leaders, *à propos* of the Royal Titles Bill. See above for its substance. Fresh interlude of the great Merchant Shipping Muddle.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER stepped in as *deus ex machinâ*, and announced, to the great relief of the House, in the teeth of all SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY has been painfully hammering out for the last two nights, that the Government had decided to introduce a clause directly dealing with Deck-loads of Timber-ships in the winter months, and hoped to frame a clause to prevent or punish the improper loading of foreign ships.

SIR W. HARCOURT enjoyed the pleasure of double-thonging the Ministerial management of the Merchant Shipping Bill for about an hour, till the ears of the House were almost as tired as his tongue. But the House dropped back into the original muddle on the great battle-ground of Load-line. Think of discussing for ever so long whether "Billy-boys" should or should not be obliged to mark a *disc* amidships! "*De minimis non curat lex*," say the lawyers. They never anticipated these debates on the Merchant Shipping Bill.

Friday (*Lords*).—In reply to LORD BLACHFORD, LORD CARNARVON threw what light he could on the Barbadoes "scare." It seems pretty clear that the Planters' party either actually wild, or pretending to be wild, with fear of the Niggers, is running a-muck at GOVERNOR HENNESSY, in the hope of getting him summarily recalled. Meanwhile, their telegrams, read by the light of one from COLONEL SARGENT commanding the Military at Barbadoes, are clearly chargeable with gross exaggeration.

While reserving judgment till the arrival of more dispassionate accounts of the facts, *Punch* trusts—as he believes the country, and GOVERNOR HENNESSY, and the Planters, and the friends of both, may safely trust—LORD CARNARVON. Thus far there is nothing to show that the Planters have not been more in fault than the Governor.

(*Commons*).—MR. EUSTACE SMITH asked for a Select Committee to inquire into the mode in which the Bengal Famine was met. MR. SMITH complains of extravagance. SIR G. CAMPBELL vindicated the Indian authorities.

LORD G. HAMILTON deprecated the proposed inquiry.

MR. FAWCETT declared it would do great good.

MR. GRANT DUFF declared it would do enormous mischief.

Mr. Punch admired Doctors' differences—and wondered which JOHN BULL would have considered the worst extravagance—to lose a few thousands in money, and no life, or to lose a few thousands in lives, and no money.

The Committee was refused by 149 to 46; and *Punch* can't say he is sorry. On this matter he would rather be wrong with SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL than right with MR. EUSTACE SMITH.

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MR. PUNCH TO A VERY PRETTY YOUNG LADY OF FASHION.



MY DEAR YOUNG LADY,

HERE is a picture sent in to the Royal Academy by that excellent and humane friend of the Horse and of *Mr. Punch*—MR. WILLIAM FLOWER. It is meant to illustrate the *bearing*—in the hope to forward the *for-bearing*—of bearing-reins.

Alas! the Council have rejected MR. FLOWER's picture, like those of many better men! "It would never do," said an influential Member of the Council, "to give such a slap in the face to many of our most distinguished patrons—especially the Ladies, who naturally like to see their horses well bitted up, while waiting for their fair mistresses in the courtyard of the Academy, just as they like to see them glossy of coat and lively of action. And I understand" (added the R.A.) "that nothing keeps horses so lively as a tight bearing-rein." So no doubt, my dear young Lady, in one sense it does—as the fire keeps the eels lively in the frying-pan. But as MR. FLOWER could not exhibit his picture at the Academy, I have had great pleasure in putting at its service a place in my gallery, where it will be seen by quite as numerous, intelligent, and influential a Public as even that which crowds to the spacious halls of Piccadilly.

I hope, my dear young Lady, you will like the picture, and dislike the bearing-rein, and that the next time we meet in Hyde Park, I may have the pleasure of seeing your horses released from this torture, though they may not toss their heads, and champ their bits, and fling the foam about as freely as you have been accustomed to see them. I know your coachman will tell you it is all nonsense; that horses take as pleasantly to bearing-reins as young ladies to tight-lacing and high-heeled shoes. Don't believe him, my dear, but ask him how *he* would like to drive in a gag; and if he says he should, *try him;* and then ask him his opinion of the bearing-rein on better acquaintance.

En attendant, believe me, my dear young Lady,

Yours faithfully, PUNCH.

PROPOSED OLD STYLE FOR NEW TITLE.—"*Indoperatrix.*"

PUNCH ON A FOREIGN ACTOR.—*Rossi—non Rosci-us.*

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DISABILITIES OF WOMAN.

(Scheduled by a Fast Young Lady, in anxious preparation for the Act for their Removal.)



1. EXCEPTING on the sly, she is inhumanly debarred from using a cigar-case.

2. She is not allowed to make love, but merely to receive the manufactured article.

3. She may not wear top-boots, not even when out hunting.

4. Unless she can bear a lecture from her feminine next of kin, she must never dream of reading *Bell's Life* or *The Sportsman*.

5. She cannot even play a humble game of Lady's Cricket, without being chaffed unmercifully.

6. Excepting at the risk of being thought unfeminine, she must never row a Match, nor ever ride a Steeplechase.

7. When she bets with any member of the unfair Sex, she rarely has the privilege of paying if she loses.

8. She is unable to go unattended to the Opera.

9. She cannot even dance more than three times in succession with a partner whom she likes, without being suspected of a tendency to flirting.

10. Excepting at great peril to her social reputation, she may not indulge in either Black Pool or Blind Hookey.

11. No matter how put out—say, by her maid or by her milliner—she is not permitted the use of stronger language than "Dear me!" or "How tiresome!"

12. While doomed in perpetuity to play on the piano, she is not allowed an instant to practise on the post-horn.

13. Unless she can submit to being thought a "Blue," she must be ignorant of politics, Latin, Greek, and the Hegelian Philosophy.

14. She may not chaff the waiter at a foreign *table-d'hôte*, although she knows his language perfectly, and longs to use the chance of showing that she knows it.

15. By a masculine assumption, she is deemed unable to play rackets, golf, or football, and is doomed to feeble games like battledore and shuttlecock, or croquet with mild curates.

16. Though over head and ears in love, she may never make an offer, except perhaps in Leap Year, and for this it would be hard for her to quote an actual precedent.

17. She is expected to be able to make use of a Needle, and is thus disabled from competing with Men in works of idleness.

18. Her ears are steeped in Slang when her Brothers come from College, yet she is obliged, as far as possible, to keep her lips from using it.

19. Although conscious of a guilty love for the perfume, she may not proclaim her preference for a Smoking Carriage.

20. If there be a Baby in the house where she is visiting, she is presumed to be unable to talk sensibly about it.

21. When her Married Sisters call, she is always pounced upon to entertain their Children.

22. However humorous her temperament may naturally be, she cannot crack a joke or sing a comic song, without being thought eccentric.

23. She must not practise Boxing, excepting as regards the ears of her small brothers.

24. She is not allowed the privilege of a Latch-key.

A Diocese in British Diggings.

AT a meeting under the presidency of the EARL OF DEVON, at Newton Abbot the other day, in aid of the fund for forming a new diocese in Cornwall, it was stated that more than half the required fund of £30,000 had been raised. Let us hope the Cornish miners are able—and willing—to raise the rest of the tin.

A SEA-FIGHT OF THE FUTURE.

LETTER I.

From the Admiral of the British Fleet to the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet.

SIR, *High Seas, June* 1, 187—.

I HAVE the honour to inform you that I sighted the fleet under your command last evening. As in these days of civilisation unnecessary bloodshed is to be deprecated, I take the earliest opportunity of letting you know that I have reason to believe, from information received through the newspapers, that my fleet is stronger than yours. I have under my command three Iron-clads, each with four feet of iron-plating protecting the water-line, and each carrying four 200-ton guns, firing fore, aft, and all round, mounted in turrets, protected by six feet of iron-plating, and with all the loading, aiming and working performed by hydraulic machinery, so that loss of life at the guns is hardly possible on my side.

May I, under these circumstances, request you to surrender without unnecessary delay?

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
(Signed) NELSON IRONSIDE, *Admiral.*

(*Reply.*)

THE Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet presents his compliments to the Admiral of the British Fleet, and begs to say that the Admiral of the British Fleet has been misinformed. The Fleet under the Enemy's Admiral's command consists of two Iron-clads each with six feet of iron-plating protecting the water-line, each mounting six guns of 300 tons, firing perpendicularly, upwards and downwards, as well as fore, aft, and all round, in three turrets protected by eight feet of steel-plating, and with all the operations of loading, priming, and firing effected by a galvanic battery worked by a single engineer stationed ten feet below the water-line, so that there is as good as no life to lose at the guns on his side.

As the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet entirely reciprocates the humanitarian ideas expressed by the Admiral of the British Fleet, he trusts that the Admiral of the British Fleet will surrender without any unnecessary delay.

LETTER II.

From the Admiral of the British Fleet to the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet.

SIR, *High Seas, June* 2, 187—.

I HAVE the honour to acknowledge your reply to my letter of yesterday's date.

I regret to say that I am unable to comply with your request. The rules of the Service to which I have the honour to belong do not permit of any surrender of Her Britannic Majesty's ships. I am forced to inform you that unless you surrender before to-morrow morning, it will be my painful duty to do my utmost to blow you, your ships, and the gallant men under your command, from off the face of the waters.

Trusting that, by your speedy surrender, you will avert this unpleasant necessity,

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
(Signed) NELSON IRONSIDE, *Admiral.*

(*Reply.*)

THE Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet presents his compliments to the Admiral of the British Fleet, and begs to say that he is now in a position to surrender, his flag-ship having, during the last six hours, unluckily run into and sunk her consort.

The Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet begs to intimate that had the force at his command been anything like equal to the force of the British Admiral, he (the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet) would have considered it to be his duty to fight the battle out to the bitter end.

LETTER III.

From the Admiral of the British Fleet to the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet.

SIR, *High Seas, June* 3, 187—.

I HAVE the honour to acknowledge your reply to my letter of yesterday's date.

I feel in honour bound to inform you that, during the night, two of the Iron-clads under my command have sunk each other in the course of manœuvres, directed with a view to perfect their ramming practice. Under these circumstances, it has occurred to me that perhaps you would prefer fighting to surrender. In ten minutes my flag-ship (the remaining vessel under my command) will have the honour of opening fire.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
(Signed) NELSON IRONSIDE, *Admiral.*

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THE STING OF IT.

Sister (in alarm). "Good gracious, George! How did you get that terrible Black Eye!?"

George (sullenly). "Spellin' Bee!"

POETRY AND PRONUNCIATION.

[Lord Winchilsea has enclosed to *Punch* the following. He says he doesn't expect *Punch* will publish it. He does *Punch* injustice. *Punch* is always open to original communications, and Lord Winchilsea's recipe for "verse" and "curse" strikes *Punch* as one of the most original things he has read for a long time. *Punch* is only sorry he cannot offer Lord Winchilsea the engagement he proposes in his "N.B."]

To the Editor of Punch.

Sir,

The criticism upon my verses that appear'd in *Punch*, April 15, 1876, has only just been shown me, or I should have replied earlier. Allow me to tell you—

'Tis the measure and the time,
With thoughts witty or sublime,
Not the jingle of the rhyme,
That make verse!
Just as hatred in the heart,
Not phrases pert and smart,
Or the trickeries of Art,
Makes a curse. *April* 24.

N.B.—I am open to an engagement to teach both your critics and your poets a few things to their advantage.

Oh, Horrible!

A rival Composer in New York, in a jealous moment, has imported two hundred barrel-organs into Philadelphia, grinding only the well-known airs of the best operas of Jacques Offenbach. This ruffian in human form is under the impression that this wholesale torture will drive the Parisian *maestro* from the field, as he will thus be made a symbol and synonym for one of the worst forms of suffering. These practical jokes are as infectious as murders. Only fancy a few out of the millions of anti-Wagnerites starting a brigade of organ-grinders playing nothing but the mysteriously monotonous recitatives of *Lohengrin* and the *Meistersänger;* or, perhaps—horror on horror's head!—of *Tristram and Iseult!* But here our paralysed pen declines to be driven further. We hold our ears, and gasp in speechless awe of the phantom we have conjured up!

(*Reply.*)

The Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet presents his compliments to the Admiral of the British Fleet, and begs to say that he accepts the Admiral of the British Fleet's very kind invitation. Within the last half hour the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet has received large reinforcements—so that the Fleet now consists of ten Iron-clads, with six feet of iron-plating protecting the water line, and six turrets apiece, with strength and system of guns in each turret as before stated. Under these circumstances, he will have much pleasure in accepting and returning the fire of the Admiral of the British Fleet.

Letter IV.

From the Admiral of the British Fleet to the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet.

Sir, *High Seas, June* 3, 187—.

I have the honour to acknowledge your reply to my letter of this day's date.

I fear however I must disappoint you of the pleasure of a battle. During the last two minutes the *Wasp*, one of our recently-invented invisible floating gun-carriages, carrying one of our newly-invented quadruple-action 500 ton guns, loading itself, and firing automatically at the word of command, with her complement of torpedo-boats, has arrived here unexpectedly. You will see the desirability of at once ordering your Fleet to surrender.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

(Signed) Nelson Ironside, *Admiral.*

(*Enclosure.*)—The Admiral of the British Fleet requests the honour of the company of the Admiral and Officers of the Enemy's Fleet to dinner on the evening of the 3rd of June. *R. S. V. P.*

(*Reply.*)

The Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet presents his compliments to the Admiral of the British Fleet, and begs to surrender.

(*Enclosure.*)—The Admiral and some of the Officers of the Enemy's Fleet will have the honour of dining with the Admiral of the British Fleet this evening.

"AGRIKLER" ON THE BRISTOL CATHEDRAL IMAGES.

Thay be very tidy figgurs, as vur as I can zee,
And I thenk the Dane and chapther med as well a let um be.
Ef thay tries to pliase aal parties, the upzhot ull bevaal
Like the ould man vi his neddy thay 'll pliase nubbody at aal.
It zims tha girt objection wer, one on um is a Poape
As owed his elevaition to a pulley and a roape;
And then ta crown tha mischief, it zims the masons put
('Twere only miake-believe in stoane) a bee-hive on hes nut;
Which, whatever the intention, I thenk the manein 's plaain,
One man mid carry bees, whar another cars a braain,
And ef about zuch trifles thay makes a girt to do,
I thenk both Poape and Antipoape med wear a bee-hive too.

Official Communication.

My Dear Mr. Punch,

For some centuries, or at all events for a great number of years, I have been engaged with my respected opponent the Unicorn in fighting for the Crown. If the Bengal Tiger is to have a share in the contest I shall decline to continue it. In the first place, two to one is not fair play, and in the next place if the Tiger and myself got joint possession of the Crown, we should very likely begin fighting for it between ourselves, and so thinks Mr. Lowe,

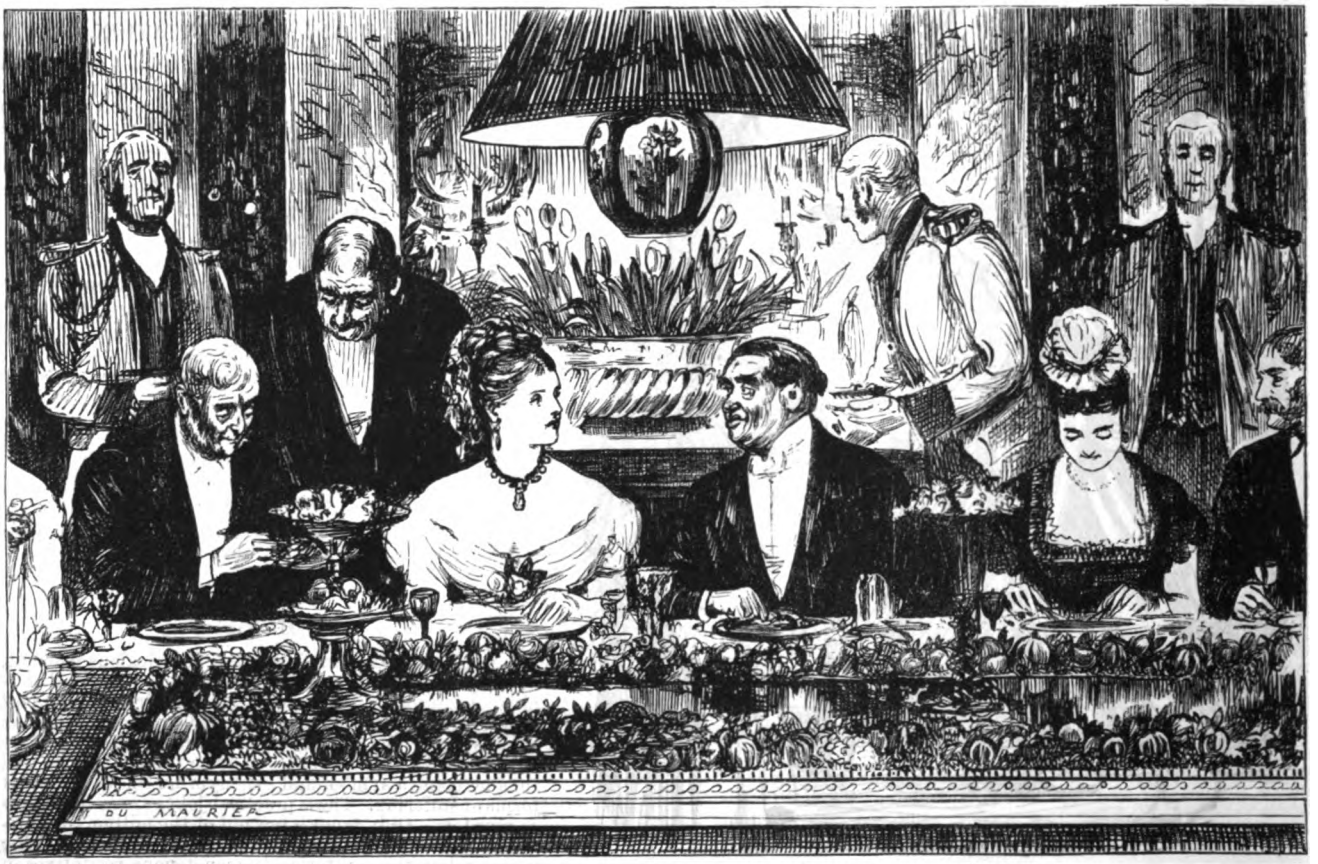
Yours as ever,

The Queen's Arms. Leo Britannicus.

ANTAGONISM EXTRAORDINARY.

Viscount Folkestone moving the rejection of the Women's Disabilities Removal Bill in a Maiden Speech.

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THE BUSINESS OF PLEASURE.

Professor Guzzleton (to Fair Chatterbox). "ARE YOU AWARE THAT OUR HOST HAS A FRENCH COOK?" *Fair Chatterbox.* "SO I HEAR!"
Professor Guzzleton. "AND THAT THAT FRENCH COOK IS THE BEST IN LONDON?" *Fair Chatterbox.* "SO I BELIEVE!"
Professor Guzzleton. "THEN DON'T YOU THINK WE HAD BETTER DEFER ALL FURTHER CONVERSATION TILL WE MEET AGAIN IN THE DRAWING-ROOM!"

BOB'S PENANCE.

Sweet are the uses of adversity."

"It gives me the most sincere satisfaction, after the dreary life which I have led for two and a half years, to find myself at last once more in a meeting that is really heartily and unmistakeably Liberal. The penance that we have gone through no words can tell. We have argued, and we have convinced, I believe, upon many occasions; but when it came to the division, there was the same inevitable result. Opinions may have been shaken, scruples may have been raised, difficulties which could not have been answered may have been suggested; but the same inevitable termination came—Beaten by a majority of so many."—MR. LOWE *at Retford.*

OH, pity the sorrows of SISYPHUS-LOWE!
Greek fancy, which fashioned the classical Hades,
Devised a respectable torment or so
For treacherous Monarchs or murderous Ladies.
But what was the toil of the Stone or the Sieve,
Compared with the task of our modern Bob Logic,
Compelling Bœotian brains to believe,
Yet reaping no fruits of his pains pedagogic?

To argue, convince, yet not conquer! Alack!
What, what is the use of cool Reason's authority,
When brought against brass-fronted BEN, with his back
Set safe 'gainst the rock of his fine brute Majority?
Ah! Tantalus-torture were nothing to LOWE's:
Fancy critical BOB cutting blocks with his razor!
A spectacle *that, Mr. Punch* would suppose,
To soften the heart of the stoniest gazer.

To mark money flying like Danäe's shower,
To hear premiss coolly divorced from conclusion,
O'er purse-strings or fallacies void of all power,
To see Tory muffs worse-confounding confusion!
A penance indeed not unworthy of Tophet,
BOB his foes may confute, but he cannot compel 'em.
They from darkness Egyptian contrive to snatch profit,
While *he* could not manage "*ex luce lucellum*"!

Yet 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good;
Sadness softens the visage most stern and prognathous.
To see our cool BOB in a right melting mood,
With a tear in his eye, and his tongue tuned to pathos,
Is such a sweet sight, and so rich, and so rare,
That a snatch of fine joy from his gloom we can borrow.
Cheer up, BOB! BEN's glass is no longer "set fair."
You to-day wear the sheet; he may don it to-morrow.

A MODEST ADVERTISER.

TO NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN.—An accomplished and highly respectable single English gentleman, age 25, who is truly energetic, honest, candid, temperate, moral, staid, of good intellect and address, prepossessing in appearance, of strong and healthy constitution, has travelled in various parts of England, France, and America, can ride, swim, row, shoot, fence, sing, play, &c., and can give unexceptionable references, is desirous of an ENGAGEMENT, &c., &c.

OUGHT not this paragon to have headed his advertisement, "To Ladies of Beauty, Rank and Fortune?" Such a combination of all the virtues and accomplishments, with personal beauty in addition, is seldom to be found. Surely he will not be long on the market. He adds, what scarcely was necessary, that he is a "person without conceit." Such persons are rare: but here is evidently a perfect specimen of greatness combined with modesty. Ladies of England, Leap Year is not over, and this admirable CRICHTON is unmarried!

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.—Being served with a glass of Bass when you called for old Edinburgh.

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OVER-WEIGHTED.

BRITANNIA. "LOOK HERE, FATHER NEP! I CAN'T STAND IT MUCH LONGER! WHO'S TO 'RULE THE WAVES' IN *THIS* SORT OF THING?"

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PUNCH AT PORTSMOUTH.

SCENE—*Neighbourhood of the newly-launched Iron-clad "Inflexible."*
Interlocutors—NEPTUNE, VULCAN, *and* MR. PUNCH.
TIME—*April* 27, 1876.



Punch. Well, Father Nep, and you, great Vulcan, say—
What of our last sea-monster—launched to-day?
Neptune. All hail the *Inflexible!*—the more the merrier.—
Be it my lot to buoy, and not to bury, her!
Vulcan. Ten thousand tons! Seven hundred thousand pounds!
And twenty-four-inch armour! All that sounds
Convincingly colossal. Yet beware!
You may forge armour past all strength to bear.
Can those who arm the most, in safety feel?
Nay, trust your foes to find Achilles' heel.
Punch. With power on armour-plates old Vulcan speaks;
And Neptune knows the worth of silver streaks
Without the means to guard them. Waves environ
Our shores; we've mighty store of gold and iron;
But vain are both without the will—and brain—
To keep our power unshaken on the main,
And more than match for all who chance to come;—
A difficult and ever-shifting sum
Beyond Red-Tapist's reckoning! Yet till JOHN
Can tottle *that*, all reeds he rests upon
Are rotten, though as high their heads they rear
As——
Neptune. Eight-and-seventy million pounds a year?
Punch. Just so! Yet twice that were no penny lost,
Were safety purchased at the monstrous cost.
But muffs waste every farthing that they spend,
While stopping short of that supremest end.
JOHN'S Fleet 's his fate!
Neptune. Let him lay that to heart,
Of all his rivals get—and keep—the start;
Kick out the bunglers, quash the squabblers, loose
His purse-strings like a man—*not* like a goose!—
Make this the rule that, whether Blues or Buffs
Be in, the Navy shan't be left to muffs,
And—well, I'll do what now I'd rather not—
Praise without *arrière pensée* yon huge pot
On which he prides himself, a nine days' wonder
Till some new Behemoth outroars its thunder!
Punch. Your lips drop weighty wisdom!
Vulcan. JOHN should try
To pick it up. Give him the tip! Good-bye!
[*Exeunt* NEPTUNE *and* VULCAN *severally.*
Punch (*solus, thoughtfully surveying the newly-launched Colossus*).
Sagacious counsel! echo of my own.
Thou dull mechanic monster, over-grown!
A type, to draw the gall of *Punch's* quill,
Of Man's ingenious folly, ill-used skill,
Waste power, and squandered wealth! Still grows the pace
In the great Iron Handicap: a race
Cruel and ruinous, void of grace or credit.
Is one thing sadly certain—*must we head it?*
[*Exit, to ask the Public that question.*

Poetry and Prose.

THE electric wire is occasionally poetical. A recent telegram from Madrid, announcing that KING ALFONSO, the PRINCE OF WALES, and the DUKE OF CONNAUGHT had driven, without escort, over the Retiro in a carriage-and-four, added—"The city wore a gay and brilliant aspect." This Court-prose-poet might, as he "struck the wire," have gone on—

"His Majesty and their Imperial Highnesses
The garb of Royal life."

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON.

Authoress of "Cometh Down like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She," "Good! Buy Sweet Tart!" "Not Slily, But don't Tell."

CHAPTER IX.—*What Jenny says.*

WITH one shrill species of shriek she flew for bare life, as if ten thousand Bulls of Bedlam were behind her, until, completely spent with her violent exertions, she fell down on the floor of the room where I am seated, playing the piano, panting, gasping, convulsive, heaving, while the waves of rich carmine that that mad, wild run has brought into her cheeks, are at ebb-tide now, leaving nothing but the grey, white, solid sand of her marble face blanched with fear as surely as if

"in terror of the Sun-God,
Whose steeds run curbless o'er our Southern France,
The young Asparagus turns yellow-white,
And quits its bed to meet the market-knife."

Or, as the King of ancient Roman poets, and model of so many modern lyricists, has so feelingly said,

"O puer Asparagus! dea migrata ante solixit."

I am playing the piano while the others are dancing: being the eldest sister and the plainest, it is my *rôle* in life to play the piano while others are dancing.

The scene is changed. It is no longer Wollum. We are at our merry widow'd sister's house in Stuffordshire, and it is into the drawing-room of *her* house that BELLA comes and falls down exhausted after her long run.

Only one person, besides myself, notices her as she lies in her rose-coloured dressing-gown prone on the rich yellow carpet, her poor red eyes sparkling, and a quivering tremor about her mouth, as she stretches out her desolate white arms, swimming through a sea of troubles—only one person sees this—it is our Cousin ORLISS GWYNNIN. He is leaning lazily against a door-post, looking very handsome, with his large, indolent, reproachful, sky-blue eyes, while the gas-light catches his yellow hair: but of this he takes no sort of notice, so sleepy and loungy is he, except to explain to me, that "he does not mind any gaslight catching his hair, as he is heavily insured,"—which explanation gives me every possible satisfaction,—and lights up his sunny soft young moustache, so bright, so slight, that it seems more as if he had been sucking some sweet Seville Orange, and had left the strong trace of the rich golden-tinted blood, in its pipful veins, than that flossy, downy hair should be springing up about that handsome mouth, as spring flowers, or drooping, bright-eyed reeds, will grow on the side of a bright, green, sleepy, deep, well-like ditch.

He has been listening to, or rather, enduring, my playing slow jigs, brisk minuets, *valses à quatre temps*, stately *cancans*, courtly boleros, and voluptuous Roger de Coverleys, for three hours, without an interval of refreshment, and I am beginning to feel a little tired. Still there is a chance, even for *me*—the eldest, plainest, and most utterly uninteresting of the SR. JOHN VILLARS family—as long as our Cousin ORLISS GWYNNIN, the gay, lounging, butterfly bachelor, is willing to sit in the same room with me without actually going to sleep, as is the practice of most English gentlemen when they hear sweet music.

ORLISS is laughing with good-humoured, boyish heartiness at something he has just been saying to himself, when BELLA rushes in as I have described, and falls on the floor.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaim—being the ugly woman of the family, I invariably make use of the plainest expression—"what is the matter? Is it all over?"

"No," she answers (drily) "not all over yet" (looking up suddenly at ORLISS, and laughing violently), "not half begun, I should say" (very indistinctly, and colouring violently, while the blood in ORLISS's face mounts up to his deep, blue-lined temples). "Play, play, PLAY! and"—she adds, gruffly—"if possible play until you leave off. Do you hear?"

I hear, and obey, as I always do. And so JENNY plays on.

ORLISS regards her attentively as he strokes the silky gold of his moustache. Then his broad chest heaves, and his wide, light-blue-Cambridge eyes glisten with a passionate excitement, as, struggling with the strong emotion that the sight of those beautiful appealing eyes has aroused in his innermost being, he bites his lips till they bleed again.

ORLISS is a splendid handsome idiotic man, an innocent cherubic yet stalwart beauty. BELLA felt that even if the old love had left her, here at least might be one good enough to go on with *pro tem.*, and perhaps, at some future time, to go off with, also *pro tem.* But these were lightning flashes of hope in her dark nights of storm, misery, and undying grief.

The young man is trembling with the involuntary vehemence of his own thoughts, as, in a voice sharpened and roughened by the very intensity of his self-restraint, he spoke—

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COVERT COMPLIMENTS.

(THE LAST OF THE SEASON.)

Captain Skirter (*patronisingly*). "HAW, MISS FENCER, SO GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT TO-DAY. SAW YOU GO RATTLING WELL THAT LAST DAY AT EVEHALLOW."

Miss Fencer (*promptly*). "*WE* ALWAYS GO WHERE THERE IS GOING. BUT"—(*sweetly*)—"I DARE SAY *YOU* DON'T OFTEN SEE US!!"

"Will you marry me to-morrow?" asked ORLISS, violently clenching his hands until the nails disappeared in the palms and came out distinct, firm, and visible at the back, while his teeth closed hard on his upper lip.

She was dreamily thinking of Wollum and the seashore, and is not attending to him.

"Answer me!" he cried, an agony of indignant perspiration breaking out on his clay-white face, and colouring it a rich brown. "We *will* be married to-morrow morning early, before the break of day, won't we?" he asks, stooping his waved gold head over her and smiling drearily.

"*No, we won't!*" she answered. Then, as if afraid of having given him too sharp a stab, she added, as if in correction, "At least, not *too* early. Let us be married after the break of day. Let the break of day be married first."

He takes her to his arms, and strains her to his broad, strong, heaving bosom. Then he seizes her slender wrists, but she breaks away from him, and smiles once more on the floor.

I have ceased to play, but the guests, who had never cared to listen to me, being ignorant of my having quitted my place at the piano, are still dancing in the front room.

"Oh Heaven!" BELLA suddenly exclaimed, flinging out her arms, and then throwing her head down on her knees so recklessly that at any moment she might have let it drop and so lost it. "If I were only certain of not suffering to-morrow, I would eat supper *now!*"

"What are you talking about?" cries ORLISS, startled and gravely shocked at this unlooked-for outburst.

But she makes no answer.

"We must dance before we sup," says ORLISS, gaily. "Come along!" and he flings his happy arms around her, and looking with fierce beauty into her defiant eyes, as a spasm of joy contracts his radiant face, he feels that for the next ten divine, mad minutes of the quadrille, she is his and his only.

"Come along!" says ORLISS, gaily.

"Don't be a nuisance!" she answers. "Go away! *Va t'en! Allez vous promener! Allez vous en! Accrochez-le!*"

He *accroches* it. Yes, ORLISS, his broad chest heaving, and his wide blue eyes glittering with passionate excitement, seizes her fiercely by her back hair in an access of sudden and uncontrollable passion; he presses the *souvenir* to his lips, and passes out. So *he* is gone; dismissed, for awhile. Gradually the music ceased; the guests, hot, weary, flushed, pallid, and straggling, have departed. BELLA lifts her dreamy, wistful eyes up to me, and holds out the advertisement sheet of a newspaper.

"Look," she says to me. "A Lady-Help is required at once by SIR GUY FOCKSDAY, of Focksday Hall. I am weary of this kind of life. I shall go."

And before I can say a word, she has packed up her things, and gone.

CHAPTER X.—*What the Author says.*

IT was a cold, dreary November when she arrived at the lodge gate of Focksday Hall, and walked up the noble avenue towards the ancient house. It was SIR GUY'S birthday—the fifth of the month; and the simple-minded, attached peasantry were showing their love for their old Squire by carrying him in a chair round the grounds, while they sang pæans of joy suitable to the occasion.

SIR GUY, whose fine old venerable head, set loosely on his somewhat uneven and stooping shoulders, hung forward on his breast and harmoniously nodded in time with every movement of his bearers. His dress, though a comfortable one for an English Squire, had something of a foreign cut about it, which seemed scarcely in keeping with the surroundings of the place: his coat, which showed evident signs of rough, hard work in all kinds of weathers, was patched, here and there,—with such a variety of unblended colours as would have driven GIOTTO wild, and given TINTORETTO fits,—and had been warmly lined for the inclement, cutting winter season with clean, warm, supple, sweet-smelling straw, the ends of which occasionally peeped out, revealing the real interior luxury of this poor-looking old rag of a garment. His nether man was defended in a similar manner from the biting North wind; and his feet, encased in big, easy boots, hung loosely over the chair, so that the toes turning by that mutual attraction to one another which is the peculiarity of a certain class of toes, castanetted an accompaniment to their slow progress along the grounds. Be it remem-

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ROSE-LEAF CRUMPLES.

Edith. "OH DEAR! I *AM* SO TIRED!"

Loving Husband. "WHAT HAS FATIGUED YOU, MY PIPPETYWIPPETY POPPET?"

Edith. "OH! I HAVE HAD TO HOLD UP MY PARASOL ALL THE TIME I WAS IN THE CARRIAGE!"

A CHANCE FOR "OUIDA."

THE Herzegovinians have had their Amazon, as most guerilla armies have had before them. What a heroine this MADEMOISELLE MERKUS would make for "OUIDA," or the romantic sisterhood who toil after her in vain through the unwholesome jungles of the improbable and the improper! A Dutch Creole, born at Java, where she possesses immense estates, attached to the staff of the unpronounceable one, LJUBIBRATICS, equipping an insurgent squadron at her own expense, out of funds supplied from her château and grounds in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem! Lovely, accomplished, raven-haired, wasp-waisted, gazelle-eyed, Diana-limbed, and only twenty-four years of age, she is all a lady-novelist can require for a starting-point! There is your heroine. Stew her down in the stock extracted from a chapter on liqueurs, a discussion about old china and *bric-à-brac*, and the descriptive detail of twenty or thirty dresses by WORTH; pepper the mixture with quotations from the naughtiest French novels and the best known Italian proverbs, with a sprinkling of oaths in as many languages as can be found room for; and, after letting her simmer through the proper number of pages with a Florentine duke, whose limpid eyes dive down to the soles of her "Hessians"—for she wears male Herzegovinian attire—with a Parisian *cocodette* for her rival, dish-up with a garnish of the raciest bits of the last decade's worst literature, and you have a novel which would certainly be in hot demand for three weeks at least among the more reckless subscribers to MUDIE'S Library—who, in their hunger for excitement, cannot wait to discriminate the taste of what they swallow, or the effect of it upon the ravenous devourer.

The Genius of the Ring.

AN excitable Lady, who disapproves of the paternal and maternal government of the School-Board, being summoned for not sending her children to school the other day, suddenly took off her wedding-ring, and threw it at the head of the sitting Magistrate. MR. BENSON, the Magistrate at the wicket, dexterously caught the ring (amid cries of "Well fielded!" by the Clerks), and proceeded good-humouredly to ask the irascible mother conundrums which were not calculated to calm her troubled spirit—"Why did you throw your wedding-ring at me?" To which she might have reasonably replied, "Because it is the first step to a Union." But she didn't. We are not informed that MR. BENSON told her that, if she could not take care of her ring, the Court would be obliged to find her a keeper.

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bered that SIR GUY was now a man well stricken in years, and so it was no wonder that such colour as remained in his white, glazed-looking, hard features was of a peculiar, rosy, fresh geranium tint; that his eyes were hollow and lack-lustre; that his nose was sharp, white, and meaningless; and, as SIR GUY was still a great smoker, it would have been a matter of unfeigned astonishment to his friends had they seen him without the short clay pipe which was now stuck, in a careless fashion, into his bar-slit, toothless mouth, whose hard, shrivelled, yet brown-pink lips, held the pipe-stem with a fixed pressure: nor would they have evinced less surprise had they met him without the bunch of wooden matches, or pipe-lights, which he carried, negligently, in one curved, powerless hand, while, in the other—being old-fashioned, and not caring to muddle himself up with new-fangled inventions—he held a lantern, with a lighted candle within. It was this vision of

"A fine Old English Gentleman,
One of the olden time,"

that met BELLA'S gaze as she crossed the avenue, and entered the side-path.

"SIR GUY seems beloved—though, no doubt, he is eccentric," she thought to herself; "but I may be happy here."

Seeing a stranger approaching, SIR GUY bade his bearers set him down somewhere away, among the laurel-bushes, or in the tool-shed, or any quiet corner, so that he might be out of the way when the supposed visitor called—as is the fashion with fine old English hospitable gentlemen when they ought to be present to receive a guest. So the good, snub-nosed, Sabbath-clothed peasants, singing

"Please to remember
The Fifth of November,"

turned the chair over in among the laurel-bushes, and walked away, leaving SIR GUY to watch the effect upon the caller when one of his powdered, canary-coloured Colossi should open the hall-door, and say "Not at home!" in answer to the first simple inquiry.

But Fate willed it otherwise; and the visitor was not to inquire at that door yet awhile.

Her curiosity partially aroused by what she had seen, BELLA crossed the garden-walk. Fatigued with her walk, for a moment she sits down on a rough-hewn bench.

I do not believe in coincidences generally; but I believe in this coincidence, because it exactly fits into this present situation, and helps us along.

As she sighed, she heard the roll of wheels upon a gravel-path, and two voices—a man's and a woman's.

The woman's said, lackadaisically—and yet why should she lack-a-daisy where so many grew?—"Carry *Floss:* she's rheumatic, and the ground is rather too damp."

"Yes, my Lady."

At that man's voice BELLA started so violently that she tilted the seat, backwards, right in among the laurel and rhododendron shrubs, and so—fortunately for her—disappeared from view as there passed, right in front of where she had but the moment before been seated, a Lady in a Bath-chair, wheeled by a tall servant in a splendid livery, carrying a little fat, wheezing, silk-eared dog, that had seen its best days among the snows of St. Bernard in the Isles of Newfoundland.

BELLA, completely concealed by the friendly bushes, was able to concentrate her whole attention on the Lady, while the face of her male attendant was turned away.

(To be continued.)

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GREAT MEETING AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



ON Good Friday, taking advantage of the closing of the Gardens, a Meeting of the most influential of DR. SCLATER'S boarders was convened for the purpose of considering the arrangements to be made for the reception at the Gardens of the animals presented to H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES during his Indian progress.

On the motion of the Senior Lion present, seconded by *Chunee*, the Big Elephant, the Royal and Imperial Bengal Tiger was called to the Chair.

The Chairman said: No doubt the Meeting was aware of the fact that His Royal Highness had in the course of his Indian tour received more — a good many more—zoological gifts from the Rajahs, Maharajahs, Rams, Jams, Guikwars, Peishwas, Nawaubs, and other potentates of India, than he knew what to do with. The synonym for the most embarrassing and unwelcome of gifts that could be made was a "white elephant"—no offence to their most respectable pachydermatous comrade of darker complexion, who, he was sure, would always be a welcome present, under any circumstances. These half-civilised Indian rulers—his family had known something about them in earlier days—were apparently under the impression that there were no tigers, lions, elephants, panthers, cheetahs, or bears in this country—(*derisive howls, roars, grunts, growls, and squeaks from the company*)—but what was the fact? The uncivilised animals which had been shipped on board the *Serapis* and the *Raleigh*—for, literally, the animals had had to come over in two ships, like the famous Monkey in the comic song—were no more to be compared to the animals born, or at least educated, in those Gardens, than the street Arab of the back slums could be compared with the highly cultivated Graduate of Oxford or Cambridge. The question before them was, should this fact be acknowledged and acted upon, or ignored? Should the new-comers be received with the attentions due to distinguished foreigners, the deference that should always be paid to Royal property, or the cool and contemptuous indifference that was the natural demeanour of civilised beings towards mere illiterate and uncultivated—he might say savage—intruders on the happy and highly-trained family-party which he saw around him?

The Indian Elephant, being loudly called upon, trumpeted to the effect that he flattered himself he knew something about Elephants, something about England, and something about India. He must say that he felt as if he never could look an *Illustrated London News* or a *Graphic* in the face again, after the glut of Elephants they had inflicted on the public during the tour of His Royal Highness. If the Prince was as sick of Elephants as the public must be, he feared the popularity of his family had received a blow from which it never would recover. There could be such a thing as even too much Elephant. (*Cries of "No, no!"*) It was now twenty-five years since he had packed up his trunk for his journey to this country. Since then he had led a quiet and happy, though somewhat monotonous, life. It was easier, if less exciting work, carrying a howdah-load of children than a fat Rajah or his hareem, or a sporting Sahib with his breech-loaders; and he would rather make the acquaintance of his distinguished friend in the Chair through the bars of the Carnivora-house than at closer quarters on his own flank, or with his (the Elephant's) trunk in his (the Tiger's) claws. He would say nothing of the effects of a diet composed largely of stale buns and questionable gingerbread. Luckily, his digestion was pretty strong. But he knew the British Public. It liked novelty, it liked Lions—no allusion to his feline friends—and it liked Foreigners—if a little savage, so much the better. Look at the way it ran after the SHAH. He was quite prepared to find his friend the B. P. going into raptures over the new-comers, if only because they knew no English and had never tasted a bun in their lives. He did not mean to allow *his* trunk to be put out of joint by any such ignorant intruders, though they came from the stud of the mighty RAM-JAM JELLYBOY, the original BANDERSNATCH, or the great PANJANDRUM himself. He, for one, would take care that the Superintendent, Fellows, and Visitors knew HIS sentiments on the subject. If these strangers were thrust upon the established animals, let the public look out, he would not say for squalls, but for trumpets, to a pretty lively tune, and a smash to follow. He did not think his howdah would be the safest place for hopeful boys home for the holidays if the rumoured intention was persisted in.

Jenny, the Ourang-Outan, after apologising for the weak state of her voice, owing to chronic bronchitis—these East winds were really cruel—put it to the Meeting, if this was the sort of weather poor animals ought to expect so near May-Day. She would only remind them, that the attraction of their less civilised brethren would draw more nuts and buns.

The Chairman growled out that he didn't see what nuts and buns had to do with it. If she had said ribs of beef, he could have understood the observation.

The Ourang-Outan apologised, and for the rest of the meeting sat pensively nibbling the Larger Ant-Eater's tail, but said no more.

The Polar Bear quite agreed with his pachydermatous friend (the Elephant). He had no liking for India, which he considered a nasty, hot, disagreeable country, with not an iceberg or a glacier to be had for love or money, without travelling as far as the great Himalayan range. He did not expect to find any of *his* kith or kin among the new-comers, and had no disposition to admit relationship with the diminutive and vegetable-eating Himalayan Bears who, he understood, would be represented among them.

The Brown Bear of Europe begged to say "ditto" to his Polar cousin. He did not believe in Indian gifts either. He might have his own views about—some might say *upon*—India, but all he would say at that Meeting was that *his* motto had been, and should always be, "Bear and for-Bear." They had heard of "the Lion's share" long enough. He hoped the time was now coming for the Bear's share to be meted out to him. He did not see what they wanted with more animals, except for the commissariat department. All he could say was, that, if they came, he was willing to do his best to see them taken in and done for.

The Lion remarked that if he had changed his quarters lately, he was still the Old Lion. He had asked his Royal and Imperial friend to take the Chair, to show that he did not envy him his new title. He preferred old names himself, and would remain the original British Lion so long known, and he hoped he might add, so deservedly popular, in those Gardens. He thought the less we had of Indian titles, or of Indian visitors, the better.

The Royal and Imperial Bengal Tiger wished to know if the British Lion had any intention of reflecting on him, or his family or title, by that remark?

The British Lion declined to explain.

The Tiger on this began to growl, and the Meeting was much agitated for some moments, when, luckily, the Keepers coming up, got the animals coaxed to their respective dens, and the bars were secured on the *Carnivora* without mischief, though without any distinct expression of the feeling of the Meeting.

(POSSIBLE) MAY MEETINGS, 1876.

MR. DISRAELI may meet with a good reason for his newly-acquired Imperialism—better at least than those furnished by his favourite almanack and little girl.

MR. GLADSTONE may meet with something fresh to disestablish—with MR. DISRAELI'S assistance.

DR. KENEALY may meet with some one who believes him the heir of all the Plantagenets, a greater orator than DEMOSTHENES, and a juster man than ARISTIDES.

MR. WHALLEY may meet with a simpler victim of delusion than himself.

MR. NEWDEGATE may meet with a nunnery that will receive him with open arms.

The SULTAN and the KHEDIVE may meet with some one able to show them a new way to pay old debts.

The Armies of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA may meet with the word "EMPRESS" chalked on a board somewhere in Asia, and retreat into Europe with precipitation.

The two giant Iron-clads *Aëronaut* and *Diving Belle* may meet, and prove MR. WARD HUNT'S prevision in christening them.

MR. SWINBURNE may meet with a poet equal to himself—even in his own opinion.

The Home-Rulers and Nationalists may meet, without having to be parted by the Police.

Christians of different denominations may meet without cursing each other.

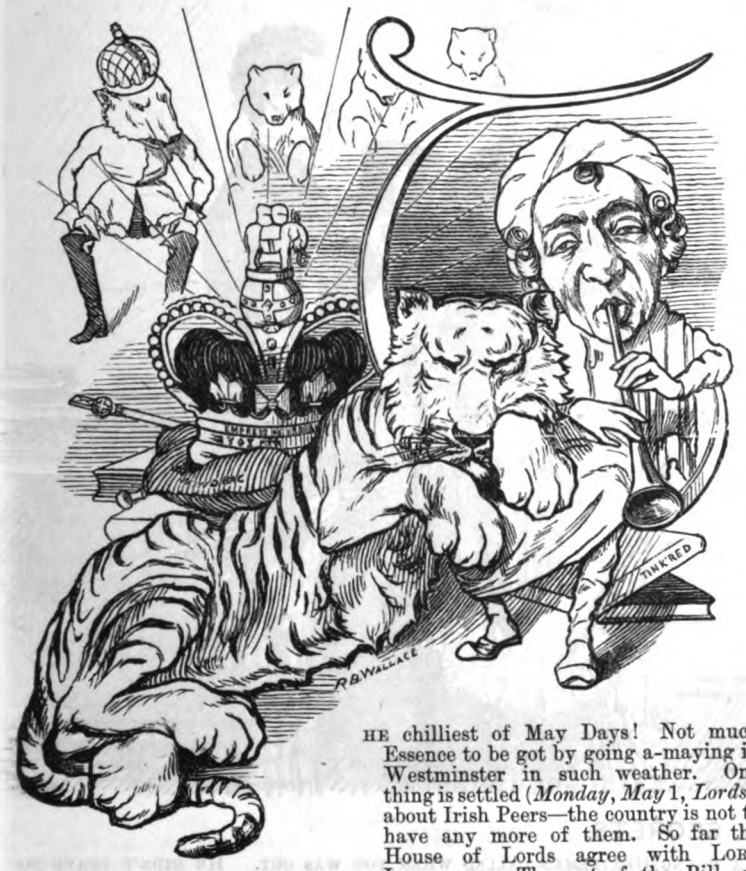
The House of Commons may meet with the serious intention of doing useful work.

Mr. Punch may meet with an Upper Ten and a Lower Ten Million, none of whom deserve his satiric lash.

PAINTERS, whose Pictures have been sent back for want of room, must be pleased to learn that the Royal Academy has had a STOREY added to it.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE chilliest of May Days! Not much Essence to be got by going a-maying in Westminster in such weather. One thing is settled (*Monday, May* 1, *Lords*), about Irish Peers—the country is not to have any more of them. So far the House of Lords agree with LORD INCHIQUIN. The rest of the Bill—as far as *Punch* can understand—has gone to the dogs. No. Irish boroughs may yet have the chance given them of being represented by Irish Peers. Who dares say England never does anything for Ireland?

(*Commons.*)—Merchant Shipping again. Government Clause carried to prohibit deck-loads of heavy timber, or of light timber above three feet high, between October and March. MR. PLIMSOLL was within eight of getting timber deck-loads prohibited altogether. Bravo, PLIMSOLL! This shows the good of "pegging away," even in the teeth of a stonewall; nay, against what is worse than any number of stonewalls, such a feather-bed fender as ADDERLEY'S puzzle-pate stuffed with good intentions.

Tuesday (*Lords*).—First cry over spilt milk—of which we are promised more to come. LORD SELBORNE stated, elaborately and emphatically, his grounds for contending that Ministers, after promising to "localise" the QUEEN'S Imperial Title, by their Proclamation, have kept the word of "honour to the ear, and broken it to the sense," by localising the title of Queen in England, and giving the title of Empress everywhere else in the British dominions.

"No," says the LORD CHANCELLOR. "The Proclamation applies only to cases where the QUEEN'S full title has to be used. It provides that the new title shall not be used in those cases, where they relate to England only. That is what *I* undertook we would do, and that is what we have done."

LORD HATHERLEY (ex-Lord Chancellor) compactly puts the question, as between LORD SELBORNE and LORD CAIRNS—which will next week be the question between MR. DISRAELI and SIR H. JAMES, between Her Majesty's Government and Her Majesty's Opposition, between the Majority and the Minority:—"Did the promise to localise the title mean spreading it over every part of the Empire except England?"

Now our readers know exactly the point at issue. It could not have been better put than by LORD SELBORNE, or more clearly, and weakly, met than by LORD CAIRNS. Between them we know the best that can be said for, and the worst that can be said against, Government. And bad is the best.

(Meanwhile, it is a comfort to know that if Municipalities *Kotow*, it will be because they like it. SIR BERNARD BURKE, Ulster King-at-Arms, told the Corporation of Dublin that in their Address to the QUEEN on the return of the PRINCE OF WALES, they must approach her by the new style. "Nothing of the kind!" says *the* HOLKER, in his off-hand way. "Bother SIR BERNARD!" So BURKE is Burked! The Ulster King-at-Arms may put the HOLKER'S flat contradiction in his pipe—if Kings-at-Arms have such low things—and smoke it—if Kings-at-Arms do such low things.)

(*Commons.*)—MR. DISRAELI explained to SIR H. JAMES that of course in Commissions the new title must be used, as they operated all over the world—in India as elsewhere.

"Investigation of Titles" has always been *the raw* of our Land-Transfer law. It promises soon to be as awkward and as sore a point in the Legislation, as in the Law, of the land. What a crop of questions must be growing out of the Proclamation for the Law Officers, from the LORD CHANCELLOR down!

The Government grants SIR H. HAVELOCK a Select Committee to inquire how berths in the Civil Service can be found for meritorious members of the Military and Naval dittos, after discharge. But MR. HARDY declines to turn the War-Office into a Registration-Office.

PETER TAYLOR, that *Don Quixote* of doubtful cases and desperate causes, laid bare for the second time the backs of the two small boys whom MR. WILBERFORCE, taking the law and the stick into his own hands, thrashed, *vice parentis*, and has thereby earned, and got, a lecture from the LORD CHANCELLOR on the danger of Magistrates allowing their Eton experience of flogging and its blessed effects to carry them too far. MR. TAYLOR, after a statement of the case, in that peculiarly strong language which anything that he views as oppression always provokes him to,—so much must be said to the credit of his heart, if not his head—asked to have MR. WILBERFORCE dismissed from the Bench.

The House agreed with SIR W. BARTTELOT that the Magistrate's error of judgment had been sufficiently punished, and that "wigging" might fairly be set against "whipping"—particularly as MR. W. had had to pay £15 damages, at which rate the indignant parent would probably be delighted to have his rabbit-hunting offspring flogged every week in the year.

MR. C. LEWIS called the RIGHT HON. R. LOWE over the coals for his after-dinner story at Retford, that two Ministers, to whom the QUEEN had made the proposal, had declined to bring in a Bill empowering her to add to her title.

MR. LOWE having first answered MR. LEWIS'S letter, giving notice of his intention to ask the question, as he used to answer deputations, by a snub including a sneer, tried to repeat the process in his speech, and so laid himself open to such a double-thonging from MR. DISRAELI, as the House has not had the pleasure of seeing administered for many a long day, followed by a denial of MR. LOWE'S statement on the part of HER MAJESTY—a *real* Queen's Message. The House received the message with respect, the castigation with relish. On no back could the lash have been laid so entirely to the House's satisfaction. BEN thrashing BOB, BOB having richly deserved it, is only less delightful than it will be to see BOB return the compliment to BEN when he gets the chance.

Arcades ambo,
Scarificare pares, et pay-back-are parati.

Wednesday.—Bill to assimilate Irish Registration to English. Ireland being so like England in all other respects, why should it not be like her also in this? Strange the House can't see the absurdity, but persists in throwing out the Bill by 205 to 118.

Thursday (*Commons*).—MR. LOWE, having taken council of his pillow, and his friends—he *has* friends—apologised humbly and fully for his Retford *lèse-majesté*. It would have been inexcusable in him to repeat the story if false; still more inexcusable, if true. The QUEEN'S name should not be dragged into debate, for the QUEEN is the only person in England who cannot open her mouth in her own defence.

After MR. LOWE had administered the discipline to himself with a heavy hand, MR. LEWIS got up to improve the occasion, but the House was not of a humour for MR. LEWIS'S "improvement," and shut him up sharply. MR. LEWIS had better be warned by the fate of MR. LOWE.

SIR HENRY JAMES gave notice of his intention to move a Resolution that the Proclamation under the Royal Titles Bill does *not* make adequate provision for localising the title of Empress.

MR. DISRAELI, accepting the motion as at once a vote of no confidence and censure, put that day week at SIR HENRY'S service. So on Thursday the 11th, the Crown will again be thrown up for a kick off, a "rooge," and a "bully," though there can be no doubt, considering the strength of the sides, which will carry the goal. But *was* the Crown meant for a foot-ball?

Merchant Shipping. Delightful as usual. Scurvy,

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SECRETS.

Intelligent Housemaid. "OH, PLEASE, MISS, THERE WAS A YOUNG GENTLEMAN CALLED WHEN YOU WAS OUT. HE DIDN'T LEAVE NO CARD, MISS; BUT I CAN SHOW YOU WHO HE IS, 'CAUSE THERE'S THREE OF HIS PHOTYGRAPHS IN YOUR ALBUM.'

ships'-boats, and advance-notes in hand. The President of the Board of Trade threw a new light on the dangers and disadvantages of ships'-boats.

"Suppose a ship wrecked in the middle of the Atlantic, with all the life-boats and deck rafts proposed by the clause on board, and that all the passengers were lowered safely; what would become of them? They would simply be starved, and die by inches, instead of being drowned in the ship."

Of boats, said MAJOR BERESFORD (as of wounds in the old play, according to the well-known JOE MILLER),

"The danger 's great, because they are so small."

SIR CHARLES retorts (as smartly as the Wag in the gallery),—

"It would be far less, were there none at all."

Ought not the new Shipping Bill to contain a provision that no ship carry boats, as a precaution against lingering death in cases of ship-wreck? On Scurvy we are glad to hear that a Committee is sitting. We wish it a close and searching inquiry, and to MR. BATES, and all the other owners of scurvy-smitten ships, a good deliverance. Poor MR. BATES! With all the ship-owning virtues under the sun, he is so unlucky as to be under the necessity—which must be painful to a truly modest mind like his—of perpetually blowing his own trumpet. What *is* MR. BATES to do if the sailors aboard his ships *won't* eat preserved vegetables, and *will* eat "slush?" Then again, MR. BATES believes Advance-notes to be essential to the well-being of the British Seaman; but perverse Committees, both of Ship-owners and the House of Commons, *will* report against them as demoralising to the Seaman, and of service only to the crimp and the class of owners whose trust is in crimps. BATES in the character of *Antagonistes* again!

Friday (*Lords*).—LORD DE LA WARR uttered a wail *à propos* of the wicked School Boards, which are dragging us into the slough of despond, of a purely, or impurely, Secular Education! He wants to have the burning question of Primary Education handled in the Lords before going to the Commons, who are sure to scorch their fingers over it. The DUKE OF RICHMOND did not see his way to this. Educators must put their hands into the public pocket, and that was a privilege reserved for the Commons.

Oxford University Bill read a Third Time.

(*Commons.*)—Last night the House was loud on the Seaman's Advance-note in our seaports. To-night it is as hot over the Russian Advance-note in Central Asia.

MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE dragged the double-headed eagle on the *tapis*. We ought to look on the Russian advance towards Merv as the rise of a tide on our Indian frontier.

(Has MR. COCHRANE ever heard of CANUTE and his courtiers? Tides rise by laws of nature. Are Russians in Central Asia advancing so? Better drop the tide metaphor.)

MR. FORSYTH admits that the Bear is swallowing the Khanates; but all the better for the Khanates. The Bear is a blessing—in disguise, perhaps, but still a blessing. Central Asians can only be civilised by absorption. There is no danger to our frontier from the side of Khokand and Kashgar. Our street-doors are the Khyber Pass (*viâ* Cabul) and the Bholan Pass (*viâ* Kandahar). Herat is the key of both. So long as we can keep Affghanistan between us and Russia we are all right. Let us stick to SHERE ALI, and stand no nonsense in the way of any stretching of the Bear's paws towards Merv—for Merv is only 240 miles from Herat, and when the Russ takes Herat, he may say "*Erat*" of the Anglo-Indian Empire—"There was one once." ("*Fuit*" would be better Latin, but what would become of the pun?)

SIR G. CAMPBELL agreed in the main with MR. FORSYTH. Russia *might* become a dangerous neighbour. She was not so yet. Our best wisdom was to keep our eyes open and our powder dry—not trust her an inch further than we can see her, but not irritate her by perpetual expressions of distrust.

SIR H. HAVELOCK was of opinion that the Indian deluge would be upon us in five years; and that our Ark, the Anglo-Indian Army, was rotten.

MR. DISRAELI had no faith in understandings. (He has educated too many.) He saw no reason why Russia should not follow her natural law of development, provided England gave her clearly to understand that we were determined to strengthen our Indian Empire materially and morally, and always to claim our legitimate influence in the East. Frankness was better than "silent sus-

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END OF HUNTING SEASON 1876.

(WITH THE QUEEN'S.)

INSTEAD OF DUST, PRIMROSES, AND HARD GROUND WE HAD DELIGHTFULLY OPEN WEATHER! BRILLIANT FINISH WITH THE STAG—WHICH JONES HAD ALL TO HIMSELF!

picion." Human nature was much influenced by titles. "Empress" would be found great medicine, and operate wonderfully.

LORD G. HAMILTON contradicted SIR H. HAVELOCK on the state of the Indian Army. Recent surveys had reported the timbers of our Ark as anything but rotten.

Talk on Barbadoes. Upshot. Better suspend your judgment *in re* POPE-HENNESSY *v.* Planters till we know something certain.

SOMETHING LIKE INVENTIONS.

MR. PUNCH is much surprised to find that the following novelties are not to be included in the Exhibition of Inventions just opened to the Public:—

1. Statement of Startling Facts in an After-dinner Speech. (Exhibited by the RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE.)
2. Handsome Apology for ditto. By ditto. (Unique. Must be seen to be believed.)
3. Joke made in the House of Commons, not to be found in *Joe Miller*. (Exhibited by SIR WILFRID LAWSON.)
4. Plot discovered in England, not got up by the Jesuits. (Exhibited by MR. WHALLEY.)
5. A Specimen of elegant English Oratory presented to the Ladies of England with the Author's compliments. (Exhibited by MR. SMOLLETT.)
6. The "Empress Frontier-Guard"—a new invention for preventing Invasions of India. (Exhibited by the RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI.)
7. Women's Rights—warranted genuine. (Exhibited by JACOB BRIGHT.)
8. Real Irish Grievances. (Exhibited by MR. BUTT.)
9. Plan for reconciling West-End Profits with the working principle of the Civil Service Stores. (Exhibited by SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS.)
10. Guide-Book to Official Duties, by one who thoroughly knows his own. (Exhibited by SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY.)
11. The Perfect Lawyer: being a Collection of valuable Judgments delivered in the House of Commons by the present ATTORNEY-GENERAL. (Exhibited by SIR JOHN HOLKER.)
12. Useful Hints upon Army Reform. (Exhibited by MR. JOHN HOLMS.)
13. Things not Words: being a Collection of Beneficial Measures passed by the Government during the last two years. (Exhibited by MR. DISRAELI'S Cabinet.)

LITERARY FELICITY.

"The question arises . . . whether those who write so much are really much happier."—LORD CARNARVON, *at the Royal Literary Fund.*

WHY in the world should the question arise?
Is the flight that bright-winged Pegasus flies
To be measured by means mechanic?
There 's a power and passion that urge to write,
And the energy fills with strong delight,
That moves the natural easy might
Of a genius Titanic.

As the war-horse neighs in the battle-hour,
So the spirit of fire, the wielder of power,
Works on, and in strength rejoices.
Better his visions than fortune or fame;
To spend himself is his glorious aim;
He can wait for Posterity's sure acclaim,
If grudged the multitude's voices.

The fickle taste of the thoughtless town
May wrongly assign the laurel crown:
Why should that spoil life's flavour?
Destiny works on a curious plan,
And is often kind to the charlatan;
But the man who has power is the happy man,
Whoever has Fortune's favour.

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ATALANTA IN ENGLAND.



BEFORE MR. POYNTER'S *superb picture Mr. Punch moralises—*

A HAPPY loss! And not the only race
In which the fair sex fairly wins by losing.
Fleetness 'gainst force! The nymph should have the pace
Over a pleasant course of her own choosing.
But in a pounding, long cross-country spin,
When way and weather make it heavy going,
Who 'd back those flying rosy feet to win?
I 'd rather see them flowing
Through a waltz-measure, than besplashed with mire
On that rude course where e'en male roadsters tire.

Meilanion has it! "Yes, by sleight, not speed,"
Grumbles in *Punch's* ear a phantom BECKER.
Could woman e'er run straight? Doubtful indeed!
That golden globe you see has power to check her
Midway a winning race. Dame Venus knew
More of her mind than MILL. That fruit 's a symbol
Of things no woman, blaze she bright in blue,
Or meekly ply a thimble,
Could e'er be trusted to resist. While partial
To the marital, she enjoys the martial.

Fight? Yes, like Tomyris! But fight they fair,
Who war 'gainst nature, feeling, and affection?—
Given a tribe of BECKERS, trained with care,
By natural, or unnatural, selection,
For ages to judicial poise, the last
Who crowned your model species could no more
Resist love 's lure in judgment's race-course cast,
Than she who ran of yore
For Woman's Rights in Ancient Greece could grapple
With the temptation of that golden apple.

Alas, dear LYDIA! It is all too late
To change the gentler sex in soul or stature.
With sheer unfitness—worse than extra weight—
Woman, thank Heaven, is handicapped by Nature.
Enter *her* for the great Political Stakes,
A race in which few men 'scape slip or stumble!
Sweet LYDIA, 'tis the maddest of mistakes.
No surer way to humble
Thy justest pride of sex. Before beginning,
Pray calculate what she might lose by winning!

"Mere selfish sentiment"? No spouter, *Punch*,
Of pinchbeck chivalry as poor and hollow
As SMOLLETT'S satyr-satire. By his hunch,
Lay Woman's weal that way, he 'd lead—not follow—
The New Crusade! But say she wins the race,
Our Atalanta—not the Arcadian, surely,
But latter-day Bœotian—place and grace
Which now she holds securely
As a non-combatant, are hers no longer,
Whom only weakness e'er can make the stronger.

Trust *Punch*, though maidens may be ne'er so fast,
Life's race-course is not woman's road to glory.
CLYMENE'S fleet-foot daughter failed at last,
And, when she won, her trophies were all gory.
Pardon the word, *c'est mâle*, and most unpleasant
Like others masculine and militant:
How shape them to your sex's lips? At present
Punch must confess he can't!
Gain 's loss, when sex with sex for mastery grapples;
Best waive the race, and share the golden apples!

ACADEMY ECHOES.

"How do? So glad to see you." "Umbrellas and sticks to be left here." "What a nuisance this catalogue is; why can't they put the names on the pictures?" "Oh! I beg your pardon, I hope I have not torn your dress. (*sotto voce.*) What a bore these long trains are!" "What, you here?" "Yas; hate pictures, you know, but always come—duty to society, and all that sort of thing." "What is *the* picture of the year—that 's all I want to see?" "I say, JACK, see how these brutes have hung my picture, one wants a ladder to see it." "Look here at my picture, it is hung on the ground, Sir." "Poor show, very. No, no, I have not exhibited this year. In fact, the public taste is not yet sufficiently educated to appreciate my——" "Oh, here 's a guy of a portrait, Mamma!" "Hush, CHARLIE, you shouldn't talk like that." "But isn't he ugly?" "Yes, he is certainly very plain." (*Original of portrait, who was contemplating his features with natural pride, departs angrily.*)

"'*Atalanta's Race.*' Ah! who was he?" "Look at the girl stealing that apple!" "Oh! never mind *Atalanta;* what will you do about *Petrarch?*" "He is putting it on, ain't he: guess he'd beat WESTON pretty smart." "I beg your pardon." "How clumsy men are, when they see a girl has a couple of yards of train on the floor: they ought to be careful." "MILLICENT—if I may call you MILLICENT—if you would only let——." "Oh, here 's Mamma! Oh, Mamma! we have been looking everywhere for you!" "Oh! ain't there a doosid crowd 'ere; but a poor-looking lot: bless you, a poor-looking lot!" "What have you bought?" "Well, I don't know exactly; about ten thousand pounds' worth, I should think. Not a bad lot to take back to Liverpool." "I 've ordered fifteen thousand pounds' worth. Manchester ought to encourage art; these artists ain't bad chaps: but they 've got no money. Now we 've got money. It 's all right: fair exchange in the open market."

"'*The Daphnephoria.*' Oh, how grand, how superb, how it recalls the classic! Oh, that beautiful life of fair, fair Greece!" "Looks more like an old drop-scene than anything else." "How admirably managed the singing girls are!" "Don't they look as if they were catching flies?" "What are all those women yawning at?" "Who was the Daphnephoria?" "Oh, ah, she was a goddess." "A goddess of what?" "Well, of—of several things, but why don't you read your catalogue?" "'*The Widower.*' What do you think of it?" "A rather good Faed, gone big." "Squalid, isn't it?" "Yes, but the loaf on the table is not what a working-man would eat; that would cost twopence more than he would give." (*Several people overhear this remark, and pass it off as their own at different periods of the day.*)

"Hullo! what 's this No. 153?" "Bravo, HART, the worst picture in the room." "R. A's. ain't up to much this year, eh?" "Oh, wretched! Look at this, it 's a miserable daub. If I had painted it, it would have been rejected, instead of being hung on the line." "Here 's a thing! Really, some of these old buffers ought to resign." (*The old buffer referred to glares savagely round.*) "I have been looking everywhere for MISS THOMPSON'S picture. *Where* is it?" "Oh, not here at all. The lady is above exhibiting here." "*Selecting Pictures*, that must be interesting to you." "Interesting! If they had called it *Rejecting Pictures* it would have hit me more." "That 's MILLAIS, with the white hat." "No, no, that 's CALDERON." "That 's FRITH, I tell you." "It 's not—that 's the President." "I would like to murder them all. Why wasn't I made an Associate?"

"What 's this called? Just look it up." "'*King Lear disinheriting Cordelia.*'"—"Rubbish. Why, it 's a duck with a frog in its mouth." "I beg your pardon, I have made a mistake; that 's '*A Stern Chase is a Long Chase.*'" "I have found the best picture here." "Which is it?" "The Refreshment Bar; let 's have a little soda, with something in it." "Ah, the deuce! Oh my corns, my corns!" (*The foregoing observation is called forth by a bath-chair being wheeled rapidly over the speaker's feet.*) "There are the JONESES, Papa, look the other way. Oh, they have seen us. How do you do, MISS JONES? So delighted to see you." "How charming that '*Cinderella*' is!" "Lovely." "Isn't that girl's face painted?" "No, not a bit." "I mean on the canvas. Sold again!" "I am very tired of this." "So am I." "I am going." "I am off." "I must get away." "Best Exhibition for years." "Never saw a worse show—never!" "Lovely!" "Miserable!"

A POSITIVE NEGATIVE.

So many lies have been told about the victualling of a certain Herzegovinian fortress by the Turkish Army, that the only thing one can believe about it is the name, "Nik-sic," which in *Lingua Franca* would mean, "Not-so."

A PRINCIPLE FOR THE PRESS.—It behoves no British Journalist to be wiser than the British Public. (N.B. except *Punch.*)

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"HIGH' LIFE BELOW STAIRS!"

Master (*sniffing*). "THERE'S A MOST EXTRAORDINARY SMELL, JAMES. I'VE NOTICED IT SEVERAL——"

Hall Porter. "I DON'T WONDER AT IT, SIR. I'VE SPOKE ABOUT IT DOWN-STAIRS. THE BUTLER, SIR, YOU SEE IS 'IGH CHURCH,' WHICH HE 'AS FIT UP A HORATORY IN THE PANTRY, AND BURNS HINCENSE. WE COULD STAND THAT; BUT THE COOK IS THE 'LOW CHURCH' PERSUASION, AND SHE BURNS BROWN PAPER TO HOBVIATE THE HINCENSE. IT'S PERFECKLY HAWFUL ON SAINTS' DAYS, SIR!!!"

TIGHT FISH.

PERHAPS the audience at the Royal Institution the other Friday evening included SIR WILFRID LAWSON. If so, a portion at least of a lecture delivered by MR. G. J. ROMANES, on the "Physiology of the Nervous System of the Medusæ," must have captivated him. It is reported as follows. On those animals—

"Many experiments were tried to test the effect of poisons, or what are poisons to most vertebrates. The actions were almost identical. Alcohol produced all the successive stages of intoxication, from irregularity of swimming to hilarity of motion and final comatose sleep, which was always recovered by a night's rest. The lecturer regretted he had not tried the restorative effects of soda-water"—

And perhaps of pick-me-up. A man addicted to liquor is sometimes said to drink like a fish, which is just what such persons do not, though the compulsory Teetotallers do their best to make them. From the foregoing account, however, it appears probable that fishes in common with most vertebrates can be affected by poisons, including alcohol, and that jelly-fishes, though not vertebrate, were actually intoxicated with it. Salt water is, of course, the strongest beverage of

"Fishes that tipple in the deep."

They "know no such liberty" as that of which SIR WILFRID and his associates seek to deprive their neighbours. It is only by scientific experiment that philosophers can ascertain how fishes, usually water-drinkers, behave under the influence of spirits and water. They prove, it appears, unable to swim straight, they roll and tumble about, and finally become senseless. In this condition it might puzzle a Policeman, taking up a fish, to discern if it were drunk or dying. The "Talking Fish" some time ago exhibited was if not a fish still a "vertebrate." If a talking fish were made tipsy, how would it talk? As inarticulately, no doubt, as a Lord of the Creation, not to say a Christian in like case. In short, it seems that fishes behave exactly as human beings do when half-seas-over. In that state they might, like the Spartan Helots, be utilised as ridiculous examples. But really, is not experimenting on animals with intoxicating liquors as shocking as vivisection?

A MONDAY NIGHT'S DREAM.

A Fantasia. Composed and dedicated to his friend MR. ARTHUR S. CHAPPELL, *by his ever grateful friend, Mr. Punch.*

(THERE is no evident reason why this very original and most fascinating composition should be styled "Fantasia" any more than the other grand compositions of the same Master. That it is constructed in a wholly independent manner, and that each movement shows a certain fantastic character, is true. To analyse the so-called "Fantasia" in detail would occupy more space than can be afforded; but a brief quotation from each of the principal themes will suffice to call attention to the character and plan of each successive movement.—*Our Own Analytical Programmist.*)

Introduzione—Allegretto.

A winter evening, and a spacious room,
A creeping fog, and a mysterious gloom—
No sight or sound that hints the picturesque
A brass-bound piano, and a fiddler's desk.
Ladies sitting at their knitting,
Or chatting o'er their tatting;
The vast amphitheatre filling,
Modest votaries of the shilling,
And the tardy stalls, up-driving,
Just in nick of time arriving.
Now the gas bursts into brightness
And each heart leaps up in lightness,
While a fiddle's distant flourish warns each wayward sound to stop.
Do you ask me what 's to-night meant
By this flutter of excitement?
'Tis the Hall of Great St. James's. We are at a Monday Pop.

Andante Cantabile.

When the soul with sorrow laden
Finds no answer to its moan
In the jocund voice of HAYDN,
Or MOZART'S pellucid tone;

When our SCHUBERT'S cunning lyre
Fails to draw us at its will,
And the deeps of our desire
E'en BEETHOVEN cannot still;

When the mists that bound things human
We have sought to pierce in vain,
Then we turn to thee, O SCHUMANN,
Bid thee sing to us our pain.

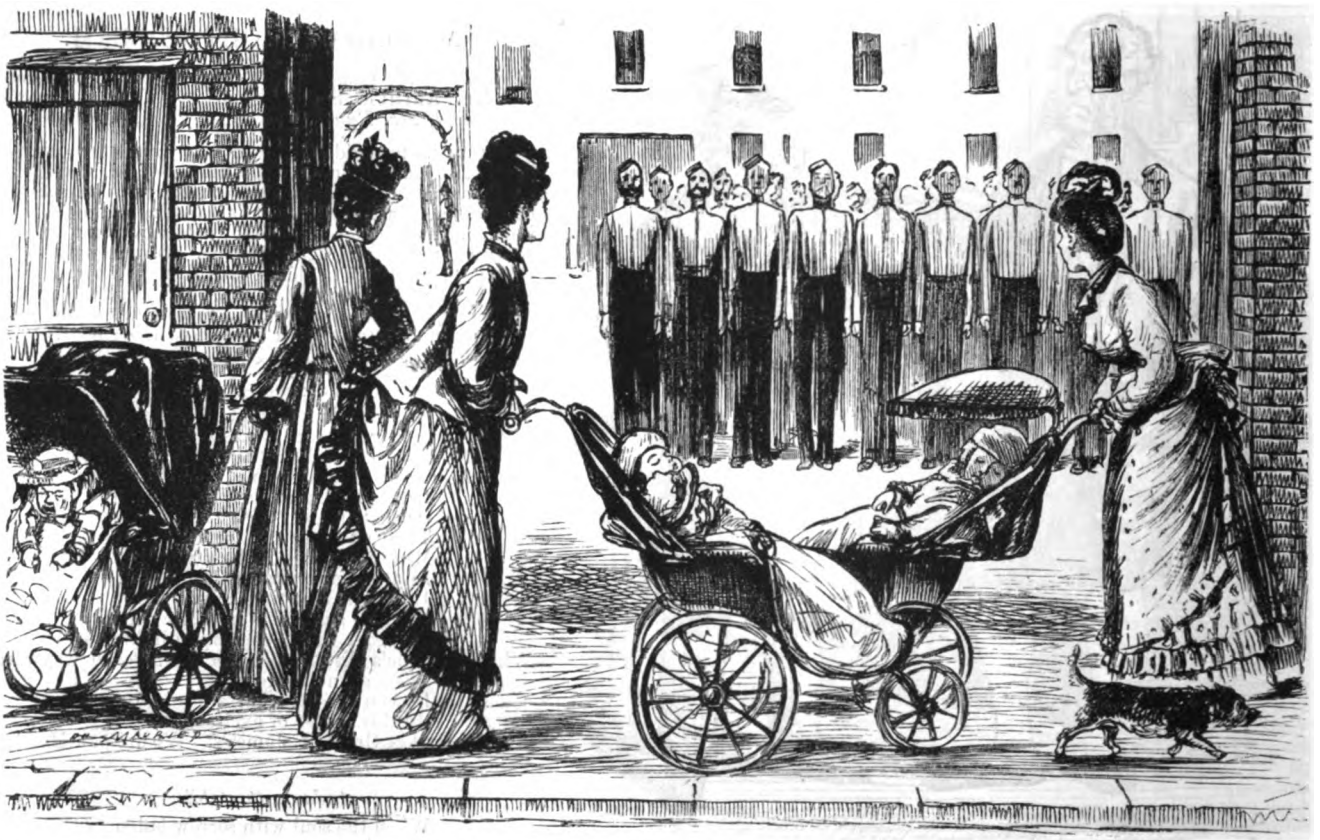
Scherzo e trio.

Quartett in A minor—
Sure nothing is finer,
And no one e'er heard a performance diviner:
For strength and for neatness,
For purity, sweetness,
And all that is blent in the joy of completeness.

Finale. Presto agitato con brio.

Now with all the speed they can,
All four playing like one man:
And a rapture half-divine
Steeps the senses, as in wine!
JOACHIM, ZERBINI, STRAUSS—
Steadfast pillars of the house;
JOACHIM, PIATTI, RIES—
Where are players like to these?
And SIR JULIUS, their chief,
With his laurel, green of leaf.
To your sovereign long be loyal,
Children of the CHAPPELL-Royal.
Should you fail us but for one day,
"*Transit gloria*" of that "Monday."
Let them cry from every steeple
We 're no music-loving people—
While we 're drawn from every part
By the magic of MOZART;
While two thousand souls are cloven
By the beauty of BEETHOVEN—
They may call us what they will;
We will come and listen still!

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SELF-DENIAL.

SARAH-MARIA, BETSY-JANE, AND JEMIMER-ANN GO EVER SO MUCH OUT OF THE WAY EVERY MORNING TO PASS BY THE BARRACKS, "AS IT *DO* AMUSE THE CHILDREN SO TO SEE THE SOLJIERS HEXERCISIN'!"

WHEN THE PRINCE COMES HOME.

Somebody will compose a triumphal March called "*The Hero of India.*"

Somebody will indite a Song of Welcome, with *horn obligato*, beginning "The Royal Hunter is once more at home."

Somebody who has a small volume of *Travels in the East*, will ask permission to dedicate the same to His Royal Highness.

Somebody connected with a "great educational and national undertaking" will organise a grand *fête* and display of fireworks.

Somebody (in many parts of the Empire) will want to present an Address.

Somebody will invent a new condiment, and will call it "The Prince's Indian Pickle."

Somebody will do a great deal of loyal addressing, wound up by a great deal of loyal eating and drinking, in honour of His Royal Highness's safe return.

Somebody will expect a Knighthood.

Somebody will send as subject for a Cartoon for *Punch*, BRITANNIA seated on a lion, saying, "How-dah do?" to His Royal Highness mounted on an elephant.

Somebody will have a lifelong grievance against *Punch* if the above excellent suggestion is not acted upon immediately.

Somebody (equally well known as "nobody") will consider it his duty to attend the *levée* of His Royal Highness.

Somebody will mob the Prince the first time His Royal Highness appears in public.

Somebody will begin holding balls now that the Prince's return has given the signal for the real commencement of the Season.

Somebody (owning a sewing-machine) will set to work with a lighter heart now that there is a prospect of brisk employment.

And, lastly, everybody bearing the English name and speaking the English tongue will be delighted to welcome the Prince back to his own again. *Vivant Regina et Princeps!*

FOR THE COUNCIL OF THE R.A.—"Give a dog a bad name—and *don't* hang him."

ELEGY ON A LATELY DECEASED WHISTLING OYSTER.

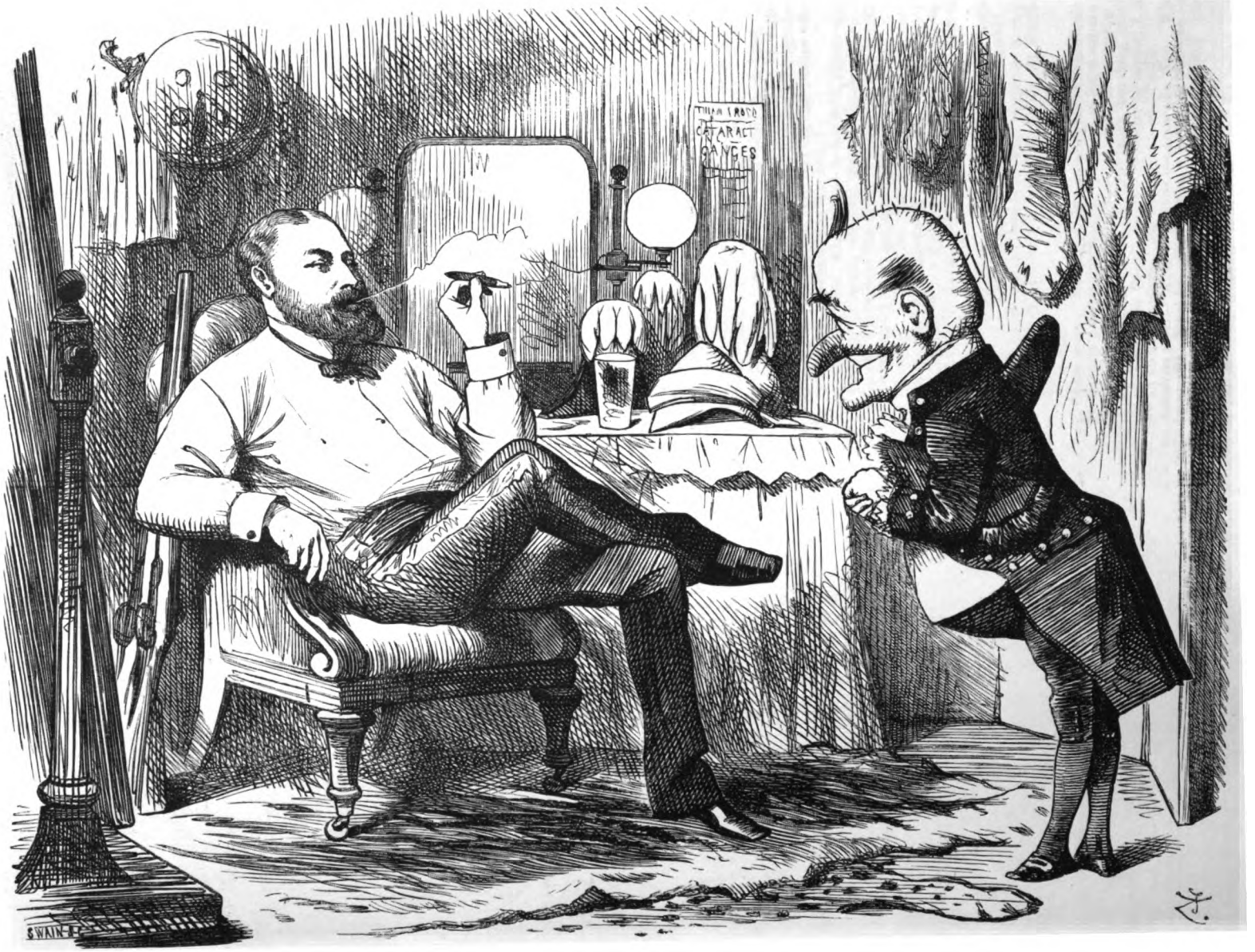
Dear native! He measured six inches across,
And he whistled in answer to me.
Where'er shall I find, to make up for his loss,
So unselfish a shell-fish as he!
Spite of dredgers destructive he clung to the bed
Whereof from the spat he was reared,
And a true native lived, though he still, it was said,
Like a foreigner breathed through his beard.
How he sang, my brave bivalve! Molluscous of throat,
He could run up his scales clean to C,
A true Oyster-Patti—he reached as high note,
Though not quite as high *L. S. D.*
But one day my sweet native was torn from his bed,
A bran-new Aquarium to grace,
Where being the first to arrive, the red-lead
Of the glaziers' work settled his case!
My mollusc, he died in a week, sad to tell,
Leaving me, his best friend, to repine;
And FRANK BUCKLAND'S kind hand closed him up in his shell,
And embalmed him in spirits of wine!

Shorthand Notes on the Easter Pieces.

STRUCK Oil. So it has *all* who have seen it—as good.
The Great Divorce Case. Decree excellent.
Jo. Hence these weeps!
Miss Gwilt. Pork chops and Welsh rarebit for supper.
Queen Mary. Quite contrary.
Wrinkles. "Time writes no wrinkles," nor can MR. H. J. BYRON.
The Sultan of Mocha. Not only promises, but performs better than another Sultan.
Stem to Stern. Wants inspection by MR. PLIMSOLL.
A Lesson in Love. Take one.

TOPICS LAST WEEK.—"*Atalanta's Race*" and the Two Thousand Guineas.

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THE "STAR" OF INDIA.

H.R.H. "AN UP-HILL PART, OLD BOY, AND PRECIOUS HOT WORK, I CAN TELL YOU!"
MR. P. "YES, SIR! BUT I AM HAPPY TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON A '*BIG SUCCESS*'!"

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A CRUEL CLAUSE.

"All the Ladies 'twixt forty and sixty
Said, 'Oh, what a sweet pretty plan!'"
Mediæval Hymn.



SWEET MR. PUNCH,

I AM a girl 'twixt "sixteen and forty." I have always fondly loved the Clergy of my native Isle, and my highest ambition has been to wed one of those dear Bishops, who wear such loves of long frocks and little darling aprons. Judge then of my just indignation on hearing that the Synod of Ireland have actually obliged us to carry weight for age in the race for the Matrimonial Sweep-stakes, and have gone in for the Old Trots.

"CHURCH OF IRELAND GENERAL SYNOD.

"The House assembled at one o'clock yesterday. The BISHOP OF DOWN presiding. The House proceeded to the orders of the day.

"MR. NUNN moved the House go into Committee on his Bill to establish a plan for making provision for Widows and Orphans of Clergy.

"The following clauses were considered:—

"1. The Widow of every Clergyman, at the time of his death in the service of the Church of Ireland, or if he shall have been permitted to retire, shall receive an annuity of £33 a year, to cease absolutely on re-marriage, subject to the following conditions:—

"(*a*) The husband at the time of his first appointment to a benefice or curacy in the Church of Ireland, being under forty years of age and unmarried, or a widower without family.

"(*b*) At time of marriage being under sixty years of age.

"(*c*) *Not more than twenty-five years older than his wife.*"

I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*, yours always,

SWEET SEVENTEEN.

P.S.—Do abuse these naughty men, there 's a dear old love.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "Cometh Down like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She," "Good! Buy Sweet Tart!" "Not Slily, But don't Tell."

CHAPTER XI.—*What the Author says.*

A TALL woman, silk-and-velvet skirted, with serpentine-trailing garments sweeping amply round her; a woman not old, not young, not middle-aged; neither all here nor all there; a mistress of arts and graces. Diana being taken to her morning bathe in her bath chair, wheeled by a knee-plush-ultra Titan, could not have been more bewitchingly, more deadlily attractive than this lissom, undulating empress, whose every movement was a poem—unnatural if you like, but a triumph of Art over Time, who, bald, ruthless, envious though he is, has not yet straightened the curving outline of that Grecian bend—

"Time writes no wriggle on thy azure bow."

And the man? Aye—one with a dark, ugly face; beardless, but with a deep-toned picturesque, blue, southern shade mantling over his upper lip and chin—the warm, Mediterranean blue, that was the glory of FRA ANGELICO'S art—the blue that TITIAN revelled in, and GIOTTO loved to paint; a man you would infallibly turn to look back at in the street, if he had struck you in passing. One who approached more nearly in physical conformation the glorious beauty of the Hydeparkian Achilles, than do most men, whom one sees, and pities, now-a-days. With sinewy veins for streamlets, and swelling muscles for rivers, with an incurving canal between two chains of Pyrenean mountains of shoulders, he was mapped out Atlas-like from Northern pole—where the white powder lay like a glory of arctic snow—to Southern, where there was a wealth of sunny, golden plush; and, as her eyes fell on him, she felt that never, except *one*, had she seen a human form so like the deathless dying athlete of antiquity, the Gladiator of the Forum, fitted with faultless taste by some noted West-End tailor, proud of his mission to clothe so magnificent a being—this Diskobolos of a man, this Agamemnon in livery, this *Enceladus ad vitulos!* *

Yes, it was he, after all, thought the girl, as she cowered and shook among the laurels. There are not many like him.

Surely she could not have been mistaken?

A piano sounded within the house. The Bath-chair stopped. The splendid, god-like, statuesque creature in livery ceased to impel it along the path, and the Lady, with a wave of her hand, dismissed this canary-clad Colossus of roads.

A window on the ground-floor was suddenly opened, and a pair of legs appeared over the window-sill, whereat the Lady in the chair—the LADY VIRGINIA CREEPER, niece of SIR GUY FOCKSDAY—raised her fan, and a faint peach-coloured blush passed upward over her marble-veined throat and smooth, pearl-powdered cheek.

"Were dat you a playing the piano?" she asked, with an air of cold surprise, and the frigid dignity of a Christy Minstrel.

"It were," laughingly replied her cousin, the HON. PERCY SHORTWYND, sliding on to the ground. "I was playing *A* Major, and so you didn't expect to see A Captain?"

Her pink-tipped ears went back, and a zebra-like expression came into the LADY VIRGINIA'S face, as, quitting the chair, she gave a little kick out behind with her high heels, and replied, with a little, factitious cough,

"No; knowing it was *you*, PERCY, I expected to see A Flat."

"Thank you; you are as amiable as usual."

"And you are duller than usual," retorts the hard, cold beauty, with ladylike exasperation. "But what does it matter? We are going to be married very soon!" and pointing two long, shapely, white fingers, she thrusts them sharply, and with a knowledge of anatomy, scarcely to be expected of her, beneath her cousin's fifth rib, then withdraws them as suddenly.

PERCY SHORTWYND winces as he gasps out, drily, "We are; but do not do that again."

VIRGINIA smiles, and the bright brooch, and chain of exquisite Lowther Arcade workmanship, rise and fall in a soft, even, mechanical modulation on her Tussaud-like waxen breast.

While they are standing here—a colourless, marble, clean-cut, immovable, expressionless-featured woman, and a full-toned, undersized, short-cut, importable, wide-whiskered man—a loud voice from the hall breaks upon their silence.

"Here! hi! you! Confound you all! Hang it! dash it! blow it! Why the doose—where are those blooming idiots?"

It is old SIR GUY who speaks. He is a real, high-bred, old country gentleman, and, it being past four o'clock, he is calling VIRGINIA to give him his brandy-and-water hot, as all high-bred old English gentlemen invariably do. On leaving the bushes where he had been hiding, he had passed into the hall.†

"Come!" she said to PERCY, who replied to her cold, chaste smile by placing his hand on his heart, with all the courtliness of the old school—he resembled his father, SIR GUY, in this respect—bending his head nearly down to his toes, and elevating his coat-tails.

The LADY VIRGINIA passed into the house, and disappeared. PERCY, preparing to follow, caught sight of BELLA as she hastily quitted the laurels. One of her glances gave him an odd sensation about the midriff, and, not feeling quite well, he staggered into the house.

"Can I love him?" asked BELLA, of herself, as she stood before the front door; "and can he love me?" She smiles to herself, as she places her small hand on the bell-pull, and prepares to make her first call in her new character of a lady-help in an old English gentleman's family.

* *What the Editor says.*—"Nothing we love so much as classical allusions, and we feel the greatest possible gratification to witness so much culture in one of the most talented of the softer sex. But—we own our ignorance on this particular point, and neither SMITH nor LEMPRIERE has been able to throw any light on it—what is the allusion in '*Enceladus ad vitulos*'? Of course we know all about '*Enceladus*,' but '*ad vitulos*'—eh?"—ED.

What the Authoress says.—"About *Enceladus* you know all. *Soit.* What is the Latin for a calf? What for *calves?* Wasn't my hero a Footman—or, rather, not *un valet de pied*, but *un homme aux veaux et un vaurien? Comprenez-vous?*"—R. D.

† *From all the Editorial Committee to Miss R. D.*—"We cannot allow your picture of an old English gentleman to appear without protest. The Committee, after reading your description, went purposely, all over England, paying visits everywhere, and were most cordially received. In not one single instance did the fine old English gentleman dodge behind bushes on our arrival, or use bad language all over the place, or call for hot brandy and water in the afternoon. Where *do* you find your type?"

Miss R. D. to the above.—"Where do I find my type? Why the printer finds it for me. Do not ask idle questions."—R. D.

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Trembling she approaches the door, and her feeble fingers were at the handle, when the portal was flung open, and the same Antinous-like creature, in all the sunlike glory of bright canary-coloured plush and silken tags, burst fully on her dazed and misty view.

His foot is on the first step before he perceives her. Then an electric shock of recognition seems to shoot through him, convulsing his herculean frame with overpowering force, and he jumps clean out of his shining shoes—out of his splendid livery—out of his skin!

"BELLA!!!"



CHAPTER XII.—*What Anyone says.**

IT was DUSOVER'S last word: her name on his lips. His beautiful brown skin was picked up, stuffed, and presented (with the livery, which SIR GUY sold at a fair price), to the Museum of the neighbouring town. It was labelled and numbered in the Catalogue, and more than once during her stay at Focksday Hall BELLA would walk into the town, and, having a free admission to the Museum, would stand before the glass case—exhibiting such concaves and convexes as would have driven most men wild—where the figure of DUSOVER was fixed upright, a splendid and lasting specimen of a magnificent Ugly Man (No. 967 in the Catalogue), and, as her hands lay idle in her lap, her eyes would fall on the number with his name in the book, and she would say to herself, sighing happily, "Ah DUSOVER! my poor, wicked old boy! It's quite a providence you've gone, as I should never have been able to keep my present situation had you been about the place!

"'I have lived and loved: and it is plain
That while I live I'll love again.'"

As she murmured this to herself, the skylight above was opened, and the HON. PERCY SHORTWYND, who seemed to possess the peculiarity of never entering by a door, looked in.

"I see you!" said the HON. PERCY SHORTWYND, laughing. He looked pleasant when he laughed.

"And I you," replied BELLA, throwing up her little, sparkling, provoking, petulant green eyes, which PERCY SHORTWYND catches, and then throws back a tender regard.

BELLA sings out—

"The Captain with the whiskers
Takes a sly glance at me!"

Again the HON. PERCY laughs, and slides down a rope which suspends a crocodile from the ceiling. He is not a professional acrobat, and the exertion tells upon his robust frame. He is not handsome—not a fairy prince in pink tights, and a blue feather in a muffin-cap, certainly; neither is he a charity-boy of twelve years of age, in a brown jacket, coarse corduroy knee-breeches, and blue stockings; he is not a lily-handed, curled, woman's darling, but he has a beautifully rounded, shapely waist, small, thick, columnar-like legs, dimpled, fat hands, a great, broad chest, a complexion like gingerbread, and dark, crisp hair, forming an astrachan-like fringe to what might have been, but for his perruquier, one of the clearest heads in the world. He has kind, grey, eager eyes, a rich, brown-gravy complexion, and a calm, dispassionate nose, standing up against his hot, red cheeks like a mellon-green fig on an old sun-dried, fruit wall.

As he reaches the floor, he looks confusedly conscious of having been seen descending very awkwardly.

The clear moonlight is streaming in, on these two, through the skylight above; for, the solitary custodian of the Museum has forgotten the unwonted presence of a visitor—a greater curiosity than the curiosities themselves—and, having locked up the building for the night, has discharged himself of his official duties, and has gone home to bed. BELLA has stayed beyond the regular hour of closing, and the HONOURABLE PERCY SHORTWYND has followed, and sought her out in this strange fashion.

"If you do not wish me to stay here," says PERCY, in a calm, respectful voice, "I will go." And he lays one hand on the rope, as if about to ascend by the same way as he had made his descent.

"No! no!" she cries, with all a woman's mad unreason, "Don't go! You must not! I won't let you! You're too heavy!—I mean the rope is too slight! You'll be killed!"

And so, gasping, she stretches out her white arms towards him, and, as a cloud passes over the moon—thus leaving them in total darkness—she falls insensible into his embrace.

(*To be continued.*)

* *What the Editorial Committee says.*—"We think by this heading you must be getting on towards the finish. *Facta non verba.*"

What the dissentient Maiden Aunt, member of above Committee, says.—"My dear young Lady, *do* not hurry. Give plenty of description. *I* do not skip when I read."

Seeing and Hearing

At a late High Art Musical Function.

As pensive I sat in a row at the rear
Of crowded St. James's Ha',
Not only a Mass of BACH'S did I hear,
But a mass of backs I saw!

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IN HIS EASTER TRIP TO VENICE

MR. PUNCH TRIES ON AN ITALIAN UNIFORM, AND OH! WOULDN'T HE *LIKE* TO WEAR IT FOR TWELVE MONTHS!

WHITETHORN WINTER.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year;
So methinks the first of May,
Coming thus with cold severe,
Seems another Christmas Day.
Stormy sleet, and rain, and hail,
Pelt the plains with frequent showers;
East and north-east winds prevail;
Sear the leaves, and bite the flowers.

Mid the crankled foliage green,
Bright still glows the scarlet berry.
Merry Christmas though we've seen,
Can't we make May likewise merry?
Whilst the sky is full of snow,
Deck the wall with sprigs of holly,
Hang on high the mistletoe,
And indulge in rampant folly.

Drink until we've had enough,
And continue drinking after.
Hunt the slipper and blind-man's-buff
Play with merry peals of laughter.
As at Yule, to keep our souls
In our bodies warm,—poor fellows!—
Let us stir the blazing coals;
Sing "*Old Rose and burn the bellows!*"

Merry Christmas folk so name,
Since 'tis made a festive season;
Merry May should have the same,
If it is to have a reason.
May, too, if but once a year
It comes with Polar blasts and breezes,
Surely ought to bring good cheer,
As it blows and snows and freezes.

A Happy Couple.

WE believe we break no confidence in stating that arrangements are being made in Baker Street for the speedy introduction of a historical group, comprising the EARL OF WARWICK, otherwise called the King-maker, and the RIGHT HON. DISRAELI, otherwise called the Empress-maker.

RECREATION FOR THE INSANE.*—Modern Burlesque. (*Punch* perfectly agrees.)

* See recent account of performances at the Leavesden Lunatic Asylum.

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

"Dic, Musa, quid agat Canius meus Rufus?
* * * *
Vis scire, quid agat Canius tuus? Ridet."
Epigram. iii. 20.

OH merry Muse of whim and wit,
Whom I delight in wooing,
Just tell me, ere this rhyme is writ,
What *is* DISRAELI doing?

Does he bemoan the Suez loan
Twixt Bulls and Bears be-chaffered?
Does he with pity hear the groan
Of over-worked SIR STAFFORD?

Has he a fancy in his brain
With something new to play tricks,
Now Russian dangers have been slain
By dubbing *Imperatrix*?

Will he reverse the tide of Stock,
And end the worry we're amid,
Pulling old Egypt into dock
By purchasing a Pyramid?

Is he, while puzzling Bull and Bear
From Pekin to Ontario,
Planning a sequel to *Lothair*—
Its hero turned Lothario?

Where'er his devious steps may wend,
Whomever he is chaffing,
At Whig and Tory, foe and friend,
Most, at himself—he's laughing.

THE BRITISH ARMY OF THE FUTURE.

(*A Possibility.*)

SCENE—*The Barrack Square.* PRESENT—Captain (*Commanding Detachment*) *and* Colour Sergeant.

Captain. Well, Sergeant?
Sergeant (*saluting*). All present, Sir.
Captain. Dear me. Very small muster. Give me the roll.
Sergeant (*saluting*). Here, Sir.
Captain (*reading*). Hem! CORPORAL SNOOKS.
Sergeant. Employed on special duty at the Admiralty, Sir.
Captain. LANCE CORPORAL JONES.
Sergeant. Temporarily transferred to the India Office, Sir.
Captain. Privates SMITH, SNOOKS, SINGER, SONGER, and THOMPKINS. Where are they? I see you have bracketed them together.
Sergeant. Yes, Sir, they are doing duty at the Audit Office.
Captain. Good gracious! Then where are the rest of the company?
Sergeant. Military Clerks at the War Office, if you please, Sir. That is to say, Sir, with the exception of PRIVATE THOMAS ATKINS, Sir.
Captain. And where is PRIVATE THOMAS ATKINS?
Sergeant. In the Guard Room, Sir. Prisoner, if you please, Sir.
Captain. You can dismiss the parade, Sergeant.
Sergeant (*saluting*). Yes, Sir.

Scene closes in.

A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS.

THEY call England the Mother Country of the United States. How can that be, when it is to the United States that England owes her Beeing?

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A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

LIKE foliage men perish,
Old HOMER declares,
So why should we cherish
Life's torments and cares?
Why grumble at Eurus,
Poor KINGSLEY's pet blast?
Nor trust Epicurus,
East winds cannot last.
Most troubles will surely
Have reached the past tense,—
Whate'er else may happen,—
A hundred years hence.

Who 'll sing for his sack-butt
As Laureate then?
A great gun or mere hack-but,
Unworthy "Rare BEN?"
In a blaze of bravadoes,
Regardless of mulls,
Who 'll be making Mikados,
Or minting Moguls?
I really don't want
To give any offence,
But *shall* we be wiser
A hundred years hence?

Will there still be the clamour
Of Bees and of Rinks,
For the girl without grammar—
The romp-loving minx?
What pastime portentous,
Undreamed of as yet,
Will the Yankees have sent us
Our sharpness to whet?
But who knows in Fate's Bee
To spell future tense?
In what state will the States be
A hundred years hence?

Will the militant parson,
'Gainst peace and good-will,
The Puseyite farce on
Be carrying still?
Will the roar of Strife's organ
Still Love-notes efface,
As if Demogorgon
Were playing the bass?
Or may we imagine
To hate less propense
The Church of the future—
A hundred years hence?

Will winters grow shorter,
Springs breed fewer chills?
Will the end of the quarter
Be less big with bills?
Will a less crop of swindles
Swell news of the day?
Will HUXLEYS and TYNDALLS
Have true things to say?
Shall we see a revival
Of plain common sense,
In that blessèd millennium,
A hundred years hence?

'Tis useless to palter
With fantasies strange:
'Tis only dates alter,—
Our stock cannot change.
While down their steep gradient
The centuries fly,
Mr. Punch will be radiant—
For wit cannot die.
So if you survive,
And can muster threepence,
Buy *Punch*, and be thankful,
A hundred years hence!

LADIES ON THEIR LEGS.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,

FOREMOST among the *many* disabilities of Women, which all lovers of the sex must wish to see removed, I place her inability to speak at public dinners. It is a *scandal* and a *shame* that men should quite monopolise the right of public speaking, considering what good use Ladies *can* make of their tongues when they get the chance of using them. Even when the toast of "The Ladies" is proposed, a man jumps up, and claims the honour of responding, which he does with a vast deal of stammering and stuttering, and stupid commonplace remarks about the charms of the fair sex. Why should not Ladies have the privilege of answering for themselves, and of proposing, if they please, the health of "The Gentlemen"? This would at least form some variety from the usual vapid course of after-dinner oratory.

MR. DISRAELI says the charm of English art is its originality; and if Ladies were invited to dine at the Academy, and permitted to make speeches, I think the yearly banquet would be vastly enlivened, and our R.A.'s might now and then have an original idea to be proud of. I have waded through the flood of words poured forth the other day at this masculine assembly, and have wondered how men could possibly talk such solemn, common-place, empty, no-meaning, and stale bunkum! Instead of this monotony conceive what varied themes a clever Chairwoman might find for a post-prandial discourse. The subject of the Army she might smilingly dismiss by warbling a few words of "*Ah, que j'aime le Militaire!*" while that of the Navy might evoke a sadly humorous description of her suffering when invited to a cruise with the First Lady of the Admiralty, to inspect the Channel Fleet. The step from Iron-clads to crinoline would be obviously short; and the topic of the fashions being thus artfully led up to, what a flow of eloquence would be forthwith let loose! From bonnets to baby-linen, and thence to ball-dresses, bouquets, and dinner decorations, would be the easiest transitions in a feminine harangue; and so the way would be made clear to remarks on parties generally, picnics, croquet, drums, and so forth, with the latest rinking news, and the spiciest scraps of scandal in high life.

Thus, if Ladies were allowed to speak at public dinners, a marked change would be made in post-prandial discourses, which readers of the newspapers now wade through with fatigue. Variety is charming; and, as no Lady would content herself with sticking to the subject on which she rose to speak, the audience would be spared that tedious monotony which is acknowledged to be the bane of after-dinner utterances.

Yours, *Mr. Punch, admiringly*,
Chatterton Cottage, May Day. GEORGIANA GABBLEWELL.

NOVEL SENSATIONS FOR THE *BLASÉ*.

(*Suggested by our Used-up Contributor.*)

GETTING up before eleven in the morning.
Going to bed before twelve at night.
Visiting the Tower of London with a number of Country Cousins.
Lounging in the Zoo on a week-day.
Patronising a cheap Tailor.
Waiting for the "playing out" Farce at the Theatre.
Riding down Piccadilly on the knifeboard of an Omnibus.
Going to Scarborough for a week in May.
Dining with a Teetotaller and a Vegetarian at a favourite Club.
Finding a long-lost Umbrella in one's own rooms.
Proposing to an elderly Maiden Lady *minus* means and *plus* a temper.
And lastly (most novel sensation of all), marrying for love and not regretting it afterwards.

A FLATTERING TALE.

FOR once in a way, the papers contain a cheering announcement relative to the Budget.

"In the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill there is a clause as to the restriction of male servants in the 19th section of 32 & 33 Vict. c. 14. It is not to include a person who has been *bonâ fide* engaged to serve his employer for a portion only of each day, and does not reside in his employer's house."

Give the Government their due, and that will be thanks for the relief of poor householders from a vexatious restriction by which the revenue really gained nothing, whilst boys and old men were kept out of employment. *Mr. Punch* is pleased to find that Ministers mind what they have been told, and hopes that this good intention may not be put down, as so many good intentions are, to pave the way of the new Bill through Parliament.

University Intelligence.

A RUMOUR is current that one of our Colleges has it in contemplation to establish a new and special department for Students who may desire to qualify themselves for those Public competitive examinations in Spelling, Definitions, Music, &c., which have lately been introduced into this country from America, and are now in full activity all over England. The College pointed to is St. Bees.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



RITHER, my LORD MARQUIS OF HUNTLY, what if the Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill *should* prove a dead letter? *Punch* would ask, Has not the English Agricultural Holdings Bill proved the same? Why should a Conservative Government's Land-Law for Scotland be livelier than that for England? Their line is that of Land-*lords*, not Land-*laws*.

The Lords (*Monday, May* 8), by a narrow majority of 12, decided against cumulative voting in elections for Irish Representative Peers. Evidently a large proportion even of their Conservative Lordships are fairly ashamed that Liberals should be altogether excluded from a voice in the representation of the Irish Peerage. The LORD CHANCELLOR was even more than usually reckless in his reasons against the concession.

(*Commons.*)—The Financial Secretary of the Treasury explained a curious distinction between the expenses of hanging in Scotland and England. In the former the Royal Boroughs have to pay the cost of their own gallows, halter, and hangman; in the latter, the Sheriff is allowed £10 per hanging, because, if he can't find a hangman, he is bound to do the hanging himself. Was it supposed, by those who made such a distinction, that there never would be a Scotchman to be hung but you would be able to find a Scotchman to string him up "for a consideration;" just as it has been said, "there never was an Irishman to be roasted, but you can find another Irishman to turn the spit." "Divil a bit o' like in it," says an indignant Milesian, "the Irishman turns the spit for love; the Scotchman would tie the noose for money."

The Merchant Shipping Mull once more, happily for the last time of its appearance. MR. PLIMSOLL made a gallant, though ineffectual, attempt to enforce an official survey of disclassed ships.

SIR C. ADDERLEY contended that such a requirement would be to reverse the present practice as to surveys, which, no doubt, is the reason why MR. PLIMSOLL wants it. MR. GORST moving Amendments on the Disciplinary Clauses, SIR CHARLES' manner of resisting provoked such a feeling in the House, that MR. CROSS had to promise a Bill dealing with the subject next Session. A pleasant prospect, if it is to be entrusted to the present President of the Board of Trade! The rest of the Amendments being got rid of, SIR CHARLES was enabled to enjoy his little crow in proclaiming the Bill through Committee, amidst the cheers of the much-relieved House. No wonder they cheered!

"Weary twelve nights, close confined,
Have they lingered, yawned, and dined;
Though the Bill could not be lost,
Yet it could be Plimsoll-tossed."

It has, indeed, been a perilous passage through a *mauvais pas*. SIR CHARLES boasted that he had really, after his twelve nights' gestation, produced a Virgin Bill—meaning one untouched by the rude hands of its would-be un-doers, or rather over-doers. *Punch* is reminded of MARTIAL (*Epig.* i., 67):—

"Secreta quære carmina, et rudes curas,
Quas novit unus virginis pater chartæ."

Or, if we may English it for SIR CHARLES's behoof,—

"What consultations with BENTINCK and STANHOPE,
What carking cares, as high or low ran hope
Of pinning pestilent Plimsoll amendments,
And making clear Adderleian intendments,
Are his who Board of Trade's Chair doth fill,
To shape into life a Virgin Bill!"

SIR W. HARCOURT irreverently observed that SIR CHARLES's *virgo intacta* had at all events been delivered of two bouncing twins—the deck-load clause, and the clause bringing foreign ships within the Act.

On going into Committee on Naval Estimates, MR. BRASSEY moved for a Royal Commission to review the "Ship-building Policy" of the Government.

MR. GOSCHEN begged MR. WARD HUNT to produce such policy.

MR. WARD HUNT defied any man to say that any Government could have any such policy—and then proceeded to describe the policy of the present Government, and then agreed to the appointment not of a Commission but a Committee to consider whether such policy could be improved.

At first *Punch* thought the only upshot of the discussion would be to show that the British Fleet of the future was to be like the Spanish Fleet of the past—a thing we—

"Cannot see, because
It is not yet in sight."

But MR. WARD HUNT carried us clear of this fear by his bold reversal of his engines.

Tuesday (*Lords*).—A cheerful night. LORD GREY laid a Burials Bill on the table, and the MARQUIS OF HUNTLY carried Second Reading of a Bill to punish farm-servants for administering arsenic to animals to make their coats shine.

"*Il faut souffrir pour être beau,*" is an old proverb. But these ill-informed, if well-meaning rustics, ride the proverb literally to "death."

(*Commons.*)—SIR CHARLES DILKE tried to move the House to move the Royal Academy, because it had not moved, of itself, in the right direction. SIR CHARLES spoke a long indictment against the Forty—charging them, in effect, as a band of forty thieves with having stolen privileges and prestige, honour, house-room, and hard cash, in the shape of the splendid shillings of the public, on a condition they have not complied with, of teaching, cultivating, and promoting the arts of design in England. Or if not forty thieves, contended SIR CHARLES, they are, at best, forty shop-keepers; and their Exhibition, which they at first apologised for not opening free to all, has now become a receipt of custom, and the be-all and end-all of their existence, the source of their shillings, the scene of their Annual Dinner, by help of which they keep a firm anchorage among the official and aristocratic classes, the stage on which they parade their superiority over wretched "outsiders," whether when they sit upon their pictures, or cold-shoulder them off "the Line."

Perhaps no count in SIR CHARLES's long and heavy indictment against the Academy might not be supported by evidence that would go far to win a verdict of guilty from an unprejudiced jury. But such a jury SIR CHARLES did not address in the House of Commons, least of all a House with a crushing Conservative Majority. If the hard-headed and hard-hitting Chelsea Baronet drew the indictment against the Academy anything but mild, MR. CARTWRIGHT, MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE, and MR. COWPER-TEMPLE went quite as far in their more agreeable and amiable task of white-washing—if we should not rather say "sweetening"—and megilping, framing, and glazing their portraits of the Forty, and hanging them in the most favourable and flattering of lights. Even MR. BERESFORD HOPE, though he had his grievance as a student of architecture, contended, like MR. COWPER-TEMPLE and other speakers, including MR. GLADSTONE, that the House had no jurisdiction, as the

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Academy had in effect carried out the recommendations of the Committee of 1863. (*Mr. Punch* has been studying those recommendations, and can't, for the life of him, make *that* out.)

MR. GLADSTONE stepped in as *deus ex machinâ*, with grave and weighty reasons for the withdrawal both of SIR CHARLES DILKE's Motion—which was one of censure, not corresponding to the notice given of it—and of MR. CARTWRIGHT'S Amendment—which called upon the House to acquit the Academy, while contending that the House had no jurisdiction in the case. Now the House, urges MR. GLADSTONE, very decidedly, *has* jurisdiction in the case. (That admission, at least, is a substantial result of SIR CHARLES's Motion.) There is a good deal to be said, with reason, against the Academy; a good deal to be said, also with reason, in its favour. But whatever remark, *pro* or *con.*, the Academy might be fairly open to, it had committed no sin—either of omission or commission—to warrant the House in coming down upon it with the heavy hand of censure.

On the whole, LORD JOHN MANNERS thought the best course would be to withdraw both the Motion and Amendment, and to grant the Motion for papers "showing the attitude of the State towards the Fine Arts in the different countries of Europe."

(What a charming subject, by the way, for a set of allegorical designs, to be contributed by the most historically-minded of the Academicians:—

The STATE—rampant, couchant, dormant, defiant, aidant, reveillant, burkant, as the case may be, according to its relation to the Fine Arts.

And the FINE ARTS—resistant, crouchant, snorant, hittant, deprecant, mendicant, kickant, as the case may be, according to their relation to the State.)

So, finally, DILKE, in compliance with the advice of MANNERS, muzzled and drew off his Motion; whereupon CARTWRIGHT, also consenting, whipped off his Amendment. The Motion for papers was granted—and the Forty breathed again.



"But till that night's debate was done,
There were Forty, funking like one."

(*Mr. Punch* has his own views on the subject of this night's discussion, but he cannot admit that even the Collective Wisdom is wise enough to be his mouthpiece on the relations of the Royal Academy to the Fine Arts, and the Fine Artists—being outsiders. Has he not his own trumpet to talk through? And will he not talk, when he sees fit?

Wednesday.—MR. NORWOOD, Member for Hull, and shipowner, moved Second Reading of a Bill to make fees to Barristers recoverable by Counsel, and damages against Barristers recoverable by Clients. "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*" As *Dundreary* would say, "What have shipowners to do with barrister's fees?" Or was it that no lawyer could be found to lead such an attack—hawks loyally objecting to "pike out hawks' e'en." This change, say the barristers, would infallibly destroy the independence, and lower the character, of the Bar. The barristers won't have it at any price, and the public don't want it at that price. The barrister's calling is a trying and a ticklish one. It needs brains even more than brass, and presence of mind quite as much as absence of scruples. Counsel must be allowed a latitude in dealing with the case on his brief proportioned to the longitude to which roguish clients and unscrupulous attorneys together will go in setting that case forth. Think how wondrously facts may be transfigured after double-distillation through the wits of a roguish suitor and a rascally lawyer. Are we to hold counsel bound by such a brief, and to make him answerable in damages for understating his case as it appears thereon? Besides, as things stand, it is the best lawyer who comes to the front. If more clients seek his services than he can serve, at all events the fees stop his mouth, and neither party is the better, if neither is the worse for him—a result well worth paying for. At the same time, we should say, the fee in such a case ought to be a payment by both sides. There was a consentaneous howl against the Bill from all the barristers in the House. "When they do agree their unanimity is wonderful"—and MR. NORWOOD was defeated by 237 to 130. It is written that the shipowner should stick to his ship. Let MR. NORWOOD go, in future, to sea in his own bottoms, and paddle his own canoe.

Thursday.—Now dawned the day "Big with the fate of Titles' Bill and Ben!"—no, no, nobody felt that; but the day when SIR HENRY JAMES had been magnanimously defied to *combat à outrance* by the Prime Minister, with his majority of a hundred behind him. A safe challenge to try a foregone conclusion! *Punch*, as he has said, sees no use in crying over spilt milk. He hates the Proclamation, and the Royal Titles Bill, and the Title of Empress, like all sensible people of his acquaintance. But there they are. *Que voulez-vous?* It is our duty, to make the best—that is, the least, rather than the most—of them. Feeling this, *Punch* almost regrets that the Opposition should have given a night to putting over again the case so overwhelmingly put against the Government by LORD SELBORNE, to prove that the Proclamation does not carry out the Government understanding, not because the Government *meant* not to redeem their pledge, but because their pledge was irredeemable. Of SIR HENRY JAMES, it may fairly be said,—

"That twice he routed all his foes,
And twice he slew the slain!"

His proof of the contradiction between the Proclamation and the Government undertaking to localise the title of "Empress," would have been crushing, but that LORD SELBORNE had put the matter through the crushing-machine already. That being so, why dwell on a debate of which the most conspicuous incident was the honour conferred upon the Government by the support of DR. KENEALY?

MR. DISRAELI wound up with a perjubilant Pæan, supported by a majority that will warrant any amount of Pæans—of 108. Meanwhile, the B. P. of the Metropolis—Upper Ten and Lower Ten hundreds of thousands alike—had been hurraing itself hoarse in welcome of the PRINCE OF WALES, as if to show that whatever the Royal Titles Bill may do to sap, or unsap, the roots of loyalty, it still flourishes as durable and deep-rooted in the British heart as our native oak in the British soil.

Friday (*Lords*).—Glad to find their Lordships and the Foreign Office not quite disposed to take too coolly the cruel ill-treatment of the Coolies in certain plantations in the Mauritius. LORD CARNARVON has his eye on the offenders.

(*Commons.*)—Exciting Debate, still more exciting Division. MR. R. SMYTH moved a Resolution for shutting the Shebeens on Sunday throughout Ireland. *Punch* "Saw with M. BEACH five

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NOT BAD JUDGMENT EITHER.

Mr. Snobbington Hardcash (offering his Hand and Heart to his fair Companion). "No, now w-w-weally, Miss Mawy, don't be surpwised. 'Pon my w-w-word I mean it!—I do, indeed!"

Miss May (a sad puss). "No, really, Mr. Hardcash, I couldn't think of Accepting so much. I wouldn't mind just having your Mare, simply for Friendship's sake, you know!"

poor exiles of Erin"—Murphy, O'Gorman, Callan, and M. Brooks—arrayed in a quintette against the Resolution in the teeth of a strange consensus of Irish Members in its favour.

Mr. Bright and Gladstone brought up their 81-ton guns in support of the Irish Brigade, and, thanks to their aid, the Government, resisting the Resolution, was defeated by 224 to 167! First blood for the Home-Rulers! *Mr. Punch* distrusts even sobriety on compulsion. Is it due to public conviction, or priestly influence, that so good a case has been got up for contending that opinion in Ireland is in favour of shutting up the whiskey-shops one day in seven? The Major was absolutely pathetic on the unalienable right of every man "to drink as much as he can carry." That right, dear Major, implies its correlative duty—"to carry as much as you can drink." 'Tis few can drink or carry as much good liquor as the Major, or what a prospect would the enforcement of this right open to the Irish distillers!

The Prince of Wales's Feathers.

To Mr. Punch.

Most Illustrious Sir,

At a time when changes are taking place in the Insignia of Royalty, might not an additional feather be voted to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, viz., one to be worn in his cap, in celebration of His Royal Highness's plucky and truly Royal progress in India? Yours, with great regard,

Nom de Plume.

The Feathers Tavern, May 12, 1876.

P.S.—"*Facile Princeps*" might be added as a motto.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

It is whispered on the Stock Exchange that the Turkish Dividends will henceforward be paid on the Greek Calends.

MAY *À LA MODE.*

A Remonstrance from a Frozen-out Muse.

O month once so famous in song and in story
For sunshine, and sweetness, and song-birds, and flowers,
Must we rededicate you to Cock'rell or Cory?
Do you think that a muse who still shiv'ringly cowers
Above a coal fire, while the May-buds are bursting,
Is like to invoke you in jubilant ode?
What city, great poet, would ever go thirsting
For May *à la Mode*?

Bedight with green leaves? Nay, an Ulster were fitter,
Poor half-frozen nymph, those blue limbs to enwrap;
For never North-Easter more biting and bitter
Attended December, that chilly old chap.
No rose that now blows is so red as your nose is,
You can't smell your buds, you 've so *awfud a Code!*
You 've suffered some hideous metempsychosis,
Poor May *à la Mode!*

Say, have you been flirting with March, or coquetting
With saucy Jack Frost just a trifle too long?
The kisses of Phœbus are cold. Is he getting
A little bit jealous? Come! Tip us a song,
Like the song of old days! It may soften Apollo;
Send sunbeams and blossoms; North-Easters be blowed!
For of all weather sells there is no sell so hollow
As May *à la Mode!*

AN ECCLESIASTICAL ARTICLE.

During the sittings of Convocation, the Lower House ever and anon sends up to the Upper House an *articulus cleri*. Of course this is no addition to the Thirty-Nine Articles; and they are to be held anathema who suggest that it is any article pertaining to an Articled Clerk.

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AFTER THE ACADEMY—DREAMING ALL NIGHT LONG.



—PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN—

Little Bopeep was Calling the Sheep to Fold from Sheep-washing near the Pyramids in the Water Meadows, at The Day's Decline, on Saturday Night, In Wonderland.

Those Moorland Rovers, the Prince of Wales, Lord Lawrence, Lord Lytton, and Captain Richard Burton, after An Audience at Agrippa's, Darning-Day, August 1875, were Over the Hills and Far Away from Les Montagnes de Hampstead, Angling on A Spring Morning, with Violet, Our Boys, and A Convalescent Getting Better, in A Certain Trout Stream In the Austrian Tyrol, Miles from Home; Fording a Tidal Creek After a Spate, on The Eve of Liberty in Breezy June; Colt Hunting in the New Forest with Skye Terriers and Her Majesty's Buckhounds; Shearing Wraick in the Sound of Harris, in Summer, with A Lincolnshire Gang; Ploughing in Lower Egypt in An Oasis in the Desert, near The Ruins of Kom-ombo, with The Crofter's Team, Valour and Cowardice; Woodcock Shooting on A November Evening in Red Autumn, with Pallas Athene and The Herdsman's Dogs in The Rustling Leaves; and, in conjunction with The Great Scalper, Dr. Priestley, and The Apothecary, Selecting Pictures for the Royal Academy Exhibition with Watchful Eyes in A Life Boat in A Storm at Sea in The Month of March.

The Lord Chancellor In Chancery, Sir Henry James with A Bill of Sale and Notice to Quit, spending A Lonely Christmas in A Cairo Bazaar (Confiscated), Baron Amphlett After the Sitting Outside a Prison in Italy, and Justice Grove in Newgate!

The Bishop of London, The New Curate, Cardinal Manning, The Earl of Shaftesbury, Bishop Ullathorne, Richard Baxter, Alderman Phillips, His Reverence Monsignor Capel, The Boulonnaises, and The Widower, all in The Squire's Pew in The Temple of Diana at Zaghouan, repeating "My Duty towards my Neighbour" and The Last Bit of Scandal.

The Rivals, The Duchess of Westminster, Marchioness of Ormonde, Countess of Dudley, Countess of Ilchester, Viscountess Enfield, Viscountess Hood, Mrs. Sebastian Schlesinger, Cleopatra, and My Lady Belle were Preparing to Summon the Commons Across the Common to A Kettledrum After the Dance in Sir Thomas's Tower; The Village Lawyer and Sir C. S. Readimoney were Looking out for A Safe Investment; Admiral Milne was attending the Sailor's Wedding in A Little Blue Bay with some Seaside Ducks; and Pallas and Achilles [stood] Shouting from the Trenches to The Old Soldier The late Duke of Wellington—He Never Came.

"The Birds" in The Hollow Tree—Three Magpies, Three Ravens, Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Goosey, Goosey, Gander, The Ugly Duckling, The Flight of the Wild Fowl, and the Ducks in A Stern Chase—now made such a noise that these dreams came to an abrupt termination, but not before they disclosed Alfred Tennyson, Bishop Harold Browne, Edward Pleydell Bouverie, The Dean of St. Paul's, Professor Beesly, and Sir Henry Cole, Spellbound in front of The Daphnephoria and Atalanta's Race.

Philadelphia and Fraternity.

Philadelphia is certainly a happy name for the site of an International Exhibition which seems calculated to promote brotherly love. At any rate, let us hope the American "World's Fair" will not be followed by tremendous wars like those which fulfilled the predictions of the prophets who foretold that our Hyde-Park Exhibition would be the beginning of the reign of universal brotherhood.

FINANCIAL CHEMISTRY.

The Khedive has issued a degree for the consolidation of the Egyptian Debt. His Highness's creditors would much prefer an order for its liquidation.

THE PRINCE'S WELCOME HOME.

"O! quid solutis est beatius curis?
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto."
CATULLUS.

While over the Atlantic the young Giant of a hundred
Holds wide his arms in welcome to the nations old and grey,
Proclaiming fellowship in Arts of those by oceans sundered,
Crowning the Old-World-shows with this that greets his natal day.

While the eagles, clawed and beaked, round the Moslem sick-bed gather,
And Europe watches, breathless, for their swoop through troubled air,
Not knowing but fierce rivalries may turn to rending rather
Those that struggle for the carrion than the carcase they should share.

While France toils slowly to rebuild her greatness shrunk and shattered,
Of King's friends and Republic's patching truce that time may bide,
While Spain, as proud a pauper as e'er draped his mantle tattered
Like a robe royal, draws his rags the bleeding sores to hide.

Lo, happier England, busy in awaiting and adorning
The way for one she welcomes as mother welcomes son,
Whose coming-home from far-off lands her evening turns to morning,
And age's load makes light to bear for love's work to be done.

Where athwart fields green with Spring-time the iron-ways run grimly,
Holiday crowds are gathered, flags wave and flowers are fair;
Where through the smoke suburban the festal trim shows dimly,
Like sights and sounds of welcome glad the eye and fill the air.

'Tis the Prince, the King of England that is to be hereafter,
Comes back to his own England from his travel, bronzed and brown,
To the wife of his and England's love, to their babes' happy laughter,
To mother's love, that even wife's and children's love doth crown.

And as the heart of England was stirred with a great sorrow
When he lay sick, it seemed, to death, and love could naught but pray,
Now from the wife's joy at his side all hearts a gladness gather,
That God hath brought him home again, who held him on his way.

'Tis no mere flourish of paid pen, no phrase of courtier's tongue,
Proclaims us loyal to our line of law-abiding kings;
'Tis for a son in more than name that England's heart is strung
To this high note of welcome that through the welkin rings.

'Twas no base flunkey fellowship that followed, day by day,
His doings and his dangers, parades, and pomps and shows;
The wild work of the jungle, the spoiling of the prey,
The staunchness that no toil could tire, the strength with need that rose.

More we loved him, that in wild-wood as in durbar or divan,
He bore him manly, princely, as an English Prince should do;
That he took the rubs and roughings of travel like a man,
And, if he won new friends in crowds, to the old friends still was true.

He is kindly, gay, and gracious—he is manly, bold, and brave:
'Tis grace and manhood that rule hearts since first the world began.
And he that will wear England's Crown must no allowance crave—
Had need be every inch a Prince, and every inch a Man.

We hold our Queen so dear we would brook no change of name,
No addition to the style we have used and loved so long:
The music of "God save the Queen," to Empress ill would frame,
And we stick to the old title as we stick to the old song.

But all our quarrel is for love and loyalty beside:
Let who doubts look how England takes her Prince back to her breast,
With a benison on that sweet face she welcomed as a bride,
Welcomes still more as a mother with lusty children blest.

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A PUZZLE.

SCENE—*Village Inn, Hampshire.*

Languid Swell. "'STHAWA WIFL'CAW HEAW?"
Barmaid. "'BEG PARD'N, SIR!"
Swell. "'STHAWA WIFL'CAW HEAW?"
Barmaid. "DON'T UNDERSTAND FRENCH, SIR!"
Swell. "HAW!" (*Exit.*)
(*He is supposed to have meant,* "IS THERE A RIFLE CORPS HERE?")

A MEDICAL PARTNER.

SPEAKING in the Theatre of the University of London the other day, that of the presentation of diplomas and medals to successful candidates, LORD GRANVILLE, the Chancellor, took occasion to advocate the admission of women to medical degrees. MR. LOWE followed on the same side of a question on which it is disgraceful to the members of a liberal profession that there are two sides. Not so much because this is owing to a mean Trades-unionism, but rather in that, if, as the Unionists allege, women are naturally unfitted for the practice of medicine, the fear of competition with them is grossly stupid. It was well remarked by MR. LOWE that "Woman was never more in her place than by the sick bed." If she were duly qualified to occupy that place, she would not only be exempt from the necessity of marrying to subsist, but would be in possession of knowledge which, in the event of her marriage from choice, would especially befit her for the part of a wife and a mother. It would also materially help to render her an unmixed blessing, by preventing her from being, in one particular, a heavy burden to her husband. A woman who knows how to take her place by the sick bed, knows how to keep herself out of it. Even if she have no patients, therefore, a medical woman is in a condition to avoid becoming a patient herself. She also knows better than to let her daughters injure their health by tight lacing, late dancing, and other unwholesome follies. If she herself fetch her partner no fees, she at least saves him doctors' bills, and undertakers' also, besides continual alarm and anxiety. The girl who has well earned a doctor's degree, is one whom a young man, even in these sumptuous times, could almost venture to think of marrying on two or three thousand a year.

Moral Freedom in Spain.

THE question of liberty of conscience has lately been a good deal discussed in the Spanish Cortes. In Spain there appears to be quite a national feeling in favour of an unbounded liberty of conscience. This, however, is something other than freedom of theological opinion. The liberty of conscience prized by true Spaniards is the exemption of the national conscience from all such trammels as pecuniary obligations of the nature of Bonds.

MORE HONOURS!

A WELL-KNOWN Tobacconist has decided upon calling a very fine class of Tobacco he has in stock, "Prince's Returns." How gratified His Royal Highness will be!

LAW UNDER THE REJECTED ACT.

"He could not avoid always seeing his children in his brief."—*Speech of the* ATTORNEY-GENERAL *upon the Barristers and Advocates Fees Bill.*

JONES *versus* SNOOKS.—*June 18th*, 187—?

THIS, the first case held under MR. NORWOOD'S recently-passed Act, was chiefly remarkable for the conduct of the Counsel engaged in the trial.

The Plaintiff was represented by MESSRS. COKE, Q.C., and BLACKSTONE. MR. SERJEANT DOE and MR. RICHARD ROE appeared for the Defendant.

MR. COKE, Q.C. (who was evidently suffering from violent emotion) said that this was a matter of the last importance. If possible, he would give an account of the facts of the case. He really must implore the indulgence of the Court.

His Lordship. Really, you seem to be very unwell.

Mr. Coke, Q.C. (*bursting into tears*). I am, my Lord—indeed I am. I feel that should I make one false step, should I be guilty of the least indiscretion, my Client may recover damages against me, and then my dear children—my poor little ones—oh, it is too painful! I must retire. I throw up my brief, and retire. (*Sensation.*)

MR. COKE, Q.C., then left the Court.

His Lordship. This is really excessively painful. MR. BLACKSTONE, will you kindly continue your leader's argument?

Mr. Blackstone. Oh, my Lord, would that I could! But no! although I am but a Junior (I have been called a promising Junior) of some three-and-fifty summers, I too have a heart. It has been my boast for thirty years to support an aged grandmother. (*Sensation.*) This secret I have kept until now, and only now do I reveal it to a heartless world. (*Cries in Court of* "*No, no!*") I repeat a heartless world, to account for conduct that otherwise might appear strange and unnatural. Yes, my Lord, in my brief I trace the features of my granddam's mournful face. If I misconduct the case, her hairs, already as white as snow, will sink in obscurity to a pauper's grave. (*Murmurs.*) I cannot bear the picture. I love my grandmother. I repudiate my brief, and I retire. (*Profound sensation.*)

MR. BLACKSTONE then left the Court.

His Lordship. BROTHER DOE, I think you are for the other side?

Mr. Serjeant Doe (*gloomily*). I was, my Lord, until now. But now I retire. In my brief I see a young Bride's face (my own dear Wife's) praying me to withdraw. The responsibility is too great. I must throw up my brief, and leave the matter in the hands of my learned friend, MR. RICHARD ROE, who is with me in this case.

MR. SERJEANT DOE then left the Court.

His Lordship. We are all attention, MR. ROE.

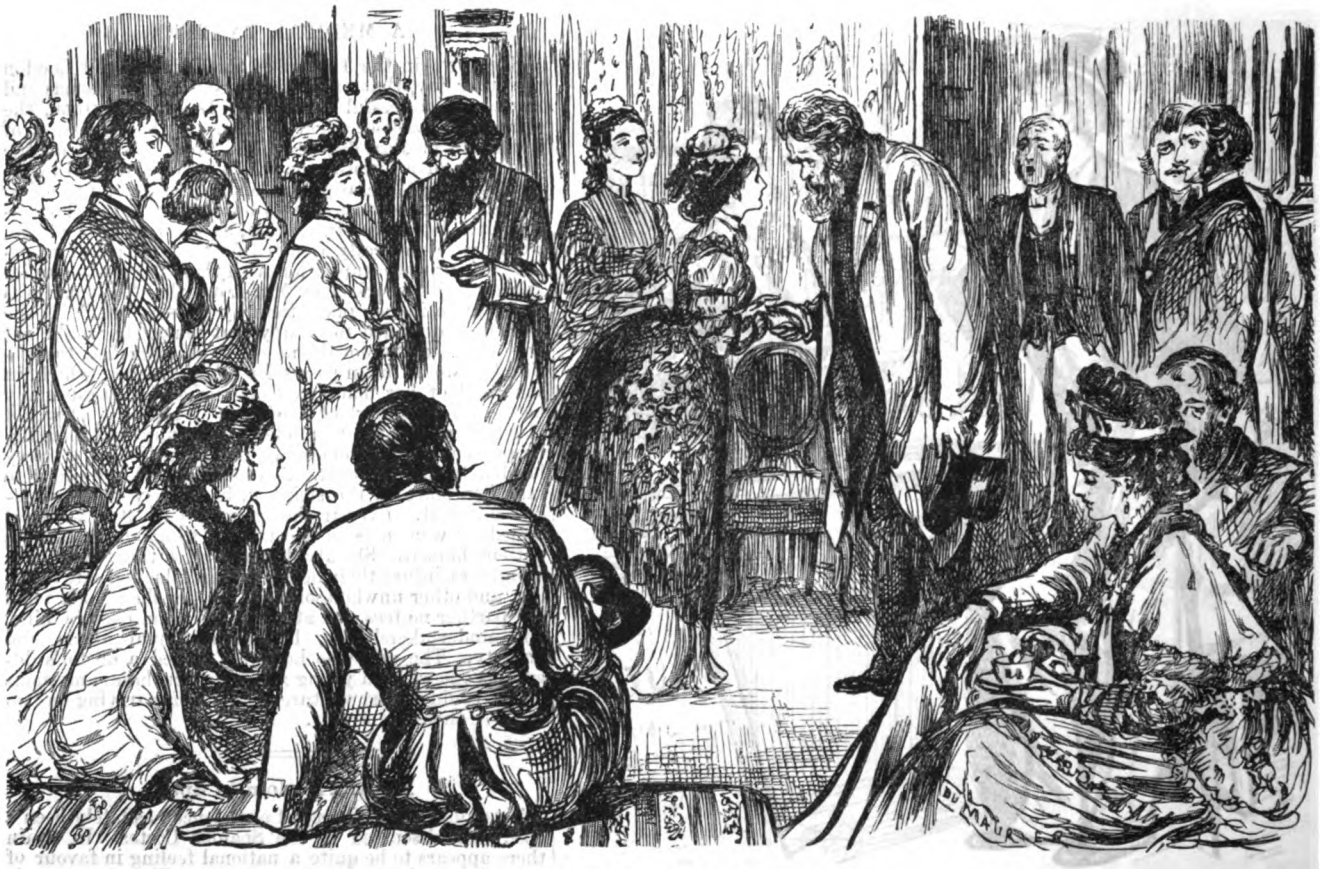
Mr. Roe. My Lord, I wish to make a short statement. Since the passing of the new Act my nerves have become terribly agitated. In every brief I see the grim faces of my ancestors, telling me to "beware!" I feel so excessively nervous, that I do not feel I can do justice to my Client's case. At this moment, I confess, I feel strongly inclined to plead "guilty" on his behalf, and——

At this point, the Solicitors for the Defendant interfered, and MR. ROE abruptly left the Court.

The case was then adjourned to secure (if possible) the services of fresh Counsel.

(MISS) THOMPSON'S SEASON.—The Balaklava Charge—One Shilling.

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SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI!

(Dialogue between a Fashionable Lady and an Ordinary Being of the Male Sex.)

"GOOD HEAVENS, MRS. BROWN, WHAT *EXTRAORDINARY* PEOPLE ONE MEETS HERE! *DO* TELL ME, *WHO'S* THAT WONDERFUL OLD GENTLEMAN MRS. LYON HUNTER IS GREETING SO CORDIALLY?"

"THAT'S BELLAMY NUPKINS!" "'*BELLAMY*?' '*NUPKINS*?' WHO'S HE?"

"WHY, BELLAMY NUPKINS, THE FAMOUS AUTHOR!"

"DEAR ME! NEVER HEARD OF HIM IN MY LIFE! IS THERE A *MRS.* BELLAMY NUPKINS?"

"THERE *WAS!* BELLAMY NUPKINS IS A WIDOWER." "AND WHO WAS *MRS.* BELLAMY NUPKINS?"

"OH, *SHE* WAS A MISS WILHELMINA WILLOUGHBY DE RIGBY—DIGBY, OR SOMETHING."

"WHAT? YOU DON'T MEAN A SECOND COUSIN OF THE LATE LORD TOLINGTON'S?" "I BELIEVE SO."

"AH! TO BE SURE! YES, YES! *NOW* I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHO BELLAMY NUPKINS *IS*—OR RATHER *WAS*!"

NO REST FOR THE ROYAL.

The Study of an Illustrious Personage. Illustrious Personage *seated in an easy-chair.* Private Secretary *in attendance.*

Illustrious Personage. Well, it really is very pleasant to be at home again. All that ceremonial in foreign parts was terribly exhausting. I shall be very glad of a rest. *A propos*, is there anything to do to-morrow?

Private Secretary. Yes, Sir. Deputation at twelve, Council at two, Foundation Stone at four, and two Balls and the Opera in the evening.

Illustrious Personage. Hem! How about Tuesday?

Private Secretary. Review in the morning, Sir, at Aldershot, *Levée* in the afternoon at Buckingham Palace, a Flower-Show, and a City Dinner.

Illustrious Personage. Hem! Is Wednesday free?

Private Secretary. Well, no, Sir. Launch of an Iron-clad at Portsmouth in the morning, Sir. Reception in Town in the afternoon, Sir. Your Royal Highness talked about one of the Theatres for the evening.

Illustrious Personage. Ah, to be sure—so I did. What have I to do on Thursday?

Private Secretary. Opening of a new wing at a Hospital, Sir, in the morning. Lunch with the Life Guards. Polo in the afternoon, and a Fancy Dress Ball in the evening, Sir.

Illustrious Personage. How about Friday?

Private Secretary. Distribution of prizes. Inauguration of a new College. A Court, Sir; and four balls in the evening.

Illustrious Personage. Saturday filled up, I suppose?

Private Secretary. Yes, Sir. Rather a heavy day, your Royal Highness. Three Foundation Stones, a Review, a Concert, a Council Meeting, two Deputations, and Fireworks at Sydenham. I think you said, Sir, that your Royal Highness wished also to be present at the Royal Italian Opera.

Illustrious Personage (*smiling*). I am afraid my rest will have to be deferred for the rest of the season. [*Scene closes in.*

"LORD, SEND US A GUID CONCEIT O' OURSELS."

SUCH was the too modest Scotchman's well-known prayer. Judging by some characteristics of our American Cousins, the same petition no doubt has often been offered up in the United States. It has been answered, apparently, with a return in full measure of the gift prayed for, in the cheerful town of Newark, Mass., from one of whose local papers a correspondent sends us the following advertisement by a modest specimen of "Young America."

WANTED.—SITUATION, by strong, active American Youth of seventeen, with plenty of muscle, vim, and health. Not afraid to knuckle down to hard work of any kind; is well educated and has good knowledge of Latin. Ambition highly developed, and brains to back it. Penetration sharp as the business end of a hornet, and cheek bigger than either. Lawyer's office preferred. Highest and best of city references. Any one in search of such a bonanza will strike oil—a regular spouting well—by addressing "Scamander," D.A. Office.

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GREAT EASTERNS. "DOWN"!

Mr. Bull (*to* Sultan). "NO, NO! I'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH OF YOUR *SPONGES*, THANK YOU." (*To* Khedive.) "AND I DON'T WANT ANY *BALLOONS!!*"

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MAY MEETINGS.



OF course a number of the May Meetings have been very successful, but there have been also some failures. For instance:—

When BROWN met ROBINSON, and remarked that it was a lovely day; ROBINSON at the time being a sufferer from bronchitis, and the wind being N.N.E., ROBINSON'S language was not what it might have been had the wind been S.W.

Again the meeting of MR. DUNUP with his creditors was scarcely satisfactory, inasmuch as MR. DUNUP snapped his fingers at his creditors, and they in return threatened criminal proceedings. MR. D. is now on the Continent.

It was not a successful meeting between EDWIN and ANGELINA in the lane, when the clock struck nine, and they quarrelled, and both caught a dreadful cold which rendered them "perfect sights" for at least a fortnight.

Success did not attend the meeting of two vehicles in Wych Street, when neither would give way, and both were summoned by the Police, and duly fined for obstructing the traffic.

There was not much glory either about a *rencontre* between DE TOMPKYNS and MISS GWENDOLINE DE COURCY, when the former, who had been neglecting the latter, observed playfully, "And doth not a meeting like this make amends?" and when the Lady immediately rejoined, "Not a bit of it; unless you give me the seal-skin jacket and the diamond ring you promised me so often."

There was also another meeting which was not altogether of an unchequered character. Two individuals "met, 'twas in a crowd." One of the individuals missed a valuable gold repeater on getting out of the crowd.

It is no use multiplying these cases. Life has many phases, and the most pleasant meeting *Mr. Punch* has heard of is where two old friends, having had a disagreement, met one another half way, and made it up.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "Cometh Down like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She," "Good! Buy Sweet Tart!" "Not Slily, But don't Tell."

CHAPTER XIII.—*What Somebody says.*

WHAT can PERCY SHORTWYND do in such a situation, with this round, warm, firm, unconscious beauty in his arms?

She is, it is true, little more than an acquaintance. But then she *is* an acquaintance. He cannot drop her suddenly on that account.

But a few days ago, after he had first seen her, he felt that he could not do without her: now he does not know what to do *with* her.

Shall he break open one of the butterfly cases in the Museum, and leave her there for the night? Her warm soft hair caresses his cheeks, and mingles, sympathetically, with his weeping whiskers; and it is no wonder that, in this intoxicating moment, he loses his own head, and finds *hers* on *his* shoulders. Two heads are better than one; but where is *his* own? He looks down the passage! The blackness is illumined from the Aquarium Department, where a stream of light is always kept burning—a sort of floating beacon in case any of the fish should be taken ill in the night.

Here he lays her down at full length, reclining in an arm-chair; heavily on the outline of her knees lie her blue-veined hands, and ivory-carved wrists. What can he do? He caresses her gently with a small wire hand-broom, which he fortunately picks up close at hand; then he pulls a live, wriggling, twisting, agonising eel out of its tank, and lets it wind itself playfully about her face, until, with a deep-drawn sigh, the soul comes back to its own place, and, pale and clear, her eyes' dark glories shine forth once more beneath the upturned, curling lashes. Then he withdrew the cold, refreshing fish from her face, and restored it to its tank.

"What was it tickling me?" she asked, in a low, frightened voice.

"Only a fish," answers PERCY, with a reassuring smile. "You looked ill, and I thought I could *eel* you. So I did." Then he added, softly, very softly, "You 're in the Aquarium."

"You 're a Fellow," she replied.

"You 're *not* another."

Then she recalls their relative positions: she, a nameless dependant, a lady-help in the house of a fine, old-established, English gentleman, whose titled son now stands entranced by her side.

"Go away!" she says, faintly.

"Never!" he replies, impulsively shaking his short brown locks, more curly than a bull's forehead. The next moment he has strained her to his heart.

"BELLA!" he cries, "I will marry you, even if my father cut me off with a shilling."

"What could we do?" she asks, feebly.

"Do!" he cries. "We could keep a *bon-bon* shop."

"Yes," she answered, lifting up her great green eyes towards him, and speaking with a mouth like a ripe cleft cherry, "we could keep a *bon-bon* shop, and make money by letting out *sweets*——"

"*Sweets* of apartments, and taking in a flat or two," he cries, finishing her sentence for her, and then laying his lips upon the blossom of her sweet red mouth, he thinks that no *bon-bon* in all the imaginary *magasin* will be equal to this.

Suddenly a pang of jealous suspicion shoots across him, and he starts as if with pain.

"Tell me," he asks, "have you ever loved any one before this?"

Now is her opportunity. Is she to speak truth, or to lie? What matters it to him, as long as *he* is happy?

"Never!" she replies, with unhesitating vehemence.

Has she forgotten that figure of DUSOVER in the glass case? No, but she will not think of it; she rejects it as being no longer a case in point.

Then she stoops down, bending herself to her square-set, broad-shouldered, sturdy lover, and whispering in his ear, "I love you to subtraction!" she places two burning lips *on the back of his head**

Enraptured, overjoyed, amazed at his own ecstatic, blissful happiness, PERCY catches her to his heart with both arms, and whistling a popular melody, *galop* time, he flies round the Museum with her in frenzied haste.

Then, panting and palpitating, they dance in the middle of the room, silent, careering, inexpressibly happy.

The old clock in the town strikes two, as, to relieve their overburdened feelings, they commence playing Dumb Crambo. PERCY is to leave the room, and BELLA is to tell him what the word rhymes with. He opens the door to go out into the passage, when in walks, pale, dignified, statuesque, and classical, LADY VIRGINIA CREEPER.

"So!" she says, in a hissing voice. "*This* is what you call Dumb Crambo!"

BELLA sinks on the ground trembling, with a world of horror and surprise in her great, innocent eyes; while PERCY, who at the first start had jumped backwards into the Octopus Tank, now rises from thence, calm, dignified, serene, and confronts his cousin, as she stands, with her pink ears back, and that zebra-like look in her countenance, the very picture of a resolute, and cruelly-chiselled statue, in the grey moonlight.

CHAPTER XIV.—*What the Author says.*

"WELL!" says PERCY SHORTWYND, turning towards the LADY VIRGINIA CREEPER, his face growing white and fierce. "Do you not believe me?"

The zebra-like look comes into her face, as she replies, with freezing calm. "I do *not* believe you, my boy. I find you and MISS BELLA ST. JOHN VILLARS in the Aquarium Department of the Museum at four o'clock in the morning, and I do *not* believe that your sole object in coming here was to play Dumb Crambo. I may be behind my age—and I wish I were more so by several years—but I have yet to learn that Dumb Crambo, in an Aquarium, between two people, is not contrary to all preconceived notions of propriety and deportment. Therefore you will allow me to deliver my message, and then to take you, MR. PERCY SHORTWYND, away with *me*."

These last words she says haughtily, and with terrible effect. What is her message? That, at least, she can let BELLA know, and at once.

"It is a telegram," replied LADY VIRGINIA, elevating her cold, classic head, and extending upward her long, white, Parian marble neck.

"A telegram!" exclaims BELLA, stung into swift anger with this

* "*On the back of his head.*" The italics are ours (the Editing Committee's—with one dissentient, our much-respected Maiden Aunt), as we really could not stand any more of this sort of thing; and so, with the public good in view, we chose this description of the heroine's action as being entirely unobjectionable. We omit three pages of "love-making," and are quite certain that the talented Authoress will not mind, as the matter can easily come in, anywhere else, in her next new book.—ED. COM.

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"FAIR PLAY."

Young Mistress. "IT'S YOUR 'SUNDAY OUT' NEXT WEEK, JANE; ISN'T IT?"
Jane. "LOR', MUM! WHY YOU'VE FORGOTTEN! IT'S *YOURS!!*"

frozen, Gunter-iced woman, and feeling her own face burning hotlier than a furnace. "Give it me!"

"I *could* give it you with pleasure," returned VIRGINIA, with a curve of her suave lips, expressing the intense bitterness of a bland, unforgetting, unforgiving nature; "but I prefer simply handing you the telegram, which, as you may see, I have already opened and read."

"And it says?" the poor young girl asks nervously.

"It says," answers LADY VIRGINIA, glancing at PERCY, with a cold, impassive smile—"'*From the* REV. THOMAS HASSOCK *to* MISS BELLA ST. JOHN VILLARS. *Come. I am very ill. All U. P. There is money in it.*'"

"And who is THOMAS HASSOCK?" asked PERCY, his face distorted with passion, as he pulls at, and bites, his long whiskers.

LADY VIRGINIA unbuttons her great eyes, and hooks her nose with even more frigid, aristocratical haughtiness than usual, as she replies, "THOMAS HASSOCK is the lover of MISS BELLA ST. JOHN VILLARS."

PERCY SHORTWYND jumps up three times in a bitter, surging wrath that for a few moments quite carries him away. But as they waited there for him, expecting him back every moment, he returned at last, and speaks with a quickening, deepening emotion in every word.

"You have deceived me!" he says, turning a blank back upon her sternly.

LADY VIRGINIA stands hard by—hard as the iron nails in the planks of the floor,—fanning herself blandly, with the zebra expression so strong on her face now, that even the upturned, speaking eye of the passionately admiring Octopus, as he gloats on her marble, Clytê-like charms, from a recess of his deep, cold tank, is for a moment dimned, and silenced, by a great, overpowering awe.

"I have deceived you," she answers, with whitened lips, whence proceeds a grievous, touching sound,—a something resembling the recently cut grass in summer, inasmuch as it is a fresh moan; "good bye!"

"Good bye!" he answers, shortly,—very shortly even for him, who is scarcely five feet six in the longest day. "I shall never see you again nor speak another word to you."*

She flings herself upon his breast, her arms cling around his thick, brown throat, and her wealth of hair falls all over his broad, strong back and shoulders, as he pants and gasps in her embrace, heaving his short, heavy, columnar legs up in the air one after the other, in vain attempts to free himself from this fair, full, soft, tepid, light-headed, heavy-bodied, caressing burden. She clings frantically, with ivy-growth tenacity, around his broad, open throat.

VIRGINIA, classic though she be, must be colder than iced marble if she can stand by and witness this calmly. Reddening for once in her life, and with some show of resentful animation, she stoops majestically, and, with her white, long, harsh, handsome hands, seizes PERCY firmly and determinedly by the ankles. He is between the two. BELLA has him by the head-locks, VIRGINIA by the fet-locks. The latter will not release him, holding him as by a strong chain that cannot be broken.

To and fro they swing him, these two glorious, brave, loving women—with the violent flooding of a long pent-up passion. Their hearts and pulses begin to beat madly, frantically fast, as though rivers of flame instead of blood were coursing through their veins. Their heads swim round the Aquarium, and, such is the boiling, burning heat, that, were the Thames there, it would be set on fire; but, being as it is, only the fish are fried to cinders in their transparent, cool tanks, now turned into very hot-houses, rather for orchids, than octopuses.

A man is not easily pulled into little bits, but at one or other woman's feet he must fall, scarred by the fierce, unequal contest. The paroxysm is short. One big, sharp, short snap, and PERCY,

* *What the Editor says.*—"As after this follow five pages of dialogue between PERCY and BELLA, we have thought it more consistent to omit them, and make PERCY stick to his original text."—ED.

What the Authoress says (to the Editor).—"*You* think you know human nature! Your Aunt, who is the only one on the Editing Committee whose opinion is worth anything, writes privately to say that *she* thinks you've omitted the most natural and most characteristic portion of the novel. So do I. I shall consult my Solicitor, and your Aunt will be a witness."—ED.

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"FAT, FAIR, AND FORTY."

Mamma. "A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS, ETHEL!"

Ethel. "OH, I WAS THINKING ABOUT WHAT THE CLERGYMAN SAID ABOUT OUR ALL BEING WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE, YOU KNOW, AND—AND——"

Mamma. "AND WHAT, LOVE?"

Ethel. "WELL—THAT YOU AND PAPA WOULDN'T BE FOUND *WANTING!*"

THE REAL THING AT LAST!

"An Extraordinary Sea Monster, resembling the sea-serpent, was encountered by the P. and O. steamer *Hydaspes* on her voyage from Bombay to Aden. The creature was discovered early one morning to be following the vessel, and was seen, says a correspondent of the *Bombay Gazette*, by every one on board except the captain. It was composed of a dark mass looking like tangled seaweed, 20 or 30 feet long, and 10 feet wide, crowned by a huge black head, with a flat top, like a toad, a thick fringe of reddish hair over the mouth, and bright copper-hued scintillating eyes. The monster followed peaceably enough till aroused by the cries of some children, when it raised itself out of the water, gave a hideous bellow, and aimed three blows at the mainmast. The last touched the mast, making the ship sway violently, and the monster immediately disappeared, leaving not even a ripple on the water. The correspondent declares the creature could not have been a serpent, and gives his name as a warrant of good faith."—*News of the Day.*

SIR,—No doubt, owing to your having taken a deep interest in the last sea-serpent, you will be overwhelmed with letters, speculating upon the nature of the one alleged to have been seen by the passengers of the P. and O. steamship *Hydaspes* in last March. I take leave to anticipate futile conjecture, by pointing out that the "thing" so eloquently described by the REV. MR. STRONG in his letter to the *Bombay Gazette*, can be no other than the *Jabberwock*, whose name and habits are now so familiar to us all.

No doubt the unwillingness of the Captain of the ship to face the hideous monster, may be accounted for by the fact that he couldn't find a "vorpal blade" on the spur of the moment.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
THOMAS LONGBOW.

A Big Fish.

A TELEGRAM from Rome announces that the POPE has received SIR SALAR JUNG, though only as Prime Minister of Hyderabad, not as a convert. It does not appear that the Fisherman has as yet had the happiness of hooking this considerable Indian *Salmo Salar*.

following the hold of VIRGINIA, falls through the open door, while BELLA lies helpless and gasping, with the brown, crisp, curly, pomaded locks in her hand, which had but now glistened on the head of her lover, PERCY SHORTWYND.

VIRGINIA lays her cold, white hand on his shining head, and bending down her white neck in a despondent attitude, strokes it with mournful reproachfulness. She is sad, even in the moment of her great victory, she is sad. Was it for this she had played, and won?

"I can soon get a new one," he murmurs, biting his lips.

"Come," says VIRGINIA, drawing herself up to her stately height, and taking PERCY SHORTWYND with her. BELLA followed him with her large, mournful eyes, as he was thus taken up by his affianced bride, until he disappeared.

"Oh my wig!" she heard him utter, faintly, as he was lost to her view. Then, with a great cry, and with the very little wool that had so lately come from the HONOURABLE PERCY'S head, she threw herself despairingly into a tank; and the Fishkeeper, one hour later, entering, found her wailing in the Aquarium.

"Promise me," she said, piteously, falling upon and kissing his broad shoulder, "promise me that I shall not catch it, and I will hook it."

The Fishkeeper had a light figure, and a small, questioning, *retroussé* face.

"I'm a married man, Miss," he said, drawing himself up to his full height with an appearance of calmness, "with a family; but," he added, relenting a little, as her white, plump, blue-veined hand unexpectedly strikes his first blue, then black eye, "I will see you to the railway station?"

"Will you not see me further first?" she asked, imploringly.

"I will," he answered; and so they passed out into the quiet street, and onward to the sleeping station, where, true to his promise, he not only took her ticket, but accompanied her up to the house of the REV. THOMAS HASSOCK, where, lifting his hat stiffly and politely, he bade her farewell, and returned by the next train.

Then she went up-stairs, to where poor THOMAS HASSOCK was lying, and entered his room.

"You telegraphed for me?" she said.

But poor, wan, wasted TOMMY did not hear her; he was lying in bed and playing the concertina under the bedclothes.

As she approached the bedside, she heard his muffled voice from under the blanket gently singing these words,—

"Here's another good man gone wrong."

"Perhaps," she said to herself, "he may have water on the brain; and, if so, a tap on the head will relieve him."

So communing with herself, she seizes the boot-jack, and, as TOMMY raises himself from his ambush, she lets it fall sharply on his pretty, silk, light-brown hair, the one thing commendable about his outward man.

"So," he exclaimed, with a golden smile on his calm, passionless face, "you have come at last." He felt that he loved her—as he had always done, madly. So he lay back on his pillow, and, gazing wistfully into her moist, full eyes, murmured, "BELLA!"

She stooped over him, and listened greedily.

(*To be continued.*)

A TIGHT FIT.—A state of coma, which Bobbies are too apt to confound with apoplexy.

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THE WIND AND THE WOOL.



'TIS an ill wind that blows nobody good:
Such a wind in the East for the last month has stood.
To no men, at least, can it profit have blown,
Except Undertakers and Doctors alone.

Long faces are pulled by the pastoral swains
Whose fleecy live stock crop the verdurous plains,
And the dales, and the downs, o'er the spacious extent
Of the counties of Sussex and Surrey and Kent.

Those sheep-farmers, ever before till to-day,
Began their sheep-shearing the first week of May,
But are forced to postpone it a fortnight this year,
Now the East wind has blown them a May so severe.

To the shorn lamb 'tis said Heaven tempers the wind,
When the hand of the shearer has left it bare-skinned;
But what swain in his senses that saying would trust,
When East winds like these in his eyes blow the dust?

Behold for a month, too, the local wool sales
Put off by the blast of those ill-blowing gales!
What matter if they, whilst the sheep-farmers weep,
A respite from shearing meanwhile blow the sheep?

Not only have husbandmen cause to complain
Of the wind that blows ills to their herbage and grain,
To the sheep-farmer's farming it blows a dead stop;
For sheep-shearing deferred is a check to his crop.

March winds blew of old, and then came April showers,
And our sires used to say that they brought forth May flowers.
May it not be June blight that these May winds will bring,
Which have blown all this while in the teeth of the Spring?

O Clerk of the Weather, how long will it last,
This villanous, ill-blowing, easterly blast?
Send a Zephyr to chase agriculturist's fears,
And let the wool-harvest be reaped with the shears?

AT THE DRAWING-ROOM.

What a Papa says. Really, my dears, if you don't come down at once we shall be late. The carriage has been here for a couple of hours. John tells me that when he passed through the Park there was a double row in the Mall. Surely you have had enough time for your finishing touches.

What a Mamma says. Mind, dears, I don't like this at all—as a rule. But really one does look so *very* well in Court Dress, Only a *soupçon* of colour, you know. AMY, dear, some of it has got on to your nose. Never mind, dear, I will wipe it off for you.

What an Eldest Son says. Dear me, how my Militia tunic has shrunk since the last Training! The sword-belt, too, seems to be smaller. Very strange—I can't make it out.

What an Eldest Daughter says. Yes, I like the contrast very much indeed. So pretty—isn't it?—cream-colour and rose-pink. Satin, too, is so much better than silk.

What an Admiring Friend says. My dears, I think your dresses simply quite too lovely. I could not let you go without giving you a look in. Charming—charming! Perfectly sweet!

What a Younger Daughter says. I knew there wouldn't be room for all of us in the carriage. FRED, my dear, don't you think you could take a Hansom, and meet us there? Papa, you really must get up for a minute—your sword is tearing my train.

What a Rude Boy says. Oh! look 'ere, Bill. 'Ere 's a carriage full for yer! Ain't they a stunning lot! Call ANNA MARIA and SAIREY JANE, and let 's 'ave a good look at 'em! Now, then, for a shove!

What a Policeman says. Come, now, you must move on. I can't have you blocking up the pavement looking into the carriages. Come, now, I say—just move on!

What a Bridegroom says. My darling, as I knew we should have to wait a couple of hours at the very least in the carriage, I told MORTIMER to put up a pint of Champagne and some chicken sandwiches. Now *do*, darling—do let me tempt you. I am sure they will do you good.

What a Bride says. Oh! but really it is so *very* dreadful! Champagne in the morning! Oh! I don't think I ought to—really I don't. Well, if you insist, dearest, I suppose I must. Are you not my husband? But you will be careful, dear, won't you, not to spill any of the Champagne on my train? And don't you think you had better pull down the blind, dear? The sun is shining so brightly, and I think, dear, I can see the DE ROSHERVILLES in the distance.

What the Father of a Family says. I tell you what it is, JANE. It is simply disgraceful. You forget everything. You know the last time we came to this—this—well, whatever you like to call it—we were half starved, and here we are again without a single biscuit. I have half a mind to leave you, and go off to the Club.

What the Mother of a Family says. You will do nothing of the sort—you will stay here. You are always thinking of eating and drinking. Surely, you could have ordered something yourself. But no! I have to do everything—yes, absolutely everything. However, it will be soon over. You may not have noticed it, but I am rapidly sinking into my grave. Now that you have challenged me, you shall hear what I think about you. You are heartless, unfeeling, selfish. Nonsense! leave the door-handle alone. Do stay, dear! I didn't mean what I said—I didn't, really. How am I to get the carriage without you? You really *must* stay. There now, I won't say another word.

What an Elderly Page says. One of the cards is left here, Madam: the other you will give to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

What a Lady of Quality says. I really must request you to be more careful. Your arm is hurting my back.

What an Alderman says. I am very sorry, Ma'am, but it ain't my fault. The pushing is something awful. Now, then, LADY G., keep 'old of me when they go into the next room.

What a Devoted Husband says. I am sure you will be tired to death with this waiting. I do so wish I could find you a chair.

What a Grateful Wife says. Never mind, dear. We shan't have to wait more than half-an-hour longer. It will soon be over.

What a Gentleman-at-Arms says. You must get into single file, please.

What a Great Court Dignitary says. The DUCHESS OF DULBOROUGH, LADY SNOOKS, Presentation—MISS SNOOKS, Presentation—MISS ANGELINA SNOOKS. MRS. BROWN, MRS. JONES, LADY ROBINSON.

What a Kind-Hearted Personage (in point of fact, Mr. Punch) says. There, my dears, after weeks of preparation and hours of waiting it is all over, and I hope you are satisfied, and not tired.

What John the Footman says to his Mistress (respectfully touching his hat). Yes, my Lady. (*To Coachman, as he swings up on the box, anything but respectfully.*) Shortest way 'ome—old 'ooman's orders.

What the Coachman says. That 's the best bit o' news I 've 'eard to-day.

What Everybody says. So tired; but it is quite the proper thing to do!

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENTS.

"THOU shalt not be found out" has turned the Decalogue into an Undecalogue from time immemorial. *Mr. Punch* holds the opinion that for each individual there is what may be called an Eleventh Commandment, suited to his idiosyncrasy. Thus—

Thou shalt not reveal the secrets of the prison-house. (MR. COPE, R.A.)

Thou shalt not spread scandal and retract it. (The Editor of the *World*.)

Thou shalt not invite Publishers to meet Poets. (The LORD MAYOR of London.)

Thou shalt not make Greek heroines of white porcelain. (MR. POYNTER.)

Thou shalt not smooth away sex, or turn womanhood to wax. (MR. LEIGHTON.)

Thou shalt not flirt with detrimentals. (The Belle of the Season.)

Thou shalt not speak evil of dignities. (MR. LOWE.)

Thou shalt not contrive more mysteries and surprises. (The PREMIER.)

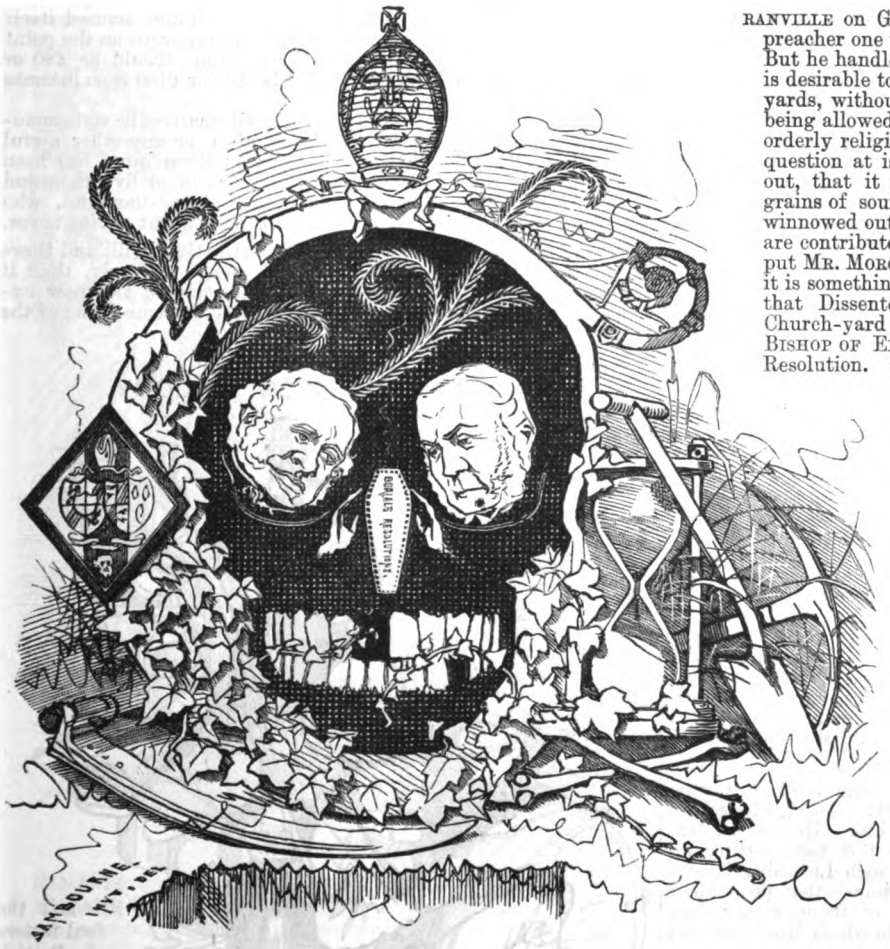
Thou shalt not condescend to be Imperial. (The PRINCE OF WALES.)

A MAD MONTH, MY MASTERS!

WHAT mean these East winds, that so chill and parch?
Merely that May has on us stolen a *March*.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



RANVILLE on Grave-yards (*Monday, May* 15). Scarcely the preacher one would look to for the handling of such a text. But he handled it well, in support of his Resolution, that it is desirable to give facilities for interment in parish church-yards, without the Church Service,—friends and relatives being allowed to conduct the funeral with such Christian and orderly religious observances as they shall think fit. The question at issue has been, indeed, so completely threshed out, that it is needless to add any of *Punch's* chaff to the grains of sound sense and Christian charity which may be winnowed out of the Lords' speeches. Most of these, indeed, are contributed by LORDS GRANVILLE and SELBORNE, who put MR. MORGAN'S strong case even more strongly. But it is something to hear a brace of Archbishops admitting that Dissenters *have* a grievance, and that opening the Church-yard does not mean shutting-up the Church. The BISHOP OF EXETER, too, not only spoke, but voted for the Resolution. Of course Archbishops could not be expected to rush in where Bishops feared to tread, so we must not be surprised if, on the division, BISHOP TEMPLE was left in a minority of one, by his chiefs and brethren of the Episcopal Bench. Still the speeches of my Lords of CANTERBURY and YORK told rather *for*, than *against*, the Resolution.

The BISHOP OF LINCOLN, that highest and dryest of prelates, can almost boast that he has found a higher and dryer than himself in LORD SALISBURY, who drenched Dissent with a *douche* of mingled wrath and contempt that must have been as a holy oil to BISHOP WORDSWORTH. On the whole, however, both the weight of argument and the feeling of the House went with the Resolution.

It is plain enough now, if it was doubtful before Monday's discussion, that the opening of Parish Church-yards to all decent and orderly religious services is one of those foregone conclusions for which we may wait with

"Faith in time,
And that which shapes it to a rational end."

LORD GRANVILLE'S Resolution only awaits a leetle more spiritual and temporal resolution in the Lords. Till then, let all who fail to see that the burial of Dissenters in the Church-yard with their own services is the death-blow of the Church possess their souls in peace.

LORD CARNARVON brought in a sensible Bill, putting such checks on Vivisection as reason and science may join in approving.

(*Commons.*)—RYLANDS up on his hobby, "Economy," got by MR. HUME'S *Example* out of *Self-Conceit*. If Rylands-Resolutions could reduce Estimates, how cheaply we should be governed! But there is a kind of cheap Government not to be described except by the addition of a dissyllabic epithet meaning the reverse of nice; and some may think this is the kind of Government Statesmen of the Rylands order would be most likely to land us in. Flying CHILDERS made the running for MR. RYLANDS' Hobby, and galloped through the financial history of the last few years, having everything his own way, and showing to his own satisfaction that we were spending five and a half millions more than when last blessed by a Liberal cheese-paring Administration.

MR. WARD HUNT defended the Admiralty administration from the charge of waste. This, says MR. HUNT, is the way of it. The Liberals come in, pledged to save; so, to show a reduction in totals, they sell stores, starve establishments, let down stocks, and postpone orders till, when the Conservatives climb into office over their ruins, they have to spend heavily the first few years to repair the waste of Liberal savings. In short, your "Economist," says MR. HUNT, pares the cheese till the rind isn't thick enough to keep out the rats and the blue-mould; and so Penny-wisdom brings in his yoke-fellow, Pound-foolishness, and both together work their will on JOHN BULL'S establishments—Civil, Naval, and Military.

Suppose *Punch* puts into nursery-rhymes an unpractical night's playing at figures, fitter for children than grown men?—

AIR—"*Robin and Richard.*"

RELLY and RICHARD were long-winded men,
They talked the House empty till close upon ten,
When up jumps BAXTER, "The sum 's far too high
That to Army and Navy we vote in Supply:
Here 's HARDY takes fifteen millions of swag,
And WARD HUNT comes after, not much less to bag."

AIR—"*Mother Hubbard.*"

But kind MR. HUBBARD
Pulled out of his cupboard
A book of accounts of his own;
Which proved, he would swear,
Fleet and Army went bare,
And that waste there was really none.

AIR—"*Taffy was a Welshman.*"

SAM was a financier, of calculators chief,
He pitched into RYLANDS, and chawed him up like beef.
Proved of all the nations, wheresoe'er you roam,
Least taxed and cheapest governed is JOHN BULL at home.

AIR—"*Mistress Mary, quite contrary.*"

MISTER HARDY played the card he
Well to play should know—
Of hitches and sells, and changes tells
That cost on War-Office throw.
And FAWCETT whacks into Income-tax,
That to catch big fish spares little;
To which NORTHCOTE tacks calculations lax,
That prove his own case to a tittle!

Tuesday (*Lords*).—In answer to LORD COTTESLOE, LORD CARNARVON told the tale of the KING OF DAHOMEY'S insolence to COMMODORE HEWITT; how that King had struck a British merchant, MR. TURNBULL; and how the Commodore, in retaliation, had struck—oil—five hundred puncheons, in the shape of a fine—which the King refused to pay, offering powder and bullets instead; and how it might become really necessary, if the blockade of Whydah did not bring his sable Majesty to reason, to march on Abomey, his capital, the scene of the most hideous abominations of the Abomey-nation, in the shape of bloody fetish rites, torture of slaves, and human sacrifices, put them down, and rase it to the ground. The sooner the better. Or, suppose COMMODORE HEWETT were to take Whydah instead of blockading

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it, and if the King should ask, "Why da'?" answer him in the dialect of the Christy minstrel, "Cause *dat* JOHN BULL'S plan of bringin' naughty nigger to him senses."

(*Commons.*)—By a natural law of association, LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE, raising the question of Egyptian Finance (on which no light could be got out of CAVE, beyond the general caution "*cave*"), led up to SIR J. M'KENNA on Financial Panics, which he thinks—dear simple soul, he is *so* innocent—may be prevented by putting all sorts of checks and stoppers on bank deposits!

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER declined to interpose between fools and their money. The parting of the two might be painful, but Parliament could not prevent it.

MR. BRASSEY, the Cassandra of the Merchant Service, spoke a weighty word of warning on the lack of sufficient training among Second-class Merchant Captains. He would like to see voluntary examinations in Modern Languages and Commercial Law (suppose we add Rudimental Surgery and Medicine, while we are about it?) with inducements to Merchant Officers to study at the Naval College (suppose we insisted on a University Degree at once?)

The much badgered President of the Board of Trade said he found it quite difficult enough to get Merchant Captains through the Board of Trade examinations as they are, and altogether declined to aggravate the difficulties of the passage.

MR. BUTT moved to empty benches for leave to bring in a Bill for coupling the lean, young Catholic University, and fat old Trinity College into an Irish National University, Religion and Morality to be under a Board of Roman Catholic Bishops, and any extra Endowment that might be wanted to be drawn from the Irish Church Surplus! The proposition suits the weather, being more cool than seasonable.

Not a Liberal was visible above the gangway to hear MR. BUTT. The Irish Tub was left, *this* time, to stand on its own bottom.

MR. WALPOLE brought in the Cambridge Reform Bill. It is built on the same lines as the Oxford Bill of the Government, and is as good as a Government Measure. This Bill, too, contemplates a process of transfusion—to bleed fat Colleges for the benefit of a lean University. The scheme is to be worked by a Commission manned by four Senior Wranglers, a Bishop, a Lord Chief Justice, and a Professor of Divinity, with the mild wisdom of MR. BOUVERIE as Coxwain. Something like a University Crew!

Wednesday.—MR. COWEN wants the Licensing business turned over from the Magistrates to a Representative Board, elected by the rate-payers. SIR W. LAWSON supports him. He sees in MR. COWEN'S Bill a step to his own Permissive Bill for shutting up Publics by *plébiscite*. Perhaps he thinks such Licensing Boards will make public-houses so intolerable a nuisance that people will sacrifice even their free agency to get rid of them, rather than maintain them at the cost of a corruption to which Municipal and Parliamentary corruption will be as snow to soot.

So argue SIR W. HARCOURT, SIR W. BARTTELOT, and MR. HENLEY. The change is asked in the name of the Representative principle. Better the J. P.'s than the L. V.'s with their hands on the tap; and that is what, in too many cases, it would come to, in all probability, with a popularly-elected Board to decide the question, "Licence or no Licence?" A great deal too much licence, we should fear, would follow the adoption of the change advocated by MR. COWEN, but rejected by the sound sense of the House, in a non-party division of 274 to 109.

Thursday (*Lords*).—LORD DERBY told the House about as much as the telegrams have told us already on the murder of the Consuls at Salonica, and the panic of the Christians at Constantinople. The agitation is allayed, and LORD DERBY hopes there is no danger. As to that, *Punch* can only say that LORD DERBY is constitutionally cool, and that London is a *long* way off Constantinople.

LORD POWERSCOURT asked a question about Knightsbridge Barracks.

EARL CADOGAN said they would be built according to the plans in the Tea-room of the House of Commons. Government had not yet taken tenders, but they meant to be tough in resisting the remonstrances of objectors, or suggestions of alteration.

(*Commons.*)—LORD H. LENNOX means to keep the Clock Tower-dial illuminated all night, whether the House is sitting or no, that early birds of artisans may know what o'clock it is, on turning out to their work. This is a very wise little bid for popularity of LORD HENRY. Considering how the face of Parliament itself beams upon "the working-man" (especially about election time), the face of the Parliamentary Time-keeper, outside the House, *should* look bright for him through the dark. "*Ex luce lucellum*" might be the motto under the clock.

England will be glad to know that MR. CROSS does not mean to allow the startling misfeasance, or mistake, of the Coroner at a late inquest into a mysterious death at Balham, to pass without remedy.

LORD SANDON laid the Government Elementary Education Bill on the table. Enough for the night is the Bill thereof. *Punch* reserves his opinion of the "blessed babby" till he and the Lower House have had time to sit upon it. Meantime, he fears the babe looks *rayther* rickety.

It used to be a question among the Schoolmen, how many angels could dance on the point of a needle? The House amused itself to-night with trying how many Economists could argue on the point of an Income-tax exemption—whether its limit should be £80 or £100—or whether the deduction should be £80 or £130 from incomes up to £300 or £400.

It is hard to see how, if the one of these alternatives be statesmanship, the other can be Socialism, Communism, or any other awful form of "ism." The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has been ingenious enough to ease the screw on four out of five thousand contributors, while tightening it on the upper one-thousand, who have less weight in elections and make less noise about paying taxes.

Friday.—No House, nowhere—except at the Guildhall, and there a great house, with a greater crowd of guests, however, than it could well hold—old Guildhall and appurtenances, and new extemporary ball-room together—for the City's welcome home of the PRINCE OF WALES.

TEMPERANCE IRISH MELODY.



ND is 't the foul fetters of British coercion That the free sons of Ireland must brook all their days?

No! Let 's spurn the base bonds, with indignant aversion,
For the specious compulsion to do as we plase.

'Tis ourselves that 's determined to be our own masters,
And resolved to control one another alone,
By the holy decrees of our Priests and our Pastors,
For our neighbours' correction as well as our own.

Ah, mane is the slave that from Whiskey on Sunday
Is content with the lave for himself to abstain!
To shut all Shebeens in all faces that one day
From our tyrants to wrest the proud freedom we mane.

'Tis not the base Saxon this time that proposes
To quench wid could water the thirst of the free:
If it was, by the Piper that played before Moses,
What a hullaballoo the oppressor would see!

Wid a trumpet-like voice if the Saxon refuse us
Our demand to be ruled like gossoons at a school,
We 'll denounce the black villains like bondsmen that use us;
The thieves of the world that deny us Home-Rule!

TITLE FOR THE PRINCE—OLD STYLE (*By a Loyal Stammerer*).—Indo-per-errator!

THE QUIETEST OF RUBBERS (*with Punch's regards and respects to* MR. MASKELYNE).—Two Psychos playing double dummy.

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SAFE.

Sub-Lieutenant Bantling (in gasps). "AWFULLY—SLIPPERY—TAKE—CARE!"
Muscular Belle. "DON'T BE AFRAID! I WON'T LET YOU DOWN!

"WANTED—A PRESIDENT."

IT having become known that the Office of President of the Supreme Council to His Highness the KHEDIVE may be filled by a foreigner, the following Letters have recently been received in Egypt:—

(LETTER No. I. *Marked* "*Important.*")

Seven Dials (near Belgravia, South Kensington, and Eaton Square), London.

YOUR HIGHNESS,

PERMIT me very respectfully to offer myself as a Candidate for the post of President to your Council. For the last forty years I have had the greatest possible experience in borrowing, in all its branches—from a shilling up to £500,000. The latter sum was to have been paid to me in fully paid-up Shares; but (from circumstances beyond my control), as a matter of fact, neither money nor shares reached my hands.

Should you think well of my application, be kind enough to forward me £1,000 by return of post, to defray preliminary expenses. Failing this, I shall be happy to receive the sum of at least five shillings in postage-stamps.

I have the honour to remain,
Your Highness's most obedient, humble Servant,
(*Signed*) JEREMIAH DIDDLER.

P.S.—Pardon me for leaving the postage of this letter unpaid. The paper and envelope, too, might have been better had I not been forced to borrow them (with the pen and ink) from a waiter to whom I happen to be under obligations of a pecuniary character.

(LETTER No. II. *Marked* "*At Once.*")

Lower Tooting.

MISS ROBERTHA HENRIETTA MANTRAP presents her compliments to the KHEDIVE OF EGYPT, and begs to say that she will be glad to accept the post of President to His Highness's Supreme Council. As the KHEDIVE says nothing about the sex of the holder of the office, MISS MANTRAP imagines that the fact that she has the honour to be a woman will not prevent her from holding the position she covets.

MISS MANTRAP considers herself well suited for the office in question, as she has a ready flow of language—a most important qualification, she believes, in dealing with Egyptian accounts. She points with pride (in support of her assertion) to a meeting held recently at St. George's Hall, where Ladies proved, to the satisfaction of all present, that the art of talking is by no means confined to the soft sex.

MISS MANTRAP also believes that she will give satisfaction to the KHEDIVE, as she shares with His Highness a strong taste for what some people are pleased to term—useless finery. Under these circumstances she asks for the post she solicits with confidence, urgency, and determination.

(LETTER No. III. *Marked* "*Confidential.*")

Houndsditch, E., and St. James's Street, S.W., London.

YOUR HIGHNESS,

WE shall be happy to accommodate you with any amount up to £500 (at our usual rate of interest—from five to 1500 per cent. according to circumstances) on your simple note of hand, on condition that you make our senior partner President of your Supreme Council, and the other members of our firm Barons of the Egyptian Empire.

We are, Your Highness,
Yours very obediently,
(*Signed*) { MOSES AARON BROWN,
LEVI JONAS JONES, and
REUBEN ISAAC ROBINSON.

P.S.—Old Masters and cases of Champagne exchanged for all sorts of Foreign Decorations.

(LETTER No. IV. *Marked* "*Immediate.*")

OLD HOSS, *Broadway, New York, U.S.A.*

IF you mean business, wire back. Make me President of your Supreme Council and I will guarantee to work Egypt from small potatoes into big pumpkins. Say "yes Sirree," and expect me to liquor with you by return mail.

Yours ready to do it,
(*Signed*) SAMUEL S. SLICKAWAY.

(LETTER No. V. *Marked*, "*to be opened by nobody.*")

YOUR HIGHNESS, *Hanwell.*

ALL hail. In you I recognise the greatest financier in the world. I wish to invest all my property in your loans. But stop. I must break off now as the keeper is coming through the ward.

Yours in the moon and stars,
Over the hills and far away,
(*Signed*) THE COUNT DE LUNA TICCO.

(LETTER No VI. *Marked*, "*to be opened by anybody.*")

London, England.

MR. JOHN BULL presents his compliments to the KHEDIVE, and begs to refer His Highness to his friend *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon of last week. MR. JOHN BULL considers Egyptian Balloons very dangerous play-things. *Verbum sap.*

THE SKIPPER'S SONG.

(AIR—*Obvious.*)

A DEATH on the Ocean Wave,
And a grave in the rolling deep,
For the Skipper whose owners save
On a foreign crew, dirt-cheap!
I've French, Dutch, Turk, and Greek,
Swede, Fin, and Portugee—
And all the lingoes they speak
Are heathen Greek to me!
So a death on the Ocean Wave,
And a grave in the rolling deep,
When I 'm knived or knocked on the head,
Some night, when no watch I keep.

For they all of 'em wear long knives,
And some have got pistols too,
And mine and my mates' dear lives
Aren't worth a tobacco-screw!
They will take us unawares,
Like stuck pigs we shall die,
With no time to say our prayers,
And no chance to exchange "Good-bye."
For a death on the Ocean Wave,
And a grave in the rolling deep,
Is the Skipper's whose owners save
On a foreign crew, dirt-cheap!

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DE GUSTIBUS NON DISPUTANDUM.

(AT LEAST NOT BY BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE OF EITHER SEX.)

Adonis (after his Guests have departed). "BY JOVE, MARIA, WHAT A HANDSOME WOMAN MRS. JONES IS! SHE LOOKS BETTER THAN EVER!"

His Wife. "AHEM! WELL, IT MAY BE MY BAD TASTE, BUT I OWN I HAVE HITHERTO FAILED TO DETECT THE BEAUTY OF MRS. JONES. NOW, *MR.* JONES IS GOOD-LOOKING, IF YOU LIKE!"

Adonis. "*JONES GOOD-LOOKING!* COME—HANG IT, MARIA, JONES IS A VERY GOOD FELLOW, AND ALL THAT; BUT I MUST SAY I'VE NEVER PERCEIVED HIS *GOOD LOOKS!*" &c., &c.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "Cometh Down like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She," "Good! Buy Sweet Tart!" "Not Slily, But don't Tell."

CHAPTER XV.—*What the Author says.*

THE REVEREND THOMAS HASSOCK was, apparently, as far that is as human sight could pierce, at well-nigh his last gasp.

"Oh, TOMMY!" BELLA wailed, "you're not going, are you? Oh! what shall I do here all alone by myself? Who will play the concertina to me when you are gone? And when nobody else will have me, there will be a strong likelihood of my remaining an old maid, if *you* are not at hand to marry me. Do not go, TOMMY, do not go! or at least stay here until it is perfectly certain you won't be wanted any more, when, as you might be rather in the way than otherwise, you can go to—wherever you like, and no one will care less than I! But at present, TOMMY, as there is no necessity for you to withdraw in order to make room for your Uncle,* I ask you, I implore you, I conjure you, to stay where you are!"

Her excessive grief seemed slightly to annoy him—him who was already so far beyond all annoyance—for he raised himself with difficulty on the bed, and, with hands growing disobedient, grasped about darkly for his bolster: when he found what he sought, he lifted it as it were a great weight to him, and let it fall three times heavily on her banded, chestnut head. Then, as he sank back on his pillow, a smile of happy memories passed across his countenance—the recollection of the days when as a schoolboy he had excelled in bolstering matches in the dormitory.

Touched inexpressibly—forcibly touched—by this supreme effort,

* "*To make room for your Uncle.*" *What the Editor said in a Letter to the Authoress.*—"*A propos* of this 'Uncle,' so suddenly brought in; we have never before heard of him in the story, and being afraid that it might either be a mere slip of the pen, *or*, which would be more grave, the sudden introduction of a fresh series of characters that might prolong the romance *ad infinitum*, we have written to ask you for information. Who is the Uncle? If necessary to the plot, why has he not been mentioned before? If unnecessary, why complicate matters now by bringing him in at, what we really thought was, the last moment?"

What the Authoress says to the Editor.—"Is it not permissible to introduce an allusion to a popular modern lyric, and so crystallise what would otherwise be evanescent, and give immortality to what of itself is perishable, without being obliged to develop the subject further? Do you understand me? Probably not. But you will take care not to alter a single line of this or any other remaining chapter. *I have seen my Solicitor on the subject. Prenez garde!* If any one comes across my path, mind, it is war *à l'outrance.*"

R. D.

What the Editor says in reply.—"*Excuses.* Not *à l'outrance*, as we have found in one or two of your admirable works, in which there is a refreshing peppering, a slight but relishing seasoning of Boulogne and its environs, but *à outrance.* This may be useful to you in future. As to the Uncle, let him pass, only don't let us hear of him again. Go on, and finish your admirable work."—ED.

P.S. (*from Same to Same*).—"As it was too late for you to make any alteration now, we have taken it into our own hands. You, dear MISS DENDRON, placed the REV. THOMAS in bed; after much deliberation, the Committee, including our Doctor and Solicitor—*una voce dissentiente, i.e.* our Aunt—has decided upon retaining your third hero (you have three heroes to one heroine) in bed, *but*—to avoid all unpleasantness, and not to cut ourselves off from the drawing-tables of our most respectable subscribers, and the dining-tables of our influential friends—we have thought it better to perform one of the noblest works of charity—*vestire nuditatem*—and to keep your excellent reverend hero in bed (as you have placed him *for effect*), *but with his clothes on.* There was not time to communicate with you, and we had no doubt you would have no objection to the course taken when you should see it in print. Accept our compliments."—ED.

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THE (HOME-) "RULER OF THE SPIRITS!"

Biddy Maloney. "AND IS IT SMOYTH, THE SPALPEEN! AS 'UD BE AFTHER SHUTTIN' UP THE SHEBEENS O' SUNDAYS? SHURE, THIN, IF THAT 'S TO BE THE GAME, THE LESS WE HAVE O' HOME-RULE THE BETTHER!"

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BELLA fell prone on the floor, her small, plump hands raised imploringly above her head, and moaned painfully.

His eyes wandered from her face to where in a corner the sun was going down, golden red as a glorious carrot.

"I'm like him," said TOMMY, with a gleam of the happiness of former days when conundrums were his greatest joy, "because I'm going down."

"Oh no!" exclaimed BELLA, blushing, "you must mean 'up,' not 'down.'"

He seemed a little worried by her not at once comprehending his meaning, and mildly corrected her.

"The sun is sinking—so am I. That is why I am like the sun. Do you see?"

Yes, she *did* see; and, stooping, she covered his hand with warm, passionate kisses, while, unseen by her, a smile stole over his placid face, and his right eye slowly closed and opened, re-closed and re-opened twice with an intense profundity of meaning.

"TOMMY," she sighed, "tell me you are happy!"

Then the calm, gentle voice, interrupted by slight pantings, came to her ear again,

"I am: very happy, very, very happy," and once more he closed and opened his eye with slight exertion, and, as she bent over him, she caught these words, murmured indistinctly,

"I've—gone—wrong—
For—the—sake—of—SARAH"—

the words of the tune he had last learnt on his concertina. Then he gave her a sweet smile—so sweet, it might have been lollipops for unorganised cherubs. She did not want that smile, and so she returned it. Like a Frenchwoman she had been "*coquette*," then "*prude*," now she was to show herself "*dévotée*."*

"Good bye, TOMMY!" she cried. "Dear old boy, good bye. You are going to Heaven, of course?"

"Of course, naturally," was the humble reply of this meek, dying saint. "I'm a very good person. There never was a better person: in fact, I am quite one of the best persons of my acquaintance. But," he added, always unselfish, "I shan't *really* enjoy myself anywhere till *you* are there. Of course out of politeness I shan't say so, but I shall scarcely know a soul in the place till you come, so don't disappoint me, will you? In fact, I don't think I shall go to regions of Fairy Bliss, unless you come too." Then he put his arms about her neck, and whispered, "I leave you——"

She listened eagerly. She knew he possessed a little property in the Venetian Asphalte Paving Company.

"I leave you——" he said, slowly, and with difficulty.

"What?" she asked, in a soft, anxious whisper.

The reply came in the same gentle tone.

"Alone. As I have always left you. As you have always asked me to leave you."

"But not now," she murmured.

"Not now?"

"No, dearest, truest TOMMY, my first, my best, my onliest, lovingest, and most lovedest love, I have been young and wayward, but I am so no longer. DUSOVER deceived me; ORLISS is gone; PERCY SHORTWYND has married VIRGINIA CREEPER. I would not have had either of them at the best of my time—for my heart was always true to *you*." Again his right eye closed, and opened, like a wild rose, with tender significance, as he pressed her closer to his bosom, and stroked the soft, luxuriant mass of warm, sweet-scented hair. "And I do not ask you any longer to 'eave me alone. Take me, oh take me, TOMMY, I am yours!"

A convulsive tremor passed through his slight, patient body, as he took her to his heart.

"Kiss me, BELLA, kiss me!" murmured this poor, fast-sinking, saint-like creature.

Without a word he gathers her up in handfuls, as it were, and for one heavenly moment they are bathed in the wild, tumultuous, throbbing, fierce, religious silence of an everlasting farewell.

Her sister JENNY enters the room, suddenly.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

* "*Like a Frenchwoman 'Coquette, prude, dévotée.*" *What the Editor says.*—"*Excuses encore.* A Frenchwoman might be coquette, also prude, but she never could be '*dévotée*'—for the plain reason that there is no such word in the French language. She can be '*dévote*,' as a gentleman can be '*dévot*,' and '*dévouée*' she can be, but '*dévotée*' never. We think it just as well to mention this, there being so much French scattered loosely about in your charming works, and as you yourself would of course be the first to wish us to correct, or expose, what you might possibly set down to an error on the part of the printer."

Miss R. D. to Editor.—"*Vous n'avez pas l'habitude de parler.* In *conversational* French—and talking it, every day, abroad—as I used to do—the word '*dévotée*' was far from uncommon; as also were *several words* and phrases, which *you* would not have recognised on paper. *C'est une chose à dire, c'est bien une autre à écrire. Allez!*"—R. D.

EAST INDIA "COMPANY."—At the Guildhall, Friday, May 19.

SAYINGS FOR THE SEASON.

(*Dedicated to* SIR JAMES HANNEN.)



A LOVER in the hand is worth two Husbands in the bush.

You may take an Adorer to the Conservatory, but you cannot make him propose.

When you are in Society you must do what Society does.

What is "Sauce" to the Husband is not considered "Sauce" by the Wife.

You cannot make a Lover out of an ugly Husband with money.

A Waltz is scarcely as good as a Supper.

One Flirtation makes many.

A Cup of Tea in time saves nine.

While the *Chaperone* is away the *Débutantes* will play.

It is a long Waltz that has no head turning.

Every Marriage should have a silver lining.

A Married Woman who Flirts has a Fool for her Lover.

Amongst Husbands the Bachelor is King.

A Wink is as good as a Nod to a Blind Husband.

From the Frying-pan of Engagement into the Fire of Matrimony.

What is one Man's Food is another Woman's Poison.

When the Milliner comes in at the door the Cheque-Book flies out at the window.

A Kiss is as good as a Smile, if not worse.

Matrons the Gods wish to render absurd begin to dance.

All is not diamond that glitters.

Skate before you Rink.

Half a Heart is better than no Head.

A Widowed Wife dreads the Divorce Court.

All crooked Roads lead away from Home.

Call "passion" by another name and you had better hang yourself.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

SHALL I be asked to the Ball at Buckingham Palace?

Can I afford to go to MADAME FRANGIPANE for a new ball-dress?

If I have a new one, what colour shall it be?

Must I go in my Court dress, altered?

Shall it be lower than last year?

Can it be tighter?

Will those odious SHODDY girls be asked?

Will CHARLIE or the Major be there?

Won't Mamma send our dresses to the *Morning Post*?

Will Papa grumble about the expense?

Must ANNE do our hair, or may we have LEOPOLD?

Will the *coiffeur* be in time?

Don't I want a little more hair in plaits?

Would a little colour be possible?

If I try just a *soupçon*, shall I be found out?

Shall I look my very best?

Will any one be jealous?

And, finally, it is possible that His Royal Highness will ask me to dance?

FROM LEGAL TO CULINARY (A TRANSLATION).

"*Communis error facit jus.*" "*Potage aux erreurs vulgaires.*" (Or you may, with the same material, make a hash of it, a broil, or a stew.)

OPPOSITES FROM THE SAME DIRECTION.

WELCOME arrival from the East—the Prince.
Unwelcome ditto from ditto—the Wind.

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THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB CUT OUT BY THE ONE-IN-HAND CLUB (ON THE SATURDAY BEFORE THE DERBY).

WHAT MUST COME OF THE LATE PLETHORA OF PACHYDERMS IN THE ILLUSTRATED PAPERS, IF *ELEPHANTIASIS* IS CATCHING.

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A DAUGHTER OF ERIN.

The new Cook (on receiving "short" notice to leave, with a hint that she has given a false Character). "AN' IS IT ME FALSE CHARÀCTER YE'RE AFTHER CASTING IN ME TEETH! AS IF I'D BE BRINGING ME THRUE CHARACTER WID ME, TO LOSE IT IN *YOUR* DIRTY SERVICE!"

MRS. PARTINGTON PROTESTS.

"It is an honest grievance to our Nonconformist fellow Christians."—LORD GRANVILLE *on the Law of Burial.*

WELL, that's a good 'un! Does he mean as Methody turn-and-twistians,
Including Shakers and Quakers, should be called "our feller Christians"?
They'll bust the Church up, as sure as sparks flies uppards from the anvil,
If they go follering the lead of dodgers like this 'ere GRANVILLE!

"Feller Christians," indeed! What next? I'm surprised at his imperence wentering
To rank genteel Church-folks like us with low people that goes Dissentering:
A mixing things up like that in a way to shock any decent Sexton!
Why make arrangements in *this* world as must be changed in the next 'un?

Oh, surely wengeance is waiting LORD G. and his like to wisit;
Wich in course there's only one Church, and in course the Church of England *is* it.
Don't talk to me of patterns set by Turks, Chinamen, or 'Ungarians;
We're bound to stand on our rights, and not knock under to sich barbarians!

But if we must look abroad for 'ints, *my* pattern would be the Spanish——
(What d'ye say? I'm the werry party they'd be fust to burn or banish?
Any way, you know where you has 'em—they speak out firm and manly:
Better a straightfor'ard Don, I say, than an Anythingarian STANLEY.

There ain't no proper Church, only us. Them as steals our name is trying
To steal our Church-yards too. All their lives they keep railin', and, after dying,
They wants to git over *our* railings, for which all sorts o' dodges they wenters.
"Feller Christians" ain't no name for 'em—a rubbishing lot of Dissenters!

Grievance indeed! A pretty start! Pickpockets will next be feeling
The arm o' the law a grievance, when it comes down on 'em for stealing.
Which what I says is *let 'em* grieve—it's all their aggerawation.
Leave 'em to me and SALISBURY, and both 'Ouses o' Convocation!

Them Bishops is too mealy-mouthed by 'alf. As to GRANVILLE, why his organ
Just plays the werry same old tune we've 'eard from MIALL and MORGAN.
The Church's Ark is bound to fall in the hands of the Philistians,
If chaps like them, and maybe wuss, is to call theirselves "feller Christians"!

ALL AFLOAT!

AT the second of the late Scientific Conferences at South Kensington the President, DR. C. WILLIAM SIEMENS, announced an astounding exploit performed by M. TRESCA, Sous-Directeur of the Paris Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, who had read the meeting an account of his researches into "the flow of solids." In proposing a vote of thanks to M. TRESCA, DR. SIEMENS said that "by his investigations he had thrown down the barrier between solids and liquids." A scientific achievement of overwhelming immensity; but what a confusion it must create in the nature of things!

ENGLAND *VERSUS* GREECE.

JUST now the Painter and **the Bard**
Are caught with this caprice—
That England's prosy, dreary, **hard,**
While beauty dwells in **Greece.**

Hence six-foot Atalanta's Race
'Gainst odds, and apples, heavy:
Hence laurelled Theban maidens pace,
And sing, a wax-doll bevy.

While Art seeks Greek ideals cold,
Mock-antique Bards indite,
And tales in LEMPRIÈRE's prose o'er-told,
In puling verse recite.

At nobler fruits high souls **might seize,**
Than those we're like to **swallow**
From BROWNING-ARISTOPHANES,
Or SWINBURNE-sham-APOLLO.

Far fairer were more native growth,
And pleasanter 'twould be
If Poetry and Painting both
Would work on what they see.

High in a place of power we **stand**
In an heroic time,
When there are doings in our **land**
For picture meet, or rhyme.

Greece painted Greece, and sang of Greece,
And cut Greek youth in marble,
And so won fame that shall not **cease,**
And glory none can garble.

England has sung of England **too:**
There's SHAKSPEARE, rivals **scorning,**
And glorious CHAUCER, tender, **true,**
Minstrel of England's morning.

REYNOLDS and GAINSBOROUGH keep **in life**
The Great Men and the Graces,
That guided England's public strife,
And wore sweet English faces.

HOGARTH on England's social sores
Used pencil scalpel-keen,
Whose vivisection to the cores
Of vice cut clear and clean.

Poet and Bard, use eye and brain
Like them on life around;
If true the picture, strong the strain,
You, like them, will be crowned.

If statelier theme be not at hand,
With humbler themes begin:
Try lyric of the Four-in-Hand,
Or idyl of an Inn.

Try English landscapes, women, men,
Till *Punch* shall thunder, "Cease!—
Too poor for England, Brush and Pen,
Your weakness waste on Greece!"

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HINTS TO IMBECILES.

(Calls, Dinners, and Dances.)

SAY that you are glad the Prince is back. If you have got cheek enough, say that he asked you to accompany him. Say that you think he is looking better for his trip. Be very particular about his personal appearance, as it will induce people, who don't know you, to imagine that you know him. Say how glad the Princess is, as nobody will be rude enough to ask who told you; if anybody does, by the bye, say it is only to be expected that she would be delighted at the return of her husband.

Leave this subject at once, and, before any one else has an opening, say, with the air of a RUSKIN or a Revelation, that you have been to the Academy. Every one will brighten up at this, and want to discuss the pictures. *Don't let them.* You can keep the game in your hands now, and gain fame as a holder of original views. Your friends will want to distil the criticism which they have obtained from the papers. *They* will rave over the "*The Daphnephoria*," and go mad over "*Atalanta's Race;*" *they* will extol "*The Widower*," and adore "*Over the Hills and Far Away.*" Well, so can anybody. But *you* will abuse these works; *you* will call their painters names, and say they ought to be hung with their pictures. Previously, however, learn the names of two or three very small "skied" pictures, by obscure artists, and say loudly and dogmatically that those are the gems of the Exhibition. If any one says they are not, shrug your shoulders. If any critic present disagrees with you, call him a hireling.

During the excitement caused by these latter remarks, you will have time to explain the plot of *Tannhaüser*. Say you heard it in Germany, and it was far finer than in England. If any one asks you in what town you heard it, call it quickly Cryptichonchoidsyphonostomata. Say ROSSI is *Hamlet* from the Hanwell-padded-ward point of view. He is not, but people don't know. Give the pronunciation of JANAUSCHEK—your own, nobody will know better. Say that "dear SALVINI" is back, and if your friends will stand it, give imitations of him.

Say that you have got to go. You may be sure that you won't be asked to stay. Having departed, you can repeat your entertainment at another house, with the assurance that you will be looked upon in the light of an agreeable rattle.



SURSUM CORDA.

First Footman. "UNCOMMON DULL SEASON, MR. CHAWLES!"

Second Ditto. "HAWFUL! BUT NOW 'WALES' IS BACK, I DO 'OPE THINGS 'LL LOOK UP A LITTLE!"

WANTED.

SUCCESSORS to the following Officers of State, and other Dignitaries:—

The Grand Panjandrum. He has lost the little round button at top, and the gunpowder has run out at the heels of his boots. No Joblollies need apply.

The Clerk of the Weather. His conduct of public affairs is becoming monotonous. Even the few people who are fond of the East wind begin to exclaim, "*Toujours perdrix!*"

Mumbo Jumbo. The present wearer of triple tiara, weary of GLADSTONE'S tantararara, though rather too old to take a wife, would fain retire into private life.

The Green-Eyed Monster. Thoroughly worn out by Divorce Court proceedings, and by the rapid succession of sensational *Othellos*, English and Italian, this charming creature proposes to take retired lodgings in the Zoological Gardens.

The Last Man. Fatigued by waiting for the Last Woman, this important personage wishes to pair off with somebody else, and is willing to sell at a moderate price his unique ticket for admission to a private view of the End of the World.

Suspicious.

WE read in a provincial journal—

FOURTEEN Gallons of MILK to DISPOSE OF daily. No objection to make it twenty if required. Can commence next Wednesday morning. Apply, &c.

"*Allonger la soupe*," is a French phrase for increasing the quantity at the expense of the quality. Is this a proposal to lengthen the milk on the same principle?

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MR. CAPEL COURT AT THE DERBY.

Gipsy. "SHALL I TELL YOUR FORTUNE, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN?"
Mr. Capel Court. "I WISH YOU WOULD. *I* DON'T SEE IT, AS THINGS ARE GOING!"

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



USSIA, Prussia, Austria, *v.* England, *in re* Turkey.

Since the Lords had Vivisection in hand (*Monday, May 22nd*), it was not from the question in LORD GRANVILLE to ask LORD DERBY as to the interesting, if painful, experiments in the Vivisection of Turkey now in progress, at the hands of the Northern Doctors. LORD DERBY was able to say that England had declined to join in them. (Everybody sees that the Sick Man can't get better; but we don't like to take part in killing him under pretence of curing. One thing seems clear. What between his diseases and his doctors, he can't recover where he is. The climate of Europe doesn't agree with him. Why not try change of air? Get him over to Asia, and come to a fair and open understanding between England, France, Russia, Germany, Austria, and Italy, how the estate is to be managed for the good of the tenants, and not of the executors. That was what NICHOLAS proposed to SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR, before the Crimean War, and we fought rather than entertain the proposal. And, after all, is not this about the best that it is coming to?)

Then came the smaller Vivisection question—on Second Reading of LORD CARNARVON'S Bill, putting scientific curiosity into humanitarian handcuffs. *Toby*, on behalf of the canine creation—and the feline race in whom he is not above recognising a domestic poor-relationship—begs to thank the Government for exempting dogs and cats from the knife. Anæsthetics are all very well, but doctors differ in the importance they attach to them; and your Kleins and Schiffs evidently hold suffering dog-and-cat-cheap, in comparison with discovery. (By the bye, what do the frogs, rabbits, guinea-pigs, and monkeys, on whom the burden of Vivisection now falls heaviest, say on the chapter of Exemptions?)

LORD SHAFTESBURY spoke warmly for the Bill, like a kind soul as he is, and the Costermonger's Donkey at St. Giles's would have brayed approval could he have heard him. The DUKE OF SOMERSET tried a little chaff, in his own style of cold-blooded common sense, but it did not take. Their Lordships are sportsmen; they are *not* physicians or physiologists, and though they don't mind sending away a bird with an ounce of lead in it to a lingering death, they hate cutting up anything alive. Vermin is one thing, and Game is another. Gentlemen must have their hunting and shooting: so field-sports must be respected, though, as savage amusements, they are beyond regulation. The laboratory is within the pale of Civilisation.

(*Punch* rejoices to know that henceforth the ardour of Science is to move in the leading-strings of common humanity, and that the knife is not to be put into the hand of every learner, to slash his way to knowledge through the nerves of the lower animals. If beneficial discoveries can only be made by sounding the well of life, let wise and reverent hands have the handling of the plummet. But *Punch* had always understood that England, even without law, had set an example of humanity to France and Germany in the conduct of physiological and pathological experiments on living things. How if the chief effect of this new law should be to drive our students to the French and German schools, where, with their physiology, they may learn other things not quite so desirable?)

(*Commons*).—MR. DISRAELI gave a full and considered answer to MR. M. BROOKS, stating *seriatim* the cases of the Fenian prisoners still in confinement, and the reasons why it would be a lie in the teeth of justice and policy, as well as reason, to remit their punishments. This raised a storm of scurrility from MR. BIGGAR, whose offensive personalities provoked MR. BROOKS, for himself and the other Irish Members, to repudiate MR. BIGGAR! Altogether, if anything could open MR. BIGGAR'S eyes to his own enormities, one would fancy this might. But no—he will be BIGGAR—the biggest of big ——, something, to the last.

MR. O'CONNOR POWER insisted on the petition for release of the Fenian prisoners, signed by 138 Members of Parliament. But MR. ANDERSON said it would not have been so numerously signed, at least among English Members, but for the understanding that no murderers were to be included in its prayer.

MR. PARNELL and MR. CALLAN denied the alleged misunderstanding, and MR. BUTT tried by special pleading to prove that murderers in law might not be murderers in fact, till the matter dropped in rather a confused hubbub of antagonistic Irish and English protest.

On report of Merchant Shipping Bill Amendments, several of the old battles were fought over again; and MR. PLIMSOLL scored one important win, carrying the absolute prohibition of winter timber deck-loading, against Government, by 162 to 143! Whereon *Punch* shakes hands with PLIMSOLL—SIR CHARLES a good deal "bustled" as usual.

One is glad to think that he sees the end of his Plimsoll purgatory at last. The Bill is to be read a Third Time on Thursday.

Tuesday (*Lords*).—LORD GREY moved Second Reading of his Burials Bill, for easing existing difficulties by making new ones. LORD GREY proposes not to release the Clergyman from the obligation to perform the service when he feels a conscientious objection, but, on the other hand, he would not allow him to prevent somebody else from performing service. Just one of those sage compromises which please nobody. So it seemed, for nobody, not even its parent, objected to its being shouldered out, without a word or a division.

Several of their Lordships asked questions about the Continuous Brake experiments on the Railways.

LORD ABERDEEN said the Report wasn't ready yet. How should it be, with the break experiments still going on on so many lines, if not quite continuous, all but. Can't their Lordships wait for their brake until the Companies have done with their smashes?

A talk about Dover Harbour, which, it seems, is still under consideration. Their Lordships have a natural sympathy with piers in difficulties.

(*Commons.*)—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, questioned by MR. CARTWRIGHT, said MR. RIVERS WILSON would have no objection to take a year's financial engagement under the KHEDIVE, if his place at home could be kept open for it. But it can't. So it is supposed RIVERS will flow back to native sources—of income. The Nile is all very well, but Egypt still wants RIVERS to carry out her financial irrigation scheme.

MR. JAMES (of Gateshead) called the City Companies over the coals, moved for a great many returns connected with them, and suggested that it was time they gave an account of their administration of their £500,000 of annual income in the City, lest a worse thing come upon them, in the shape of the heavy hand of Parliament.

The LORD MAYOR presented himself as a buffer between MR. JAMES'S fire and the Companies. Nothing like a Cotton-bag to stop shot. His Lordship spoke up to his brief. The Guilds were private associations; their property private property. They accounted for their trust funds to the Charity Commissioners; and nobody had a right to call them to account for more. They spent £200,000 a year in charity, and the rest in the best possible manner. (Suppose a good deal went in dinners. Why not? Were they not good dinners? And did not the good Companies command good company?)

SIR G. BOWYER shot beyond the LORD MAYOR. Parliament had no right to ask for such information. If the Guilds were wise, they would refuse to give it. The demand was unconstitutional, and *pessimi exempli*. If there is still a Bowyers' Company, they are bound to make SIR GEORGE free of it; for truly he draws a good bow for the Guilds.)

MR. GLADSTONE was down on COTTON, and cut the string and blunted the shaft of BOWYER. It might not be wise to press for the information just now, when the Com-

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DILETTANTISM.

TO THE TRUE CRITIC OF VOCAL MUSIC, ART IS EVERYTHING, AND VOICE IS ONLY A SECONDARY CONSIDERATION. IN FACT, HE WOULD AS SOON DISPENSE WITH THE LATTER ALTOGETHER, AS THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF A BEAUTIFUL ORGAN OFTEN CONSTITUTES A MATERIAL IMPEDIMENT TO THE SUBTLER AND MORE SPIRITUAL ÆSTHETIC SIGNIFICANCE OF REFINED EMOTIONAL INTERPRETATION—WHATEVER ALL THAT MAY BE.

panies were unwilling to give it, and Parliament not anxious to get it. But a time would come when Parliament might be determined to know, and then the Companies would find they had no choice but to tell. They would not always be able to put COTTON in the ears of either Parliament or the Public.

GOLDNEY and NEWDEGATE opposed the Motion. SIR. C. DILKE supported it.

MR. CROSS was cautious. If any move was to be made in the matter, it was for Government to make it. MR. JAMES had not made out any case of mal-administration. Government did not mean to bring in a Bill, and had no power to insist on the information, so the matter had better be let drop. So it was let drop—for the present.

But *Koompanee-Bahadoor* had better set his house in order.

Wednesday.—MR. MACDONALD moved Second Reading of a Bill to make Employers liable for injuries to Workmen, even when caused by Managers' negligence.

All mining accidents are due to the neglect of Owners (say MACDONALD & Co.). All mining accidents are due to the carelessness of Workmen (say KNOWLES & Co.). Both contentions are false—the truth lies between them. MR. MACDONALD'S Bill does not hit it.

CROSS, as *deus ex machinâ*, admitted the law was not what it ought to be. But MR. MACDONALD'S Bill would only make a new injustice. The matter should be referred to a Select Committee, and the Government should undertake the framing of the Bill on their Report.

Thursday.—The battle of the Income-tax, fought out the other day, was all fought over again, under the conduct of MR. KIRKMAN HODGSON.

MR. FAWCETT struck a good stroke for the Commons, and against the Commons Bill. It does not protect the interests of the labourers, or provide against illegal enclosures. It leaves too much in the hands of the Enclosure Commissioners. In short, it ought to be called the Short Commons Bill; so little does it make adequate provision for protecting the rights of the millions in the uncultivated land of England. MR. SANDFORD, LORD E. FITZMAURICE, MR. COWPER-TEMPLE, and MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE, followed on the same side; MR. GOLDNEY and MR. KNIGHT against.

MR. CROSS maintained that the Bill took the right ground between the two, and that, under it, no enclosure could henceforth take place without sanction of Parliament.

On going into Committee a fierce fight over a motion to report progress, which lasted, rough-and-tumble fashion, till past two, when progress, having been impeded all this time, was reported!

M. OFFENBACH IN AMERICA.

(*From Our Own Accompanist or Accompianist.*)

SIR,

IN haste. The great Master of *Bouffes* has arrived at last. We had a rough time of it *en voyage*, and the eminent composer was unable to avail himself of my lessons in English, with the result of which he had (bless him!) intended to astonish Messieurs *Les Américains* t'other side of the water. He wishes me, however, to write at once to you, and express his sentiments of esteem the most profound—and all that sort of thing, you know. "*Le voyage était jusqu' à maintenant le diable lui-même*," says my Moosical Mossoo. We began (he wishes me to tell you) with the overture to *The Tempest*, and finished with *The Tempest* itself, which had an unprecedented run of eight days, with such a moving spectacle of a ship in motion as would have made the fortune of *L'Africaine* or the Master's own Robangsong Crusoey, that is, *en Anglais*, *Robinson Crusoe*. We were accompanied by the wind instruments in full force all the way, and the *rôle* of the vessel was most fatiguing. (I tried to explain this *jeu de mot* to the *maëstro* when he was at his worst, and I looked in at the berth, and thought at first that I was in at the death. He didn't laugh, he didn't smile: all sense of appreciation of humour had quitted him. But to proceed.)

As for the passage, taken as a whole, M. OFFENBACH says, "I have never written a passage so difficult—*Jamais de ma vie.* From

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DERBY COSTUME A LA CHRISTY MINSTREL.

(A VERY SLIGHT ADDITION TO ONE OF MR. WORTH'S LATEST PARISIAN NOVELTIES.)

the first bar (which we crossed on leaving) to the last, it was the worst thing I have ever come across. In fact, he never knew what a *Sea in all* was till now.

"I am not myself at all," said the Maëstro to me one evening, as the Steward was bringing him a nice basin of hot soup (but he couldn't stand the association of ideas, and so I ate it myself). "I 'm not myself at all," says he; "and often wish I were back again."

I wouldn't lose the chance of an English *jeu de mot*, and gave it him at once.

"Ah!" says I; "you don't feel yourself; and you wish you were *offen back* again."

I explained it to him, and he smiled. I am with him for the double purpose of writing an English or American Libretto, and teaching him English jokes, so that he may grasp *our* idea of Burlesque. When he *does* grasp it, he'll be a wiser and a better man, or a bitter man.

Poor Composer! He had hardly a note of music about him last week, though he took several composing draughts, without effect. In spite of the stormy sea the boats, manned by Musicians, came out to meet us.

Up they went! Such a pitch! Trombones flying, ophicleide up in the air, the players holding on for their life to the boats, and OFFENBACH bending over the side of the ship—bowing, as they thought. It was a picture of the "*Heart bowed down.*" The musicianers tried to serenade him. but it wouldn't be serene, and they would soon have been beyond all aid; so they went back, and awaited his arrival, which would be his first appearance on any American Landing-stage. How glad he was to touch *terra firma!* How he enjoyed the change of air, even though the air was Yankee Doodle. But for a while, after quitting the ship, he was a wreck; and though I sang him three of his own songs, I couldn't cheer him up. So when the people with flags, and lights, and music came to serenade him at the hotel (they 're always serenading people with lights—I don't know how they treat people without lights—but that 's neither here nor there), I just slipped on a false nose, and a pair of *pince-nez*, and stepped out on the balcony. In a broken English voice I said, "*Sir, I thank you,*" which was received with shouts and cries of "*Chantez, Mossoo! Chantez quelque chose,* out of your own darned works! *Allez,* you cuss! Go it!"

Then I gave it them. My rendering of "*Je suis, moi, le Général Boum!*" was magnificent. I heard poor OFFENBACH calling me to come in, but the people wanted me to come out.

However, in view of the future, I thought it better to bow and retire. OFFENBACH thanked me sincerely, and then went to bed. He is going to dine at the Lotos Club, and is learning from me "*porter et répondre aux toasts.*"

Interested as you must be in everything musical, I am sure you will be delighted to hear of the *Compositeur's* doings *en Amérique.* When anything further turns up, I will write. I don't suppose much will turn up—except himself when he returns.

JACQUES O. sends you "*ses meilleures poignées de main,*" as also do I, and am,

Yours ever,

MISTER L'ACCOMPANISTA DI PIANISTA.

P.S.—What boat ought OFFENBACH to voyage on? A P an' O boat. *Comprenez?*

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "Cometh Down like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She," "Good! Buy Sweet Tart!" "Not Slily, But don't Tell."

CHAPTER THE LAST.—*What Jenny says.*

"MY dear BELLA," I say, after we have left TOMMY'S room—she first, and myself a quarter of an hour after—"he has given me a promise of marriage."

"*To* you, *for* me?" inquires BELLA, anxiously, with a tender trouble in the shady depths of her cool, green eyes.

"To *me*, for *myself!*" I reply, with quiet triumph, and giving an instance of the great common sense for which I have always been so justly celebrated. Then I add, "In two days' time we shall be married. Had he refused, I should have written to his Bishop, and exposed him."

"And what am I to do?" asks BELLA, with a mutinous pout.

"Good Heavens!" I reply; "send to ORLISS, or PERCY, or DUSOVER, or"—I add, cynically—"some new fellow."

She pauses for a moment; then, sitting down at the table, she sends a telegram to ORLISS GWYNNIN.

* * * * * *

In less than an hour ORLISS is at her side. He has come from the Antipodes, and travelled post-haste. The difference of time allows of his arrival here exactly two days and a half before the letter was written to which his coming is the answer. This, at another time, might have caused a muddle; it does not do so now. He is welcome.

* * * * * *

The REV. THOMAS HASSOCK, dressed in white goloshes, and peering, happily, with little pink eyes through pale green spectacles, takes me, JENNY ST. JOHN VILLARS, to wife, marrying me himself, to save the fees. Then he puts on his surplice, and performs the ceremony for PERCY SHORTWYND, who has presented himself in the full uniform—now as seldom seen as the Archbishop's coronation robes on the very stateliest of state occasions, and then solely and only when occurring on the first of May—of one of "My Lords;" while the LADY VIRGINIA CREEPER is a triumph of red and white flowers, of glorious gold and silver spangles, with a long bright ladle in her hand (presented to her as a wedding present by SIR GUY FOCKEDAY), in which to collect the offerings of the devoted peasantry. ORLISS GWYNNIN is the best man, and makes himself very amusing, appearing in his yeomanry costume (of white with red spots and stripes) of the Drollshire Merrimen, the motto on the cap being, in old Norman French, "*Nous voysy ongkor!*"—while BELLA is the chief bridesmaid. Then BELLA is married to ORLISS, and my husband, TOMMY HASSOCK, acting upon my common-sense suggestion, takes the fees for this also; and, during the intervals and pauses, he plays appropriate tunes on the concertina, thus dispensing with the services of the organist, (to whose *honorarium* my husband became thereby entitled), while I, with great care, officiate as clerk, make the necessary reponses, and pocket the gratuities. The REV. THOMAS HASSOCK will bless the day when he married so experienced, so steady, so sensible a person as MISS JENNY ST. JOHN VILLARS, elder sister of BELLA, and hitherto a sort of Cinderella in the family. Sometimes I catch him in corners sighing, and then I make him give me a kiss on my sweet, soft, shy lips.

* * * * * *

As for BELLA I believe she is getting on happily enough with ORLISS GWYNNIN; but, since our marriage, as my husband is very much taken up with parish work and visiting, and as I never allow him to go anywhere without me, we have been compelled to be "*out*" to the GWYNNINS whenever they have called. I don't think ORLISS is well off, and BELLA hasn't a farthing. They profess to

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by Colt. FRANCE on *Republic.* TURKEY on *Mismanagement.* EGYPT on *Speculation.*

START.

oves onward, jubil

MILT E BEEN SCRATCHED LONG AGO!!"

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DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

(A Reminiscence of the Great Ball at the Guildhall.)

Impudence (to Dignity). "YE'D BETTER LOOK SHARP, MY LORD, IF YER WANTS TO BE IN TIME FOR SUPPER! WHY, THE TRIPE-AND-ONIONS IS ALL GONE, AND SO'S THE LIVER-AND-BACON; AND BLEST IF THEY HAIN'T SENDIN' ROUND THE CORNER FOR ALL THE FRIED FISH AS THEY CAN LAY 'OLD ON!"

THE RAIN AND THE RACES.

COLD, keen East winds o'er all the country blowing,
Set horses coughing, and prolonged a drought,
When, with delight, the weathercock, nigh crowing,
Into the soft South-West faced right about.

Then floated up the rain-clouds fat and oozy,
From o'er the bosom of the Atlantic main,
And shed their liquor until Earth got boozy,
As Earth could get, upon so mild a drain.

Erst hushed, the cuckoo set the groves all ringing
Once more; up trilled again the nightingale.
The blackbird warbled, glad, the wet was bringing
Out of their holes the savoury slug and snail.

The swain surveyed reviving crops delighted;
The fungus-fancier hailed the verdant ring,
Where, in the woodland glades, with hope excited,
He seeks the toothsome toadstool of the spring.

But O dear friends, and O beloved brothers,
Besides the fungi, fields, and crops, and flowers,
Behold the Downs, whose interests dwarf all others,
Are drenched in time with seasonable showers!

Not only might their verdure have been blasted—
The Turf had been for Sporting made unmeet,
If until now the lack of rain had lasted,
And hardened Epsom Course to Horses' feet.

Having had rain enough to lay the dust,
Those, not a few, who Road prefer to Rail,
Will not be forced from the grit-gathering gust
To guard their peepers with the azure veil.

Because it rains, it is not bound to pour,
For all that Sages and Divines may say:
Oh, may we find we've had enough—no more;
Enough, but not a drop too much, to-day!

Horrible Extravagance.

SIR,

I HAVE been much distressed to hear that to get to the Guildhall Ball, the other day, thousands went through the Bankruptcy Court. To what lengths will not ambition and extravagance lead the votaries of pleasure in the thin disguise of loyalty!

Yours,

CENSOR.

live upon love, which seems to be a good investment, as I hear of her parties, her opera-box, her brougham, her victoria, her ponies. ORLISS is as cherubic and boyish as ever, and, being very fond of out-of-door sports, is, I am informed, constantly on the turf. I am glad to hear also, for my sister's sake, that he has obtained a lucrative situation at Monaco.

And so we settle down, somehow, comfortably, we the remains of the ST. JOHN'S WOOD VILLARS family—and are heard of no more. *Voilà tout.*

L'ENVOI.

What the Editor says—What the Committee say—What the Public says—What Everyone says.

AT last we breathe again, freely. The novel is over. It *was* risky. But, guided by the eminent Committee, to whom the thanks of the *Redacteur-en-chef*, and of all interested in the work, are due, it has, at length, "*per varios casus et tot discrimina rerum*," come safely, undamaged and undamaging, into the most respectable haven of Matrimony. But before we have another novel from the same eminent hand, we do earnestly request her to *couper* the unnecessary descriptions, to give us all round, young and old, experienced and inexperienced—*les jeunes gens et les ingénues surtout*—the opportunity of deriving a new pleasure from a fresh exercise of her undoubted power, a pleasure which shall leave us no unpleasant aftertaste, which shall not necessitate an extra look and key, and which shall not have, so to speak, a blush in a whole hogshead of it.

A propos of "hogshead." Our Authoress has the wand of an enchantress, but is it good to use it as Circe employed her power? If the pearls are there to be thrown, will they, afterwards, be appreciated by readers so transformed? With these remarks, we consign to the Public the last instalment—and so the complete whole of one of the most powerful romances of modern days, which, under our paternal supervision, has appeared in these pages under the title of

"GONE WRONG."

DERBY AND JOAN.

DEAREST PUNCH,

As a woman of very, very few words, I don't ask to occupy a great deal of your valuable space, but do, please, just let me offer you a seasonable suggestion, that 's a good fellow. You have always stuck up like a trump for the Rights of Woman in the hunting-field, by representing them on horseback as fully equal and sometimes superior to men. Give us the same lift, old man, on the Turf. Advocate our claims to compete with mankind on the Racecourse. Stick up for the side-saddle. What reason is there why we should be excluded from employment as Jockeys? As it is, horses are often ridden by boys. Why not by girls as well? I'll lay you anything many of us would prove more than a match for the heavier sex. My cob with me outside him carries 6 st. 8 lb. I should like going in to win cups and plates. Now the utmost I can do is to make a book, not of any literary pretensions, but only of a sort that entitles me to sign my name,

Ever yours, BETTINA.

Credit for Cannon.

ACCORDING to the *Politische Correspondenz* of Vienna, the Porte has just given a fresh and considerable order for cast-steel guns to MESSRS. KRUPP of Essen. Will this order for great guns be executed? The Porte is notoriously unable to pay its shot.

La Guerre des Femmes.

MR. PUNCH is informed that great satisfaction reigns among the Members of the Women's Rights Associations throughout the country, in consequence of the information received of a revolution having been effected at Constantinople by the "Softa" portion of the community!

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PUNCH'S DREAM OF THE DERBY.



AFTER much consideration, *Punch* made up his mind this year not to go to the Derby. In the first place he had been so often before. He knew the road by heart, or, rather, by head. He remembered that lobster-salad and salmon always made him ill—that they were poisons that had only one antidote — soda-water. He hated the rail with its hurry and bustle, and he was afraid of the East wind. So, when a deputation of the bravest and the noblest in the land (on bended knees) implored him to act as whip to their drag, he pursed up his lips, wiped away a furtive tear, and replied "No." The deputation knew their man. They felt that when *Punch* had answered in the negative, that there was no hope of altering his determination, so they bowed, wept bitterly, and retired.

A few days later there was a knock at *Punch's* study door. It was repeated again and again, for the Sage was very fast asleep—he had been reading the *Saturday Review*. When *Punch* regained consciousness, *Toby* was standing before him. The Dog of Dogs was dressed in his best; he wore the livery of his master.

"You must come, Sir," said *Toby*. "All

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PAYING TOO DEAR FOR HIS WHISTLE.

Donald. "E—H, SIR, YON'S A GRAN' FESH YE'VE GOTTEN A HAUD O'!"

The Laird. "OO, AYE, A GRAN' FESH ENOO, BUT I'D BE GAY AN' GLAD IF I SAW MY TWA-AND-SAXPENNY FLEE WEEL OOT O' HIS MOOTH!"

the world will be there, and you will disappoint the people in its millions if you do not smile upon them, even as the sun in its azure blue smiles upon the feathered songsters of the grove."

"*Toby*," replied *Punch*, severely, "you have been reading a leading article written by a word-painter." The Dog blushed. "And now what do you want?"

"It's the Derby Day, Master, and you ought to go to Epsom."

"I can't," said *Punch*. "I have declared I won't go."

"Which is the very reason why you *will* go. Come, Sir, it is the way of the world. Derby promises are made, like treaties—only to be broken."

"Oh, but I have done the thing so often," urged *Punch*. "I know what I shall see."

"No you don't," replied *Toby*, firmly, but respectfully. "I have everything ready, and I promise you that you shall enjoy a novel sensation. I am perfectly unselfish in the matter. I shall certainly turn my back upon the race while it's being run. *I* only care for the Dog's Derby—need I say that I allude to the Waterloo Cup? Come, Sir, you shall go."

Thus urged, the Sage arose, and having adopted a suitable costume, sallied forth.

"Where's the drag?" he asked, when he found himself in the road.

"Here, Master," replied *Toby*, pointing to a large hamper. "The lunch is the real Derby Drag—especially next morning."

Before *Punch* could reply, two charming young ladies seated themselves in the novel conveyance. One was a delightful brunette, with a pure Italian skin, and shining, hazel eyes; the other a handsome blonde.

"My dear girls," exclaimed *Punch*, "I really don't think the Derby is quite the place for——"

"For us!" interrupted the Brunette. "My dear Sir, don't you know that the highest Ladies in the land patronise the race now-a-days?"

"And you forget Woman's Rights," put in the Blonde. "Surely, after the meeting at St. George's Hall, you *must* be convinced that Ladies having claimed the deference paid to weakness, ought to enjoy the privilege, until now yielded to strength and power?"

Punch would have argued this point, had not his attention been attracted to the strange "steeds" that were being harnessed to his hamper. Four large lobsters composed the team.

"Dear me!" cried the Sage; "where did you get *these* from?"

"Not from the Westminster Aquarium," replied *Toby*, promptly. "After the race you know, Master, a raw lobster very often carries you back to Epsom."

"Yes!" murmured *Punch*. "But surely night-mares should be kept for the Oaks."

"And if lobsters take you to Epsom after the race, why shouldn't they hurry you there before it?"

And then the strange conveyance started. *Toby* had promised his Master a new view of the road; and the Dog of Dogs kept his word. Instead of the thousand carts and carriages that usually appear on the Queen's highway on the Derby Day, scarcely a vehicle was visible. *Punch* noticed there were a very large number of foreigners making their way to Epsom. A swarthy Gentleman, wearing a cap, strongly reminding him of a Tam o'Shanter bonnet, *plus* a tassel, particularly attracted his notice. This swarthy Gentleman had two silent companions in attendance upon him.

"Ah, *Punch!*" said he, "here we are safe and sound in England! Better off than the peasants I left under the turf in Spain, eh? My staff—Oh, don't be frightened; they won't hurt you · at least, they didn't hurt ME! Allow me to introduce *Monarchy* and *Fatherland*.

"Impostors!" exclaimed *Punch*, as he left the would-be regal Spaniard and his companions in the distance, "*Monarchy* and *Fatherland*, indeed! He should have said, *Self* and *Treason*."

And now a very tall man indeed neared *Punch's* conveyance. The very tall man had a long moustache, and looked like the Cousin-German of an Irishman.

"Surprised to see me at the Derby, *Mr. Punch?*" he said, with a smile. "Why should you be? You and I are the wisest men in the world; and *you* are here. Besides, you must remember that I am ubiquitous. I should have been here last year, hadn't that fellow ARNIM kept me tied to Germany."

"What PRINCE VON BIS ——"

"Silence, my friend! I wish to preserve my *incognito*."

"Well, your Excellency, what are the odds?"

"About five to one against the EM-

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TZAR'S *Aggression* — gone up very much lately; one hundred to one against the KAISER'S *Diplomacy*; and any price about the SULTAN'S *Mismanagement*, and the KHEDIVE'S *Bankruptcy* coupled."

"And you go in for?"

"Oh, the old horse, I suppose—*Blood and Iron*. I may declare to win with another animal, *Civilisation*, but the other's the best of the two. *Entre nous*, what do you think of DERBY'S *Caution*?"

"That it's safe enough, if it can only stay!"

And now *Punch* found himself on the course. Certainly it was a novel sight, and yet there was nothing new. As he looked from his hamper he noticed that there were a number of horse-leeches in his neighbourhood. *Toby* shouted to him the latest odds.

"Why, what are these, *Toby*?" asked *Punch*.

"Why, Betting-men, to be sure, Master," replied the Dog of Dogs. "You know, Sir, that I like to call things by their right names. I caught up the habit from you. But you see, Sir, that they do not always pluck the pigeons they attempt to ensnare."

And then *Punch* observed that, thanks to COLONEL HENDERSON, those worst of horse-flies, who throng the turf whereon races are held, the London Roughs, were kept well in check by those most useful of Blue-bottles, the Police of the Metropolis, and he noticed that the tips of the sporting papers were easily recognised as the dirtiest of bubbles, and he saw that the delights of the Derby were the most toothsome of food and the dryest of champagne, and he would doubtless have seen a great deal more had there not been a cry of "They 're off!"

Down rushed the horses in a little cloud of colour. For a moment they were seen and then they disappeared. But they came again, and amidst most tremendous excitement and cheering, the judge announced the number of the winner!

"Who has won?" cried *Punch*, eagerly.

"Why, I will tell you," replied *Toby*. "The winner is——"

And at this point the Sage of Fleet Street awoke—*Punch's* dream of the Derby was over!

STRAIGHT-TIP FROM THE STARS.



PTERARCH'S laurel crown will shine:
Mineral Colt of wealth be mine:
All Heart beat, while *Skylark* soars,
Forerunner runs upon all fours.
Great Tom his peal of triumph sounds;
Hardrada no hard road confounds;
To *Julius Cæsar* what approacher?
Braconnier's a noted poacher.
On *Ambergris* the scent lies strong;
Bay Wyndham—wind him. Nothing wrong!

Coltness an abstract Horse appears;
Wild Tommy ne'er a Tamer fears.
Thus speak the Planets in their courses!
Now lay your wagers on the Horses.

A PLEA FOR EGYPTIAN INSOLVENCY.—"*Ex Nilo nihil fit.*"

THE WINNING CARD.



DEAR Horse! thou Noble Animal!
All spirit, strength, and speed,
Endurance, and docility,
And courage high at need!

The treasure of the Eastern Skeikh,
The pride of the Western Peer:
His name gives name to Chivalry;
His rider's the Cavalier.

A charger on the battle-field,
A courser o'er the plain,
In chase the Hunter beareth he;
The Warrior in campaign.

'Tis a sight to see the generous Nag,
As he flies in full career,
Or to watch the team that whirls the Drag
Of the lofty charioteer.

But a downier view the Sporting Man
Of the Noble Creature takes;
Though no Hippophagist, his eye
Is still on Horses' stakes.

With a view of the furthest point whereto
In the betting he's like to go,
The odds on a Horse are all he cares
About that Horse to know.

He scans the Steed with no vain regard
To his form, his leaps, and bounds,
But values him as a playing card
For a prize of sterling pounds.

Then sing hey for the Noble Animal!
And the Noble Sportsman also!
And for milking, pulling, and hocussing,
And all plants on the Turf that grow!

Anatomy of the Turf.

THE Egyptians adored the Bull, and multitudes of us English are devoted to the Horse. A thinking young man remarked that the Derby is the great annual Festival of Horse Worship. His companion, a Medical Student, said that Horse Worshippers commonly spoke with veneration of "that 'ere 'oss." The object of their worship seemed to be the *os sacrum*.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Is the *Mineral Colt* a descendant of the "Iron Horse?"

WHAT TO DO ON THE DERBY DAY.

"I think I shall go down to Hampton Court and play tennis. As it is the Derby, nobody will be there."—*Sybil, by* B. DISRAELI.

SURELY the Premier's suggestion is worth a thought. Quiet is hard to find in this world, but it may be discovered on the Derby Day. It is the very time to do a little useful business. *Exempli gratiâ*:—

You may call on LORD DERBY at the Foreign OFFICE, and find him ready to listen to your views about the Herzegovina.

You may, in like manner, enlighten SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE on the difficult question of Egyptian Finance.

You may look in at the Stock Exchange, and show its Chairman the immense importance of reforming that influential establishment.

You may have a quiet day of study at the Reading-room of the British Museum, with that polite Gentleman, the Principal Librarian, in constant attendance upon you.

You may pass a happy hour at the Academy in front of MR. POYNTER'S picture, calculating how long it will take MILANION to fall on his nose.

You may climb to the gallery of Saint Paul's, and look down upon a deserted City.

You may have a river steamer all to yourself from London Bridge to Richmond, and dine in delightful isolation at the "Star and Garter."

You may travel by Rail without the least fear of being in a carriage with an unprotected and aggressive female.

You may walk along Pall Mall, and not see a human being you know.

You may drop in upon MR. DISRAELI with a dodge; and he will reply, τίς γλαῦκ' Ἀθήναζ' ἤγαγε;—"There be coals at Wallsend."

You may bring radiant Epigrams to *Mr. Punch*. *Toby* will be found at home, and in a fierce temper, because he does not go to the Derby. *Cave canem!*

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



UMPH! Nothing to yield a drop of Essence in the Lords on *Monday, May* 29.

(*Commons.*)—MR. CALLAN means to move for a Select Committee to subject Bubble Companies to the same pricking as Foreign Loans have gone through. Emma Mines, Lisbon Tramways, and similar swindles, promise a rich crop of revelation under the operation of JAMES's Powders. But one hardly dares to hope there *can* be any legal punishment for "financial enterprise" that has robbed to the tune of millions.

The writ for Norwich is to be suspended, till that borough has repented in its native crape—if not in sackcloth and ashes. The same Bill will disfranchise the scheduled voters for Boston.

MR. MITCHELL-HENRY moved a Resolution declaring that no financial arrangements can be satisfactory which do not relieve Ireland from a burden of taxation, beyond her ability to pay, as compared with Great Britain. As the taxes levied in the Green Isle and the rest of the United Kingdom are the same—except the Assessed Taxes, from which Ireland is exempt—it is not easy to say where the injustice lies. But PADDY is at liberty to fit the burden to his own back. Let him drink less whiskey, and he will contribute so much less to the Imperial Exchequer.

MR. HENRY did not venture on a division.

In Committee on the Commons Bill. As the law stands, if a Lord of the Manor and the Commoners agree, a Common can be enclosed without sanction of Parliament. This leaves out of sight the public interest in the enjoyment of Commons, which does not constitute a legal right.

MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE tried in vain to press an enactment that henceforth no enclosure of a common, town or village green, shall be legal, except under the statute. "Propputty, propputty!" was trotted out against him by MR. CROSS.

(Happily Commoners are growing more wide-awake than of old, and there is less prospect of the lord being allowed to have his own way with the waste than there used to be. The great point is to give us Enclosure Commissioners who understand the importance of protecting open spaces wherever they are wanted for public enjoyment, health, and recreation. *That* the Bill, with all its shortcomings, will forward. It might be better, but it is good as far as it goes.)

Tuesday (*Lords*).—LORD DONOUGHMORE moved Resolutions for the amendment of the Irish Grand Jury system. The DUKE OF RICHMOND had little to say against them but that they must be embodied in a Bill which must originate in the House of Commons. The LORD CHANCELLOR admitted that the discussion had shown the need of an amendment of the law: so the Resolutions, though withdrawn, were not moved to no purpose.

A conversation about Foreign Titles conferred on English subjects elicited from LORD DERBY the rather startling admission that there is no legal penalty for the assumption of a title to which a man has no right. (*Punch* never assumes his Foreign Titles in this country, much as *Judy* has pined to be presented as LA MARCHESA DE POLICINELLO, and recommends his friends of the Upper House to follow his example.) His Lordship confirmed the startling news of the deposition of the SULTAN. (ABDUL AZIZ—as some hundreds of his indefatigable correspondents have already taken care to inform *Mr. Punch*—is now ABDUL as was. The Softas have settled the revolution in the softest style. MOURAD THE FIFTH is now Commander of the Faithful. May the elevation not invest him with another title, already familiar to Eastern story—MOURAD THE UNLUCKY. We are informed that he passed the four weeks previous to his accession in a cellar. He may yet regret even that calm and secluded retreat. On the time-honoured principle that "When things are at their worst they'll mend," the change must be an improvement; which, no doubt, accounts for the jump up of Turkish Stock from nine to fourteen on receipt of the telegram, and the general rejoicing which seems to have hailed the news, at Constantinople and elsewhere.)

(*Commons.*)—After this stirring news had been confirmed by MR. BOURKE, the House was recalled from its excitement by MR. DISRAELI's curt Motion for adjournment over the Derby Day, on which SIR WILFRID had his usual innings. He scored his first laugh by claiming the Motion for a Party one—"supported by the party of sentiment and opposed by the party of sense." He must have meant the Amendment. He denied that he had been seen at the Derby in a scarlet coat and a green tie. He quoted from the *Daily Telegraph* a summary description of Epsom Downs on the Derby Day, as "the grandest assemblage of blackguardism on the face of the earth," with the comical comment, a few lines further on, that "the sight is one of the prettiest in the world." He asked for votes against "a proceeding which was somewhat inconvenient, slightly mischievous, altogether childish, and thoroughly contemptible."

MR. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT said he had not gone to the Derby for twenty years, and did not mean to go to-morrow; but the Derby was a general holiday, and he did not see why Members should not have the chance of enjoying it. When he was at Hyde Park Corner, in the evening of last Derby Day, he saw a carriage pass with a gentleman in it, rather dusty, and apparently very cheerful, bearing a most remarkable resemblance to the Honourable Member, and carrying a doll in his hat.

MR. ASSHETON deprecated jocularity. He denied that the custom of adjourning over the Derby Day was either good or old. He believed the time would come when people would wonder that so late as 1876 the House of Commons in its busiest time adjourned its proceedings for a whole day to see a horse race. (*Punch* hasn't a doubt of it, by the time when cakes and ale are things of the past.)

MR. BRIGHT followed MR. ASSHETON's grave lead, and gave the House a weighty lecture on the evils of horse-racing. He believed that the character of the House would stand higher in the country, and wherever their debates were read, if they abandoned the custom the Right Honourable Gentleman proposed they should follow now. (So does *Punch*, with one qualification, however—that the sense and morality of the country shall have grown *pari-passu* with that of the House. In the meantime, *Punch* fears that a taste

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POPULAR HYMNOLOGY.

Mistress (with a Ritualistic turn). "AND HOW DID YOU LIKE THE FESTIVAL SERVICE, MARTHA?"

Martha (from the Country). "LOR', MUM, IT WERE BEAUTIFUL! THERE WAS A LOT O' MEN AND BOYS A-MARCHIN' ROUND AND ROUND THE CHURCH WITH FLAGS, AND A-SINGIN' 'ONWARD, CHRISTY MINSTRELS!'"

THE APPEAL OF THE PIOUS FOUNDER.

'TWAS the Ghost of a Pious Founder stood
By COTTON'S couch, in the night-watch dim,
Above his brow it seemed to brood,
Then thus did make appeal to him:—
"Oh sturdy champion of civic right,
Yet a little let reason give thee pause,
Provoke not a more than doubtful fight,
Nor valour waste in a hopeless cause!

"We built, you inherit; and all our aim
Was within the ring of the Public Weal.
Time changes. You seekers of civic fame
Have with other duties and days to deal.
Make not our names mere snares to trip
The feet whose progress we sought to speed,
And let not Prerogative's jealous grip
Minister only to pride and greed!"

With wrath COTTON'S hair stood up, but—"Nay,"
Quoth the mild Shade, "pray, be not wroth!
You're all of you hon'rable, I dare say,
But why to the proof of the fact so loth?
'Tis clear public purpose bars private right,
Of that truth though you and BOWYER are scorners;
Be wise; up windows and let in the light,
Cobwebs *may* lurk in *some* odd corners!

"Where Craft, Commerce, Charity, Culture you aid,
What need for striving inquiry to muzzle?
But are you quite sure no duties unpaid
Are given to the joys of glare and guzzle?
I've heard of feeds—but *verbum sat.*,
Do you plead a *per contra*? You've done your best?
Then put it to proof. No escape from that.
The public trust waits the public test.

"Better meet the friends you call foes half way,
Ere the cry you gird at waxes louder.
Gird loins for the duties of to-day,
Proud as you are, you may then be prouder.
Great GRESHAM & Co., to whom you'd appeal,
Send the word, 'Still forward!' across the border:—
Guide you, as they guided, the City's weal,
Light ne'er comes amiss to a house in order.

STREET SONG, AS AMENDED FOR CONSTANTINOPLE.—"*Uncle, make room for your Tommy.*"

for the Derby will continue one of the many points in which the House of Commons represents the lower propensities of the country.)

MR. POWER declared that if any Irish Member dared to oppose the adjournment, he would cut him—an awful contingency!—and that if Ireland had her native Parliament, on Palace Green, it would adjourn over every Derby Day in the year.

Finally, the House declared it did want to go to the Derby by 118 to 207. SIR WILFRID'S minority is on the rise.

A long discussion on the case of a Sub-Inspector of Irish Constabulary dismissed in 1867. SIR M. H. BEACH promised to look into the case. There is *some* "justice for Ireland," after all.

MR. TREVELYAN, in a House of not much over a dozen, moved two Resolutions: one for Equalisation of the Borough and County Franchise; the other for Redistribution, with a view to more complete representation of the electoral body. His reasons for, were better than MR. LOWE'S against; and MR. BRIGHT backed him up in the best speech he has made this Session.

MR. DISRAELI rode off on Redistribution, and the House (which had filled for division and to hear BRIGHT) followed him, throwing out the first Resolution by 264 to 165, and the mover withdrawing the second. *Quid plura?* Time will be: Time is not now.

Thursday (Lords).—The LORD CHANCELLOR introduced his Bankruptcy Bill. The old Act, in handing over arrangements in Bankruptcy to creditors, had too often handed over bankrupt estates to the trustees. The new Bill will empower creditors to appoint committees of inspection, who will nominate the trustee and look after him; and estates won't be allowed more than two years for liquidation. After that they must be handed over to the Court. As it is, they are left in trustees' hands till they get liquidated in the original sense of melting away altogether.

(*Commons.*)—On Commons. CROSS held his own against all amenders.

CROSS introduced his Prisons Bill—to put our gaols on a more uniform footing as regards diet, discipline, and cost; and to that end empowering Government to take into its own hands the whole cost, control, and management of prisoners from the date of their committals. This, it was calculated, would save £392,000 to Local Rates, if it added £285,000 to Imperial expenditure. A balance of some hundred thousand to the good; to say nothing of the improvement in prison discipline and administration. Bravo, CROSS! Another point scored to your credit.

Oxford Soothing Syrup.

(*For Quieting noisy 'Varsity Babies. From the New University Receipt Book.*)

To every score of noisy Undergraduates add half a dozen prettily-behaved young Ladies—should be well dressed. Mix well together, and serve at next Commemoration.

Those Evening Belles.

"THE *Bells* have grown old," MR. IRVING repined.
"Don't 'ring in' with their old drawing force."
"Then the Belles," said MISS BATEMAN, "must, after their kind,
Have to Stratagem speedy recourse."

Right Again!

KISBER won the Derby. Thus prophesied *Punch*:—

"*Mineral Colt*, of wealth be mine."

Explanation is unnecessary for those who know, and on those who don't would be thrown away.

THE HOSPITAL FOR LADY-STUDENTS TO ENTER AT.—The Middle-sex.

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AT THE HORSE-SHOW.

Ethel (to Papa, who has been to Luncheon). "YOU 'VE NOT MISSED MUCH, PAPA. THERE HAS ONLY BEEN ONE MAN IN THE BROOK, AND TWO TUMBLES AT THE HURDLES!"

DERBY STAND-POINTS.

IT is perhaps needless to remark that *Mr. Punch* has received an enormous number of descriptions of last Wednesday's race. From the great mass of such contributions *Mr. Punch* has selected two, which he presents to the public, that they may strike an average between them:—

SIR, *June* 1, 1876.

NEVER again! I have now seen the race several times, and on every occasion I have vowed it should be for the last time. Yet this year, on Wednesday last, I found myself in a hamsom with WALLIS—WILLIAM WALLIS—and a hamper. Never go to the Derby in a hansom! In the first place, you have no room for your legs; in the second place, if you ride (as we did) four miles behind a van, your cab will become a receptacle for a sufficient amount of peas to provide soup for the whole British Army; and, thirdly, it is ten to one that your companion will (as mine did) want to smoke strong cigars the whole way down and back. I need hardly say that WILLIAM felt thirsty at an early period of the day, and insisted upon opening the hamper, when we of course discovered we had no corkscrew. A blow from the Cabman's whip soon got over this difficulty, though if the incident had taken place anywhere except in front of my partner's villa at Clapham, I should have been better pleased. The Press gentlemen, who are paid for it, always rave about the beauties of the road. I have never seen anything except scrubby hedges, Cockney villas, and an unconscionable amount of dust. Also the spectacle of several thousand ramshackle vehicles with their more disgusting occupants, is not one to raise the mind to good and noble thoughts.

We got to the Downs, had some lunch, and left the hamper in care of the cabman. I soon lost my friend, and had to wander about by myself. Good heavens, Sir! what does a man go to the Derby for? If he enjoys having his coat brushed against his will; being pestered by tawdry women thrusting decayed vegetables in his face that may once have been roses; hearing the inanities of minstrels whose natural dirt one would think would have rendered burnt cork superfluous; being invited to spot the king or to point out the little pea; being sworn at for getting in the way of those idiots who are shying at cocoa-nuts; being grilled alive by a fiery sun, and narrowly escaping being run over by the drags of a bloated aristocracy—if, Sir, he enjoys all this, he is fool enough for anything; and if he doesn't enjoy it, he is ten times bigger fool for not being comfortably at home. Just before the race, I started to run down the hill. In my haste I dodged under a carriage. "That's him! Stop thief! hold him tight!" were what I heard; and then next moment I was seized by two policemen, and accused of having stolen a bracelet! In vain I protested; I had been seen to do it; and if it had not been for the arrival of another policeman with the real offender and the bracelet, it would have gone hard for me. As soon as I was released I heard a yell, and, on turning round, saw the number "7"!

What! The Race over! I had not seen it; and *Kisber* first!

* * * * * * * *

On the drive home I will not dilate. BILL was, as *he* put it, "on," the Cabman (as he put it) had "copped the brewer"; both of them (as *I* put it) were in a hopeless state of intoxication. The usual amenities of the road took place. Suffice it to say, that as, at half-past eight, we drove up Grosvenor Place, my companions only capable of being used as illustrations to a lecture on the Ghastly Results of Intemperance, and I with my clothes covered with flour, my face a mass of soot, and my hat bashed in with a cocoa-nut, I saw on a balcony a lady to whom, during a sat-out dance on Monday, I had, in my most *blasé* manner, declared the Derby only fit for boys. *She saw me!* The Cabman asked more than the appointed fare, and, on my refusal to pay, did, at BILL's instigation, hit me in the eye.

Sir, in conclusion, the Derby Day is a humbug! the House of Commons, for adjourning, is a humbug! and you, Sir, are the greatest humbug of all for encouraging in Cartoon, prose, and verse, an effete and exploded idiocy.

Yours, &c.,
ONE WHO BACKED PETRARCH.

BELOVED PUNCH, *June* 1, 1876.

WHAT a days you are having! Oh the Darby! I drove there in one "drag" with twelve of my countrymen. Such larks! My wife in Hungary. The school Misses—I could have married them all by the dozen. The country superb. The finest horses and carts I ever saw in the whole of life. Some had four horses, some one donkey. We sang "*Tommie, make rooms for my Uncle*" the whole possible way there. We had a fine place, and saw the race noble. When my country's horse won, I threw my hat (white) in the air, and never saw it again. After lunch we had larks. I got a jolly blow on my head from a man playing Aunt Silly. A Swell threw lobster-salad over me. I talked to several *grandes dames* in carriages, who gave me champagne. It was not good, but the English nobles are not so high exclusive as peoples say. We had great fun back with squirts and pea-shooters. I took my coat off and fought a man, and was knocked down stunning. Hurrah for the Darby. I shall always go. Next year, with my wife—in Hungary of course. I saw twice so many carriages go home that went down.

You "tipped" the Winner. I drink your very good healths.

Yours, &c.,
ONE WHO BACKED KISBER.

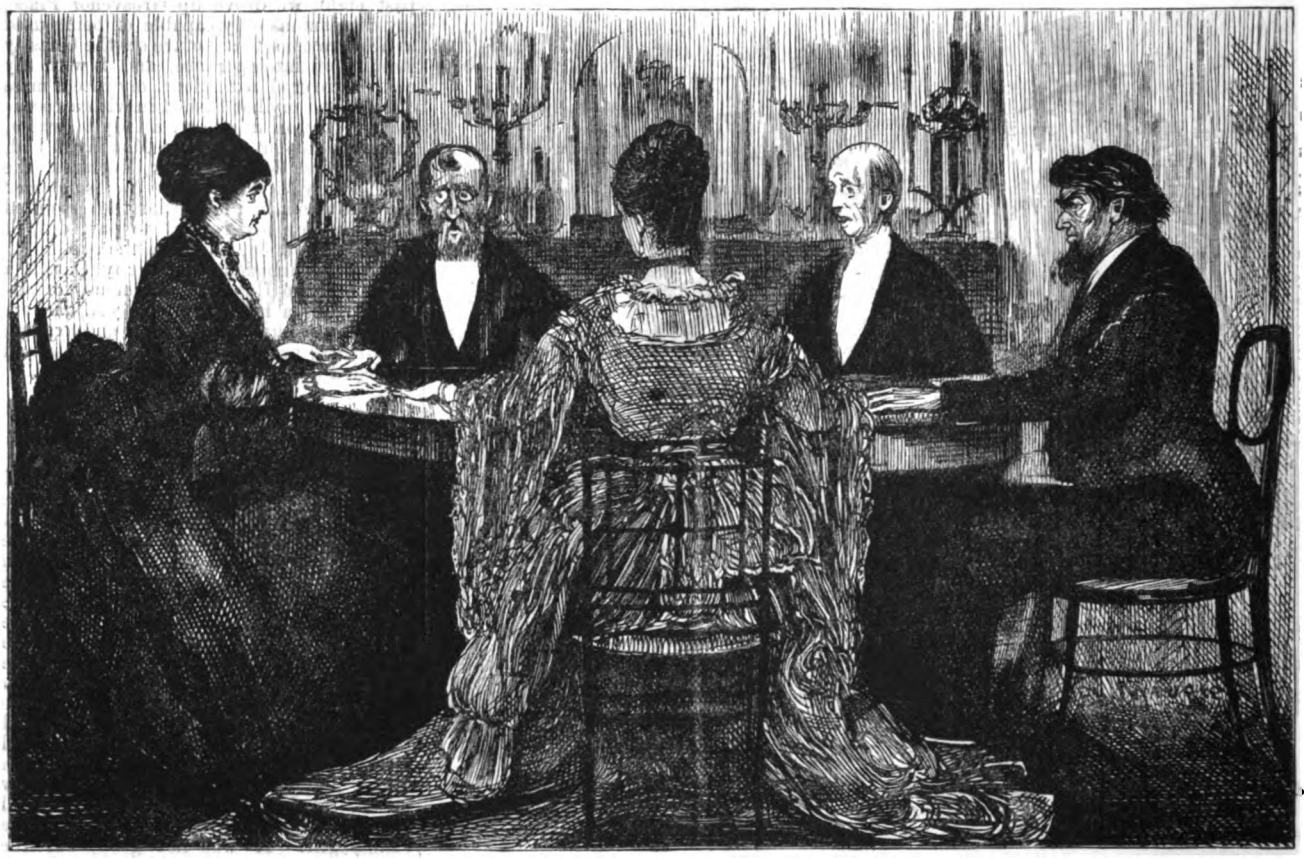
TO JUNE.

EGAD, 'tis a good derivation,
With beauty and power, if not truth,
For the East wind is forced to cessation,
And the year 's in its lusty hot youth.
We are gay, and our sons and our daughters
Delight in the calm plenilune,
And wander on Whitsuntide waters
'Mid glory of June.

Comes music from many a villa,
Where they dance on the tree-shaded grass:
The swan leads his cygnet-flotilla,
And hisses at boats as they pass:
Save Hesperus, twilight is starless
In the light of a fast-growing moon,
As we loiter awhile, not cigarless,
In silence of June.

Let politics, business, annoyance,
Away to the Zephyrs be flung:
Accept the fair season's soft joyance;
In the breath of the youth-month grow young.
The call of inflexible Duty
Will break up our holiday soon,
So enjoy, as you laze amid beauty,
This fragment of June.

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LAST NEWS FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

Medium. "THE SPIRIT OF THE LATE MR. JONES IS PRESENT." *Jones's Widow (with emotion).* "I HOPE YOU ARE HAPPY, JONES!"
Jones (raps out). "FAR HAPPIER THAN I EVER WAS ON EARTH!"
Jones's Widow. "OH, JONES! THEN YOU MUST BE IN HEAVEN!" *Jones.* "*ON THE CONTRARY!*"

THE SCIENCE SHOW, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THE following Notes are extracted from a Catalogue found by the Police in the Exhibition of Scientific Apparatus, now open at South Kensington. There is no name in the Catalogue—"Puffing Billy" scribbled on the title-page appears to refer to a venerable steam-engine—but the owner was evidently a man of an independent and original mind, disposed to view the instruments in the Collection in novel aspects, and not tied and bound to any preconceived scientific theories, or overridden by narrow intellectual assumptions. Certain of those who have had the privilege of examining this Catalogue and its marginal Notes, seem to think that some at least of them may have been made without the writer seeing the objects they refer to—a question of considerable importance, on which we should be glad to receive the opinions of learned bodies and distinguished men of science both at home and abroad.

Notes.

"Slide Rule." As this instrument may be applied (among other purposes) "to find areas," no Policeman, who has a proper regard for his own comfort and happiness, ought to be without one.

"Napier Bones." Mysterious, dismal, chilly. To which of the many celebrated NAPIERS did these bones belong, and how is it that they are not in their natural resting-place?

"Instruments of Precision." Invaluable to those innumerable vague persons of both sexes, who are totally unable to detail what they hear, read, or see, in any accurate, clear, or intelligible manner. But can they be taught how to use these instruments?

"Plotting Scales." Harmless enough here, but likely to arouse suspicion in countries fertile in conspiracies, secret societies, and revolutions.

"The Wealemefna." What can this be? A new patent medicine, or hair-dye, or a strange wild animal from India, would clearly be out of place in a Collection of this character. Perhaps it is another sewing machine.

"Measures of Capacity." What a boon to constituencies choosing new Members, masters and mistresses engaging fresh servants, youthful persons of both sexes selecting partners for life, and parents determining on the future career of their progeny!

"Delicate pressure Gauge." By the aid of this ingenious instrument, a diffident man will be able to estimate exactly the amount of encouragement he may derive from the "delicate pressure" of his hand by the beautiful being who is the source of all his thoughts, dreams, schemes, hopes, fears, and palpitations.

"VON JOLLY'S Spring-balance." The mere title puts one in spirits for the whole of the day. We forget the lateness of the season, and the North-East wind, and the Eastern Question, and everything else that is uncomfortable and depressing.

"A 12-mile Protractor." Consult PAYSON WESTON, or some other eminent pedestrian, as to the uses and advantages of this instrument, before going into training.

"'s. GRAVESANDE'S Apparatus to demonstrate the Theory of the Wedge." There is something irresistibly fascinating and provoking to the curiosity about that initial "'s." Does the Theory of the Wedge apply to the whole, or only the thin end of it?

"Soldier Experiment." Strongly recommended to the notice of the Horse Guards and War Office.

"Revolution Indicator." Must be of the greatest possible service in countries, where Revolutions occur with a frequency to make some sure warning of their approach invaluable to those inhabitants who are wise enough to sell out of the Funds and change their residence.

"Whistles for producing Shrill Notes." Any one who has the misfortune to live near a railway will condemn these as a superfluous and terrible invention.

"Set of Vowel Forks." The attendant, on being asked why this set was incomplete—there being no Consonant Knives—was mute.

"Siren," and "Double Siren" (*see* HOMER'S *Odyssey*). Sure to draw enormous crowds. Except, perhaps, a Mermaid, the originators of the exhibition could not have sought and obtained a greater attraction. (They are perfectly harmless.) With the ample material at their disposal, the Committee might arrange a most telling concert. The Sirens, of course, would be the principal vocalists, the

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AN "AWFUL CROPPER"!

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prime donne (soprano and contralto), with the accompaniment in certain pieces of the "Tube for Singing Flames." The instrumental part of the performance would be a safe success with the "Fog Horns," "Patent Double Trumpet," "Marimba or Balafo," "Enharmonic Harmonium," and "Revolving Drum."

"Powerful Spectroscope." For SEEING GHOSTS!

"Jellett's Saccharometer." Sounds nice and sweet. Will also recall to visitors in Ascot week a once noted racehorse. (N.B. Persons interested in horses, especially intending purchasers, should not fail carefully to examine the "Pony Sounder.")

Are you a person of weak or highly sensitive nerves? If so, approach with due caution, or perhaps better still, avoid altogether the "Wild Polarising Trobometer." Beware also of the "Thunder House" and "Thunder Pump."

"Photometer, for ascertaining amount of daylight." There are days in the year, in London for example, when this instrument might be called into active requisition.

"Optical Bank." The wonderful Catalogue, generally full enough, is here obviously deficient. It does not say whether the Bank is on the Limited Liability principle; it mentions no names of Directors; it is silent as to the amount of the shares; and it gives no address. Without some further explanation, we shall keep our money in the "London and Westminster."

"Interference Apparatus." Almost the only blot on the Exhibition. Surely, surely, there is enough interference already going on in the world without Science being called in to lend its aid to foment and increase it! We are sure the authorities will see this matter in the proper light, and at once withdraw the Apparatus from the Collection.

"Apparatus for demonstrating the Glory on bedewed Meadows." Suggestive of poetry, and recollections of early rising.

"Model of Circular red-hot Copper Railway." This is too dreadful! Are there not perils enough in our Railway System? Where is this "red hot Copper Railway" to be found? What part of the kingdom does it traverse? Has it much passenger traffic? Does it pay any dividend?

Here, for the present, we must pause in our extracts from these Notes; first recommending pages 20—22, 76—86, and 332—342 of the Catalogue as light and pleasant reading for leisure moments.

BOOKS AND BRAIN-WORK.

A WONDERFUL instrument, said to have been invented by DR. MOSSO, of Turin, was described the other day by DR. GASKELL, at a Conference connected with the "Biology" section of the Loan Collection of Scientific Instruments at South Kensington. It appears to be a register chiefly for measuring the fulness of the limbs—hence named the Plethysmograph. According to a summary of its description:—

"The whole of the fore-arm is immersed in water in a glass vessel, and the cover of india-rubber grasps the arm with a water-tight grip. Every enlargement or contraction of the arm by the inflow of additional blood, or the withdrawal of the usual amount, causes a difference in the bulk of the arm, which affects the pressure on the water. This is connected by a pipe with a recorder."

Cui bono?—the present reader will not inquire, for the reader of *Punch* never asks a shallow question. If it were asked, however, the following reply, as far as it goes, may be deemed more—or less—satisfactory.

"If a demand is made for blood in the brain by unusual brain action, it is necessarily withdrawn from the extremities; hence it is claimed that this apparatus can be used for testing the intensity of brain action. It is stated that a classical scholar tested with a Latin and Greek book showed more blood needed for brain-work to read Greek than Latin."

A picture of the classical scholar as he appeared sitting with his arm in a Plethysmograph, and being tested thereby, might be executed with effect by a humorous artist. It would represent an experiment of literary and scientific value, which could no doubt be estimated by a sufficient scholar and competent philosopher laying their heads together. But, perhaps, before drawing any conclusions from the indications of the Plethysmograph of the comparative quantity of blood needed by the brain for brain-work performed in reading, severally, a Latin book and a Greek book, they would like to know what books the Greek book and the Latin book respectively were. Even a school-boy in a low form could inform a philosopher who knew not, or did not consider, that some Latin books are harder work to read than some Greek books, as well as *vice versâ*. Reading the former, therefore, would, according to the theory of the Plethysmograph, cause the brain to attract to itself the greater quantity of blood, as recorded by that ingenious contrivance. If the Plethysmograph can be trusted, its application to the works of contemporary writers would be interesting. A stupid book, however, may be harder work to read than a clever one. On the other hand, if thought is brain-work, the study of some very popular writings would not perhaps be found attended with any extraordinary determination of blood to the brain.

HISTORICAL QUESTIONS.

(For the use of those who go to Fancy Dress Balls.)



Question. What does tradition say about the early Norman Kings?

Answer. That they wore costumes wonderfully adapted for the concealment of an ungainly figure.

Q. Who was RICHARD THE FIRST?

A. A man with a saucepan (*minus* a handle) upon his head, and a calico shirt (*plus* a cross) upon his back. This person also was much given to wearing stockings and gloves made of steel netting.

Q. What is known about the PLANTAGENETS?

A. That they must have put down their battle-axes before they began to waltz.

Q. Who was JOAN OF ARC?

A. A young Lady partial to spangles and back hair.

Q. What were the peculiarities of a Page—time of the Battles of the Roses?

A. To wear silk tights, a velvet doublet, a small dagger, and a feathered hat, and to take off his false moustache after supper.

Q. What does History know about HENRY THE EIGHTH?

A. That he was a portly man of a certain age who did not shrink from exhibiting his legs.

Q. Who was ELIZABETH?

A. A red-haired Lady, in a long-waisted dress trimmed with pearls and decorated with a pantomime ruff.

Q. Tell me all you know about WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

A. He had a bald head, and wore black velvet tempered with shirt collar.

Q. What do you believe about CHARLES THE FIRST?

A. That his habitual melancholy must have been partly caused by the heaviness of his wig.

Q. What were the characteristics of CHARLES THE SECOND.

A. To wear big boots and a corked moustache, and to tumble over his sword in the third figure of the Lancers.

Q. What is known about MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, MARGUERITE OF ANJOU, ANNE BOLEYN, CHARLOTTE CORDAY, CATHERINE OF RUSSIA, and MARIE ANTOINETTE?

A. That they all used rouge and *blanc de perle*.

Q. What was the *spécialité* of GENERAL MONK?

A. His large development of boots.

Q. Give the chief result of the First French Revolution?

A. The introduction of tricolor scarves, leathers, and red woollen night-caps.

Q. Who was NAPOLEON BONAPARTE?

A. A clean-shaved person, who wore boots up to his knees to conceal the thinness of his legs.

Q. Give the names of French Historical Personages generally recognised in England.

A. FRANCIS THE FIRST, HENRY THE FOURTH, and a mysterious individual (wearing from time to time costumes of various centuries) vaguely known as "the Regent."

Q. Has Germany ever produced a remarkable man?

A. Yes, once. FREDERICK THE GREAT; celebrated for his boots.

Q. From what classes of people are the armies of the Continent supposed to receive their most numerous recruits?

A. From bashful Black Brunswickers and apologetic Vivandières.

Q. And lastly, what is known about all Historical Personages?

A. That they would have found their costumes exceedingly uncomfortable and inconvenient in a modern ball-room.

See-Saw Song.

(For fast young Stock-Jobbers and Financial Agents.)

HERE we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, down;
And here we go into the Bankruptcy Court,
And then we get round, round, round.

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CLUBS! CLUBS!



"In the name of the Prophet, Figs!"
When the Caireen higgler cried,
'Twas from sublime to ridiculous
Rebuked as a sudden stride.

But our cry is now, through all classes and crafts,
From senators to subs,
Tory swells to Radical working-men,
"In the name of the profit, Clubs!"

Such virtue in Co-operation is,
Such advantage in prime cost,
Invest upon Club principles,
And your money can't be lost.

From London's hotbed cryptogamous
Club-moss may be said to grow:

We have streets of Clubs, and squares of Clubs,
Big and little, high and low.

Like mushrooms, they want little root;
Strange food they seem to swallow:
At the game of the day you must follow suit,
And "Clubs" is *the* suit to follow.

Are you a Swell? You must have your Club;
That you're not a Snob to tell.
Are you a Snob? You must have your Club;
To show that you are a Swell.

And in this universal suit,
In spite of snubs and rubs,

You'll find each thinks the Club he holds
The highest card in Clubs.

Till one may say, that High or Low,
Jack, Game, all round the ring,
Each, if asked to give his Club a name,
Of Clubs would call it King.

And if the Ladies had their rights,
And petticoat-Clubs were seen,
The Ladies all would be pulling caps,
Each of Clubs to prove hers the Queen.

There's only one court-card in Clubs
That I fancy all would waive;
So suppose we started *that*, and called
Our Club of Clubs the Knave!

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AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

"OH, UNCLE GEORGE! DO THEY *KILL* THEM BEFORE THEY STUFF THEM?"

IMPORTANT OFFICIAL INQUIRY.

MR. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT's insinuation that SIR WILFRID LAWSON visited the Derby last year, and returned "somewhat dusty, very cheerful, and with a doll in his hat," induced *Mr. Punch* to institute an inquiry as to whether the Honourable Baronet went to the Derby this year. The following is an abstract of the evidence taken:—

A Gentleman could almost be positive that the Honourable Baronet sat opposite to him in a train going to Epsom, but his face was partly concealed by a newspaper, *The Morning Advertiser*, which he was intently perusing. Could not swear that it was SIR WILFRID.

A Purveyor of Refreshments said that a Gentleman answering to the description of the Member for Carlisle called for a bottle of Champagne, and drank it all himself. He observed it was a great shame that Champagne-bottles did not hold an imperial quart. After he left, some one said it was SIR WILFRID LAWSON, or SIR WILLIAM DAWSON: could not be sure which.

A Gipsy Fortune-Teller said she fancied she knew the "pretty gentleman." He crossed her hand with silver, and was very funny. She asked the first letter of his first name, and he said "W." She then told him that if he would be serious, and there was nobody else in the world, he might some day become a great man. This seemed to affect him greatly. Hardly thought sixpence enough for such information. Perhaps some other pretty gentleman would cross her hand. She thought she saw a gent in the chair who liked to "kiss a pretty girl in a corner." (*Ordered out of the room.*)

A Chemist of Epsom gave evidence that a Gentleman came into his shop on the afternoon of the Derby Day, and asked for something to cure the "hiccups," which he said were the result of imprudently drinking some cold water. The Gentleman could stand quite steady by holding on to a chair. Thought it might have been the Honourable Baronet, because he fancied, while he was mixing the draught, he heard something like "WILFRID, my boy (*hic*), this is very (*hic*) bad form."

A Hansom-Cab Driver deposed to having driven a Gentleman answering the description from Epsom, and on arriving in town he was told to drive to the House of Commons. The House was closed, and the Gentleman, who seemed pretty comfortable, said, "Of course, yes; I forgot. Never mind; better luck next year." He was discharged at Westminster Hall. The next day he found a pocket corkscrew, with the initials "W. L.," in his cab.

Finally, a person gave evidence that the Honourable Baronet, or some one very like him, wound up his watch in St. James's Park the next day after the race, and set it by the Horse Guards' clock.

Mr. Punch does not consider the above evidence sufficient for him to come to a decision upon, but must ask the public to form their own conclusions on this most important matter.

PROPERTY AND COMMONS.

NEVER mind scenery,
Foliage and greenery.
Plants with machinery
Raise in their lieu.
All but utility
Deem imbecility,
Dotage, anility,
Scorn and eschew.

Commons, what use on 'em,
Save to the goose on 'em?
Cattle run loose on 'em,
Vagrants abound.
Village brats play on 'em,
Jackasses bray on 'em,
Going astray on 'em,
Clapped in the Pound.

Sweep gorse and heather, all,
Off them together, all,
Break them up, whether all
Good land, or no.
Build over wild and waste;
Once flowery paths effaced,
With smart new streets replaced,
Terrace and row.

Our Regulation Bill,
Scarce Conservation Bill—
—Slight Limitation Bill,
E'en let it pass,
And not at least impede,
If not enclosure speed,
Soon may no Common feed
Or goose, or ass.

Not common lands would we
Keep, as Conservers, free,
But claims of Property
'Gainst them uphold.
Let sentimental swains
Weep for their silent plains,
Lone glades, and glens, and lanes,
Woodland and wold.

Let the tall chimneys rise,
Let them begrime the skies,
While they regale our eyes.
Old England may
Grow, as her face they blur,
So bards and fools aver,
Richer and uglier
Every day.

Nothing Like Lucidity.

THE subjoined piece of excellent advice is extracted from the *Belfast Newsletter* of May 25:—

"BOTTLED CLARETS OF 1874 VINTAGE.—This Vintage is so superior it is worthy the attention of all large consumers. Any gentleman buying now and laying past him will find he has a Wine that could not be purchased a year hence except at nearly two-thirds of what he can do so now. Be careful in buying nothing only classed Vintage Wines."

MRS. MALAPROP ON FISH CULTURE.

MRS. MALAPROP presents her compliments to MR. FRANK BUCKLAND, and begs to know if any of the big sea-monsters in his Fish Museum have been captured by the claws of the Habeas Porpoise Act.

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UNANIMOUS ALL ROUND.

Kind-hearted Parson. "DEAR ME! TAKE CARE! SUPPOSE——I HOPE HE WON'T HIT YOUR FINGERS!"
Gigantic Navvy. "SO DO HE TOO, SIR! YOU MAY DEPEND"—(*with meaning*)—"HE'D BETTER!!"

PRAISE FROM THE POPE.

"The English is a highly religious nation, and, as far as the Reformation permits, a religious nation . . . The Anabaptists were burnt alive by QUEEN ELIZABETH . . . The Arians were burnt under EDWARD THE SIXTH, and the writ *De Hæretico Comburendo* lasted a long time . . . Religious indifference was never tolerated."—*See L'Osservatore Romano.*

IN the City Eternal the POPE's own journal
Strange praise of England soundeth;
That it once was a place of Christian grace,
Which, in some things, still aboundeth.
Once we prisoned and fined to enlighten the mind
Of Dissent, just as Orthodox men do:
And conformitié enforced with a *De*
Hæretico Comburendo!

ELIZABETH, so history saith,
Was of heresy pupil aptest;
But even in *her* good deeds occur,
For she roasted the Anabaptist:
And though EDWARD THE SIXTH was graceless, he
Did what Rome would fain again do—
Made the Arians see the meaning of *De*
Hæretico Comburendo.

Let us swallow the praise; for in these dull days
Though none are with thumb-screws tortured,
Or burnt at the stake for Piety's sake
With wood from the nearest orchard,
Church Suits there be—and when folk see
The strange things that saintly men do,
They feel there should be a new writ, *De*
Lunatico Inquirendo.

A SELLING RACE (*dedicated to the Supporters of Petrarch*).—The Derby!

FESTIVE ECONOMY.

THE "Centenary of ADAM SMITH" was celebrated on Thursday last week, being the Hundredth Anniversary of the publication of SMITH'S *Wealth of Nations*, by a dinner at the Pall Mall Restaurant, Waterloo Place, MR. GLADSTONE in the Chair, presiding over a large number of noblemen and gentlemen, politicians, statesmen, and philosophers, additionally regaled after their banquet with a doubtless genial address by MR. LOWE. This dinner was given by the Political Economy Club. Some curiosity, therefore, may be felt as to its *menu*. In connection with the wealth of nations illustrating the wealth of individuals, that, of course, was not limited to workhouse fare, but might it not, on principle, have included *Skilligolée à la Mélasse* and *Potage à la Gardien des Pauvres*, otherwise *Soupe Maigre à la Maison d'Industrie*? These delicacies may have been untasted, but there is no accounting for tastes; and some enthusiastic political economists may possibly, all the rather if personally economical as well, prefer the lighter soups abovementioned to turtle, either thick or clear, and even for themselves.

A Contradiction in Terms.

IN his Seraglio prison
ABDUL-AZIZ sighed, too late,
"The Softa is my downfall,
The harder is my fate."

CRUELTY TO OUR KIND.

IN case the new Vivisection Bill becomes law, will it protect the higher as well as the lower animals? Does it contain any clause forbidding people to cut their friends, or restraining literary gentlemen from cutting up one another!

MOTTO FOR THE DETHRONED SULTAN.—"Though lost to sight, to memory dear."

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SONNETS FOR THE SEX.



We idolise the Ladies. Are they fairies,
Who make delicious this slow world of ours—
Or from Olympian hotbeds happy flowers—
Or choice cream-cheeses from celestial dairies?
No matter: sweet are they, and their vagaries
Charm care away, and give us joyous hours,
And multiply our pleasures and our powers,
Provided that they don't turn missionaries.

We like the lady who rides, rows, or rinks,
But not the lady who makes pious fuss,
Or she-philosopher who thinks she thinks,
And studies Sanskrit or the Calculus,
Or hunts 'mid *Polypi* for missing links.
When these appear, we ask why this is thus?

O MISTER DANTE GABRIEL ROSETTI!
O MISTER ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE! *Punch*,
Having now ended a poetic lunch
With two fair girls both perilously pretty,
Swears your *Faustine*, *Dolores*, *Jenny*, *Hetty*,
Are just lay figures with no bones to crunch,
And he, the giant of the comic hunch,
Greatly prefers a bouncing Devonshire BETTY.
He knows, which you, it clearly seems, do not,
Where, in the maddening whirl of this wild planet,
With statesmen solid, sonnet-scribblers shady,
How to discover men who know what's what,
How to detect the gem amid the granite,
How to find Earth's first flower—a lovely Lady.

Well, just another sonnet, Ladies fair:
Punch loves to see your exquisite soft ways,
To watch you in the summer's happy haze,
To braid poetic roses in your hair.
Only he says to younger men, "Beware!"
The old Philosopher whose length of days
Would veteran METHUSALEH amaze,
Laughs at these boyish wooers, void of care.
Ladies prefer brain and backbone and power,
The easy strength that makes a joke of toil,
The hand that masters either sword or pen:
So, youngsters eager for a glorious hour,
Learn that the rapier's stronger than the foil,
Love Ladyhood, and live the life of men.

THE BRAND OF CHAMPAGNE TO BE AVOIDED AT ACADEMY DINNERS.—Ruinart.

ADVICE GRATIS TO THE RUSSIAN GENERAL VENYOUKOFF.—Take a Lozenge.

PARISH RELIEF.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

SURELY SIR THOMAS BROWNE, had he lived in these days, would have included amongst "Vulgar Errors" the common idea of the duties of a "Relieving Officer." This mistake, dear Sir, you may observe made in a communication from "A COUNTRY PARSON" to the *Daily News*. It is one which Clergymen in general, as a class, mostly labour under—a peculiarly clerical error. The "COUNTRY PARSON" airs his fallacy in the following anecdote:—

"A case lately occurred in my parish that bears out what I say. A poor man was suffering from an abscess in his neck, and the Doctor 'ordered,' or rather 'recommended,' a certain quantity of mutton and ale every day, which, the Doctor told me, 'he ought to have.' The Relieving Officer, however, did not think so; but gave only what he thought proper; awaiting leave from the Board, that met ten days later, to give the full amount of relief recommended by the Doctor. I remonstrated with the Board, telling them in truth that a sick horse or a sick cow would fare better in like circumstances, but to no purpose; they would screen their officer from all blame."

He then wrote to the Local Government Board, but the Local Government Board screened the Board of Guardians. The Board above upheld the Board below. Of course. He invoked the aid of an influential Peer who shared his misconception of a Relieving Officer's functions—but in vain. The noble Lord was too busy to attempt an unwise interference.

The "COUNTRY PARSON" prefaces his case, as above stated, with a perfectly true remark:—

"It is needless to say that . . . when a sick man has to wait nearly a fortnight ere leave from the Board can be obtained for the administration of relief ordered by the Doctor, the poor sufferer has time to wait and to die without it."

Certainly. There is not the slightest need for saying what is obvious. Equally unnecessary are the "COUNTRY PARSON'S" subsequent comments on the misery and suffering which the circumstance that "the Relieving Officer is not allowed to obey the Doctor's orders as regards relief to the sick, without leave from the Board of Guardians," entails on "the sick poor." Of course, a system essentially penal entails misery and suffering—if it works as it should.

The "COUNTRY PARSON," and most other parsons—and persons—imagine that the Relieving Officer's duty is to relieve the poor. His duty is to relieve the poor no more than he must. He is the Parish Relieving Officer. His office is to relieve the parish. He has to do that by administering the *minimum* of relief to the poor. Relieving Officers, too many of them, if left to themselves, would too commonly be weak enough sometimes to take the vulgar and clerical view of their business, and fly in the face of parochial philosophy. It would never do to allow them to execute the orders of doctors at their own indiscretion. Doctors, in their ideas of what the "sick poor," as they are called, ought to have, are apt to be quite as extravagant as parsons. The Guardians have to guard the ratepayers' pockets. Happily they know how.

As to a "sick horse or a sick cow," how absurd comparing valuable stock to paupers! There are indeed horses and cows corresponding to the "sick poor" closely enough; but we can relieve ourselves of them without any other Relieving Officer than the Knacker. Parish Guardians are unable to relieve the parish more directly than they can through a Relieving Officer whose negative office is limited to the partial negation of relief. No bread at all, not any other food, would be very much better than half a loaf—to say nothing of superfluous "nourishment" ordered by the Doctor—completely to answer the purpose which Relieving Officers are intended for, and ought to serve. That would be at once a true economy of both human suffering and of the rates. By economising the latter, dear Sir, we economise the former to the extent of putting an absolute end to a very great deal of it; and I am sure you will allow that there is no more efficient Relieving Officer than our old friend with the scythe and hour-glass. A "draught of his sleepy wine" is a more perfect anodyne for "them wicious paupers," as *Mr. Bumble* called them, than anything the doctor can order. In relieving them, it relieves the parish of them, and of having to support them—at some cost even upon nutriment not more expensive than

SKILLIGOLEE.

A Problem.

A WINS of B a bet of 100 to 20 against the *Mineral Colt*.

A goes down to the Derby with a barouche and four, which he persists in paying for on the strength of his luck.

A gives a dinner to twenty friends at the Lucullus Club; B never pays up.

If A's winnings = x, what does he lose?

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



WHITSUNTIDE holidays!

"How sweet is Rest by honest Labour won,
Pause between work to do, and work well done:
Such rest as, by the leave of Whitsun weather,
Brings Prince, and Premier, and *Punch* together,
To quaff cool cups, and crack the genial joke,
And watch, serene, life's troubles end in smoke.
That *Punch*, and Prince, and Premier are blest,
Whose lines have fallen in the pleasant West:
'Gainst you no Powers combine, no Softas plot;
For you friends wax not cold, insurgents hot:
No midnight *fetvah* hurls you from your states,
Nor darkling Death on Deposition waits."

In other words, Whitsuntide holidays in St. Stephen's are a very different thing indeed from Whitsuntide horrors in Stamboul—whether for Prince, Premier, or Philosopher. You see what a pleasant picture the one makes in the pages of *Punch*. Who could bear to see faithfully painted the intolerable iniquities of the other?

But holidays *will* come to an end, and the pleasantest the most quickly. Ere *Punch* had fairly inhaled his fill of midsummer air, scented with hawthorn, he finds himself back again, a busy-bee, extracting Essence from the flowers of Rhetoric and the fruits of Legislation, in the Parliamentary parterres of Westminster.

Thursday.—Back to the Commons—the very thing for the Commons, one would have said, unsated with their short Whitsun-week's holiday. MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE, backed by MR. FAWCETT and LORD E. FITZMAURICE, made a gallant struggle to get a fixed *minimum* of reservation from the waste for recreation-grounds or field-gardens. MR. CROSS maintained his ground, that it was better to avoid *maxima* and *minima*, and let the amount of reservation in each case be settled on its own merits.

The misfortune is, that if "*De minimis non curat lex*," it may be feared the Commissioners will be often too like the law they administer, and go on not caring either.

In answer to MR. FAWCETT, MR. CROSS explained how he meant to deal with the thirty-four Commons now scheduled for enclosure. The schemes are to be reported upon by one of the Commissioners—MR. CAIRD—and a gentleman appointed for the purpose; and on their report the arrangements are to be reconsidered.

The County Courts are to have jurisdiction to prevent local enclosures; but MR. CROSS declined to accept a clause moved by SIR

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IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

Nurse. "I WANTED TO GO INTO TOWN THIS AFTERNOON, IF YOU COULD SPARE ME, TO GET A NEW BONNET. AND—I ADMIRE YOUR TASTE IN BONNETS SO MUCH, MUM, I WAS A-THINKIN' I COULDN'T DO BETTER THAN GO TO THE SAME SHOP! !"

W. V. HARCOURT, declaring illegal enclosures of Commons public nuisances, and so abateable by anybody. This, *Punch* cannot help thinking, would have strengthened the back bone of the Bill.

A discussion on the congestion in the West End arteries, caused by the plethora of traffic at Hyde Park Corner. LORD H. LENNOX contemplates an operation of his own for relief of the pressure, different from the ones proposed by DRS. DENISON and ADAM, and by the collective wisdom of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

London will be thankful to know something is to be done.

MR. SCLATER-BOOTH brought in his Bill for preventing the Pollution of Rivers. One set of its provisions is meant to stop solid refuse; another to dam out sewage; a third to exclude manufacturing filth. Conservancy Boards are to be created for river basins; sanitary authorities are to make bye-laws for manufactories, and County Courts are to enforce the penalties of the law on offenders. A very pretty scheme. But will it *work! Punch* has seen so many pretty schemes, and still the filth goes into the rivers. If MR. SCLATER-BOOTH succeeds where his predecessors have failed—

Mr. Punch his misgivings with pleasure will sooth
And hold up his hands and bless SCLATER-BOOTH.

MR. CROSS brought in a Bill to shut off a see of Cornwall from the see of Exeter. A munificent individual—worthy to be called a pious tin-founder—has promised £1,300 a year; the BISHOP OF EXETER is to ladle £800 out of *his* see into the Cornish, and a considerable sum has been collected besides in driblets, so that there is hope that the see will not lack the see-water—*aurum potabile*—required to float a Bishop.

(*Friday.*)—The Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition humbly asked for any information the Leader of Her Majesty's Government would be pleased to vouchsafe about the Eastern Question. The Leader of Her Majesty's Government could not exactly lay any papers on the table. But the House would be glad to know that the Berlin Memorandum had been withdrawn—he thought he might say *sine die*. The Porte had offered the insurgents an armistice. All the Powers agreed with us in thinking no pressure should be put on the new Sultan; and all had concurred in clapping a muzzle on the Dogs of War in Servia and Montenegro (for which animals and their Russian "Bill George," see *Mr. P.'s* Cartoon).

A waste of time over the imaginary grievances of MR. HENWOOD, disappointed naval architect. Ditto over the well-ascertained rule of each House not to refer to debates in the other, such debates having no authorised organ. Everything depends, as MR. DISRAELI pointed out, on the rule being evaded, as it must sometimes be evaded, in a proper Parliamentary and Pickwickian manner—"in fact, as *I* do," intimated the Right Honourable Gentleman.

SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL urged the necessity of somehow combining under one and the same recruiting machinery a short-service system for home, and a long-service system for India. MR. HARDY didn't see his way to it; and we don't wonder.

A good deal of talk, but none to much purpose, on the Army Estimates, which included £17,000 for the rebuilding of Knightsbridge Barracks, and a vote for the Martini-Henry Rifle, which brought up the old controversy on its merits as a service-arm; showing the old and irreconcileable Doctors' differences, which leave lay-people satisfied that our rifles are very well as they are.

LOGICAL DEMONSTRATION.

THE Temperance Demonstration on Whit Monday in Hyde Park was a very numerous one. This is gratifying. Its numbers have multiplied since, no doubt. CARDINAL MANNING is reported to have said that every one who turns a Temperance-man makes three other Temperance-men. Turning Temperance-man is your way to promote Temperance. Such demonstrations as the Hyde Park Temperance Demonstration demonstrate that Temperance, and not drunkenness as fabulists assert, is on the increase. It is reasonable to hope that Temperance will go on increasing amongst the masses, as it has increased among the higher orders, until it prevails. Temperance *farà da se.* Monster Temperance Demonstrations prove in the meanwhile that, inasmuch as the people are fast taking to Temperance of their own accord, there is not the slightest reason whatever for trying to make them sober by Act of Parliament. Success to Monster Temperance Demonstrations!

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OUR REPRESENTATIVE AT CAMBRIDGE

Visits the ancient University on the very important occasion of conferring a Musical Doctor's degree on an eminent Composer, and reports.



SIR,

As a son of the soil—as, I mean, a Member of the ancient University of Cambridge, both of us, of course, couldn't be absent on the recent most interesting occasion of conferring degrees. If you, Sir, couldn't go, I was sure to be at my post. To the Cam! Cam away!

It had been all arranged previously. My influence with the dear virtuous old Vice did it. By "old Vice," of course, I mean my good old friend, the Vice-Chancellor, bless him!

"Don't mind *me*," I wrote to him, in answer to a question of importance, "I'll come in for anything or nothing. But give MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN a Doctor's degree. What have you got to spare? A second-hand gown, and a flat muffin cap will do the trick, and three-and-sixpence for the loan of them for the first hour, and half-a-crown afterwards will meet the requirements of the University Chest, and my illustrious friend can stand it. He 's the man in all England to be a Musical Doctor. Do it, dear Vice, do it, and shed a lustre on your term of office."

From the Vice to your Representative.

"Good. *Senatus omnis ibi.* Fees no object. What will you take, eh? Yours, V. C."

From the Former (Me), to the Latter (Him).

"*Cher* V. C.,

"As I said, 'don't mind me.' But since you *do* ask me what I 'll take, I reply, I'll take a 'D.C.L.' or 'L.L.' (KINAHAN'S), with a taste of water, cold. No sugar—though, perhaps, *entre nous*, mild Scotch is safer. If you want me to take anything else—well—I 'll take my oath, if you like, just to show there 's no ill feeling between myself and the University Authorities, in the Senate House, *coram populo*, as we call the residents in Coram Street.

Yours ever.

P.S.—Have the flags out, and the band. The Composer will arrive in my care. Sound the trumpets in Trumpington. Beat the drums, and jingle the College quadrangles. Sir, it 's a great day for Cambridge."

Once more the Vice (DR. PHEAR) wrote "*Good. Mind you come.*" To which I wittily replied, "*No Phear,—I 'll be there.*"

Well, Sir, it was a magnificent spectacle. We alighted and proceeded, amid a perfect ovation, ("*ovation*" is of Latin derivation, and in its origin has something to do with eggs—so to give a person an ovation means "to salute him with eggs")—to get into our fly as quickly as possible, pull up the blinds, and tell the man to drive, like beans—or "old boots," whichever he liked—by the back way into Trinity. It turned out subsequently—and all 's well that ends well—that we had been mistaken for some one who had recently done something very unpopular, and who was consequently execrated—or I should say *eggsecrated* by the Undergraduates.

But no matter. The Composer in the fly (which was a trifle damp and smelt of hay), looked ruefully at me and said, "What shall I do with these fireworks?" for he was carrying a packet with Catherine Wheels, and mottoes and inscriptions of "Long Life to SULLIVAN!" "Vote for the Musical Doctor!" "No more Prescriptions! Take Notes," and so forth, with a transparency the size of five red silk pocket-handkerchiefs (old style), representing Britannia and myself crowning the Composer, pictured in his Doctor's gown and cap.

"Keep them, my dear friend," I said, "till it 's dark. I'm sorry I can't offer to carry them for you myself, but I know so many people here that it wouldn't do."

Well, Sir, we drove on a perfectly royal progress, with the blinds up. Suddenly, as we turned into the Market Place, where the Martyrs' Memorial—the beautiful Town Pump—stands,* we were recognised: I mean, the crowd found out *who we weren't*. And then you should have heard the cheers.

"You must give 'em *largesse*," said I to the Future Musical Doctor, who couldn't just then get at his pockets; and I added, "to save time, I 'll chuck out the shillings and sovereigns, and then we can make out the account, and you can settle with me afterwards."

In a moment, Jupiter-like, I descended in a glittering shower on the Danaës of the crowd. Never was popularity at such a height as was the Future Musical Doctor's at that moment. And to think that, afterwards, he disputed my account of it, and said I couldn't have thrown away thirteen pounds ten like that. But he is a *noble cœur*. I make it a rule to speak well of a man *till he pays me*. Then,—but no—*Jamais—nevare*, shall I say one word against my dear old friend ARTHUR S. THIRTEEN-POUNDS-TEN, Mus. Doc., Cam.

We went over the backs of the Colleges, which are looking lovely at this time of year. OLD TOM of Christ Church (you recollect OLD TOM?), who is still the Porter at the Lodge, bless his grey hair, is as gay and as lively as ever.

"You remember me?" I said to the old boy.

He did, and replied quickly,

"And you 'll remember me, won't you, Sir?"

I turned with a moist eye to the Composer, and hummed "*Then You 'll Remember Me*" (BALFE), and I pointed out to him what was the custom from time immemorial.

He gave him a note—from his chest; my Composer never gives less—and such a note!!

Well, Sir, we crossed Peckwater, and came out at the back of Trinity Hall, by the Bridge of Sighs, near Joan of Arc's College, where we saw many of its members—hence called Joanians. How beautiful!! What an interlacement of foliage and architecture!*

But I must come at once to the business of the day.

A Procession was formed in this order:—

One of the Pokers (the other came later), the Shovel, and other University implements, signifying respectively the four terms of the year, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. Then the Proctor, in an ancient Roman chariot, attended by two Junior Proctors armed with *fasces*. These were hooted: Proctors always are. Then came as fine a show of University bull-dogs, for which breed you know this place is famous. Short-legged, strong-jawed, wicked-eyed. Cheered immensely. They were in leashes, and attended by the V.D. Professor (Veterinary Doctor), in his robes. Then came the Ladies affiliated to the University, headed by the Margaret Professor, the town band playing *Marguerite's* "*Jewel Song*" from *Faust*. All the caps and gowns were of Cambridge Blue, shining in the sun, with fringed silver tassels. Then the leading Noblemen of the University, in their splendid uniforms and armour of the reign of HENRY THE EIGHTH. Then came alone the Public Orator, carried away by his own eloquence. Received with acclamations. After him DR. GOSS, playing on a beautiful organ drawn by three fawn-coloured spinnets,† with two men as Tritons blowing. Then came the Chancellor on horseback. The DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, carrying a pot of the cream of his own native land as an offering. This is an old custom, but, as I whispered to the High Steward, "It 's an old custom, but it 's all *rite*." He roared, shouted, kicked, but he was obliged to get on, as the University Poker (red hot, of course), was behind him. The Mace looked quite spicey. The Commissary, MR. FORSYTH, came next in uniform. His office is to run on errands for the Heads of the Colleges, and a fine berth it is with a long vacation of four months and a half. Then came, as stately as possible, the *Sex Viri*, faces blacked, white hats with black bands, long-tailed coats, and gigantic white chokers and collars. Then the various Professors, each carrying his own tripos and a square bit of carpet. The *Auditors of the Chest*, flashing their bright new stethescopes, made a fine show, and were much cheered. The two Moderators walked together, with their wicks half turned up, and their *abat-jours*, or

* There appears to be some slight confusion here. The Martyrs' Memorial *used* to be at Oxford. But we admit that our memory is not absolutely infallible, and our Correspondent, being in every other respect trustworthy, we feel bound to take his word for the details of a locality he has so recently visited.—ED.

* "Interlacement of foliage and architecture?" It seems to us to be a muddle of names and places. Peckwater is in Christ Church, Oxford, and "Old Tom" is the name, we had always understood, of a vulgarian drink much in vogue at the lower order of taverns; while "Tom" at Oxford is certainly not a man—more like, if we may be allowed the harmless jest, a *belle* than a *beau*. As to Joan of Arc's College, we fancy that there must be some mistake here. Still we *may* be wrong, and we admit that *tempora mutantur*, and the Universities have so changed their characters, that what was the peculiarity of the one, may now have become part and parcel of the other. Yet, on second thoughts, when our Correspondent appeals to *us* for corroboration, and says "*You* recollect OLD TOM," we are bound to admit *that we do not*. Yet, if he exists, and if *he* recollects *us*, what can be said, except after a personal investigation on the spot, which there is not now time to make. In future, we must adopt a new and more stringent plan with Our Representative. We say this for the security of the Public.—ED.

† Surely our Correspondent must mean "jennets." A spinnet *was* an ancient musical instrument. We print it as written, because, as he was on the spot, the name might have been spinnets after all. But they never did this sort of thing in *our* time.—ED.

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HOW TO TREAT PICTURE-STEALERS.

(*Hint to the Police.*)

shades, well spread out, as proud as peacocks. It is odd, yet a sign of strong University Conservatism, that, though gas has been introduced everywhere, these two ancient Moderators should be still retained on the establishment. The celebrated PROFESSOR LIGHTFOOT (Doctor of Dancing, as his name implies), was received with acclamations. The Professor of Astronomy wore his stars, a new cocked hat, and walked along looking at nothing particular through a brand-new telescope. The Downing Professor of Medicine was got up as DR. DULCAMARA, and attended by the conventional Jack-pudding, with the usual big pill-box, drum, and old jokes, which fell flat. The Botany Professor was distinguished by a sunflower in his button-hole, over the Arabic by his Bedouin costume. Altogether it was a grand, I may say, an exceptionally grand spectacle.

Then *we* came. When I say "we," I mean that I, of course, was apparently a mere subsidiary—a mere super, while, as was right and proper, all the attention was centred upon *Le Jeune Compositeur*, who, as pale as milk, but with a calm step and one unfaltering eye (the other being on the other side, I cannot give you any account of it, *and I will not invent*), marched onward, occasionally turning to press my hand, to ask me how he was looking, and to beg me not to forget to prompt him in the Latin reply which he would have to make to the Public Orator, and which, though he'd been up all night learning it—(we were up together, and I was hearing him. We awoke in our chairs about four A.M., "οὐδὲ τοδὲ οὐδὲ σ'αλλὰ," as the great scholar PORSON said, and as I feel *I* should have said, had I only had the great scholar PORSON'S opportunity, —*tout est là*), he was obliged to repeat over and over again, as he walked along, with, I admit, a proud step and an erect bearing, towering above all heads, the observed of all observers.

I attended him as the Minstrel's best man. White waistcoat with Camelia in my button-hole, primrose gloves, but I refused to black my face, positively. Behind us and winding up the procession—but we couldn't see behind us, *and I scorn to invent*.

With a flourish of trumpets we entered the Senate House by the Sheldonian Gate, where we were received by all the great Dons of Brasenose, whose privilege it is on these occasions to wear the brazen insignia of their college; the effect is striking, and is at first like a family of golden-nose'd Punches. The galleries were full; all seats taken; a first-rate house. No paper; all genuine; there were a few foreign orders; and I gave a few orders myself, but it was to the boys, in front, to get away from the railings. The military bands played (outside) through the proceedings, so that, to put it theatrically, we "spoke through music."

The Public Orator advanced. "By Jingo!" he exclaimed.

"*Quid est?*" I asked in a whisper.

"*Perdidi orationem meam!*" he exclaimed.

"*Quid faciesne?*" says I. I haven't spoken Latin since I was in Hungary, campaigning, and I own that I wasn't quite sure of my "*ne*" and my "*num*." But when I was campaigning, and out all night, my *knee* was *numb*—as I said to the Regius Professor, who told it to the Hulsean Professor, and they went off, behind the Vice Chancellor, in suppressed shouts. My! or as we say here, "*Meum!*" it was a scene.

"*Da mihi verbum*," says he to me.

"*Volo*," I replied.

"I say," whispered my dear friend the future Musical Doctor, "for goodness sake *don't give him my speech*."

"*Compte sur moi!*" I returned, and creeping up inside the Public Orator's enormous gown, I begged him to keep his arms down: then I put out mine under his, and did the old trick. *He* spoke, I did the action, occasionally giving him the word when he stuck. The effect was admirable, and the encore was enormous and enthusiastic. It was as much as I could do not to step from underneath the gown, and bow my acknowledgments. However, I didn't wish *dare gaffam ad ventos*. This is in brief the idea of the speech:—

"*Dominus Vice-Cancellarius, Magister, Dominæ et Domini, Magistræ et Magistri*"——

Here he paused, and I prompted him. He was getting dreadfully nervous. "*Salvete!*" said I, in a whisper. "*Salvini!*" says he, out loud. Which got a round of applause, and he was a little abashed. Again I prompted him. "*Permettez-moi*—I mean," for I had made a mistake, you see. "*Omne rectum! I caput!*" I whispered: and recklessly he plunged into it.

"*Habeo magnam delectationem introducere ad vestram considerationem maximum et cleverissimum Hominem Componentem quem præsens ævum vidit. Non solum composuit, ille, hic maximus et cleverissimus Vir Componens, melodias musicales tales ut 'Revidens,' 'Obvia mihi unum tempus iterum.' 'Vita quæ vivit ad te.' 'A rupe ad rupem.' 'O pulchra Columba! O amans Columba!' Sed præcipué, et super omnia et opera sua, est magnum opus per quod, hic vir illustrissimus et valdé doctissimus descendet ad posteritatem admirantem, ego volo dicere et nominare illud opus melodiosissimum et jocosiosissimum*," ("*Quod composuit*," I put in, "*cum alio cleverissimo viro qui scripsit librettonem.*") "*Coxus et Boxus*" (immense cheering and waving of handkerchiefs) "*ex quo nunc ego unam parvam rem cantabo.*"

Cries of "No, No!" "Don't!" "You've no voice!" "Cut it!" &c., &c. In a whisper I prevailed on him not to waste his sweetness on the galleries, *but to give it us afterwards* in the Common Room.

Then amid deafening cheers our Composer knelt down before the Vice Chancellor, and at his hands received the emblems of the Doctor's Degree, an ancient Medicine Bottle (one of those big glass things with coloured fluid inside, and a hieroglyph outside—our ancestors, mediævally, always took medicine in these quantities, and "that's how they never got beyond the Middle Ages"—as I said to the Medical Professor and Clinical Lecturer, who went into shrieks and had to be led out by the Proctors), a plaster (adhesive on one side, with the University Charter and the terms of his degree on the outer side, away from the skin—this is only worn in full dress), and a tuning-fork to be used at banquets. It is this last which distinguishes this degree, *i.e.*, the Musical, from the ordinary Medical, or Doctor's Degree.

Our Composer sang his reply, which was admirable. Words by—well, I won't mention names, but he's not fifty miles away from Your Representative at this present minute. Music by the *Il Dottore Maëstro* himself. I will just give you the chorus—emphasis strong on the *am* in *viam*, the *vi* very short, and eliding the vowels when required:—

"Hanc vi*am* militares habemus,
Vi*am* navitantes habemus,
Vi*am in* Varsitate *et* habemus,
Sic dicimus nos om*nes!*
Sic dicimus nos om*nes!*
Sic dicimus nos om*nes!*
Hinc vi-*am* militares, &c."

Sir, the whole *Senatus Consulti* rose as one man. The *hymnus* was taken up frantically, and a lot of Undergraduates were taken up frantically afterwards,—subsequent proceedings in the Town Hall, at which his Worship the Mayor, &c., assisted.

I brought our new Mus. Doc. back again safely, muffin cap, gown and all (which had to be returned by next train), and there only remains my little account to settle, and *this* little account to be given to a generous Public, by one who is ever most faithfully

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

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A FAITHFUL GUARDIAN.

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home."

THE ROBINSONS RETURN HOME FROM THE GREAT FANCY BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE, IN COMPANY WITH A FRIENDLY RED INDIAN OF THE PRAIRIES AND A WARM-HEARTED MEDIÆVAL EXECUTIONER, TO WHOM THEY HAVE OFFERED THE HOSPITALITY OF THEIR SUBURBAN ROOF. UNFORTUNATELY, "TEAR'EM," A GIGANTIC, SHAGGY, ROUGH-COATED, BLACK-MUZZLED MONSTER OF THE NOW FASHIONABLE ST. BERNARD BREED (WHO HAS BEEN LEFT IN THE HALL TO WATCH OVER THE HOUSE IN THEIR ABSENCE) DOES NOT RECOGNISE HIS MASTER AND MISTRESS, AND ALTOGETHER FAILS TO UNDERSTAND THE SITUATION.

WHY THEY GO TO ASCOT.

Lady Upperten's reasons.—Because it is really quite the thing to do. Because sweet ANGELINA will be sure to meet dear LORD EDWIN there. Because a judicious lunch often leads to a good proposal. Because the girls have set their hearts upon it, and have ordered their dresses.

Captain Rook's reasons.—Because young PIGEON is going, and will be sure to play *écarté* afterwards. Because long odds are always to be found if you know where to go to get them. Because the Tailors dun a good deal before they leave Town for the Seaside, and the country is consequently to be preferred now to London. Because something good may be picked up, and no harm can possibly come of it.

Sub-Lieutenant Pigeon's reasons.—Because old ROOK has promised to go. Because the luck at *écarté* must turn if you only play long enough. Because you like to see your money won for you by the horses of your choice. Because it will be so jolly.

Mrs. Redpaynt Flirtington's reasons.—Because business of importance will keep MR. R. FLIRTINGTON in Town. Because she is sure to be amused. Because the children at home are such a bother. Because in her new dress she will look six-and-thirty.

Mr. Tentofour's reason.—Because there is nothing to read in the papers, and nothing to do at the office.

Mrs. Tooting Smythe's reason.—Because the CLAPHAM DE BROWNES are going, and it would *never* do to be cut out by those odious creatures.

Mrs. Clapham de Browne's reasons.—Because the TOOTING SMYTHES are sure to be there, and it would be *too* absurd to be outshone by those vulgar persons!

Le Marquis Château de Pomme-Frite's reason.—Because he is a thorough "gentlemans-ridère" and loves the "high-life" English.

Mr. Romeo Montague's reason.—Because *she* is to be there!

Miss Juliet Capulet's reason.—Because *he* said he was going!

Mr. Samuel Shoddy of New York's reason.—Because he may as well take Ascot on his way to St. Petersburg, *viâ* Paris, Vienna, Malta, Rome, and Constantinople.

Mr. Capel Court's reason.—Because the Betting-Ring is getting less dangerous than the Stock Exchange, and because a day's holiday in the country is worth a week's work in the City.

Mr. Punch's reasons.—Because Ascot is one of the prettiest sights in the world. Because to the good all things are good. And lastly, because if he likes to go, who shall dare to say him nay?

Mottoes for the Times.

For the Softas.—"*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*"

For Le Follet.—"*Est modus in rebus.*"

For the Coaching Club.—"A Four in the hand is worth two in the ditch."

For Polemical Writers.—"*Doctrina sed* vim *promovet insitam.*"

For a Gentleman-Help in love with a Lady ditto.—"*Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.*"

For United Spain.—"*Fuero fuerit.*"

For SIR WILFRID LAWSON.—"You may take a House to the water, but there 's no making it drink."

MARITIME RIGHTS—OF WOMEN.

THE Right of BRITANNIA to rule the waves, and have a Man-of-war called "she."

CAPTAIN SHAW'S WORD OF COMMAND.—Go to Blazes!

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THE DOGS OF WAR.

BULL A 1. "TAKE CARE, MY MAN! IT MIGHT BE AWK'ARD IF YOU WAS TO LET 'EM LOOSE!"

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ECHOES FROM THE PARK.



ICKED UP IN JUNE, 1876.

WHAT an Habitué says. Arm-chairs tuppence, Sir; all the others a penny.

What a Dowager says. Yes, dear ANTOINETTE is to be married to dearest LORD CHARLES in August. And I can't help thinking (you know how *very* sharp mothers' eyes are, dear LADY SNOOKS, now don't you?) that GWENDOLINE and the DUKE—— But there—I mustn't say anything more—I positively must not.

What a Member of Parliament says. Well, you must know that to my intense surprise, Sir, the Government actually accepted *my* Amendment! It was carried, Sir; and, by Jove, Sir, if it isn't thrown out in the Lords (which it won't be), I don't know what we shall do. Give you my word, Sir, I don't know what we shall do!

What a Young Lady says. Oh, isn't it a sweet dress? But I can't say much for the wearer. I hate straw-coloured hair and washed-out blue eyes! Don't you, Major?

What an American says. Yes, Sir, I have come to see your Europe. I arrived yesterday, and did London last night. I'm off for Paris to-morrow morning.

What an Elderly Maiden Lady says. Oh, yes, we girls are all going to Ascot. My brother will take his daughters and myself. We shall be *such* a merry party! You *must* meet us there!

What a Young Gentleman from Aldershot says. I assure you, old man, we are being bucketted all over the place. Nothing but the precious Long Valley all the week! Never get up to town before Friday night, and then have to be back again by Monday morning! Haven't had my hair cut for two days—give you my word I haven't!

What a Traveller says. Oh, I didn't do very much. I only trotted through Africa, and had a look at Asia. Africa was rather interesting; but Asia, you know, had been seen before. Think I shall go to the North Pole in September, to get some fishing.

What an Owner of Horses says. I have it on the best authority that the jock knew nothing about the plant, and was as much surprised at the result as the public themselves. Dear me, what a pity! If you had only come to me *before* the race, I could have told you the whole story, and saved your money for you!

What a Very Young Man says. The Park 's fallen off awfully—not a bit like what it used to be in the days of my youth.

What a Very Old Man says. When I come here, my dears, it quite takes me back to the days when I was courting your grandmother. Now, I remember fifty years ago. What? You are quite right, my dears. I *have* told you the story before!

What a Disagreeable Young Woman says. Yes, I have been to the Academy, to both Operas, and to all the theatres.

What a Youth of Fourteen says. Now, CHARLEY, let 's make our ponies race. Never mind the Peeler. If he joins us, his old screw of a horse will be placed third. Now, then, off we go!

What a Nurse says. Shall I take you to the Barracks, dears, to have a look at the pretty Soldiers?

What a Policeman says. There 's really no danger, Mum; it 's perfectly safe. The carriages won't come until I gives 'em leave to.

What Everybody says. Two o'clock already! How the time flies in the Park! Such amusing and interesting conversation, too! Well, it can't be helped—we *must* go home to lunch!

MORE PANICS.

THE Milliners and Modistes are in a state of panic, because while this cold weather lasts they cannot sell their summer costumes.

A panic prevails among a number of Match-making Mammas, who fear they will be left with their daughters on their hands, through the dulness of the season.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES and several of his pals are experiencing a panic, through a rumour which has reached them that Policemen on night duty, instead of their noisy, heard-afar-off boots, will in future wear goloshes.

A panic is beginning to set in among our Cooks, who fear the badness of trade generally will reduce the price of Kitchenstuff.

There are symptoms of a panic among Foreign Hotel-keepers, lest MESSIEURS BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, and many hundreds of their countrymen, who have been hard hit by "Turks," should find they really can't afford their usual tour next autumn.

MR. JOHN THOMAS is in a dreadful state of panic, through a report that some two thousand carriages have been given up this season, and a doubt whether ere long he may be reduced to walk.

ADDRESS TO ANIMALS' FRIENDS.

THE work of Legislation asks the guidance of reflection.
Consider what you mean to interdict as "Vivisection,"
A cruelty to animals revolting to morality;
The cutting of a thing endowed with sentient vitality?

Firstly, what is a living thing, defined in sense contracted,
Within the meaning of the Bill proposed to be enacted?
Are fishes living things, trout, eels, cod, salmon, skate, John Dory?
Lie reptiles, frogs, toads, tadpoles too, in live things' category?

Do molluscs, and *Annelidæ*, with all *Articulata*?
Or is your measure only to include the *Vertebrata*?
Must beetles and cockchafers still continue unprotected,
E'en without a pain-assuaging anæsthetic vivisected?

Next, what call you Vivisection? Simply cutting things with life in 'em?
Don't you reckon lacerating full as bad as putting knife in 'em?
Is not shooting them for pastime Vivisection, and, in fact, is
Not hunting them to death an as objectionable practice?

Are crimping cod and skinning eels alive not on a parity
With any Vivisection for the matter of barbarity?
Live lobsters what of boiling, too, with purpose, for apology,
No better than experiments of use in physiology?

In a movement of pure sympathy with brutes against brutality
Not for a moment fancy we the slightest unreality!
But hear we not an outcry of a special indignation
'Gainst that mode of Vivisection which subserves investigation?

'Twould seem there 's an impulsive and emotional alliance
Amongst the men of sentiment against the men of science.
You talk of the atrocities committed by Professors.
Are Gun Club "Swells" less heinous, more excusable transgressors?

What of live bait impaled on hooks—old IZAAK WALTON'S habit?
Is it crueller to cut up a live guinea-pig or rabbit?
And do we owe a duty to our lobworm and our gentle,
Which we can only violate by torts experimental?

'Gainst Vivisection legislate—but not without improvement
On the limited intention of a too specific movement.
Give all animals from cruelty all possible protection;
Don't merely try to hamper *scientific* Vivisection.

A QUIET DAY ON THE THAMES.

(*Dedicated to the Thames Conservancy.*)

9 A.M.—Got out my boat, and made immediately for the centre of the stream.

10 A.M.—Spent some three-quarters of an hour in attempting to avoid the swell of the City steamboats. Within an ace of being swamped by one of them.

11 A.M.—Run into by a sailing-barge. Only saved by holding on to a rope, and pushing my boat aground.

12 NOON.—Aground.

1 P.M.—After getting into deep water again, was immediately run into by a coal-barge. Exchange of compliments with the crew thereof.

2 P.M.—Pursued by swans and other savage birds. Pelted with stones thrown from the shore by ragged urchins out of reach of my vengeance.

3 P.M.—Amongst the fishing-punts. Lively communication of opinions by the angry fishermen. Attempted piracy.

4 P.M.—Busily engaged in extricating my boat from the weeds.

5 P.M.—Disaster caused by a rope coming from the towing-path.

6 P.M.—Lock-keeper not to be found. Daring and partially successful attempt to shoot the rapids.

7 P.M.—Run down by a steam-launch travelling at express-rate speed.

8 P.M.—Just recovering from the effects of drowning.

9 P.M.—Going home to bed!

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FANCY BALL VANITIES.

MR. AND MRS. BROWN ARE ASKED TO THE FANCY BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE, AND ARE KIND ENOUGH TO INVITE THEIR LESS-FAVOURED FRIENDS TO A PRIVATE VIEW *OF THEMSELVES* BEFORE DEPARTING FOR THAT GORGEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. IF ANYBODY HAD SUGGESTED TO MR. BROWN, BEFORE THIS, THAT HIS BRONZED AND MANLY CHEEK MIGHT BE IMPROVED BY THE "LEAST LITTLE *soupçon*" OF ROUGE," HE WOULD HAVE SCOUTED THE IDEA WITH SCORN. YET HERE HE IS, NOT ONLY SUBMITTING TO THIS DESECRATION (FROM THE LILY-WHITE FINGERS OF A FAIR NEIGHBOUR), BUT ACTUALLY ENJOYING THE PROCESS!

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"A SETTLER."

Hairdresser. "'AIR'S RATHER THIN ON THE TOP, SIR. WE CAN 'IGHLY REC——"

Customer (gaily). "YES. CAN YOU RECOMMEND ANY STUFF WHICH WILL—AH—REMOVE THE R'MAINDAR!!!" [*Operator tacet.*

THE CITY CHIMES.

(*For Bad Times.*)

"THE Turks haven't a shilling!"
Said the Gate Bell of Billing.

"And then Russia wants all!"
Said a Bell near Millwall.

"And poor France has no power!"
Said the Bell of the Tower.

"And that Egypt's a sweep!"
Cried the Bell of Eastcheap.

"And there's Spain—a great sell!"
Said St. Lawrence's Bell.

"Oh, we've had a nice ride!"
Cried the Bell of St. Bride.

"And are ground in the Mill!"
Moaned a Bell near Cornhill.

"We must wait for high tide,"
Mourned the Bell of Cheapside.

"It's a regular hitch!"
Clanged the Bell of Shoreditch.

"Shall we really lose all?"
Asked the Bell of St. Paul.

"We should much like to know!"
Tolled the big Bell of Bow.

The History of a Sensation.

MONDAY.—A whisper at the Clubs.
Tuesday.—A murmur in the Park.
Wednesday.—A paragraph in the Papers.
Thursday.—A Question in the House.
Friday.—A leader in the *Times*.
Saturday.—A Government inquiry.

AN UNDISPUTED OPINION.

Bill Sikes (reading his paper, log.). What! Increase the taxes for the Prisons? Well, now, that's what I calls fair and reasonable!

A LITTLE LOGIC.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

MEN *say* that we women are illogical creatures. Now listen to me, there's a dear old thing, and I will *prove* to you that a girl *can* draw an inference—I believe that is the phrase—which all you male wiseacres seem to have missed. Everybody is grumbling about the dulness of trade. The papers are *full* of it, and Papa makes it, *as usual*, an excuse for certain small parsimonies, in the matter of milliners' bills, which *spoil* pleasure, and I'm quite sure *cannot* benefit business. But there is, says the *Daily News*, *one* exception to this almost universal dulness, and that is the *Artificial Flower Trade!!!*

There now! Do you see the inevitable inference? I dare say not. Men are quite obtuse as regards all the *nicer* processes of reasoning. Does it not prove *beyond question* that, if men would give up spending their time and money upon hideous Iron-clads, horrid monster guns, Foreign Bonds, and Stocks, and things, all which seem to involve *wickedness* and *waste*, and go in for the cultivation of *lovely* and *harmless* trades like artificial flower making, these periodical attacks of commercial doldrums would never attack them at all? Papa adjectivises the milliners dreadfully, especially after reading the "City Intelligence" in the morning. Now what *could* be more illogical? Nothing! I have tried to prove that to Papa by a close-knit chain of reasoning which he pooh-poohs, but cannot, or at least *does* not, refute. Perhaps if he sees it in *Punch*, he will pay more attention to it. Here it is. The more well-dressed girls there are, the more milliners will flourish; the more milliners the more artificial flower makers; the more artificial flower makers, the less dulness in trade. Q. E. D. (This means that Papa's argument is quite easily demolished! At least, my brother TOM tells me that is the signification of those letters!) In fact, if *all* were artificial flower makers (though that, of course, *would* be inconvenient, for flowers are useless without bonnets to put them on), *there could be no dulness in trade at all!*

There! If that is not logic, I should like to know what *is!* Even TOM admits that; says it is a very choice specimen of the logical process known as *Reductio ad absurdum*, or "rendering a little duck ridiculous." I cannot *quite* see the appropriateness of the name myself, but, after all, the *proof's* the thing. Please, *dear Mr. Punch*, *do* print it, if only to show Papa that Superior Wisdom does *not* pooh-pooh his little girl's logic.

And eternally oblige
Your devoted devourer,
FLORA.

OPEN BRIDGES OR OPEN SPACES?

No doubt the Tolls on those Bridges at which they are levied in a great measure upon the working classes going to and from their employment ought, by all means, as the Select Committee on the London Bridges' Tolls report, to be abolished. But will it be for the public good also to abolish the Tolls on suburban bridges, whereof upon the Surrey side there are very few workmen, and whereat the Tolls are taken chiefly from pedestrians and other excursionists crossing them on their way to and from the bit of country yet remaining on the Surrey side of them, still allowing the enjoyment of pleasant and constitutional rambles, and got to by Putney and Hammersmith Bridges in particular? These Bridges are at present approaches to comparatively Open Spaces, which, if all the Bridges' Tolls are abolished, will very soon be covered with bricks-and-mortar, to the destruction of their utility to Londoners at large, and to the benefit chiefly of the speculative Builder. Would it not be a pity to go to the expense of taking the Tolls off these Bridges? This, at any rate, is an Open Question.

BEST LIFTS FOR HOSPITALS.—Hospital Saturday and Hospital Sunday.

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A PERSONAGE IN ST. PANCRIDGE.



VERY considerable alarm has no doubt been created among the more economical portion of the Ratepayers of St. Pancras by the following verdict of a Coroner's Jury:—

"That the deceased died from suffocation consequent upon want of fresh air; and that it having been elicited that the lying-in ward had been left in charge of a thoroughly incompetent person, and was constantly so left, the Jury recommend that the Guardians should take immediate steps to provide MISS PLATT with properly qualified assistants."

According to the report above quoted, the deceased was an infant a few days old. MISS PLATT is the Midwife at the St. Pancras Workhouse. She deposed that she left the ward in charge of one of the pauper helpers, "as the Guardians allowed no qualified assistant." When she came back she was told the baby was dead, but found it not to be, although dying. According to the pauper-helper's evidence, at a quarter past nine, "the mother said the child was cold and going black." Witness "took it to the fire for ten minutes, and then thought that it was dead, and put it on a bed and covered it up with a sheet. She did not call the Doctor as she thought the child was dead." The Doctor stated the cause of the child's death—"asphyxia, from overlying." He said "it was the duty of the pauper-helper left in charge of the ward to send to him when she found the deceased dead or dying, and added that:—

"He felt convinced that MISS PLATT was considerably overworked, and MISS FOLLETT, the Lady Guardian, had tried to induce the other Guardians to provide a qualified assistant, but without effect."

The St. Pancras Ratepayers will probably not elect another Lady Guardian. They cannot, however, be sure that clamour, consequent on a Coroner's Jury's recommendation, will not possibly drive the colleagues of MISS FOLLETT to go to the expense which that Lady could not prevail upon them to incur, and "provide a qualified assistant." One point remains to be stated; the remarkable coincidence of the unqualified assistant's name and nature. It sounds like a hoax; but there the name is in the *Daily News* of Monday last week, and no mistake, recorded in unquestionable print. The name of this truly typical specimen of a "Pauper-Helper" is actually SARAH GAMP. This is one of the St. Pancras "Pauper-Helpers"—so called perhaps because they help paupers "over the stile." No doubt there is at least another of them who, if not named, might worthily be named ELIZABETH PRIG.

"BENEFITS FORGOT."

MR. PUNCH has received a number of communications on the subject of "Benefits," but can only find space for the following:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HOPE you will excuse my troubling you with this letter. The fact is, that I am in great trouble. I am an old Banker's Clerk, and have been literally before the public for nearly fifty years. My income has been small, and my family large. I have the highest testimonials as to ability and integrity. Sickness and other misfortunes have, however, pulled me down, and it occurred to me whether I could not somehow or other take a "benefit." Do you think it could be managed? I don't understand these things. Can you give me any advice or help?

Yours respectfully,

JACOB FAITHFUL.

Bleak Cottage, Wantage, June 7, 1876.

To Mr. Punch.

SIR,

I AM a Professional Man, and have struggled through the best part of my life with many incumbrances, but have managed to keep myself and family independent. Now, however, in consequence of the dulness of business and the overcrowding of my profession, we are likely to be sold up unless I can get some temporary help. My wife suggests my taking a "benefit;" but how, when, and where? Of course, it would be distasteful to my feelings, but it would take a mighty load off my mind if I could realise two or three hundred. Do you think HER MAJESTY would lend me her Theatre?

Yours, despondingly,

Compo Lodge, Loam Lane, N. PATER FAMILIAS.

DEAR PUNCH,

I SUPPOSE you don't know me? Very few people do. I have, however, made my living for many a long year by wielding the brush, and selling "pot-boilers." I have kept out of debt, and preserved my position as a Gentleman. Old age, and a glut of the market have, however, brought me to a stand-still. I do wish some one would get me up a "benefit."

Yours, faithfully,

ARTIST.

P.S. I thought of asking some of my friends to open an Exhibition of their paintings on my behalf; but they all paint so wretchedly, I fear it would be "no go."

DEAR OLD FELLOW,

YOU remember my coming into my money five years ago, don't you? Well, I've run through it, and spent most of it on West-End Tradesmen. Oughtn't they to get me up a "benefit"? I haven't a rap. Dropped my last "Fifty" on the Oaks,

Yours ever,

Half-moon Street, June 8, 1876. GERALD GOLIGHTLY.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE held a living of £150 a-year for forty years, and reared a large family. My health is bad, and I must employ a Curate, and I know not where to turn for a little help. Do you not think I might take a sort of ecclesiastical "benefit" at some well-known church, and get a Bishop or two to perform for me?

Yours sincerely,

Barebones Vicarage, June 9, 1876. CHURCH MOUSE.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY—JUNE 18.

(*Anniversary of Waterloo.*)

THEY whisper that some touch of shame
Should rise at mention of the name
That once could set all hearts aflame—

That England, on her lonely shore,
Hears in the nations' sullen roar,
"You fought once, but can fight no more:

"Your strength is gold—and gold is weak;
Wisdom in policy you seek,
And safety in your 'silver streak'!"

To-morrow we'll that charge debate;
To-day the Ottoman may wait,
Our own "Sick Man" is at the gate.

For this one day we'll rise and show
We're not unlearned to strike a blow
Against an older, stronger foe.

Our brother's woe, disease and pain,
King Death and all his ghastly train,
These cry—and may not cry in vain.

"Money lies idle." Let it rest
No longer idle; in the best
Of all securities invest.

Give freely, London, of thy store,
And know "High heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-reckoned less or more."

Thus *Punch* the Jester—like BIRÒN
For gibing moments to atone—
Muses beside sick beds, alone.

A CASE OF WATER ON THE BRAIN.

WHEN MRS. MATERFAMILIAS insists upon taking the Children to the sea-side.

BAD BEGINNING (*for the New Turkish Régime*).—Sending round the Imperial Hatt!

NATURAL EJACULATION OF *KISBER'S* FOES.—Pesth take the *Mineral Colt!*

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ERE *Punch* asked what is *the* Parliamentary Privilege *par excellence*, he would say the Privilege of every Member who has a turn for making himself ridiculous to try and induce the House to follow his example. For latest illustration, see the discussion on Privilege raised by SIR W. FRASER (*Monday, June* 12), all about a letter from the Secretary of the Political Committee of the Reform Club, calling MR. RIPLEY over the coals for some too free and independent votes of his, and threatening that, if he chose thus to throw over the Party, the Party would bring the Party's big Club down, sharp, over his knuckles.

This is scarcely the stuff for our Collective Wisdom to waste its time on, even though it give the PREMIER a peg for ten minutes of solemn chaff, or lead up to a smart sparring-bout between the lively Londonderry Chicken and the phlegmatic Devonshire Pet—a heavy weight, with whom the Chicken, however quick on his pins and sharp in his hitting, has, as yet, no chance.

To be sure the House was glad of any excuse for diversion, feeling that it had before it the dreary job of flogging the dead horse of the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill, which not even the combined "persuaders" of DISRAELI, VERNON HARCOURT, and HENRY JAMES together can galvanise into the ghost of a gallop.

The debate on the Second Reading of the University Bill was a little livelier, thanks to the hopeless antagonism of its friends and foes. The Bill nominates Commissioners to readjust the *nexus* of cash payments between rich Colleges and a poor University, with a view to see how far the transfusion of that life-blood of learning—as of most things—*£ s. d.*, from the veins of the one to the other may be carried, so as to strengthen the University without fatally depleting the Colleges.

MR. OSBORNE MORGAN wants to have the Commissioners' hands more tightly tied by the Bill.

MR. CLIFFORD—Fellow of New College—owning New College the greatest abuse of the University, and himself the greatest abuse of New College—wants to have the Commissioners' hands made stronger for their work of reformation.

LORD F. HERVEY, on High Conservative considerations, would not have a penny transferred from the Colleges to the University.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT LOWE maintains that the sole good done by Oxford is the making a provision for those non-resident youths, the only hard-working sons of Alma Mater, whom LORD SALISBURY has christened "idle fellows," and that every farthing handed over from the Colleges to the University, will be money perverted from the maintenance of industry to the support of laziness. The University is nothing but a noun of multitude meaning the lot of Colleges whose funds are best employed as sinews of war for hard-headed young men in their first battle of life. Hang research—look out for results—and when found, make a Fellow of. To endow research would be, in most cases, to find snug berths for some of the grossest humbugs of the age—to cumber the High with perambulators, and

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make "the Quads" unmusical with babes. Then who and what *were* the Commissioners? REDESDALE, a block. SELBORNE, a psalm-singing bigot. BURGON, a jocose fanatic. MOUNTAGUE-BERNARD, a High-church Editor. MAINE, an *umbra* of LORD SALISBURY'S. GROVE, a judge with no time to spare. RIDLEY, a nobody—and as such, no doubt, a model Commissioner. Altogether the RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT presented what may be called, in every sense, a LOWE view of the Commission, Research, the University and its work. But LOWE withstanding, the Bill was read a Second Time with the understanding that further ventilation of the irreconcileable views of its foes and friends should be kept for-Second Reading of the Cambridge Bill next week.

Tuesday (*Lords*).—Their Lordships reassembled after their Whitsun holiday, and threw themselves into their work of Third Reading of Trades' Unions Amendment and Salmon Fisheries Bills, with a cheerful alertness, which showed how much their Whitsun rest has done to repair the ravages of hard labour on their venerable frames.

(*Commons*.)—First Morning Sitting of the Session, on Poor Law Amendment. A clause to give Irish Paupers English settlements by three years' residence, was all of a sudden made general: another step—taken, *Punch* is bound to say, without the least premeditation—in the direction of an end that must be reached—the end of Settlement.

MR. SERJEANT SIMON—one would be tempted to dub him Simple SIMON on this occasion—made an unadvised attempt to prohibit all workhouse separation of husband and wife. As it is, pauper couples of more than sixty are left together. This is as much as can fairly be asked, supposing a reasonable latitude left to Guardians of relaxing the rule where man or wife is between fifty and sixty.

In the Evening Sitting, the Report of the Royal Commission on the (in)famous Fugitive Slave Circular was laid on the table. Its recommendations amount to a decent burial, under a proper salvo of circumlocutory blank cartridge, of the stupid Circular, and a practical restitution to our Naval Officers of the discretion which should never have been interfered with.

LORD ELCHO moved Resolutions—*first*, that Metropolitan Municipal Reform deserves the attention of Government; *second*, that such reform should be worked through a single body. He travelled the old round; showed up the confusion, inefficiency, and wastefulness of our present higgledy-piggledy systems in drainage, scavenging, street management, markets, paving, gas, water, &c.; described how he would have the pale of the Corporation enlarged to take in the four millions now left to the untender mercies of more than thirty Vestries and District Boards. SIR G. BOWYER declared that, so governed, the Capital would become a Country, its council a Parliament, and its Lord Mayor the President of a Republic, which might ultimately threaten the existence of the Monarchy. The RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE gave himself the great pleasure of running a-muck among the Vestries. He painted a repulsive picture of the British Vestryman, on a principle the reverse of QUEEN ELIZABETH'S, *all* shadows; and with the same vivid vitriolic colours which he had used the night before for the portraits of the Oxford Commission. MR. CROSS, admitting that London needed better local government, criticised LORD ELCHO'S plan, but declined to commit himself for the Government to that or any other scheme.

(Why not meet me, my dear MR. CROSS, and let you and me settle a plan for the government of the Metropolis between us? I may tell you in confidence that I have one cut and dried; and I feel sure, from the sound sense you show on all matters you take in hand, that you and I should understand one another. My plan embraces all the good points of LORD ELCHO'S, and meets all your criticisms. *Verbum sap.* I am always at home between nine and twelve.)

LORD ELCHO, having served his purpose by his speech and the discussion, withdrew his Resolutions.

LEWIS the Indefatigable made a desperate attempt to get more of his say than the SPEAKER would stand on the further adjournment of the adjourned debate on the Strangers' Exclusion Resolution. What unlucky outsider has been touching up MR. LEWIS on the raw?

Wednesday.—SIR WILFRID'S annual field-day. The well-known old deer, "Permissive Prohibitory," was turned out, started, and run down, after a gallant burst. Our ancient friend is still fresh and game, though, perhaps, he hardly afforded the sport he has given in former years. Parliament is still stubborn (by 299 to 81) in its determination not to allow two-thirds of the householders of a place to shut the public-house doors against the other third; not to make a rough division of the population into those who never enter a bar, and those who can't enter one without making beasts of themselves; and not to fling the country into an annual ferment, with the beer-distributing interest all on one side.

We pity SIR WILFRID, who has to face his annual Parliamentary *cold douche* hot from the Turkish bath of his Exeter Hall Meeting, packed with his friends, and steaming with the fervid feverheat of their somewhat intemperate temperance. But Russian constitutions, they say, can stand the transition from their hot baths to the snow—and SIR WILFRID seems none the worse for the shock. He always comes up smiling after his annual knock-down.

Thursday (*Lords*).—A little talk about Turkey between LORD DELAWARR and LORD DERBY. LORD DE-LA-PAIX should be the interpellator on that subject just now, so peaceful does all look of a sudden, by the Bosphorus. The Dogs of War *have* been checked—and pretty sharply—if not securely chained up yet.

(*Commons*.)—Second Reading of LORD SANDON'S Education Bill.

MR. MUNDELLA, who moved an Amendment, LORD F. CAVENDISH, DR. PLAYFAIR, and MR. DIXON, took up the cudgels for compulsion.

MR. RIDLEY, MR. ONSLOW, MR. BIRLEY, MR. PELL, MR. A. MILLS, and MR. WALTER thought the Bill went as far in taking the horse to the water as it was safe to go. (*Punch* agrees with them. It won't do to strain even the cords of love too tight.)

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU showed himself off in the characteristic attitude of an opponent of the Bill and the Amendment both—abused School-Boards, declared the Bill would interfere with labour, strike at religion, and, if it did not "fill the butchers' shops with large blue flies," would tend to make England for all reasons and in all respects a land not worth living in.

LORD ROBERT'S abuse of the Bill ought to secure its acceptance with rational folks. The debate was adjourned till Monday; but the Bill will be carried, and so it ought to be, for it seems a good Bill as far as it goes, and satisfies those sensible people who are content to put up with half-loaves in this Wale of Compromise.

Friday (*Lords*).—Nonessential business.

(*Commons*.)—Heavy business. A Monster Petition, said to bear 102,000 signatures against any further Grants to the Royal Family was lugged in with some difficulty by MESSRS. BURT and MACDONALD (only ex-working men could have "hefted" the huge roll, and deposited it behind the table). If opinion is to be *weighed*, such a petition ought to count heavily. Then came Questions (*Punch* is glad to know we are not going to make a present of Heligoland to Germany. If we gave it up to anybody, it would be to Denmark, from whom we took it), and Sensation (MR. DISRAELI was unable to inform MR. BRIGHT of the real motives for the wholesale murder of Ministers at Constantinople.) Miscellaneous Friday-night talk finished the evening.



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OUT IN THE COLD;

Or, the Parliamentary Peri.

"I believe it is a rule in Parliament never to be logical in legislation."
MR. DISRAELI.



POOR Logic, like MOORE'S Peri, at the gate
Of proud St. Stephen's stood disconsolate.
She heard the wordy warfare waged within,
The critic cavil, the dogmatic din,
The keen discordant strife of Ins and Outs,
BIGGAR'S rude railings, hot O'GORMAN'S shouts.
Sighed she, "Where 'headless Rhetoric''s so at home,
Her poor precisian sister scarce may come.
They mocked my champion, MILL, and I can see
That, now he 's gone, they 'll not make room for *me*.
To dull logomachy, profuse, sophistic,
They sacrifice the sweetly syllogistic:
To them the chase of the abstractly true is
Poor sport to personal questions raised by LEWIS.
They flout keen FAWCETT, and they fain would rob
Me of the partial homage of my BOB.
Oh, scene of babblement and crass confusion
Where Premiss ne'er foregathers with Conclusion!
And yet, *would* they admit me——" Here loud laughter
Rang through the spacious hall, from bench to rafter.
The Sphinx—an oracle of such high station
Need scarcely stoop to ratiocination—
The Sphinx, unmindful of that listener sad,
Gave Hope her *coup-de-grâce*. Too bad! too bad!
"In shaping laws, mere Logic should be dumb.
She rules not here; our rule 's the Rule of Thumb!
We play at dialectic, point and edge;
But Truth's straight thrust were—breach of privilege!"
The Peri drooped, and dropped a woeful tear.
"'*Abandon Reason all who enter here!*'"
Sighed she, "should be inscribed above this portal.
The Statesman's dread of Syllogism 's mortal.
Farewell! Alas!" She said, and veiled her face,
And fled to—shall we say—"another place"?

A PARLIAMENT OF LONDON.

LORD ELCHO has had his annual innings, and has assured the House of Commons that it is much pleasanter to live in Paris, in Manchester, even in Bradford, than in London. No doubt he is right, though in the minority: but what a pity he doesn't go and live in Paris or Bradford, and leave us unhappy Londoners to our fate! The air of great cities does not suit small men. London is a city of anomalies, but they are historical, and not to be removed in a day. Its Mayors have been the friends of the Kings of England: it is, in fact, an epitome of England.

Mr. Punch argues not against Reform, which is as fashionable as Rinking and Cockle's Pills: but, as Eternal Member for E.C.—the Eternal City—he takes leave to defend its institutions and officers. There *may* be a more luminous intellectual centre, in Paris or Rome or Berlin or New York, than No. 85, Fleet Street; if so, *Mr. Punch* would like to know the address. There may also be a grander gateway than Temple Bar, or a nobler obelisk than ALDERMAN WAITHMAN'S,—but on these points *Mr. Punch* is not anxious for information.

Other Cities may perchance have wiser and more powerful journals than the *Times*, but *Mr. Punch* is quite satisfied with that periodical. And in its comments on LORD ELCHO'S annual Motion, he finds and approves this remark:—"Within the House of Commons there is a vague feeling of apprehension that a Municipality of London might attract some of the attention now paid to the proceedings of Parliament." It might, indeed, if recent occurrences are any index. Did not the LORD MAYOR, only the other day, say that the Stage has taught us as much as, if not more than, the Pulpit? Such utterances never startle the calm arena of the House of Commons. Did he not actually tell the Artists who ate turtle with him last week that "Genius ought to be in comfortable circumstances"? That demoralising declaration has already been sufficiently exploded by all the philosophers of the Press. Genius comfortable! What next? Theologic hypocrisy and Stock Exchange theft make their own comfort; but Genius is a mere out-at-elbows, disreputable being, and positively ought not to be comfortable.

If Lord Mayors go about saying this sort of thing, it must be obvious to the House of Commons that a Parliament of London would never do. Such utterances are revolutionary. LORD MAYOR COTTON became Member for the City on Conservative principles; but what are we to say of a man who prefers SHAKSPEARE to the Bench of Bishops, and thinks that Genius deserves its rumpsteak and pint of stout? No; if such are to be the Members of the possible Parliament of London, LORD ELCHO'S Motion was wisely resisted.

WHAT A LADY SEES.

At a Race Meeting.—Plenty of dust. Some poor part of London. A number of pretty villas. A great deal of stucco. Country fields and country lanes. Little villages. Small towns. Glare and shadow. Gipsies. Crowds of roughs. Very good company. Plenty of drags. A collection of carriages. A lukewarm lunch. And, to conclude (if she is *very* observant), a horse-race in the distance.

At a Cricket Match.—A road crowded with carriages. A narrow gate. A large number of men, belonging to every profession, in a state of unusual excitement. A good deal of hand-shaking. A large amount of head uncovering. A mysterious board, upon which appear constantly changing figures. Thousands of dresses of azure and dark blue silk. A forest of parasols. Plates of lobster salad. Dishes of cold fowls. Piles of rolls. Heaps of cakes. Quarts of Claret and Moselle cup. Dozens of Champagne. And possibly (if she is *very* fond of the game) the out eleven changing positions at the cry of "Over."

At the Zoological Gardens.—A number of trees. A thickly populated lawn. A refreshment-house, open "to *bonâ fide* travellers only." The last masterpiece by WORTH. The sweetest things in bonnets. The most daring contrasts in colours. The Heroes of the House. The Loungers of the Clubs. The Prides of the Studios. The Ornaments of Literature. All her friends. Most of her enemies. And (if she has time to inspect them) a few animals in cages.

At a Fancy Dress Ball.—The inside of a carriage. A Policeman attempting to keep back a satirical mob. A hall. A crowded staircase. A melancholy Charles the Second. A jocular Hamlet. A modest Henry the Eighth. A retiring North American Indian. A bashful Executioner. A regiment of Militiamen. A Clan of Highlanders. A dozen Louis Onzes. Twenty-three Marie Stuarts. A Charity Girl. A score of Matrons (a very long way) after GAINSBOROUGH. And (if she manages to reach the drawing-room) Ivanhoe, Joan of Arc, Napoleon, Jane Shore, Macbeth, Anne of Cleves, Robespierre, and an eccentric representative of Snow, attempting to dance the Lancers in the centre of a crowd of historical celebrities.

At Church.—A sedate Pew-opener, who receives a bribe with dignity. A very magnificent display of bonnets. A popular Author. Several "Men of the Time." And (as a matter of course) her Prayer-Book.

At Home.—Her husband and her children; and if they are not enough for her, why, the Lady must be difficult to please. At least so thinks *Mr. Punch*, who is a model of domesticity.

GREENGROCERS *v.* BUTCHERS.

TALK of cause and effect *Mr. Punch* ear 's a diskivery i cutt hout a yure Fashnoble Cotrumpery of the conneckshun 'tween—

"VEGETARIANISM AND TEMPERANCE.—A Vegetarian and Temperance Congress was opened yesterday at Langham Hall, Great Portland Street, by a paper by MR. C. C. GROOM NAPIER, F.S.S., who related many cases of the cure of confirmed drunkards through adopting the vegetarian diet."

MR. NAPIER 'cordin' to the *Post* hallso said as a merrican Physician, docter TURNER, had cur'd a Thousand drunkards by only perswadin of em to take to a vegetarian diet, and was a goin for to come over ear for the puppus of preachin the "vegetarian cure of intemperance" to the Facklety. Ereby angs a Tail for sir WILFRID LAWSON and the Benighted Kingdum Allyance to catch old on and bring in a Hact o' Parlimint to Shut up not onely the Publicouses, but the Butchers' Shopps, Witch it wud be sum Compensashun fur your umbul admirer, Ightinnerant Deeler in Wegebels, Greens, Turmuts, Carrats, Spinnidge, and Sparrer-grass.

SAM CORSTER.

Suggestion by Sairey Gamp.

(*Vide Last Week's Punch.*)

A DESIDERATUM AT ST. PANCRAS WORKHOUSE.—A Bottle of "Kid Reviver."

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"O WILD WEST WIND!"

WALKING ABROAD IN ONE OF HIS LOFTIEST MOODS, AND SEEKING FOR INSPIRATION ON A LONELY HEATH, OUR YOUTHFUL POET COMES UPON A LAUNDRY-YARD, AND SEES UNDER-GARMENTS OF ALL SIZES FLAUNTING IN THE GALE.

[*Lest the susceptibilities of the more refined should be shocked, we hasten to state that the habiliments depicted above belong exclusively to the Male Sex.*

THE SCIENCE SHOW, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

WE now resume and conclude our extracts from the MS. notes contained in a copy of the Catalogue found in the Exhibition of Scientific Apparatus, and which, strange to say, still lies unclaimed. The disconsolate owner can have it on application at the Office of this Journal; but, that we may be satisfied he is the rightful claimant, and endowed with the profound scientific knowledge which it is clear the writer of the Notes must have possessed, it will be requisite that he should submit to an examination in two at least of the following subjects treated of in the Catalogue:—Kinematics, Molecular Physics, Biology, and Crystallography.

"Punching Instrument." Quite superfluous. There is too much "punching" going on already. (*See* the daily papers.)

"The Original Traversing Lifting Jack." Very delusive. Visitors who come expecting to see "JACK" perform some extraordinary feat of pedestrianism, or lift enormous weights without any apparent effort, will be greatly disappointed. At least we saw nothing of the kind even attempted.

"Mule for Spinning Cotton." Naturalists, Zoologists, and others, should compare the Hydraulic Ram, the Steam Donkey Engine, the Bulldog Clam, the Skeleton of a Rhombohedron, and, in MR. FRANK BUCKLAND'S interesting collection, the Telescope Fish.

"Skew Mitres." The attention of the Episcopal Bench is respectfully invited. The same competent authorities are also requested to examine and report on the "Series of Temples (20 in number)."

"Three Models of an Eccentric Circle." There are so many eccentric circles both at home and abroad, that without more precise information as to the particular circle here indicated, all conjecture on the subject would be as impertinent as it would be idle.

"Lazy Tongs." Obviously the set is incomplete, wanting both the lethargic poker and the listless shovel.

"Whirling Table." What Spiritualist sent it?

"The Original Copper-Zinc Couple." Almost as great an attraction as the Sirens. Believed to be unique. Beware of counterfeits. This is *the original* copper-zinc couple. No other is genuine. They have always kept themselves respectable, and never had parish relief.

"Glass Digester." Invaluable to persons troubled with dyspepsia.

"Aspirator." Equally invaluable to persons troubled by the letter H.

"Self-recording Machine." An honest and conscientious use of this instrument cannot fail to make us all better men and women and domestic servants.

"New Levelling Instrument." It is understood that the Leaders of the Conservative Party are about to enter a protest against the public exhibition of such a dangerous machine. The Committee of the Carlton Club have the matter in hand.

"Skeleton of Gibbon." Alas! what a Decline and Fall for the Great Historian of the Roman Empire! Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays free; other days sixpence! Ought to have been placed near "NAPIER'S Bones."

One word at parting. Do not yield to the impatience and importunity of friends, do not quit the Exhibition before you have visited the "Dioptric Holophote," the "Pair of Undemagnetizable Coils," the "Attracted Disc Heterostatic Station-Electrometer," "WEBER'S Synamphophthalmoscope," and the "Sphygmodynamometer"; and rest assured that you will never cease to regret your error, if you mingle again with the outer world and go back to all the conventionalisms of this hollow existence, without standing face to face with "*The first Instrument used to electrify the Ink Bottle of the Syphon Recorder.*"

A Slap at Sceptics.

MGR. DUPANLOUP, Bishop of Orleans, has written a pamphlet arguing that, in consequence of the triumphant progress of Atheism and Materialism, society and religion are in the greatest peril. This essay is entitled *Whither are We Going?* A better title for it would be *Where do You Expect to Go to?*

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THE METROPOLITAN "BUMBLE-BEE"!

EXAMINER. "HAVING COMPLETELY BROKEN DOWN IN 'GAS,' 'WATER,' AND 'PAVEMENT,' LET ME NOW ASK YOU TO TRY 'REFORM'"!

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"COOL"—AN ASCOT IDYLL.



Cool, as the wind over Ascot Heath,
Where much is sultry and little shady,
Looked her gauzy *sacque*, as she smiled beneath
A sunshade, *couleur de rose* like its Lady.

Cool was the blue of her sky-touched eyes,
Cool her way to each gay new-comer:
'Twas a manner which said, without disguise,
Is it not best to be cool in summer?

Cool was he who to greet her came,
Cool his get-up, for Ascot proper,
Coolly he took his ancient name,
And just as coolly his recent "cropper."

Cool was the hundred he had dropped—
The wrong thing for the Biennial backing;
And cooler the question he had popped,
Since all in his case, save love, was lacking.

Cool was the clasp of their meeting hands,
Less cool the heart, her white hand's ruler;
But she was the woman to understand
Hot love will cool ere cool grow cooler.

Cool was the welcome given by Mamma
To the uninvited detrimental;
And cool was the shoulder that Papa
Turned on him, with prescience parental.

Cool, in fact, as iced champagne
Was that penniless pair thus spooning together:
But—pass me that Cider-cup again—
Cool drinks, with spoons, are the things for hot weather.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

A Why and a Wherefore—Notes—On Memory—Diagnosis—Medical Inquiry—Advice—Result.

Observation, Preliminary.—For weeks and weeks past, now running into months, I have been compelled to make my notes—(for my progressing work, *Typical Developments*—getting on excellently—myself in full correspondence with Messrs. Popgood and Groolly, about the binding, and the advisability of bringing it out in parts)—with a pencil, on slips, in small books, on my wristband—(*Happy Thought in itself.*—A small work on Society generally, entitled *Writings on a Wristband. Another Happy Thought.*—Copyright the title, and do it.)—and, failing a pencil, to trust my memory. Memory I look upon as a last resource. (*Note for a Future Occasion.*—"*Considerations concerning Memory: a Blessing or not? If a Blessing or not, why, in either case?*" Think it out.)

I have been compelled to these shifts (don't like this word, but "expedients" is too grand for the occasion; and Somebody's rule—Johnson's, I think, because it's so characteristic of the man and his style—"Never use a long word when a short one will do as well,"—is excellent. Must have *some* rules to go by.)—I have been put to these shifts by the absence of my pens. For weeks they all disappeared; steel and quill, the heavy and the light-armed troops. Not to be found anywhere. Tradesmen called. I replied, "With pleasure. Here is the cheque-book; but there isn't a pen in the house." Then the ink dried up, or rather it reduced itself to mere mud. I found a stump of a quill with three slits in it, and tried a short letter in answer to a dinner invitation. I might as well have attempted writing with my thumb and oil paint. So I gave it up; sent verbal messages by Commissionnaires; walked miles, backwards and forwards; of course I did not walk many miles "backwards"; in order to write letters at my Club; dropped in on friends who hadn't seen me for years, on purpose to ask them, "Would you mind my writing a letter here?" on their paper, with (generally) their crests and addresses.

Happy Thought.—Also their stamps.

What an income may be saved by writing letters in other people's rooms. Polite friend invariably says, "My man, or the servant, will post it for you." Which appears to mean, "Don't trouble yourself about the penny for a stamp." As a matter of courtesy it is as well to keep a penny by you, just for the sake (entirely *pro formâ*, as it won't be accepted) of producing it and saying, laughingly (don't forget to laugh), "Here's a penny for a stamp." Men of the humblest means (only it's just as well *not* to try anything of this sort on men of the humblest means) won't accept a penny for a stamp. Therefore, unless you are vain enough to give it to a crossing sweeper, because he has touched his hat to you, or to buy a box of lights, you may keep that penny by you for months or years.

"It may be for years and it may be for ever;
Oh, why shouldst thou leave me?
I never will 'part.'"

Happy Thought.—Ode to My Penny.

In the meantime, judging by the jerky character of my notes, and their accumulation in note-books—on looking back, I fancy my Memory must have had rather a hard time of it.

Result.—A dream—a fearful nightmare. It seemed to me (asleep) that for hours I was trying to remember the point of a story which I *knew* would set the table in a roar. There was the table feverishly waiting for the point of my story. It was something about the Spanish Ambassador, and somebody behind a door, laughing,—but what at, and why, and who was the other person (the whole thing depended on *him*, for I felt, in my dream, that I could have done without the Spanish Ambassador), I couldn't for the life of me recollect. I struggled—I detained the audience, I implored them to hear me out—I tried the story over and over again, but never got beyond the Spanish Ambassador behind the door. As to what he did, or what he would have done, or what the story *had been* before it got into my dream, is still a puzzle to me. I have tried since to account for it by "lobster salad" and a curious sandwich. For two days that dream, or, rather, that story, bothered me. The one question with me was, "Why did the Spanish Ambassador get behind the door? and what was he laughing at?"

Suddenly it occurred to me that this might be an incipient form of —— well, to put it more pleasantly, I held a consultation with myself, and decided that the symptoms indicated "Over-taxed mental power."

Happy Thought.—Consult Professional Friend. Prepare one sovereign and a shilling, wrapped up in paper inside an envelope, doubled up in my waistcoat pocket—easy to get at without fumbling and blushing; and then practise, alone, putting it into the palm of his (Professional Friend's) hand, or leaving it, as if it were something I had forgotten in my hurry, on the corner of a table. Most difficult thing to give Professional Friend a fee gracefully. One idea is (only perhaps it is a trifle too much like a conjuring trick) to slip it under my own hat on the table; then, on leaving, lift up my hat, and—there it is. Only, to make things pleasant, one should begin this by saying to the Professional Gentleman, "You see there's nothing under this hat," and so forth. One great point is to wrap it up in as many little bits of paper as possible—also like the conjuring trick, where the ring is found in the smallest box after opening twenty at least.

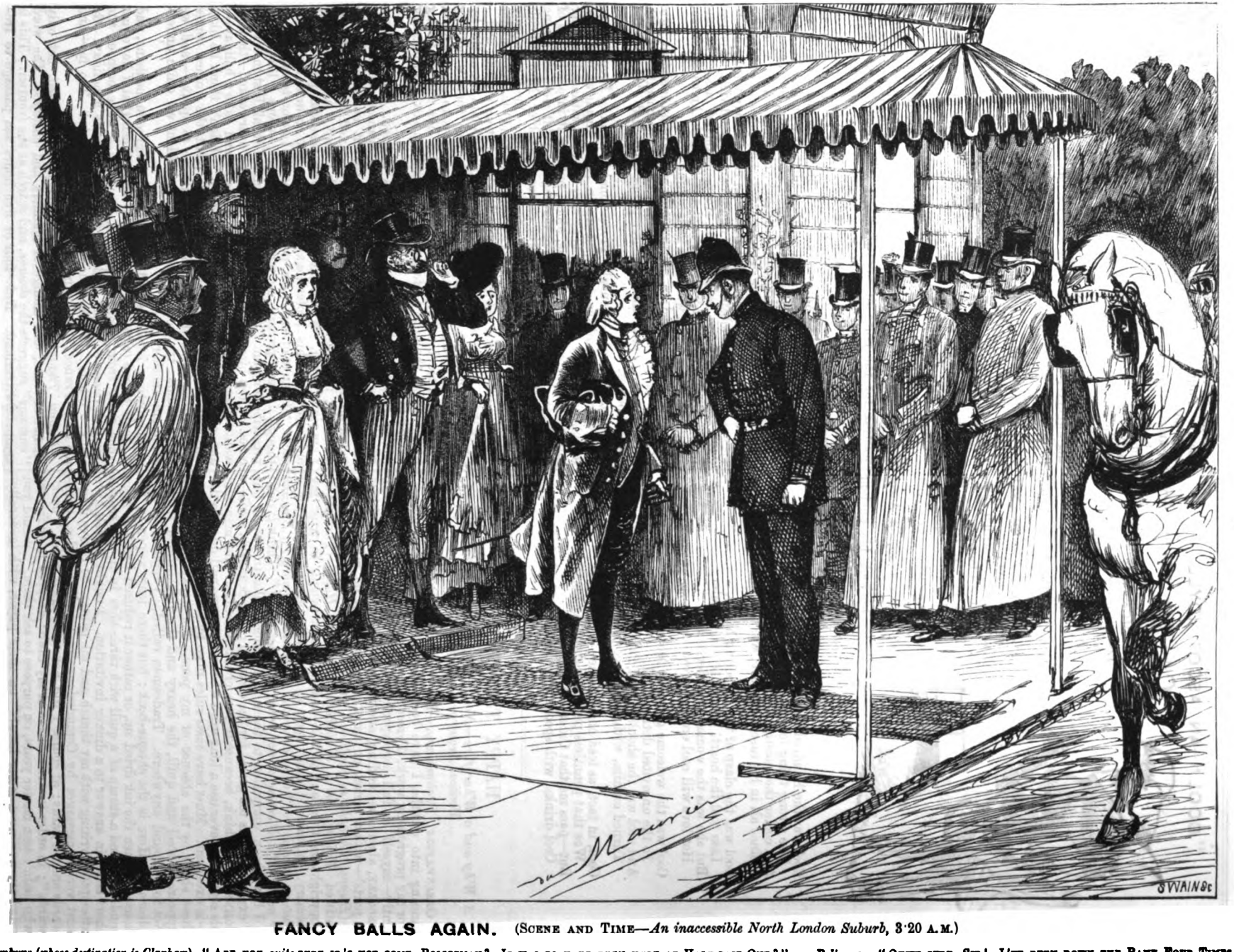
The Interview.—Medical Attendant is puzzled. He asks me what's the matter. I tell him about the Spanish Ambassador. Medical Attendant meditates. I suggest that it indicates "Over-taxed brain." He nods. I am right. Over-taxed brain. And, as a remedy, I suggest, inquiringly, "I think I want a little change?" I am right again. My diagnosis of my own case was perfect, and only required this professional certificate—the guinea stamp, in fact. "Change of scene, air, people, ideas?" I go on to suggest, as though I were prescribing for *him*. In fact, before I leave I *do* prescribe for him. I tell him what medicine *I* think best in certain cases. I tell him that *he* appears to me to be overworked—that *he* wants change, *that I advise him* to go away and take a holiday,—and, jocosely, "*give his patients a chance.*" I don't think he likes this last piece of humour. But, at this point the guinea comes in—softens down the jest, gilds the pill, so to speak,—and we shake hands; the best of friends. It is evident we quite understand one another.

On quitting, I feel as if I had taken my degree in medicine, and it seems to me (with the exception of the guinea) that *I* have just come away from seeing a patient, to whom I have been of the greatest possible benefit. But I feel I must take a holiday. Go away. Where? Perfect change? Constantinople? Too far—and too hot. France? Germany? Herzegovina? No.

Happy Thought.—Ireland or Switzerland. *Wanted*, not only change of scene, but change of manners and customs. The word "customs" suggests the *douane*, and search at the frontier. This is against Switzerland. *But*—four or five hours sea passage to Ireland.

Turn it over.

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FANCY BALLS AGAIN. (SCENE AND TIME—*An inaccessible North London Suburb*, 3·20 A.M.)

Tomkyns (*whose destination is Clapham*). "ARE YOU *quite* SURE IT'S NOT COME, POLICEMAN? IT WAS TO HAVE BEEN HERE AT HALF-PAST ONE?" *Policeman.* "QUITE SURE, SIR! I'VE BEEN DOWN THE RANK FOUR TIMES!" ***Tomkyns.*** "WELL, YOU MUST GET US A *Cab!*" *Policeman.* "*Cab*, SIR! THERE AIN'T NO CABS HERE!" [*Delight of Tomkyns, his Wife, and his two Friends at the prospect of a long walk through London in their present attire!*

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"BAD EXAMPLE."

Papa (*à propos of a burning Family Grievance*). "OH, MY DEAR GAL, DON'T TALK OF IT! HOW ON EARTH YOUR UNCLE COULD HAVE BEEN SUCH A D——!" (*Stops. The word was out before he noticed the Child.*)

Master Tommy. "OH, DON'T MIND ME, PA! IT'S AN EXPRESSION I OFTEN MAKE USE OF MYSELF!!"

PLUSH PROTESTS.

John Tommus (*with languid surprise*). I say, JEAMES, what do you think of this 'ere? (*Reads from "Spectator.*") "'Flunkeys' are often, nay generally, distinguished-looking persons. With a slight difference in the cut and colour of their uniform, they would do admirably for Field-Marshals and Dukes."

Jeames (*calmly contemplating his calves*). True, though *rayther* trite. That *Spectator* seems to have a heye for the *distangay*.

John Tommus. Yaas! More than most of them littery fellers.

Jeames (*loftily*). What can you expect! 'Tain't in their line at all (*yawns*).

John Tommus. This one seems to be a rayther superior sort. Bin one of hus 'imself p'raps.

Jeames (*decisively*). No! Wouldn't be so demmed offensive as to use the expression "Flunkeys" if he 'ad. *Noblesse obleege*, you know. Once a gentleman's gentleman, always a gentleman's gentleman.

John Tommus. The feller who could look at *your* calves or my whiskers and call us "Flunkeys," would—haw—would begrudge 'Er Most Gracious her new title of Hempress.

Jeames. Jealousy is always invidjus!

John Tommus. Well, one thing's pretty clear, you couldn't turn it t'other way about. Precious few Field-Marshals or Dukes would do for "Flunkeys." They may pass muster in their own sphere, where build and beauty ain't a *sinner quâ non*, but not among *hus*.

Jeames. Haw! haw! haw! Should think not, indeed. 'Tain't the uniform as does it—it's the man inside. That's where *we* 'ave the pull of 'em.

John Tommus (*yawning, thirstily*). Well, suppose we now 'ave a pull at a pot of the Runnin' Footman's Entire.

Jeames. I'm agreeable. [*Exeunt accordingly.*

Rinkita.

THE silvery moon is winking,
And so are the stars up there:
Of what is the old man thinking
As he sits in his old arm-chair?
He's thinking that he'd be Rinking,
If Rinking he'd only dare;
But, as he can *not* dare Rinking,
He sits in his old arm-chair.

MEDICAL OFFICERS ASKING FOR MORE.

By PHILO BUMBLE.

THOSE vicious Medical Poor Law Officers are not content with continually putting their employers to great expense by prescribing superfluities for pauper patients; they are now trying to saddle us with still more, by demanding relief for themselves. They beg for superannuation allowances on retirement after a long term of continuous service. The President of the Local Government Board, in reply to a deputation of Medical Men who waited on him the other day with that modest request, told them he "thought there were but few instances" of such long terms. Well said. Poor Law Doctors, as a rule, drop off early; for, as DR. WICKHAM BARNES unnecessarily remarked, they are "hardly worked and ill paid." Of course. They must be so in the present state of the Medical labour-market. Nor does anybody want to be told by DR. BARNES that—

"Their duties extended over many hours, and there was no certainty when they could call any time their own. They felt it was but right that they should look forward to a time when, if they survived their arduous labours, they might look to retire; but after serving thirty or forty years they had to resign, and then send in an application for an allowance. This was generally refused by the Guardians, and the Medical Officers now only asked that the refusal to grant an allowance of this character should come before the Government Board."

In short, the Guardians generally refuse what in fact is a request for out-door relief. Why, they think, can't superannuated Poor Law Medical Officers come into the House?

In answer to MR. SCLATER-BOOTH'S question if any case where superannuation allowance after thirty or forty years' service had been refused was known, DR. BARNES cited the case of a DR. WESTALL of the Cookham Union, who had served upwards of forty years. A few other cases were adduced—among them that of a "Medical Officer of Kingston-upon-Hull, who lost his health after many years' service in combating an epidemic fever, and was left without any compensation." Combats of this kind save the great majority of Poor Law Medical Officers from ever wanting any superannuation allowance; and the House can accommodate their bereaved survivors. Whatever Poor Law Guardians purchase for Poor Law purposes, they are bound by the principle of parochial economy to buy in the very cheapest possible market—particularly when buying in the Medical labour-market. They will grant superannuation allowances when the state of that market obliges them to, and not till then. They will then also, and not till then, grant their Medical Officers another request—that Union drugs shall be a charge on the rates. And then the expense of drugs will be greatly increased. Now, unless the Doctor finds it merely nominal, he is a fool. Any medicine will do for paupers that is cheap and nasty, if only nasty enough; otherwise, to be sure, they will complain. It is the Doctor's own fault if Union physic costs him anything to speak of.

Some Guardians may fear lest a Medical Men's Union, like that of the Amalgamated Engineers, may by-and-by be formed to dictate wages and other terms to Poor Law Unions. But the Medical Profession happily contains too many knobsticks for that. Competing practitioners eagerly accept medical officerships at the lowest hire in order to procure private practice. Ah, but that is the worst of it! As ratepayers and respectable people, for ourselves and our families, it may sometimes be disadvantageous, in case of dangerous illness, to have no more skilful an attendant at hand than a gentleman whose services have been bought at the lowest price in the Medical Labour Market. Parochial Economy exacts a personal sacrifice when it obliges us to let the Doctor who does for the paupers do for us.

USE FOR THEM AT LAST.

WE trust the parties of Canadians and Iroquois Indians who are here just now, will play one double match of "Lacrosse" before they go, if only to prove that there *is* some use in double Lacrosse Sticks.

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"SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD!"

Compassionate Curate. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH LITTLE BILLY, MRS. DODDER?"

Suffolk Mother (who has been correcting her Son). "MATTER WUTH 'M? THERE'S ALLUS SUFF'N THE MATTER WUTH 'M! YOU CAN'T DEW WRONG A-HIDIN' OF 'M! IF HE BEAN'T IN MISCHEIF, HE'S JUST A-GOIN' IN, THELSE JUST A-COMIN' OUT!!"

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEND.

(*Song for the Stock Exchange.*)

If you invest in foreign funds, brave boys, let cash be lent
With sole regard to int'rest—not per sentiment, per cent.
The man who talks of moral wrong, upholding tyrant rule,
Aiding aggression, robbery, war, and bloodshed, is a fool.

No matter if you should suspect, or even if you know
You 're laying out your capital to help a foreign foe
With iron-clads and monster guns. Ne'er stick to lend him aid;
Care not but for the assurance that you 'll get your interest paid.

But oh, make very sure of that, and keep a weather-eye
To the use for which your Despot wants the funds which you supply.
You can't be too particular, if all he gets he spends
As well upon unrighteous as unprofitable ends.

Oh lend not e'er a sixpence to be so much money lost
In wild attempts at plunder which will ne'er defray its cost,
Or on barren speculation spent, and sunk, and thrown away!
Gauge your borrower's means of payment; guess how long he 's like to pay.

On his palaces and pleasures if he simply wastes your cash,
When he no more can borrow, then he needs must go to smash.
Meanwhile he has but paid you back a fraction of your loan.
Like smoke the rest, both principal and interest, is flown.

Lend money with a single, not a purblind eye to gain.
Think, will an o'ertaxed people bear oppression's further strain?
Blood from a post you can't extort by any power of screw;
And hence it comes that dividends are oft not paid when due.

In venturing an investment that will serve immoral ends,
Mind you 've a borrower capable of cheating him who lends.
Whence, mourning love of lucre, too confiding City Gents
Wish they had been contented with their native Three-per-Cents.

MAGISTERIAL AUDACITY!

CHIEF JUSTICE GASCOIGNE and PRINCE HENRY have been left nowhere, like *Kisber's* opponents in the Grand Prix. A Duke's Steward has bowed to the decision of a bench of Magistrates! Here is the account, from a daily contemporary:—

"FINING A DUKE.—The DUKE OF PORTLAND was fined £5 and costs on Monday, at the Dronfield Petty Sessions, for allowing a locomotive engine to travel on the turnpike road without having provided a person to carry a red flag 'not less than sixty yards before the said engine,' as required by law. When MR. CRIPPLE, the Duke's steward, who appeared as his Grace's representative, heard the Magistrates' decision, he said, 'Gentlemen, I bow to your decision, but I am sure that the Duke will be very much dissatisfied.'"

Good Heavens! why did not MR. CRIPPLE say as much before? Of course the Magistrates would have had a more becoming sense of their situation than to have fined a Duke. Supposing the Duke were not only to be dissatisfied, but vexed, or even angry! But we forbear—such possibilities are too dreadful to contemplate.

PHYSIOLOGY IN FRANCE.

AN active interest in the Vivisection Bill now before Parliament is taken by the inhabitants, especially the shopkeepers, of Boulogne. They would, it is said, have petitioned the House of Commons for the enactment of that measure, but for the late decision according to which their petition could not be received. It is proposed, should the Government Vivisection Bill, in its present shape, become law, to establish at Boulogne a School of Physiology, which, being within convenient distance, will be easily accessible to British Medical Students, desirous of obtaining instruction such as can only be acquired under conditions of unfettered investigation; and whereat, also, British Professors will enjoy legal facilities for practising the experiments needful to enable them to prosecute Physiological Researches on terms of equality with Continental men of Science, and without being liable to be interfered with by a Policeman.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ERY much obliged to MR. GORST (*Commons, Monday, June* 19) for looking after the case of the *Talisman*, whose Captain and Mate, after prolonged ill-treatment, have been banished—Heaven save the mark!—by the Peruvian Government. The Mate, like a sensible man, is thankful, to use a mild term, to get out of Peru on that, or any condition. The Captain, very oddly, declines the favour of banishment; and now, it seems, the Peruvian law, as it is called, will not allow any severance of the cases. Both must stay and be tortured, or go and be banished. We are glad to learn that even LORD DERBY'S patience has been tired out at last—Patience takes longer tiring in my LORD DERBY'S snug room at the Foreign Office than in the fetid cell of a Peruvian prison—and that he has dispatched an *ultimatum* requesting what is called by courtesy the Peruvian Government to give immediate orders for the Mate's release.

Adjourned debate on LORD SANDON'S Education Bill. Question lies between direct and indirect compulsion. LORD SANDON takes our young asses to the water. MR. MUNDELLA and his friends would have him make them drink. MR. HARDY doubts the possibility of the feat, or JOHN BULL'S willingness to put up with the attempt. *Punch* agrees with him. So does the O'CONNOR DON, one of the Royal Commissioners. MR. KNOWLES, on the other hand, also a Royal Commissioner, maintains both the need and the practicability of direct compulsion. Even SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, however, declined to oppose Second Reading. So did MR. FORSTER, while supporting MR. MUNDELLA'S Amendment. LORD SANDON replied on the whole debate. His Bill steered clear of extremes, avoiding alike the secular Scylla and the clerical Charybdis; and in time, he believed, would bring about what everybody wanted—that not an English child should grow up without the rudiments of education. The House agreed with LORD SANDON by 309 to 163, against MR. MUNDELLA, and when SIR CHARLES DILKE insisted on dividing against the Second Reading, by 356 to 78. Let friends of Education remember that to them, too, applies the safe Italian proverb, "*Chi va piano, va sano.*"

Tuesday.—Viviseetion in the Lords. Curious contradiction—Protection, by the Peers, of Cat (and Dog): cutting up of the Cat by PETER TAYLOR in the Commons. LORD CARNARVON showed his sound sense by the modifications he accepted in his Cruelty to Animals Bill; in particular, LORD CARDWELL'S extension of the object of the Bill to the advancement of physiological knowledge. A cat and dog fight over the cat and dog clause. On the one side it is to be extended to take in horses, asses, and mules; on the other, it is not to protect a licensed person from carrying out experiments even on these favoured quadrupeds, where necessary for the study of disease or the detection of crime. A new clause in this sense is to be brought up.

In the *Commons*, on the Commons, in the morning. MR. CROSS holding his ground, generally, against all Amendments calculated to tie the hands of the Commissioners. In the evening, PETER TAYLOR'S fight with the Cat. Common sense reserves the offensive animal for extreme cases in the Navy. Eight out of 30,000 men were flogged last year, and only one of the eight on a Home Station. The Cat is evidently dying of decline. In the meantime, who slipped this into our letter-basket; eh, SIR W. ?—

Why a TAYLOR would fain kill the Cat appears plain
The ninth part of a man has some ground to complain,
That the Cat its nine lives and nine tails should retain.

Wednesday.—Difficulty in getting a *quorum* to listen to CAPTAIN NOLAN on an Irish Election grievance (which, next night, proved to be none, as usual), and to DR. CAMERON, on an attempt to do away with marriage by Church's banns in Scotland. We had always thought the Scotch Marriage Law already under ban of all thinking people, and so did not anticipate opposition to the Doctor's Bill; but, for a wonder, the Scotch Members had not squared their differences out of the House, so the Bill was defeated by 166 to 141,—the Lord Advocate maintaining that while the Scotch Marriage Law needed mending on so many more important points it was hardly worth while tinkering this little hole in it.

Thursday.—MR. DISRAELI, applauding the "safe forbearance,"—"he would even say, the patriotic reserve,"—with which the House has forborne from pressing Her Majesty's Government for answers to the Eastern Question, intimated, in answer to MR. BRUCE, that he would be very much obliged if the House would bridle its curiosity a little longer. All he could say just now was, that the Great Powers had agreed not to press the new Sultan. What well-bred person or Parliament then should press the Great Powers? Let all have time to look about them, and consider how they can turn the situation to the best advantage. The Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition—albeit, the mildest-mannered man that ever paused for a reply—thinks the time has come when it would be "prudent, as well as politic, to make further communication to the House."

"Communication" is one thing, "Information" is another. For the one, LORD HARTINGTON is free to press; for the other, does he not wish he may get it, in the teeth of the Master of submissive legions? Besides, who knows if Ministers have any?

RYLANDS, shallowest of self-satisfied, and most self-satisfied of shallow men, moves that it is inexpedient to transfer the management of our Prisons from the Local Authorities to the SECRETARY OF STATE. MR. RYLANDS is a believer in formulæ, and Local Self-Government, a famous formula, stands high in MR. RYLANDS' articles of belief. SIR MASSEY LOPEZ, on the other hand, went into elaborate calculations to prove a future saving, through the proposed change, of more than £100,000 a-year; while he showed that, since the Act of 1865, Local Authorities had very little control over the prisons, and ratepayers none at all. So there would be no such blow struck at Self-government as MR. RYLANDS seemed to think.

MR. EVANS (advanced Liberal) was heartily in favour of the Bill. SIR W. BARTTELOT (staunch Conservative) as heartily opposed to it. MR. DODSON, not liking the Bill, recommended at least adjournment of the debate till after Quarter Sessions had brought the light of magisterial wisdom to bear upon it. SIR H. SELWYN IBBETSON backed up MR. CROSS'S calculation

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DRIVING A BARGAIN.

Economical Drover. "A TEECK'T TAE FAA'KIRK."

Polite Clerk. "FIVE-AND-NINEPENCE, PLEASE."

Drover. "AH 'LL GIE YE FIVE SHILLINGS!" *Clerk (astonished).* "EH!"

Drover. "WEEL, AH 'LL GIE YE FIVE-AN'-THRIPPENCE, AN' DEIL A BAWBEE MAIR! IS 'T A BARGAIN?!"

MAN'S PLACE AT MIDSUMMER.

'NEATH golden sun and sapphire sky
Here ambient flowers and verdure glow,
To-day, where all, some months gone by,
Was cloud above, and, under, snow.
'Tis but by landmarks' aid I ken
That I am now where I was then.

"Where then you were you now are not"—
To first thought second thought replied,—
"More than a Tar is in one spot,
On the same deck though he abide,
Throughout his transit o'er the brine,
From freezing Pole to burning Line.

"The shrouded Sun, from Pisces' fold,
Frowned on another point in space.
Now fiery Cancer's claws infold
Apollo's broadly beaming face;
Our Earth has reached another clime:
So we move on in Space and Time."

Pleasures of Hope.

SITTING till you get the cramp amid the rushes on the bank, in the hope of catching that big perch which is seen once in a twelvemonth somewhere in your neighbourhood.

Starting off with energy a sentence you have learnt as a beginning to your speech, in the hope that it may help you to think of something *à propos* to say in the middle, and finally to reach a conclusion.

Accepting a bill drawn by a Jew money-lender, in the hope he may forget it on the day of payment.

Hurrying out to dinner in the hope to be in time, and finding all the guests assembled and glaring hungrily upon you as you timidly approach them.

Diversion from Drink.

THE Sabbatarian section of the foes of personal freedom rave for an Act of Parliament to enforce "Sunday Closing" on the community. Instead of a compulsory measure for Sunday Closing they had better try to obtain a permissive one for Sunday Opening—the opening of Picture Galleries and Museums on Sunday. This Sunday Opening, by attracting people from the public-houses, would, leaving liberty intact, go far to answer all the desirable purpose of Sunday closing.

of the probable saving in cost, and certain improvement in system that the change would bring about; and finally the debate was adjourned, on the motion of the LORD MAYOR, till the week after next.

En attendant, the weight of the discussion thus far, as far as *Punch* can estimate it, is heavily on the side of the Government proposal. If the Bill is carried, we should be inclined to rank it as about the best piece of work done this Session.

Friday (*Lords*).—Merchant Shipping Bill launched to a salvo of doubts, hopes, fears, good wishes. But look out, PLIMSOLL, or the Lords may yet undo the good done in the Commons. Bill read a Second Time.

(*Commons.*)—Morning Sitting enlivened by the little game of Obstruction, played by the Irish Members, to keep the Irish Judicature Bill out of Committee. MR. O'CONNOR POWER—we need not wish more power to him—divided on adjournment, 6 to 210, and even after that said "No" to the Speaker, as bould as brass.

At the Evening Sitting CAPTAIN NOLAN delivered a carefully-prepared lecture on the organisation of the British Army. Pity it was not given at the United Service Institution. This was followed by a discussion of Mobilisation, in which HOLMS and HARDY, STANLEY and BALFOUR, LORD ELCHO and HAVELOCK—all the military talent of the House, egad!—took part. Quite a field-night!

MR. HARDY means to give the Mobilisation Scheme a fair trial, and promises to let the country know the truth about its working. He can't say fairer; and *Punch* has no doubt he will do as fairly as he says.

PROPOSED CHANGE OF NAME.

MIDHAT PASHA, if he succeeds in his plans for reforming Turkey, to be called "BESTHATT PASHA."

THE WHEEL OF MISFORTUNE.—The Treadmill.

SEEING THE FLOWERS.

(*Royal Botanical Garden, June 21st*, 1876.)

ANGELINA. We shall be kept waiting here for hours.

Edwin. Well, then, we can walk to the gate. We had better get out. There are about a mile of carriages before ours.

Angelina. How about my train?

Edwin. Oh, it 's quite fine. Everybody 's doing the same. You can hold it up.

Angelina. We can never cross in front of the horses' heads!

Edwin. It 's all right—the police arrangements are excellent.

Angelina. Here we are at last! What an enormous crowd!

Edwin. Yes. You know the last was put off on account of the weather; so to-day they 've a double allowance of visitors.

Angelina. I see. Which band shall we go to?—the Blues or the 1st Life's? Can't you get me a chair?

Edwin. Impossible! Look! Every seat entails a pitched battle.

Angelina. Well, we can sit here—on the grass. The *toilettes* remind me of the Bois—three months ago! Well, now we have seen everything, we had better go home. The Princess went away hours ago.

Edwin. But how about the flowers?

Angelina. Oh, it 's much too hot to look at *them!*

(*Exeunt.*)

Hymen v. Low Wages.

"At a recent meeting of Joiners out on strike in Glasgow, the Chairman advised young men in the trade who had entered into matrimonial engagements to postpone their execution for a time."

AFTER giving such advice, how dare the Chairman call himself a Joiner?

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GOOD NEWS FOR THE HORSES.

Is it the Dulness of the Season, or can it be that we are getting Sensible, at last, that we See so much of this Sort of Thing in the Park? If only they would drop the Bearing-Rein in Harness, the Horses would be all Right—both Heads and Tails.

ROUSED AT LAST!

Urged by the Deputation from the Meeting held at Lambeth, the Authorities propose issuing the following Memoranda for the public guidance in the event of a recurrence of flooding by the Thames:—

1. When an extraordinary high tide is threatened all male persons should tuck up their trousers. In the case of females petticoats should not be worn long.
2. Carpets should be taken up: by the police, if necessary.
3. During the continuance of the flood, anything like *ennui* may be dissipated by making an analysis of the Thames water. Fishing from sitting-rooms will not be forbidden. No extra water-rate will be charged.
4. The moment the water is seen coming out of the chimneys it is time to leave the house.
5. Flat Irons, being liable to sink, should be conveyed to a place of safety.
6. Drags in constant readiness. Office, Charing Cross.
7. Any person wanting compensation will be permitted to want it.
8. In the event of anybody's Mother-in-law being drowned, the Authorities will require to be recompensed.
9. Children in arms should be taught to swim.
10. The best method of accustoming oneself to the effects of water could, no doubt, be ascertained from Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

By Order.

A Moral Converse.

Another American gentleman besides Mr. Winslow, a Mr. Brent, wanted by his country's Police for alleged forgery, has had to be discharged from custody by the Queen's Bench, on account of a legal disagreement on the point of our Government with that of the United States about the joint effect of the Extradition Treaty of 1842, and the Extradition Act of 1870. Replying to the application for his release, the Attorney-General stated in Court that:—

"The two Governments had been engaged in a correspondence on the subject, and had not succeeded in coming to an agreement."

The old proverb runs—"When rogues fall out, honest men come by their own." It would seem that the converse holds, and "when honest men disagree, rogues come by other people's."

THE CRUSADE AGAINST CRUELTY.

Don't suppose our Crusade will but check Vivisection
So-called. We propose to march on by degrees,
To the length of extending the shield of protection
Over all living things, down to mites, gnats, and fleas;

To guard them not merely from Med'cine's professors,
Or physiological students alone:
'Gainst your unscientific and common transgressors,
O'er all victims as well shall our ægis be thrown.

We're determined to screen the live eel from the skinner;
Living cod we'll from crimping secure by-and-by—
Though that process may make it the better for dinner;
And your lobster, before your cook boils it, shall die.

And your oyster shall be, in its native condition,
Consigned, at a gulp, to your epicure's maw,
Unscathed and unstung by the painful addition
Of pepper and vinegar—banished by law.

And the gates of a prison your butcher we'll shut on,
If without anæsthetics to yield them relief
He fit lamb for mint sauce, reduce live sheep to mutton,
Turn calf into veal, or cut ox up for beef.

Under chloroform save when the patient reposes,
No farrier's blade shall prune cattle or kine;
Either ether shall lull pigs when rung through their noses.
Or laughing-gas make it but fun for the swine.

But, as for your sportsmen, there's no mitigation
Of pain which as plea for their acts will avail;
A live bait could scarce, by humane legislation,
Have an anodyne ointment applied to its tail.

We won't let the squires, sensibility blunting
By cruel amusements with rod, dog, and gun,
Go wantonly fishing and shooting and hunting
And mangling and maiming poor creatures for fun.

Against Vivisectors the victory winning,
By the facts we pervert, and the "crams" we allege,
The fissure we'll widen from that small beginning
By use of our friend, the thin end of the wedge.

Sayings for the Marines.

Once a Lieutenant, always (at least for fifteen years) a Lieutenant.

Patronage is the Mother of Merit.

Take care of the Subalterns, and the Field Officers will take care of themselves.

Promotion has no laws.

'Tis a long Military career (generally over twenty years' service) which has no majority at the end of it.

A step in time often saves nine (husband, wife, and seven children.)

A friend at Whitehall is worth two in Somerset House.

A Colourable Pretext.

"Indigo.—This year the indigo imported was valued at £1,545,473; last year in the same period, £1,375,439."

If therefore we hear from Correspondents at Glasgow and Dundee that this year, in comparison with the year gone by, things are looking more generally blue, it is not such a bad sign—for the indigo-importers.

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A FORLORN HOPE.

The Dowager. "NOW, YOU 'VE GOT ALL THE GIRLS OFF YOUR HANDS SO SUCCESSFULLY, EXCEPT POOR MARIA, YOU OUGHT TO GIVE *HER* A CHANCE."

My Lord. "YES—A—GIVE A BALL—A—OR A GARDEN PARTY—A——"

My Lady. "OH, POOR MARIA 'S NOT WORTH A BALL—NOR EVEN A GARDEN PARTY. WE MIGHT GIVE AN *AFTERNOON TEA!*"

THE FOUNDER OF THE COMMISSIONNAIRES.

"I do not know, CAPTAIN WALTER, how sufficient honour can be done to you. With little aid you have quietly and unobtrusively opened a new page for the soldier, and have given him a most honourable position in civil life."
LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

A HAPPY thought that touched a generous mind
With strong desire the old soldier's fate to alter:
Such the good work, sore needed, that we find
Adding a lustre to the name of WALTER.

Hence the Commissionnaires: a useful race.
We Metropolitans know all about them;
And, when we see some worn, true, fearless face,
Oft wonder how the deuce we did without them.

They have fought and bled: and war 's a noble trade
When nobly waged beneath a hero's ken;
And, though we wish that war were never made,
Yet may we see by these that war makes men.

It made these veterans, to whose well-bred care
We trust to shield our ladies in their shopping,
Our letters, messages, nay cash, to bear,
Nor fear their fing'ring, dirtying, or dropping.

'Tis well that they whom battle's brunt and soil,
And discipline's hard test, prove worthy trust,
Should find retreats of honourable toil,
Nor in their evening lack a well-earned crust.

This their friend felt: *Punch*, for the public, thanks
One who before cold-shoulder did not falter;
And now promotes the Captain several ranks,—
Henceforth Commissionnaires' FIELD-MARSHAL WALTER.

REASONS FOR NOT SUBSCRIBING TO THE HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND.

SQUIRE REDCOAT'S.—Because now all the Hospitals are given over to the cruelties of Vivisection. Because no English gentleman, of course, could think of subscribing to funds devoted to brutality to animals. Because after the charges for this year's fishing, and the keep of half-a-dozen horses (kept for fox-hunting, &c.) have been paid, there will not be much margin left for charity.

Alderman Sir Benjamin Bumble's.—Because the Charities of London are the pride of the country. Because it is beneath the dignity of the Charities of the First City in the World to ask for voluntary subscriptions.

Mr. Malthus Grind's.—Because the Hospitals are intended for the poor, and Poverty ought not to be subsidised.

Mrs. Prim's.—Because some of the Hospitals may not be orthodox. Because she feels a holy call upon the little she can spare to supply the Savages of Central Africa with copies of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* translated into their native languages.

Miss Peacock's.—Because bonnets and dresses cost so very much. Because her allowance is so ridiculously insufficient, that she really has no small change. Because if people are ill, they ought to go to their own doctors, without bothering about Hospitals.

Mr. Bung's.—Because if a man takes his fair share of liquor, he should be able to keep his health without assistance from his friends. Because paupers have the Union Infirmary ready to hand. Because the Hospitals do not increase the revenue.

Mr. Pump's.—Because there is not a single Hospital in London conducted upon Temperance principles; and if people can't be cured without the use of alcohol, they had better not be cured at all.

Mr. Sand's.—Because trade is really so very bad this year, that the Boys' autumn trip (during the Long) must be confined to Europe. Because one of the Girls' horses went lame in the Row, and another had to be purchased in its place. Because he 's a self-made man, and has no sympathy "with them as isn't."

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"JUSTICE TO THE RESCUE!"

"STOP, GENTLEMEN! YOU 'VE BOTH OF YOU TOO MANY ROGUES LOOSE, TO DO WITHOUT THAT!"

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"JUSTICE TO THE RESCUE!"

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AT THE OPERA.



PRODUCTION of "Aïda" at Covent Garden. House crammed and brilliant. Temperature, ninety in the draughts. People having determined to arrive punctually, the carriages at 8·30 are in a line down to Leicester Square. House, at first, about a quarter full—no habitué, except the real Opera-amateurs in the gallery, liking to be considered as excited on any operatic subject whatever, and the non-habitués coming late in the hope of being taken for habitués, but lamentably failing in their attempts to look as if they knew where their stalls were, and soon reduced to ask the man at the door.

The Overture commences.

Elderly Gentleman (who has arrived early, and is seated in stalls fourth from the entrance, which he has taken "because," as he says, "he can get out so easily:" he finds that it is also a place where everybody can come in easily, and consequently throughout the whole of the short Overture, people are continually passing in, treading on his toes with, or without, begging his pardon.) Dear me! what a remarkable thing it is people can't be in time. *(Tries to listen to Overture. Soft music. Enter a party of four, including two stout Ladies, over his toes. Old Gentleman growls. Then presently looks along the row, and smiles.)* Ah! it's all full now, thank goodness. *(Begins again to try and pay some attention to the Overture.)*

Lady (enough for two ordinary Ladies. One of the party recently passed in). My dear GEORGE *(to her son, probably)*, I'm afraid we haven't got our right stalls.

[GEORGE *screws his head round and refers to numbers. Old Gentleman groans. Shall* HE *pass out so as to leave the way clear? No: for the four stalls between him and the door are now filled. Overture continues. Fuss at the stall entrance. Excited Gentleman with a party of three gesticulating. Stall-keeper referring to numbers. Stall-keeper telegraphs to parties in wrong stalls. They* WON'T *see. Stall-keeper begs pardon and plunges recklessly in, over old Gentleman's toes. More growls. Overture winding up. The stout party of four are fetched out trying to appear indifferent, but stepping viciously on all the toes they can, in their "march past." Entry of victorious party, over toes as before: restitution of rights to the lawful owners. Growls of pain and dissatisfaction from the old Gentleman, who wishes he had taken his stall right in the middle. Applause. End of short Overture.*

Elderly Gentleman (to himself). There's the Overture over, and I haven't heard a note of it. *(Considers that this is at least twenty-five per cent. of his money lost for ever. But there is a ray of comfort—the two stalls exactly in front are unoccupied, and he has a magnificent view of the stage. He feels better.)* Ah! a very fine scene. Let me see, who are these people? Wonder what they're saying? *(Refers to book.)*

(N.B.—*The mise-en-scène throughout is as splendid as anything yet seen at Covent Garden.*)

Enthusiastic Young Gentleman (here for this night only). By Jove! Splendid! *(This is later on, when the stage is full.)*

Blasé Friend (drawling). Ye-er (*he means "yes"*) not bad. But—ar—*(slowly, and as if under a great mental strain)*, it's nothing to what t'wa' i' Cair'. *(His Friend understands him to mean that "it is nothing here to what it was in Cairo"—where, you see, it was got up by our dear friend the Khedive "regardless of expense,"—so, like him, bless him! "That's the way the money goes, and pop goes" . . . everything that can be "popped.")*

Near-sighted Lady (determined to follow every word in the book, and looking up through her glasses every other second so as not to let 'em out of her sight on the stage for an instant longer than is absolutely necessary—reads to her hot and uninterested Husband from English libretto). That's NICOLINI—he's saying—I mean he's singing:—

"Round thy fair brow a diadem folding,
Thine were a throne next the sun to stand."

Perspiring Husband (exhaustedly). Horribly hot idea. *(A murmur "Here's* PATTI!*")*

Elderly Gentleman *in the fourth stall rubs his glasses, adjusts them, and heartily congratulates himself on there being no one in front of him.*

Elderly Gentleman (to himself). Now then we shall see how PATTI looks.

[*Enter loungingly into the two vacant stalls in front of him two very tall, broad-shouldered Swells. They take some time in settling down, having a good deal to do with their coat-tails, gold-headed sticks, opera hats, programmes, tooth-picks, books, and looking round the house generally. Great applause announcing the entrance of* PATTI.

Elderly Gentleman (in despair, and vainly endeavouring to catch a sight of PATTI *between the shoulders of the two tall and restless Swells).* I can't see PATTI. What a nuisance it is that——*(growls louder).* I wonder why people can't——

Persons (about him wishing to catch every note). Hsh!—Hsh!

Elderly Gentleman *begins to wish, more than ever, that he had taken his seat in the centre, as he sees in front of* THAT *seat only a little boy in jackets. He wishes, too, that tall people were not allowed in the stalls, or else that they should have a row to themselves.*

Habitué (with glasses). Why the doose has PATTI made herself so hideous! She's more like a Red Indian than an Egyptian. Why couldn't she have got herself up like LUCCA, in *L'Africaine*? LUCCA looked well.

Just and Generous Person (his Friend). I suppose her difficulty was to avoid being like *Selika*, in *L'Africaine*. *(They think over it, while the Opera continues.)*

Entrance of Royal Party. A Box full. Their Royal Highnesses with the children in Sailor costumes. The Prince in the character of the Royal Paterfamilias. Great excitement among the Ladies, specially in the Boxes above, on the same side, where they can't have any view at all of the Royal Box. H. R. H. nods to the music, and keeps time with his book. The children are much interested. Grand Spectacle. Enter "The King of Egypt," name unknown, but alluded to in the book as "one of the Pharaohs." Proposal made by the King to go to Vulcan's Temple. Evidently "one of the Pharaohs" has been reading "Lemprière." His attendants give him a golden stick with a splendid golden Goose at the top. Grand Quintette, PATTI, MLLE. GINDELE *(the new Contralto),* NICOLINI, CAPPONI, *and* M. FEITLINGER *(the Pharaoh). Vociferous recall. They return to bow. Difficulties arise, owing to "one of the Pharaohs" not clearly seeing how to dispose of the confounded Golden Goose, while he holds* PATTI'S *hand on one side, and* GINDELE'S *on the other. Some one, "a Priest," or "a Messenger," relieves him of it rather angrily, having perhaps been sent on hurriedly by the Stage Manager for this purpose. Exeunt Quintette.*

AÏDA *sings charmingly an appeal to the "Merciful Gods," and exit, applauded to the echo. Curtain descends.*

Short-sighted Lady (who has been most carefully following the book). Why the curtain oughtn't to come down *now!* There's another scene. *(Her Husband, still perspiring, is puzzled, but says he'll go and ask the Stall-keeper. He departs, and does not return for twenty minutes, with just the slightest soupçon about him of brandy and soda iced.)*

Blasé Friend (to his companion who is disappointed at the apparent omission). They had 'nother scene at Cair'—Grand scene.

[*Exit* Blasé Friend.

Exeunt several knowing people, who think it's the end of the Act. Elderly Gentleman sees the two giants depart, and once more has a clear view of the stage. He is well repaid. The curtain rises for last scene of Act I., representing "The Temple of Vulcan at Memphis," or the Egyptian Court at the Crystal Palace. A religious service is going on in which the Ballet has a considerable part.

Facetious Friend (to Interested Spectator). I suppose the Egyptian Priest of the Temple used to advertise for Ladies of the Ballet, Wanted for Vulcan's Temple; apply at the Vestry-door.

Facetious Person No. 2. Yes; the Vestry Virgins.

Grand spectacle. Noisy music. End of Act.

The Entr'acte is employed in the Refreshment Saloon. Timid people are trying to find out how to pronounce "Aïda" and "Gindele." Bold people are calling it "Ida," and the new Contralto, "Gindeler." Facetious persons, being uncertain, are

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BY SPECIAL LICENCE.

Paterfamilias (*impressively, to his Coachman*). "JARVIS! YOU WILL HAVE TO DRIVE US FIRST TO THE CHURCH, THEN BACK HERE TO THE WEDDING-BREAKFAST, AND THEN YOU WILL TAKE MY DAUGHTER AND HER NEWLY-MARRIED HUSBAND TO THE STATION AT LONDON BRIDGE; SO I PARTICULARLY WISH YOU TO KEEP THOROUGHLY SOBER *ALL DAY!*"

Jarvis. "ALL RIGHT, SIR! BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO TAKE A DROP TOO MUCH THIS *EVENING*, SIR!"

---

speaking of her as "Gin-dealer," and "Mlle. Gin-gerbeer." People who know all about everything, are setting everybody right, and giving opinions generally. People who want to talk about it afterwards, and have no ideas of their own on the subject, are getting as near the known musical critics, or musical celebrities, as possible, and picking up opinions to be retailed with additions, subsequently, as their own original notions.

ACT II.—*More spectacle. Grand scene. Apparently Hall in an Egyptian Theatrical Agent's house with a set of melancholy people waiting to be engaged by some enterprising Manager, and a band of Nigger boys (who "never perform out of" a Hall in the Apartments of Amneris'") practising for the coming pantomime.*

Enlightened Audience encores the nigger dance madly. Opposition. Row. Nigger dance repeated, while slaves condole with Mlle. Amneris on the bad taste of the British public, which prefers the "break-down" to the solo she has just started and has been compelled to give up.

Habitué (*much distressed*). It really *is* a pity that PATTI has made herself such a red-brick-dust fright.

Facetious Party No. 1. Yes! look here! (*points to book.*) See what *Amneris* is saying about her (*reads*).

"*Amneris* (*fixedly looking towards Aïda. Aside*). Yon deadly pallor—her bosom panting."

She 's panting hard enough, but I 'll be hanged if she could show any deadly pallor, unless some one would kindly empty a flour-bag over her. However, her singing is admirable.

Act continues. More magnificence, and at the end of the scene there is a great recall, when, instead of taking it all to herself, PATTI *goes off, and returns, leading on* MLLE. GINDELE, *whose hand she warmly shakes. Tremendous enthusiasm, evoked by this graceful act, and on we go to Scene III.*

More magnificence. Priests and Vestry Virgins in full force. Then comes the already celebrated March (which is certain to be popular), played by an Egyptian Brass Band ("time of the Pharaohs"), with instruments of the nineteenth century. But Habitués are accustomed to this in "Semiramide," and in "Norma," so it astonishes no one! More Golden Geese, carried by talented "Supers," specially selected by the Management, on account of their experience in keeping the "right side uppermost," and in sight of the Audience, in whatever direction they happen to be marching. But, for an extra sixpence, where so much has been spent, the Birds might surely have been done on both sides. They only have one gizzard-wing, and no more: but that, as carried, is effective.

Triumph of the Bold Egyptian Army. Entrance of captives, apparently wives and other female relatives of the conquered Ethiopians, who, we suppose, must somehow have got into the battle by mistake, and so have been captured, while the Ethiopian heroes ran away—which is just what the ancestors of the Ethiopian Serenaders would have done—at least from what we know of them by Massa Bones, and "Massa Ginger, sare, who play de tambourine."

Enter SIGNOR GRAZIANI *as Amonasro, King of Ethiopia, looking blacker than Othello or the above-mentioned Massa Bones.*

Facetious Person No. 2 (*struck by the fact of his colour*). I say, he 's supposed to be *Aïda's* father. He 's as black as my hat, and she 's as red as a brick wall. I say, this won't do, you know.

[*Appeals to his Friend, who can't account for it himself, but suggests writing to* DARWIN *on the subject.*

Magnificent finale. Brass everywhere, voices nowhere. Then comes Act III., *which is, as an Habitué says, "a gem." Charming duett between* PATTI *and* NICOLINI. *Fine scene, musically and dramatically, between* PATTI *and* GRAZIANI. *Late finish, but people stop to the end, and the verdict generally is success.*

From Opera to Theatre.—*Les Danicheff*, at the St. James's, is well worth seeing. Important advice to late diners—on no account miss the first Act. The most dramatic action of the play is in the first and third Acts. The dialogue in the second is very good, and admirably delivered. MADAME FARGUEIL is of course consummate, but the part is by no means a strong one, after the first Act. The difficult part of *Ossip* is admirably played by M. MASSET, and HÉLÈNE PETIT in *Anna* is really pathetic. We hope to return to *Les Danicheff*.

At the Criterion, The Great Divorce Case is very amusing, and is capitally played all round. It has the advantage of a good company of eccentric comedians, numbering among them MR. RIGHTON (whose sleepy old man is excellent), MR. CLARKE, and MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM, whom the part fits like a glove. The Ladies are all pretty, and MISS COVENEY is an admirable Mother-in-law.—*Avis Important.* The play does not begin until close on nine o'clock, so that the dinner-hour need not be materially disarranged, and a good laugh (which is certain) is a first-rate digestive.

HAVING YOU BOTH WAYS.

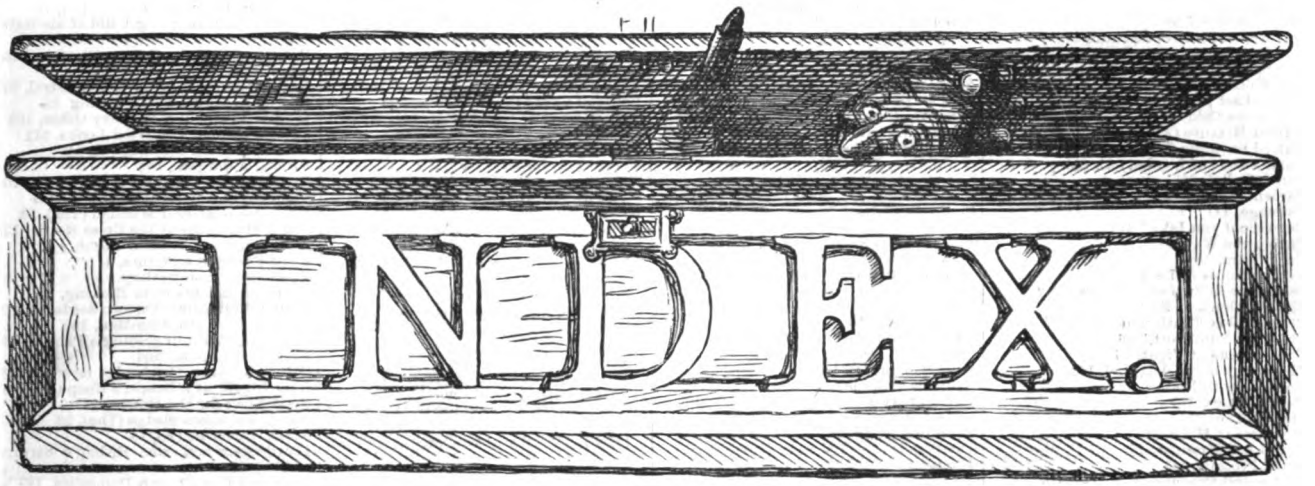
"LAUNCHED in the eclipse, with curses rigged."—
If e'er craft braved the sea,
Or puffed along the stream of Thames,
A Steam-launch it must be.

Their steam distils the bitterest drops
In the Thames rower's cup;
And yet what good to run them down,
When they can blow *you* up?

And why should they your curses heed,
Or slack speed for your frown?
What good is it to blow them up,
When they can run *you* down?

A PATTERN PROFESSOR.—When is MR. MASKELYNE, at the Egyptian Hall, like a Lecturer on Philosophy?—When he is "floating over the heads of his audience."

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ACADEMY Echoes, 182
Academy Reforms, 8
Actors at Home, 22
Address to Animals' Friends, 249
Address to the Convocation of York, 71
Admiralty Maxim, 93
Advice for the New Year, 10
Advice on the Burials Bill, 24
Æsop's Fable (An), 88
After the Academy—Dreaming all Night Long, 200
"Agrikler" on the Bristol Cathedral Images, 177
A la Mode de France, 1
"Alias" Improved (An), 152
All Afloat, 217
American Cousinhood, 68
Anatomy of the Turf, 230
Ancient Drinking Customs, 87
Angel in the House (The), 103
Anglo-Dutch Protest (The), 116
Antagonism Extraordinary, 177
Anti-Vivisection Movement (The), 105
Apis Orthographica, 171
Apotheosis of Engineering (The), 130
Appeal of the Pious Founder (The), 232
Apprehended Outrage at Hammersmith, 117
Apropos Title (An), 121
A Question to be Asked, 189
Asian Mysteries, 146
Astronomy Royal, 148
As You Wear! 57
Atalanta in England, 188
At the Drawing-Room, 206
At the Flower Show of the Season, 264
At the Opera, 269
Aurinkular Confessions, 96
Australian Eden (An), 172
Awkward Ultimatum (An), 84
BEAMS in the Balance, 74
Baring and Over-bearing, 106
"Benefits Forgot," 252
Best Lifts for Hospitals, 251
Big Fish (A), 207
Bird Question (The), 64
Birds and Fowlers, 30
Birds for the Bonnets, 154
Bitter Disappointment (A), 178
Bob's Penance, 178
Books and Brain-Work, 227
Brahmin to Benjamin (A), 111
Bright Suggestion (A), 126
British Army of the Future (The), 196
Brittle Seal (A), 152
Brutes in and Out of Boots, 23
CABINET Question (A), 146
Candid, 72, 166
Catechiser Catechised (A), 4
Cause and Effect, 156
Caveat Navigator, 27
Celestial Cruelty, 93
Chairs behind Counters, 78
Chance for "Ouida" (A), 188
Change of Name, 118
"Charming Fellow" (A), 18
City Chimes (The), 251
Clerical Intelligence, 57
Clubs! Clubs! 162, 238
Clubs are Trumps, 107
Collision Extraordinary, 87
Colourable Reasons, 139
Common Clerical Scandal (A), 83
Conclusion of a Cheesemonger, 28
Conservative Notions, 116
Contradiction in Terms (A), 240
"Cool"—an Ascot Idyll, 259
Corn in Egypt, 152
"Cover your Heads!" 12
Crack! 96
"Credat Judæus!" 57
Credit for Cannon, 227
Criticism and Defamation, 160
Cruel Clause (A), 193
Cruelty to our Kind, 240
Crusade against Cruelty (The), 225
Culinary Scholarships, 46
"Currite Servi," 24
DEARTH of Army Doctors, 63
Death in the Dose, 161
De Dickey-Birds nil nisi Bonum, 71
Defence of Hackney Downs (The), 58
Definition (A), 64
Degrees for Women, 30
Delicate Situation (A), 84
Derby and Joan, 227
Derby Stand-Points, 233
Desecrated Reverend (The), 88
Diggings in Spain, 161
Diocese in British Diggings (A), 176
Disabilities of Woman, 176
Disappointed of Dana, 169
Disbarred, 64
Dish Re-christened (A), 106
Disinterested Dramatists, 11
Doctrine and Drink, 155
Dowagers Developed, 117
Drawing-Room Dresses, 125
Dream of a Spelling-Bee, 20
EARNEST Hint to Signor Rossi (An), 172
East and West, 81
Easter Eggs a-hatching, &c., 159
"Ecce nos Rursum," 24
Ecclesiastical Article (An), 199
Echoes from the Park, 249
Economy in a Mess, 51
Educational Northern Light (An), 118
Elegy on a lately Deceased Whistling Oyster, 190
Elementary Education, 117
Eleventh Commandments, 206
Eligible Tenements, 140
"Empress" v. "Queen," 82
England's Board Schools and Beef, 23
England v. Greece, 217
Enigma (An), 117
E. Payson Weston's Perpetual Motion, 73
Epicure's Expostulation (An), 19
Essence of Parliament, 55, 65, 75, &c.
Everyday Occurrence, 0
Experiment in Street-Cleaning, 27
FASHION'S Last Conquest, 171
Fast Flowers, 127
Fatal Twenty-Ninth (The), 83
Festive Economy, 240
Fine Opening for a Young Man, 28
First Cabinet Council of the Year (The), 29
Flattering Invitation (A), 171
Flattering Tale (A), 196
Fog Signals, 95
Folly at Folkestone (The), 78
For the Council of the R.A., 190
Founder of the Commissionnaires (The), 266
From "Church and State" to "Irish Church Disestablishment," 57
Fruitless Visit (A), 119
GAMBGE to Celia, 106
Gamp v. Pecksniff, 138
Geese that will never Save their Capital, 23
Genius of the Ring (The), 183
Geology and the Stock Exchange, 161
Girl who Bees (The), 152
Going too Far, 152
Gone Wrong, 115, 125, 132, &c.
Grace's Coup de Grâce (A), 53
Great Bargain (A), 30
Great Divide (The), 106
Great Meeting at the Zoological Gardens, 184
Greengrocers v. Butchers, 255
Guinea for Jack's Hospital (A), 64
"HACKNEY'D" Subject (A), 18
Happy Couple (A), 195
Happy Thoughts, 259
Happy Thoughts of a Distinguished American Engineer, 164
Hard-Boiled Eggs, 83
Hard Measure, 57
Hard-up Horticulturists (The), 77
Having you both Ways, 270
Head-Quarters of Health (The), 172
Hibernian Toast and Sentiment, 126
Hint from the Hour (A), 46
Hints to Imbeciles, 218
Historical Questions, 237
Historical Title for Government, 145
History of a Sensation (The), 251
Homeless Husbands, 159
Horace and Lydia on the Rink, 63
Horatian Motto for a Board of Guardians, 72
Horrible Extravagance, 227
Hospital Sunday—June 18, 252
How to Float the "Vanguard," 168
Hundred Years Hence (A), 196
Hymen v. Low Wages, 264
Hymn to Victoria, 74
IMPORTANT Official Inquiry, 239
Important to Divers, 151
Inhabited House Duty, 117
Inscription for the Khedive's Door-Mat, 149
Inscription for the Laboratory of La Grande Chartreuse, 40
Instruction for the Universe, 13
Irish £4-Householder to John Bright (The), 137
Ismail Micawber, 151
Italy on France, 118
JACK to John, 10
Jenkins v. Jenkins, 76, 144
John to Jonathan, 151
Journeys "Performed," 40
Just What's Wanted, 140
LADIES on their Legs, 196
Lady of the Lake Loquitur, 34
Land and the Landlord (The), 54
Largest Piece of Porcelain in the World (The), 20
Last Sensation (The), 155
Latest Creed (The), 28
Lawson and Liberty, 54
Law under the Rejected Act, 201
Leap Year Reading of an Old Proverb, 87
Legend for the Lords, 128
Leo Loquitur, 21
Les Cœurs Brisés, 20
Light Blue for Ever! 158
Lines picked up at the Brixton Rink, 161
"Links with the Past," 110
Literary Felicity, 187
Little Logic (A), 251
Little (too) Busy Bee (The), 137
Logical Demonstration, 248
London Improvements, 19
Look before you Lend, 262
"Lord, send us a guid Conceit o' oursels," 202
Loveliness by Limelight, 95
Lunar Vagaries, 78
Lusus Naturæ (A), 57
MAGISTERIAL Audacity, 262
Make Your Game! 189
Mammon's Metamorphosis, 29
Man's Place at Midsummer, 264
Marriage Memories, 64
Martial in London, 195
Mary-Anner on the Rampage, 100
May à la Mode, 199
May Meetings, 205
Medical Officers Asking for More, 261
Medical Partner (A), 201
Member's Lament (A), 66
Mercy to Animals, 82
Mere Metaphor, 103
Modest Advertiser (A), 178
M. Offenbach in America, 221
Monday Night's Dream (A), 189
Monitor of the Opposition (The), 18
Moral Freedom in Spain, 201
Moral Suasion for Sots, 127
"More Haste the Worse Speed" (The), 112
More Panics, 249
Mottoes for the Times, 246
Motto for the Drury Lane Pantomime, 10
Motto for the Manager of the Co-operative Credit Bank, 34
Motto for the Poste Restante, 51
Motto for the Royal Titles Bill, 172
Mr. Punch's Own Man at the Boat-Race, 134
Mr. Punch to a very Pretty Young Lady of Fashion, 175
Mrs. Gamp on the Stock Exchange, 165
Mrs. Partington Protests, 217
Music and Cookery, 76
Music of the Future, 84
My Only "Crossed Cheeks," 106
NEATLY Turned, 128
Nemesis of History, 148
Ne Quid Nimis, 93
New Baconian Essay (A), 143
New Battle of Limerick (The), 169
New "Imperial Measure" (The), 143
New Novel, 78
New Rhyme for the Nursery, 54
New Shakspeare Reading (A), 84
New Song (A), 111
New Titles, 110
Nobody, 166
No More Knifeboys, 54
No Rest for the Royal, 202
Not a Bad Interpretation, 73
Note on Naval Estimates, 121
Nothing like Lucidity, 239
Notice, 86
Novel Sensations for the Blasé, 196
OFFICIAL Communication, 177
Oh, Horrible! 177
Old Rhyme (An), 76
On a Political Zoilus, 84
On Guard! 22
Only Natural, 34
On Opposite Sides, 27
On the Old Ways, 7
Open Bridges or Open Spaces? 251
Orpheus and his Loot, 166

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Our Correspondence, 140
Our Couple of Crazes, 107
Our Levée, 96
Our New Novel, 98
Our Representative at Cambridge, 244
Our Representative in India, 2, 17, 31, &c.
Our Spelling Bee, 19
Our William's Last, 107
Out at Last; or, Dizzy's Odd Trick, 12
Out in the Cold, 255
Oxford Mixture (An), 119
Oxford Soothing Syrup, 232
PARLIAMENT of London (A), 255
Parish Relief, 241
Parochial Progress, 149
Patinage, 111
Patriotic if you Like! 161
Paving the Way, 89
Per Contra, 160
Performances in Lent, 118
Personage in St. Pancridge (A), 252
Philadelphia and Fraternity, 200
Philadelphia Exhibition (The), 165
Philology "in Sport," 76
Philosophers at Fight, 53
Philosophy of Smoke (The), 162
Physiology in France, 262
Piping Times, 130
Plague (The), 28
Pleasures of Hope, 264
Plural and Singular, 28
Plush Protests, 261
Poetry and Pronunciation, 143, 177
Poetry and Prose, 181
Political Difficulty (A), 68
Pope and the Pretender (The), 76
Positive Negative (A), 188
(Possible) May Meetings, 1876, 184
Post et Propter, 53
Praise from the Pope, 240
Premier's Portfolio (The), 161
President Cincinnatus, 119
Prince at Ceylon (The), 10
Prince of Wales's Feathers (The), 199
Prince's Welcome Home (The), 200
Principle for the Press (A), 188
Problem (A), 241
Proceedings of Learned Societies, 89
Property and Commons, 239
Proposal to Parliament, 117
Proposed Old Style for New Title, 175
Punch at Portsmouth, 181
Punch on a Foreign Actor, 175
Punch Opens Parliament, 44
Punch's Dream of the Derby, 228
Punch's Play-Bill, 54
Punch to B. D., 137
Punch to the Blackcoats, 71
QUEEN v. Curling (The), 28
Question in Rule of Three, 76
Questions for any Number of Bees, 120
Questions of the Day, 215
Quiet Day on the Thames (A), 249
Quite in their Line, 28
RAIN and the Races (The), 227
Random Reflections, 128
Real "Fasting Girls," 82
Real Thing at Last (The), 207
Reasons for not Subscribing to the Hospital Sunday Fund, 266
Recommended for Imitation, 3
Recreation for the Insane, 195
Refuge for Ritualism (A), 52
Rejected of Rome (The), 86
Relief and Reaction, 9
Right Again! 232
Rinkita, 261
Rinkomania, 67
Rinkomaniacs, 159
Ritualistic Novelty for Easter, 159
Robbin' Cock Robin, 72
Royal Titles, 151
Rum 'Uns from Romsey, 87
Rus in Urbe, 68
SANITARY Sangradoism, 131
Sansculottes at Limerick, 67
Sayings for the Season, 215
Scholastic Intelligence, 21
School of Cookery, 56
Science Show, South Kensington (The), 234, 256
Sea-Fight of the Future (A), 176
Seeing and Hearing, 194
See-Saw Song, 237
Shadows of the Coming Session, 39
Shakspeare against the Burials Bill, 34
Shakspeare on the Rink, 51
Shakspearian Motto, 33
Short Commons for Soldiers, 7
Shorthand Notes on the Easter Pieces, 190
Sic Vos non Vobis mellificatis, Apes! 30
"Silent Spirit," 156
Sir Charles Dilke and the Corporations, 96
Skipper's Song (The), 211
Slap at Sceptics (A), 256
Sleepy Hollow of Science (The), 106
Slippery Ground, 117
Smallpox and See-Saw, 139
Snob's Progress, 23
Sobriety in Scotland, 57
Something like Inventions, 187
Something New, 127
Some Words with a Sweater, 52
Son and Stranger, 72
Song of the Day (A), 54
Song of the Nightingale (The), 170
Song under Sentence (A), 163
Sonnets for the Sex, 241
Sors Miltoniana, 139
Sors Virgiliana, 58
"Speaking Out," 86, 111
Specimen Page of Punch's Geography for Children, 7
Sporting Intelligence, 103
Stern Truths, 68
Stores for Thirsty Thousands, 143
Straight Tip from the Stars, 230
Students and Sporting Men, 227
St. Valentine's Day, 56
Sub Rosâ Reflection, 146
Suffocation and Science, 61
Suggestion by Sairey Gamp, 255
Sun v. Steam, 76
Supporters of the Crown, 118
Suspicious, 218
Sweets of Savage Life (The), 100
Syllabus and Suez, 84
TALES of My Landlord, 133
Tallest Style (The), 128
Teaching by Examples, 71
Temperance Irish Melody, 210
Temperance Taverns 132
Tender Subject (A), 38
Theory and Practice, 14
Thoroughfare v. Barracks, 42
Those Evening Belles, 232
Three Excesses of the Day, 34
Tight Fish, 189
To June, 233
Topics for My Trilogy, 29
Twelfth Night, 3
Two Birds with One Stone, 107
Two Doses of Justices' Justice, 43
Two Paragraphs, 81
Turkey Pie, 24
Turner's "Tip" to the City Companies (The), 77
UNDISPUTED Opinion (An), 251
United at Last, 81, 90
University Intelligence, 196
Use for them at Last, 261
Useful Invention (A), 3
'VARSITY Fcenerator (The), 98
Very Sorry for It, 10
Visit to the Westminster Aquarium (A), 39
Vivisection 93
Voice of Truth's Last Lie (The), 42
WANTED, 218
"Wanted—a President," 211
Warden of the Standard (The), 42
Warning from Neptune (A), 27
Weather Forecast, 86
Westminster Aquarium Theatre, 27
What a Lady Sees, 255
What it Seems Likely to Come to, 116
"What's in a Name?" 111
What to do on the Derby Day, 230
When the Prince comes Home, 190
Whiskey v. "Silent Spirit," 43
Whiskey War (The), 149
White Mates in One Move, 145
Whitethorn Winter, 195
Wholesome Mixture (A), 171
Why they go to Ascot, 246
Why this Thusness? 66
William on the Bill (The), 128
Wind and the Wool (The), 208
Winning Card (The), 230
Woman and the Workhouse, 151
Woman to the Rescue, 111
Word for Walker (A), 74
Words of Command, 146
Worst Kind of Do (The), 53
Worst Slave Circular (The), 84
Writ de Rheumatico, &c., 122
Wrongs of our Natives (The), 10
YOUNG Chelsea v. Old, 42
ZODIACAL Congress (A), 99

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

ANOTHER False Start, 224, 225
"Awful Cropper" (An), 235
Civil Service Stores, 91
Dogs of War (The), 247
"Extinguisher" Trick (The), 59
Great Easterns. "Down," 203
Her Best Title—"Queen of the East," 101
(Home-) "Ruler of the Spirits!" (The), 213
"Justice to the Rescue!" 267
"Jolly Anglers" (The), 157
Lion's Share (The), 69
Men and Brothers, 79
Metropolitan "Bumble-Bee" (The), 257
Ministerial Mess (The), 167
"New Crowns for Old Ones," 147
New Tenant (The), 113
Over-Weighted, 179
Practising for the Westminster Rink, 36, 37
"Queen with Two Heads" (The), 123
"Star" of India (The), 191
St. Stephen's Show (The), 48, 49
Tight Fit (A), 135
Tinkering! 5
"Too Many Cooks," 15
Turkey Pie, 25

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ALARMING Result of Leaning Against a House, 64
Aristocracy in Trade, 156
"Awfully Ta!"—a Rinking Scene,
Big Dog and Garotters (The), 100
Big Navvy and the Hammerman, 240
Black Eye at a Spelling Bee (A), 177
Blot on the Copy-Book (The), 43
'Bus Driver and Twopenny Yallers, 83
Butler and Malt Whiskey (A), 30
Butler and the Conservative Programme (A), 63
Buttons will give his Place a Character, 166
By Special Licence, 270
Chaffing a Swell going to Guildhall, 227
Children's Party in Leap Year (A), 146
Colonel's Pyrotechnic Display (The), 162
Composite, not Roman Candles, 29
Convict and the Commandments (A), 74
Costume of "Henri Quatre" (A), 78
Customer wishing to get Rid of his Hair, 251
Deferring Conversation until after Dinner, 178
Derby Costume à la Christy Minstrel, 22
De Tomkyns and Betsy Waring, 33
Dignified Cook at a Registry Office, 109
Diverse Opinions on Good Looks, 212
Dress not to Sit Down in (A), 68
Driving a Bargain, 264
Dropping in to Tea at a Gipsy Party, 160
Duchess, or Alderman's Widow? 134
Dust of a West-End Mansion (The), 53
Engaged Couples at the Cross Roads, 122
Evangeline and Twelfth Night, 4
Faint Praise of a Picture, 171
False Teeth v. Jewellery, 155
Family Accidents from Rinking, 86
Farmer Riding over his own Seeds (A), 126
Fat and Lean Hunting-Men, 142
Fatiguing Effect of holding a Parasol, 183
Forlorn Hope, (A), 266
Girton Rinking, Cambridge Rowing, 150
Gold-Digger at a Draper's Shop (A), 106
Good News for the Horses, 265
Goody Twoshoes Sledge (The), 52
Greek Valentine (A), 73
Hairdresser and the Bishop's Sermon (The), 66
High and Low Church Domestics, 189
House-Dog and the Masqueraders (The), 246
Hunting Compliments, 182
Hurdle Race in Ulsters (A), 95
Irish Butler who was "Often Sober," 172
Jane's Idea of a Bootjack, 105
John Thomas at the Rink, 94
Lady Artist and Clerk's Wife, 107
Laird's Half-crown Salmon Fly (The), 220
Liberal and Conservative Paste, 32
Lobster Evening Dress (The), 90
Low Church Lady and her Sermon (A), 130
Magnificent Ugly Men, 170
Maria's Eyelashes, 14
Martha at a High Church Festival, 232
Minnie's Question on Beauty and the Beast, 58
Miss May prefers the Mare, 199
Mistaking a Soldier's Salute, 10
Mistress's Sunday Out, 206
Monkey and the Monkey's Papa (The), 161
Mr. Capel Court at the Derby, 219
Mr. Punch in an Italian Uniform, 195
Mr. Punch in a Venetian Gondola, 168
Names of Places beginning with H, 116
New Rain-fall Gauge (A), 151
Nursemaids at the Barracks, 190
Nurse's New Bonnet, 243
Old Woman's Reply to Chinamaniacs, 84
One-in-Hand Elephant Club (The), 216
Papa and Daughters at the Horse Show, 233
Papa and Mamma in the Balance, 207
Parlour-Maid who Understands French, 40
Patent Buffers for Rinkers, 119
Picture with Waving Trees (A), 174
Poet on a Laundry-Ground (A), 256
Policeman and Lost Child, 143
Preparing for a Fancy Ball, 250
Presented at the County Court, 138
Punch's Prize Married Couples, 112
Queen's Dining-Rooms v. Drawing-Rooms, 128
Rainy Day's Stag-Hunting (A), 187
Ratcliffe Highway Kick (The), 24
Result of Wearing a Tight Skirt, 62
"Rink to me only with thine Eyes," 104
Sleighing Down Hampstead Hills, 41
Slippery Dancing, 211
Spelling "Tremenjeous," 18
Spirit-Rapping Extraordinary, 234
Stocks for Picture-Stealers, 245
Strained Listening to Fine Singing, 221
Stuffed Figures at Madame Tussaud's, 239
Suffolk Mother's Mode of Correction (A), 262
Swell's English (A), 201
Tommy and Pa's strong Expression, 261
Tommy at a Dinner Party, 127
Tommy's Equestrian Hints to Mamma, 131
Tommy's Prize from the Offertory Bag, 139
Traveller's Ale and the Dog's Biscuit, 121
True and a False Character (A), 217
Two Theorists, 19
Uist v. Stornaway, 28
Use of a Visitor's Photographs, 186
"Wales" reviving a Dull Season, 218
Walk Home in Fancy Ball Costumes, 260
Waverley Ball in Bengal, 45
White Evening Suits, 82
Why Nupkins is Famous, 202
William Tell's Son and the Apple, 87
Yankee and Dublin Carman, 20



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PUNCH



VOL LXXI.

LONDON:

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I HAD been looking over KELLY'S last and greatest of Annuals, and had become absorbed in thought over that Business Man's Bible. Tooley Street had been the last street under my eye, and its famous Three Tailors the last thought in my mind. Then—did I sleep and dream, or was I spirit-rapt *à la* SLADE, or levitated *à la* GUPPY? I know not, but there I found myself by Golden Horn, instead of Thames, with the Three Tailors of Tooley Street transfigured into the Nine Tailors of Stamboul, in full Conference!

The Nine Tailors looked pale and puzzled; every brow was dark with doubt and distrust. But at sight of PUNCH they brightened.

"Land at last!" shouted IGNATIEFF, the heartiest and halest of the Nine.

"A Beacon, when our own BEACON'S FIELD is in utter darkness," exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, the young man from Salisbury—the last taken on for the job.

"*Une Ponche flamboyante! Ah que nous en avons besoin—d'un flambeau!*" whispered the cautious CHAUDORDY to the serene DE BOURGOING.

"*Witz und Blitzen!*" ejaculated BARON WERTHER, as if he saw a way out of his Sorrows.

"*Himmel und Schön-wetter!*" sighed COUNT ZICHY, the embarrassed but amiable mouthpiece of Austria, to BARON DE CALICE, his chum.

"*Benvenuto!*" burst out BARBOLANI, with Italian *brio*, but musically as an Italian organ should, and does at Stamboul, whatever it may in London.

Never did a gang of Tailors on an East-End Sweater's shop-board more joyfully hail the advent of a foaming pewter, than this untuneful Nine of the Stamboul Conference-room the apparition of PUNCH.

"You have come," exclaimed IGNATIEFF, "to help us in cutting out——"

"Anything but each other," I replied, significantly.

"Please, if you 'd tell him you know he thinks of nothing but cabbage——" querulously whined the Mis-Representative of Great Britain.

The new hand from Salisbury shut him up with a grave but authoritative look of remonstrance.

"A truce to recriminations!" I cried. "We 've had a great deal too much of that sort of thing already. You 've a job in hand, my good fellows, that might puzzle the sharpest set of diplomatic dodgers that ever paraphed a protocol."

"You may well say that, *mon cher*," growled IGNATIEFF, holding up a nondescript garment, to whose "looped and windowed raggedness" it would be vain to seek for a parallel in the rags of Ireland as they used to be, or the tatters of Scarecrowdom as they are.

"The Ottoman Empire!" chorussed the Nine, as I held to the light this unsavoury ruin, this rotten, moth-eaten, and vermin-haunted garment, that had once been stout in stuff, bright of colour, rich with embroidery, and heavy

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with gold lace. "And they expect *us* to make a job of it!" chorussed the Nine, each taking a tug in a different direction at the rotten abomination, which I thought would have been rent to pieces in my hand.

"Cut it into lists, to nail up the shoots of the Panslavonian family-tree with"—shouted IGNATIEFF, who seemed to take the lead among his Nine *confrères*.

"Ditto to *you!*" shouted the reticent old Prussian, who seemed to have no mind, or at least showed no hand, of his own.

"There! You see his little game:—Divide and appropriate. Trust *him* with the mending of this poor dear old coat!" groaned the unhappy ELLIOT.

"Which you 've been helping to botch, till it will botch no longer," interrupted the new hand from Salisbury, turning on him sharply.

"If only you 'd respect its integrity!" groaned the sorely snubbed ELLIOTT, while the Austrian tailors whispered; when suddenly a great noise was heard outside—cannons and trumpets, cheers, and acclamations.

"What is it?" I asked IGNATIEFF

"Only MIDHAT blowing another bubble," remarked the Russian, with perfect composure. "Bless you, we 're used to it. They 've been at that game for the last forty years. The Gulhani bubble was quite as big as this, and they shouted quite as loud over it. But what came of it and the dozen they 've blown since, but dissolution into empty air, after serving to set Europe—with England at its head—agape, while the sharp Osmanli swell-mob picked their pockets."

Just then, SAFVET, a Turkish tailor, popping his head in at the door, begged them to come out and look at MIDHAT's beautiful constitution. He was shortly and sharply dismissed with a flea in his ear.

"Don't you agree with me," resumed IGNATIEFF, "that the old coat is past patching, and that the best thing would be to cut it up into little garments for the Young Turkeys I hope to hatch one day," and he winked.

"The best thing you can do," I said, "would be to chuck this filthy old rag into the dust-hole, with all the moths and other vermin that have harboured in its foulness, and cut out another garment for Turkey of sound strong Government stuff—the only one to wear well. But you must see that your measures are carefully taken, and above all, if you mean the coat to fit, you must send your own foremen to see it tried on, and keep the old vermin out of the new garment."

Here a renewal of the row outside interrupted the applause that greeted my allocution. This time it was MIDHAT who burst in on our deliberation.

"Who talks of a new coat, and of sending giaours of Frankish foremen to try it on? The old coat is quite good enough for us, when *we 've* mended it, as we mean to do—arrange it afresh, in fact, from skirt to collar, on the latest French pattern. Besides, after all, the more patches the better shelter——"

"For the vermin," interrupted the young man from Salisbury, sternly; "*not* for the wearer. MIDHAT, mizzle!"

Thus roughly apostrophised, the Pasha first scowled, then squared, on which the young man from Salisbury, seizing the scruff of his neck with one hand, twisted the other in the waistband of his voluminous nether garments, and, before I could interpose, MIDHAT was flying through the window towards the blue waters of the Golden Horn.

"The poor devil shan't drown, if I can help it!" I shouted, rushing to the window.

"He 'll only pull you under," remonstrated IGNATIEFF; and there 'll be two drowned instead of one."

"Let me go!" I exclaimed. "Have I not my life-raft?" and, shaking him off, I flung up the window. A struggle, a shout, a sheer-down dive, an irrepressible up-shoot to the surface, and I was floating on my own insubmergible bottom, and holding up MIDHAT by the slack of his very loose inexpressibles. The Turk was saved, for rescuer and rescued together rode the blue billows of the Bosphorus on the buoyant pages of



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Introduction.

VOLUME LXXI.——JULY TO DECEMBER, 1876.

THE DISRAELI CABINET.—1876.

First Lord of the Treasury and Lord Privy Seal	Right Hon. B. Disraeli (now Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G.).
Lord Chancellor	Lord (now Earl) Cairns.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Sir Stafford H. Northcote, Bart.
Lord President of the Council	Duke of Richmond and Gordon, K.G.
Home Office	Right Hon. R. A. Cross.
Foreign Office	Earl of Derby.
Colonial Office	Earl of Carnarvon.
War Secretary	Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy.
Indian Secretary	Marquis of Salisbury (now K.G.).
Admiralty	Right Hon. G. Ward Hunt.
Postmaster-General	Lord John Manners.
Chief Secretary for Ireland	Sir Michael E. Hicks-Beach, Bart.

POLITICAL SUMMARY.

PAGE PAGE

A SURPRISE was in store for the close of the Session. As it began with a title, so it ended with one. Mr. Disraeli was raised to the Peerage as Viscount Hughenden (the name of his country seat), and Earl of Beaconsfield, and the Leadership of the House of Commons devolved on Sir Stafford Northcote. A few days before these unexpected changes, the Earl of Malmesbury had resigned the office of Lord Privy Seal, which Mr. Disraeli undertook, in addition to his duties as First Lord of the Treasury. The vacancy in the Cabinet caused by Lord Malmesbury's retirement was filled up in November by the introduction of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Secretary for Ireland.

We broke off in the narrative of events in the East, prefixed to the last volume, with a reference to the atrocities committed in Bulgaria by the Turks on the Christian population. Something had been heard of these crimes while Parliament was sitting, but it was not until it had dispersed that all the horrible details of murder and outrage, of whole villages destroyed by fire, of men, women, and children massacred, and most foully and inhumanly treated, were revealed, mainly through the letters of the correspondents of the *Daily News*.

Great was the horror excited in this country. Indignation meetings were held in London and throughout the kingdom to protest against these cruelties, to condemn the quiet policy of our own Government, and to urge its interference on behalf of the Bulgarians. Mr. Gladstone published a pamphlet on "Bulgarian Horrors," and addressed his Constituents from the platform, denouncing the Turkish Government, and proposing their expulsion, "bag and baggage," from Europe. An official investigation by Mr. Baring, one of the Secretaries to the British Embassy at Constantinople, confirmed in substance the newspaper statements; and Lord Derby (then Foreign Secretary), addressed to the Porte a despatch containing reproofs and demands for redress of a most unusual character. The Turkish Ministers promised compliance with his demands for the condign punishment of the chief criminals, but the performance of their promises was evaded.

In the first days of July—we again condense from the Summary of the year in the *Times*—Servia and Montenegro declared war against Turkey, a step strongly disapproved by our Government. The Montenegrins defeated the Turkish Commander in Herzegovina, and in the campaign that ensued, Prince Nicholas maintained his superiority in the field, though he was not strong enough to occupy permanently any part of the enemy's territory. A Russian general (Tchernayeff) of military distinction assumed, as a volunteer, the chief command of the Servian army, but he was not supported by the Bulgarians. The Turkish Government reinforced their army, and the Turkish generals, though they operated slowly, experienced no serious check. The Servian militia proved incapable to resist the regular Turkish army, and the Russian general was obliged to depend chiefly on volunteers from his own country. Early in August the superiority of the Turks became manifest, and ultimately the Servians were totally defeated.

The English Government lost no time, when the Turks had obtained their first successes, in endeavouring to rescue

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PAGE

the Servians from the consequences of their aggressive rashness. Negotiations were entered into with the PORTE for a peace, or at least for an armistice. A suspension of hostilities between Turkey and Servia was arranged, and a Conference of the Great Powers on the Eastern Question was settled to be held at Constantinople. On the 12th of October the PORTE offered a much longer armistice of six months, which was accepted by our Government, but rejected by Russia, as an alleged evasion of the demand for a shorter term. Russia commenced preparations for war on a great scale, the cause of Servia became hopeless at the end of October, and GENERAL IGNATIEFF, the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, had already arranged with the Turkish Ministry a six weeks' armistice, when he re-received a message by telegraph from his Emperor, commanding him to demand an instant armistice, and in the event of a refusal, to withdraw from Constantinople at once with all his staff. The PORTE wisely submitted to this affront, a cessation of hostilities took place, and the arrangements for holding the Conference proceeded.

At home we must notice the appointment of the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY as our special representative at the Conference—SIR HENRY ELLIOT, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, being the other Plenipotentiary; LORD BEACONSFIELD'S war-like speech in the Guildhall at the LORD MAYOR'S inaugural banquet on the 9th of November; and the great Conference at St. James's Hall, of opponents of the Government, and adherents of an anti-Turkish policy.

The first meeting of the Conference of the Representatives of the Great Powers was held at Constantinople on the 11th of December, on the 19th MIDHAT PASHA was appointed Grand Vizier, on the 23d, while the Plenipotentiaries were in deliberation, the guns announced the promulgation of the new Constitution. (*See* Cartoon, p. 321); and on the 28th the Conference agreed to an armistice between Turkey and the insurgent Provinces until the 1st of March, 1877.

The deposition and death of SULTAN ABDUL AZIZ, and the succession of his nephew as SULTAN MURAD V. have been recorded in the Introduction to the last volume. "Unfortunately SULTAN MURAD, either from natural incapacity, or in consequence of the surprise and shock of his elevation, was from the first incapable of discharging his duties;" and at the end of August his ministers found it necessary to depose him in his turn, and to raise his brother ABDUL HAMID to the Turkish throne.

NOTES.

1 **Sentiment *v.* Science.**—*See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 4 (*Tuesday*)—"In the Lords, Vivisection Bill."

7 **"Counting her Chicks!"** (*Cartoon*).—Our ironclad fleet had been ordered to Besika Bay, on the coast of Asia Minor, south of the Dardanelles. BRITANNIA is supposed to be addressing the then First Lord of the Admiralty, MR. G. WARD HUNT (died 1877).

17 **On the Wrong Scent.**—*See* "Notes" to Vol. 69, p. 42. Collie dogs had been shown at the Alexandra Palace.

18 **Guardians in Gaol.**—Some of the Keighley (Yorkshire) Guardians being opposed to compulsory vaccination, refused to carry out the Act, and set at defiance, not only the Local Government Board, but also the Court of Queen's Bench. They were arrested for contempt of court and committed to York Castle. Subsequently they were liberated on bail.

18 **No Offence.**—Forcible resistance had been made on Plumstead Common, near Woolwich, to some attempts to enclose common land, and fences, considered to be illegally set up, were torn down.

19 **The Sphinx is Silent** (*Cartoon*).—The Sphinx, the Prime Minister, MR. DISRAELI. *See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 14 (*Monday*)—"The MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON took the liberty."

22 **On Seeing the Poor Children, &c.**—The "Winged Horse," and the "Lamb and Flag," are the Badges of the Inner and Middle Temple.

24 **Chloe, M.D., &c.**—*See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 16 (*Wednesday*)—"COWPER-TEMPLE moved."

28 **Keeping the Ring** (*Cartoon*).—The SULTAN of Turkey is left to fight it out with his insurgent provinces, the European Powers "keeping the ring," and abstaining from any interference.

33 **The Danicheff.**—A theatrical piece at this time being played in London.

34 **Family Ties** (*Cut*).—Those who have seen the ingenious cupboard trick, as performed by MASKELYNE AND COOKE at the Egyptian Hall, will not fail to appreciate this illustration.

39 **Thoughts on the "Thunderer."**—On the 14th of this month (July) a terrible steam-boiler explosion happened on board the double-turret ship, the *Thunderer*, at Spithead. About fifty deaths were ultimately the result of this disastrous occurrence. The Coroner's jury found that "the accident was due to the sticking of the safety-valves from the contraction of their metal seats, and that the stop-valve being closed was contributory to the accident."

39 **Natural Resort for Victims, &c.**—MR. GOSCHEN had been solicited to undertake a financial mission to Egypt.

41 **Stupidity and Science** (*Cartoon*).—The agitation against Vivisection—a Bill to regulate it was at this time passing through Parliament—was by many thought likely to endanger and obstruct genuine scientific research, carried on with a view to the diminution of human suffering.

49 **Mobilisation.**—In July two Army Corps assembled in the neighbourhood of Aldershot and Salisbury, when a series of experiments on a large scale took place, to test the new army mobilisation scheme. Army Mobilisation has been explained as "the conversion of a peace into a field

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PAGE

army, the bringing it up to its full strength, the providing it with transport of every description, and, in short, fitting it to enter on a campaign." (*Annual Register.*)

51 **Neutrality under Difficulties** (*Cartoon*).—The country was deeply stirred by the dreadful outrages in Bulgaria, and MR. DISRAELI'S official incredulity caused great disapprobation. (*See also* "A Word in Season," p. 62.)

63 **Augurs at Fault** (*Cartoon*).—MR. DISRAELI, Prime Minister, and his (then) Foreign Secretary, LORD DERBY.

67 **Mens Sana, etc.**—The allusion is to a "City of Hygeia,"—an ideal City of Health—as sketched out by DR. B. W. RICHARDSON.

68 **News for the Vatican.**—*See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 59 (*Tuesday*)—"LORD CARNARVON on the Barbadoes Difficulty." MR. POPE-HENNESSY was the Governor of that Island.

73 **Left Luggage** (*Cartoon*).—Illustrates the usual "Massacre of the Innocents" at the close of the Session. MR. DISRAELI had just been raised to the Upper House as EARL OF BEACONSFIELD: this explains, "But he'll have changed his address."

83 **Empress and Earl** (*Cartoon*).—*See* the last preceding Note.

93 **The Earl and the Woodman** (*Cartoon*).—The contrast here drawn is between DISRAELI, created, it is true, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, but laden with the burden of high office in times of great perplexity, and GLADSTONE, a free man, amusing himself with gardening and felling trees.

105 **The Status Quo** (*Cartoon*).—*See* "The Bulgarian Status Quo," p. 104.

115 **The Drowsy Pointsman** (*Cartoon*).—The allusion here, much the same as at p. 51, is again to Ministerial supineness to Turkish outbreaks.

122 **A Lay of Lawn-Tennis.**—The fashionable out-door amusement of the day.

127 **Disturbing the Game** (*Cartoon*).—MR. GLADSTONE was at this time stirring the country with his denunciation of the Bulgarian atrocities. Ministers pursued a quieter policy.

131 **Music at the Sultan's Investiture.**—This refers to the famous ceremony of the Sabre, or the girding of the new SULTAN with the sword or scimitar of SULTAN OTHMAN. *Voici le Sabre* is a well-known French song.

132 **Spiritualism and Cricket.**
142 **Natural Enough.** } Here and elsewhere reference is made to the prosecution of "DR." SLADE, an American professor of communications with the spirits of the dead, who came and practised his "art or mystery" in London. He was charged with obtaining money under false pretences, inasmuch as he invited persons to consult him on payment of a fee, and pretended to assist them in corresponding with the souls of their departed friends by means of a slate, on which the spirits were supposed to write. (See *Annual Register.*) DR. E. RAY LANKESTER took a prominent part in exposing this humbug.

137 **A Call for the Manager** (*Cartoon*).—The public indignation at the Bulgarian atrocities is here again illustrated. The "Report" was the result of an official inquiry undertaken by one of the secretaries to our Embassy at Constantinople, which confirmed in substance the allegations of the newspaper correspondents.

PAGE

149 **A Turkish Bath** (*Cartoon*).—MR. GLADSTONE was endeavouring to influence the policy of the Government on the Eastern Question by appealing to the public through the press and from the platform on behalf of the outraged Bulgarians.

153 **Michaelmas Day, 1876.**—ALDERMAN SIR THOMAS WHITE was the Lord Mayor Elect.

159 **Psycho à la Rus(s)e** (*Cartoon*).—Psycho, the ingenious mechanical chess-player introduced by MASKELYNE AND COOKE at the Egyptian Hall, here stands for Servia, in whose hostile action against Turkey, the EMPEROR of Russia is represented as disclaiming any share.

162 **The Situation at Stamboul.**—SIR HENRY ELLIOT was the British, GENERAL IGNATIEFF the Russian, Ambassador at Constantinople.

169 **"Our (Old) Boys."**—*Our Boys* is still (1878) running at the Vaudeville Theatre, and has reached its 1200th night.

171 **"A Pill in Time!"** (*Cartoon*).—*See* "Introduction" for the armistice.

181 **A Break in the Game** (*Cartoon*).—JOHN BULL dissents from the action of the Great Northern Powers in regard to "Sick" Turkey, and hints pretty plainly that he will not allow any division of the territories of that State.

184 **An Amusin' Old Cuss.**—*See* "Hard Lines for Heretics," p. 183.

184 **Mixture of Turkish and Cavendish.**—The Leader of the Opposition, the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON (family name CAVENDISH), visited Constantinople in the Parliamentary recess.

186 **A Child that is "Taking Notice" at Last.**—Temple Bar was doomed. The rooms over it were occupied by CHILD'S Bank.

187 **The Minstrel of the Mansion House.**
189 **Commercial Intelligence.**
197 **Civic Poets.** } The outgoing Lord Mayor was ALDERMAN COTTON. He published a volume of poems just as his year of office was ending.

192 **A Sensation.**—*See* "The Amenities of Peace," p. 170.

193 **Doubtful Diplomacy** (*Cartoon*).—JOHN BULL seems to be of opinion that the result of our cautious diplomacy would be to force the outraged Christian subjects of Turkey into the arms of Russia for protection.

198 **The Next Article, &c.**—The *Golos*, one of the leading newspapers of Russia.

199 **The Paradise at the Pole.**
202 **Welcome Back.**
205 **A Warm Welcome** (*Cartoon*).
208 **Mount Punch.** } The *Alert* and *Discovery*, the Arctic Expedition vessels, returned somewhat unexpectedly to England at the end of October. The *Alert* reached the highest latitude ever attained by a ship. Both officers and men went through much hardship and suffering, which they bore with the accustomed patience and courage of the British sailor. The Expedition found it impracticable to reach the Pole, but it settled one point—the non-existence of an "open Polar Sea."

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PAGE

210 **Quotation from Parnell.**—MESSRS. POWER and PARNELL, Irish Home-Ruler M.P.'s, went over to America to present to the President (GENERAL GRANT) a congratulatory Centennial address from 60,000 Irishmen. The President declined to receive the address directly from these gentlemen, stating that it must come in accordance with diplomatic custom, through the British Legation.

215 **Removal of Temple Bar to Westminster** (*Cut*).—Elephants took part in the Lord Mayor's Show this year. It was supposed that this would be the last year when there would be a Temple Bar for the procession to pass under, but it outlived another Lord Mayor's day.

217 **A Fresh "Kick Off"** (*Cartoon*).—The Marquis of SALISBURY, the bearded figure in the foreground, was selected as our chief representative at the Constantinople Conference. Virtually this amounted to a displacement of Sir HENRY ELLIOT, the English Ambassador to Turkey.

221 **"Nas—Naris. A Nose."** } The Commander of the
239 **Mind Your Eyes.** } Arctic Exhibition was Captain (now Sir GEORGE) NARES.

222 **Clan Carty.**—*Clancarty*, the title of a highly successful play, at this time being performed in London.

223 **Sixes and Sevens.**—In the preceding February the *Strathclyde* had been run down by a German steamship, the *Franconia*, off Dover, and lives were lost. The Captain of the *Franconia* was tried at the Central Criminal Court for Manslaughter and found guilty, but the legal question was raised whether the Court had jurisdiction in the case, the defendant being a foreigner. The judges, to whom this point of law was referred, decided by seven to six in his favour, and the conviction was quashed.

225 **Hawarden and Keighley.**—For the Keighley Guardians, *see* "note" to p. 18. Mr. GLADSTONE had been writing a letter which showed that his mind was not made up on the vaccination question.

228 **Don't!**—The "distinguished Statesman" was Mr. GLADSTONE.

229 **No Mistake** (*Cartoon*).—The misdeeds of the Turkish soldiery in Bulgaria, alienated very generally the sympathies of England, and tied the hands of the Government.

235 **Attractions for the Week.**—The Alexandra Palace seems to have been at this time in difficulties.

237 **"Peril!" &c.** (*Cut*).—*Peril*, a play at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, remarkable for its elaborate *mise-en-scène*.

241 **Friends or Foes** (*Cartoon*).—*See* "At the Cross-Roads," p. 240.

246 **Literary.**—Mr. J. ASHBY STERRY is the Author of *Boudoir Ballads*.

248 **The Fight Over the School-Boards.**—At the triennial election this year in November of the London School Board, great efforts were made by the rival supporters of Voluntary Schools and Board Schools to return Candidates of their own way of thinking. The result was a victory for National Education. The Voluntary (or Church) Members were a decided minority on the new Board.

PAGE

Proper Accompaniment, &c.—*See* "The Moral Butterman," p. 256. 249

Harlequin Goschen (*Cartoon*).—Mr. GOSCHEN had undertaken the task of endeavouring to bring the confusion in the KHEDIVE's finances into something like order. 253

The Tooth that Won't Come Out. } Rev. ARTHUR
On a Raging Tooth. } TOOTH, the 259, 288
Ultra-Ritualist Vicar of Hatcham, refused obedience to the monition of the judge under the Public Worship Regulation Act, to discontinue certain illegal ceremonies, &c., in the services of his church. He was suspended, and ultimately committed to prison for contempt of court in persisting in his ministrations.

New National Song.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* was anti-Russian in the line it took on the Eastern Question. Slavs form by far the largest part of the population of Russia. 263

At the Door (*Cartoon*).—The Marquis of SALISBURY, on the eve of his departure to represent England in the Constantinople Conference. 265

Natural Nomenclature.—Mr. LABOUCHERE was at one time a great promoter of the Westminster Aquarium. 268

Chaucer for Children.—Such a book had recently been published. 273

Dame Europa's Christmas Pudding (*Cartoon*).—Illustrates the Conference of the Great Powers at Constantinople on the Eastern Question. 277

Declaration of War.—Messrs. TOOTH and DALE, both well-known Ritualist Clergymen disposed to defy the Courts. 282

Meditations on Mycenae.—Dr. SCHLIEMANN, the German explorer of Mycenae and Troy. His Trojan "find" is now (1878) to be seen in the South Kensington Museum. 284

From Fraynes Refrain. } The FRAYNE family
Not Worth Powder and Shot. } in *Si Slocum*, an 287, 304
American sensation drama at the Olympic, performed what appeared to be some very dangerous feats with the rifle, MR. FRAYNE, for example, shooting an apple from his wife's head backwards.

The Latest Imperial Hatt.—MIDHAT PASHA, the new Grand Vizier, a Turkish Reformer. 288

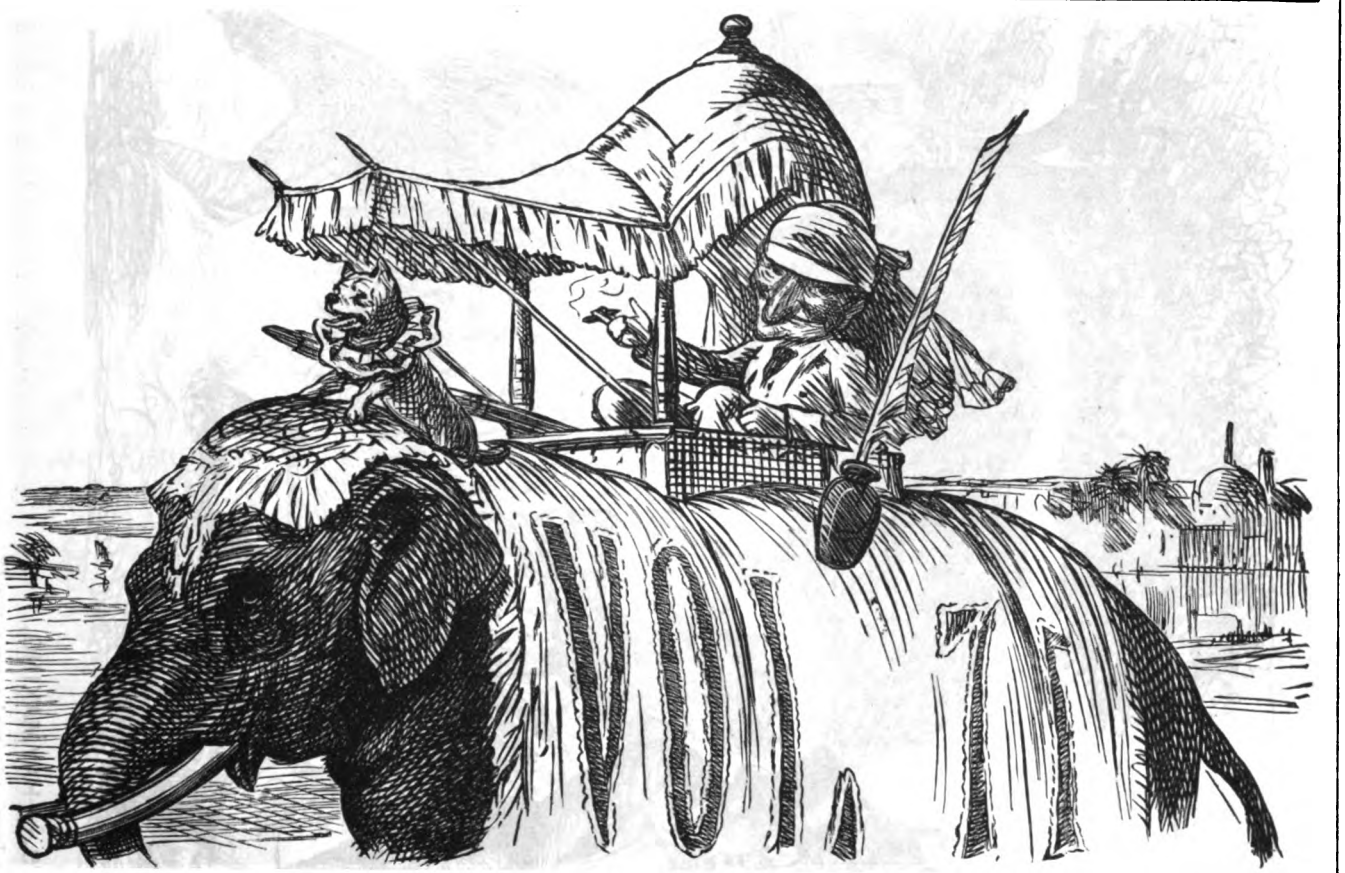
Spécialité Sherry.—A wine copiously advertised by a firm of the name of FELTON. 292

The Modern "Cork Leg."—E. PAYSON WESTON, a noted American Pedestrian, at this time accomplishing great walking feats in England. 297

Drury Lane Pantomime.—The clever VOKES family, the main supporters of this pantomime. 300

One Bubble More (*Cartoon*).—The new Turkish Constitution. *See* "Introduction." 301

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"ALL (WAX) WORK AND NO PLAY," &c.

THE annual pic-nic given by MESSRS. TUSSAUD to their company came off as usual at Weybridge on the 19th ult. The Press may inform us that the company was made up of the *employés* of the Firm; but *Punch* knows better. He sat for an hour the other day next to Old COBBETT, who told him, between his pinches of snuff, all about it.

The fact is, that sitting or standing in the same position for a year, night and day, and listening to the vapid ejaculations of country cousins and critical foreigners, has a deadening effect upon the spirits even of waxworks: and a day in the country, once a year, is not a day too much to freshen them up a little.

Three large vans conveyed the revellers, not to Weybridge, but to Leatherhead, and thence to Box Hill.

MR. COBBETT assured us that the party in his van got over their usual stiffness very soon, and MRS. MANNING turned out a most amiable companion, informing the party that she had begun life as MISS EDGEWORTH, and had only taken the name and dress of MANNING because ANNE BOLEYN, who was going off, had parted with her head rather than stay a year in the Chamber of Horrors.

A good deal of chaff (some said, bran) was dropped on the road, and FIESCHI, who had chosen a creaking van, was a good deal twitted about his infernal machine. MARAT declared it would have been far better had they gone to Brighton for a dip; but the CHIEF JUSTICE hinting that he should have thought *he* had had enough of his bath in the Chamber of Horrors, MARAT resented the remark as personal, and was with difficulty smoothed down by his old comrade, COUNT DE LORGE.

The Claimant, who, during the ride, trod on everybody's corns, remembered well the day when he was DANIEL LAMBERT. Now he had more wax than ha'pence, and was looking forward to melting down when his original, "the unhappy nobleman," returns from Dartmoor.

The CHIEF JUSTICE said he did not know that ARTHUR and the Doctor were coming in the same van with him, or he should have gone by a different conveyance, though it were in company with the Ladies of HENRY THE EIGHTH'S Court. He had tried to persuade MADAME DE SAINT AMARANTHE to join them; but she persistently refused to wake, and he left her labouring under her usual difficulty of breathing and general creakiness of the internal organs.

The *employés* of the Firm of TUSSAUD were much to be praised for the skill with which they got their Pic-nickers out of the vans on their return, and re-distributed them in their regular positions; though one or two of the Kings of England were inclined to be unsteady, and nothing would persuade MR. LISTON, in the costume of *Paul Pry*, to stand erect on his feet. Except, however, for an unwonted glassiness in their stare, and a slight derangement of drapery here and there, the casual visitor to the exhibition on the following day would not have suspected that any change had for a brief moment disturbed the fixity of the stars who daily and nightly shine in the Baker Street Bazaar.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE SOCIAL WORLD.

1. A Box of Figs, or a Pottle of Strawberries, with the biggest at the bottom.
2. A Railway Guard or Porter who will decline to take a tip, on the ground that all gratuities are rigidly forbidden by the bye-laws of the Company.
3. An advertised Plain Cook, whose plainness prevents her having any followers.
4. Your own Umbrella in its stand, after some good friend has borrowed it.
5. A Keeper of a Lodging-house who, if you complain of fleas, can refrain from a loud protest that you must have brought them with you.
6. A Costermonger or Cabman who, defiant of street-chaff, has the pluck to wear an eye-glass or a pair of spectacles.
7. A Young Man of the Period who never calls things "awful baws," or talks about "the Governor."

Sentiment v. Science.

THE Collective Wisdom, before passing the Vivisection Bill as it came down from the Collective Sentiment, will perhaps assert itself by attending to the Memorials of the Senate of the University of London, and of the General Medical Council, urging "that the limitation of all experiments to registered places would tend seriously to obstruct genuine scientific inquiry." A great deal has been said lately on behalf of the "Endowment of Scientific Research." Surely the majority of the representatives of a rational people are not going to confirm without amending an enactment which, unamended, will effect a hindrance of research in Physiology, Medicine, and Surgery.

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SUBURBAN JOYS.—HAYMAKING.

Chorus. "COME ALONG, UNCLE JACK, AND WE'LL BURY YOU!"

Uncle Jack is stout, and no longer young. He has walked a mile and a half from the Station, in a black frock coat and under a broiling sun, along a dusty road, and the thermometer in the shade is more than we will trust ourselves to say.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ORE Eastern Questions were asked (*Lords, Monday, June* 26) than answered.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL wanted to know what the Government knew about alleged wholesale massacres of Christian village populations in Bulgaria, reported circumstantially in the *Daily News*.

LORD DERBY believed it was merely that the Bashi-Bazouks in Bulgaria had been exceeding the usual limits of Bashi-Bazouk brutality till SIR HENRY ELLIOT had had to remonstrate, that was all.

Then EARL DELAWARR wanted to know if the Government knew anything about the intentions of Servia.

LORD DERBY, with some acerbity, declined to answer for Serb intentions. The Serb Government has called out all its forces, regular, militia, and reserves. But arming did not necessarily mean fighting.

Then, after an Educational *divertissement*, in which a *pas de quatre* was executed, on the theme of English Endowed Schools and Irish National School Teachers, to a languid House evidently thinking of other and more exciting matters, by EARL FORTESCUE, BISHOP TEMPLE, VISCOUNT GOUGH, and the DUKE OF RICHMOND, their Lordships hurried back to the Eastern Question. The questioning by both amateur and professional diplomatists (LORD STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL, LORD HAMMOND, and LORD NAPIER AND ETTRICK), was a good deal fuller than the answering by the EARL OF DERBY, but with more of the Turk about it than was pleasant.

The Foreign Office motto is "The least said soonest mended," and LORD GRANVILLE, for Her Majesty's Opposition, cannot, it would seem, suggest any better thus far.

But LORD DERBY *did* condescend to indicate our general line of action—we would gladly reconcile, if we could, the Porte and its insurgent provinces. But we have no right to take part in an internal quarrel. Even that rule, however, is not one to be laid down as absolutely binding under all circumstances. We have been and are in communication with other Powers and the Porte with a view to offer such counsel as seems to us useful; and we don't mean to back Moslem against Christian.

Altogether, LORD DERBY is playing the cautious and non-committal game. JOHN BULL does not, as yet, see what other game is to be played. Meanwhile, he is happy in knowing that BRITANNIA'S ducklings have taken the water—their native element on which they may be trusted, he thinks, to give a good account of themselves, and anything afloat they may come in contact with. (See *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon.) So he puts his trust in Providence, and looks to ADMIRAL DRUMMOND to keep his powder dry—should the worst come to the worst, and the Servian dogs of war slip their couples, or drag their Ruski *piqueur* after them, collars and all. But he is unwilling to face *that* contingency till it is forced on him, and he *would* like to know something, if the Government can tell him.

(*Commons.*)—After a good deal of questioning and answering (including the Eastern Question of the day, put by MR. FORSTER, to

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which MR. DISRAELI answered much to the same effect as LORD DERBY "in another place"), CAPTAIN PIM chose the very inopportune moment of the strongest muster of English iron-clads the world has ever seen in Besika Bay, to haul our Navy and Naval Administration over the coals. If the fire of our Fleet be not destined to damage the enemy more than CAPTAIN PIM'S fire damaged our Fleet, Heaven help us, and our iron-clads, turrets, and monster guns. It hardly needed the ramming power of REED, WARD HUNT, and GOSCHEN combined —to say nothing of plucky young LORD C. BERESFORD, R.N., intelligent amateur-sailor BRASSEY, and smart official A. EGERTON— to sink poor CAPTAIN PIM'S very clumsy craft, even when backed by the Big Ben galliot, always ready to exchange broadsides, double-shotted, with the Admiralty and its ships.

On Naval Estimates RYLANDS the Rasper distinguished himself, in his peculiar style, by a proposal to reduce the Dockyard vote by £250,000. "The practical man of business" came out strong on the occasion against all deferred payment in the shape of pension —the one thing that secures steady and well-conducted labour to our Dockyards. It is satisfactory to find that The Rasper did not obtain a single backer. Even Big BEN was ashamed of him, and declined the game of "follow my leader."

In the Poor Law Amendment discussion, which followed Naval Estimates, MR. WALTER (speaking on SERGEANT SIMON'S Amendment allowing man and wife above fifty-five to live together in the Workhouse) informed the House that, from inquiries at two large Metropolitan Unions, he had found that not only had the house authorities never had an application from two old people to live together, but they had often had expressions of satisfaction from such couples that they were allowed to live separate! ("The wretch!" was *Judy's* exclamation over this very ungallant anecdote.)

Tuesday.—In the Lords, Vivisection Bill passed Third Reading, with the thanks of LORD SHAFTESBURY, who had accepted, with much reluctance, the words permitting Vivisection "for the promotion of physiological knowledge." May his kindly Lordship never have to call in the aid of Vivisection of the gullet from the effects of swallowing a camel.

LORD DELAWARR asked a great many more questions than it is likely Government would find it, or think it, expedient to answer, about the armament of Malta. Probably, LORD DELAWARR will see the advisability of his satisfying his patriotic curiosity on such a matter at such a moment by private inquiry at the proper sources.

The Government having suggested Amalgamation of the Royal Irish Academy and the Royal Dublin Society, LORD O'HAGAN protested against any such coupling of cart-horse and thoroughbred, and still more against obliging the Irish Academy, which has hitherto spent its own poor little grant much to its own satisfaction, to disburse it, henceforth, *viâ* South Kensington.

(*Commons.*)—A vehement protest against the Scotch Poor Law Amendment Bill, which proposes to enlarge the powers of the Board of Supervision, at the expense of those of the Local Authorities—and may be none the worse for that, if Scotch Local Authorities are like English. But there is, and ought to be (according to MR. GRANT DUFF), a very strong feeling against the Bill among Scotch borough Members. The Lord Advocate, SIR G. MONTGOMERY and MR. ORR EWING, are as strong in its favour. It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands. All Scotch quarrels in the House are, and should no more be interfered with by outsiders than rows between man and wife. The debate was adjourned.

MR. RICHARD, more power to him, made a high-toned, and of course Quixotic, appeal to the House, on the subject of our relations with China, and the opium trade in particular.

What an odd element a Quaker Member contributes to Parliament will be apparent from one quotation out of MR. RICHARD'S speech, in which he avowed his belief that "a righteous God ruled on the earth, and that if we persisted in the course we had hitherto pursued towards China, outraging the great principles of truth, justice, and humanity, in spite of our enormous resources and our might by sea and land, we should be crushed like an egg-shell against a granite rock." Happy the nation, a fraction of whose Collective Wisdom can find a hearing for such a denunciation of the national conduct!

MR. BOURKE for the Government admitted that our treaties with China would be the better for revision. We were in communication with the other Treaty Powers on the subject. As to Opium, it was a very objectionable source of revenue. "*Olet*" might be admitted. But how else was £8,000,000 to be raised in India? The Chinese, he believed, objected to the importation of Missionaries even more than of Opium.

Wednesday.—A gallant fight over the Second Reading of MR. POTTER'S Bill for dispensing of intestates' real estate in the same way as their personal. Fancy a Potter trying to get even the thin end of the wedge into our venerable system of Feudal Land-owning! No wonder BERESFORD HOPE should shriek, GOLDNEY growl, and HENLEY hum and ha! They assail the Bill as one for the extinction of the small landholder. But has the venerable system saved him? We thought he was being improved off the earth pretty fast, by force of circumstances, Feudal Land-holding law to the contrary notwithstanding. SIR W. HARCOURT reminded the House that there was no magical distinction between land and personalty. If it was just that the law should distribute the one between all members of the family, it would be hard to show why it should not parcel out the other on the same principle. Perhaps. But the truth is that JOHN BULL does not feel the injustice of primogeniture, and *does* feel that it tends to hold properties together, and to strengthen younger sons by throwing them on their own resources. These advantages in JOHN BULL'S eyes are too solid to be shaken by any injustice there may be in making elder sons. Probably he doubts if there be any. At all events, there is none that will reconcile him to MR. POTTER'S thin end of the wedge: 210 to 175 was a less majority than *Punch* should have expected on the question.

Thursday (*Lords*).—The first Innocent massacred—poor Bankruptcy Bill is no more. LORD DERBY, in answer to LORD GRANVILLE, admitted he had little hopes that War can be averted. This is strong from so cautious a mouth; and if MR. DISRAELI was more reticent, his utterances weigh less. All he could say (*Commons*), to comfort the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON was, that the Servian troops had not moved.

Debate on MR. BUTT'S Bill for converting Irish landlords into rent-chargers, begun by LAW—see the irony of Parliamentary chances — ending in A. MOORE — a very barren Moor too—with a Division of 200 to 56. *That* BUTT won't hold water.

Friday (*Lords*).—Intemperance temperately treated by the Bench of Bishops, the PRIMATE for, and PETERBOROUGH against, the Permissive Bill. The latter had the courage to reassert his old confession of faith: "If I must choose between freedom and sobriety, give me freedom." SALISBURY said ditto to PETERBOROUGH. Here is the dilemma, whose horns are respectfully offered by their Lordships to SIR WILFRID and his backers: "If intemperance be a national vice, drastic legislation against it, being in the teeth of public opinion, will provoke reaction. If public opinion be prepared to accept drastic legislation, then such legislation is needless." Their Lordships granted a Select Committee to inquire into habits of intemperance, and the manner in which "these have been affected by recent legislation and other causes." Much good may it do them and us.

(*Commons.*)—A spirited Debate on MR. BUTT'S Motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the grounds of the demand for an Irish Parliament. P. J. SMYTH tears the mask off Home Rule, and shows Repeal of the Union under it. Irish eloquence is familiar to the House; but the "blend" of Irish eloquence with truth electrified the House, and no wonder! SMYTH'S is the speech of the Session.

NOT COOKS ENOUGH.



A REPORT of a Meeting held in the "Demonstration Room" of the School of Cookery, South Kensington, has found its way to 85, Fleet Street. *Mr. Punch* is unable to say by whom it was sent or by whom it was written. All he knows about the matter is this—the proceedings were jotted down on the backs of *menu* cards, and that this novel sort of "copy" carried into *Mr. Punch's sanctum* a very pleasant odour of the kitchen. Having said this, *Mr. Punch* allows the Report to speak for itself:—

MEETING OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO VEGETABLES AND VIANDS.

A Meeting of this Society was held at South Kensington shortly after the annual gathering of the National Training School for Cookery had taken place. The room was crowded, and many influential Vegetables and Popular Dishes were present on the platform. SIR LOIN DE ROAST BEEF was unanimously voted to the Stove as President of the Association.

The PRESIDENT said that he was delighted to see so goodly a company around him. It showed that there was a genuine interest taken in the cause they all had so much at heart—the cause of good Cookery. Good Cookery would benefit alike consumer and consumed. The consumed in the hands of an efficient cook would reveal qualities that would be utterly lost under less favourable circumstances. ("*Hear, hear!*") And as for the consumers, their

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very existence depended upon wholesome food properly prepared. Nay, more—he might say that Art owed everything to Cookery. How many a noble poem had been suggested by a good dinner! how many a great picture had been thought out in the pauses of a wisely-selected breakfast! Digestion might be said to be the twin-sister of Civilisation. (*Cheers.*) They doubtless all of them knew what had occurred that day in that place. Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS LOUISE—(*loud cheers*)—had been present at the third Annual Meeting of the National Training School for Cookery, and he (the President) wished to say that that training school was well worthy of Her Royal Highness's patronage. ("*Hear, hear!*") The first year of its teaching had been connected with the name of MR. BUCKMASTER. (*Enthusiastic cheering.*) He was glad to hear that applause, for MR. BUCKMASTER deserved well of his country. He had carried Cookery into the homes of the poor far and near. (*Cheers.*) He had come as a messenger of peace. At his will dirt and poverty had disappeared. Like a good magician, he had waved his cookery-book, and a miscellaneous mess of meat and vegetables had suddenly been turned into an excellent and substantial dinner. ("*Hear, hear!*") They would be sorry to learn that the National Training School for Cookery wanted funds, and was seeking for Government support. He, for one, thought that both Rulers and People should be generous. He spoke feelingly, because he knew that in bad hands even "the Roast Beef of Old England" might degenerate into mere rags and bones. (*Cheers.*)

The POTATO wished to add his testimony. He came from Ireland, and Ireland was a down-trodden country. (*Interruption.*) He would be glad if any one present would tread upon the rind of his coat.

The PRESIDENT ruled that the Honourable Vegetable was out of order.

The POTATO said that same was true. He was very much out of order until MR. BUCKMASTER taught people how to treat him. Now he got into hot water as often as he pleased, without any fear for the consequences. (*Laughter.*) He would take off his coat that very moment were it not that MR. BUCKMASTER had told him he ought to be boiled with his jacket on. (*Laughter.*) Would they come on? He was worth any dozen of them, and they knew it. (*Loud murmurs.*)

MR. ONION (who seemed to be suffering from great emotion) was pained to be present at such a scene. He knew MR. POTATO well—they had often met in an Irish stew, and he must say that his friend was a very pleasant neighbour. They got on famously together. ("*Hear, hear!*")

THE PRESIDENT remarked that there was no Resolution before the meeting.

MISS CHARLOTTE RUSSE (who was loudly cheered) said that she did not know much about the homes of the poor. As a matter of fact, she had never been in a poor man's house during the course of her existence. However, *noblesse oblige*. She believed that the school was a blessing both to rich and poor (especially to the latter), and she consequently begged to move that the school is worthy of State aid. ("*Hear, hear!*")

MR. POT-AU-FEU asked permission to speak as a foreigner. He was a Frenchman, but had relations in Scotland and Spain. Thanks to MR. BUCKMASTER, he had been naturalised in England. He felt that he was becoming a favourite with the poor, and thus thought he might represent them. He begged to second, on their behalf, the Resolution proposed by his sweet and aristocratic neighbour.

The Resolution was then put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

MR. MINT suggested that a deputation of the meeting should wait upon the First Lord of the Treasury, to ask for his support. That was a really good idea, and a great contrast to the feeble suggestions to which he had listened, not without impatience, that evening.

MR. SAGE (who sat beside MR. ONION) angrily asked if they were lambs, that they should be treated to MR. MINT'S sauce? ("*Hear, hear!*") The Cabinet were too busy to attend to any culinary affairs other than their own. The Estimates required a great deal of cookery, and nearly every Member had a hash of his own to look after. A deputation would be of no earthly use. They would have only to appear before the PREMIER to be gobbled up at once. He would propose that the only way to attract the attention of the Government and the Public would be to petition their dear and valued friend, *Mr. Punch* (*long, loud, and wildly enthusiastic cheering*), to take the matter up. If his (MR. SAGE'S) honoured connection, the Sage of Fleet Street, would only help them, their success would be certain. (*Loud cheering.*)

THE PRESIDENT undertook the task of sending a report of the meeting to the proper quarter, and after the customary complimentary vote of thanks, the proceedings were brought to a conclusion.

ESSENTIAL EDUCATION.—Teaching the young idea how to Cook.

MR. OLDFANGLE'S OPINIONS



"SIR," said MR. OLDFANGLE, who lives in a quaint old Elizabethan house in Wessex, adds daily to his library, loves choice books, and likes to dogmatise, "I have some strong opinions. One is in favour of quill pens. I hate your steel abominations."

"Gold, Sir," modestly suggested his hearer.

"Gold! Mammon—

"'Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven: for ev'n in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy.'"

MR. OLDFANGLE rolls out his Miltonic quotations with magnisonant rotundity of speech.

"No, Sir," he proceeds. "Nothing can equal the grey goose-quill. You must cut it yourself, with blade of keenest steel, and suit it to what you are about to write. A canzonet to a lady requires quite a different pen from a cartel to an enemy. How can the unvarying steel or gold be adapted to the ever varying themes on which letters have to be written? Cut a pen to write a letter to your stockbroker, ordering him to sell Turks: would the same pen do to write to a lady a pleasant nonsensical reminder of a Richmond dinner? The thing is absurd. I am an old boy, Sir, but I would not desecrate a letter to a friend or a lady by using the same pen which I used for business, until its foul fringe were cut off from it."

"And you always seal your letters, MR. OLDFANGLE."

"Always, the seal is older than the signature. My crest and motto are older than my name. There was *Sans Dieu Rien* upon my coat of arms before ancestor of mine could do more than make his mark. And consider this—when you seal a letter, the great recollection of your forefathers is brought before you in leisurely fashion. Is what you have written worthy of the crest and motto just fixed on the red wax? If not, for the honour of your ancestry, tear up the epistle, and think again. Sealing-wax, Sir, is a great check to epistolary rashness. I hate this hasty age of adhesive envelopes and steel pens."

"As to Turkey, Sir," said MR. OLDFANGLE, flying off at a tangent, as such ancient gentlemen will, "I am tired of Mahomet. We have tolerated the impostor too long. We have heard of Ireland for the Irish, and the Scilly Islands for the Silly Islanders—but I say, Christendom for the Christians, and the sooner the better. These heathens should have been driven from Europe long ago."

MR. OLDFANGLE, having thus spoken, drank a glass of old port, after looking long and lovingly at the beeswing.

ATTRACTION FOR ARMY SURGEONS.

(*Wanted.*)

TALKING of Vivisection, people are apt to forget what an amount of it, operated by projectiles and other weapons of war, happens in a battle to men as well as horses, and how much more has to be performed on the former afterwards with surgical instruments. Such vivisection as amputations and the like proceedings, necessitated by lacerated wounds and shattered bones, is remedial, and prevents greater pain by inflicting less. Therefore it requires skilful operators; of whom, if a war broke out just now, there would be a sad deficiency, according to the *British Medical Journal*, in which—

"It is stated that such is the present state of the Army Medical Department, owing to the growing deficiency of Medical Officers, that leave of absence in several of the home districts has been peremptorily stopped, and that at Woolwich every Medical Officer has extra duties imposed upon him."

How much the reverse of pleasant is the present state of things may be estimated from the fact that whilst there is a growing deficiency of Army Surgeons, we hear of no falling off at all in the supply of Medical Officers to Poor Law Unions, although their work is laborious and their pay beggarly. If the service of the Nation is so much less attractive to Medical Men than that of the Union, what must the former be?

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A DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Stern Hostess (who is giving Private Theatricals). "YOU ARE VERY LATE, MR. FITZ SMYTHE. THEY 'VE BEGUN LONG AGO!"

Languid Person of Importance (who abominates that particular form of Entertainment). "WHAT! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THEY 'RE AT IT STILL!"

A DAY IN THE KINTRA.

No appeal is needed to procure the enjoyment of a "Day in the Country," at least for the fortunate children at present receiving an eleemosynary education in the various Sunday Schools at merry Jedburgh. A pic-nic held annually affords them, more completely perhaps than even Rosherville can the excursionist, "a happy day." The next of these joyous gatherings, to include all the Sunday Schools, was fixed, at a meeting of Sunday School Teachers, held the other Monday evening in the Vestry at Blackfriars Church, for the 12th of July. Arrangements made for the proposed festivities will render the treat provided for the poor children a quite uncommon one. The pic-nic is to be held in the Dovecote Park at Hartrigge, whither, before starting, they are first to be regaled with an address delivered in one of the Churches. Then they, the scholars of (1) the Free Church, (2) Blackfriars Church, (3) E. U. Church, (4) Established Church, (5) High Street U. P. Church, will march in that order of procession to the scene of revelry—the order to be reversed on their return home, which will probably not be deferred till morning. These points having been settled, then, says the *Jedburgh Advertiser*:—

"The next point taken up was the proceedings at the field, and it was first resolved, after a lively discussion, that dancing be entirely prohibited, and that the band play no dance-music."

The discussion which resulted in a determination of such remarkable liveliness, must have been "lively" indeed. Dancing and dance-music having been prohibited, with a view still more effectually to promote innocent mirth—

"The next suggestion was that no prizes be given for racing, &c., the gentlemen who made the proposition alleging that the games had a demoralising effect, and were just preparing the callants for the sports on the Dunion."

Unfortunately, the *Jedburgh Advertiser* does not enable *Punch* to reward this particularly canny Scottish gentleman with the celebrity he deserves. But even that perfervid Scot was out-Scotted in the fervour of purely virtuous and beneficent solicitude. The wisdom and goodness—even the common sense of his proposal may have had questioners; but—

"A good deal of discussion having taken place, this motion was also carried. It was, moreover, insinuated that the presence of the lemonade and soda-water stalls afforded cover for fugitive tippling in stronger liquor, and consequently it was determined to banish them likewise."

No dancing. No dance-music even. No encouragement of racing. No refreshing drinks, lest they should afford cover for the "fugitive"—the Teachers of course meant surreptitious—tippling of "whusky." Quite a climax in cutting off occasions of peccadillo—rather than sin, as a chiel o' wrath might say. But the Jedburgh Sunday School Teachers in council over a contemplated pic-nic have shown to what a pinnacle of piety Scottish Calvinists can climb in prescribing the restriction of pleasure. Perhaps they are capable of climbing higher still. An improvement on banishing lemonade and soda-water from the drinkables, would be the banishment from the eatables allowed at the children's pic-nic of all luxuries more sumptuous than "bannocks" and "parritch." Moreover, to inspire the children with thoughts and feelings befitting an occasion evidently designed to be a solemn festival, the band interdicted from dance-music might be further instructed to accompany the procession of the joyous youngsters to and from their banquet with a funeral march. It may be hoped that the existing regulations for their delight, however, will abundantly suffice to impress their young hearts with a sense of what a day they are having; and at its conclusion their considerate entertainers will naturally lay their heads on their pillows with the solace of an approving conscience—and aiblins a nightcap of extra "toddy."

POETRY AND FINANCE.

AMONG all the quotations in all the Money Market and City Articles who ever met with a line of verse?

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"COUNTING HER CHICKS!"

SCENE—*Besika Bay.*

BRITANNIA (*to the Old Hen*). "DON'T FLUTTER YOURSELF!—*THEY'LL* TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES!"

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OUR REPRESENTATIVE IN THE CITY.

*(He takes an Office, goes on 'Change, and offers his advice gratuitously.)**



SIR,

IN these dull yet most shaky times, when investors are shy, and investments are still shyer, when most of the foreigners ought to be put in their own foreign Stocks, it is indeed necessary for *you*, Sir, who are the embodiment of Honesty (which is the best policy, *after all*), to send, in the interest—the ten per cent. interest—of the Outside Public, a genuine, thorough-going, uncompromising, trust-worthy business man (who shall be nameless at present) into the City, for the benefit of all those whom Providence has blessed, not, indeed, with affluence, but with a small certainty, which has to be turned over and over again by its possessor, until it gathers that golden moss which is denied to the rolling stone. Let Railway Shareholders adopt the adage, and pause—"A Rolling Stock gathers no moss."

You know by this time—no one better—that I am above bribes. *You* know, Sir, that even at school I had, at an early age, earned the *sobriquet* of "Incorruptible TOMMY."† May I long live to deserve the title!

I do not mention my whereabouts now, or the place would be crowded by people coming to me for advice. *Let the public find me out—if they can.* I am not the one to stoop to advertisement needlessly. Just over the door is a transparency representing Honesty giving change for a sovereign, while Commerce deducts one per cent. commission on the transaction. On one of the side-glasses of a triangular gas-lamp is written, "*Stock Exchange Business done here from* 10 *to* 4. ADVICE GRATIS." On another, "*Commissions executed at the shortest notice and lowest prices.* SAVINGS AND DEPOSITS CAREFULLY LOOKED AFTER. WATCHMAN ON THE PREMISES ALL NIGHT. *Secrecy and Despatch. No business, no fee.*" On the third, "*Foreign Gentlemen attended at their own private residences. Best price given for old Stocks, and Money advanced on any sort of Security, from Toothpicks upwards. Night Porter in attendance. Best References required.*"

The extent of the business is, as you see, unlimited; and, besides this, there are money-boxes all along the walls, to receive subscriptions for every charity in or out of London. These cannot be opened except with my master-key.

The Outside Public is saying, "How can we invest our money?" "How can we get seven per cent. without risk?" The private and moderate investor *can* come here, if he likes, and in our anteroom (I've got a partner in the business, but he doesn't appear till I tell him) he can have a chop or a lobster, a bit of smoked salmon and salad, with as good bread-and-butter as he could get for miles round, only our boy will have to take the money for the beer or spirits, the licence not yet having been granted. Your Representative can give him a first-rate cigar and an easy-chair, and the client can give what he likes to the waiter, or call for a bottle of champagne for the good of the house. Thus business becomes a pleasure; and when I have concluded an advantageous contract with a well-known West-End hairdressing firm, and secured the freehold of the leads outside for the formation of a small aquarium and a Turkish bath, I *do* think that I shall be able to offer my clients such facilities for doing business, as will be unequalled, for some time to come, either in this, or in any other metropolis of the habitable globe.

I propose issuing, weekly, a Bullitin and a Bearitin for the guidance of friends at a distance.

Latest Advices (in my Weekly Bull-and-Bear-it-in).—The present disturbed state of Turkey has had a marked effect on Wick's Patent Candles, the shares in which are now quoted at 10 dis. instead of 25 prem. as a few days ago. The fall in Wick's Patent Candles throws a considerable amount of light on the *Oriental and Millwall Underground Tunnel Shares*, which can now be bought at 12⅛. I merely hint at this price, and shall be glad to do business. Of course it is difficult to advise *as to a certainty;* but investors *who want to realise quickly*, could do worse than put a few hundreds into *The Venetian Street Asphalte Tramway Co.* The shares will be brought out at 42; each share to be paid for at the time; and should the Company not come out before April 1st, the money will be returned to the subscribers after that date, bearing 5 per cent. interest for its use. The coming over of the Lacrosse players from the Dominion of Canada has sent *Scotch Guanos* (lim.) up to 5⅝.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S sudden fit of sneezing (by private wire yesterday afternoon) caused a severe fall in *Little Pedlington Sidings* (down to 22⅛), but the news that the Spanish Minister had ordered a new hat and a pair of gloves, gave the markets generally a firmer tone. Later in the day (from an authentic and private source) I learnt that on the hatter and glove-maker, respectively, presenting their accounts at the Spanish Minister's house, they had been told by His Excellency's servant that His Excellency was not at home at that moment, *but would call and settle with them in the course of the afternoon.* Acting upon this, I operated; but when the news was generally known, Consolidated Yorkshires had gone up to 135, and as for *Shoreham Oyster-Bed* 12 *per cent. Mortgage Loan* (third series), you couldn't get anything done under 140⅞. My clients were thus able to realise enormously.

A client—whose name I will not give, but suffice it to say, that he is perhaps the most reverend, and very nearly the most exalted personage in the United Kingdom—came in to-day. "I made a few thousands," says he, "last night at cribbage, with C——L M——G, D—N ST-NL-Y, and a few others. What shall I invest in?" "Your Grace," I replied, "go in for Staffas and Ionas." "What's that?" he asked. "*Suspension Bridge Co.*," I returned. "Suspension!" exclaimed my distinguished customer. "The Co." I explained, "suspends a bridge—it never suspends payment." He smiled in his reverential manner. "What are they at?" he asked. "The news from Moravia," I returned, "has sent Staffas down to 14; but there'll be intelligence from Zanzibar within three hours' time, which'll send 'em up to 190." "No!" says he. "Yes, your Grace!" says I. "But," says the Archb-sh-p, utterly staggered, "how on earth can the Danubian Provinces or Zanzibar affect the Suspension Bridge Tramway Co. between Staffa and Iona?" (This, my dear Sir, you see, is what we in the City have to contend with—*i. e.*, ignorance in the Outside Public: ignorance of cause and effect.) "Supposing," I said to my Reverend client—explaining the whole affair as succinctly and as clearly as possible—"supposing the EMPEROR OF ZANZIBAR had a difficulty about taxation with his subjects; well, the EMPEROR appeals to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who at once sends an armed intervention: the Zanzibarites appeal to Germany. BISMARCK sends an armed intervention: the two interventions meet; they can't settle matters: they appeal to Holland.

* We feel ourselves compelled to say that we never were more astonished in the whole course of our editorial life than we were on receiving this letter from the gentleman, who, we admit, up till now has executed certain commissions for us as representing our interests—or, rather, the interests of the public—on various occasions. But we do not remember ever having authorised him to go into business in the capacity of Our Representative. He has no sort of authority from us—*at least we think not;* though should he be able *to show us our own handwriting* to this effect, we would cheerfully accept the responsibility *up to a certain point.* Till he so proves his case, we are bound, while consenting to publish his letter, to place the public on its guard.—ED.

† This may have been so, but Our Correspondent was not—*we think*—a schoolfellow of ours, and therefore we cannot allow ourselves to be appealed to in the matter of what his nickname might have been. If he *is* the same boy *we* recollect, he was known as "Truthless TOMMY." But we can't be sure.—ED.

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"SATISFACTORY!"

Mistress. "WELL, JESSIE, I'M GOING INTO NAIRNE, AND WILL SEE YOUR MOTHER. CAN I GIVE HER ANY MESSAGE FROM YOU?"

Jessie (*her first "place"*). "OU, MEM, YE CAN JUST SAY I'M UNCO WEEL PLEASED WI' YE!!"

Holland, not being strong enough, appeals to Spain, who sends another armed intervention to Zanzibar, *viâ* Belgium. Belgium protests; Spain protests; Holland protests; BISMARCK protests; Russia protests; Zanzibar protests; and all send armed interventions to Turkey." "Why Turkey?" asks my very clerical but unbusiness-like friend. "Because, in every European difficulty everyone sends an armed force to Turkey, which is the key of India." "But," says my esteemed client, "Turkey isn't the key of Scotland, and how does all this affect the shares in the Staffa and Iona Suspension Bridge?" "Patience, my respected client," says I. "Events march rapidly: what I take minutes to tell, would not take seconds to be worked in the World of Commerce, of which you, my very dear Sir—excuse me—appear to me to be lamentably ignorant. Well, to resume: the forces are at Constantinople: all the different nations apply to ROTHSCHILD for loans to carry on a war. ROTHSCHILD comes across to me, and says, 'Shall it be done? Will it *pay?*' In two minutes we decide. 'Yes.' Immediately we issue a loan on condition of the United European Powers taking shares in the Staffa and Iona. Up go Staffas and Ionas. Staffas and Ionas (stamped coupons) go all over the world. Russians, Germans, French, Turks — all want to know what the security is, and then comes the rush." "The rush!" says my friend: "where to?" "To Scotland," I answer. "Up go Northern Railways—Northern Railways are always going up—it is their nature to. Thousands of people cross the new Suspension Bridge of Staffa and Iona—articles in the papers—shares up to something fabulous—we all sell—all make fortunes; ROTHSCHILD retires, for the two-hundredth time, with a fortune of 1,700,000, and from that time forth Staffas and Ionas can look after themselves." "Good!" says my mitred friend; "but what becomes of Zanzibar?" I can't help smiling at him, for, like all clerical speculators, he is a perfect baby in these matters —"What's Zanzibar to us, or we to Zanzibar, that we should weep for *it?* Zanzi—— Bah!" "But," he exclaims, "Zanzibar began it: it was through Zanzibar——" "*Reverendissime*," says I, "we could have begun it just as well at Temple Bar as at Zanzibar. Don't you see, *we*, the real financiers, got the whole thing up. *We* (myself and the Baron) didn't appear in it personally; but, your Grace, *who, do you suppose, pulls the strings?* Lor' bless you! *allez donc!* get out!"

He was so impressed that, after a first-rate lunch, he sent out my clerk to buy 30,000 Staffas and Ionas, and wrote off to L—D C——N to do the same. I pointed out to him that the stamp duty, the assignation, the re-duplicating, and the fees at the Crown Office for my clerk's swearing in person before the LORD MAYOR, would amount to something considerable, not to speak of brokerage, which (as I explained at length to him) was just 25 per cent. more on that particular day, and at that particular time, than ordinarily. But he was *entêté*. So my revered client plunged for Staffas and Ionas. I regret to say that I have been obliged to write since, and point out that, in consequence of news from the North Pole, Staffas and Ionas have gone down to next to nothing. He is not a bold man, and returned, by letter, that he would rather lose £17,000 than the whole £30,000. So, expressing myself to the effect that *had he held on*, and *waited for the rise*, he would have made hundreds of thousands, I sent him back £17,000, *minus* £750 for the re-brokerage, for unswearing before the LORD MAYOR after office-hours, for unstamping at Somerset House, &c., &c. So that he got out of it well; and it wasn't such a very bad day's business for yours truly, eh? Not much, of course, but still not bad. Of course I had to keep the transaction secret. At parting he whispered, "Don't mention any little flutter like this when you're calling on MRS. T. at L-mb-th. Hope we shall see you for a week or so at our little place in Kent." "Mum!" said I, with my finger to my lips; and I let my archiepiscopal client out by the back way in the absence of my boy, who had just run down to the House to depreciate some Stock.

I just mention these little operations to show you what I am doing, to inspire your readers with confidence, and to place you *au courant* with all the best moves now on the *tapis*. *A propos* of "*tapis*," there's SIR H—Y J—S just tappy-ing at my door. He has come to ask me about some foreign loans; but I can't give him more than five minutes, as I must go with a cart full of specie to the Governor of the Bank. But look out for further important news from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE
(*in the City*).

EPICURUS ÆSTIVUS.

(*His Midsummer Musings.*)

UNDER a dense lime-alley's pleasant shelter
We see the Heidsieck cooling in its ice,
And moralise, "By Jove! to-day's a melter:
Sweet weather this to give the world advice."

Comes through the foliage delicious hay-scent:
Roses fade slowly in the sun's strong flame.
We read our *Times*. The QUEEN has Knighted DASENT,—
Wit well deserves a handle to its name.

Servia is arming.—Oh this sunset opal!
Herzegovina's madly boiling up.
Russia be hanged! Confound Constantinople!
Mark the blue borage in the claret-cup.

Three R.'s to Boards of Guardians we abandon,
And hope they will illumine what they touch.
Well, he's a very fine young fellow, SANDON,
And folk who have to work may learn too much.

SIR ROBERT PEEL is making "lively speeches:"
We need not listen to his jokes, thank Heaven!
Alas, it is not yet the time for peaches;
But try fresh strawberries with cream of Devon.

Ha! there's the nightingale! AMANDA fairest,—
Through what weird notes the wondrous bird can run!
Yet of all music woman's voice is rarest—
Sing some sweet madrigal while sinks the sun.

Spurgeon from a Novel Point of View.

WHAT will MUDIE say to MR SPURGEON'S indignant assertion that there are novels "he would not like to carry with a pair of tongs to the fire"? MR. DICK would have asked, "Are there any novels you *would* like to carry with a pair of tongs to the fire?" Perhaps, however, MR. SPURGEON has a literary *auto-da-fé* from time to time at which this mode of feeding the fire is resorted to. We recommend MESSRS. MUDIE to make him an honorary subscriber to their Library if they would stop the progress of the *Index Ex-Spurgeon-atorius*, which seems to be already in course of compilation.

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H.M.S. PRIVILEGE."—A MODEL OF A LINER.

(*Respectfully dedicated to* SIR FRANCIS GRANT *and the Members of the Royal Academy.*)

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CANTERS OVER THE COURSE.

(Being Questions and Answers for J. P.'s of a Sporting Turn.)



Q. What do you think of Cribbage at the "Magpie and Mustard-Spoon"?

A. A sadly vicious practice, requiring the most stringent police supervision of a paternal Government.

Q. State your view of Baccarat, as carried on nightly at the Piccalilli Club?

A. An agreeable *délassement*, which promotes good-fellowship and enriches the tobacconists.

Q. How would you treat GEORGE GREEN, sawyer, and JOHN STUBBS, greengrocer, if you caught them backing a plater for half a sovereign?

A. A month on the Mill would be a lenient punishment for so atrocious a pastime.

Q. Would you object to accompany LORD DEUCEACE to TATTERSALL'S?

A. Certainly not, as he might put me on to a good thing.

Q. Do you ever bet?

A. Not with my inferiors—unless regular bookmakers or persons otherwise professionally connected with the Turf.

Q. What are the cardinal virtues of your Club companions?

A. Knowing the right horse to back, the right card to play, and the right man to pay up.

Q. What are the characteristic vices of the low gambler?

A. Risking hard-earned means on the chances of horse-racing, playing with greasy cards for sixpences, and aiding and abetting welchers.

Q. Give a summary of the deserts of this most mischievous class.

A. Imprisonment with hard labour in this world, and the prospect of a warm corner in the next.

Q. Where do you think you will go to?

A. Having lost two thou. at Bac. last night, or, rather, this morning,—to bed.

MARY ANNER TO THE RESCUE!

"He (MR. SPURGEON) thought a little encouragement was a very fine thing. . . Some of the girls staggered him when he thought of how by imprudent marriages they threw themselves into poverty, and became subjects of unkind treatment. . . Many were too fond of reading stupid novels. . . For his part, he could not benefit by reading fiction. . . He would recommend them to learn a text, and let it lie on the tip of the tongue all day, like a lozenge, so that when things went wrong with them they could think of this text, thus enabling them to pass their lives away pleasantly."—MR. SPURGEON *on Servants.*

DEAR SUSAN JANE,

I 'VE 'alf an hour to spare—no thanks to Missis!
If ever a sitivation was a reglar grinder, *this* is.
It ain't my young Man's evening out, worse luck,—who 'd be a "Slavey"?—
And I 've read that last instalment of the *Mysteries of Belgravy*,
And so I takes my pen once more, as doesn't need much urging,
But burns, like me, to have a shy at that there MR. SPURGING.
Not that he 's half a bad sort, SUE, as *means* well in admonishin',
But, bless yer 'art, the rubbige that he talks is jest astonishin'!
Which mere outsiders, I maintains, can't never do no other,
For all their sly connivering round and kicking up a bother.
I giv that MR. READE a rap as shut him up delishus,
And now here comes a Parson, jest as foolish and offishus,
Who 'd have us gals shun marriage, 'cos it leads to 'omes like 'ovels,
And pass our leisure learning texts instead of reading novels!
A very pretty program, SUE! I 'd like to see *him* trying it:
To work like Niggers, live like Nuns, looks nice, there 's no denying it.
Which texts is very proper things,—there 's one or two I knows on
Might find out where the corns is bad, if dropped some people's toes on—
But Servant Gals ain't "book-marks" quite, nor yet "illumernations":
They 'd better bring a batch of Saints to fill sech sitivations.
And if Saints slaved like sarvant-gals, and hadn't no more larkses,
I guess they 'd find that SPURGEON's plan 'ud squench *their* wital sparkses.
Which what he rekkermends seems this,—what wonder gals finds fault with it?—
Let Servants live on cold biled weal, and never take no salt with it.
It 's very true—give him his due!—he does come down a cropper
On Mississes as seems to hold continual nagging proper—
(Ah! *if* he know'd, percise, what on the "rampage" or the "furrage" meant!)—
And says a friendly word or two on giving gals "encouragement."
But silver medals, texts, and sech, ain't *all* as Nature craves for,
Even among them Mississes as thinks we 're made their slaves for;
And Ministers theirselves ain't proof 'gainst matrimonial urgings—
I 've heard, SUE, of a MRS. S. and several youthful SPURGINGS—
While, if all Servants frowned on chaps as weren't right down "relijus,"
Good gracious, SUE, the number of Old Maids 'ud be perdijus!
For novels—well, there 's good and bad, as so there is of tracks too,
Which some I 've read does anythink but stick the sober facks to.
SPURGING himself can spin a yarn, and pile it up like winking,
And Sermons, for "sensation," may beat Stories, to my thinking.
I likes a tale. If SPURGING finds more fun and ease in joking,
Or telling traveller's tales at home, or mild Havannahs smoking,
(Which last I 've heard he 's partial to,) he 's free to spend his leisure
In patronising, pious-like, his own pertikler pleasure.
He doesn't feel no sort of call—no, SUE, I 'll bet my head on it!—
To chuck away a choice cigar, and suck a text instead on it.
Let him remember gals is gals, and no more Cherrybimses
Than other folks; as most of us *does* have our fads and whimses.
If lives is dull, and work is hard, and Mississes is rileing,
We sometimes longs for more than "texts" to cheer us in our tiling.
My gracious! There 's SAM'S whistle, SUE. No blackbird couldn't beat him;
He 's round by the back garding gate: I 'll jest slip down and meet him—
I may have time for half a word. Oh, SUE, he 's got *sech* whiskers!
Wonder how Swells would like to do their courting so promiskus!
There! there! *I* hears! Young Artful, to pop on me in this manner!
And so no more jest now, dear, from your loving

MARY-ANNER.

AT LORD'S.

What a Young Lady says.—I do *so* like cricket matches, they are *so* pretty, and I am quite *learned* about them. But *do* tell me, why are they running after that ball; and is it *really* necessary to put three bits of stick near the bowlers with their bats? You didn't know I knew so much about it, now, *did* you? Thank you *so* much, I will take a little more champagne cup. No raised pie, thanks—I have got some lobster salad. Oh, *do* smoke. I am awfully fond of the smoke of a cigar in the open air! And now, you must tell me *all* the news.

What a Dowager says.—I shall certainly keep my umbrella up, in spite of shutting out the view from a carriage-load behind me. I really *must* think of myself in this hot weather a little!

What a Young Man says.—Really too bad of that old woman to put up an umbrella, eh? Can't be any good to her, don't you know. Nonsense to think she wants to keep her complexion. Got no complexion at all, don't you know? Hasn't had one, I should think, for the last twenty years, eh, don't you know?

What an Old School-fellow says.—Hallo, my boy, why it 's you! Haven't seen you for twenty years! How fat you 've got! Why, what used we to call you? Oh, "Nosey," to be sure!

What Angelina says.—My dear EDWIN, you don't mean to say you were ever called "Nosey!" How you have deceived me!

What Edwin says.—Hang that fellow!

What a Good Boy says.—My dear father, this is a very painful sight! It grieves me to see two-and-twenty young men spending in recreation time that might be so usefully employed in study!

What a Bad Boy says.—Look here, old man, let 's give the guv'nor the slip, and have some more grub!

What Everybody says.—Capital way to spend a summer's day pleasantly.

And what the Umpire says (especially at 7 p.m.).—Over!

Is there such a Thing?

WE extract this from a country paper, in case such a *rara avis* is to be caught, and will give the address when it *is* caught:—

WANTED, a Country GIRL (Church), tall and strong, about 16, without a Chignon, to help in a family of two; man kept.—Address, &c.

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S. AND B.

Or the Shindy at the Sign of "The Laurel." As narrated by a very vulgar Bystander to a Fellow-Philistine.



You know, my dear WILLIAM, that house at the foot of the two-headed Hill?
Well, a-passing it late t'other night I dropped in for a sweet little mill.
Leastways, when I call it a mill, I should say that it ended in jaw.
And no doubt the P. R. would pooh-pooh it as nothing but lingo and law.
It isn't a Pub I much patronise. Rather too uppish for me.
The landlord's a chap called A. POLLER—the poet's peculiar L. V.
It's a sort of a Swell House-of-Call for your Bards, Critics, Artists, and such—
The noisest parties I know when they've once had a little too much.
They give theirselves uppercrust airs, and look down upon pewter and beer:
A stuff they call Nectar 's their "tap;" never tried it myself, BILL—no fear!
But judging by what I have seen of the fruits of the liquor, I think
A chap doesn't lose very much who eschews that particular drink.
It appears that a couple of parties, we'll call 'em for short S. and B.
(It stands for a blend that they love) had been making a little too free
With—I'd rather not give it a name, BILL—*they* call it poetic *afflatus*,
Folks would use plainer English, no doubt, if it came over chaps of *our status*.
In what 's called a 'pseudonymous' way, I made out, it had been an old quarrel.
For B. had thought fit to suggest that the singing of S. was immoral;
While S., who is well up in insects, had hit on the neat tit-for-tat,
Of holding up B. to the public as only a sort of *B flat!*
Lor'! how they pitched into each other—in *language*, you 'll please understand,
For Poets, like Females, in shines make more use of the tongue than the hand.
In fact, B. and S. in their battle reminded *this* party, for one,
Of a couple of Billingsgate fish-fags a-slanging each other like fun.
The names they exchanged I'd not mention in hearing of persons polite,
For poetical cursing and swearing beats 'Gate slanging clean out of sight.
Then they quoted each other's worst lines, and if poetry 's all such as theirs,
"From being a Bard Lord deliver us!" ought to be one of our prayers.
For it seems that the sum and the substance of what they call "glorious song"
Is meanings amazingly weak put in language uncommonly strong.
But at last, when I thought that the shindy *must* end in the punching of heads,
They took and they called in the lawyers to settle the case in fists' steads;
Which of course it was nuts to the bar-chaps, and didn't they poke fun and chaff!
Out of love-letters read in full Court 'ARRY 'AWKINS ne'er got such a laugh.
Well, so far as I twigged it, the verdict was, "Bad as are B. and his verse,
MR. S. and his Songs and his slanging are *one and a half per cent.* worse."
Though I must say if *I* had been called on to sum up the rights of the pother,
My tip would have been "Pot and Kettle—six one and half-dozen the other."
BILL, my boy, you will never find *me* liquor up at the sign of "The Laurel,"
Nor try that A. POLLER's best bitters which beats gin at breeding a quarrel.
The tap of Parnassus be blowed! if it oversets stomach and brain
As bad as the best Hamburgh Sherry, and worse than petroleum Champagne.
I always ranked poets as duffers, but blest if I thought 'em such muffs
As to cry "Stinking fish!" in that fashion, in chaff taking refuge from cuffs.
But if B. and S. and their brethren would trust to Philistine's advising,
They 'd cover their sewerage up out of sight, after deodorising.
They may tell us that *that's* the manure for poetry's lilies and roses,
What I know is, that all who go *that* way keep handkerchiefs held to their noses.

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

THE following paper, picked up in the passage between the Underground Railway and the Clock Tower, and evidently relating to the Irish Land Question, appears to be founded on the give and take principle (give everything to the Tenant, take everything from the Landlord), and is likely to satisfy even the demands of that mysterious assembly the Metropolitan O'Donnel 82 Club. It is accompanied by a short note, as under:—

DEAR FATHER PAT,

BUTT is a bosthoon: his Bill is all milk and water. I enclose a rough sketch of what might be worked into a good Tenants' Bill. I will be glad to get any hint you may have to offer. Don't spare the Landlords. In haste, Yours ever, O'C. P.

FATHER PAT MULLIGAN, *Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo.*

1. Landlords to be offered 99-year Leases of their estates; renewable for ever on remission of one year's rent to the Tenants.

2. Fair Rents to be fixed by a competent tribunal: such as a Committee of Three, consisting of the Parish Priest, the Curate, and a Tenant-Farmer, holding not less than ten acres, and the *bonâ-fide* owner of at least one pig.

3. All improvements to be allowed for: on the principle that in consideration of every pound laid out by the Tenant ten per cent. shall be deducted from the rent.

4. Absentee Landlords to pay a tax of twenty-five per cent. on the gross rental.

5. Any absentee for five consecutive years to forfeit his estate, which shall be divided amongst the rightful owners of the soil, that is to say, the small Farmers. N.B.—Small Farmers to be defined as holders of not more than thirty acres.

6. Evictions to be totally abolished; except in cases where no rent has been paid for ten years, at the end of which period an ejectment can be served. The ejectment must however be cancelled on payment of arrears for a term not to exceed six months.

7. The descendants of the original proprietors of estates confiscated within the last two hundred and fifty years to be entitled to claim the said estates; and, on proof of their descent, possession shall be given up by the present holder. Compensation to an amount not exceeding one year's rent to be given by the incomer. In cases where litigation arises, the costs shall, whatever the result, be charged on the estate.

Floating Slums.

FROM some resolutions lately passed by the Rugeley Ruri-Decanal Conference, it seems that the condition of the Canal Population is very deplorable, and, especially, that children are living in canal-boats under most unwholesome conditions. The charity bestowed on Gutter Children might be extended to Canal Children; for, as for the unfortunate little ones there is, we much fear, little to choose between the Canal and the Gutter.

"What's in a Name?"

NOT long ago there was a discussion as to the suitability of the names given to Her Majesty's ships. If the discussion had extended to the fitness of the names of officers, *Mr. Punch* would not, perhaps, have had the pleasure of congratulating a MR. JAMES TREMBLE on his appointment as Staff Surgeon to the *Terror!*

THE END OF THE LONDON SEASON.—Disappointment.

THE WESTERN DIFFICULTY.—The Block at Hyde Park Corner.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

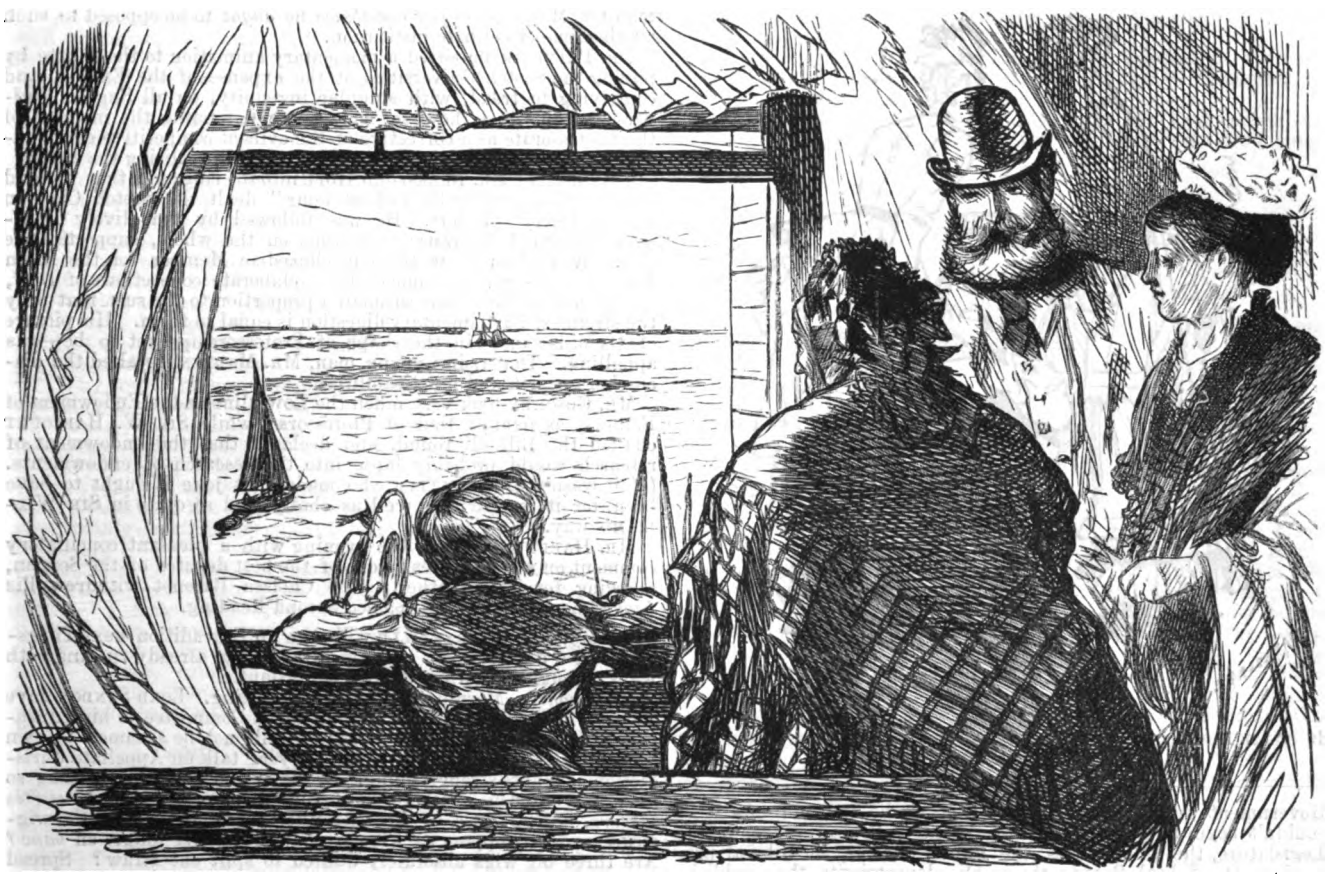


WHETHER Russia have found a head, as well as sinews of war, for the Servian army, is more than LORD DERBY knows, or, at least, is disposed to tell LORD CAMPERDOWN (*Lords, Monday, July* 3). LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, who seems to keep his own little bird in most of the public Offices, moved a vote of censure on LORD CARNARVON for not bestowing more attention on the affairs of the Malay Peninsula between January, 1874, and October, 1875. (Nothing like being exact in the dates of an indictment.) LORD CARNARVON defended his policy in the Straits. The country was ten thousand miles in extent. Annexation was out of the question, and the best course was to appoint Residents—(*Punch* does not envy them their "residential occupation" under the circumstances)—to act in concert with the native chiefs. Discords will occur in the best-conducted concerts. He had rapped SIR W. JERVOIS over the knuckles as hard as was fair to an energetic Governor. It was a choice of difficulties in a case of Straits, and he had tried to choose the least. LORD KIMBERLEY backed up his successor. LORD LAWRENCE pointed out that this was a case where the Government had ventured upon a dangerous step, after getting rid of the native Indian force which would have enabled them to take it without danger. A hint to the economists *à outrance*.

More Eastern questions from EARL DELAWARR and LORD GRANVILLE, who asked when the papers would be published that would inform Parliament as to the Eastern policy of the Government. LORD DERBY promised the papers as soon as possible. War having broken out there was no objection now to show the steps that had led to it.

(*Commons.*)—After a variety of important Home questions, *e.g.*,—how to get people who fall off the Embankment out of the water; the trial and sentence of JAMES TIMONY, an injured youth of seventeen, at Belfast; the limits of Lords-Lieutenant's right of interference at Elections; Bathing in the Serpentine; the Prosecution of the owner of a rotten ship at Liverpool; the closing of the National Gallery in the height of the season; the Statistics of Traffic at Hyde Park corner; British Museum Salaries; education of children in canal-boats; wound up by a personal explanation between SIR. E. WATKIN and SIR ROBERT PEEL—in which the latter made one statement, with which Honourable Members heartily agreed—that he had been too long a member of that House—the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON took the liberty of asking the Sphinx at the head of Her Majesty's Government, when the papers that would throw light on the Government policy in the Eastern Question would be published. "As soon as possible," said the Sphinx.

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"THALASSA! THALASSA!!"

Brown (*to the old Family Servant*). "THERE, NURSE! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"

Old Nurse (*she came from West Suffolk, and had never seen the Sea*). "LOR', MR. CHARLES, DO IT ALLUS KEEP A MUDDLIN' ABEAOUT LIKE THAT?"

Which answer of the darkling Sphinx,
Unsatisfactory to GINX,
Brought up that bold, bald Baby's face
To beard B. D. in pride of place.
Let the House howl, GINX blenches not,
In spite of HERVEY's sauce all hot:
The House may hold his question rude,
But with a Motion he'll conclude.
"What 'Our Own' at Vienna knew
Was no more than the House's due.
'Gainst asking this there stands no law—
That asked, his Motion he'd withdraw."
Whereon the SPEAKER, crustily,
"I told the Member for Dundee
His speech must closed by Motion be,
And now his Motion he withdraws?—"
Then GINX, "I own the House's laws,
And move the Adjournment of the House."
Whereon blithe BIGGAR hat did dowse,
And begged, kind friend, to second GINX.
Upon his legs this brought the Sphinx,
Who, after due contempt conveyed
Of GINX, that questioner undismayed,
"Hoped no anonymous 'Our Own'
Would in the House's face be thrown:
Let the House wait a few short hours,
Till, with consent of the great Powers,
The published papers could make known,
Not the *Times*' wisdom, but OUR OWN."
Then BRIGHT, large-looming on the field,
Threw over GINX his ample shield:
No Baby he, a veteran wight,
With more than thrice ten years of fight.
"The Session wanes, the papers wait;
Short grows the season for Debate;
The country frets, as well as GINX.
Needs thrice five minutes for the Sphinx
To utter, calm, condensed, and clear,
What House and Country yearn to hear.
The Oracle no longer dumb,
E'en if the bad to worst should come,
The House would know its steersman's star,
And shape a course, not drift, to war.
But of this let the Sphinx beware,
One thing Old England will not bear—
Our might ranged with the Turks along,
'Gainst those who rise against their wrong."
Then FAWCETT struck into the fight—
His war-cry, "Ditto to JOHN BRIGHT!"
And e'en the Doctor braved disdain,
And dashed the dew-drops from his mane,
And, midst a laugh that shook the hall,
Foretold that "Turkey needs must fall."
Till HARTINGTON, the Doctor's foil,
Poured on the waves his smoothing oil:
"The House, no doubt, would gladly learn—
For information needs must yearn—
But papers policy declare;
And papers ask time to prepare.
Then let us wait; put question by,
Till papers lend us wings to fly,
If need be, in the Sphinx's face,
And his who holds 'another place.'"

(*Punch* asks pardon for rhyming; but the ancient Oracles were always asked, and answered, in verse.)

The Second Reading of the Prisons Bill followed; every man fighting for his own hand; a knot of the bucolicals refusing to dismount from their hobby, Visiting Justiceship. But CROSS wins in a canter. The Quarter Sessions Benches have pronounced for the Bill by a large majority, and Second Reading was carried by the overwhelming majority of 295 to 96.

Tuesday (*Lords*).—Union of Benefices Bill reported, and Bill for Improving the Dwellings of the Poor in Whitechapel and Limehouse district got into Committee. LORD SHAFTESBURY, as by right, rejoiced in the advent of this the first (he hoped) of a long series of Bills for the improvement of the dwellings of the working classes in our London slums. But he warned the promoters not to go too fast in pulling down, till they had seen to the intermediate housing of those whom improvement ousted. A wise and much wanted caution. Pull down the rookeries, but don't forget the rooks.

(*Commons*.) Morning Sitting.—There are some questions more awful than even the Eastern. Such was WHALLEY's this morning. Had MR. DISRAELI made due inquiry into CHIEF JUSTICE WHITEHEAD's statement that the POPE, and not the QUEEN, exercised paramount authority in Ireland in certain cases? MR. DISRAELI may oppose a stony and Sphinxian silence to the interrogatories of the House about the Turkish war, but he knows better than to trifle with the interrogatories of WHALLEY. He said he had come down five or six times to the House prepared to answer the question—if he *could*. But he could not attach a definite idea to it. But as far as he *could* understand the question—(the rogue! *he* understands it well enough)—he should say that if a person had such confidence in the POPE that he is determined to obey him, he didn't see how the

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QUERY.

IS IT AN ADVANTAGE THAT TALL PEOPLE LOOK TALLER, AND SHORT PEOPLE SHORTER ON THE RINK?

Government was to prevent him. (Doesn't he, indeed? As if he couldn't begin by putting down the Jesuits, who now swarm in the Legislature, the Universities, the Public Schools, the liberal professions, the School Boards, the public departments, the establishments of the nobility, and elsewhere.) He declined to be responsible for the observations of Judges in Ireland. (We should think he *did*.)

It was awfully hot and choky in the House, and, as iced drinks are not allowed to be handed round, as in the American Hall of Congress, Members were awfully bored by SCLATER-BOOTH's long statement of local indebtedness and income. After all, the total of local debt is only between £90,000,000 and £100,000 000; the income about £60,000,000. Is this bagatelle the sort of thing to be bothered about in such weather? But if they tried to burk SCLATER-BOOTH by not listening, they absolutely kicked against FAWCETT's amendment, touching the unfair incidence of local taxation on occupiers as against owners; and, with all the help of GOSCHEN, CHILDERS, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, just contrived to shunt the Bill into Committee and left it there.

SIR HENRY JAMES tried to get Members into working gear again over the Appellate Judicature Bill. He said the business in the Courts was at a regular dead-lock.

Much the sweltering House cared for that! The sitting was suspended at seven, and then, when the House should have met for business again at nine, it didn't, and MR. BIGGAR, useful for once, had the House Counted Out before doing a stroke of work. Too hot.

Wednesday.—COWPER-TEMPLE moved Second Reading of his Bill for admitting Ladies with Foreign Medical Degrees to Practise in England.

LORD SANDON said Government was prepared to take up MR. RUSSELL GURNEY's Bill for enabling the Medical Corporations, if they liked, to admit Women to Practise. On which MR. COWPER-TEMPLE withdrew his Bill, preferring a side entrance to practise, even with a Medical Beadle stationed at it, to the back door he had proposed to open.

Thursday (*Lords*).—The Commons Bill for Second Reading, recommended by the DUKE OF RICHMOND as carefully framed in the interests of Owners. From what MR. CROSS said for it in the Commons *Punch* had thought it was framed in the interests of the Public. Let us hope that, for once, they are identical.

(*Commons.*)—The Second Reading of the Cambridge University Bill, mildly moved, in a hot and sleepy House, by MR. WALPOLE. The House dull over it. Even DILKE did not wake them up in his new character of a maintainer of the *status quo*. Like LOWE, he has faith in "idle fellows," and does not much believe in Professors and the Endowment of Research. Nor does MR. FORSYTH. But he is strongly opposed to Fellowships for life. Of course, as the Ladies' man for Mari-le-bon *par excellence* he *ought* to be opposed to such an abominably celibate institution.

DR. PLAYFAIR imported a momentary animation to the debate by puffing the Scotch Universities at the expense of the English, and contriving to tread, with singular ingenuity, on all English University men's toes, however wide apart, defending the increase of the Professorate as a corrective of the evils of competitive examinations, and clerical fellowships as a means of liberalising the clergy.

This brought MR. BERESFORD HOPE into the ring; and that "friend of the brave in peril's darkest hour" dealt the Scotch Chicken several heavy counters. He was followed by that lively lightweight, LORD E. FITZMAURICE, who, on the whole, supported the Bill. After him arose the encyclopædiac Member for the Elgin Burghs, and served out one of those elaborate concoctions of Duff, in which the plums bear so small a proportion to the suet that only the strongest Parliamentary digestion is equal to them. His picture of Oxford-wants—in the shape of Professorships yet to be—was appalling. That rising young man, MR. MARTEN, recalled the discussion to earth and practicabilities.

MR. GOSCHEN took very much the LOWE line on the Endowment of Fellows, as against that of Professors; while SIR W. HARCOURT chaffed the Bill all round, and declared that the endowment of research would probably lapse into the research of endowments. (If it wasn't SIR WILLIAM who made that joke it ought to have been, for it is sharp, as well as chaffy, and so quite in SIR WILLIAM's way.)

MR. HARDY wound up the evening with a pleasant conciliatory comment on what was really one of the best debates of the Session, allowing for the weather. The Chelsea Baronet withdrew his Amendment, and the Bill passed Second Reading.

Friday.—LORD GRANVILLE will take up Extradition next Thursday, not a day too soon. Shoals of rogues are already rushing both ways through the torn net across the Atlantic.

(*Commons.*)—Morning Sitting—and snoozing. LORD SANDON gave a sketch of the amendments he proposes in Committee on his Education Bill. The Member for Bradford will not be ashamed to own himself their foster-father. Long lawyers' talk on Appellate Jurisdiction. Wants strengthening. What are so few judges among so many? Consensus of lawyers in favour of more judges. *Vous êtes orfevre, Maître Josse.* "Nothing like Horse-hair," quoth the wig-wearers. But suppose we were content with fewer judges on *banc*? Are three big wigs absolutely wanted to split one straw? Spread thinner they 'll go further, like the schoolboy's butter.

Evening Sitting.—While MR. DILLWYN was talking about Lunatics some wise and weary Member had the happy thought, "What lunatics we are to be sitting here, a dozen of us, when we might be in bed!" and got the House Counted Out, for the second time this hot week, at ten minutes after ten.

JOHN AND JONATHAN.

THE Sanctum had been newly decorated. The curtains were now of silk, and represented stars and stripes. A batch of books had been added to the library, with backs lettered "LONGFELLOW," "BRETT HARTE," and "HOLMES." Everything had been done that could be done to give the room a transatlantic appearance. The chairs ran on tramways, the bells worked by electricity, and communication was maintained with the floor above and the floor below by means of cleverly concealed lifts.

"Now, let me see," said *Mr. Punch*, looking round his apartment with great satisfaction, "is everything ready?"

Toby replied in the affirmative.

"Then," murmured the Sage, "I don't think that our American Cousin can find anything in the room at which to take offence. Stay, *Toby*, you may take *Martin Chuzzlewit* out of the bookshelves. It is a very excellent novel, but it is just possible that our visitor may not care to see it. Mind you put it back when he has gone. And, of course, turn that caricature of '*Uncle Sam*' with its face to the wall."

The Best of Dogs obeyed his master with his customary willingness.

"And now to admit them," said *Mr. Punch*, touching a nob near the mantelpiece. "We must get JOHN into the room first."

He had scarcely finished speaking when a secret door flew open and a rosy-cheeked, curly-headed gentleman in the very prime of life walked out.

"Good morning, *Mr. Punch*," said the new comer with a cheerful smile. "That 's rather an expeditious way of travelling. I came down from the room above in something less than no time."

"My new hydraulic lift," replied the host. "I use it chiefly for sending rejected contributions away to be burnt. It has been necessarily made very strong—rejected contributions are, as a rule, heavy."

"Well, it is quicker than the railways."

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"And infinitely safer," remarked *Mr. Punch*. "You are looking well of course, my dear JOHN, and yet I have seen you looking better."

"I should think so," returned the portly gentleman, with a slight sigh. "It has been an anxious time lately. What with foreign loans and the complications of the Eastern Question, I absolutely have known no rest for months. Then DIZZY, my head man, has got hold of my books and keeps them closed against me. Whenever I ask for them he makes an excuse."

"I should insist upon seeing them," said *Mr. Punch*, firmly.

"I shall, the next time I want them," was the reply, and then JOHN continued, "DIZZY may be a very clever fellow, but I like to manage my own affairs. And now, *Mr. Punch*, why have you asked me to come here?"

"To meet a friend" (the guest smiled) "and a relative."

The smile disappeared.

"If I am obliged to meet a relative with so much formality, I do not think that I shall care for his acquaintance. But who is he?"

"Why, our American Cousin, JONATHAN," replied *Mr. Punch*, watching his guest's face steadily. JOHN looked far from pleased.

"I am sorry you have brought us together," he said. "JONATHAN is a swaggering, vulgar, uneducated, swindling——"

"Stop! stop!" cried *Mr. Punch*. "You really don't know him. Come, you shall see him at once," and a slight pressure applied to another nob near the fireplace opened another secret door. A slim, gentlemanly-looking man entered the room. He greeted *Mr. Punch* cordially.

"My dear Sir," said he, speaking with the slightest accent possible—an accent which lifted the small words into undue prominence—"I congratulate you upon your lift. I came from your waiting-room below in less than no time."

Mr. Punch noticed that his first visitor was moving towards the door. "Come," said the Sage, "you two cousins should know one another well—thoroughly well. Now, my dear JOHN, here is your Cousin JONATHAN. JONATHAN, let me introduce you to JOHN BULL."

"Welcome, Cousin!" said the American, distrustfully.

"Pleased to see any Cousin, however distant," said the Englishman, pompously.

"Nonsense!" cried *Mr. Punch*. "Only the Atlantic Ocean divides you, and that little affair has been bridged over by half-a-dozen cables."

"I was thinking of our family-tree," said JOHN. "My Cousin must be several times removed."

"Nonsense, again!" interrupted the Sage. "The only thing that can remove you two kinsmen is misunderstanding; and as for the family-tree, why, plant a bough of it anywhere—in Asia, Africa, America, or Australasia—and it will flourish as only such an evergreen can flourish. Nonsense!—shake hands! Remember you are not only men, but brothers."

"'Look before you leap,' is a capital motto," muttered the American.

"'Don't buy a pig in a poke' is excellent, albeit homely, advice," murmured the Englishman.

"That's all very well," said *Mr. Punch*; "but I don't want you to do either the one or the other. Let's be honest and open. Come, JOHN, speak frankly. What have you to say in disparagement of JONATHAN?"

"He is unrefined, he talks slang, he uses a revolver, he loves rowdies, he never did a generous action in his life, and—most unpardonable sin of all—he hates me!"

"Don't speak!" said *Mr. Punch*, as the American Cousin sprang to his feet.

"JOHN," he continued, "you are harsh and wrong. Because Shoddy spends its too easily gained money in Europe, you must not take Shoddy as the national representative. Your Cousin, when you find him at home, is hospitable as a gentleman should be, is cultivated as a gentleman should be, is honourable as a gentleman should be. And as to his hating you—why, man, he whistles "*Rule, Britannia!*" quite as often as "*Hail, Columbia!*" Now, Sir, it is your turn. What have you to say against JOHN BULL?"

"He is cold-hearted, scornful, mean, and revengeful. He can't forgive us the glorious work of the Fourth of July."

"Don't speak a word, JOHN!" said *Mr. Punch*, excitedly. "Now, JONATHAN, *you* are in the wrong. Cold-hearted, scornful, and mean! Why, he is as proud of you as ever a father was of a child. Revengeful and unforgiving! Why, he helps to keep 'the Fourth' himself! And as to your Independence—why, he declares that you were in the right, and tries his hardest to make his other children free. Ask your neighbour, pretty MISS CANADA, ask that promising young fellow, MASTER AUSTRALIA, what they think of the old boy, and they will tell you that JOHN BULL is the kindest, the best-tempered, and warmest-hearted old buffer in the world."

"Briton Major," said JONATHAN, "we have both been wrong."

"Briton Minor," replied JOHN, "blood is thicker than water."

Two hands were gripped as only men of the stout old Anglo-Saxon race can grip.

"That's right!" cried *Mr. Punch*, enthusiastically. "There's a sight that will cheer the weak and terrify tyrants. Combined, my lads, you may defy the world. Let's liquor!"

And then with hands firmly clasped — the Past remembered without pain, the Present welcomed without shame—the two kinsmen drank heartily and hopefully to a glorious Future.

REGULATIONS FOR WIMBLEDON.

8th July, 1876. *War Office (Intelligence Department)*, 85, *Fleet Street, E.C.*



STAND AT EASE.

FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH has much pleasure in expressing his perfect satisfaction with the conduct and soldierly bearing of the troops recently reviewed by H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES in Hyde Park. The regular infantry and cavalry were, of course, all that could be desired. The London Militia, too, deserved the Field-Marshal's unqualified commendation. It is to be regretted, however, that that excellent batallion, the King's Own Royal Tower Hamlets Militia (now doing duty at the Mobilisation, Head Quarters of the Regiment at Cheltenham) was not included in the field-state. The march past on the 1st. instant, was supposed to include the garrison of London, and that garrison cannot be considered complete without the hereditary custodians of the Tower.

Turning to the Volunteers, FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH can heartily congratulate them upon the progress they have made during the last fifteen years. On the 1st. instant their steadiness and smartness suggested that they were closely imitating the excellent example set for them by the Regulars and the Militia-forces, whose discipline is maintained by a strict administration of the Mutiny Act. Under these circumstances the Field-Marshal has no hesitation in issuing the following regulations for Wimbledon, in the confident hope that they will be received with respect and obedience:—

1. Volunteers should appear in uniform. The habit of wearing a military tunic and a straw hat should be discontinued.

2. Volunteers should salute their officers. The habit of singing "*Tommy make room for your Uncle*," or any equally popular ditty when passing a General, should be discontinued.

3. Volunteers should be careful to keep some uniformity in the pitching of their tents. The habit of decorating the canvas with facetious pictures or caricatures of unpopular commanders should be discontinued

4. Volunteers at all times should maintain the strictest discipline. The habit of regarding Wimbledon as a free and easy pic-nic instead of a military camp of instruction should be discontinued.

With these few regulations (which he trusts will be accepted in good part, and observed with good heart) FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH bids the Volunteers farewell for the present. He trusts that they will have fine weather, for what he hopes will be a useful holiday.

By Order,

(*Signed*) TOBY,
Assistant-Adjutant General.

ON THE WRONG SCENT.

WE are authorised to state that the recent Alexandra Collie Trials have nothing whatever to do with a late eminent ex-capitalist, who is still wanted by the Authorities of Scotland Yard.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' MOTTO.—"*Est Modus in Rebus*"—"There is a Medium in everything."

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PHOTOGRAPHING THE FIRST-BORN.

GUARDIANS IN GAOL.

SUPREME COURT OF APPEAL.

Sittings in Fleet Street, before LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH.

The Queen v. *the Guardians of the Keighley Union.*

MR. WIGGINS, Q.C., applied for an order to reverse the judgment of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE in the Queen's Bench, under which the Defendants stood committed for contempt of Court, incurred by first pretending to comply with and then disobeying a *mandamus* enjoining them to perform the duty incumbent on them, which they had long neglected, of giving the proper directions to the Vaccination Officer to proceed against parents who refused to have their children vaccinated. The *mandamus* had been issued in the other Court consequently upon conduct on the part of the Defendants brought under the notice of CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH some time ago.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE asked on what ground the appeal against the mandate of his learned Brother was made.

MR. WIGGINS said on that of the extreme stupidity of the Defendants, who could not possibly be brought to understand that they ought to obey the law. A dialogue, the report of which occupied nearly a column of a newspaper, on this point passed in Court between LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN and their Chairman, MR. MILNER, who, as the head, must be supposed to have the most brains of them all—except a MR. SAMUEL JOHNSON; this Gentleman having repudiated his colleagues' acts, and purged himself of contempt.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH said that MR. SAMUEL JOHNSON had vindicated his name

MR. WIGGINS proceeded to say that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE in the Court below in vain endeavoured to make the Chairman of the Keighley Guardians comprehend that it was their place to execute and not to construe or correct the law. Their inability to have this simple idea beaten into their heads, he (MR. WIGGINS) would submit indicated a density of intellect which rendered them deserving of pity, rather than punishment.

His Lordship, in reply to the learned Counsel, said that the Defendants' intellects, if they had any, were evidently dense indeed. No doubt they had both acted, and refused to act, in ignorance; but mere ignorance of the law was no excuse. Their ignorance was extreme; they were as ignorant of Law as of Medicine; and, probably, of everything else: they showed crass ignorance. But merely crass ignorance could not absolve those who ought to have known better. He (LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH) could not interfere between that ignorance and its consequences. However, he was not sure that the Keighley Guardians' contumacy was not owing to a sadder defect than that of mere knowledge. He recollected that they concluded one of their first Anti-Vaccination meetings by adjourning to the Madhouse, and he (LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH) remembered saying at the time, they ought to have remained there. Their obstinacy in resisting the Vaccination Act suggested actual derangement; and this all the rather that they had displayed an evasion and cunning which were special notes of insanity. This, if it were so, would render them irresponsible for their acts, but not entitle them to be discharged from custody. People who behaved as they had done, labouring under fixed ideas and delusions, were dangerous lunatics, who required to be looked after—they ought to be shut up, and not let go about. He would take time to consider his decision; and Defendants might be inspected by a medical man, to see if they were crazy. In the meanwhile, if not incurable, they would perhaps come to their senses, apologise for their misconduct, undertake to repair it, and so purge themselves of contempt, when, doubtless, they would be released on payment of necessary costs. Otherwise, all he (LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH) would be able to do for them would be to make an order for their removal from the County Prison to a Lunatic Asylum, and then the only doubt on his (LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH'S) mind would be, whether the Institution to which it would be proper to send them was a Refuge for the Insane or an Asylum for Idiots.

NO OFFENCE.

PLUMSTEAD has long been the scene of constant Artillery practice, but last week the neighbourhood was also treated to a "fencing" bout on a large scale.

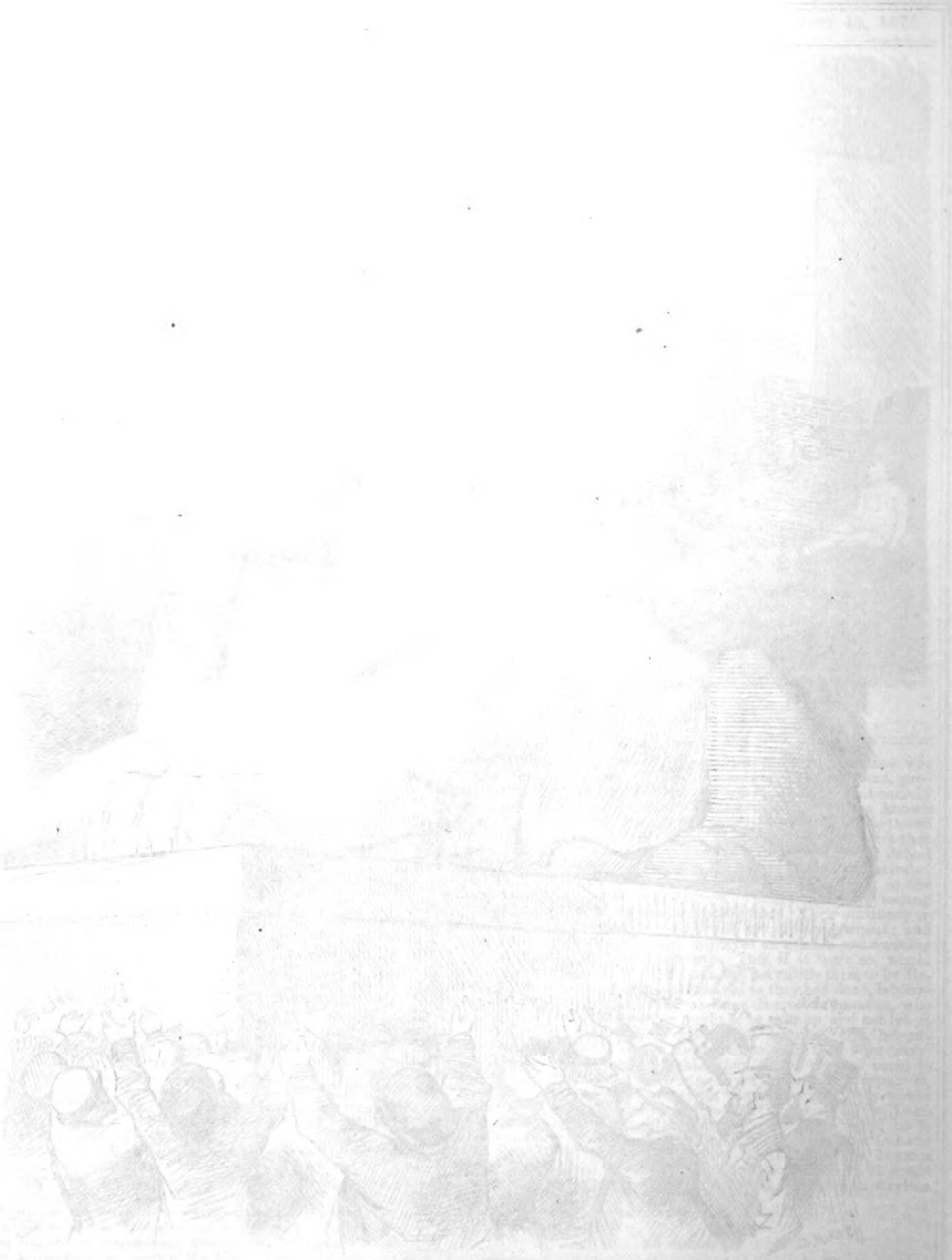
QUERY FOR GEOGRAPHICAL BEES.—Should the Women of Montenegro be spoken of as Montenegresses?

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THE SPHINX IS SILENT.

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THE SPHINX IS SILENT.

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HAPPY THOUGHTS.

To Fresh Fields and Pastures new—Seeking for Information—An Irish Acquaintance wanted—On the Track.



FRIENDS recommend me to try "a thorough change." By all means. My Aunt, who is continually practising a melancholy song with a refrain about being "flung away to die" in some out-of-the-way place,—a "wilderness," I think,—and who has two deaf Ladies and a Nephew (suspected of having its when by himself) coming to stay with her for a fortnight, thinks it "a pity I should go away just now." I don't. But where to?

I am still turning the subject over, and am inclining towards Ireland.

I remember this heading to a chapter in *Nicholas Nickleby*, "Doubts and fears begin to disturb the plotter,"—or words to that effect. This is my case. There is something so remarkably novel in the idea of *my* going to Ireland, that something, I feel sure, will happen to prevent it.

It now breaks upon me for the first time that I know nothing at all about Ireland. I have talked politically about Ireland, I have read LEVER, CROKER, S. C. HALL, LOVER,—I remember vividly most of CRUIKSHANK'S hideous pictures in the history of the Irish Rebellion, and I have seen the Irish dramas by MESSRS. BOUCICAULT and FALCONER, which have impressed upon me such characters as *Danny Mann*, a jovial Priest (who could brew whiskey punch, and make a speech which "brought down the house"), another Priest who could hit out on occasion, a gentlemanly courteous Priest, picturesque peasant girls, *Colleen Bawns* and *Colleen Rhus*, and good-for-nothing, self-sacrificing ne'er-do-wells, with a powerful affection for the "ould stock" and "the Masther," and an intimate and practical acquaintance with shillelaghs, potheen, poaching, and the county gaols.

I do *not* believe that these pictures represent "*Ireland as it is.*"

Equally clearly, it must be the simplest thing possible to find some person, or persons, who *do* know all about it. Among my acquaintance—let me see—as I think it over, I remember several Irishmen. But, as I've never known them to be out of England, except when I've met them in Boulogne, or in Germany, the question arises, Do they know much about their native country?

The man of all others is, now I think of it, TIM MAHONY.

Note (*in Memorandum-Book*).—Call on TIM MAHONY, and ask him about Ireland.

TIM MAHONY'S address is a difficulty. Odd! often as I've met TIM MAHONY, and, long as I've known him, yet it now strikes me, for the first time, that I've never been to TIM'S own house, or rooms, or whatever he has to live in; that I've never dined with TIM at his Club, or at *his* expense anywhere; and that whenever I *have* met TIM, if it was not at somebody else's house, or somebody else's dinner party, or somebody else's Club, it has invariably been in the street. Of course I cannot waste my time in walking about the streets in the hope of meeting TIM MAHONY. Stay! *I have written to him.* Let me see, at what address? Why, invariably at somebody else's address, and never the same twice running. TIM, *in toto*, flashes across me like a revelation. He is like a social Will-o'-the-Wisp. I do not think this a very good simile, as people do not ask Will-o'-the-Wisps to stay with them for a fortnight; and TIM is never without an invitation. At least such must be the case, as he apparently resides nowhere, and lives everywhere. If he can't get an invitation he must make them himself.

Because at this moment I particularly want to see him, he is most certain *not* to turn up. If he *did* turn up he would be welcome, for days, at our little out-of-town cottage—welcome as the flowers in Spring. If at this moment TIM were *not* wanted, he would appear. He is the sort of man, of whom it may be safely said, that "he is here to-day and *not* gone to-morrow,"—or the day after, or the day after that; or, with a little encouragement, for weeks. In fact, as to his stay, "it," as the song says, "may be for years and it may be for ever." Thus,—TIM will find himself with nothing to do in Town. Time hangs heavily on his hands. It suddenly strikes him that "he hasn't seen old BUNGAY for years."

"Gad!" says TIM to himself, "I'll go and see old DICK BUNGAY."

If I (or anybody else, for the matter of that) am with him at the moment, he will add, "You come, too. Come down to old BUNGAY'S. He'll be delighted."

I object that I do not know BUNGAY, that in point of fact I've never spoken to BUNGAY in my life, nor even seen him.

TIM is immensely astonished. His manner expresses such immeasurable pity for me, as having lived so long without knowing BUNGAY, that I am really quite disconcerted.

"What!" he exclaims. "Not know old BUNGAY. My *dear* fellow," he goes on with great *empressement*, "you *must* know him. Come down with me. BUNGAY will be *only too pleased.* Come along! we'll take the next train, and be with him to dinner."

It still occurring to me that BUNGAY may not view this descent upon him in the same light as does TIM, I get off for the present, promising that if, while TIM is staying *chez* BUNGAY, TIM will induce him to ask me, I will accept with pleasure. Off goes TIM: stops there for three months, and when he finds things a little monotonous, I receive my long-promised invitation from TIM on behalf of BUNGAY.

[But this is by the way, only that it is necessary in order to understand TIM MAHONY, and the difficulty in finding him; because from BUNGAY'S he may have gone to Northumberland to see his friend, Old SHORTMORE; from SHORTMORE'S to Devonshire; and from Devonshire to Brighton, to stay with some one who has been asking him so often that he's "quite ashamed of himself," he says, on arriving, "for not having been to see him before."]

Well, I am supposing TIM saying to himself, "I'll go and see old DICK BUNGAY." He is off at once, to the waiting-room of a station ("most convenient place a waiting-room," says TIM, *naïvely*), where he has left his portmanteau, bag, hat-box, and greatcoat; then he obtains the correct time of the train's starting, and in another two hours he is marching up the well-kept drive leading to the front door of Bungay Hall; and the Ladies of the house (who are unacquainted with TIM, and who therefore have a rich and unexpected treat in store for them), sitting in the drawing-room, wonder who on earth their visitor can be at this hour, when DICK BUNGAY, fresh from the river—the fish and himself being but just arrived from the same place—slaps one hand down on the other as he exclaims, "Why, hang *me*, if it isn't TIM MAHONY!"

"DICK, old boy," cries TIM, heartily, "how *are* you?"

Thereupon TIM shakes hands most warmly with DICK BUNGAY,—with a warmth indeed which communicates itself at once to DICK BUNGAY, who expresses himself immensely pleased at seeing him; in a few minutes more he is glowing with hearty hospitality, and in a quarter of an hour he is ablaze with open-house generosity. MRS. BUNGAY receives TIM under the impression that her husband has asked him, and forgotten to mention it. And *her* guests, the three MISSES GLENTILTER, are also delighted, for there's a chance of a little excitement, and flirtation for *one at a time* at least.

Then TIM sets to work to praise everything, and to please everybody; putting them at once at their ease, as if *they* had come suddenly to *his* house, not *he* to theirs, saying, as plain as actions can speak, "Make yourselves at home now I'm here; don't mind me"—and then he will playfully remind "Old DICK" of that wonderful claret he has in the cellar, and which he *must* have up. And Old DICK remembers that when they last met, he *had* mentioned such a claret to him, and wonders which it was. A regret passes across his mind that he hasn't called at his Grocer's in the nearest county town, so as to provide for TIM'S unforeseen visit,—for, at the first flush, TIM will be enthusiastic about everything, even to praising the Grocer's "sound dinner claret at 13*s.* a dozen." But the second evening TIM will frown, shake his head, and hint that "This is not the same we had last night." At the third dinner he will insist on having the best out, and will be satisfied with nothing but the best, even if he goes down with his host, under pretence of admiring the "first-rate cellar," and fetching it up himself.

Then BUNGAY hopes, and MRS. BUNGAY hopes, and the GLENTILTERS hope, that TIM will be able to stay a few days now he *is* there, which being exactly the object TIM has had in view all along, he at once protests that "alas! being so very busy just now in town"—this TIM always says when he is miles away from London, "is exactly what, he regrets to say, he can *not* do." "Don't ask me," he says, putting out his open palm as if to shut out a strong temptation. "Don't ask me, DICK old boy, for I must be back to-night. I've promised LADY ASTRACHAN—you know the ASTRACHANS"—DICK BUNGAY nods, and his wife wonders where her husband could have met them, but is unwilling to show ignorance before the GLENTILTERS—"I've promised Old ASTRACHAN to be back for his Dumb Crambo party to-night—at least," he adds, to leave a loophole for his hosts to press their invitation, "I said, if I'm not with you by nine-thirty, don't expect me."

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THE ROLL-CALL.

Sergeant. "ALISTER MCALISTER!" *Answer.* "HAMISHO!" *Sergeant.* "DONAL' MCBEAN!" *Answer.* "HAMISHO!"
Sergeant. "PETER MCKAY!" *Answer.* "HAMISHO!" *Sergeant.* "JOHN SMITH!" *Answer.* "HERE, SIR!"
Sergeant (with a Sniff). "UGH! 'ENGLISH POCK-PUDDING'"!!

"Then," says BUNGAY, cleverly, "if you're not there they won't expect you. Better stay here with us." He puts it cordially, with, however, a still lurking regret that he hasn't a supply of the Grocer's at 13*s.* a doz.

"No," replies TIM, who has no more idea of moving from his present comfortable quarters than he has of attempting to fly over St. Paul's,—"No," he says, shaking his head, and pretending to ruminate over all the *pros* and *cons.* of the question, "I'm—afraid—I—can't."

"You *must* manage it somehow," insists DICK BUNGAY, becoming proportionately more eager for TIM to stay, as he hears that he is in such demand elsewhere.

"If I telegraphed," says TIM, doubtfully, "I might. But," he considers, then he goes on in a feeling tone, "you see, I'm staying with my Grandmother at Stringham, in Hampshire, and, if I'm not in by midnight, she gets so uneasy."

Everybody is silent, out of respect to TIM'S feelings, and out of sympathy with his Grandmother at Stringham. Everybody is more or less depressed: DICK BUNGAY most of all. So down is he in fact, that it is on his lips to say, with genuine heartiness, "Well, send for the old girl and bring her down here. Why not?" But he does *not* say this, lest it should savour of disrespect to TIM MAHONY'S aged relative.

TIM brightens up. He sees a way. He has the will—plenty of it, and sees the way. He'll telegraph to the ASTRACHANS and to his Grandmother; to the first to say that he "*Can't be up for Crambo:*" to the second to say, "*Shan't be back to-night. Am staying at* BUNGAY'S. *Don't be alarmed if not back for a day or two.*"

"I'd better word it like that," says TIM, knowingly, to BUNGAY, "and then she won't be at all nervous."

BUNGAY agrees with him, and trusts he'll stay a week or a fortnight, mentally resolving that his stable-help shall take a cart over to Slocomb and do business with the Grocer.

TIM thanks him heartily, but doesn't think he'll be able to stay quite so long as that. "However," he says, so as not to throw too great a damper on his host, "*I'll see what I can do.*"

"It's lucky," says TIM presently to his old friend, DICK BUNGAY, "it's precious lucky that I brought down my portmanteau and bag. I had two minds about it," says he, "but I thought you'd over-persuade me to stop,—*I had a presentiment of it,*—and so, says I, I'll bring me things, in case I'm weak enough to give way. Ah! Old DICK, you're a sly dog. We'll make a night of it, eh? The real old clar't, me boy, and—d'ye mind those first-rate cigars you had some time back?" And he gives Old DICK a dig in the ribs, and a hearty slap on the back, conveying to BUNGAY, in a delicate way, the sort of treatment he (BUNGAY) might expect from him (TIM MAHONY), if their positions were reversed as host and guest.

"That's what I like about you," says TIM to Old DICK BUNGAY, confidentially. "You're a real hospitable old boy! No formalities, no long invitations, no fixing dates. No, here I am, rough and ready, and you take me as you find me."

"Exactly," replies Old DICK, feeling that TIM has found *him*, but, all the same, immensely pleased with himself in the character of a fine old English Gentleman, keeping open house and welcoming a hundred TIM MAHONYS.

All this flashes across my mind about TIM, and so, when I want to know something about Ireland (as I do at this present moment), I think where I can get hold of TIM, and it occurs to me as a *Happy Thought.*—Wire to DICK BUNGAY, Bungay Hall, and ask *where is* TIM MAHONY. Address wanted immediately. I do so, and await answer.

On Seeing the Poor Children at Play in the Temple Gardens.

KNIGHTS of the Wingèd Horse! with joy we greet
The little children rescued from the street:
Beneath the Horse with feet what peril springs!
They play in peace beneath the Horse with wings.

Knights of the Lamb and Flag! with winning tones
Tempt the small sporters from the hard, hot stones:
Change not your crest—but, mid your proudest brags,
Be this—to have drawn the lambs from *off* the flags!

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'ON HOSPITABLE THOUGHTS INTENT."

Mr. ——. "DON'T YOU THINK, LOVE, THAT YOU'D BETTER GIVE THEM A LONGER INVITATION THAN A WEEK?"

Mrs. ——. "MY LOVE! *THEY'D ALL COME!*"

YOUTH AND AGE.

(*On the Centennial Anniversary of American Independence.*)

"We have to confess that England is old and the United States young."—*Times.*

PUNCH sees no harm in that confession.
Age is a thing comparative:
In History's immense procession
Some realms than others longer live.
What diagnosis marks the time
When any State is in its prime?

America is young, no doubt,
And keeps her hundredth birthday merrily:
Her cannon roar; her speakers spout;
Her toasts and sentiments ring cheerily;
And how tall talk in fyttes has flowed
In BAYARD TAYLOR'S long-drawn Ode!

Hail we the democratic Maid
Self-crowned with Freedom's deathless laurel:
Nor her large Liberty upbraid,
Because its winning cost a quarrel.
Prosperity and social health
To the colossal Commonwealth!

Yet is Old England quite so old
As the Chronologer maintains,
Whose oldest, noblest blood is rolled
Through the wide Union's youthful veins?
In all things good, beneath the sun,
JOHN BULL and JONATHAN are one.

Long centuries of stately life
Are England's birthday gift to her:
Columbia's youth, with vigour rife,
Is felt in England's heart astir.
In Young America's Centennial
Old England feels herself perennial.

A Leg to Stand On.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are being raised for the benefit of the newly-elected Professor of Chinese at Oxford—DR. LEGGE. It is satisfactory to think that the Celestial language and literature have at last got one LEGGE at all events, if not as yet a firm footing, in Oxford.

SIR SALAR'S ODD OFFERING.

THE *Standard* has the following curious piece of news in its Court Circular of a few days ago:—

"SIR SALAR JUNG was presented to the QUEEN by the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, and offered his *Muggur* as a token of allegiance, which HER MAJESTY touched and returned."

SHAKSPEARE'S *Hindustani Dictionary* gives "Muggur" as the Hindù for an alligator. Why the Indian Statesman should have chosen this offensive and voracious animal as a token of his allegiance we cannot conceive—unless he meant it as a delicate way of conveying that his loyalty was ready to swallow anything. However did he manage to bring it alive from the banks of the Godaveri to Windsor Castle—to say nothing of the shorter railway transit from Paddington? We presume it was not a stuffed specimen that SIR SALAR presented to HER MAJESTY. All this will, let us hope, be explained in the "Journal" which is pretty sure to see the light on SIR SALAR JUNG'S return to Hyderabad.

HER MAJESTY "touched and returned" this choice "token." Would it not have been better taste on the part of Her Majesty's advisers if they had suggested that she should retain it, as the nucleus of a Windsor collection of Indian reptiles, in rivalry to the zoological establishment recently set up by H.R.H at the Regent's Park for the present, with a view to Sandringham in the future. Room might surely have been found about the Castle for a tank, where SIR SALAR JUNG'S "Muggur" might have been bestowed; or, if HER MAJESTY did not desire to retain so ugly a creature in her own neighbourhood, a habitation could have been found for it in one of the many opposition Aquaria that have lately come into existence. In the Westminster Aquarium it might have given a fillip to the prosperity of the undertaking, and a better claim than it now has to the title "Royal."

Perhaps HER MAJESTY hesitated to set a precedent by accepting this offering. Some future Indian visitor might have thought himself justified in bringing a *cobra* or *korait* into the Royal Presence! Happy Thought!—can it have been that the *Standard* has made a misprint, and that the "muggur" was after all a "nuzzur," which we find in our Shakspeare means "an offering made by an inferior when interviewing a superior."

OUR INTEREST IN TURKEY.

BRITAIN, Great Powers, whilst you the field leave clear,
'Twixt Turk and Slav will never interfere.
Stamboul made safe beneath a neutral hand,
We care not if the Moslem fall or stand.
Then, Christian Slavs, for freedom stoutly fight!
'Gainst Turks and tyrants Heaven defend the right!
Time was when Moslem's faith high credit bore;
But Britons now believe in Turks no more.
Their due per-centage since Turks ceased to pay,
We 've lost our interest in the SULTAN'S sway.

Hindoos and Heroics.

A REMARKABLE appeal from the High Court of Judicature at Bengal came the other day before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—the case of—

"*Ram Coomar Coondoo* v. *Chunder Canto Mookèrjee.*"

The point of interest for the Public to be noted in connection with this suit is, that its heading reads like a hexameter verse.

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WAITING FOR THE ROYAL COMMISSION.

STRANGE *MARINE* GROWTH, THE RESULT OF ADMIRALTY *DRY-ROT*.

"An old subaltern is a military vegetable, without zeal as without hope."
NAPIER'S *Peninsular War*.

MR. NEWFANGLE'S NOTIONS.

MR. NEWFANGLE, who has choice rooms in MR. HANKEY'S new mansion, whose chief book is his betting-book, who drives a neat cabriolet to the Stock Exchange daily, and talks familiarly of ROTHSCHILDS and BARINGS, is decidedly amused by MR. OLDFANGLE'S opinions.

"Quotes MILTON, eh? Never met with any fellow who had read him. Why can't he go to BYRON for wisdom?

"'So, for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.'

That's common sense. Money lasts. You can't say that of anything else.

"Fancy life being long enough to cut quill pens. My Secretary does all my letters with that printing thing that some Jew must have invented, for its name looks like Hebrew.* Saves time, and is deuced easy to read. Dare say the old fogy writes a plaguy bad hand, with all his brag about quill pens.

"'A canzonet to a lady!' Much better send her a diamond bracelet, if you think she's worth it. If not, try her with pastes. 'A cartel to an enemy.' Bring your action for libel, old boy: it's a safe thing: juries always give damages now-a-days. And as to all that rubbish about crests and mottoes, it is sheer nonsense. Any fellow can choose his own—and his own ancestors, too, for that matter. I've no doubt there was a NEWFANGLE who came in with the Conqueror; but what's that to me? I came, saw, and conquered the Stock Exchange and Tattersall's. That expression is not my own: ALEXANDER THE GREAT'S, I think.

"I'm all for maintaining Turkey and Egypt. What should we do without them in the City? Many's the 20 per cent. transaction I've had in their bonds, for people who never have any money are always willing to pay a long price for a little. Finance is the basis of foreign politics, I say—and nobody can understand Finance without going on the Stock Exchange."

This long speech, made just after breakfast, the young Gentleman washed down with a tumbler of iced champagne; then ordered his cab, and drove radiantly to the City.

* This *may* mean "papyrograph."

CHLOE, M.D., ON MR. COWPER-TEMPLE'S BILL.

THE Medical Maidens, dear *Punch*, are by no means desirous to learn
At Paris, Berlin, or Vienna, at Leipsic or Zurich or Berne;
They want to be taught by the Doctors of England, and carve their way through
Vivisection, and all sections else, that to reach M.D. *must* be cut through.
They would not aspire to the power of the mighty Physician who sees
In the movement or glance of a patient the signs of the hidden disease:
Nor dare hope to rival the Surgeon, who needs, that his work may be done,
Lion's heart, Eagle's eye, Lady's hand—must have Manhood and Genius in one.
And though there are small operations no Lady is likely to dread,
Yet they feel no particular wish to cut off MR. WHEELHOUSE'S head.*
But many's the sick-room we see—ere it comes to the battle with Death,
Where Genius is needed to rouse to life's flame a last flicker of breath—
Where a woman-physician might aid. She that once at blood's flowing had swooned,
With the deftness of feminine fingers might tenderly bandage a wound.
As to healing our own sex, of course we are game to do that much; but then,
Few women have much faith in women: they'd rather be doctored by men.
So do you, *Mr. Punch*, to LORD SANDON (he's charmingly clever) give orders
To take up in earnest, this Session, that Bill of the learned Recorder's:
If you will, on the word of a Lady, I'll cure you, without any fee,
Of any slight ailment that ever may trouble you.

CHLOE, M.D.

(*Mr. Punch* always goes to *Judy*, M.D., for slight ailments. MISS CHLOE seems a good deal more modest in her demands than most of the agitators on her side of the question. If the Medical Council and other leading medical bodies could see a way by which women might obtain a separate medical education, without overtaxing the staff of the Medical Schools, and afterwards, on passing the needful examinations, be admitted to practise, within the conditions of their sex and the limits of their powers, the question which has been fought with such needless bitterness might be solved to the public advantage, and with no violation of decency or propriety on the part of the Ladies who aspire to the degree of *Medicinæ Doctrix*.)

* MR. WHEELHOUSE said—"A woman might, no doubt, safely administer a camomile pill or a dose of salts and senna; but as for a surgical operation, he would sooner allow her to cut off his head than to cut off his leg."

Horse and Foot.

THERE are many persons far North who are likely to see a remarkable discrepancy in the newspaper announcement subjoined respecting—

"THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.—It should have been stated that the Brigade of Guards at the Review on Saturday was commanded by COLONEL DE HORSEY of the Grenadier Guards."

We shall probably hear from numerous friends beyond the Tweed that they wonder that the Grenadier Guards, being a foot regiment, has a Colonel who, as far as his name points, ought to belong to the Cavalry.

ADVICE TO THOSE WHO ACCEPT DRAFTS UPON BANKERS FROM THE RECKLESS AND IMPECUNIOUS.—"Don't count your cheques until they are cashed."

THE BEST SCHOOL OF COOKERY.—The Office of a City Accountant.

THE SORT OF RAIN VIVISECTIONISTS WANT.—Cats and Dogs.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PARLIAMENTARY Question as to Press-reported horrors of Christians massacred, imprisoned, and outraged in Bulgaria, met (*Lords, Monday, July* 10) by LORD DERBY's cooling answer. SIR HENRY ELLIOT has been written to. Time has not yet elapsed for his answer. LORD DERBY has telegraphed to SIR HENRY to communicate what he knows on the subject with the least possible delay. But other official information does not confirm to anything like the full extent the appalling statements in the *Daily News*. That is a comfort, as far as it goes. But if the Press statements on such subjects must usually be taken "with a grain of salt," a grain of pepper is too often wanted for the official statements and the unofficial statements that reach Officials.

(*Commons.*)—MR. DISRAELI (in answer to MR. BRUCE) is unable to fix a day for the discussion of affairs in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and when the day does come, thinks the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition the right person to raise the discussion.

The Papers on the Eastern Question may be looked for, *Punch* is glad to learn, at the beginning of next week.

MR. DISRAELI, like LORD DERBY in another place, administered

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TRANSPORT.

Curate (reproachfully). "AND I'M AFRAID YOU'VE TAKEN MORE BEER TO-NIGHT THAN IS GOOD FOR YOU, GILES."

Inebriated Rustic. "SURE-LY, SIR, I DARE SAYE I COULD A' CARRIED IT HOM' EASIER IN A JAR!"

the official cold douche to MR. FORSTER, who had questioned him as to the reported atrocities in Bulgaria.

The PREMIER's answer was not in good taste. It is unbecoming the Head of Her Majesty's Government to get a laugh out of the extent of prison accommodation in Bulgaria, or the Bashi-Bazouks' habits of throat-cutting. From our Consuls at Ragusa, Cettigne, and Belgrade, and even at Phillipopolis and Adrianople, the Government may have received "no accounts in which these details are mentioned," and yet the details may be in the main true. It seems strange that the *Daily News's* "Own Correspondent" should be so much more fully informed than our own Government's! But all England must wish, with *Punch*, that the most cold-drawn account may prove the truest.

Great fight on going into Committee on Education Bill between the Secularists and Nonconformists, under the lead of MR. RICHARD, and the supporters of the Government Bill of all shades of moderate opinion.

MR. RICHARD, under cover of his Amendment declaring compulsion unjust till all elementary schools are under public management, moved up his big guns, double-shotted with all the grievances of the Nonconformists, social and theological, as well as educational. Briskly answered by the batteries of HUBBARD, GREENE, PAGET, HALL, COWPER-TEMPLE, and GENERAL THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, against the cross-fire of JENKINS, MORLEY, MACARTHUR, MUNDELLA, and WADDY, the Nonconformist artillery was finally silenced, and victory declared for the Government by a decisive division of 317 to 99.

With a conscience-clause to protect the Nonconformists, and with MR. FORSTER's Amendment enforcing a report to the Educational Department of all cases of its infringement, *Punch* cannot but think the religious difficulty—so far as it is not political—fairly provided for; and is compelled to believe that the division represents the opinion of the country, as at present advised. As national and not denominational representative of the British Public, he does not feel called upon to find fault with it.

Tuesday (*Lords*).—Second Reading of Poor Law Amendment Bill,—a more useful than showy measure, giving much needed powers for the cutting and carving of Unions, and bringing us a long step nearer the end of settlement, by making paupers irremoveable after three years' residence.

(*Commons.*)—Morning Sitting. In Committee on Education Bill. LORD SANDON shrinks from making education between five and ten compulsory, but does not shrink from prohibiting the employment of children between ten and fourteen, unless they pass the gate of the three R's, or can prove five years continuous school attendances of 250 days a year. In other words, if parents have failed in educating their children under ten, the children shall be debarred from earning a livelihood between ten and fourteen!

This is punishing the children for the parents' *laches* with a vengeance. Common sense says No to such an unreasonable and unworkable proposition. LORD F. CAVENDISH has mitigated its absurdity by his amendment—which the Government has had the sense to accept—exempting from the prohibition half-timers under the Factory Acts or children in necessary and beneficial employment attending school under the bye-laws of a local authority.

In the Evening Sitting LORD F. HERVEY moved the expediency of legislating for the improvement of the Law as to the qualifications and appointment of Coroners, and the conduct of Inquests. "Crowner's 'Quest Law" has been a subject of ridicule since the *Grave-digger* in *Hamlet* gave his famous illustration of it. It has received many a striking illustration since. But *the* last straw that broke the Crowner's back has been laid on by a recent miscarriage of justice in a Crowner's hands which will occur to all minds, though LORD F. HERVEY thought it better not to mention it.

Oh, the much enduring Conservatism of England, which has preserved with little change and less improvement a machinery for investigating cases of sudden death, invented, if tradition can be trusted, in the time of ALFRED THE GREAT! The first notice in relation to the Coroner's office LORD HERVEY had found was a case in which that wise monarch had hanged a Judge for treating the verdict of a Coroner's Inquest as conclusive.

The indictment was in many counts, but all may be taken as proven. The only question is, whether the office should be reformed or abolished, to make room for a new and completer instrument of inquiry. Even MR. READ, chosen representative of the stable bucolic mind, was for going this length; and though MR. CROSS would retain the name, he is ready to alter election, qualifications, and other conditions so completely that the Coroner's office, after CROSS has sat upon it, promises to be like the Irishman's knife, that was the same knife after it had been fitted with a new haft and new blades, or SIR JOHN CUTLER'S famous stockings, whose identity was insisted upon after the original material had disappeared under repeated darnings.

Has a First Lord of the Admiralty an *ex-officio* place in all Naval Messes? MR. WARD HUNT seems disposed to assert such a right. In the Naval Mess of to-night the House was within twelve of leaving him. The Admiralty is often accused of being "pound-foolish," but in the case of CHAPLAIN PENNY *v.* CAPTAIN SULLIVAN, very effectively but fairly stated by MR. E. ASHLEY, it cannot be allowed the usual correlative merit of being "penny-wise."

Why had not MR. RICHARD CAPTAIN SULLIVAN'S case for use on Monday night, in his summary of the wrongs of the Nonconformist? For CAPTAIN SULLIVAN is a Nonconformist Captain, on whom the Admiralty had cruelly, and no doubt of malice aforethought, quartered one PENNY, the highest of High Church Chaplains. Pent up in a ship, Nonconformity and High Church must explode, as inevitably as hydrogen and oxygen in a close vessel on passage of the spark from a Leyden jar. And when they did, and the REVEREND PENNY had taken every opportunity of showing that he didn't care a farthing for CAPTAIN SULLIVAN, and insisted on wearing crosses on his stole (which the Captain characteristically complained of as "not uniform,") and on chanting, and holding long services in the teeth of the Naval regulations, and in treading on the Captain's theological corns in his sermons, the Admiralty removed the Captain from his ship, and meant to remove the Chaplain, but didn't—by an accident—and has since refused the Captain a court-martial, MR. WARD HUNT contending that though the matter was serious enough for dismissal of a Captain, it was altogether below the dignity of a court-martial. Yet it was strictly an affair between combatant officers, a Captain on the one side, and an officer of the Church Militant on the other.

The House gave MR. WARD HUNT a tolerably intelligible intimation of their opinions by a division of 91 to 103; every naval officer who spoke having spoken in

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condemnation of the Admiralty. If anything can be trusted to teach MR. WARD HUNT "not to do it again," this should.

Wednesday.—Liquor was in the ascendant. Had it been a vote for the introduction of "cups" into the House, *Punch* would have felt more sympathy. The Government, in spite of the heart-stirring eloquence of the Major, has knocked under to MR. SMYTH, and granted a Second Reading of his Bill for the closing of Irish public-houses on a Sunday, in accordance with the Resolution which MR. SMYTH carried some short time back. MR. GLADSTONE supported the Second Reading, on the plea of legislating in accordance with Irish ideas. But is this an Irish idea? Is it not rather the idea of a certain minority of active Irish enthusiasts, under knowing priestly influence?

Then the Sitting was talked out on the Scotch Intoxicating Liquor Bill, for transferring the holding of licences from those sinners, the publicans, to the municipalities of towns above a certain population, on the Swedish system. *Punch* would gladly see the experiment tried, though he doubts its success in the liquorish land ayont the Tweed.

MR. MARTEN opposed the Bill on the doubtful plea that drunkenness has nothing to do with the number of public-houses.

The Government opposed, and the Lord Advocate, of course, did not see his way to the experiment.

MR. ORR EWING, maintaining the original *thesis* that "Scotland was not a bit drunkener country than England, but that Scotchmen took their drink in a form that made them lively, Englishmen in a way that made them stupid," talked the Bill out of a sweltering House, which all this talk about drink must have influenced to the thirstiest pitch.

(Meanwhile the Teetotallers were triumphing on pop and ginger cordial at the Crystal Palace, and DR. RICHARDSON was on the point of letting off a fiery oration against alcohol, in which the spirit of enthusiasm was imperfectly tempered with the cold-water of common-sense.)

Thursday (*Lords*).—*Dies non.* Essence evaporated by the heat. Their Lordships, depressed, perhaps, by the victory of the Commons over the Hereditary Legislators at Wimbledon by seven points.

(*Commons.*)—Little digs from those experienced Scotch raspers, BAXTER and ANDERSON, on the Bulgarian atrocities, and the Sullivan case. MR. WARD HUNT admitted that the Captain's half-pay had been diminished, owing to his removal from his ship (or "dismissal" was it? *Punch* begs MR. WARD HUNT's pardon, but he can't, for the life of him, remember the difference), and that CHAPLAIN PENNY had been in private correspondence with a Lord of the Admiralty during his ritualistic squabble with his Captain. The case seems to grow more fishy the more it is looked into.

In Committee on Education Bill, vain attempts at indirect compulsion. Little Hodges and Gileses are to be excused from school for six weeks for hopping and harvest work, and other light and airy agricultural employments, where time is, as the lawyers say, "of the essence" of the crop.

POSIES FOR THE POOR.

THE DUKE and DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER might find something else to do with their wealth than distributing any of it among successful competitors in a Children's Flower-Show, like that held in the Gardens of Grosvenor House the other Monday afternoon, when, in a tent on the lawn, between thirty and forty little florists, the eldest aged only fifteen, received prizes in money from the hands of the Duchess herself, with the not unnecessary admonition "to be sure and not lose it." It would be quite possible for their Graces—as MR. GLADSTONE, seconding a vote of thanks to them moved by LORD SHAFTESBURY, observed—"to shut their eyes to the wants around them, to shut their ears to the cries for help, and to live for themselves alone."

But every one to his liking, and if persons of rank and riches derive any gratification from contributing to the happiness of others, great or small, why they pay their money for that purpose, and they take their choice. As the Right Honourable orator already quoted pointed out—

> "To go back in our history no long time—a century—we reached a period when every human being was in reach of the country; now every one at this time had the advantage of parks and squares; but London now covered such a space that many persons were being gradually removed from contact with Nature. The value of it was apparent from the eagerness with which it was pursued. In the manufacturing districts, however, where for miles and miles there was nothing but dirt and smoke, and where the products of toil covered the whole face of Nature, and changed the very appearance of the people, there was no opportunity of enjoyment in parks and gardens. So much the more important was it then that the cultivation of flowers should be encouraged by window and house gardens. The need was increasing, and the opportunity he hoped would be improved."

Another way in which they may lay out money to the same effect as in providing poor people with refreshment for their eyes and spirits in the shape of window and house gardens, is by subscribing liberally to the funds of the Commons Preservation Society for legal resistance to the attempts at enclosing common lands, made by Lords of Manors accustomed to shut their eyes to the wants around them, and "live," as MR. GLADSTONE said, "for themselves alone"—like too many gentlemen of "propputty" whom it were easy but invidious to name.

OUR 'SQUIRE ON SPORT AND SCIENCE.

(*Old Air.*)



"THE Fox jumped over the turnpike-gate,
And the hounds did after him go."
And we after them at a spanking rate,
And after him also.
No higher pursuit I know,
For pastime here below:
"For all my fancy dwells upon NANCY;
Yoicks, sing Tallyho!"

The Fox went far, and the Fox went fast,
Till at length the Fox went slow.
He ran himself out of breath at last,
Could run no more, and so
He turned him against the foe,
And game to the last did show.
And all my fancy dwells upon NANCY;
Yoicks, sing Tallyho!

We came in at the death with a rush, my boys.
The Fox at our feet lay low;
And we cut off the Fox's brush, my boys;
To the hounds did the rest of him throw.
And they hauled him to and fro,
And didn't they tear him, O!
And all my fancy dwells upon NANCY;
Yoicks, sing Tallyho!

If Sport with Science you compare,
You liken high to low.
I never a tadpole's tail would pare,
That wiser I might grow.
No knowledge let us owe
To an animal's grief and woe!
But all my fancy dwells upon NANCY,
Yoicks, sing Tallyho!

If fox or hare you should compare
With brutes no runs that show,
A wrong you do the former to,
That for gentleman's sport do grow.
But tadpoles do not so,
Nor cats and dogs, as I know—
Hence my objection to Vivisection,
Yoicks, sing Tallyho!

Raal Irish Pitaties.

SOMEBODY sends *Mr. Punch* a *Cork Constitutional*, with the following advertisement:—

FOR SALE, Six Acres of POTATOES that can speak for themselves.—Apply, &c.

We knew that potatoes had eyes, and so may be presumed able to see for themselves. But potatoes with tongues are a purely native growth of Ireland. The existence of such a variety of the tuber only shows how widely the gift of eloquence is diffused in the Green Isle. The very pratees can talk, and should be called "praters."

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THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER.

OUR SUBURBAN TENOR IS THREATENED WITH A RELAXED THROAT, AND MEETS WITH MUCH SYMPATHY FROM THE SEX HE IS WONT TO ENTHRAL. THE BASS AND THE BARITONE LOOK ON WITH MIXED FEELINGS. THEIR THROATS NEVER GET RELAXED (FORTUNATELY; FOR IF THEY DID, THEY WOULD HAVE TO LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES).

CAPTAIN AND CHAPLAIN.

(*See Debate on* MR. E. ASHLEY'S *Motion, July 12th.*)

"D'YE mind me, a sailor should be, every inch,
All as one as a piece of his ship,
And with her brave the world, without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor 's a-trip."
So chaunted CHARLES DIBDIN, Tyrtæus of old,
To England's invincible Navy,
When ship's bread crawled with weevils, and flowered in blue mould,
And Mids ate their junk without gravy.
When at evens or odds JOHNNY CRAPAUD as oft
Was licked as he dared cross our track;
When NELSON made heroes, and glory aloft
For hard lines below paid poor JACK.

Then our beautiful craft on their white canvas wings
Like frigate-birds skimmed the wide ocean;
None would dream there was harm in the exquisite things,
Fair at rest and still fairer in motion.
Till out spoke their broadsides, and laid gun to gun,
Locked yard-arm to yard-arm, they 'd show
British tars could do aught British tars e'er had done,
And would sink e'er they struck to a foe.
Our iron-clads now all that beauty have doffed,
And like tea-kettles smoke, big and black;
No clean lines a-low, and no white sails aloft,
To ravish the eyes of Poor JACK!

Still JACK sticks to his Captain, and still says his prayers—
As men *will*, in short heave of Death's grapplin';
Though little for High Church and Low Church he cares,
High or Low Church, a Chaplain 's a Chaplain.
As a Captain his ship has to sail and to fight,
So a Chaplain 's to preach and to pray;
But when Captain and Chaplain get thwart hawse outright,
Poor JACK doesn't know what to say.
Whether Chaplain 's been cheeky, or Captain has scoffed,
Either way the ship 's taken aback;
"Small good then the chaunting, a-low or alof'—
Not a Pennyworth!" grumbles poor JACK.

"To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,
Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer,
He 's gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave—
And this is a true English sailor."
So sang DIBDIN, and bard against chaplain, his strain
Might well teach the man-of-war parson,
That to set Roman candles ablaze on the main,
Is sheer theological arson.
When Captain and Chaplain at loggerheads oft
O'er the book at each other look black,
A Penny a-low ain't a farthing aloft
In walley received by Poor JACK.

Magnificent!

THIS from the *Guardian*:—

A SITUATION Wanted by a Nottingham Man; Age, Twenty-six; Height, 5 ft. 10 ins. *Objects to cleaning lady's maid's boots.* High Church Family preferred. First footman five years. Address, &c.

What a chance for anyone wanting a man who really knows his place!

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

PUNCH lately asked who "among all the quotations in all the Money Market and City Articles, ever met with a line of verse." Several Cockney Correspondents have written to say, that bad as the state of the Money Market has been lately, they expect to see the quotations "vorse" yet.

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KEEPING THE RING.

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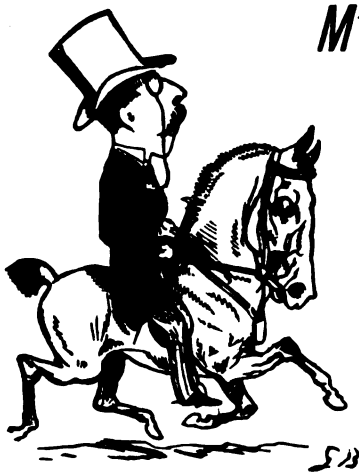


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SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

SCENE—*The Steps of the Mars and Neptune Club.*

MAJOR PHOGGS, CAPTAIN TOGS (*of the Pre-Examination Period*).



Major Phoggs. Yes. Don't see how we're to keep out of the row. Looks devilish like war, old man.

Captain Togs. Awfully. By Jove!

Major Phoggs. Something for us to do, as well as those sailor fellahs?

Captain Togs. Shouldn't wonder. Anything's better than Aldershot.—(*Pause.*)—I say, old man, where's Servia?

Major Phoggs. Eh! Servia! Well, you know, Servia is in—in Asia Minor. Isn't it?

Captain Togs. Somewhere near Turkey, I suppose. Got a cigarette?

Major Phoggs. S'pose we shall be sent on active service.

Captain Togs. Gad! it looks like it. Another Ashantee War. Go and pitch into somebody—black fellows, as likely as not. Spend a lot of money, and get a medal for it. Horrid bore!

Major Phoggs. Always fighting blacks now.

Captain Togs. The Montenegroes are regular niggers, ain't they?

Major Phoggs. Sounds like it. If they're not niggers, they're Turks—much the same thing.

Captain Togs. I thought they were Russian slaves, or serfs, or—talking of Russians—have you seen the *Danicheff?*

Major Phoggs. Too hot to go to the play. What's it about?

Captain Togs. Awfully good. There's a Russian Princess. A regular clipper. By Jove! And a pretty slave girl—sort of Russian Octoroon, you know—*Anna* something, rather a bore, always crying; and a fellah, awfully spooney on her, and so is another fellah. And that fellah gives her up to the other fellah, and goes into the Church—Russian Church, you know, not the English. I couldn't follow much of the dialect, you know. Those confounded French people talk so fast.

Major Phoggs. I say, we shall have to rub up our French if we go to war. Eh!

Captain Togs. By Jove, yes. I can translate a menoo, but I'm hanged if I should like to ask my way of a foreigner. They're so infernally stoopid—never can understand a fellah, you know.

Major Phoggs. All *amour propre*—as they call it—old man. Let's split a whiskey and pol. [*Exeunt from the steps, into Club.*

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

I FIND TIM MAHONY. He isn't at BUNGAY'S, having just quitted that hospitable mansion, but I meet him on the steps of *The Loungers' Club.* I tell him he is the very man I want to see.

"Ah!" he exclaims, heartily. "Come in! I was just going; and" (looking at his watch) "I haven't more than——yes" (he likes to be exact) "I've *just* ten minewts to spare. Come in!"

[I cannot help making a note, which will be useful in *Typical Developments* under the head of "P" (*Pronunciation*). A Cockney—in fact, most Englishmen—would pronounce "minutes" as "min-nits," but an Irishman sets us right, and gives the "u" its value: he says "min-*newts*."

Subsequent Note (*after making this remark to a Friend*).—An Englishman makes a distinction between "minutes of *time*," which he pronounces "min-nits," and "minutes of proceedings written in a book," which he pronounces "min-newts." What does an Irishman do? How does an Irishman make the distinction? . . . . N.B.—To ask an Irishman this question. Nothing like going to the fountain-head.

Happy Thought (*if the occasion ever arises*).—Good name for an Inn—*The Fountain-Head.* And what an opportunity for effective advertisement—"Always go to THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD!" This idea ought to be registered. Why isn't there an Office for the registration of Ideas? Not only *one* Office, because that would be comparatively useless; as, for example, if the Office were in London, and I were at the Giant's Causeway, or in the Hebrides, and suddenly had an idea which I wanted to register *sur le champ*, it would be an absurd expense to have to come up to London merely to register the one idea. No; *every Post-Office should be empowered by Act of Parliament to be also an Ideal Registration Office.*

Think this out, and make it a condition of my giving my vote at the next Election that my candidate shall pledge himself to do his best to bring in an Ideal Registration Office Bill. Or why not go in for Parliament myself with this idea, and make it a party cry?]

TIM MAHONY, who has been speaking to a couple of friends of his in the Club while I have been making this note in the porch, turns to me, and says, "Let me introduce you to JACK BOWLER, my cousin. You've often heard me mention him to you."

I bow, and smile politely. This is intended to give them to understand that I have so frequently heard of JACK BOWLER from TIM MAHONY, that to meet him is the realisation of the highest aspiration of my life. Really, I mean (*to myself*) "I don't remember TIM's ever having said anything about him!"

We bow, and smile. So far is easy; but what are you to say to a new acquaintance suddenly introduced *after* you've finished bowing and smiling? In a novel you will find the novelist airily saying, "After the first civilities had been interchanged, *Gustave* observed to his new acquaintance," &c., &c., and they are in "two-two's" in the middle of an intimate conversation which, of course, has some bearing on the main plot. But that's the want in an ordinary case. *There is no plot.*

Yes, there is. This is *not* an ordinary case. I *have* a plot. I have come to ask TIM about Ireland. I tell them this, whereupon they laugh. Once begin, after an introduction, with a laugh, and the fortune of the conversation is made. A laugh in time saves nine minutes of twaddle.

"Why, TIM," says BOWLER, "you've never been to Ireland in your life, have you?"

"Never since I was born there," replies TIM: then adds, warmly, turning to me, "And so you're going to the old country? Ah! I wish I could go *with* ye."

"Do!" I say.

"Ah! I can't," he replies, shaking his head—"I'm so busy in town. I've got such a lot to do, and I've promised TOFFHAM—ye know SIR JOHN TOFFHAM?—No? Ah! ye'd like him—he's a good fellow. An' he's got such a place down at Pemby! It's Liberty Hall—ye can do just what ye like there. I must be with him to-morrow. Could you put it off for a week or two?"

"Yes," I answer, "if you would be *certain* to come with me."

He meditates for a few seconds; then, as if he had arranged everything for the next fortnight, he says,

"No, I can't promise: I mustn't disappoint TOFFHAM. Why don't you come down with us? There are a lot of fellows you know going."

"Yes," I object, "but I don't know SIR JOHN TOFFHAM."

TIM MAHONY sees no sort of difficulty in this. "What's that matter?" he asks. "I'll invite you, and you'll go down with me."

I tell him I have made up my mind to go to Ireland at once, and shall be very much obliged if he will give me any hints as to *routes*, best places to go to, hotels, and perhaps a letter or two of introduction.

"I can do something for you," he says: then, to his cousin, "JACK, aren't you goin' to take a brandy-and-soda?"

He wasn't going to, but he will.

"I thought you said you were," says TIM, beckoning to the waiter: and then to me, "Ye'll take something?"

For company's sake, and as a matter of curiosity, never having met TIM in his own Club before.

His cousin asks me if I would prefer anything to the usual brandy-and-soda. This I take to be a civil hint to TIM that not everybody cares about that common but useful compound.

We are served in silence, and I notice that BOWLER pays. Having paid, he retires, saying he'll be back presently, but if not, &c., &c.

"Good fellow, JACK BOWLER," says TIM, when he has left. "If he hadn't been engaged to-night, I'd have got him to have dined here."

"I didn't know," I say, foreseeing an invitation to the *Loungers* for to-night, "you were a member here."

"*I'm not,*" he replies. "Me cousin BOWLER is; and what's the use of our both belonging to the same Club? Ah, they know me here; an' *it's just the same as if it were my own.*"

TIM MAHONY can't assist me. He's not certain that he knows any (which he pronounces "annie") fellows in Dublin now. "'T'ud be no use me giving ye a lot of letters of introduction, and then to find nobody there. 'T'ud be wasting yer time," he says.

He is right. In these circumstances I'd better try elsewhere. I say "Good-bye!" to him.

"Ye'll write to me," says he at parting, "an' let me know where ye are. I'd like to join ye, if I can."

"Do!" I urge.

"I will."

So we take leave of one another *pro tem.* He no more intends joining me in Ireland than I mean going to Australia.

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PUNCH AT WIMBLEDON 1876.



THE last time *Mr. Punch* visited the Volunteer Camp which divides the beauties of Wimbledon from the glories of Putney, he regretted that he was not provided with a Boyton dress. Last summer the rain it rained every day, and the rifle contest very nearly assumed the appearance of a military regatta. The weather was pleaded as an excuse for many a shortcoming. LIEUTENANT SMITH, of the 247th Administration Battalion of Diddlesex Rifles, pointed to the rain as a reason for appearing in a neat uniform, composed of regimental overalls, an old yellow shooting coat, a straw hat, and an umbrella. And PRIVATE JONES, of the same gallant corps, wore quite as picturesque a costume as his smart and soldier-like superior officer. This was a year ago, when Jupiter Pluvius was out of temper. In 1876 the scene has changed. Instead of constant rain there is only too much sunshine. The sun it shineth every day, and raises mirages that would spoil any shooting but that of the crack shots of Wimbledon fame. The weather, at least, can no longer be given as an excuse for slovenliness.

"I suppose I must go," said *Mr. Punch*. "It is the seventeenth year of the meeting, and it ought, by this time, to be above criticism."

"It ought to be, Master," replied *Toby*, "but it isn't. You take my word for it. if you don't keep a sharp look out upon those Volunteers they will degenerate into a military rabble."

"They behaved very well before the Prince at Hyde Park, *Toby*."

"Anybody can march past, Master—*that's* not a very difficult task," retorted the cynical Dog. "But look at the Volunteers at home, and then judge of them. If they are not abroad at Wimbledon—well, I will diet myself upon cat's-meat for a fortnight."

"You have been taking lessons from MR. HOLMS, *Toby*."

"No, I have not, Master," growled *Toby*. "I hate inaccuracy, and, hating it, don't care very much about the Representative of Military Reform and—Hackney! Take my advice, Master, go to Wimbledon."

Thus urged, *Mr. Punch* started for the Camp. As he walked through the lines of the canvas town, he jotted down a few notes. The stroll was long and wearisome, but he managed to collect some materials. When he returned to Fleet Street he was tired out. The Dog of Dogs moved an easy chair towards him.

"Sit down, Master," said *Toby*, "and tell me what you think about our friends the Volunteers."

"You can read for yourself," replied the exhausted Sage, throwing over a bundle of MS. to his faithful and sagacious dependent.

"Hum," murmured *Toby*. "Fair in the main, but requiring additions. I will prepare them for the press."

And *Toby* did. The following is the result of the preparation:—

Uniform of the Volunteers.—Rather better than usual. A large majority of the men appear in proper costume. Unhappily, *Mr. Punch* has to report several glaring cases of eccentricity. He noticed one individual in a scarlet tunic, plaid trousers, and a wide-awake! Apparently the Volunteers consider that a large white handkerchief may cover (like Charity) a multitude of sins. Under this snowy headgear *Mr. Punch* recognised hats of all shapes and materials, from the modest pepper-and-salt helmet up to the lordly Lincoln and Bennett. But, after all, shooting is the important point. As his friend SIR WILFRID LAWSON has observed, "Cannot a man fight as well in a shooting-jacket as in anything else?" (*Note by Toby.*—This is not the point. The Volunteers at Wimbledon are supposed to be soldiers. Soldiers should be smart and disciplined. A man in a costume which is suggestive of a military beggar who has lost part of his uniform, and had that part supplied from a civilian wardrobe by the charity of the public, can be neither smart nor disciplined.)

Of the Tents.—Mr. Punch is pleased to find that on the whole the encampment has been formed with judgment and care. At noon, on the day of his visit, the tents looked clean and tidy. He was particularly pleased with the Regimental Camps, which were comfortable without being luxurious. Of these he may particularly single out the encampment of the London Rifle Brigade, which was (as usual), all that it should be. The battalion is commanded by COLONEL HAYTER. *Mr. Punch* feels sure that none of the comrades of this gallant officer will wish him "to go to Bath"—except at the time of a general election. The flowers outside several of the tents were exceedingly pretty, and everything would have been perfect had trenches in all cases been dug round the tent pegs. (*Note by Toby.*—Who wants a lot of flowers in an encampment! It would serve the Volunteers right were the rain to fall for a fortnight. They would *then* learn the value of proper drainage. No trenches indeed!)

Concerning the Luxury of the Staff.—Mr. Punch had always been under the impression that the Regulars' chief objection to the Volunteers has been this—that they (the Volunteers) have been either too silly or too proud to follow the very excellent example set for them by the rest of the Service. Under these circumstances, *Mr. Punch* confidently expected to find the tents of the Staff models

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THE BÉBÉ BONNET.

Fashionable Customer. "BUT IT MAKES ME LOOK SO *INNOCENT!*"
Fashionable Milliner. "OH NO! *INDEED*, MADAM! ANYTHING BUT *THAT!*
Fashionable Customer. "ARE YOU *SURE*, NOW?"
Fashionable Milliner. "*QUITE* SURE, MADAM!"
Fashionable Customer. "THEN YOU MAY SEND IT ME!"

of simplicity and utility. On his way to the cottage, *Mr. Punch* had occasion to notice that the tents of the Volunteers (officers and men) were neat and comfortable. A waterproof sheet, a washhand-stand, a bed, a looking-glass, a lantern, and a tub, generally composed the inventory. When he reached the quarters of the Staff, the spirit of his dream changed. Over field-officers' tents he read the names of subalterns who had evidently done their very best to bring the *spécialité* of London to the common of Wimbledon. These field-officers' tents (occupied by subalterns) were boarded and carpeted. They looked more like the shops of cabinet-makers than the canvas homes of warriors used to the discomforts of the tented field. In front of these field-officers' quarters were flowers in great abundance, and the whole encampment (with the showy mess-room and the lazy-looking marquee) gave *Mr. Punch* the idea that if there *were* any "feather-bed soldiers" in the enclosure, he (*Mr. Punch*) knew where to find them. (*Note by Toby.*—A very unfair attack. The Staff are most excellent persons. They have several things to do—at least, so it is reported.)

Of the Organisation of the Camp.—In spite of the luxuriance of the quarters of the Staff, *Mr. Punch* begs to bear his testimony to the excellent offices provided for the officials. Instead of the old tent, which was such an eye-sore last year, a neat wooden building appears, in which clerks and others are busily engaged the live-long day. It is only fair to state that the tents of the Camp Commandant, the Camp Adjutant, and the Secretary, do not belong to the gorgeous division. (*Note by Toby.*—This paragraph requires no addition. CAPTAIN MILDMAY is to be congratulated upon his good sense and good management.)

Concerning the Shooting.—The small-bore men as usual lounging about in absurd costumes and giving themselves airs. The regular Wimbledon marksmen much smarter in appearance than usual. *Mr. Punch*, however, must call attention to the antics of an acrobat in a wide-awake, who assumed a ridiculous position whenever he fired a shot.

When *Toby* had got thus far in his work, *Mr. Punch* stopped him.

"Master, I am not half done," said the sagacious dog, "I have not abused the Volunteers nearly enough."

"Stop, my friend," replied *Mr. Punch*. "The Volunteers are a very useful body of men. They have one or two faults that can be easily corrected, and no one has a right to show them ill will. They have on the whole behaved admirably at Wimbledon this year."

"And is that all you have to say?"

"That is all I have to say," repeated *Mr. Punch*, "except this," and then the great man raised a glass of claret cup to his lips, "May the Volunteers live long and prosper!" "And" (as a future historian will relate in 1976) "they did!"

THE DANICHEFF.

(NEWSKI *and* DUMAS' *creation*
Put into liquidation
In a rhymed analysation.)

ACT I.

A Russ Noble's habitation;
Maternal domination;
A young Swell in his vacation;
A fair Serf above her station;
Result—concatenation;
Two Old Maids' adulation;
An astounding declaration;
A Serf's emancipation;
A promise's violation;
A heart-rending situation,
With forecast of more sensation,
Thanks to which imagination
Can Love's woe sip.

ACT II.

Moscow-life in lofty station;
A financial operation,
And a baffled calculation;
A young Light of French Legation;
A snub to male flirtation;
A Prince's occupation;
Madame Mère's anticipation,
And her son's repudiation
Of his Mother's extrication
From an awkward complication.
Rather too much conversation,
Though by point and observation
Raised from gossip.

ACT III.

A couple on probation;
Tea in tumblers; declamation,
And mutual admiration
Of each other's reprobation
Of mere self-gratification:
A hot lover's irritation;
A cool hero's provocation;
Sorrow, strength, self-abnegation,
And a Martyr's consolation
For poor *Osip.*

ACT IV.

A heroine's iteration,
Strong with power of aggravation;
A Princess's machination
'Gainst *Vladimir's* preparation
For *Anna's* change of station.
Madame Mère in perturbation,
Till *Osip's* consecration
Smooths away all tribulation,
And gives excellent occasion
For *De Toldy's* peroration
And *Osip's* canonisation.

General conclusion.

Piece, without exaggeration,
Rich in powerful situation,
Helped by good interpretation;
Actors true to their vocation,
Who merit their ovation.
A success past expectation,
And no toss-up!

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FAMILY TIES.

(Respectfully dedicated to Mr. Punch's excellent friends at the Egyptian Hall—M. and C.)

Aunt. "GRACIOUS GOODNESS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY CUPBOARD, YOU NAUGHTY BOYS?"

Jacky. "OH, AUNT, WE'RE PLAYING 'MASCULINE AND COOK'! I TIE HIM TO THE CHAIR, AND WHEN THE DOOR'S OPENED HIS HANDS ARE FREE. THEN HE DOES ME!!"

WHO IS TO BLAME?

Or, Roman Tactics and Anglican Strategics.

"As long as certain members of the Church of England are in the habit of imitating the Roman devotion of celebrating Mass, invoking the Saints, and Confession, reciting the rosary, and the like, conversions will follow, which, sudden as they may appear, are but the necessary consequence of such a line of conduct."—MR. BOWDEN'S *letter to the Times on the "Perversion of* LORD NELSON'S *son."*

WHO's to blame for the 'Vert? Well, each rival Divine
May esteem himself clever at "drawing the line."
But Rubicons narrow are apt to be crossed
By adventurous feet, or by spirits doubt-tossed.
If you lead a horse down to the stream's very brink,
You need scarce be surprised should the animal drink.
"*I* Romeward inclined?" cries the Anglican Priest.
"'Tis the slander of bigotry!—Not in the least!
Mimic Mass? Mariolatry? Oral Confession?
Pooh! pooh! Our own Creed's exoteric expression.
No nibbling at Rome's toasted cheese, oh, dear no!
But those 'Protestant' fogies got sleepy and slow;
Their decoys ceased to draw, and, lest worse should befall,
Our Church-trap we've baited afresh—that is all!
They who shout 'stolen garments!' are spiteful or dull, for
Here 's nothing whatever that sniffs of Rome's Sulphur."

And yet still they stray, these young lambs, from your flock,
At the sound of the pastoral pipe you but mock.
Just a soft tootle-tootle, and over they go,
For the slope is so easy, the hedge is so low,
'Tis a jump scarcely felt, and—undreamt-of disaster!—
The little pet lambkins have found a new Pastor.

Whose the fault? *Punch* opines that the Anglican priest,
When the blame is apportioned deserves,—not the *least!*
The descent to Avernus is easy they say,
And you won't make it harder by "paving the way."
Lead your flock three parts down and then bid them halt there?—
Just as well bid the bullet stop short in mid air;—
Show the needle the magnet, but ask it henceforth
To point just a *leetle* away from the North;
Roll the Sisyphus Stone from the brow of the hill,
But request it to halt half way down, if it will,—
And *then* ask the 'Vert, long rolled Romeward, to stop
In your house of half measures, your second-hand shop,
Where doctrines "conveyed," and "maimed rites" but proclaim
Its provisional nature, and ultimate aim.
"Roman tactics," forsooth! It were better to fix
More attention on Anglican strategy's tricks.
Rome-and-water 's a "tap" some may deem very sweet,
But young sippers may try how the liquor tastes *neat.*
If perchance they prefer it, pray who is to blame,
But the men who first taught them the taste of the same?
Small need has shy Rome for unmasking her battery,
While sleek Imitation, the subtlest of flattery,
Sneaks into the garrison, drugs each defender,
And so paves the way for a willing surrender.
Men may turn, and *re*turn,—but while Spirit and flesh hold
You 'll find few contented to "dwell on the threshold!"

The Last Servian "Shave."

THE *Daily Telegraph* of the 8th instant published the tidings that the Servians "had captured three Kouhlas and shaved them." The original telegram ran in French:—

"Les Serbes ont pris trois Kouhlas et les ont rasés."

As "Kouhlah" means a "blockhouse," it is probable that the rendering "rased to the ground" would have been preferable to "shaved." The word "*rasés*" certainly has both meanings, and it may be that, considering the whackers generally telegraphed by both sides from the Seat of War, "shave" was thought to be a safe translation.

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LADY PSYCHE'S GARDEN PARTY.



HAPPY institution of July!
Just at its fiercest is Apollo's anger,
And wit from Parliament begins to die,
And dullards fill the stifling air with clangour,
And scarce a cloudlet flecks the azure sky,—
Then how it cheers the unutterable languor
If a Club friend exclaims, in accents hearty,
"To-morrow's LADY PSYCHE'S Garden Party."

Rises a cool refreshing vision. Shady
Alleys of verdure—interspace of lawn—
The calm sweet presence of the dominant lady
(Last season shy as the Venusian's fawn*)—
Fair forms of beauty in their happy heyday,
From whose gay dreams all trouble is withdrawn—
Swans gliding on the royal river's reaches—
The maddest music and the juiciest peaches.

Can any man on such a lovely scene
Gaze, and be cynical? Bright dresses flutter,
And bright eyes glance, and lips untouched by teen
Idyllic nonsense indolently utter:
And even the merry maid becomes a queen,
Who, fresh from frock succinct, and bread-and-butter,
French verbs, piano practice, all things dry,
Flits through the air a radiant butterfly.

Time, like the Thames, will linger not, but rushes
On to the glory of the evenglome,
And, ere the saffron sunset softly flushes,
The clustering carriages are ordered home.
Sum up the whole: gay words, sweet smiles, soft blushes,
Jests evanescent as the Clicquot's foam—
Perchance one maiden fair has found a lover,
And LADY PSYCHE'S Garden Party 's over.

* "Hinnuleo similis."—HOR. i. 23.

POOR PRISONERS!

SHORTLY after eleven o'clock, a few nights since, a large meeting of the Predatory Classes was held in one of the most frequented streets in London, to consider the new Prisons' Act. A gentleman known as "The Lawyer," but whose registered name did not transpire, was elected to the Chair by acclamation.

The CHAIRMAN said that he must congratulate the Meeting upon the admirable site they had secured for a gathering-place. They were standing in a street in which goods of the utmost value were stored. So they might feel sure that they had no reason to fear a visit from the police. ("*Hear, hear!*") He was proud to say that London was one of the worst guarded cities in the world. (*Cheers.*) He must claim their indulgence, however, to beg that they would not take advantage of their position to steal anything. They were there for pleasure—not for business. ("*Hear, hear!*") It would manifestly be unfair to those employed in holding the Meeting were the non-speakers to seize the opportunity of their *confrères'* absence to do a stroke of work on their own account. ("*Hear!*") As Englishmen he reminded them of the national motto—"Honour among thieves." (*Loud cheers.*) And now he would call upon his distinguished friend, MR. WILLIAM SIKES, to move the first Resolution. As his honourable (or should he say "dishonourable"?)—(*Laughter*)—friend had not devoted much time to literature, perhaps he (the Chairman) had better read the Resolution himself. It was as follows:—"That this Meeting, composed of some of the hardest-working persons in the community, regard with distrust any scheme for the alteration of the Prison System now in force. They moreover consider that the proposed Bill (to quote the words of the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON) 'directly interferes with the liberty of the people, and looks more like the Bill of a Continental Power than of our HOME SECRETARY.'"

MR. WILLIAM SIKES (who was very well received) said he didn't know much about talking. He had certainly made speeches before now at the Old Bailey, but they were always the same, and had only two words—"Not Guilty." (*Laughter.*) And when he made those speeches, they were always failures, because the jury never believed him. (*Laughter.*) But here, as he had been brought up before them, he might as well say his say. He was proud to assert that he belonged to the criminal classes of the country, and he thought those classes had a right to claim self-government. ("*Hear, hear!*") Those classes made more money change hands than any other classes. ("*Hear!*") Then why should they not be heard? ("*Hear, hear!*") This new-fangled Bill was un-English—it was unconstitutional. (*Cheers.*) If it was passed, the prisons would be all alike. And he knew the Government. They were a stingy set. ("*Hear, hear!*") Once, after a very good thing, he was weak enough to send the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER half a ten-pound note for unpaid Income-tax; but when he heard how they were cutting down everything, how they proposed to take all the prisons and reduce the diet probably to the diet of barracks and workhouses—("*Shame!*")—he kept the other half of his ten-pound note, and used it for lighting his pipe. (*Cheers.*) They might rest assured that if the Government got hold of the dear old gaols, they would make them all as bad as Salford—(*Groans*)—where a man got more work and much less food than in London, for the prisons provided by the City authorities were simply first-chop. (*Cheers.*) He begged to propose the Resolution that had just been read by his venerable and learned friend "the Lawyer." (*Loud cheers.*)

MR. RICHARD DE SWYNDLER begged to second the Resolution. He was not quite sure that he had a right to call himself a thief. He was a promoter of Bubble Companies. ("*Yes, yes!*") He thanked them for their cordial acceptation of his claims. He quite agreed with MR. SIKES that they had a right to be heard. The Predatory Classes were one of the most important powers in the country. He saw before him the practical part of those classes, the men whose energy and courage stimulated industry everywhere. If nothing were stolen the various markets would be glutted, and labour would come to a stand-still. ("*Hear, hear!*") But they had brothers in other walks of life. Surely the adulterating tradesman, the penniless spendthrift, and the fraudulent trustee might claim kindred with them. ("*Hear, hear!*") The Predatory Classes were the cause of the employment of a number of very helpless and witless men, who, but for them, would be probably starving in the streets. He alluded to the Police. ("*Hear, hear!*") He claimed for the Predatory Classes the right of self-incarceration. An Englishman boasted that his house was his castle; it surely was most unreasonable to take from him the right he had enjoyed from the earliest times—the right to chose his own prison. (*Enthusiastic cheering!*)

The Resolution was then put to the Meeting, and carried unanimously.

MR. FAGIN, junior, said that although not actively engaged in the profession, he considered, as the receiver of stolen property, he was as good a thief as any gentleman present, and he thought they ought to be very grateful to the Municipal Authorities who were opposing the new Bill. ("*Hear, hear!*") He begged to move "That the thanks of this Meeting are due to the Mayors, Aldermen, Vestrymen, and other friends who are resisting the encroachment of Government tyranny—tyranny which would deprive the rich swindler of his prison clerkship, and the poor thief of his customary Christmas fare." ("*Hear, hear!*")

The Artful Dodger (who was received with applause) begged to second the Resolution. He thought as things were getting now-a-days so very bad any move back in the right direction should be encouraged ("*Hear, hear!*") The gentlemen who were opposing the Prisons Bill were certainly doing the Predatory Classes a great service. (*Cheers.*) He was not surprised. Some time since he read a speech delivered in the House of Commons upon the Corporations of England. It convinced him that many of the Municipal officers belonged to their own profession. (*Cheers.*) He was pleased to find this kindly fellow-feeling existing between the bench and the dock, and he sincerely hoped it might continue for ever. (*Loud cheers.*)

The Resolution was put to the Meeting and carried unanimously, as also was a complimentary vote of thanks to the Chairman.

Before the company separated two Policemen joined the gathering. The constables subsequently reported to their inspector that in the crowd they were deprived of their staves, their pocket-handkerchiefs, their watches, and their lanterns. They did not discover the losses they had sustained until the following morning.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PUNCH, LORD DERBY, and LORD GRANVILLE being of one mind on any point, England may safely be of that mind too.

ENGLAND having for twenty years accepted the Declaration ratified by "the judgment of Paris"—that "free ships make free goods"—declines (*Lords, Monday, July* 17), by the voice of LORD GRANVILLE, as well as LORD DERBY, to go back from that Declaration. Herein the Lords follow the Commons, who have just shown, by a No-House, their disinclination to disturb the new doctrine.

LORD DERBY thinks that our disavowal of it just now would lead Europe to infer that England was refurbishing an ancient weapon of offence in apprehension of impending war. "*Quieta non movere*" should be the motto of the moment.

LORD GRANVILLE goes further. He thinks the new doctrine the best for England under any circumstances. Suppose JOHN BULL neutral, the new principle gives him the carrying trade of the belligerents. Suppose him belligerent, it leaves him his trade with neutrals, while its abrogation would enlist every maritime power against him. This sounds well, though a very different way of looking at the matter. For the present, England, at all events, lays aside a weapon that she has used of old with deadly effect on her enemies, but which, like all deadly weapons, is capable of being turned against herself. One thing should plead for her with all parties. It is not magnanimity that has compelled her renunciation of the largest right of maritime mischief in time of war, but enlightened self-interest.

The ancient "Judgment of Paris" sowed the seed of war. The modern "Declaration of Paris" draws War's worst sting—its right of plunder on the high seas.

Has England more to gain than lose by the renunciation? The question is a debateable one. "To gain," say LORD DERBY and LORD GRANVILLE. That settles it for the present.

Sanskrit, Arabic, and Persian *versus* German, French, and Italian. Which ought to count for most in the papers of Indian Competition-wallahs? LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY thinks Indian tongues should decide claims to Indian appointments. "*Dubitatur*," says LORD SALISBURY. What examinations are meant to pick out, is not the ready-made tool for India, but the best raw material. Competitive examination, LORD SALISBURY quite admits, has its bad points; but think (he adds) of the blessing it is to heads of departments!—it doubles their power of obliging with nominations, and shunts influential incapables, patronage notwithstanding. We shall yet see the system maintained, not because it secures the best servants, but because it saves chiefs trouble.

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GEOGRAPHY AND FINANCE.

Lady Visitor (examining the School). "WHAT'S THE CAPITAL OF TURKEY?"
Bright Little Scholar. "PLEASE, 'M, IT AIN'T GOT NONE—IT'S BANKRUP'!!"

Besides these two talks, their Lordships did a heavy stroke of work, knocking off, at Peers' pace, some dozen Committees and Third Readings by half-past seven; their bag including such various game as Wild Fowl Preservation, Poor-Law Amendment, and Labourers' Dwellings.

(*Commons.*)—Personal. LORD HENRY LENNOX resigns the First Commissionership of Works to cry *peccavi* for his Stock Exchange sins of five years ago, as Director of the Lisbon Tramways Company. LORD COLERIDGE'S summing up in *Twycross* v. *Grant* made LORD HENRY'S appearance in the white sheet inevitable. MR. TREVELYAN had but to give notice that he *meant* to ask a question, and LORD HENRY'S resignation answered it by anticipation. His explanation was received by the House with sympathy—but in silence broken only by a few painful words from MR. DISRAELI. The PREMIER'S long-standing and close personal intimacy with LORD HENRY gave a touch of pathos to their parting. LORD HENRY has shown himself the right man in the right place as First Commissioner of Works, whatever he may have been as Director of Lisbon Tramways. The House feels for him—but there is still one place where ill-gotten gain *has* a bad smell—that is on the hands of a Minister, when once attention has been called to it. LORD HENRY points out that he has been a loser by his connection with the Lisbon Tramways. In that the public goes along with him. The difficulty would seem to be to say who has *not* lost by that remarkable enterprise. Even the modern Midas, our *Albertus Magnus*, the great Alchemic transmuter of the day, who turns all schemes to gold, may find reason to doubt if his power be not fated to come to grief at Lisbon Tramways, should the other eighty-eight pending actions follow the test-case of *Twycross*.

From Lisbon trams, through Lisbon's DUKE SALDANHA,
Once on Director's heads fell golden manna,
Till Rings and Rigs and puffs no premiums earn,
And Lisbon tram-shares into trammels turn.
Sharp-set Directors fasting teeth must crunch hard,
And fain clerk's head, in GRANT'S default, would punch hard.
GRANT falls to JAMES'S powder. LENNOX, low,
From London's Works for Lisbon's works must go.
Alas that he this lesson should have wanted,
Qualifications never take for granted!

MR. DISRAELI did his best to soften the story of Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria. He read SIR HENRY ELLIOT'S despatches. SIR HENRY, as in official duty bound, does his best to extenuate everything, and set down nothing in malice, except the motives of unofficial reporters. He is bold in paring down figures, and shifts the burden of provocation from Turks to Christians.

Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians have had to bear a great deal before they took the law into their own hands. No wonder their hands may have been a *leetle* rough. Then, though there was not so *very* much to remonstrate against, SIR HENRY has been diligent in remonstrating. And though there has not been much serious atrocity to check, the Turks have now sent a Commissioner to check it.

Altogether, all seems for the best in that best of all possible Embassies at Stamboul. At all events, now that those troublesome Correspondents have said their say, and poor DISRAELI has done his best to soften the *Daily News* picture of horrors by help of SIR H. ELLIOT'S sweetener and official milk-and-water colours, the country has both sides of the Turkish shield—the black and the white—before it, and may come to its own conclusions. SIR HENRY says the Christians are volunteering for service against the Servians. So that besides a regiment of Softas, with yataghans in one hand and Korans in the other, we are like to see a mixed Volunteer corps, with Cross and Crescent, side by side, upon their banners.

In Committee on Education Bill, last clauses reached, amid cheers from both sides of the House.

For though the Bill your Brummagem *Intransigentes* stand off,
The House with gladness SANDON helps polemics' arid sand off.
And in hope the Bill's improvements may be seen in Acts succeeding,
Joins to float it to the haven, deep and tranquil, of Third Reading!

Tuesday (*Lords*).—A talk on Provisional Orders—nothing about the bill of fare in the refreshment-rooms, or what their Lordships are pleased to order in the way of refreshment, but the machinery by which Town, School, and Harbour improvements are now legalised—a compromise between doing such work by Bill in Private Bill Committee and by officers of permanent departments.

LORD REDESDALE doesn't half like the plan; no more does the DUKE OF SOMERSET. It takes too many local pies out of reach of

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GANTS DE PARIS.

WHAT'S THIS WE HEAR ABOUT KID CORSELETS FOR LADIES? CAN THEY BE ANYTHING LIKE THIS?

their Lordships' fingers. But it is an improvement on old ways for all that, and is, and ought to be, increasing.

(*Commons.*)—MR. D. JENKINS would like to know why the *Thunderer's* boiler burst, so asks MR. WARD HUNT if he can tell him. MR. WARD HUNT would be glad if he could, but he is waiting for the result of the inquiry that is to tell him.

MR. BOURKE has to tell SIR C. DILKE that Roumania—like *Oliver Twist*—*is* asking for more.

"Flemishing off" the Elementary Education Bill. An important new Clause for Establishing Day Industrial Schools where wastrel children will receive industrial teaching and one meal a day. MR. TORR, supporting the Clause, said there were 170,000 such children in Liverpool.

MR. FORSTER doubted the effect in tempting hard-working parents to transfer the support of their children from the family table to the School Board.

MR. LOWE protested against the school. Even *Punch* cannot but feel some fear—ready as he is in this cause to face all Lions in the Path. It is a bold experiment—bold enough to please even Birmingham. A new Clause in the Bill will give the smallest schools extra grants independent of their earnings. This is right, and shows a wise independence of doctrinaire pedantry.

Wednesday.—Contagious Diseases Bill. Though the House did not clear the Ladies' gallery, *Mr. Punch* must clear his columns of all except the announcement that the repeal of the statute was defeated by 224 to 102.

Thursday.—*Nil* in the Lords.

In the Commons: settlement of the Session's paper, with the names of the Bills ordered for execution.

MR. DISRAELI clings to his innocents; but they must die, and the fewer words over them the better.

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" AT THE CHISWICK GARDEN PARTY.

July the 18th, Tuesday last week.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I was last in Town you said you 'd "*give anything* for some fashionable information really authentic."* Here it is. I hold you to your word. I came up from Cumberland, and deprived myself of some rare sport, on purpose to be present at the Chiswick Garden Party. My Royal and Illustrious Friend had written to me privately (of course), and said, "You *must* come. Awfully hot. Regular Indian season this, isn't it?" I replied, "Yes, and, oddly enough, when the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH came over here, we had quite Russian weather. Weather and Royalty go together. God save the QUEEN, and long may she rain."

In former times, for these little *jeux de mots* I should have been rewarded with a sinecure at Court worth £10,000 a-year, paid quarterly in advance, *sans* Income-tax deducted, or I should have been Baronetted with a pension; but now the joke is repeated by somebody without the name of the author, then given out as somebody else's, or perhaps said as "a doosid good thing" by some unblushing aristocrat (who will probably leave out the point), and I, the original inventor, am left to wither away in a dry corner like a neglected rose. That last simile is worth a poet's attention. But I don't believe the Laureate would stand me an iced drink, even in this weather, were I to go to his place in the Isle of Wight, and say, "Look here, here's an idea for you." No! even *he* would answer that "he had already thought of it": and there would be "another good thing gone wrong." Bah! I am aweary of the world, and, had it not been for your expressed wish, which to me is law,† I should not have stirred a tent-peg to come up to such a tiresome, slow, ennuyant, and, between ourselves, such a *very mixed* affair, as a Garden Party at Chiswick. Not that the *fête* itself is tiresome to *novices;* no. But to *me*—to me, the *roué*, the *usé*, the *blasé*—to me, who now doat on the blue, the fresh, the ever free; who prefer the bloom on the heather to the rouge on the cheek, the horizon softening in the evening shades (pretty this, isn't it?—no extra charge) to the delicately pencilled eyebrow to which a poet could write a sonnet—(if paid for it—*j'y suis*)—or for which a Pomatumist could pen an advertisement.

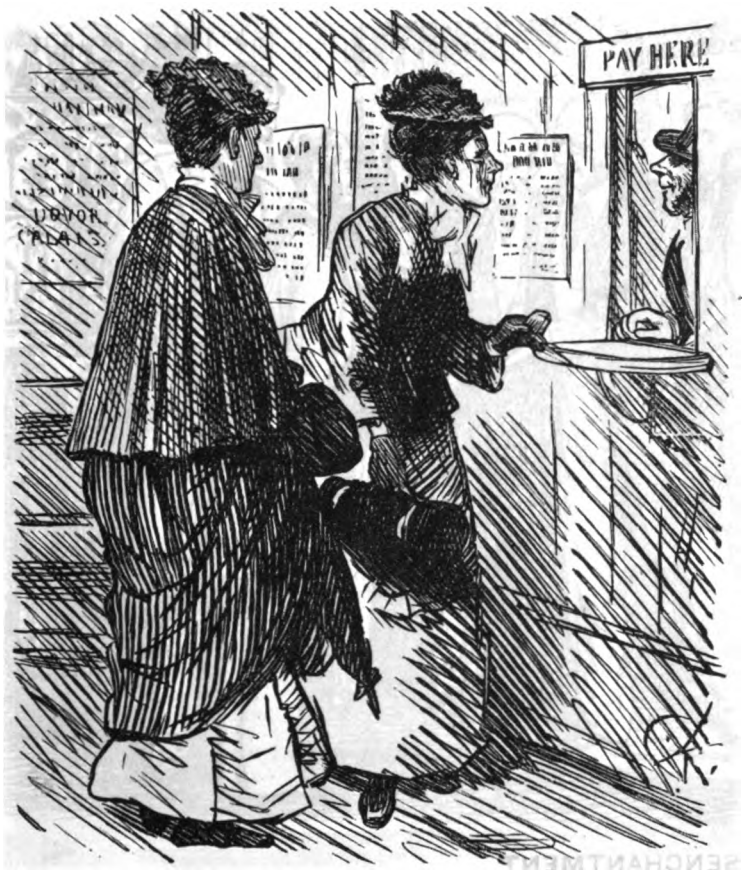
Oblige me by stopping to consider the word *Pomatumist*. You see what it means at once. It out-Carlyles CARLYLE; it out Germans German. To have invented such words as "pessimist," "optimist," "pantomimist," "positivist"—bah! nothing! A mere smattering of Latin, and *le jeu est fait!* But a Pomatumist! Just think over it; because if I write very fully on this subject, it will only cost you more, and my wish is to save you all expense possible, and yet give you full details about the Chiswick Garden Party. [But, clearly, there are words yet to be invented. *A Pomatumist, i.e.*, a man who deals in *pomata*. *A Teetotumist, i.e.*, a man who deals in *Teetota*. With power to add to their number.]

SIR AUGUSTUS SALA JUNG wanted me to make one of his party. Couldn't. By the way, he does not drop the "J." I don't mean that he

* We need scarcely remind our readers, *and* Our Representative, that the expression "*we would give anything*" admits of more than one interpretation.—ED.

† And it *shall* be "Law," if we find we have been deceived. We were taken in once, and now the burnt Editor consults a Solicitor.—ED.

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CANDOUR.

Spinster Excursionist (*the least elderly*). "TWO TICKETS TO BROADSTAIRS, PLEASE."

Facetious Clerk. "SINGLE LADIES?"

Spinster (*with a weak-minded sense of humour*). "I REGRET TO SAY WE ARE, SIR! FIRST CLASS, IF YOU PLEASE!!"

THOUGHTS ON THE "THUNDERER."

In fight upon the Ocean wave
  BRITANNIA still can trust her Men.
But will her Ships as well behave,
  And prove as trusty then?

For note this difference 'twixt the case
  Of cruiser as compared with crew;
Blue Jackets of the olden race:
  And Iron-clad Steamers new.

Plain sailing, they capsize or clash,
  And founder in a quiet sea.
How, in the roar, and smoke, and flash
  Of battle will it be?

The valour which our Tars ne'er lacked
  Will do as much as mortal may;
But then will valves and stopcocks act
  Aright in danger's day?

Beside the risk of being blown
  Up, haply, by a foreign foe,
Each craft with boilers bears her own
  Torpedoes down below.

A "trial trip" has shown, one day
  What may betide us on the main.
No more, but help, as best we may,
  Survivors of the slain.

At the Seaside.

(*Thermometer 85° in the shade on the Pier.*)

Seasidist (*already very much sunburnt*). Why am I like an English poet?

Charles (*his friend*). Too hot for guessing. Give 't up.

Seasidist (*slowly*). Because *I'm Browning*.

Charles (*his friend—up till that moment*). Oh!

[*Retires under an umbrella, and dozes. Curtain.*

OPERATIC.

WHY has MR. MAPLESON chosen the Thames Embankment as the site of the New Opera House?

Answer. So as to have plenty of water for his "plant."

drops any other letter, *bien entendu;* but I do mean, for the information of friends at a distance, that he doesn't speak of himself as "Young," but as "Jung." *I* drop the "J" with him, for the sake of what I then call, not "a *joke*," but "a *yoke*." He screams with laughter; that is, he really does laugh *himself*, because, unlike all regular Oriental potentates (he *is* a "potentate") he does *not* keep fellows to do for him what he can do for himself. Even dear old LOBHLOLLY BHOY, the native Indian Admiral, as jovial an old fellow as ever you met on Saturday night at sea in an old caboose, would never allow a muscle of his face to move, even at my most telling witticisms. No; so strong was the habit that he 'd just turn to his *Smylah* (the Indian name for these officials, who are the professional laughing-men, *i.e.*, *Les Hommes qui rirent*), gravely nod, and off would go the *Smylah* into fits and shouts. When old LOBHLOLLY thought he had laughed enough, another movement of the head stopped him. I pitied the poor *Smylah* when he had a bad headache (it was often the case; he was a bilious man, but a good laugher), and some one told the LOBHLOLLY a nautical joke! The jolly old Indian Tar would make the *Smylah* laugh for an hour at a stretch at that one joke. Good dear, kind old boy as the old Indian ADMIRAL LOBHLOLLY was, yet, if that unhappy *Smylah* had pleaded biliousness as an excuse for not shaking his sides with laughter, then "Off with his head—so much for *Smylah!*" would have been the Admiral's order, which would have been executed on the spot,—in fact, the order and the *Smylah* would have been executed together.

However I am giving you Indian "Nannygoats," and not telling you about the Chiswick Garden Party.

I couldn't accept SIR SALA's offer, having already engaged myself to the dear, delightful, wicked, charming old aristocrat, the DUCHESSE DUMONT DE PIETÉ (a relation of mine, on my Uncle's side) —who is over here this season to look after her Scotch estates, which, as you know, are in Ayr, and Skye. By the way, if you want some good shooting this year, just let me know in time (when you send the little thousand pound cheque for this fashionable intelligence will do), and I'll give it you. Blackcock, tripe,* woodcocks, grouse, moor-fowl, wagtails, everything that a sportaman's bag could desire. But, as I remarked before, if I am to stop on every occasion to chatter about such trifles, we shall never get to the Chiswick Garden Party.

Well, the day was hot, and the roads dusty. Cabs and carriages, and four-in-hands, and T-carts and dog-carts, and *pièges-aux-chevaux* of all sorts and sizes, on sale or hire, were out and down the road to Chiswick.

On entering the grounds, my Illustrious and Royal Friend, the giver of the *fête*, came up, and, shaking me heartily by the hand, whispered in my ear—— †

* * * * * *

And so, having spent a delightful but dusty day, I remain, now, as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

* We fancy that this must be a *lapsus calami* for "Snipe." But never having been in Scotland, and not knowing the dialects, we are ready to admit the possibility of there being such a bird as a Tripe, which, however, up to the moment of going to press, we have been unable to find mentioned in any Ornithological Dictionary. The inquiry is still proceeding.—ED.

† The Printer has come to us at the last moment with the information that he has not received any further contribution on this subject from Our Representative. A torn slip of paper contained the finish which appears above with the signature, and nothing more. We cannot upset the arrangements of the paper by taking out the columns already admitted, and we cannot for a moment think that this *hiatus valdé deflendus* is intentional. It must be, we fancy, as our Contributor himself would have probably said. "another good post gone wrong," and we shall at once inquire at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Apologising for the default to our readers, we hope to present them on the first opportunity with a satisfactory solution of the present problem.—ED.

NATURAL RESORT FOR VICTIMS SUFFERING UNDER EGYPTIAN BONDS.—Goschen! (So no wonder the Bondholders have appealed to the RIGHT HON. C. J. to suggest a way out of their mess.)

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A DISENCHANTMENT.

SWELLINGTON SPIFF (WHO COLLECTS BLUE CHINA, BECAUSE IT 'S THE THING TO DO) IS INVITED TO BREAKFAST BY A NOBLE DUKE, (WHO ALSO COLLECTS BLUE CHINA). HE IS MUCH ELATED AT THE PROSPECT OF SITTING DOWN TO TABLE WITH POSSIBLY TWO OR THREE CABINET MINISTERS—AT ALL EVENTS, WITH NOTHING UNDER A VISCOUNT! IMAGINE HIS DISGUST, ON ENTERING THE DRAWING-ROOM, AT BEING PRESENTED BY HIS GRACE TO ROBINSON, SMITH, JONES, BROWN, PERKINS, BLENKINSOP, AND PARKER, WHO ALL COLLECT BLUE CHINA, AND WHOM HE HAS KNOWN EVER SINCE HE BEGAN TO COLLECT BLUE CHINA HIMSELF.

DOGS AND DOCTORS.

MR. PUNCH had yesterday the honour of receiving a numerous Deputation, formed chiefly of the higher orders, and largely consisting of the softer sex, friends of animals, especially of dogs. It was headed by a beautiful being, who, in a voice of angelic sweetness, signified the object of their attendance in the following appeal:—

"Will not *Punch*, the great master of *Toby*, 'best of dogs,' use his mighty influence for the benefit of *Toby's* brothers and sisters? Will he not raise his voice and wield his pen to rescue them from the horrors of Vivisection? For the love of mercy, and for the sake of gratitude to these faithful loving creatures, *Pray do!*"

Mr. Punch replied, with an obeisance expressive of the most respectful admiration, that he was profoundly moved by the impassioned exhortation addressed to him from lips associated with eyes radiating sweetness and light. He would, however beg to be allowed to depute the duty of responding to it to the party it principally concerned.

"*Toby!*" cried *Mr. Punch*, and the sagacious animal immediately came out from under the table. "*Toby*, now's your time."

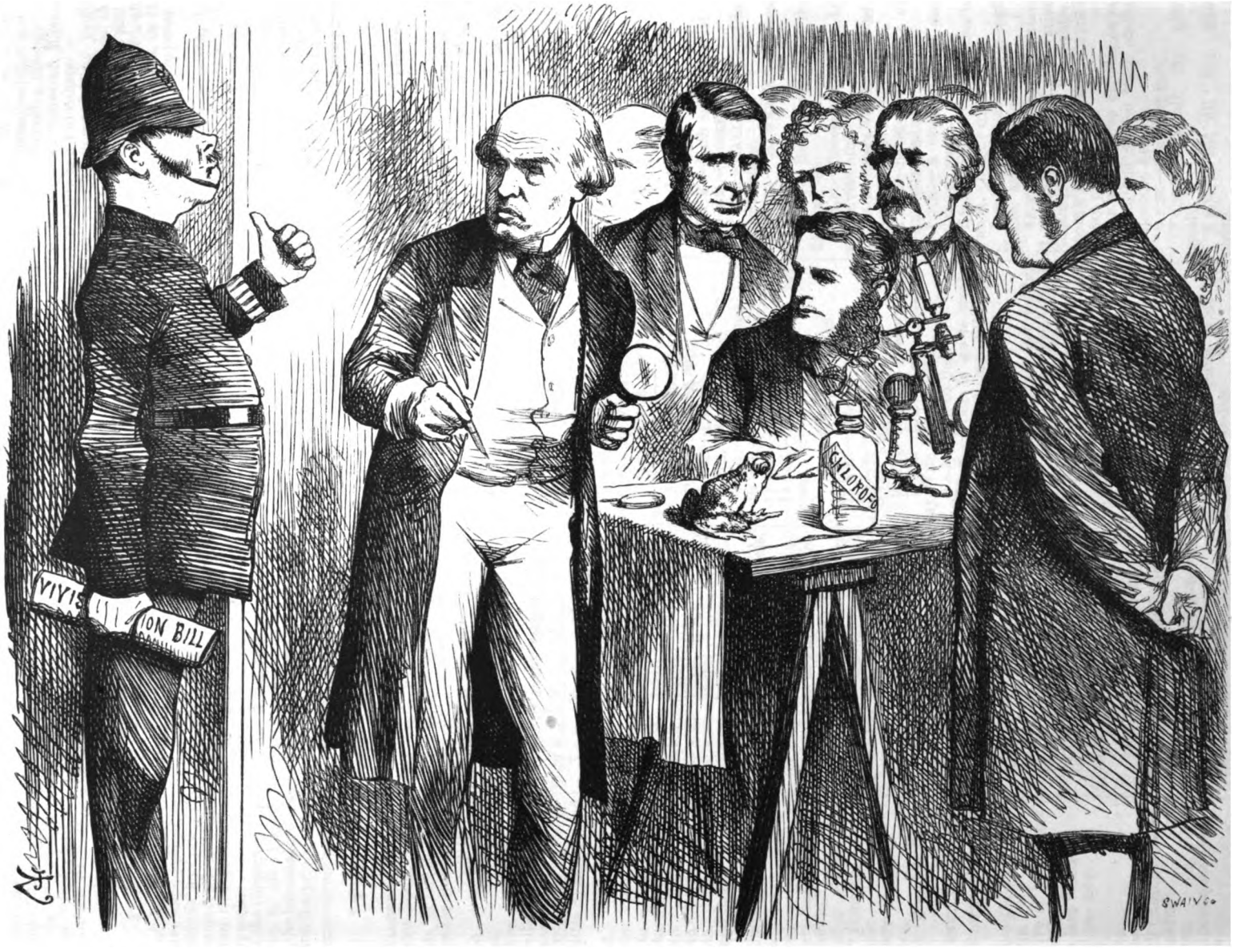
"The Dog-Days, Master?" was *Toby's* prompt reply.

"O, *Toby!* But, true enough, dogs are in season. They are at present creating a special interest. You just now overheard a touching and eloquent appeal on behalf of them. Now be so good as to explain to these Ladies and Gentlemen—who know you can talk—your view of Vivisection as affecting your own community. Tell them, *Toby!*"

Having duly shaken himself and wagged his tail—

Toby said that both personally and as a representative dog he felt unspeakably grateful for the benevolent sympathy so deeply wounded by the Vivisection supposed to be cruelly practised by Doctors on Dogs. The subjects of that process, however, were not his brothers and sisters. No good dogs were ever vivisected. Those that were so were very distant relations indeed; curs, the canine analogues of cads. Every dog must die somewhen and somehow. A cur might die worse than by Vivisection under chloroform. The vivisected cur died for the benefit of man—the Dog's friend. He therefore did not die a useless cur. He (*Toby*) computed that some twenty dogs died yearly by Vivisection in England. If Vivisection were abolished, a great many more than that number would so die abroad at schools of science necessarily resorted to by British students and investigators, and would most likely die without chloroform. The pain, if any, inflicted upon dogs by scientific vivisectors was as nothing to the amount of torture dogs had to endure at the hands of ignorant people. Many thousands died a lingering death, the victims of cruel fondness, crammed to death by stupidly-indulgent masters and mistresses, particularly the latter. Innumerable dogs were tortured by cruel boys, and owners who ill-treated them. A friend of his (*Toby's*) Master's was often kept awake all night by a dog that howls as frightfully as he possibly could if he were being vivisected. An inhuman wretch keeps this unhappy dog tied up. The trainers of Performing Dogs, in teaching them tricks, subjected them to the grossest barbarities. Against all these torments, involving myriads of dogs, there was no set-off whatsoever in the shape of good to either dog or man. Whereas the operations of the vivisector enabled him to solve problems affecting brutes as well as human beings, and to discover secrets, of which the knowledge applied in Medicine and Surgery—veterinary as well as human—relieved or rescued from the most poignant agonies both men and dogs too. He (*Toby*) understood that an Honourable Gentleman had said as much as that he should be sorry to owe his life, or his relief from suffering, to an experiment in Vivisection. Was he not indebted to Vivisection, or worse, for all his animal food? How could he bear to eat his beef, his mutton, his veal and ham—especially veal and ham, for were not both calves and pigs bled slowly to death by Vivisection? Without anæsthetics, mind. He (*Toby*) wondered if that Honourable Gentleman ever tasted the eel that had been skinned or the lobster that had been boiled alive. And oh, could the dear lady who had so earnestly implored the rescue of the canine species from "the horrors of Vivisection," considering what massacre the tender little woolly innocents undergo at the hands of

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STUPIDITY AND SCIENCE.

(Meeting of Medical Professors.)

OPERATING PROFESSOR. "BY THIS EXPERIMENT WE HAVE ASCERTAINED THAT WE CAN ALLEVIATE THE SUFFERINGS OF THOUSANDS OF OUR FELLOW-CREATURES! I MAY FURTHER ADD——"

POLICEMAN (*interrupting*). "NO, YOU MAYN'T! WE 'VE HAD ENOUGH O' THIS SORT O' THING! YOU MUST MOVE ON!" **PROFESSOR.** "'MOVE ON'? WE CAN'T *MOVE ON* IF *YOU* INTERFERE!"

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the butcher, possibly bring herself to tolerate the bare idea of a lunch on the very nicest plate of cold lamb and salad, even in this hot weather? In conclusion he (*Toby*) would express the hope that in giving a Dog's opinion, he would not be supposed to have presented a cynical view of Vivisection.

After remaining for a few moments lost in thought, the Deputation looked blankly in one another's faces, and then, having acknowledged that *Toby* had put the question of Vivisection in a light which had never before occurred to them, and thanked him and his Master for the information afforded them, withdrew.

THE LAST OF THE SEASON.

ON account of the dulness of the Season, the following remarkable occurrences have happened:—

MRS. MAC STINGY has not given her second dinner-party. This omission has caused a loss of five shillings in the income of the local greengrocer, and two pounds seven and sixpence in the takings of the local pastrycook.

MR. SELF (of the Gourmet, Loungers, Dawdlers, and Junior Idlers Clubs) has given up all ideas of matrimony until next year. This being the case, he has retained his rooms in Piccadilly, and has ceased to inquire about the prices of furnished apartments in Paddington.

MR. GARRICK BRAZENLUNGS, the eminent tragedian, has retired into the Provinces. The metropolitan theatre, thus deserted, is now attracting large but foolish audiences by trashy *opéra bouffe*.

MR. CICERO SOLEMNSIDES has deferred the publication of his pamphlet upon *The Manners and Customs of the Early Romans*. This sacrifice has considerably increased the housekeeping money intrusted to the care of MRS. SOLEMNSIDES, although a disappointment of over £100 is reported in the counting-house of MESSRS. CHARGE AND FLATTER, the eminent printers and publishers.

MR. SUGARSAND, the West-End grocer, announces that his profits this year have been only half the amount of last. In spite of this painful circumstance, he will still keep his yacht, six horses, and a country-seat. His three sons will not be removed from Oxford, and his four daughters will appear, as usual, from five to seven, in the family coach (drawn by a pair of what the French call "*steppares*") in the Park.

MR. PATERFAMILIAS, on account of the general depression, has sent his wife and family to Southend, instead of Dieppe. MR. PATERFAMILIAS (in obedience to his doctor) will, however, accompany a bachelor friend on a tour through Switzerland and up the Rhine.

And, lastly, in spite of every drawback, *Mr. Punch* has been as witty and as cheery as ever. This pleasant state of mind he attributes entirely to his own inner consciousness, and *not* to the fact that he has had nothing to do with Egyptians, Spanish, or Turks.

'THE WAY WE LIVE NOW:" OR, "TWICE ROUND THE CLOCK."

HONBLE. ALGERNON FITZ-BETTING-BOOK.

12 P.M.—Club. B. and S. Cigar.
1 A.M.—Another B. and S. and Cigar.
2 A.M.—Pool.
3 A.M.—Pool.
4 A.M.—Poker.
5 A.M.—Devilled Kidneys.
6 A.M.—Poker.
7 A.M.—Settling up.
8 A.M.—A little breakfast and a shampoo.
9 A.M.—Bed.
10 A.M.—Ditto.
11 A.M.—Ditto.
12 A.M.—Ditto.
1 P.M.—Ditto.
2 P.M.—Ditto.
3 P.M.—Ditto.
4 P.M.—B. and S. and a sporting paper.
5 P.M.—Another little Breakfast and a Cigar.
6 P.M.—Park.
7 P.M.—Sherry and Bitters at the "Rhododendron."
8 P.M.—Another Sherry and Bitters at the "Colossus."
9 P.M.—Dinner.
10 P.M.—Theatre.
11 P.M.—Opera.
12 P.M.—Club. B. and S. Cigar.

MISS PLANTAGENET HIGHFLYER.

12 P.M.—Start for the DE JONES'S dance.
1 A.M.—Leave DE JONES'S for the FITZ-SMITHS.
2 A.M.—Arrive at the ROBINSON'S Small and Early.
3 A.M.—The last Waltz.
4 A.M.—Just one more.
5 A.M.—Bed.
6 A.M.—Ditto.
7 A.M.—Ditto.
8 A.M.—High Church Service.
9 A.M.—Breakfast.
10 A.M.—A nap.
11 A.M.—Nap continued.
12 A.M.—Row.
1 P.M.—Row.
2 P.M.—Lunch.
3 P.M.—A nap.
4 P.M.—Calls.
5 P.M.—Tea.
6 P.M.—Park.
7 P.M.—Park.
8 P.M.—Dress for dinner.
9 P.M.—Dinner.
10 P.M.—Boredom in the drawing-room.
11 P.M.—Opera.
12 P.M.—Start for some dance or another.

THE DUKE OF MIDDLESEX.

12 P.M.—Arrive home.
1 A.M.—Explain to the Duchess that the light on the Clock-Tower went out by accident at nine o'clock.
2 A.M.—Bed.
3 A.M.—Ditto.
4 A.M.—Ditto.
5 A.M.—Ditto.
6 A.M.—Ditto.
7 A.M.—Ditto.
8 A.M.—Ditto.
9 A.M.—Read the daily papers.
10 A.M.—Breakfast.
11 A.M.—Duchess wants to know what I did after I left the House at nine. Awkward this.
12 A.M.—Write letters to Editors of daily papers, complaining of defective reporting.
1 P.M.—Tear these letters up.
2 P.M.—Lunch.
3 P.M.—Blue Books.
4 P.M.—Blue Books.
5 P.M.—Dictate my speech.
6 P.M.—Ornament a bay-window in St. James's Street.
7 P.M.—House of Lords.
8 P.M.—Early dinner.
9 P.M.—Speech in the Lords.
10 P.M.—Still speaking.
11 P.M.—Lords up.
12 P.M.—Just a cigar at the Club, and home.

THE DUCHESS OF ESSEX.

12 P.M.—Take the Girls out to a dance.
1 A.M.—Take them on to another. A little supper.
2 A.M.—Take them on to another. A little supper.
3 A.M.—Take them on to another. A little supper.
4 A.M.—Get them home.
5 A.M.—Bed.
6 A.M.—Ditto.
7 A.M.—Ditto.
8 A.M.—Ditto.
9 A.M.—Ditto.
10 A.M.—Breakfast. Morning post.
11 A.M.—Interview Duke on the subject of cheques.
12 A.M.—Shopping.
1 P.M.—Shopping.
2 P.M.—Lunch.
3 P.M.—Attend Society for Promoting Cookery among the Working Classes.
4 P.M.—Attend Society for Suppressing Vivisection.
5 P.M.—Drum. Lobster-salad and Champagne.
6 P.M.—Another Drum. Strawberries and Claret cup.
7 P.M.—Park.
8 P.M.—Arrive home.
9 P.M.—Go out to Dinner
10 P.M.—Dinner still on.
11 P.M.—Opera.
12 P.M.—Take the Girls out again.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES.

12 P.M.—Gin.
1 A.M.—Turned out of the "Swan and Cygnet."
2 A.M.—Knock a Peeler down.
3 A.M.—Encounter between my Wife and my poker.
4 A.M.—Get to Bed.
5 A.M.—Time to go to work. Throw boots at my Wife for waking me up.
6 A.M.—Bed.
7 A.M.—Breakfast not ready. Collision between my Wife's head and the wall.
8 A.M.—Get to work.
9 A.M.—Breakfast.
10 A.M.—Work.
11 A.M.—Beer with BILL HARRIS.
12 A.M.—Dinner.
1 P.M.—Pipe and a sleep.
2 P.M.—Beer with JONES.
3 P.M.—Ain't going to do no more work to-day.
4 P.M.—Home. Children crying. Soon stop 'em.
5 P.M.—Pawn Wife's Sunday togs.
6 P.M.—Gin, and a mouthful of bread and cheese.
7 P.M.—Gallery of Theatre.
8 P.M.—Beer.
9 P.M.—More Beer.
10 P.M.—Chivy the Performers.
11 P.M.—Put out of theatre. Home and whop Wife.
12 P.M.—All night at the "Swan and Cygnet."

PUNCH.

12 P.M.—Burning the midnight oil.
1 A.M.—GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*.
2 A.M.—HUME'S *History of England*.
3 A.M.—SMOLLETT'S continuation of above.
4 A.M.—Bed.
5 A.M.—Bath and breakfast.
6 A.M.—EUCLID.
7 A.M.—HALLAM'S *Constitutional History*.
8 A.M.—HAWKER'S *Morning Portion*.
9 A.M.—Read through all the daily papers.
10 A.M.—Receive MR. D-SR-LI, and advise him.
11 A.M.—Receive L-RD H-RT-NGT-N, and advise him.
12 A.M.—Receive the D-KE OF C-MBR-DGE, and advise him.
1 P.M.—A crust of bread and a glass of water.
2 P.M.—Read contributions to *Punch*. Slight irritability.
3 P.M.—Call at M-rlb-r-gh House, and give advice.
4 P.M.—Delight the frequenters of the Carlton and Conservative Reform, and the Devonshire, BOODLE'S, BROOKS'S, and WHITE'S by my presence.
5 P.M.—Receive deputation of Judges, and advise them on the Judicature Act.
6 P.M.—A modest meal.
7 P.M.—Read all the new novels.
8 P.M.—Visit all the new pieces.
9 P.M.—Illustrate Society.
10 P.M.—Write Treatise on the Eastern Question.
11 P.M.—Write a few chapters of my *History of the World*.
12 P.M.—Study again.

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COACHING (WITH A DIFFERENCE).

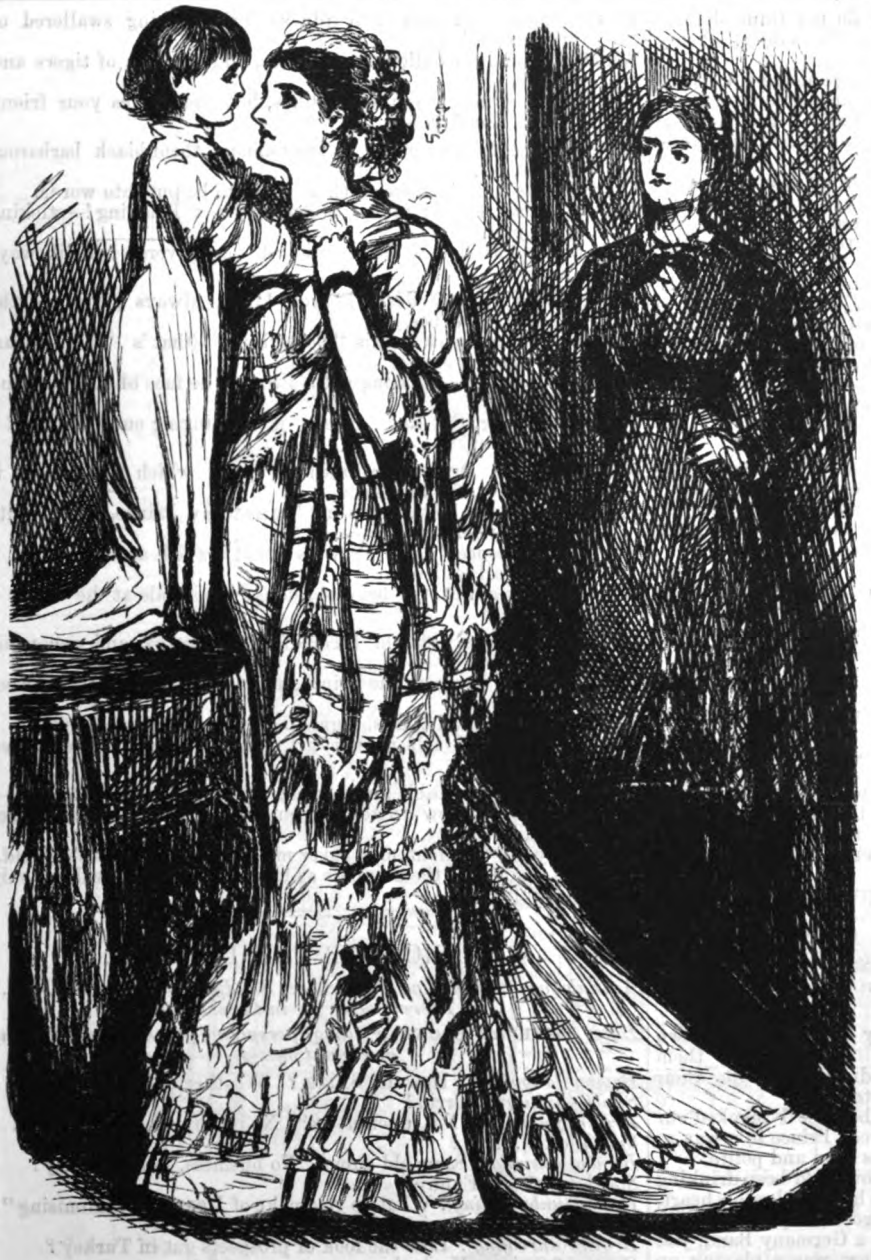


DOWN HILL IN FINE WEATHER



UP HILL IN WET WEATHER.

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THE SILENT HOUR!

"WHEN SHALL YOU COME HOME, MUMMY DARLING?"
"NOT TILL THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, MY LOVE!"
"NOT TILL THE *MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT!*—WHEN THE *CLOCKS STRIKE NOTHING?*"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Stopping on the Way—But Going to Ireland for all that.

TIM MAHONY has failed me: it occurs to me to give up Ireland altogether.

I am meditating on this while debating on the question of lunching at a *restaurant's* close at hand, when to me enters—the only other Irishman of my acquaintance at present in town. He replies to my intimation about going to Ireland, with, "Arrh! yer sowl! wouldn't I like to be wid ye!" which he gives with a marvellous imitation of some peculiar Irish dialect, and then relapsing into the most ordinary English, without the slightest suspicion of a brogue, he informs me that though he has property in Ireland, he doesn't like to live over there, for fear of being shot at. I assure him (not knowing anything at all about it) that they (whoever "they" may be) wouldn't shoot at *him*. Whereupon he adopts the brogue again—(I note that generally an Irishman, in England, makes a burlesque imitation of his own countrymen a special point of humour)—just to give a piquancy to his reply. "Begorr," says he, "'tisn't being shot *at* I'm afraid of; it's being *hit*, is the throuble. D'ye mind," he continues, "the story of the Agent writing over to the Landlord in England, and telling him that while collecting the rents he was going in bodily fear of his life?"

Happy Thought.—As I can't absolutely assert that I do *not* know this story—because I never yet met him without his bringing it in, somehow—I say, "Go on! You've always got something good." Which is true; as this story is good: and he has always got this story. Q. E. D.

He goes on, still continuing his imitation of a brogue:—

"Well, Sorr, the Landlord wrote back to him, and said, 'My dear MISTHER DELANEY, ye may just tell my tenanthry, that if, by shooting *you*, they think they'll intimidate *me*, they're mightily mistaken.'"

And taking advantage of my laugh, my friend, FORDE MACKINNON, shakes my hand, wishes me *bon voyage*, steps into a hansom, and makes a telling exit.

When he is well out of sight, it occurs to me that I ought to have asked him for introductions, or for some information about Ireland.

Happy Thought.—To compile a book of *What I Ought to have Said.*

This leads to melancholy reflections. It means lost opportunities. (I stand by a lamp-post near the large *restaurant's*, and think in a mooning kind of way, having wandered away from Ireland altogether—) If when I was with ALICE—or KATE—or BERTHA . . . (what a pretty girl that is coming out of the *restaurant*) . . . I had only said what I ought to have said, instead of sitting still, staring . . . (I wonder if I've met her before—I seem to know her face) . . . and losing my presence of mind . . . (She seems to recognise me. She is *very* pretty. I rather fancy she is a cousin of mine whom I haven't seen for years . . .)

Happy Thought.—To go up and ask her if she is a cousin of mine whom I haven't seen for years.

. . . Let me see—what opportunities—yes, that was what I was thinking about . . . (I am sure I notice in her a family resemblance . . . about the eyes . . . She is going to cross, and it is dangerous for a Lady to attempt crossing *alone*. She hesitates. If I could be of any assistance—— I hesitate. It's a very warm day. I wish I had bought a new pair of gloves. I fancy my boots, too, are defective.) . . . Ah! . . . Odd! I am sighing . . . what does this mean? It would make a subject for an Essay "On Unexplained Sighs—their Origin and Probable Meaning". . . (She looks round as though she were afraid of crossing alone, and were expecting some one—me?—to help her. . . . Heavens! what an unchivalric age we live in! . .) it is a very warm day . . . yet I regret not having on light gloves, bright boots, and a new hat. . .

Again she looks round, nervously, beseechingly . . . I wonder if she *is* a cousin? . . . Shall I flourish my stick, wave back the cabs, carts, and omnibuses, and take her under my protection across the road . . . Shall I? . . . One can never lose by politeness—and this is the merest elementary duty . . . I settle myself, as it were, to my work . . . Take a pull at my gloves, arrange my hat (which has somehow got to the back of my head), give a gymnastic dig at my tie (which has somehow "rucked up"), and make one step towards . . .

"I'm sorry you so long vaiting to have keep," says a light-haired, fluffy-looking man, of apparently German extraction, stepping out of the *restaurant's*. (How on earth such a pretty English girl could have chosen such a plain, stupid-looking foreigner—with blue spectacles, too! . . . But one never can have any sympathy with the man on these occasions) . . . and she

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seems pleased to see him, and smiles. . . . (I do not think she is a cousin of mine . . .) Let me see, what was the subject of my meditation when this distraction intervened? . . .

"Hullo!" cries a jovial voice, which is accompanied by a hearty slap on my back—so hearty, in fact, that it nearly precipitates me into the gutter—"what's the matter with you? You look as melancholy as if you were manufacturing a joke, or had just swallowed a doubtful oyster.

It is my amiable musical friend, KEPPEL BIRKETT, who is speaking. The German and the Young Lady have not yet crossed: she overhears KEPPEL (I am sure of it), and is amused.

"I haven't seen you for an age," KEPPEL continues most heartily. "Why, you're getting quite stout." (That's the worst of people who profess "not to have seen you for an age"—they invariably feel themselves at liberty to study your personal appearance, and to express themselves with great freedom, and without any consideration for yourself, or for the *entourage* at the moment.) "And," he adds, you're getting quite grey—so am I." (He throws in "so am I" just to soften it down a little. But the *jeune et belle étrangère* is smiling, and the German blue-spectacled idiot too. Bah! I'll turn my back on them both contemptuously.)

KEPPEL is still going on, laughingly, to me,—

"Well, we're getting old together. Everyone's getting old—at least, everyone's about the same age now. We're all getting stout and grey and bald. Ha! ha! ha! Come in and lunch."

With pleasure. But I can't stop long, I tell him, because I want to go and find some one who can tell me all about Ireland.

"All about Ireland!" exclaims KEPPEL, opening his eyes. "Why, you've come to the right person. And are you going to the dear old country?"

"I am," I reply; "but why do you call it the dear old country?"

"Because," he answers, "I'm so fond of it."

"But," I object, "you're not an Irishman, and you don't live in Ireland?"

"No," he says, "I live in Wales, and I'm a Scotchman. But what of that? Wasn't St. Patrick himself a Scotchman? Of course. Come in and have lunch, and I'll tell you all about it."

Happy Thought.—Met a Scotchman, who lives in Wales, who calls Ireland the "dear old country," and who will tell me "all about it." If I hadn't stood on the kerb by the lamp-post, lost in thought about what I ought to have said on various occasions, the probabilities are I should not have met with KEPPEL BIRKETT. *Allons! lunchons!*

MRS. GAMP ON THE GUSH.

Being a Confidential Communication from Sairey to her Friend, Mrs. Harris, concerning a Late Loyal Deliverance of the former Lady's.



ES, my dear, they are down on me dreadful, them Radicals, drabbit their spite!
Jest because I invoked our Sweet Prince in a way as was kind and polite.
As I own I'd been drinking his health, bless his heart, in good gunpowder green,
And a Germany Band, jest below, was a playing up "*God Save the Queen.*"

Which, what with the tea and the tune, and the thoughts of that lovely Review,
I felt so warmed up that my pen like a prose-spurning Peggysus flew,
And promiscusly dropped into poetry—ah! and jest wasn't it fine?
Not seech stuff as them *Telegraft* spouters reels off at a penny the line.

No, when I does pile it up lofty, P. COURT isn't nowheres, my dear;
But the way as they chivies your SAIREY is shameful, as well you're aweer,
Which loyalty isn't their line, and in course they dislikes it in me,
But their nasty mean wenomous malice shan't make a sour Dilke of S. G.

Which "shudder" I did, and no wonder, as where's the lone woman would not?
At the thought of that dear plucky Prince being swallered or pisoned or shot;
Which thousands of bullets and daggers, and millions of tigers and snakes,
Is things they may laugh at as likes, but they gives your friend SAIREY the shakes.

When I 'eard he was going to Ingy among them black barbarous hordes,
The fright as it giv' me was sech as is not to be put into words.
And oh! when I read of his prowess—sweet Palading!—sticking them pigs,
Why aspings is not to be mentioned for shivers, nor likeways ear*wigs*.

(Which earwigs, my dear, as you know, always gives me the shudders that bad!)
But when he got back to his "younglings" (that's "*kids*," dear) jest wasn't I glad?
And because, while a-gazing with awe on the face of our Sun and our hope,
I bust into song, the Rads cheeks me, a-singing out "Treacle!" and "Soap!"

Soap, indeed! Drat their imperent spite! which they wants it theirselves, for the sands
They would only be 'appy to lift 'gainst my Prince, as I quite understands.
But the "Presence" and "Prowess" that braved, as it might be, a "Zoo" all let loose,
Won't take fright at the bray of a donkey, nor pale at the 'iss of a goose.

Consequentially why should I care for their wulgar and wenomous jeers,
Concerning my words on the Prince, and the Fleet, and them sweet Volunteers.
Which adjectives fails, MRS. ARRIS, and poetry-werses is weak,
To express what I felt in my 'art, and so warmly endeavoured to speak.

But I think I'm a little bit low,—which my BENJAMIN isn't too kind,—
As is why, dear, I now writes to you. Won't I give 'em a bit of my mind?
But if only my Gingham may cover my Prince like Akilles's shield,
Why the wounds as them wipers as left in my bussum will quickly be 'ealed.

LACONICS FOR THE LANGUID.

A Dialogue overheard on the "Sweet Shady (?) side of Pall Mall." (Thermometer 90° in the shade.)

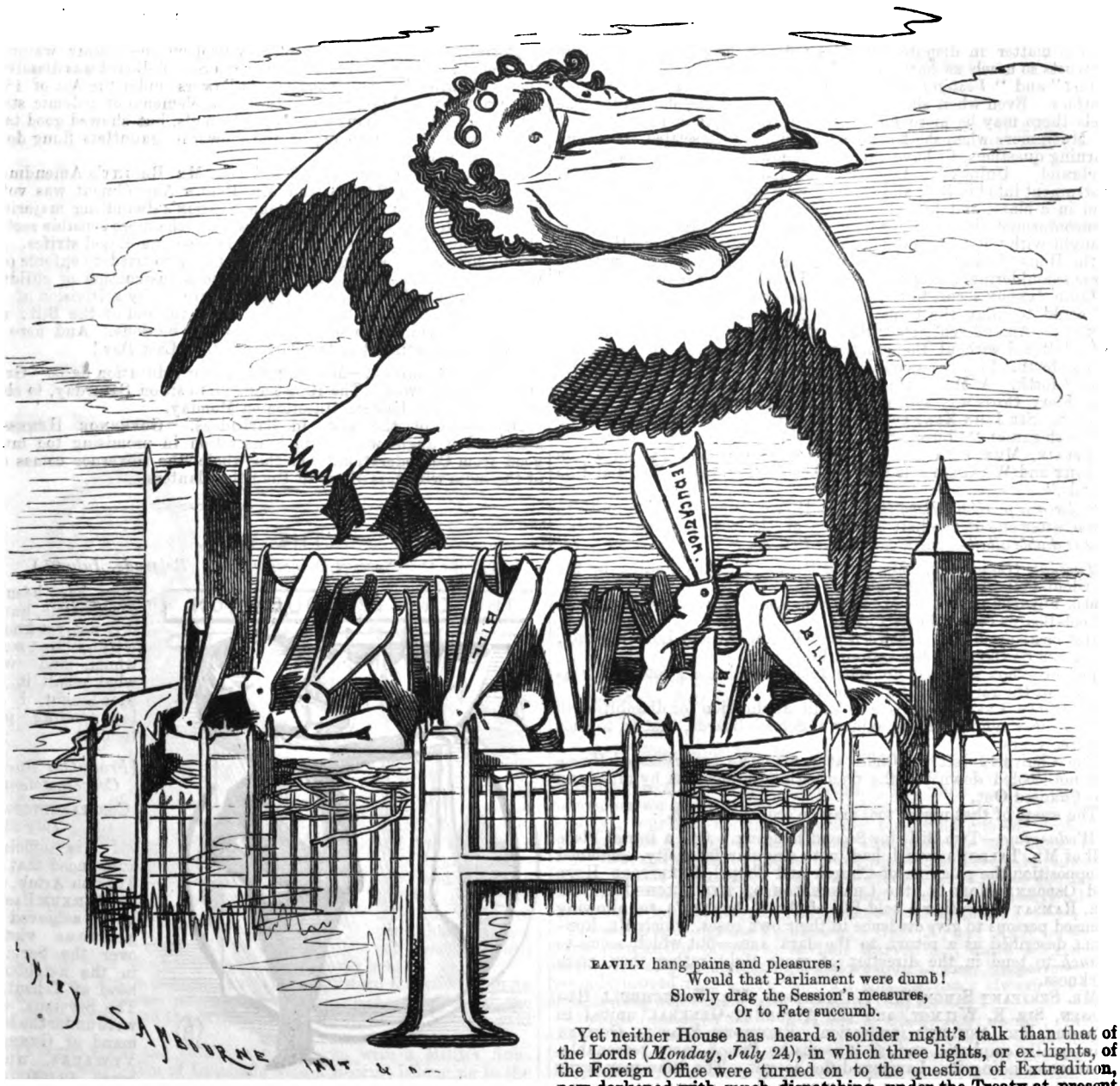
Enter SMITH *and* BROWN, *a pair of perspiring pedestrians, agonising in regulation rig.*

Brown (*languidly*). How do, SMITH? Weather extremely torrid!
Smith (*limply*). Horrid!
Brown (*mopping*). Not much news? No brightening in the City!
Smith (*ditto*). Pity!
Brown (*gasping*). Same old game. No business, lots of money!
Smith (*puffing*). Funny!
Brown (*unbuttoning*). What do you make of DERBY's "minimising"?
Smith (*shirking*). S'prising!
Brown (*unroofing*). Like the look of prospects out in Turkey?
Smith (*fanning*). Murky!
Brown (*yawning*). Contradictory telegrams quite trying.
Smith (*emphatically*). Lying!
Brown (*fervently*). Hang this heat! Wish South Sea *modes* were lawful!
Smith (*sympathisingly*). Awful!
Brown (*wistfully*). Prince *might* start some cooler style of dressing.
Smith (*more so*). Blessing!
Brown (*tentatively*). India must have given him some "notions"?
Smith (*confidently*). Oceans!
Brown (*eyeing coat disparagingly*). Broadcloth in the Dog-Days! Simply smother!
Smith (*expressively*). Bother!
Brown (*plaintively*). Look at muslin! We're worse off than Ladies!
Smith (*comprehensively*). Hades!
Brown (*rebuttoning*). Wish *some one* would quash this full-dress folly.
Smith (*ditto*). Jolly!
Brown (*raptly*). Envy NARES's lot among the ice.
Smith (*ecstatically*). Nice!
Brown (*desperately*). Well, ta! ta! *Can't* walk. A "Growler"—quicker.
Smith (*with sudden gleam of animation*). Liquor?

[*Carried nem. con. Left drinking.*

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



EAVILY hang pains and pleasures;
Would that Parliament were dumb!
Slowly drag the Session's measures,
Or to Fate succumb.

Yet neither House has heard a solider night's talk than that of the Lords (*Monday, July* 24), in which three lights, or ex-lights, of the Foreign Office were turned on to the question of Extradition, now darkened with much dispatching, under the Treaty at present unhappily suspended between JOHN and JONATHAN.

The question lies in a nutshell. Is JOHN—having caught one of JONATHAN'S gaol-birds, and handed him over to JONATHAN under terms of an Extradition Treaty, on such evidence as would warrant his committal for trial here—bound to bind JONATHAN over not to try his gaol-bird-in-hand, now he *has* got him, on any but the charge on which JOHN handed him over? "Yes," maintains LORD DERBY. "No," argues SECRETARY FISH. And LORDS GRANVILLE, KIMBERLEY, HAMOND, COLERIDGE, and GREY—great lights, diplomatic and legal—say something very like ditto to MR. FISH. So does *Punch*, under stress of common sense as well as argument. First catch your rogue; but leave the Cooks at home to dress him. The right of political sanctuary once secured, every rogue arrested is a good riddance of bad rubbish to be thankful for, and there an end.

BRITANNIA does not bear her segis to shelter gaol-birds. The sooner the rogue-net is re-set between JOHN and JONATHAN the better. LORD DERBY must feel by this time that he has been needlessly solicitous about rascaldom. "Give and take" should be the standing rule between us and our American Cousin in all things, most of all in the case of each other's law-breakers. BRITANNIA keeps a political, not a criminal, asylum. That *must* be a bad construction of law or treaty which turns the one into the other. The restoration of the criminal-catcher is henceforth only a question of time and terms. The sooner MR. PIERREPOINT and LORD DERBY set about it the better. While honest men remain fallen out, thieves are coming by what is not their own. Who knows but the theft of the "*Duchess*" may be due to the suspended Extradition Treaty?

(*Commons.*)—MR. E. JENKINS, having asked MR. DISRAELI an ill-judged question, MR. DISRAELI gave MR. E. JENKINS an uncivil answer. Both are to be regretted, but MR. DISRAELI ought to have known better. His reputation for courtesy and good breeding is worth more than the turning of the laugh against MR. E. JENKINS.

On Education Bill—another night added to the two already wasted in stirring the fires of polemic strife with PELL'S poker.

"Your Clause I don't like, MR. PELL,
The reason why I'm free to tell:
LORD SANDON'S Bill was going well
Till your Clause marred it, MR. PELL."

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Pell asks powers to dissolve School-Boards by local vote. The Government has, ill-advisedly, accepted the clause, and avowed its preference for Voluntary over Compulsory Educational Machinery, for Schools over School-Boards, for the system as it was before 1870 to the system 1870 established. Now, apart from the merits of the matter in dispute, there is nothing England dislikes and distrusts so much as harking back in legislation. "*Litera scripta manet*" and "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*" are among her favourite mottoes. Even when she doubts the wisdom of the step taken, she feels there may be more mischief in retracing than in sticking to it. Much more when she has no such doubt. 1870 settled too many burning questions, to have their ashes now relighted by the Pellian firebrand. Unluckily, Lord Sandon has thrust that incendiary instrument into his Bill, and thereby wasted a week, set the Opposition in a blaze, and brought about two explosions of Mr. Bright's Nonconformist dynamite, which, dangerous at all times, seems fraught with ten-fold power in the present state of the weather. As if the House hadn't been hot enough for the last fortnight, without *these* smouldering fires of Church and Dissent being blown up again!

Lord Sandon seems to have seen his error, and to have done all he could to allay the conflagration, by such wet blankets as Mr. Dodson's Amendment (that there should be no dissolution of a School-Board without the sanction of the Education Department), and so forth. But, the spark had been set to the dry wood. Bright blazed forth. A. Mills kindled his Church Beacon on the other side. The Fiery Cross was sent round to summon the champions of the Church. Sir John Kennaway and Mr. Storer struck into the *mêlée* to the slogan of "Church-School and Catechism"; while Lowe and Playfair, Mundella and Dodson, Bristowe and James, Jacob Bright and Whalley, charged to the cry of "School-Board and no Creeds."

"*Aurora prælium diremit.*"—The House rising at ten minutes to three, after one of the hottest nights of the season in every sense. "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette Pell-ère!*"

Tuesday (*Commons*).—Morning Sitting. The fire kindled by the pestilent Pell-Clause still raging.

Mr. Forster moved to exempt from the operation of the clause School-Boards compulsorily formed.

Hot passages of arms between Mr. Mundella and Lord Sandon, and Lord Sandon and the veteran Roebuck.

Lord Sandon accepted an amendment requiring a vote of three-fourths of the ratepayers for dissolution.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre moved to limit application for dissolution to within three months of the expiry of School-Boards, that is, to once in three years.

The Chairman left the Chair at seven. The super-heated House had not cooled down for the transaction of business by nine, and was Counted Out.

The waste of that night, too, may be scored to Pell.

Wednesday.—Two Bills for Second Reading. One a Burial Place Bill of Mr. Talbot's, which had, with singular infelicity, combined in opposition the paladins of Church and Chapel, Beresford Hope and Osborne Morgan, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Ramsay; the other a bold Bill of Mr. E. Ashley's, for allowing accused persons to give evidence in their own cases, which Mr. Rodwell described as a return to the dark ages—but which seems to *Punch* to tend in the direction of more light rather than more darkness.

Mr. Serjeant Simon, Sir T. Chambers, Mr. Knatchbull Hugessen, Sir E. Wilmot, and the Attorney-General united in opposing Mr. Ashley's innovation. Recorder Russell Gurney was equally emphatic, and, as it seems to *Punch*, more reasonable, in recommending it. Lawyers differ as yet. The time may come when the weight of even legal opinion shall be as decidedly on Mr. Ashley's side as it now *seems* against him. And yet if there were a "balance of opinion," as there is, nominally at least, a "balance of power," query, which of Wednesday's testimonies—that for Mr. Ashley, or those against him—would kick the beam?

Thursday (*Lords*).—The only thing that occurs to us, in the present state of the weather, is that the "*Nullum Tempus* Bill"—whatever that may be—went through Third Reading in no time.

(*Commons*.)—Sir H. Wolff asked the Prime Minister whether he had reason to think the Servian plans had failed, and that the time had come for a Congress on the Eastern Question?

Mr. Disraeli, not knowing what the Servian plans were, could not say if they had failed. As for the rest of the question, the Eastern Question was about to be discussed in the House, and he would prefer to keep his powder for that.

After a desultory talk about the business, the Bills blocked, and the questions hung up—Mr. Disraeli declaring he would and could settle nothing till the Education Bill was got out of the way; and a laugh raised by a fervent wish of Mr. Ward Hunt's, in answer to an interrogatory from Mr. Goschen, that he saw his way to the end either of the Session or of the inquiry into the explosion aboard the *Thunderer*—the House went again into the Education row, pell-mell.

Lord Sandon showed his readiness to take advantage of all the buffers offered him, by accepting Mr. Shaw Lefevre's Amendment of Wednesday.

Then Mr. Bright made the most furious onslaught this Session has seen on the Bill and the Church Party, reopening every old Nonconformist raw, and pouring oil of vitriol on the stormy waters of the Debate. He moved that whenever a School-Board was dissolved, the local authority shall have all its Powers under the Act of 1870. Lord Sandon declined to introduce new elements of polemic strife into Boards of Guardians and Town Councils, but showed good taste in declining to take up any of the shower of gauntlets flung down by Mr. Bright.

At last, after a hot fire *pro* and *con*., Mr. Bright's Amendment was rejected by 120 to 63, and Mr. Pell's Amendment was voted part of the Bill by 122 to 81. Lord Sandon's dwindling majorities should teach him and his prompters what the more sensible section of his supporters think of the policy of reopening closed strifes.

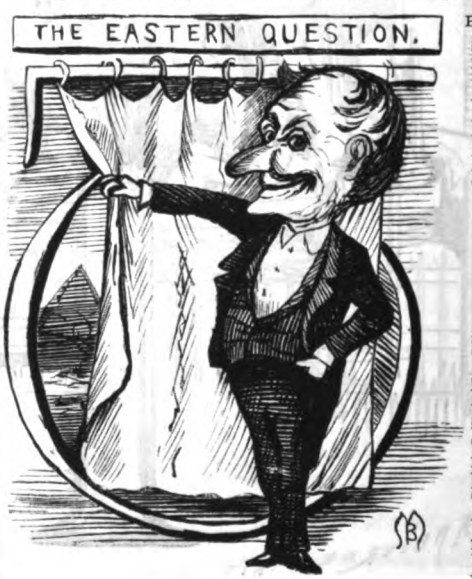
The same lesson was read to Mr. Hall—who tried to enforce provision by School-Boards for the religious instruction of children if their parents desire it, and as they desire it—by a Division of 190 to 96. But the House has not yet reached the end of the Bill; and till it is got rid of, no other business can be done. And here we are within a fortnight of the Parliamentary Last Day!

Friday (*Commons*).—Morning Sitting for Education fight. Great cry, and little wool. The House agreed to sit on Saturday, to clear the road for the Eastern Question on Monday.

Discussion of the riots in Barbadoes. Governor Henessey acquitted of aught worse than indiscretion in promising too much good from Confederation. On the whole, the Governor comes out of the mess with less discredit than the planters.

THE WAR.

(*From Our Special Correspondent. Belgrade, July* 27.)



Here has been a great battle, but as it is not yet known when, between whom, and with what result it has been fought, I delay sending particulars.

(*From Our Special Correspondent.*)

Constantinople, *July* 25.

It is officially announced that the Turkish Army, under Bunkum Pasha have achieved a glorious victory over the Servians in the neighbourhood of Tchsntiza. The Servians, who were under the command of General Vvwztks, numbered 40,000, and had twenty cannon. After a long day's fight, in which the Turks accomplished prodigies of valour, the Servians were compelled to evacuate all their positions. They left 20,000 dead on the field, 15,000 of them were taken prisoners, and the rest of the 40,000 are now in full flight. Bunkum Pasha took eighty cannon, and is confident of capturing the remainder. The Turkish loss is but slight; and it is generally considered that the war is virtually over.

(*From Our Special Correspondent.*)

Ragusa, *July* 28.

Colonel Xnitiskwi is marching on Soutaloklics. This is important, and may be decisive. The movement is creating much excitement.

(*From Our Special Correspondent.*)

Belgrade, *July* 29.

I mentioned in my last telegram that a great battle had been fought, and I am now in a position to give you all particulars. On July 26th the Servians, 5000 strong, under General Vvwztks, attacked the strong position which the Turks held at Tchsntiza. After two days' incessant fighting, the fortunes of war inclined to General Vvwztks, and the Turks were beaten along the whole line. This virtually finishes the war.

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(*From Our Special Correspondent.*)

VIENNA, *July* 30.

YOU must not believe any telegrams sent you from Belgrade, or indeed from any place except here. The stories about sanguinary engagements are all false. As a matter of fact there has been no fighting at all yet. Rely upon me, as soon as there is a battle, to send you full and truthful particulars.

(*From Our Special Correspondent.*)

ODESSA, *July* 29.

GENERAL KLIKLITZ has been recalled. Owing to the deplorable ignorance of the natives of this town, I am at present unable to tell you who the General is, where he has been recalled from, why he has been recalled, who has recalled him, and what is going to be done to him.

(*From Our Special Correspondent.*)

BERLIN, *July* 31.

BERLIN is the only place where any trustworthy information can be obtained from the seat of war. Constantinople, in particular, is a hot-bed of lies. There has been much severe fighting, but with no important results. Rely upon me for early news.

(*From Our Special Correspondent.*)

CONSTANTINOPLE, *August* 1.

THE Turks have won another great victory. This is official. Hopes are loudly expressed here that your Correspondent at Belgrade may have been hanged.

(*From Our Special Correspondent.*)

BELGRADE, *August* 1.

THE Servians have totally defeated the Turkish army. There was much rejoicing here last night when it was announced that your Constantinople Correspondent had been shot.

(*From Our Special Correspondent.*)

VIENNA, *August* 1.

I IMPLORE you to put no faith in any telegrams but those I send you. There has been no fighting at all.

(*From Our Special Correspondent.*)

BERLIN, *August* 1.

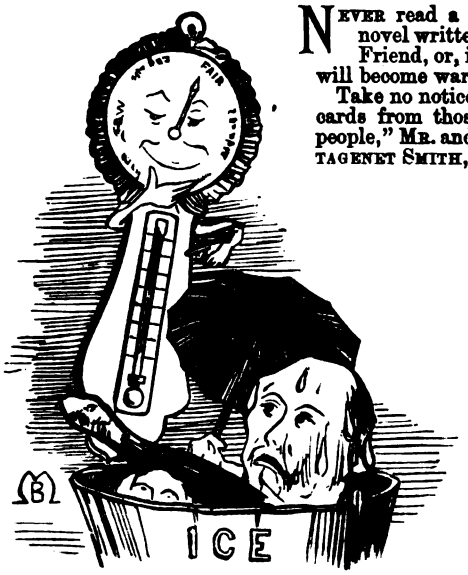
IT is worse than useless to print anything except my contributions. There has been more severe fighting. This is true.

To Our Special Correspondents.

PUNCH OFFICE, *August* 2.

COME home at once. I can't understand a word of what you are sending me. You contradict each other all round, and I can't make out your names, places, or dates. I believe you are all at Margate. But wherever you are, you had better come home. Rely upon one thing—no more remittances will be sent.

HOW TO KEEP COOL IN HOT WEATHER.



NEVER read a notice of your last novel written by an Anonymous Friend, or, if you are warm you will become warmer.

Take no notice of any number of cards from those "very particular people," MR. and MRS. PERCY PLANTAGENET SMITH, and forget all about their last invitation to a "small and early." Greet them afterwards from the knife-board of an omnibus, and you will find their reception of your salutation remarkably cool even for August.

On no account have a *carte de visite* taken of yourself for the girl of your heart. Anxiety and a thing screwed tightly into the back of your head during the process, will rapidly raise your blood to something like fever heat.

Don't be led into a discussion about the Eastern Question with an Irishman who can see no difference between the cruelties of the Turks in Bulgaria, and the brutalities of the English in the Emerald Isle.

Don't argue about the Mobilisation Scheme with a Militia Subaltern, the construction of Ironclads with a Recruit belonging to the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, and the Prisons Bill with a Deputy-Lieutenant of this year's appointment.

MOBILISATION.

"*E pur* non *muove.*"

THE publication of the following opinions anent the "Mobilisation Experiment" requires no apology.

Lieut.-General Sir Stock Dunderhed, G.C.B. (*Ensign's Commission dated* 1817).—Stuff and nonsense, Sir! Bringing a lot of men together, Sir—what for, Sir, what for? To show 'em where to go in case of an invasion! Stuff and nonsense, Sir! In case of an invasion the proper place for the British Army, Sir, would be in front of the Enemy. English Soldiers don't want to be taught *that*, Sir! The march of science, indeed! Stuff and nonsense, Sir! What we did sixty years ago, we can do again, Sir. The Duke, Sir, never wanted a Mobilisation scheme, Sir, nor do I. And now pass the port, Sir.

Major-General Sir Blottyng Paper, K.C.B. (*of the Intelligence Department, W. O.*).—A perfect success, reflecting the greatest credit upon everybody concerned. I feel sure that were our shores to be invaded we now could put every man in his proper place in comparatively no time. All we should want would be a few more horses, a few more men, and the means of transport. I consider that my Department has honestly earned the hearty praise it is waiting to receive. The work has been something enormous, ever since we received instructions (in the Spring) about the proposed proceedings. After the late experiment I may say that in the event of a descent upon our shores being attempted, we could get Infantry, Cavalry, and Reserves, into their appointed districts, without requiring more than six months' notice from the Enemy.

Colonel Martin Henry (*of the Regulars*).—May do the men some good. Gets them under canvas, and accustoms them to travelling in heavy marching order. Awful bore for the Officers—double duty and a bad mess. On the whole, can't exactly see what harm it can do; on the other hand, can't find out what's the good of it. Well, it amuses the War Office and the Public, and doesn't hurt us, and so we needn't complain. And now, Mr. President, shall we go into the ante-room?

Colonel Enfield (*of the Militia*).—The worst thing in the world, Sir, for us. Whenever they take us from our head-quarters, our recruiting is thrown back for years. The men learn nothing. Remember we are only out twenty-seven days. Allowing for three Sundays, four half-holidays, two days for giving out the clothing, two days for paying off and taking the uniforms into store, the inspection, and say three wet days, and the twenty-seven are reduced to a miserable fortnight. We want every hour of those fourteen days, and "the Mobilisation Experiment" robs us of nearly all of them. It's a great pity, Sir, they don't leave us alone.

Trooper Wurzel (*of the Yeomanry*).—Ha! ha! ha! As if we were going to take our horses to be half starved and quite worked to death. We said we wouldn't go, and we didn't. The "Experiment" has only proved that where there's a will thereisn't always a way. Mobilisation won't move *us*. I believe you, my boy!

Captain Lounge (*of the —th Hussars, Clubs, Rag, Junior, Naval and Military, and the Raleigh*).—Not quite the thing, you know, for a noble sportsman. Taking a lot of warriors away from town in the height of the season, and sticking them in a horrid hole without food and water, is scarcely the way to promote chirpiness. Tell you what, old man, if they try it on again, I shall send in my papers, and go in for a flutter in the wine-trade. Waiter! Another split brandy-and-soda and the cigar-box.

Lieutenant Read (*Head in the Civil Service Examination*).—I have considered the matter very carefully, and have commenced a pamphlet upon the subject, which would have been finished by this time had I not been ordered a course of position-drill by my commanding officer.

Messrs. Counter and Till (*Tradesmen, Horsham, also at Cheltenham*).—A very good idea, indeed. But mind you, it's not a bit of good if you knock the Soldiers about. Let them get well accustomed to any two places. You've begun with Horsham and Cheltenham. Then stick to Horsham and Cheltenham. Not that *we* are interested in the matter. When all's said and done, our takings during the Experiment wasn't much more than about five times as much as usual.

Mr. Punch (*Adviser-General to the British Public, Greatest Sage of this or any other Age, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.*).—For a first attempt not so very bad. No transport and far too much notice. To sum up, the Mobilisation of the Army would have been eminently successful if the Soldiers had only been able—to move!

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A GENERIC DIFFERENCE.

First Schoolgirl (*Sweet Eighteen*). "I *am* so tired of Walking along by Twos and Twos in this way! It's as bad as the Animals going into the Ark!"

Second Ditto (*ditto ditto*). "*Worse!* Half of *them* were Masculine!"

DIET IN THE DOG-DAYS.

(*Compiled from Various Authorities in the Medical Press.*)

During the prevalence of hot weather:—

1. Meat should be eschewed.
2. Fish should be looked upon with suspicion, if not dispensed with altogether.
3. Poultry contains but little nourishment, decomposes rapidly, and cannot be recommended.
4. For health, Tinned Provisions are out of the question.
5. The excessive fermentation of Bread in hot weather renders it indigestible and unwholesome.
6. The sometimes fatal effect of stale Vegetables, and the difficulty inexperienced cooks have in detecting their stale condition, render the use of Green Vegetables, in particular, extremely risky.
7. Fruit, unless at first hand, is so much poison.
8. Pastry of all kinds impedes the digestion, and throws the internal machinery out of gear.
9. Recent revelations with regard to Milk will caution all persons against its use, even when direct from the Cow that imbibes sewage water. The same remark may apply to Butter.
10. Pilchards and Sardines contain so much doubtful oil of their own, and that which surrounds them is too often so doubtful also, that it is impossible to advise their use.
11. Many a constitution has been sacrificed to Made Dishes.
12. Of Eggs, unless laid on the premises, the less said the better.

And now with regard to drinks and stimulants in hot weather:—

1. Those who drink adulterated Tea, Coffee, &c., know the risks they run. No stomach can stand them long at any time.
2. Two-thirds of the trash known as "Aërated Waters" contain nothing but a little impure gas pumped into impure water.
3. Ordinary Water should undergo two or three processes before it is fit to drink.
4. With regard to Ice, it is to be feared that a large proportion of it is derived from horse-ponds.
5. Wines within the reach of ordinary incomes only have the effect of over-heating the system, and producing lamentable results.
6. Weak Whiskey-and-water might be recommended, were it not for the deadly fusil oil contained in most Whiskeys.
7. To drink the best Pale Brandy implies the millionnaire. Among Brandies of the ordinary class, Brown Brandy has been considered least, but only least, injurious.
8. Gin is always debilitating, and sometimes actually poisonous.

It is *Mr. Punch's* painful duty to inform the Public that, as a consequence of compiling the above "Hints," *Mr. Punch's* Nervous Contributor has been endeavouring to sustain life on Brown Brandy and Bloaters. The result is scarcely satisfactory.

VERY SERIOUS SHAMMING.

What have Mr. Routledge and Mr. Booth to say to this (from the *Yorkshire Post* of July 21)?—

"A Dying Prisoner refused Medical Aid.—At the Borough Court on Wednesday—before Mr. J. Routledge and Mr. W. Booth—a poor, dejected-looking creature, who gave the name of Patrick Daly, and described himself as being a bricklayer, was charged with having been found drunk in the Market Place at Pontefract, on the night of Tuesday. The poor fellow was apparently suffering great pain, and begged the Bench to allow him to be taken into the Union House and seen by a Doctor. This request, which was over and over again asked at the hands of the Bench, was disregarded. * * * As he was being removed in a sinking condition from the court the same request was most pitiably made, but the poor man was informed he could see a Doctor on reaching Wakefield. He was conveyed there, and while proceeding through the streets he died at the feet of the police-officer who had apprehended him, and was conveying him to the House of Correction."

The promise of the Bench has not been broken. Poor Pat Daly has seen a Doctor—or rather a Doctor has seen him—at Wakefield for *post-mortem* examination.

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NEUTRALITY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Dizzy. "BULGARIAN ATROCITIES! I CAN'T FIND THEM IN THE 'OFFICIAL REPORTS'!!!"

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"THE LIAR BIRD."

RECENTLY OBSERVED IN GREAT NUMBERS AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

On the Way to Ireland—Lunch—Information—A Genuine Start, or very near it.

We lunch—KEPPEL BIRKETT, and myself. BIRKETT is enthusiastic about Ireland. "Ah!" he exclaims, "the dear old country! I envy you. I wish I were going with you."

I press him to come. He considers before replying; then he asks me the day of the month; then he frowns, and appears to be "thinking it out." Presently he shakes his head, and says, regretfully, "I'm afraid I can't."

KEPPEL BIRKETT never says "No" decidedly. I do not believe that "No" is in his vocabulary. As a rule, he *means* "No," but he doesn't like to say it all at once. My belief about KEPPEL is, that were I to meet him, and say, "My dear KEPPEL, I'm off to Timbuctoo to-morrow," he would immediately reply, "Timbuctoo! dear old Timbuctoo!" (*Happy Thought.*—What a beautiful name for an Irishman—TIM BUCKTOO! Note this under the letter "*N*"—Nomenclature—for *Typical Developments*, Vol. , Book , Chap. .) And then he would probably go on to say, "Ah! many's the pleasant day I've had in Timbuctoo!" Whereupon he would (I am sure) be eloquently silent for a few moments, while his manner generally would lead his hearers to imagine that he was recalling such romantic details of his life in Timbuctoo as it would be a breach of confidence on his part to mention, even to his dearest friend. If I then changed the scheme, and observed, "I beg your pardon—I didn't mean Timbuctoo, I meant Japan—I'm off to Japan to-morrow," he would be sure, after a pause, to reply, with quite another expression of countenance, conveying the idea that his reminiscences connected with Japan had rather more of a comic than a romantic side,—"Ah! dear old Japan! Ah!"—with a laugh, as though, if he liked, he could tell me something, about his personal adventures in Japan, that would amuse me intensely,—"Ah! Japan! It's a charming place, if you only get hold of the right people. You must know the MIKADO—a dear old boy—and old HANIN YOKO, who's immense fun—full of anecdote!" Then he would fall into a reverie, waiting to be drawn out by a process of further questioning.

However, it not being a question of Timbuctoo or Japan, but of Ireland, he confines himself to the subject in hand. He can't go himself, but he can give all the information, and the introductions, which will be of the greatest possible service to me. He has all sorts of out-of-the-way things for me to do; and I listen eagerly.

"What line of country shall I take?" I ask, note-book in hand, and expecting to be furnished with a detailed plan of travel, which shall include lakes, mountains, waterfalls, wonderful rocks, &c.

"Well," he says, "I'll tell you. You mustn't miss a breakfast at the Zoo—near the monkey-house. Charming! Such a set of good fellows! Such wit! such stories! such——" here, being quite at a loss for words to express his admiration of these Zoological Fellows, he finishes by nodding at me heartily, exclaiming, "Ah! Quite a thing to see!"

I note down "*Monkey-house*"—"*Breakfast*"—"*Zoo*"—"*Fellows!!*" and he proceeds:—

"Then you must go up to the Monastery in the Hills——"

I note down "*Monastery in the Hills*," and ask him "What name?"

He doesn't remember the name at that moment, but he'll give me an introduction to some of the members of the Club—"the best fellows in the world!"—(all KEPPEL's friends are "the best fellows in the world!") "And," he continues, "you'll have a real treat. You'll meet the Doctor, and CRUMP—d'ye know CRUMP? He's a Parson—ah! you *must* know *him*—full of songs and the raciest stories! You mustn't expect anything big in the way of dinner; you'll only get roast and boiled there; and the Monks do it. It's grand!"

"To what Order," I ask, "do these Monks belong?"

I am deeply interested, for it sounds mediæval and picturesque; only, I never heard of an Order of "Cooking Monks," who served Club dinners for the delectation of a Doctor and a singing Parson.

He doesn't remember exactly to what Order. "But," he goes on, "there they are in the grounds, in their grey or brown habits—quite takes you back to the old days." He says this as if he had a distinct and vivid recollection of the 'old days,' and deeply regretted them; implying thereby that his *première jeunesse* must have been about four hundred years ago. "You'll have," he continues, "a first-rate dinner; first-rate conversation, songs and whiskey afterwards—such songs!—such whiskey!"—and KEPPEL lifts up his eyes to Heaven, as though in grateful remembrance of a sip of nectar, and smacks his lips. Then he returns to earth—"and a drive home on a car!—first-rate! There are only two Monks left now—dear old boys!"

Only two Monks left! I suppose the work for the Club was too much for them; but I note down, "*Two Monks*," "*In the Hills*," "*Dinner*," "*Drive Home*." Then I ask him, "What else?" as this, though delightful as far as it goes, doesn't seem to me to absolutely exhaust a visit to Ireland.

He considers. "Ah!" he exclaims, as if suddenly recalling scenes of the brightest description, "You mustn't miss a lecture at Trinity College; *you can go in free*, and hear just as much as you like. You *ought* to do *that*. Then—let me see—ah!—you must visit the National Schools: wonderful sight! I'll give you an introduction to Old Thingummy—I've got his name at home—the Secretary—oh, the best fellow in the world!" I note down hurriedly, so as not to lose a word of his valuable instruction (as something must come out of it at last), "*National Schools—Sec. best fellow in the world.*" Then I look up, inquiringly, for more.

"Of course," he says, "you'll go to the Phœnix—you should go when there's something 'on'; but that you'll find out. At least I'll give you a line to DR. MACSALVER. Ah, you'll like *him* immensely!" Here he becomes enthusiastic. "He's the best, the kindest, the warmest-hearted old boy that ever lived!"

I note down, "DR. MACSALVER—*best, kindest—ever lived.*"

Happy Thought.—What's his address?

Ah! *that*, KEPPEL can't recollect at the moment, but he has it at home, and will write to the kindest and best of men immediately he gets back to his rooms, to say that I'm coming.

I thank him heartily. But still I want to know, though I do not like to interrupt him in his flow of information, "How about my line of country?"

"Oh," he says, as if this were a mere matter of course, "you'll go to Bray, and the Wicklow Mountains, and see all that."

I note down, for my itinerary, "*Bray—Wicklow Mountains—and all that.*"

"And," continues KEPPEL, "I'll give you an introduction to FATHER TOM."

"Will you?" I exclaim. I am now really delighted. This *does* sound something like Irish life. It conjures up the *Colleen Bawn* scene, *Eily O'Connor*, *Miles*, and *Father Tom* brewing the whiskey and singing "*Grammachree ma Cruiskeen Lawn.*" Not to mention "PHIZ'S" illustrations to *Charles O'Malley*, *Jack Hinton*, *Harry Lorrequer*, from which delightful works by the late CHARLES LEVER my present store of knowledge of Ireland is principally derived.

"Ah," says KEPPEL, "you'll be *enchanted* with *him*. Such wit! such spirits! such—— but, upon my soul, I envy you your trip."

Happy Thought.—I am going to Ireland to see FATHER TOM. I should also like an introduction to *Miles-na-Coppaleen*, the *Colleen Bawn*, and a few others of the same sort.

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BETTER THAN BEATING HER!

Artisan (who has been "catching it" from his "Missis"). "LOOK HERE, 'LIZA! STOPS TEETH MODERATE!"—(*With a placable nudge.*)—"'WONDER WHAT HE'D STOP YOUR 'JAW' FOR!" [*Storm clears off.*

HARD LINES AT LORD'S.

Much bethumped Cricket-Ball loquitur.

NOTHING like leather? That might have been said
Once, when a bowler could "bowl with his head."
Now,—ah go to! Who would echo the cry,
Who had had such an afternoon's thwacking as I?
Just the old story, "the bowling quite collared."
"Fours" thick as blackberries. Lor! how they hollared—
Noodles, whose new-fangled notion of Cricket
Is score of two hundred and never a wicket!
"*Hit, Sir!*"—oh hang it! Would each empty head
That howled *that* had felt THORNTON'S "slogs" in my stead.
Cricket? Absurd! *I've* about as much share
In the fun of the game as—in hunting—the hare.
Mainly along o' those GRACES. Good gracious!
Four hundred, not out! It is simply audacious.
Cricket, with WALKER, WEBBE, LYTTLETON, YARDLEY,
All in three figures or thereabout! Hardly!
Oh for a CLARKE or two! Bounceable Bat
Then might experience sweet tit-for-tat.
SHAW, Sir? Ah, pshaw! We are wanting, and sorely,
Trundlers more killing than he, HILL, or MORLEY.
I am neglected, quite down in the dumps:
Scarce get a chance at those stuckuppish stumps.
Every young duffer must go in for slogging,
Blind to the glory of artfully fogging
Cracks with a curly one. Spoiling the game, Sir!
Not half a chance for me. Thundering shame, Sir!
Bat *versus* Ball! Who will champion *me*,
And take the shine out of that W. G.?

"Help Yourselves, Young Ladies!"

LET *Punch* give a wider circulation than even the *Birmingham Gazette* to this rare chance for a Lady Help—

WANTED, a GOVERNESS, to instruct and take charge of five children under 10, and assist in their wardrobes. Requirements, English, Music, and French. Salary £14.—Address, &c.

HORSE AND DOG DAYS.

THE late weather, though inimical to verdure, has been propitious to the Turf. Sporting men say they have not for years known such heats at Goodwood.

"Oh!" KEPPEL goes on, rapturously, "I never spent such a time as I did in Ireland. I wish I could manage to come with you."

"Do," I say, heartily. (This is an inexpensive form of invitation, and it somehow sounds uncommonly hospitable.)

"Ah, I'm afraid I can't," he returns. "I would, if I hadn't an appointment with a fellow here—most important: if I miss him I shall lose a big chance—twenty thousand pounds p'raps."

KEPPEL has always a really forcible reason for *not* doing what he is uncertain, at the moment, whether he would like to do or not. He is invariably going to meet some one who will make his (KEPPEL'S) fortune on the spot; only—though he has been going to meet this enterprising capitalist any time within these last ten years—the expected individual has somehow or another failed, at the last moment, to put in an appearance. Ask KEPPEL afterwards how it was that the great event didn't come off, he will answer carelessly, and just as contentedly as though he had realised a fortune by the transaction, "Oh, I don't know. There was some muddle somewhere. It would have been a 'big thing,' if it had come off. But"—and he becomes confidential—"I've got something on *now*, my boy . . . only I can't mention it to a soul at present . . . but, I've to meet a man"—here he refers to his watch, which he has apparently set by this other man's—"in half an hour, who'll tell me whether he will undertake it or not. If he *does*, and I'm pretty sure he will, it's a fortune. Sorry I can't stop now, as I've to meet him. Ta! ta!" and he's off.

We part. He promises me letters of introduction to everyone in and out of Dublin, and even to the Steward of the Holyhead steamer. "Telegraph for a berth," are his last words as he leaves me, "and"—this very heartily—"*mention my name.*"

"I will!" I say, with equal heartiness. But when he has disappeared it occurs to me that there will be a difficulty about telegraphing for a berth to the Steward (which Steward? which steamer?), and mentioning somebody else's name. For example:—

"*From Myself to Steward of Steamer.—Keep berth for me, because you know* MR. KEPPEL BIRKETT."

Must send to KEPPEL, and ask him for further details. In the meantime I feel that *now* I have a chance; now——

Happy Thought (*quotation*).—"Now I'm furnished for my flight," or shall be directly I get the letters from K. B.

At all events I've made some useful notes. I will read them.

Notes for Ireland.—Monkey-house . . . Zoo . . . Breakfast . . . Monastery . . . boiled and roast . . . drive back . . . Lecture . . Trinity College . . . free . . . National Schools . . . Sec. . . . Thingummy . . . best fellow in the world . . . Phœnix . . . DR. MACSALVER *. . . best . . . kindest . . . address where? . . . Bray . . . Wicklow Mountains . . . "all that" . . .* FATHER TOM . . .

And that's all. A little vague.

In my Room.—While thinking of writing to KEPPEL, his servant comes with a packet. KEPPEL BIRKETT has been better than his word. Five letters of introduction, and a note to wish me *bon voyage*, and to tell me that he has been writing to everyone.

Arrival of Post.—Letter from FORDE MACKINNON. *He* has written to everyone too, and sends me names and addresses.

Happy Thought.—Yes. *Now* I am furnished for my flight.

Next Step.—Euston Station. Late train. London, farewell! As I step out of the cab at Euston already I feel an Irish influence stealing over me. I am inclined to say to the Cabman, who objects to eightcenpence, "Bedad, Sorr! will ye tread on the tail of me coat?" But I only think this, I don't say it: perhaps if I had a shillelagh I might. Instead, I refer the matter to a Policeman, who sides with the Cabman, and I give the man two shillings, with twopence to the Policeman for his opinion.

Happy Thought.—Much Continental travelling has accustomed English *voyageurs* to give *sous* to foreign porters, and, on their return to England, they keep up the practice in *pence*. At least, *I* do; and, of course, I represent a section of the public. Years ago, nothing was given under a shilling, or sixpence at the least. The introduction of *threepennies* was a great saving, besides having a pretty effect as a gift. But why give a Policeman twopence for an adverse opinion? (Notes made while waiting at the Station for half an hour before the train starts.)

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EXPENSIVE HABITS.

"Please, Miss, I want a 'Penny Smoke'!"

"We have no Penny Cigars, but you can have one at Three Halfpence!"

"All right, Miss! 'And it over! I never mind *what* I Pay for a good Weed!"

Alexander Russel.

What! "Russel of the *Scotsman*" dead?
Why, Death himself should hang the head,
And never dare to tell the lie,
That such a living force could die.

The shadows that make up our night,
Were growing thin for him to fight.
But still he fights, we think with pride,
Our battle from the other side!

Hard head, warm heart, and liberal hand,
Open or shut, to bless or brand;
Large-moulded, with Norse fire aglow;
This was a man, to friend or foe!

A thirteen-tumbler man, at times,
Who heard but heeded not the chimes
Of midnight; and at morning-call
Was freshest, merriest man of all.

Long in our *mêlée* will be missed
The mace of Russel's mighty fist,
That struck, and, wasting nought in sound,
Buried its blow without rebound.

With "derring-do," and thought that strives,
Erect his statue in your lives,
Warm-blooded, not in marble wan—
The living measure of the man!

Walhalla! Rise and welcome him
Across the Braga-Beaker's rim;
And, that his glory may be full,
Brim high some Water-Drinker's Skull.

Pigeon English.

Great excitement accompanied by a joyous flutter is observable in the dovecotes near Hurlingham and Shepherd's Bush. The close of the season is remarkable for the fact that where everyone was letting off his gun, the proprietors are now letting off the pigeons. The noisy "*coup*" *de feu* is replaced by the self-gratulating "*coo*" *de joie* of the respited blue-rocks.

A Question of Course.

The publication of Mr. Browning's new poem, *Pacchiarotto, and how he worked in Distemper*, has led numerous Scotchmen to inquire if Pacchiarotto was a *vet.?*

"MOBILISATION" FROM A LOW POINT OF VIEW.

Loughrea Rifles,
The Camp, Cove Common, nr. Aldershott.
Sunday.

Me Dear Tim,

I got yours and was very glad to have heerd from you. Faix and I'll be glad to get out of this, divil such a place iver I see. The rigment left Horsham for this on Thursday, we was up at 5 in the morning drillin then marched a thunderin long way to some place where the railway was, Gilford they called it I think but these English names bother me intirely, well bedad when we got there nivir a train was riddy at all at all, and there we was waitin till one in the mornin lyin out in a field as though we was sheep. Thin we took our sates, and sure them caridges are not as good as on our own Athenry and Tuam Line, and a desperate crowd in it always. Well when we got to this Aldershot we had to pitch our tents, and no food or fire to be had, nivir a bit I got from Thursday at noon till nine o'clock on Friday mornin. Ye'l see a grate change in me, I'm worn to the bone intirely.

There was a terrybel day yesterday what these English call a revew. We had to be under arrums at half past one. I thought to get off sayin I was ill, but the Docthor was too cute for me. Hah ye schaming scoundrel says he get back wid ye to the ranks, dont let me have any more of your dirthy thricks or twill be worse for ye. So bedad away they marched us over a powderin dusty plane, not worth a shillin an acre 'twouldnt feed a goat itself leave alone a sheep. Me wather botle leked and ivery drop ran away on me before we got to the ground at all, only for Jim Murphy givin me a sup I would be dead with the thirst. Well sure there was a powerful dale of throop on the ground. Them men with black horses, and kind of dish covers on them was a fine lot, but all that iron must be killin hot. We marched past the Prince in grate style t'was a fine day for Ireland anyway, but what with the manuverin back and forards I went near being kilt and murthered. The megur is a desperate hard man, as we came home the thirst was on me so bad, that crossin the canal, I was nearly bet up altogether, so I made one rush to get a drop of wather in me shaco, faith he was down on me like a cat afther a mouse, and his sowrd drawn, and the grate black horse he has tearin afther me like blazes. Give me one drop Meejur says I, oh you chiken hearted villin says he get back wid ye now like lightnin or I'll kill ye ye ruffin says he. Faix ye may swear I was back soon enough for sure he's awful determined and I didnt know what he might do to me. Well Tim take me word for it, and niver jine the mileesha, I'd rather be in the poorhouse itself than soljerin again, so I would. There's the bugle bad cess to it, so no more now from your frend

Pat Egan.

Mr. Tim Mahoney, *Back Street, Galway.*

Advice to those about to travel with much luggage.

Stay at home. The elephant, that most sagacious of animals, never moves with more than one trunk, and *that* not registered, but attached to his body.

Seasonable Coincidence.

Protracted debates upon Education in the House of Commons coincident with prolonged drought out-of-doors.

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ODOR RITUALISTICUS.

Extra-Protestant Parishioner (to his Vicar). "I 'VE LONG BEEN OF OPINION THAT 'CAUSE YEOU DU'STN'T BURN INCENSE, YEOU GOT THEM PARAFFIN LAMPS 'STEAD O' CANDLES, SO AS TO HEV *SOME* SMELL IN THE CHU'CH!!!"

IN THE SHADE.

An Optimistic View of the Great Heat Question.

"Circumstances alter cases."—*Old Saw.*

HORRIBLY hot? Ah! no doubt—in the City;
Phœbus is there an ignipotent foe,
Sunshine a thing to be shunned—more's the pity:
Here we exult in Sol's aureate glow.
There the still-rising thermometers terrify;
What need we care, in this verdurous glade,
Though ours may mark—as a glance, dear, will verify—
Ninety degrees in the shade?

Summer at last! Sure a seven years' waiting
Seems to have passed since we saw her full face.
How the leaves laugh at her! Town-thralls are rating
Her too torrid glance in their verdureless place.
Here she smiles soft through a veil of glad greenery.
So, doff your hat, dear. Nay, bind not that braid.
Pleasant to gaze on yon sun-suffused scenery,—
Ninety degrees in the shade!

Cool is the plash of the river, and cooling
Each curve of your drapery. You have a lore,
Taught you by Nature, that needs not the schooling
In "colour" and "keeping" of LEIGHTON or MOORE.
In sober truth, though you mock it so merrily,
Scarce were *Sabrina* more aptly arrayed.
Gazing upon you I ask, is it, verily,
Ninety degrees in the shade?

Town's modish slaves are debating the question
Whither to fly for laborious rest;
Here we 're *at home* with sweet Leisure—suggestion
Utterly strange to the tour-planner's breast!
Read! You well know who my favourite poet is.
Idle Iambics! Eh? Tired, I'm afraid!
Lay your head here. *We* can slumber, although it is
Ninety degrees in the shade!

HYGIENE IN HOT WEATHER.

A MILLER, as is well known, wears his hat for the purpose of keeping his head warm. What is applicable to the head is applicable to the whole body from top to toe; therefore, to keep the head cool, a black hat is preferable, and for the body likewise a suit of sable. Contrarily, therefore, to common practice, instead of wearing light-coloured fabrics with the temperature at 80° in the shade, put yourself into decent mourning.

Such being the fact that colds are sometimes caught in hot weather through sitting in a draught, carefully close all doors and windows both day and night.

Health chiefly suffers from excessive perspiration, which is very "lowering," consequently strength requires to be kept up by reparation of wasted tissue, particularly by eating and drinking as much as possible of solid food and cordial and generous liquor, chops and steaks, bottled stout, port wine, grog, punch, in addition to all the lighter wines and other beverages commonly in use. Tripe-and-onions and Irish stew are peculiarly wholesome; and a broiling summer is really the right season for Christmas plum-pudding. It is a mistake to suppose that the diet should consist principally of fish, fruit, and vegetables, though if plenty of more nutritious food be taken, the more of those other things you eat, too, the better.

After a full meal rest is indispensable; indeed, as little exercise should be taken as possible, for any attempt to move is felt to be laborious, and the sense of developed energy and relief from oppression developed, for example, by resolute perseverance in walking, is fallacious. In India men commonly recline in a high temperature, sipping brandy-pawnee with great benefit to their livers, as is well known; and you cannot do better, if you have nothing else to do, than sit still the greater part of the day between your meals, or, at any rate, after dinner till supper-time, and after that till bed-time, smoking cigars and drinking soda-water and brandy. If you feel any sense of the sort of discomfort commonly called "seediness," of a morning, you will find a glass of sherry-and-bitters, or a little absinthe, or some other kind of innocent "pick-me-up," quickly put you all to rights again without the least detriment to your constitution.

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Mortimer Collins.

BORN JUNE 29, 1827. DIED JULY 28, 1876.

The Everlasting Silence has suddenly come down upon a clear, joyous, and musical voice, which for the last two years has rung among the most regular as well as blithest in our weekly concert.

Mortimer Collins, in the apparent fulness of health and strength, has been carried off, after two days' illness, by disease of the heart, induced it may be, certainly brought to a head, by the wear and tear of literary labour, which for many years past had known no intermission, not even for the ordinary interval of a brief yearly holiday. In the most literal sense of the words, "he died in harness." "The natural end," the Cynic may say, "of the literary hack." Not the less sad is the thought how much nobler in results, as well as longer-sustained, his labour might have been under better-regulated conditions and happier circumstances.

As Journalist (Provincial and Metropolitan), Essayist, Critic, Novelist, Poet, Mortimer Collins has done much gay and genial, much ingenious and suggestive, much graceful and scholarly, work; though the best of it, no doubt, in all kinds, might, with more leisure, have been better. But though the field was too constantly cropped for the harvest ever to come to its perfection, it grew always wholesome and pure grain, with sap of scholarship, fine colour of fancy, and the juice of a large, kindly, and generous nature. He wrote the *Secret of Long Life* to teach men to live a century, and himself died at forty-nine.

He was a man who, in an unconventional way, deeply believed in God, and strove to do his duty honestly and punctually by his employers, loving his family and friends: variously accomplished, happy under hard labour, and helpful to all he could help, by word or deed.

Two stanzas of a Poem which terminates his last published volume of Verse may form his worthiest epitaph:—

"The Poet may tread earth sadly,
Yet is he Dreamland's king,
And the fays at his bidding gladly
Visions of beauty bring;
But his joys will be rarer, finer,
Away from this earthly stage,
When he, who is now a minor,
Comes of age.
* * * * *
"Roll on, O tardy cycle,
Whose death is the Poet's birth!
Blow soon, great trump of Michael,
Shatter the crust of earth!
Let the slow spheres turn faster;
Hasten the heritage
Of him who, as life's true master,
Comes of age!"

CHIEF OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN LONDON DURING AUGUST.

In Belgrave Square.—Several rows of magnificent brown Holland window-blinds.

In Rotten Row.—Private Jones (3rd Life Guards Green), waiting in vain for Miss Mary Jane Smith (Nursery Superintendent—out of town with "her people.")

In Bond Street.—A Policeman (very rare).

In Charing Cross.—An empty Hansom carefully avoiding Northumberland Avenue.

In Piccadilly.—A Footman (on board wages) in a straw hat.

In Leicester Square.—M. Le Duc de Chateau Ordinaire, just arrived from France to take part in the gaieties of the "High Life" during the London Season.

In the Strand.—A Country Cousin.

In Oxford Street.—Another.

In Regent Street.—The Infant Deputy of the Regular Crossing Sweeper.

In Hanover Square.—A home-sick cat.

In the British Museum.—Several specimens of the Government Official.

In Pall Mall.—The solitary Sentry in front of Marlborough House.

In St. James' Park.—The Park Keeper.

In All Saints, Margaret's Street.—The officiating Clergy.

In the Zoological Gardens.—Chief Representatives of the Human Race to be found in the Monkey House.

In the West End Generally.—Nobody.

In the East End.—The usual Couple of Millions or so. And lastly,

In 85, *Fleet Street.—Mr. Punch's locum tenens*—the Venerable *Toby.*

CENTRE OF CIVILISATION.

Did Victor Hugo call Paris "the brain of the world"? The great Metropolis and Centre of Cookery might rather perhaps be denominated the world's stomach; but "*Magister Artium Venter:*" so it is all one.

PADDY'S AUTONOMY.

There's a mighty fine thing in vogue,
Which, by divil a bit of pseudonomy,
In an iligant Grecian brogue
Slav insurgents call "Autonomy:"
Jupiter, Venus, and Mars,
Wid the rest of our scheme of astronomy,
Is a system of separate stars,
That has aich got its own "Autonomy."
'Tis a plain and simple phrase,
Not at all at all a metonymy,
For it manes just as much as it says
Without the laist smack of homonymy.
The Jews, in the times of old,
According to Deuteronomy,
By the best accounts we're told,
Enjoyed a nate "Autonomy."
And who can be such a fool
As not to perceive the synonomy
Of the terrum with Butt's "Home Rule,"
Or, "Irish Domestic Economy"?

POISONS AND FIGS.

Note a strange, but seasonable, paragraph in the *Pall Mall Gazette* concerning:—

"Tartar Emetic.—At Ballina, on Wednesday, a grocer was remanded on the charge of selling tartar emetic for cream of tartar. Five persons had a narrow escape from death through the mistake."

Is it lawful for a grocer to sell tartar emetic at all? In that case the sooner it ceases to be lawful the better; unless on condition that grocers shall have to be qualified by a proper examination to deal in drugs, as well as in groceries. Even then it would be desirable that an extended inscription over the grocer's shop-door should describe him as "Licensed to deal in tea, coffee, tobacco, snuff, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, prussic acid, oil of vitriol, tartar emetic, vinegar, pepper, and poisons generally."

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



SATURDAY sitting, *July* 29. Better day, better deed. The House met and fought the Education Bill as far as Report, so as to leave Monday free for the Eastern Question.

Monday, July 31.—"Who'll tread on the tail of my Foreign Office uniform?" might have been LORD DERBY'S cry—(*Lords*)—through a night's talk, in which nobody seemed disposed to turn on any tap stronger than milk and water. LORD STRATHEDEN'S tame Resolution in favour of supporting the treaties of 1856, was followed up by a long-winded vindication of our policy in the Crimean War from LORD GRANVILLE, spiced with a little mild objurgation of Turkey, as a Power that had violated every undertaking with her political as with her pecuniary creditors, and a passing fling at the Government for not more effectually interfering in the framing of the Andrassy Note, and for sending the Fleet to Besika Bay, without explanation whether that move was made as an intimation to Russia, a hint to the Porte, or a defence of the Christians. Most people will echo LORD GRANVILLE'S amiable wish that LORD DERBY will "hasten, rather than delay, the moment where Europe in concert can by diplomatic action put an end to a state of things which is fatal to the Christians, ruinous to the Turks, and which the longer it lasts is the more sure to lead to European complications;" and that "whatever is done, every care will be taken to secure the welfare and good government of our fellow-religionists in Turkey." "These be brave 'orts! marvellous brave 'orts!" as *Fluellen* says. Well, good wishes can't hurt anybody; and fine words break no bones, if they butter no parsnips.

LORD DERBY might well say he felt rather like a Minister waiting to return thanks for his health, than a Foreign Secretary on defence of his policy. He found himself reduced to the humiliating necessity of agreeing with LORD GRANVILLE in almost everything. Agreeing with him that the subject ought to be brought before the House; agreeing with him in regretting the war; agreeing with him in hoping it may be localised; agreeing with him that Turkish misgovernment for the last twenty years has contributed "*in some not inconsiderable degree*"—nothing like putting a fine diplomatic point on it—"to the insurrectionary movements of the last twelve months." As for the Andrassy Pie, we had quite as much of a finger in it as was desirable; and as to the Berlin Memorandum, not only were we well out of it, but all the Powers were thankful to us for enabling them to be well out of it too. The fact is, we were the first for keeping a ring, and now all the Powers are helping us to keep it. So the talk wore on with a dreary absence of variance, even LORD HAMMOND falling into the tune of the time, and warning the Turk, that, if he wasn't a better boy, BRITANNIA would no longer stand his friend. As for LORD BATH, he roundly lectured LORD DERBY on his want of bowels, calling Turkish rule the most brutal that ever disgraced the earth, and warning the Government that the country was sick of the Turks, and would stand no more Crimean wars.

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THE LATE HOT WEATHER.

Traveller (*bedtime, thermometer* 100°!). "WAITER, GO' SH'CH A THING AS A WARMIN'-PAN?"

Waiter (*astounded*). "A WARMING-PAN, SIR!"

Traveller. "AND 'GOT ANY ICE?"

Waiter. "ICE, SIR? YESSIR!"

Traveller. "THEN TELL 'CHAMB'MAID TO RUN A PAN OF ICE THROUGH MY BED, AND LET ME HAVE MY CANDLE. I 'LL TURN IN!!"

LORD WAVENEY was all for a Conference of the Powers, with Besika Bay for a background, and "the British Fleet a riding at anchor" to determine the balance of the Powers.

After a plaintive remonstrance from poor LORD STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL, that his Speech and Resolution had been pooh-poohed by LORD GRANVILLE and shunted by LORD DERBY, but never argued or answered by anybody, the DUKE OF RICHMOND moved and carried the Previous Question without a division.

Was there *ever* a question previous to our old friend, the Great Eastern?

(*Commons.*)—Touching tableau—BENJAMIN protecting the Innocents! But "the good die first," as WORDSWORTH says. The Government clings to Vivisection, but sacrifices the Prison Bill—the most practical measure of the Session—and the two Universities Bills. Then there is the Extradition Treaty breakdown—one of the most serious of the many Government blunders of the year—yet to be talked over, and the Indian Budget to be knocked off in the expiring moments of an empty and exhausted House, and Supply still to be concluded, including the cost of MR. CAVE'S well-meant but ineffectual attempt at the great Egyptian balancing trick, and the Education Bill to be threshed through Third Reading. But don't let us anticipate.

Then arose The BRUCE, and brought in the Eastern Question with kid gloves on. All movers of the question had been busy taking all possible offence out of their Motions, but, of all the rose-water Resolutions, The BRUCE'S was the rosiest. It was the Eastern Question strained through several folds of Ottoman Bank paper. Our interest in retaining the Turks at Constantinople was not because they were Turks (particularly after they have repudiated and brought down Ottoman Bank Stock so shamefully), but because they were an unaggressive and settled Power ("settled," we presume, on the "*lucus a non lucendo*" principle, from not settling). The grievances of the Insurgents were more fiscal and agrarian than religious.—(Provided you pick a man's pocket, outrage his wife, and cut his throat, we should have thought it didn't much matter under what epithet you pigeon-hole his case.) The dispatch of the Fleet to Besika Bay relieved the Turk from the apprehension that he was going to be crushed without consideration or fair play, calmed his irritation, and prevented repetition of outrages. Non-intervention is the best policy, but, when the time comes for the Powers to act, they must enlist Moslem support for their reforms. Matters can't be settled by merely backing Cross against Crescent.

MR. HANBURY (not the well-known Entire, but a very diluted tap!) thought the Turks the only hand to which we could trust the keys of Asia. It wasn't the Turkish Government that had oppressed the Rayahs, but the Mahometan Slavs, and their own Bishops. He looked to the Serbs as a barrier against Russia.

MR. FORSYTH moved the one Amendment of the night with some pith in it, urging the Government to insist on effectual guarantees for good government irrespective of race and creed. *Pace* BRUCE and HANBURY, it *was* the PORTE'S corruption and misgovernment and the Turkish rulers' cruelty that had provoked insurrection.

LORD E. FITZMAURICE followed on the same tack, and advocated autonomy for the Balkan Provinces.

MR. HOLMS took up his parable lustily against the Turks.

MR. GLADSTONE maintained that the upshot of the Crimean War was to give us a right to interfere and remonstrate with the Porte. The Turk had not fulfilled his promises, because he couldn't. The Government had not sufficiently snubbed the Three Powers for presuming to leave England out in the cold. We ought not to have rejected the Berlin Note without offering an alternative. Something must be done to restore the European concert, and that by way of self-government of the insurgent provinces.

MR. DISRAELI complained of having no attack to repel. Our policy was non-intervention. After the Berlin Note we stood alone at first, but now the other five Powers had come over to us. The sending of the Fleet was not meant to threaten anybody. It was in the first place a purely histrionic move. England, as a naval Power, ought to be adequately represented by a Fleet. Then, it was not sent to protect the Turkish Empire, but the British. The cue was non-intervention just now: when the moment came for England to interfere, she would interfere for the good of everybody.

LORD HARTINGTON said ditto to all the dittos—and recommended the withdrawal of both Motion and Amendment, and so the night's talk ended in general agreement that nothing had been done, nothing ought to be done, and that all was for the best in this most do-nothing of all do-nothing worlds.

Tuesday (*Lords*).—LORD WAVENEY (SHAFTO-ADAIR in his late Lower Life), passed a favourable verdict on the *corpora vilia* lately made subjects of Experimental Mobilisation. The men had done very well—and would, no doubt—like their officers and staff—do better. The Reserve—what there was of them—had come well up to time. The transport was susceptible of improvement.

LORD CADOGAN admitted that the Force "had not been adequately provided with technical waggons." There had not been more than two per cent. of absentees from the Reserve.

LORD CARDWELL joined in the chorus of congratulation. (The author of the Short Service Scheme has every right to be happy in results so far. If only our corps could move when mobilised.)

LORD CARNARVON on the Barbadoes difficulty. A careful summing up, and judicial distribution of wiggings. Confederation meant little more than amalgamation of municipal offices and expenses. Badians are proverbially stiff-necked and hot-headed. In POPE-HENNESSY they met with a match. Hence naturally an explosion. But if the POPE has been indiscreet, having talked too big and too loose, and comported himself altogether too much "*More Hibernico*," the Badian big-wigs have been reckless, violent, and unscrupulous in word and deed.

The best thing for Barbadoes would be remodelling of its Government on the Jamaica model.

LORD CARNARVON supports his Governor like a gentleman; and there is far more to be said in excuse of GOVERNOR HENNESSY, POPE though he be, than of those who have so recklessly assailed him.

(*Commons.*)—MR. WARD HUNT told the sorry story of the introduction of measles into Fiji, and made a feeble attempt to apportion the blame for its introduction between the naval and the colonial authorities. A case of bungling all round—only to be explained to BRITANNIA in DR. JOHNSON'S quaint fashion, "Ignorance, Madam, sheer ignorance."

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Supply. Education Estimates.

MR. A. B. HOPE and LORD ELCHO spoke an urgent word for the British Museum Staff, at once the most efficient and worst-paid body under Government. The protest came with appropriate grace from HOPE—hope long-deferred. MR. W. H. SMITH promised that any advance should be a discriminating advance.

It is wonderful how intensely careful the Treasury grows over a proposed rise in the salaries of the one set of specially qualified scholars and archæologists in the Government service. Not a staff of the most commonplace clerks in the most routine office but can give the British Museum assistants long odds in the way of salary. Yet when a rise to something like the usual official level is asked for, what a marvellously nice conscience is brought to bear on their case by MR. W. H. SMITH—"while the Government desired to do justice to a staff of gentlemen, than whom none could be more able, they were at the same time conscious of the responsibility which rested on them not to give more in any case, or under any circumstances, than the just claims of the officers entitled them to receive."

By all means, MR. SMITH. Who asks you to do otherwise? Only do that, and the British Museum Staff, and *Punch*, will be perfectly satisfied. *But do that*, if you please, MR. SMITH, and you, Messieurs Treasury Clerks,

> "Who, 'neath the eye of LINGEN and of LAW,
> Wield the cheese-parer, and the save-all stern,
> Sacred to candle-ends,"

be fair to culture for once.

LORD SANDON'S Education Estimates, English, show a rise of £158,492; Scotch, of £81,817, with excellent results for the money; the Irish estimates, a rise of some £21,810 in teachers' salaries and allowances, against a reduction of some £15,000 in school-farms, school-apparatus, and teachers' residences. The Act of last Session has failed to improve the payment of teachers; but Government is still tinkering at it, rather than boldly making the proper payment of teachers out of a national rate compulsory. The improvement of the National School Teachers' position is the key to all real improvement of Ireland, and the needful work has yet to be done.

SIR W. HARCOURT raised the nice question whether MR. SCLATER-BOOTH'S Rivers Pollution Bill is better than nothing. If SIR WILLIAM wants *Mr. Punch's* opinion, that is precisely the right estimate of it—*just* better than nothing; how little better, *Punch* cannot find any word to express.

After an attempt at a Count-Out, another night was added to those already lost this Session in attempting to induce the House to release the nine Irish political prisoners still in confinement. The debate was remarkable for MR. BRIGHT'S appearance as an advocate for the release of the prisoners—including the two still in prison for the shooting of BRETT, the Manchester policeman, and the soldiers who have violated their oath of enlistment. MR. BRIGHT went further than his best friends are likely to go with him. He argued against the established rule of law, that concert in a joint purpose to violate the law makes common guilt; and contended that a soldier's breaking his oath is not a more heinous offence than another man's. *Punch* finds it difficult to say which doctrine strikes him as the more dangerous.

The weather was too hot for the subject, and the House broke out more than once in highly inflammatory utterances. But the Motion was lost by 117 to 51.

Wednesday.—The centre of interest was shifted from St. Stephen's to the Mansion House, though with DISRAELI and DERBY absent.

Nobody would listen to Chairman RAIKES on Parliamentary Agents, and the Major's friends, without the Major, succeeded in talking out MR. SMYTH'S Irish Sunday Closing Bill.

Thursday (*Lords*).—The Law Lords CAIRNS and SELBORNE had out the Extradition argument. Lord Chancellor of Chancellors *Punch* gives it for LORD SELBORNE against the Government. LORD CAIRNS failed to make any better case than LORD DERBY before him.

Foreign Office has blundered. FISH scores a triumph, and the gallows-bird flits in safety to and fro across the Atlantic.

(*Commons.*)—SIR WILFRID LAWSON wailed over the rejection of MR. SMYTH'S Sunday Closing Bill yesterday, and fell foul of the inoffensive RAIKES for insisting on his talk about Parliamentary Agents, who, as RAIKES explained, were more interesting to him than all the Sunday Closing Bills that ever were or would be.

LORD HARTINGTON moved a protest against PELL his clause, and LORD SANDON replied, and the House divided—182 to 120; and all that trouble seemed at an end, when the ill-starred SANDON and the rash SIR STAFFORD, not satisfied with the week lost and the heats raised, in this state of the weather too, by PELL'S fire-brand, must give countenance to that *Haramzadeh*, LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, in flinging all the fat in the fire by a clause compelling Guardians to pay the fees of children whose parents are too poor to pay them, at Denominational schools.

This exactly suiting the Roman Catholics' book, united the Home-Rulers with the Denominationalists, and set up the backs of the Secularists, and Nonconformists, and Anti-Sectarians in the same degree, and the House was left dividing—in a state wherein exasperation and perspiration seemed struggling for supremacy—till half-past four on Friday morning!

Friday (*Lords*).—LORD NORTHBROOK and the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY shook hands, like well-conditioned gentlemen. The Baring-reign is over, and the Marquis protests he never meant *his* reign to be overbearing.

(*Commons.*)—Gradual recovery of reason after last night's delirium. All as eager to agree, as they were in this morning's small hours to differ. MR. FORSTER moves repeal of the 25th section of the Act of 1870—the old bone of contention, over which there was so much snarling in its day; and LORD SANDON, instead, provides that Boards of Guardians, everywhere, may pay the fees for children whose parents can't pay, at the Schools of the parents' choice. So the Act reaches Third Reading, after a narrow escape of shipwreck in sight of port, on the rock of PELL'S clause.

Bill for better Pollution of Rivers passed Third Reading, the manufacturers having strained out of it the little stringency MR. BOOTH had left in.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

A Thrilling Incident—An Arrest—Notes on Legal Forms and Reforms, made on the Euston Platform—The Bell just going to Ring.



Euston Station.—Very few people. Consequently Guard (with Irish brogue—everybody seems suddenly to have an Irish brogue) is peculiarly civil.

Happy Thought.—When going to France, speak French: when going to Ireland, speak Irish—that is, try the brogue. To keep up this illusion, I assume, occasionally and diffidently, a brogue.

In order to give the Guard an interest in me over and above a shilling, it would be as well to pretend to be a Fenian Leader, in disguise, escaping, or a Home-Ruler in difficulties. The Guard is eyeing me suspiciously, which is satisfactory (as, in travelling alone, a journey should be made exciting, somehow), when a respectable-looking person in black comes on to the platform, looks sharply right and left of him, walks straight up to me, bows, asks me if I am myself, and before I have determined upon a course of action—that is, whether to admit, or deny, my identity—he produces two envelopes, one long and large, the other small but bulky, shows me the address, observes, "For you, Sir, I believe?" and, as I murmur an affirmative, he opens the bulky one himself, takes out two sovereigns and a few shillings, hands them to me, observing, "For you, Sir, from PLUMPTON AND SPRY."

Happy Thought (*undoubtedly*).—Pocket the coin.

Suppose, even, that this is an amiable and harmless lunatic, who goes about thinking himself PLUMPTON AND SPRY (whoever they may be—clearly not twins), and giving people sovereigns, still, evidently, one should not refuse to accept the gifts, if only to keep him quiet.

Guard watching intensely. He has made up his mind that I am some one in disguise—Fenian probably—only the two sovereigns have puzzled him. He has his eye on us.

"From PLUMPTON AND SPRY'S," says the respectable man in black. "MR. PLUMPTON heard you were going away to Ireland from MR. BIRKETT, and so he thought he would just catch you before you were off." Whereupon he hands me the long, legal-looking envelope.

I open the paper. It is headed, "*In the High Court of Justice.*" Is it a practical joke? No; the Clerk for MESSRS. PLUMPTON AND SPRY explains that I am subpœna'd as a Witness in a question of right of way.

But what an awfully startling form to a nervous temperament is this subpœna paper. The medical profession ought to protest against it, on physical grounds; the clergy on moral grounds. Let me put the case. You are an innocent man, but a nervous one.

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You haven't done anything contrary to Law—at least, not that you are aware of: only, you suddenly remember that, four years ago, you *were* a little uncertain about joining the Directorship of that Company, of which you had heard little or nothing, except what your esteemed and respected friend (a man of vast commercial experience) had chosen to tell you. Has some prying, meddling, sensation-loving Shareholder started up, and insisted upon an exhumation of that Company's body, and a consequent inquest? If so . . . Then the nervous man reads the summons: "*Victoria*" (in large letters, of a fanciful flourishing character), "*by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland*" (this is Her Majesty's address, should you wish to write to her), "*Queen, Defender of the Faith*" (this title suggests to the nervous man the possibility of his having unconsciously offended against some old ecclesiastical Law—but he cannot call to mind any statute he might have contravened, except, perhaps, something about "a fine of five shillings for swearing), "*to*" (So-and-so—here follows the name), "*Greeting*" (which is the first sign of politeness on the part of Royalty, and of a wish to make things pleasant. It puts the nervous man temporarily at his ease. He breathes again; he looks round; he smiles; he experiences a tingling of loyalty in his heart, and, expecting something still more paternal, or maternal, and cheering, he resumes his perusal. But the tone is suddenly and inexplicably changed. So rapid is this alteration, that, had somebody, six feet two high, and powerful in proportion, smilingly beckoned you up-stairs, and then, on your reaching the top, had changed from lively to severe, and kicked you down again, the shock could not be more electrical than this sudden assumption of fierceness. Thus it goes on peremptorily:—) "*We command you, and every of you*" (which appears unnecessary, as if you had some deep scheme for evading the summons by sending your hat, or your *carte de visite*, or your wooden legs—if any), "*that all things set aside*" (this sounds like a direction to "leave your sticks and umbrellas in the hall"), "*and ceasing every excuse*" (when as yet you haven't tried to raise even one plea on your own behalf), "*you and every of you be and appear in your proper persons before*" (now the tone changes to one of more than affectionate regard) "*our right trusty and well-beloved Sir Peter Pyper*" (or whatever the name for the time being may be), "*Bart., Lord Chief Justice of England, &c., on — day of —— by ten of the clock*" (what clock?), "*in the forenoon of the same day, and so from day to day*" (enough to worry a nervous man's life out of him, merely to read this) "*until the cause hereinafter mentioned be tried, to testify the truth according to your knowledge*" (&c., &c.). "*And this you nor any of you shall in nowise omit, under the Penalty*" (with a large "P") "*of every of you*" (this is confusing, but the sequence is clear) "*of One Hundred Pounds.*"

Whereupon the nervous man collapses. Now, why cannot it be put simply thus?—

"*Sir,—You will have to attend as a Witness, on and after — day, at — A.M., in such-and-such a case, at —. The penalty for non-attendance is £100.*"

Happy Thought.—Reform of legal forms. However, not having time to go into the subject, at the station, with the Clerk from Messrs. Plumpton and Spry's, I simply tell him, as pleasantly as possible, "That I should have had great pleasure in accepting the invitation, but unfortunately I can't, as I am off to Ireland, and am uncertain as to my return."

Plumpton and Spry, however, have provided for this emergency. "Wherever you may be, Sir," says the Clerk, with a tinge of sadness in his voice, "you will have the goodness to keep Messrs. Plumpton and Spry informed of your movements by letter, or telegram. Then we can summon you at a moment's notice, if wanted, and we shan't detain you five minutes."

So, chained by a telegraph cable—Plumpton and Spry being at one end, and myself at the other—I am off for a holiday's enjoyment to Ireland!

Supposing at the Giant's Causeway I receive a telegram—"*Come back from Erin. Shan't keep you five minutes. Judge waiting*"—there would be an end of all *my* amusement.

Why couldn't my examination, as a witness, be conducted by telegram? Only a very little extra expense, really only a few shillings, and why should I, or "any of me," be brought up bodily? Can't I tell the truth by telegram just as well, and better, than if I were being brow-beat in a witness-box, with the eyes of the Judge, Counsel, Jury, Reporters, Illustrated Paper Artists, Police, Usher, and Public on me? Certainly. Why the thing might be done beautifully, and our legal machinery simplified by wiring.

To put it clearly and dramatically, thus:

Scene.—*Court of Queen's Bench, during a Trial.*

Counsel. Call the next Witness.

Usher (calls). Mr. Granville de l'Ashby Zooch!

No answer. Judge restless. Counsel consults Solicitors, Messrs. Sharpe and Chuckitup.

Counsel. He's not here. Most important Witness. What shall we do?

Mr. Sharpe. I know where he's to be found. He's at the Giant's Causeway. [For example; but it might be the Hebrides, or on board the yacht *Nautilus*, off Trouville.] But—(*Happy Thought.*—Electricity, like love, makes all places alike.)—I'll wire.

Exit Mr. Sharpe to wire, while Counsel explains.

Judge. Well, we can take the next Witness in the meantime. (*They take the next Witness, squeeze him dry in a quarter of an hour, and then throw him away.*)

Then the electric machine is brought into Court. Counsel asks questions, and Telegraph Clerk works the wire.

Counsel (in the Court of Queen's Bench). Your name, I think is Granville de L'Ashby Zooch?

Witness (seated at the Giant's Causeway, on the rock furthest from the shore, with his stockings off and his feet in the sea, enjoying the delicious breeze in the month of June, and smoking a mild cigar. Next him sits a Telegraph Clerk with the electric apparatus and wire laid on). It is.

Counsel (repeating answer, which arrives one minute after it has been given). "It is." Now, Sir, on the 19th of June, 1873, were you breakfasting with His Excellency the Duc de Dekayses, the accredited Plenipotentiary from the South Guano Isles to this conntry?

Witness (after listening to the ticking of the instrument, inhaling a fragrant whiff of the mild Havannah, and carelessly throwing a pebble at a sea-gull). I was.

Counsel (as before, in the Queen's Bench). "He was." Now, Sir, will you have the goodness to tell us what happened on that occasion?

Witness (lighting a fresh cigar, and answering by telegram). With pleasure. Only wait till I have opened this bottle of whiskey.

The Judge (in the Court of Queen's Bench). What does he say?

Counsel (who has called the Witness on his own side). He is only pausing for a minute, my Lud, to refresh his memory.

The Judge (leaning back). Oh, very good. (*Wishes he could refresh his memory too. Looks at his watch.*) Just send to your Witness to tell him to get on—or, if he is going to have his lunch brought to him out-of-doors, we can take ours at the same time. It only wants half an hour of our usual adjournment.

Witness (on receiving the message). Thanks. Only some cold chicken and whiskey and potass. Pipe afterwards. Call it half an hour, and "I'm on." I shan't stir from here, so won't incur any unnecessary expense.

The Judge (after hearing this read out). Good. Then (*to Counsel*) we'd better adjourn. (*To Jury.*) In three-quarters of an hour from now, Gentlemen. [*Exeunt omnes.*

When they return, of course, the Witness gives his evidence with a will, stands the fire of a searching electric cross-examination, and, after all, serves the cause of justice far more effectually than if he had travelled a thousand miles, tired himself out, and had come up ill, worried, and irritable into the box in the Court of Queen's Bench.

I present these suggestions as Happy Thoughts to the Bench, the Bar, and the legal profession generally,—and, without further note or comment, I *am*, at last, off for Ould Ireland.

SENTIMENT AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

It appears from the gratifying paragraph below quoted, that, though utilitarianism has triumphed, still unproductive sentiment prevails to a considerable extent amongst the inhabitants of a municipality associated with the memory of a poet, the late Mr. William Shakspeare:—

"The Curfew Bell.—The Stratford-on-Avon Town Council yesterday, by a majority of one, decided to discontinue the ringing of the Curfew Bell, a custom which has been observed for several hundred years. There was strong opposition to the proposal to abolish such an ancient custom."

In fact, it seems that nearly half the Stratford-on-Avon Town Councillors were unable to see that the Curfew, in this age of gas, to say nothing of railways and electric telegraphs, was a mere anachronism, that it had long ceased to admonish people to put out their fires and candles, and had sunk into a mere survival, prolonged by nothing but an idle veneration for antiquity. The feeling which made so large a minority of them object to abolish the ringing of an old bell would no doubt also make them wish to see weather-stains and ivy continue to deface an old bell-tower. To be sure, the majority have just managed to

"Silence that dreadful bell."

But it appears likely that they will encounter a strong opposition to any proposal they may by-and-by make to improve Shakspeare's monument by whitewashing it, or to defy superstition by removing both it and the remains beneath it to another site.

The End of the Session.—Smoke.

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MORAL PLUCK.

Paterfamilias, who, under pretext of seeking a suitable French watering-place for his Family, has enjoyed a delightful three weeks' trip on the French coast with a congenial Bachelor Friend, returns to his Penates, and after partaking duly of refreshment, delivers himself thus:—"WELL, MY DEARS, WE'VE TRIED TROUVILLE, DIEPPE, ÉTRETAT, TRÉPORT, BOULOGNE, AND ALL, AND HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT 'THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME!' 'ENGLAND, WITH ALL THY FAULTS I LOVE THEE STILL!' AND I PROPOSE——"

Indignant Chorus. "OH, *INDEED*, PAPA!"

A WORD IN SEASON.

From BULL *to* BENJAMIN.

"I never adopted that Coffee-house babble, brought by a Bulgarian to the Vice-Consul, as authentic information which we ought to receive."—MR. DISRAELI.

"COFFEE-HOUSE babble"? BENJAMIN, my boy,
That sounds a very pat and pithy summary,
Nor do I quite expect *you* to employ
The hot philanthropist's effusive flummery;
But, though of fuss I'm far from being fond,
The news I'm getting now my dander raises
To heat that's just a little bit beyond
The chilling power of cool official phrases.

Moslem and Christian! Blood both flags must drench,
When Crescent flies on Cross, and Cross on Crescent!
But not the coldest DERBY *douche* can quench
Wrath at some wrongs to coolness acquiescent:
Fire, plunder, prison, butchery, bestial lust,
Are things to mix hot rage my scalding shame with,
Which no snow-blooded policy, I trust,
Will ever load my soul or stain my name with.

The *status quo*? Oh bless me, yes, *I* know.
I've backed and buttressed that with blood and treasure;
Show me good cause and both of them shall flow
Once more, with promptitude, if scarce with pleasure.
But fight 'gainst new life waking? Lend my face
To merciless misrule and wholesale murder?
Considering my history, and race,
Few propositions well could look absurder.

Not mine, thank Heaven, the calm official mind
That smiles to scorn such strong words as "atrocity;"
Some outrages too devilish I find
To treat with epigram or smooth pomposity.
"Coffee-house babble" may not mean as much
As gushers paint in their too graphic strictures,
But yet my shuddering sense thrills to the touch
Of too familiar horror in their pictures.

Though optimistic HANBURY gloss and gild
The blood-stained Crescent raised before the nations,
The Palace of fine Fancy he would build
Seems a Fool's Paradise on sand foundations.
'Tis hard to hold the balance? Very like;
That's why I've not been hot to put my word in—
But peace must not help wrong, nor, if I strike,
Injustice weight the scale I throw my sword in.

Mild words, my BEN? Good! I would have them mild,
I know 'tis not the hour for angry bluster:
But while war—and wrong worse than war—runs wild,
Courts scheme, and armies mass, and navies muster,
'Twere just as well to have it clearly known—
In your own phrase of politic urbanity—
JOHN BULL can only make one side his own,
And that the side of justice and humanity!

A Party of Progress.

EARL RUSSELL, in his letter lately addressed to LORD GRANVILLE on the Eastern Question, observes that:—"The Whig Party toast is 'Civil and Religious Liberty all over the World.'" True. This is the old Whig Party toast. The toast of a party more advanced would seem to be "Uncivil and Irreligious Licence all the World over."

POPULAR GAME FOR THE RECESS.—The Grouse.

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AUGURS AT FAULT.

DERBEIUS. "CAN YOU READ THE SIGNS OF THE BIRDS?" DISRAELIUS. "I WISH I COULD!!!"

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UNFASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.



MR. BOUNCER has left Town for a week's yachting, as *he* says. His friends, however, think that he has merely gone to Margate, and bought a yachting jacket.

MRS. STUBBS gave a Ball at her residence in Camberwell, on Thursday evening last. SPROUTS, the greengrocer, was specially retained for the occasion, and the German Band that plays in the neighbourhood was engaged.

MR. FLYTTER, having failed to get his Bill discounted, has been obliged to leave his rooms, and start for Paris, without paying his rent.

The *employés* in the Firm of MESSRS. SHORTMEASURE AND SHODDEE spent a happy day at Rosherville (it being the Bank Holiday), on the 7th inst.

MISS SMITH has gone to Birmingham on a visit, for a few days, to her Uncle, MR. BROWN.

MR. GUTTLER gave a small and early Dinner Party yesterday. Covers were laid for thirteen guests, and the *menu* included (besides turtle) eleven kinds of fish.

MR. GANDERLING, who lately joined the Slopshire Volunteers, sprained his ankle yesterday while practising the goose-step.

MR. WAGG has been so prostrated by the heat of the weather, that he has attended seven dinners without making a joke.

MASTER SCREECHER, with a party of his Sunday schoolfellows, went to Bushy Park last Monday in a van: when they all enjoyed their usual yearly privilege of screaming at the very tip-top of their voices, the whole way there and back.

MISS DUMPIE slipped and fell upon a flower-pot last week, while attempting lawn tennis with her sister upon the grass-plat.

The REV. MR. MUGGINS has recently arrived at BUGGINS'S Hotel.

MR. SCAMPERTON has started on a bicycle excursion through Greenland and Siberia, and proposes to return *viâ* Egypt and the Cape.

MR. PRIGGINS entertained MR. JONES and MR. JOWLER last Saturday at supper, at his lodgings in New Grub Street.

MISS RINKERLEY has gone to Canada, with a view to spend the winter there, and get some real skating.

MR. DIDDLER has proposed a matrimonial alliance with the widow of the late MR. EBENEZER BLUNT.

MR. CLYFAKER emerged from his retirement at Holloway on Friday morning last, when a most distinguished company of his pals were assembled to meet him, and stood a number of "drains round" in honour of his release.

OUR OWN REPRESENTATIVE.

(He proposes going to the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth, and is off before we can stop him.)

DEAR SIR,

Excuse this short and hurried dispatch, but, while I write, I am engaged in superintending the packing of my portmanteau. I have a young black servant who was lately brought from the South Guinea Coast, and this is the first time he has ever seen a portmanteau. At first he was frightened of it, and inclined, not being a well instructed Christian, to worship it as a god. When it closed up suddenly of its own accord—as is the habit of portmanteaux, after you 've got the upper compartment nicely packed, but not fastened—and all my shirts came out in a heap, he started back, his hair came out of curl, he turned *quite white* (fact!), then he made a rush for the door, and bolted. Having succeeded in overcoming his superstition and his panic, I now find him inclined to treat the portmanteau with contemptuous familiarity. He wishes to put in anything anywhere, he conducts himself towards a pair of boots as though they were on a footing with a fine well-got-up white shirt, and in fact, my time just now is occupied in finishing the education of this half-instructed blackamoor. He has much to unlearn, as much, indeed, as he has to unpack: his notions of the Catechism are limited to a set of riddles (which I fancy he must have learnt from a Comic Missionary), such as "*Where was Moses when the candle went out?*" "*Who subscribed to the first newspaper?*" and so forth.

You would be touched by the earnestness and fervour of this young negro, whose artless prattle draws tears from eyes unaccustomed to weeping, when he tells of his friends and relatives now suffering under the lash, and living in a brutalised state of unblissful ignorance. I am getting up a subscription for SAM'S tribe, intending to bring them over *en masse*, as they would make excellent servants in such an establishment as MR. HANKEY has recently started, or—they wouldn't do badly as a *troupe* round the country. SAM, my boy, tells me he is *not* a cannibal, and he assures me that he *prefers* our beef and mutton to *anything he ever tasted*. I am sure you will head the list with a handsome donation, and you might put an iron box, with a patent padlock (I'll supply it at my own expense and find the key), outside your office-door with "*The Black Boy Fund*" written on it.

I will undertake that every penny, placed in that box by a generous and Christianly charitable public, shall be spent upon the most worthy objects; and if the money does not convert, clothe, and render happy an entire tribe, it will not be the fault of the good-hearted English subscribers to the "Black Boy Fund." Depend on *me*. If necessary, I will go out myself with the money, and explore the country. I am quite ready to fill the *rôle* of a Stanley, if you will be as magnificently enterprising as are the undaunted Proprietors of the *D-y T-l-gr-ph*.

But I have not yet told you what I am packing up for. Pardon. I am off to Bayreuth for the Wagner Festival. I am, myself, a Wagnerite, tooth and nail, heart and soul! I may say, with diffidence, that it was I who started Wagnerism in my dear old friend WAGNER himself, years ago. Of course, what *I* lacked was the technical knowledge to carry out my own idea. But I'll explain this later on.

You remember saying to me, despairingly, "How I wish I had some *real* musical man, *whom I could trust*, to send to Bayreuth!" I said nothing *then*; but I made up my mind: and when you observed, after dinner, to me, "I wish you 'd go to Bayreuth," I replied, "Certainly." Now I 'm off.*

* We do not recall either of the occasions alluded to, but still if we did say "Go to Bayreuth!" we are perfectly ready to abide by our word, as we should have been had we only said, "Go to Bath!" No doubt there is a large section of the music-loving public which will be heartily glad to receive, from a *trustworthy source*, all the particulars of an event which seems to mark an era in the history of the *Musical World* (edited by our esteemed friend and high-art critic DR. DISHLEY PETERS, to whom we shall write to keep an eye on our Correspondent at Bayreuth, where they will, probably, meet). * * On reflection, we have written to our Contributor to say, "*Put us down for twenty pounds to the 'Black Boy Fund.' Go to Bayreuth. On your arrival you ought to find a circular note at the Post Office, not necessarily for immediate and lavish expenditure, but as a guarantee of our good faith.*" The public may now rest assured that our excellent Representative will not allow the grass to grow under his feet. We act, now as always, in the interests of civilisation, of journalism, and of an enlightened and appreciative public. In spite of the vast additional expense incurred by these arrangements, *no extra charge will be made for our Journal*. We can lay our hands on our hearts and say that we shall be *amply repaid* for all our trouble by the *gratitude and delight* of our readers, and this too, we feel assured, will be *equally* the sentiment of our noble-hearted Contributor.—ED.

*** (*Just before going to press.*)—The above idea we embodied in a note to our good friend. His reply was characteristic, though hardly, perhaps, so satisfactory as we could have wished. Perhaps he was in a hurry.

"Dear Ed. Yes. 'Gratitude,' &c., good. My notion to a turn. Only *send cheque*; or *better*,—send *ten real sovereigns* by hand, and I'll make them last me till I get to the Post Office, Bayreuth, *and account to you afterwards!*"

To this we replied:

"*On inquiry*, we find you can get to Bayreuth for *half the sum* (while double the amount would only delay you)—and, as that is all we happen to have about us at the moment (and we shouldn't have had *that*, but for a friend accidentally dropping in), we send it *at once*, so that you may not have to complain of any delay on our part."

To which came back the answer:

"*Good enough*. Was just off when your boy arrived with the fiver. It is *a note, and I asked for gold*. No matter; I can change it, *at a slight loss* (which you can settle on my return), across the water. In the meantime, as representing *You*, Sir, I have borrowed the required sum (twenty pounds) from a dear, good, kind, noble *old friend of Yours*, to whom I have given a draught on *You*, payable at sight. *He will call on you in about an hour's time after you receive this*, when I shall be far away, careering, steam up, fast train, high pressure, no-stopping-anywhere express, *on the other side* of the glorious old Channel. *Pensez à moi! à toi toujours.*—Y. R."

We have considered it our duty to publish this *intact*, as, *in case* of any future difficulty—which we are far, of course, from apprehending—we shall be able to call the Public as a witness to our own integrity. The Gentleman,

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A ROUND-ABOUT ROAD.

Master (*cool and comfortable*). "'NCOMMONLY WARM, JAMES!"

Gardener (*mopping his brow*). "THAT IT BE, SIR! TOM OVER THERE HE ARST ME TO ARST YOU IF YOU'D STAND A EXTRY GLASS O' BEER, AN' I TOLD HIM 'CERTAIN'Y NOT! I COULDN'T THINK O' SUCH A THING!' PHEW! IT BE WON'ERFUL HOT, SURE-LY!!"

The portmanteau is packed. The Black Boy accompanies me. I must have some one to "*accompany me*" when I go on a musical tour—(this is a *jeu de mot*, or *kommikwördenspiel*, for HERR WAGNER. Fits!!)—and I've secured as a fellow-traveller, my dear old friend the Swedish Pole, DR. SCHLAPPSHÄGER, who was banished from Bulgravia for his political opinions, and, coming over here, wrote that admirable article in the *Threeweekly* on "*The B flat, and how to catch it with a tuning-fork*," which caused such a sensation in musical and scientific circles. It was a masterly production. As DR. SCHLAPPSHÄGER is *not* a rich man, I shall have to pay his expenses. But he will be worth every penny of 'em to *You*, Sir. He is a large eater, but his liquor is a trifle; and you cannot, now-a-days, get such rare musical talent as his *for nothing*. He is a *Practician* as well as a Theorist, and brings his case of instruments with him. We are going to "do Wagner" all the way to Bayreuth. I am an adept on the banjo, the Doctor is A 1 with the accordion (which is his national instrument, and you should see him whirling it about his head in a patriotic frenzy!), while the bones naturally fall to my black boy, SAM. It is a brilliant notion, and I fancy, judging by what is done on the road to Goodwood, Epsom, and Ascot, that we ought to pick up a pretty gröschen on the road, which we shall, of course, give to the starving poor, or some local charity. We shall call ourselves the "*Warblüngen Wagners.*" That'll fetch the Germans. No burnt cork. All white—hat, boots, shirts, wigs, all white except SAM, who is the genuine article. Light hearts and white hats! Off to Bayreuth! Train ready! Post the tin. *Vive* WAGNER! We're taking over an illumination and fireworks.

The Doctor is calling to me "Mein goot freund, *man will unter Segel gehen und wartet nur auf Sie!*" To which I reply "*Kommt: wir Sind fertig: nehmt diese zwei Mantelsäche.*"* So off we go with our two "Mantelsachs" (lovely word, eh? so expressive!), away to Bayreuth! Soon you shall hear *all* the news from one who will always sign himself, most affectionately and rovingly,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

with whom the loan, in our interest, was negotiated, *did* call at our office, but, *unfortunately*, after we had left. In this weather, our business hours are necessarily early. This *may* catch his eye; in which case, he will understand that we have been compelled, by sudden press of business, to go to Wales, but hope to see him, *and thank him for his kindness*, immediately on our return. The Public is now in full possession of all the preliminary circumstances, and knows as much about our worthy Correspondent's musical expedition to Bayreuth, as, up to the present moment, we do ourselves. We sincerely trust that the result will be highly satisfactory to all parties.—ED.

* We have no doubt now of our Correspondent's good intention. He is evidently a perfect German, and so is his friend. Whatever we may think of his plan for travelling as "Warbling Wagners," we are sure that everything will be done by him in excellent taste, and with a view to making the English character respected on the Continent. At the same time our Readers must make allowances for a man of undeniable genius. Genius is above rules; and if Genius chooses to travel with a banjo, a German Professor with an accordion, and a black servant with the bones, we can but smile and pass on, murmuring, "Well, after all, what harm to anybody?—and Genius is eccentric, or it would not be Genius."

We feel these remarks (made in perfect good faith) are due both to our enterprising Contributor and to the sagacity of our respected Readers.—ED.

Plea for Political Prisoners.

KILLING is no murder if complicated with treason. That renders it a mere misdemeanor. A military offence, simply capital, becomes a minor offence when treasonable besides. Treason is an extenuating circumstance of mutiny and murder, and its commission in committing those crimes reduces murderers and mutineers to political offenders. Therefore, instead of being hanged or shot, they ought, if punished at all, and not, on the contrary, rewarded, to be condemned to nothing worse than temporary seclusion, and should, all of them, after a merely nominal imprisonment, be respectfully released.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.—The distinction between a picked man and a plucked man.

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EQUALITY.

Maid (before the Party). "Shall you wear your White Muslin to-night, Ma'am?"
Mistress. "Yes, Jane!"
Maid. "Then I'll wear my Blue Silk, as I don't want us to clash!"

AN AUGUST REMANET.

By a Literary Hack in Harness.

From out my garret, hot and high,
Pausing from work, I gaze adown
With longing looks intent to spy
The happy hurriers Out of Town.

Four-wheelers, groaning 'neath the load
That box-seat, roof, and footboard crown;
Hansoms with luggage outside stowed
Of happy folks bound Out of Town.

Their baggage, destined for first-class,
Shames my one coat, once black, now brown;
And a sigh comes, that I, alas!
Must only *dream* of Out of Town.

Thinking upon the days gone by,
When young, defying Fortune's frown,—
Light heart, and lighter luggage, I
Have gaily chartered Out of Town.

Oh for some drops of country dew,
If they would only help to drown
My longing for green pastures new—
Green of God's making—Out of Town!

Well, there 's one comfort, now-a-days,
With intramural graves put down,
The poorest wretch for death that prays
May hope for *one* ride Out of Town.

When my last copy earns its pay,
And I am dead to verb and noun,
From ink to dust—I see my way
To that excursion Out of Town!

MENS SANA, ETC.

There will be one decided advantage in the proposed new City of Hygeia. There will, of course, be no necessity for the iteration of the unmeaning greetings, "How are you?" or, "How do you do?" since the answer, "Very well, thank you," will be stereotyped.

Out of Town.—The Season.

THE GREENWICH DINNER.

Potages.
Broth à la trop de Cuisiniers de l'Amirauté.
Tortue à la M. Ward Hunt.
Hodge-Podge à l'Ordre du Jour.

Poissons.
Flounders à la Education Bill.
Quarrellets à l'Eau de Rose.
Plaice à l'Administration Conservative.
Anguilles à la Benjamin Disraeli.
Saumon, Sauce à la Ginx's Bébé.
Homards à la Scheme de Mobilisation.
Whitebait à la fin d'Août.

Entrée.
Tête de Veau à la Majorité Ministérielle.

Relevés.
Jambon d'Espagne à la Don Carlos en retraite.
Cochon de Lait à la Diplomatie Anglaise.

Rôtis.
Roast Beef à l'Anglais aux Indes.
Turkey à la Question d'Orient.

Entremets.
Petits Pois au Beurre de Lor-Maire de Londres.
Soufflets à l'Ouvrage de la Session.
Pouding Glacé à l'Impératrice des Indes.
Bombe à la Kenealy.
Soupirs de Nonnes à la Newdegate.
Trifle à l'Interpellation Irlandaise.

AN EXACT ACCOUNT OF THE SULTAN'S HEALTH.

(*From a Comparison of Authorities.*)

Much concern having been felt with regard to the health of Sultan Murad the Fifth, *Mr. Punch* has been at some pains to obtain the most reliable information on the subject, and hastens to inform the public of the result.

It appears, then, from a careful collation of the most authentic bulletins, that the Sultan is suffering from softening of the brain, delirium tremens, rheumatic paralysis, and other complaints. He converses freely with those about him, attends public prayers, displays great interest with regard to his family, and is a victim to a disordered imagination—being, in fact, on the verge of insanity. It cannot be surprising to hear, as a result of all this, that His Majesty "lacks initiative power and vigour." He is very anxious about the education and welfare of his son, Selah Eddin, aged twelve years.

The above concatenation, besides fully bearing out the symptoms already mentioned, no doubt also accounts for the Sultan's personal appearance. Aged twenty-eight, he is of a greenish complexion, with a leaden eye and a white beard! Besides the complaints above enumerated, he suffers from several painful skin diseases and a general nervous prostration, produced by *raki* and *absinthe*. All these afflictions together have the curious effect of rendering His Majesty "visibly weaker" from day to day. Although the transaction of business with the Grand Vizier and Midhat Pasha might be expected to be somewhat fatiguing under the circumstances, still the Sultan is cheerful and fond of playing the piano. In conclusion, it may be stated that he is as well as ever he was in his life, has not long to live, and (evidently more astute than any European politician) "is perfectly aware of his position."

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PATERFAMILIAS ON PIGTAILS.

"Materfamilias, maddened by the daily increasing insubordination of the British Housemaid, the incapacity, extravagance, and by no means infrequent alcoholism of the British Cook, and the rebelliousness even of the British Scullerymaid, . . . is furtively yet anxiously expecting the arrival on the shores of Albion of the 'Heathen Chinee.' It has been bruited about . . . that Ah-Sing is on his way across the 'big black water' to relieve the barbarian housekeepers from their domestic difficulties."—*Daily Telegraph.*



Soliloquy of Mr. B. *on the threatened advent of the "Heathen Chinee."*

Can't say I've had that tip from Mrs. B.;
Don't think I ever heard her broach the question:
But importation of the mild Chinee
Does seem a rather staggering suggestion.
Ah-Sing as Housemaid? Novel notion that!
Bo-He as Buttons, Quang-Ho doing stitching,
Chang-Wang a-handing me my coat and hat!—
Must say it's more bewildering than bewitching.

Servants do play Old Gooseberry, sure enough;
But omnipresent pigtails, pidgin lingo,
Slant eyes, and baggy breeks, and faces buff!
The prospect pulls a man up short, by Jingo!

Those Lady-Helps looked a rum start perhaps,
But quite a trifle when compared with *this* go.
Don't cotton quite to those Celestial chaps.
I think I've heard they funked them out in Frisco.

Thought they were only fit for growing tea.
Don't fancy Johnny dishing up *my* dinner!
I'm not exactly sure that Mrs. B.
Would trust the Baby to that saffron sinner.
All very well on tea-chests, queer and quaint;
Quite passable on screens and fancy crockery;
But nursing Nell!—'twould make Aunt Betsy faint!
I hope that *D. T.* means it all in mockery.

Worst of those blessed papers now-a-days,
They will go in for being deadly funny.
I like plain speech that means just what it says—
(That *Standard* is the paper for *my* money.)
But if it's serious? Well, no doubt, Ah-Sing
May be a meek, industrious sort of fellow;
But those blue bed-gowns aren't my style of thing,
And blood is blood. Ah-Sing's I'm sure is yellow!

Cheap? Civil? Caring nought for cuff or kick?
Nice change to have a servant that is trounceable.
Johnny will pocket "fum-fum" and "eat stick,"
While Mary Anner's dear, and rude, and bounceable:
As for pig-tails, one mustn't talk too loud,
Seeing the things our Women now are wearing—
But fancy living midst a family crowd
Of bare Mongolian pates! 'Twere past all bearing!

Moreover labour may be made *too* cheap:
This Flowery overflow may swamp Creation.
Suppose Ah-Sing should catch J. B. asleep,
And ply *his* pidgin to *our* ruination!
Hard work, short commons? 'Taint the modern style,
Short hours, long pay, seems Labour's latest charter.
Ah-Sing may slave, eat stick, half starve, and smile,
Yet that sleek Mongol may turn out a Tartar.

No, Mrs. B.! I guess you 'd better bear
With Mary Anner's ways a little longer—
The Pigtails far outnumber us, I hear,
Let John 'ware hawk if Johnny grows the stronger.

A world, too, like a willow-pattern plate
Is not the sort of thing *my* taste that pleases·
For China there has been a craze of late—
Do hope we shan't extend it to Chineses!

THE EASTERN QUESTION IN THE FUTURE.

According to Russian Ideas.

1877. Servia, Montenegro, and Roumania placed under Russian protection.
1878. The Protected Provinces given over to the rule of a Russian Viceroy.
1879. Important Treaty concluded between Russia and Greece.
1880. Coronation at Constantinople of the Emperor Alexander as Czar of all the Russias, Greece, and both the Turkeys.

According to German Ideas.

1877. Remonstrance with France for favouring Turkey.
1878. Remonstrance with France for sympathising with the Insurgent Provinces.
1879. Remonstrance with France on account of her neutrality.
1880. War declared against France.

According to Turkish Ideas.

1877. Loan from England to declare war against Russia.
1878. Loan from England to declare war against Germany.
1879. Loan from England to declare war against France, Austria, Italy, Greece, Denmark, and the United States.
1880. Loan from England to declare war against Great Britain.

According to Austrian Ideas.

1877. Negotiation with a First-Class Power.
1878. Negotiation with a couple of First-Class Powers.
1879. Negotiation with all the First-Class Powers.
1880. Negotiations with the Four Quarters of the Globe.

According to English Ideas.

1877. English Constitutions given to all the Insurgent Provinces.
1878. Penny Papers, Penny Ices, Cheap Omnibuses and Bath Buns introduced into Belgrade, Ragusa, Nish, and Constantinople.
1879. Conversion of the Sultan. Establishment of Turkish Houses of Lords and Commons, Insurgent Provinces treated like English Colonies, and Inauguration of the Constantinople Underground Railway.
1880. Payment of the Turkish Debt.

According to Mr. Punch's Private Ideas.

1877. Revolution!
1878. Reconstitution!!
1879. Renovation.
1880. Civilisation.

PUNCH AND PUFFERY.

Good old Homer sometimes nods; and *Punch* may occasionally take forty winks; but who has ever heard him talk in his sleep? "Aperiently," as *Mrs. Gamp* says, the author of the following announcement in a morning paper—unconnected, however, with *Mrs. Gamp*:—

"The Yachting Season.—'There is nothing more refreshing than the Rhinegau Champagne.'—*Punch*."

Mr. Punch does not remember ever having made this observation. If it ever escaped him whilst dreaming, in a moment of slumber, he will too probably, under the same conditions, say similar things. The next of them, perhaps, will be an encomium on the Spécialité Sherry; and by-and-by *Mr. Punch* will, without knowing it, extol even Holloway's Pills. But observe. Except through "unconscious cerebration," and "reflex action," *Punch* never puffs anything but tobacco smoke. Not if he knows it. In the meanwhile common sense shows how certain it must be that a puff falsely attributed to *Mr. Punch* is a truthful advertisement.

News for the Vatican.—Barbadoes has rebelled against Papal rule—such is its Protestant feeling—though it was only against Pope-Hennessy!

With what faculty ought a common street thief to be eminently endowed?

(It being too hot for guessing, we give the answer at once):—Purse-pick-acity (Perspicacity).

The Prisons' Bill.—Mr. William Sikes.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



INEM coronat opus" is the Parliamentary setting of the old Classic saw.

"Work crowns the Session's end—Talk its beginning."

So now the House sits even on Saturdays, and Government claims every day and all day long—even to Wednesdays. And this while the Dog-Star rages at red heat!

Saturday, August 5.—RICHARD was himself again, on Third Reading of the Education Bill—which he denounced "as the worst measure, the most unjust, and most tyrannical in spirit, since BOLINGBROKE's Schism Bill—in the reign of QUEEN ANNE."

Big words, and bold words, Brother RICHARD. Even those who have opposed the PELL element of the Bill most strongly admit that, apart from this, it makes many improvements in our school machinery. Disliking what the Bill has been perverted into doing

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DESPAIR!

BROWN HAS LOCKED HIS PORTMANTEAU WITH ONE OF THOSE LETTER PADLOCKS, AND FORGOTTEN THE WORD THAT OPENS IT!

[*Only Ten Minutes to Dinner!*

to encourage denominational teaching at the cost of School-Boards, as the re-opening of an all but scarred wound, the friends of Education, who are not also out-and-out Nonconformist partisans, could not find it in their hearts to record their votes against the Bill. The end was a poor array of 46 Noes on Third Reading, which may be said to measure the strength in the House of the party in whom hatred of the Establishment is stronger than love of Education. MR. FORSTER did not vote.

Punch can only say,

"Rest, rest perturbed spirits!"

Happily these heats are of, and for, the House. They cool down in the actualities of Educational work. Partisans make much of them, pedagogues little, parents least.

Dissection of the great Egyptian CAVE Bear. Post-mortem examinations are not ageeable in hot weather, at best; and the CAVE Bear has been dead and buried for months. What use to dig the carcase up again—especially to write over it such uncomplimentary epitaphs as MR. DODSON'S ("MR. CAVE'S mission was a total *fiasco*, the report waste paper, the end of the whole business no credit to ourselves, and no credit to the KHEDIVE"), or MR. LOWE'S ("The Decline and Fall of Egyptian Credit, a drama in five acts—Requisition, Intrusion, Inquisition, Suppression, and Repudiation.") The fact seems to be that the Acting Manager contemplated a grand *coup de théâtre*, but that his colleagues in the Ministerial management shrank from the risk. GYE, not Government, *may* have courage to bring out an Egyptian spectacle, regardless of expense. So *Aïda* succeeds, while CAVE'S Inquiry is a failure, and Suez-Canal Shares-Purchase only a half-success. But what is to be expected of a Cabinet coach with a DERBY Drag on, for all the showy driving of BEN on the Box? The KHEDIVE asked for a Clerk, and we sent him a CAVE (as he is reported to have said), to bury his credit in. Since our kind intervention, his bonds have fallen twenty per cent., and every money-market of Europe is shut in his face. Well may he ask, with a slight variation of *Falstaff*, "Call you this backing your friend's bills?"

Monday (*Lords*).—Bill to extend English local Cattle-Plague preventive and detective machinery to Ireland, and to include "horses" under general term "animals," for the first time.

LORD EMLY thought the Irish central system better than the English local.

LORD STRATHNAIRN had a little snap at Short Service, and a grumble over the Reserve.

LORD CARDWELL said he had hoped LORD STRATHNAIRN, after what we had seen, would have given a good word to the Reserve. But not a good word had been vouchsafed. LORD RAGLAN had complained in the Crimea that the recruits "died like flies." These Reserve men were not the style of fellows to die like flies. No "fly" about them.

LORD DORCHESTER didn't know about that; but twenty years' service men were better than two. The War Office boasted of 60,000 Reserve men. The country wanted five times as many.

(*Commons.*)—Bulgarian Atrocities. A hideous subject, of which Government has heard a good deal—though not from its Official Correspondents—and is likely to hear a good deal more.

MR. ANDERSON quoted the indescribable horrors in a recent report published in the *Daily News*.

MR. MUNDELLA, CAPTAIN HAYTER, JACOB BRIGHT, MR. WHITWELL, and MR. COWEN tried to say what England feels, not only about the hideous atrocities tolerated, if not directed, in Bulgaria by the Turkish Government, but about the slackness of England's official eye, ear, and tongue at Constantinople to see, hear, and speak the truth on this repulsive subject. SIR HENRY ELLIOT'S pre-determination seems to have been to disbelieve everything against the Turks or for the Bulgarian rayahs. When forced to direct inquiry by LORD DERBY'S positive instructions, he sends an agent who understands neither Turkish nor Bulgarian, in charge of his father-in-law, a notorious partisan of the Turk. Altogether, if England—as well as facts—are not effectually misrepresented at this crisis, it seems that it will not be the fault of the English Embassy at Constantinople.

MR. BOURKE made the best of his bad case—his cue being to destroy the credit of the newspaper correspondents, and bolster up the credit of the official reporters. Time will very shortly decide between them all that it has not already decided. But does any one that knows Turkey and the Turks doubt how the case really stands? If we wish to see how it *lies*, we may turn to EDIB-EFFENDI'S report, which SIR HENRY ELLIOT quotes as if he believed it.

Let *Punch* speak his mind in this matter. Political partisanship and party spirit are both at low, as well as luke-warm, water in England just now; but, if anything will fire JOHN BULL'S blood to feverheat, it is such horrors as have been perpetrated in Bulgaria—and part of his wrath will assuredly be visited on those who have striven to interpose official blinds or buffers between England and the sight or shock of these horrors. If one thing is more clear than another, it is that the attempt to soften them is past BARING—or his father-in-law, GUARACINO, either. The head of Her Majesty's Opposition asserted for the Newspaper Correspondents the credit which English common-sense and experience unite to claim for them.

Tuesday (*Lords*).

"Calm in the Peers, and reason cool,
E'en on the Education Bill,
That made with strife the Commons shrill,
Shaping such shindy out of School."

Yes—there were the DUKE, and LORD GRANVILLE, and the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and LORD RIPON, and LORD SALISBURY, all with their heads together over the Bill, and never a quarrel in the quintette!

"Ye Commons' cry of Curs"—take a lesson! How infinitely more becoming, both the subject and the weather, is this Lordly coolness and calmness, than your hasty heats and rampant rancours.

BRITANNIA must own with *Punch* that 'tis on such questions as this of Education, whose *habitat* should lie above the zone of party tempests and tornadoes, that her Lords show to advantage over her Commons.

(*Commons.*)—Another *post-mortem* examination, of the Suez-Canal Shares-Purchase, in Committee on the Bill to raise the money. MR. LOWE poked up the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, and MR. RYLANDS rasped out a screed of his familiar penny-wisdom. But the House was too languid to feel either the chafe of cynic blister ointment or the burden of Rylandsian boredom.

"Not a ha'porth 'twould reck, though it let them talk on,
And e'en DIZZY in dulness arrayed him."

Even when RYLANDS accused the Government of having formed something very like a ring to "rig"

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Egyptian Stock, the House could hardly be roused to sympathise with SIR STAFFORD'S virtuous indignation. It was too hot even for personalities. Everybody felt that somehow there had been a *coup-manqué* here too, as in the Cave Report—a "letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'" that indicated the quenching of a sensational *coup*, smacking strong of Asiatic mystery, with a *douche* of caution—"from DERBY'S depths in cooling fountains drawn." The PREMIER explained how High Political and Commercial were blent in the transaction.

High Policy's all very well,
But what both Jew and Gentile essays,
When loss against gain you've to tell,
Is to prove that High Policy pays.

Appellate Jurisdiction Bill got through Committee, and the die cast for creation of one-horse legal Peers—not permanent pillars of the House of Lords, but removable, like the partitions of a royal box.

Wednesday.—When the steed is stolen, shut the door. MR. BOURKE informed the House that Her Majesty's Government have authorised the appointment of a British Consular Officer at Philippopolis, so that SIR HENRY ELLIOTT will not be reduced to depend on Turkish authorities for accounts of Turkish atrocities.

Appellate Jurisdiction Bill passed, under a funeral wail from MR. WHALLEY, to *Ophelia's* air:—

"Oh, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!"

WHALLEY suggests as subject for a picture—"The Serpent of Statutory Enactment swallowing the Common Law!"

MR. CROSS, in a speech of infinite tact and discretion, moved the Bill for regulating Vivisection. About this question England is divided into two camps: one, which does not need to have reason urged on it; the other, which refuses to hear reason. The Bill is an attempt to meet an angry, excited, and, in its stronger forms, irrational feeling; but respect is due even to the errors of humane sentiment, however hot and heady. Of the thousand forms in which man inflicts pain on animals, one is specially inflicted for a holy purpose—the advancement of knowledge, with a view to the diminution of suffering. That one form is henceforth to be placed under special legal regulation. MR. HOLT was the organ of excited sentiment. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK and DR. PLAYFAIR put the case for calm science with exemplary moderation; the RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE, *more suo*, with more point and pepper than persuasiveness. On an ebbing tide Ministers went to dine at Greenwich.

Thursday.—LORD G. HAMILTON brought in the Indian Budget—though last, not least—to an Indian audience—very hot, very languid, and as little able as willing to brace up its energies to the terrible feat of facing such a problem as the Depreciation of Silver; still more, the crux of applying a remedy to it. To talk of Indian prosperity seems literally surplusage—for in 1874-75, a calculated deficit of £1,388,000 had been converted into a surplus of £319,197, and in 1875-76, a calculated surplus of £506,000 had swelled to £1,634,000. There was an increase in the revenue from Customs, Stamps, and Railways. Army expenditure had been retrenched. Public works were being conducted with less waste. All would be going merry as a marriage bell, but for silver—vile silver—"*fons et origo mali*," *vice* gold superseded. By its depreciation, the Indian revenue would lose £2,313,000; but "little *Surplus*"—as CHARLES SURFACE says—would survive through all!

LORD G. showed how all the devices proposed for setting up that Humpty-Dumpty—the fallen Rupee—were impracticable, and announced that Government was prepared to do nothing but keep its eyes open and curtail public works. Manchester, through the sweet voices of SIDEBOTTOM, BRIGGS, and BIRLEY, advocated repeal of the Duties on Calico, to the tune of "Take the Goods our Mills provide you," instead of weaving for yourselves, and putting on our wares a duty which, with their own *size*, is quite heavy enough to swamp Manchester cloths. Manchester could supply grey shirtings of any quantity as well as any size, if the Indian Government would take off the duty.

The House went into Committee after MESSRS. GOSCHEN AND FAWCETT had delivered learned essays on the Economics of Silver.

Punch can't understand its depreciation—he never appreciated half-crowns more since he can remember.

Friday.—ENGLAND washes her hands clean of responsibility for Turkish blood and filth. MR. EVELYN ASHLEY and SIR W. HARCOURT found eloquent voice for the feeling of horror and repulsion which the Bulgarian atrocities have left through the length and breadth of the land.

Turkey, as the *Times* truly says, has forfeited for ever the good opinion of England. It is well that MR. DISRAELI, who, with MR. BOURKE, did his best in palliation of the supineness of our representative at Constantinople, should understand this clearly; and it is well that England by her Collective Wisdom should have spoken so strongly and so clearly as Parliament is breaking up.

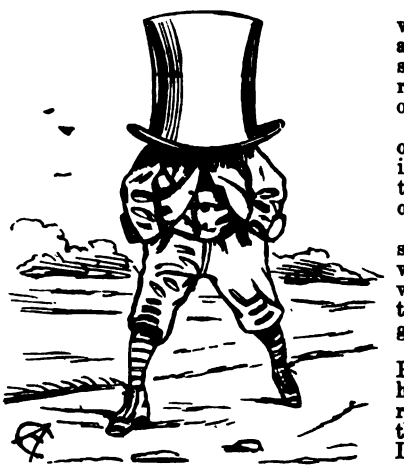
As Members dispersed in the small hours a rumour swept through the benches, and made the lights burn for a moment dimmer—that the Commons will know The RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN DISRAELI no more, he having been called up to the House of Lords as EARL OF BEACONSFIELD—

Leaving his brightest Beacon's wider field,
That House of Commons, where, for forty years,
His ready tongue hath been both sword and shield,
In battle with the worthiest of his peers.

It is the season of falling stars—a bright one has shot sudden from the Galaxy of St. Stephen's.

COOLING INVENTIONS FOR THE HOT WEATHER.

(*Suggested to Patentees of New Inventions.*)



A REFRIGERATOR Hat, with ice reservoir and self-acting steam-discharging safety valve complete, to regulate the temperature of the head.

A Suit of Dittos, made of a new material, combining the texture of the butterfly's wings with the opacity of broadcloth.

Iced Newspapers, exclusively devoted to articles written in the coolest style, with apologies for everything—including the Bulgarian atrocities.

Pocket Self-acting Punkahs, for using in hansoms and railway carriages—especially on all the Metropolitan District Lines.

Tonic Thought Lozenges, to enable the consumer to make up his mind without unnecessary exertion.

Talking Machines, requiring only to be wound up once a fortnight, for use at dinner-tables, garden-parties, crushes, and all other occasions when good society congregates in the dog-days. The Machines should be provided with interchangeable cylinders so worked that the topics may be changed frequently, on the principle of the calculating machine.

And, lastly, some mode of keeping cool (any design will be accepted) which does not entail either a visit to the Arctic Regions or a journey to the summit of Monte Rosa.

Propositions may be sent to *Mr. Punch*, care of *Toby*, the Cellar, 85, Fleet Street.

EDUCATIONAL OUT-DOOR RELIEF.

ONNER'D MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—Werry grate Impruvement of the Guvment Heddication Hact the Guardians Instead of the Skoolboards avin to pay the skool feas for scollards witch their Parients can't aford to. In coarse Wee shal Take preshus good Care to make all Them pay as can. Trust Hus to releave the Parish and Save the Ratepayers pokits. Best, if porper Heddication was in our Ands haltogether We 'd see all the necessairy Estimats was Framed like the Wurkus Diaterry with a Doo regard to Econamy. Food for Mind same as Food for Boddy. All as simple as Molossus and Skilligolee. No luxaries, no extries abuv the 3 R's. Apperyensions as bin ixprest in Sum kevarters that in payment of Skool Feas for them as aven't the meens we're Likely to be too Gennerus. No fear of that; but which it's praps only Meant for Witt, as for a Saterrical insinnevation agin respectabel Ofishels and Porochial Econamists in the Posishon of Your Obegent Umbel Servent,

PANCRIDGE.

SWEETS BY WIRE.

BY mistake, in a telegram from Calcutta the other day, "the JAM OF LASBEYLA" was entitled "the JAM OF LUXBEHAI." A serious mistake, only to be paralleled by calling raspberry jam gooseberry!

AMENDMENT ON THE CRUELTY TO ANIMALS BILL.

FOX-HUNTING in future to be limited to bag-foxes, and no FOX henceforth to be hunted except under chloroform.

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SANCTA SIMPLICITAS.

Mrs. Golightly (*fishing for a compliment*). "AH! MR. MCJOSEPH, *BEAUTY* IS THE MOST PRECIOUS OF ALL GIFTS FOR A *WOMAN!* I'D SOONER POSSESS *BEAUTY* THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD!"

Mr. McJoseph (*under the impression that he is making himself very agreeable*). "I'M *SURE*, MRS. GOLIGHTLY, THAT *ANY* REGRET YOU MAY POSSIBLY FEEL ON *THAT* SCORE MUST BE AMPLY COMPENSATED FOR BY—ER—THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF YOUR *MORAL WORTH*, YOU KNOW,—AND OF YOUR VARIOUS *MENTAL* ACCOMPLISHMENTS!"

BY THE SAD SEA WAVE.

(*Very Like a Wail.*)

TIME—*Sunday, Aug.* 6. SCENE—*The Seacoast at Sunrise.* *Interlocutors*, FATHER NEPTUNE *and* MR. PUNCH.

Punch. Good morrow, FATHER NEPTUNE!
Neptune (*gloomily*). To my sorrow,
Can't say that I expect a good to-morrow.
Punch. How's that?
Neptune. Bank Holiday!
Punch. Ho! ho! You funk
St. Lubbock's lambs?
Neptune (*saltly*). I do, when they are drunk,
Or low, or noisy, or *too* multitudinous.
Punch. Humph! We're *your* nurslings, so there's something rude in us.
But we all love Old NEP!
Neptune (*ironically*). Ay! once a year,
With passion tempered well by Cockney fear.
Love? Call you "love" the *penchant* of the rabble
Fired by their yearly craze to come and dabble
Their town toes in my sandy fringe of waves,
While I'm asleep?
Punch (*archly*). Why, many a nymph who laves
In your much-honoured flood her fairy feet is
Worthy compare with silver-ankled Thetis;
While many a dandy lounger on your sand
Could play the Viking did the hour demand.
Old Grampus, you are grumpy!
Neptune (*moodily*). Well, I'm blunt.
Perhaps I have my reasons. Ask WARD HUNT!
Punch. Or MATTHEW WEBB?
Neptune (*mollified*). One of the good old breed!
But to be made a toy of is indeed
A thing that irks me. Cockneydom *en masse*
Is on its way upon my skirts to pass
Some weary weeks of modish monotone,
Or whet its appetite on my ozone.
Can't bid *it* "Come unto these yellow sands."
Sham Sailors, Niggers, Shrimps, and German Bands,
Would vulgarise Atlantis.
Punch. Nay, restrain
Your wrath, great Sire of Floods, and smoothe that "mane"
Which BYRON——
Neptune (*exploding*). Bother BYRON! Heard him quoted
By spooning pairs, who lounged, or strolled, or boated,
Until his lines are stale as Cockney slang,
Or the cork-blackened Minstrel's banjo-twang;
And for my "mane"—Cits and their Cockney Muse
Would put it into curl-papers!
Punch. You use
Warm words, my Neptune, and your tropes are striking,
But every Villa-dweller's not a Viking.
Can't quite expect you, in a mood thus irate,
To weigh the Cockney fairly 'gainst the pirate——
Neptune (*indignantly*). Pirate be——
Punch (*warningly*). Hush! here comes a Nereid, bent
On wooing your embrace.
Neptune (*eyeing her approvingly*). Well, I'm content.
Doris might own her for a daughter true.
Were all like *her*, or—may I say—like *you*.
Punch (*smiling superior*). Utopian dreamer! Such wild thoughts are vain!
Till advent of some new Saturnian reign.
A world of *Punches* and of Peris!!!
Neptune. Well,—
Could but the throngs who yearly come to dwell
Some weeks beside my sweeps of freshening brine,
Contrive to fit their modes and moods to mine

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LEFT LUGGAGE.

RAILWAY PORTER. "IS THIS ALL, SIR?" DIZZY. "YES, I CAN'T CARRY THESE—THEY MUST COME BY THE NEXT 'PARLIAMENTARY'!!"

[But he 'll have changed his address.

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A little better. Think how great the gain.
But Music-Halldom throned upon the Main!
Bond-Street-on-Sea, still bound in Fashion's fetter!—
My Britons *ought* to understand me better!

Punch. Right, Briny Sire! And *Punch* were fain to teach
Swells on the pier, and 'ARRY on the beach,
Better philosophy. Such tasks take time,
For folly is more hard to cure than crime.
Meanwhile, bland Nobs and blatant Snobs are both
Good-natured NEPTUNE's nuralings, though you 're loth
To father half their follies. Children play,
Bare-legged, spade-wielding, on your sands to-day,
Who in the coming time may take their shares
In our sea-tale with NELSON or with NARES.

Neptune. No doubt! Good bye! Don't want to raise a bobbery,
But—*do* come down your best on Sea-side Snobbery!

(*Mr. Punch means to.*)

THE WRONG END.



SCENE—*The Steps of the Senior.* GENERALS FLINTLOCK *and* LEATHERSTOCK *discovered.*

Flintlock (*feebly*). Well, LEATHERSTOCK, how 's the gout?

Leatherstock. Beastly bad, Sir, beastly bad. Glad to see you out again.

Flintlock. It 's against my Doctor's orders, but I thought I would come down to the Club to have a look at the papers.

Leatherstock. Hang the papers, Sir! They are the curse of the country!

Flintlock. What 's all this about retirement, LEATHERSTOCK?

Leatherstock. Capital notion, Sir—best thing they have done for many a year. They want to retire the Company Officers.

Flintlock (*anxiously*). They won't touch us Generals?

Leatherstock. Touch us, Sir? I should like to see them do it! Hang it! there 's another of my twinges! Touch us, indeed! The Service would have come to a pretty pass if they touched us!

[*They hobble up the steps of the Club.*

SCENE—*Outside the Junior.* COLONEL TAPE *and* MAJOR DOCKET *discovered.*

Tape. Hallo, DOCKET! Up in town again?

Docket. Yes. I am still a supernumerary. Just been appointed to the Pen-Cutting Department.

Tape. I congratulate you. A very snug post, indeed.

Docket. And you, Colonel?

Tape (*laughing*). Oh, I am as lucky as ever—still on the Staff. I do believe, DOCKET, I couldn't pass an examination in *Field Exercises*. Part I. I haven't opened the book for years!

Docket. No more have I, Colonel. This Staff work makes a fellow precious fusty. What do you think of this Retirement scheme?

Tape. It seems sensible—making the Captains and Subalterns resign, and leaving us alone. Couldn't have anything better than that, eh?

Docket. Scarcely. Shall we have a game at billiards? My work at the Pen-Cutting Department was over at eleven to-day.

Tape. And I am on "pass" generally. [*They enter the Club.*

SCENE—*The Courtyard of the Naval and Military. Enter* LIEUTENANTS BRAID *and* LACE. *They meet* CAPTAIN ORDERLY.

Braid and Lace. Hallo, ORDERLY! Who 'd think of meeting *you* here!

Orderly. Yes. I don't often come up to town, and when I do I generally find something better to do than lounging in a smoking-room.

Braid. My dear old man, you are an honour to the Service.

Orderly. The Service be hanged, Sir!

Lace. Hallo! Why you always used to say——

Orderly. I have changed my opinion. How can a man take a pride in his profession when he is to be shunted after twenty years' service? After undergoing all the drudgery of a Company Officer, to be refused field rank!

Braid. I see you have been reading the Retirement affair. It *is* rather rough.

Orderly. I have, Sir; and I can tell you it will ruin the Service as thoroughly as it will ruin me! [*Exit.*

Braid. Well, they must make room for us, you know. The poor old chap seems to feel it, though.

Lace. So should we if we had had his service.

Braid. And, as we haven't, let 's have a peg!

Lace. A peg, by all means!

[*The promising young Soldiers enter the Club.*

OUR REPRESENTATIVE AT THE GREAT WAGNER FESTIVAL, BAYREUTH.

117, *Schnitzelstrasse, Baireuth.*

MEIN LIEB ALTE MANN,

DA bin ich! Und Sie wie befinden Sie sich? Das Wetter ist gut für schwächliche Leute. Excuse *dese* German *sprechen, aber* (but) when I am once again among *mein intimer freunde* and *mein alten Pallen* I cannot avoid thinking in their language, and so slipping into it. I suppose you know all about Baireuth, or Bayreuth, but "Bai" is the proper way of *buchetabiren* (spelling) it. I 'll just give you such *particulären* as I 've been able to pick up in the few hours I 've been here.

The population yesterday was 19,208, but I have since learnt that this morning, before sending this, it has been increased by twins at No. 20, Kinderstrasse, when *die muter und dess kinchen* (this is low-Bavarian for "mother and children") are doing as well as can be expected. Dear old WAGGY (my *petit nom*, for years past, for *mein intimer freund* HERR WAGNER) *leaves a note* at the house—every morning, and such a note!!—it expresses, at one Wagnerian touch, his deep sympathy, the height of his anxiety, his sharpness to be of any service, his intention to call again to-morrow, and his wish to stand godfather to these little twins, who, because it is here the custom to be perpetually drinking babies' healths, and because the new-born ones themselves in this country take to "the bottle" so early, are called *die Zwillings*—and a doosid good name, too.

There is a splendid *pompe* (pump) at Bayreuth; a fine *restaurant*, where we drink *schloss** (a sort of thick lager-beer stirred up with a spoon), and eat *der schwein-choppen* (pork chops) stewed in *sauer-krout* (sour crout); and, *danke Himmel*, in this hot weather there are lots of *schwizzle-hausen* all over the place.

There is here the National German Operatic Theater, which *mein lieb alte freund* WAGGY drew out himself from the original design of a certain gentleman whom it would not become me to mention; but,

* *Schloss* we had hitherto thought meant, in German, a castle. Still, there may be a drink of that name, just as, *e.g.*, we say here "Give me a pint of Bass," meaning thereby a pint of the beer brewed by MR. BASS, M.P. Also we refuse to accept the responsibility of our esteemed Correspondent's Bavarian spelling. He is evidently intimately acquainted with various dialects, and with the Bavarian cockneyisms of the streets, as he employs words and expressions which, we confess, are utterly strange to us. Yet as it has not been our fortunate lot, as we gather from occasional remarks in his present letter it has been *his*, to be brought up at Heidelberg and Bonn, and to be on most intimate and affectionate terms with Germans and Austrians and Bavarians of all ranks, we will not venture to correct his spelling or his translations, and can only congratulate ourselves and our readers on being able to receive information from so invaluable a Contributor, who is no less erudite as a scholar than he is accomplished as a gentleman, and who is able to live *most economically* in a foreign country, as a true Cosmopolitan should do.—ED.

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A JUMP AT A CONCLUSION.

Geraldine. "YOU SHAN'T BE MY AUNT: YOU SHALL BE MY SISTER!"

Aunt Anne. "NO. I AM YOUR PAPA'S SISTER, AND SO I MUST BE YOUR AUNT."

Geraldine (after a pause). "*THEN, WAS PAPA MY UNCLE BEFORE HE WAS MARRIED?*"

---

alte mann, you will comprehend when I remind you that Your Representative was educated for an Architect,* in which line I should have undoubtedly excelled, had not my modesty and unselfishness . . . But I am not here to write my *memoirs*. These will come in good time.

We are living at a charming boarding-house near the Black Forest. You have often heard of the Boarders of the Black Forest, eh? Well, that 's where we are.†

In the morning it is delightful to hear the warblüng of the birds, the *shreiken* of the night owl, the wild wood notes of the cockaleeken, the *chirrupen* of the cockëlollen-bürd, and the *bumbelen* (humming) of a *myriaden der insekten* (of a myriad insects—this is all low-Bavarian, the language here of the family circles), which are in themselves a rare education for the neophyte who would *unterkönstumbülen* (understand) the genius of *mein lieb alte* WAGGY.

Our meeting at the station was immensely touching—we were in each other's arms in two-twos, *kissengen* (kissing) one another's *cheeken* (cheeks), with that expansion and effusion of affection which only two such old *chümmen-und-pallen* (equivalent to "college and school-fellows") as old HERR WAGGY and myself could possibly experience. Bang went the drums, clash went the cymbals, which *der Meister* (the master) had thoughtfully provided to divert public attention from us as we wept, *droppen-die-joien* (tears of joy), over each other's shoulder.

"*Was wunschen Sie?*" were the first words he could speak.

I replied glibly, "*Geben Sie mir etwas Wein etwas Ochsbraten, etwas Salat, eine halbe Taube, das Oel, etwas Spinat, einen Hecht, eine Pfersiche und eine Flasche moussirenden Champagner.*"*

In a second, it was before us.

"*Zo ist gut!*" I exclaimed. "*Nun danke sie Himmel! Ja! Zo!*"

We are having a first-rate time of it. Such a party last night. Myself the life and soul of it of course. It was musical and merry. Waggish and Wagnerian! I played my *Leatherlungen* with a trilogy in *b* minor, which they had never heard before.

"If," said old WAGGY, emphatically, "if that symphony grand-and-heart-and-soul-interior-stirring this time I before had heard, never again of music a note would I myself have written!"

And for three minutes he was silent, buried in deep thought. I tapped him on the back, and whispered in his ear, "*Lieb Meister*," I said, "the idea is yours. Take it and be happy." He was overjoyed and immediately went into his bedroom to re-touch the *Nibelungen*, which is taken from an unpublished work of mine, *Die Nibbertolatetomenden*, libretto by CHARLES READE.†

Our party consisted of the KING OF BAVARIA, who has still some good notes in his voice, only he *will* take too much *stodgen-sassinger* (a sort of delicate sausage made of boar's flesh, truffles, garlic, veal, and underdone beef), at dinner, three Serene Transparencies, who quite lighted up during the evening, though a trifle dull at first, four Grand Dukes, and six Grand Duchesses, who sang a *decemtette* in *b flat* of the *musiken der Zimmer* order, with much taste and feeling.

Then we had three ordinary Dukes, who misbehaved themselves shockingly, and who were subsequently removed to *die station-hauser* by the *Bobben-politzei* (constabulary), and were not let off next morning until they had paid a fine, two-and-a-half *silber groschen* each, which was ordered by the *wörthe-beke* (Magistrate) to be placed in the poor's-box.

The EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA sang his own hymn, accompanying himself on the concertina, very fairly for an amateur, only he *will* overdo the action, and get so much all *ober-die-schoppen* (all over the shop), that there 's no coming within a mile of him. I am outrunning my space, so must finish, but not without telling you a few of my *splittersideren* (or jokes that nearly make you burst with laughter), with which I have enlivened the company in this out-of-the-way-but-at-present-fashionably, scientifically, operatically, and artistically-crowded place.

All our jokes and conversation are musical, *bien entendu*.

Here is a specimen of a few of my *crakjöken*, as the Swedes call them—of my *funnimentos*, as the Spaniards have it.

---

* "*An Architect.*" This is news: but nothing surprises us, as we always told him *to his face* that he was a very clever man.—ED.

† We *have* heard of the "*borders* of the Black Forest," but not of a boarding-house in that romantic spot. If our Contributor is joking with us, it is a pity, as, with this vague address, it is *impossible* for us, with any degree of security, to forward him the "*de quoi vivre*," in point of fact the usual honorarium for expenses. This, however, causes us little or no anxiety, as our esteemed Representative, being such a master of languages, and being so well known to the renowned Mäestro, HERR WAGNER himself (whom he calls "Old WAGGY," as we learn from his letter), will never be at a loss, should our handsome remittance fail to arrive, as it certainly will do on the present occasion. We think it due to ourselves to mention our reason for not posting the remittance, publicly beforehand, so as to forestall any subsequent reprisals and complaints on the part of our esteemed Correspondent. [Also, if he is on the borders of the Black Forest, why does he date from 117, Schnitzelstrasse, which street we have been utterly unable to find in our plan of Bayreuth, which, however, we will honestly admit, is an old copy of ten years ago. Yet it is odd.—ED.]

* A friend who is just off to the Continent with his pocket full of *Murrays, Bradshaws*, and Conversation books, has just this minute looked in. He declares that every word of this excellent German is to be found in a *Manual of Conversation for the Traveller*, under the head of *Das Abendessen*. Yet, on second thoughts, why shouldn't it be? Our Correspondent would certainly not ask HERR WAGNER for dishes which were *not* in the language of the country. Of course, it is as well to be cautious; but we are inclined to think that our visitor (who has gone) was a trifle hypercritical. The question to our mind is, does Our Correspondent really speak low-Bavarian dialects *or not?* If he *does* . . . yet, *still*, he *may* have recourse to his Conversation book for his best German. We will think it out, and while thinking it out, we can temporarily withhold remittances.—ED.

† No, we never *did* hear of this. Why has this work been so long hidden away? We can hardly believe it: and yet,—*we will write to* MR. CHARLES READE, *and put the matter in his hands*. If the statement is untrue, MR. READE can put the engine of the law at work, and he may depend upon us for giving him every assistance in our power.—ED.

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SEA-SIDE COSTUMES.

A Distinction with a Difference. The Gentlemen have Two Legs to their Trousers: the Ladies only *One*.

Lieb Waggy says to me on Sunday, "Are you going to church?"

"No," I replied; "I always go to Chappell."

This was a *splittersiderer*.

Another. "Have some more Rhine wein," says *der alter Meister*.

"*Nein, danke*," I replied.

"Why?" he asks, with a wink to the company, intimating that a real good 'un might be expected. And he was not deceived.

"I will not," I returned, gravely, "take any more Rhine wein, because I do not wish to be a well-known music publisher."

"*Hein!*" they all exclaimed.

I explained. "Because," said I, with that well-known arch expression of *mein optiken* (my eye), which is so irresistible, "because I do not wish to be Boosey."

Need I say that there were *shrieken und shouten* all over the place?

There was a first-rate brass band, and also an inferior one. Of the two I said, "*Das ist* Coot *und* Tinney."

This double-barrelled Anglo-Bavarian *splittersider* is the last sky-rocket I can send you to-day with safety to the post-bag.

By the way, as there are in the crowd here *some very unprincipled persons*, who would not be above going to the Post Office, and, making use of the untradesmanlike falsehood of its being the same concern, getting hold of my letters, *for the sake of the enclosure from you, please do not send the remittance here*,* but entrust it to the Gentleman who brings this letter to you, and *in whom I have every confidence*, whose receipt will be your discharge, and who will bring it straight to me, so you may as well let him have it in cash. In business there must ever be mutual confidence,† and so, *mein lieb alte Mann*, I grasp you firmly by the hand, and hope that within two days a note from you, with enclosure as aforesaid, will gladden the eyes and heart of him who revels in signing himself ever

Your Representative.

* We will strictly comply with this request. We like the great caution shown by our Contributor; it is in itself a guarantee of good faith.—Ed.

† True: our sentiments down to the ground. Therefore it will be on the whole safer (as we told the Gentleman who came with this MS., and who complained of being kept waiting in the office, as he wanted to be off to Bayreuth immediately, and might miss his train) for our excellent and clever Correspondent to trust *us* here, and we can settle up with him *on his return*. We have written to him to this effect, only we think it as well to state the case publicly, in view of any probable difficulties in future. *Entre nous*, we did *not* like the look of the "friend" who called. He had the shabby-genteel appearance (we would not be uncharitable for the world) of an out-of-work billiard—ahem!—player. If he was indeed a "friend" of our Contributor's, he had all the air of "a friend in need."—Ed.

"ALARUMS, EXCURSIONS!"

Shakspeare.

The Collision Season has set in early; and if all excursion-trains are to be managed on the same principles as that which travelled over the Somerset and Dorset Railway on Monday week (Bank Holiday), a considerable addition to the death rate may be confidently anticipated. Could not the infliction on readers of the daily journals of column after column of solemn and protracted farces, called "Official Inquiries," be dispensed with for a common form, agreed upon by the Board of Trade? It could easily be done. Everybody knows that—

1. A nervous Coroner will open "this painful investigation."

2. That a person with the appearance of being possessed of unfathomable wisdom will "act as Assessor" (whatever that may mean), and, with great prudence, say as little as possible.

3. That another person, also, supposed to possess inscrutable knowledge with regard to Railway accidents (after they have occurred), will attend as "Government Inspector." This will probably be a Military man—a familiarity with lists of "killed and wounded," being no doubt considered the most essential qualification.

4. A Jury, of various degrees of ignorance, will view the bodies and the scene of the accident with open-mouthed astonishment.

5. Plans and Models will be produced, a large number of witnesses will flatly contradict one another, and a quantity of the most intricate engineering technicalities will be flashed to and fro before the bewildered Jury.

6. The Rules of the Company, printed for the use of their servants and *employés*, will be produced, and proved to be so perfect and so full of foresight, that their observance must have made the accident impossible. Only one point will not be insisted upon—that the requirements of the Company, as to time and taskwork, render the observance of these Rules by their overworked servants absolutely impossible; dismissal being the sure consequence of the servants' observance of any rule that happens for the moment to be in the teeth of an official superior's order.

7. The Coroner will deliver a hazy "summing up."

8. The Jury, probably, after asking the Coroner what verdict they ought to return, will find that there is nobody to blame; or if there is a scapegoat to be pounced upon, that it is some poor devil who works some hundred and twenty hours a week for sixteen shillings.

9. Coroner, Jury, Inspector, and Assessor will compliment one another on the attainment of that pitch of intelligence known in jury records as "high," and such an amount of amiability as to render it almost a pity they should ever part.

10. Some months after the accident is forgotten by the public, the Inspector will make a "Report" to the Board of Trade, which, after dealing very elaborately with the facts of the case, will wind up with some very valuable suggestion which has been offered fifty times before, and as often disregarded by the Company.

Punch has a suggestion to make in addition to the hint that "Inquiries" might be reduced to a common form; and that is, that whenever it may seem necessary that two trains shall meet on a single line, the passengers and officials may be allowed to alight a few minutes before the desired collision. Then, a full head of steam being turned on, let the two trains have it out without the passengers.

The Roll of Fame.

"Ex-Colonel Baker has joined the Turkish Army."—*Daily Papers.*

That with the Turks he takes command,
Should not surprise us in the least.
A Baker ought to understand
The way of rising in the (y)East.

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PATENT FIRST-CLASS COSTUME FOR THE COLLISION SEASON.

Traveller. "YES, IT'S DECIDEDLY WARM, BUT THERE'S A FEELING OF SECURITY ABOUT IT I RATHER LIKE." (*Yawns.*) "ANY CHANCE OF A SMASH TO-DAY!?" [*Drops off to Sleep!*

CONFESSION IN COURT.

WE'RE a Protestant Public. Of all "Romish errors"
The one in our eyes most invested with terrors,
The one we hate worst, as a "Papal aggression"
On freedom and manhood, we know is Confession;

Sacramental Confession, full true and particular,
Of sins, faults, and failings—Confession Auricular,
When privily whispered in church through a hole
In a box to a Priest for relief of the soul:

Under seal, which by sacrilege heinous is broken
If a word's e'er disclosed by the Penitent spoken.
Still we Britons this practice abhor and detest,
As a yoke laid on slaves by vile Papal behest;

A yoke of degraded and abject submission
Fit for victims and dupes of a low superstition.
Give us no such impostors as Father Confessors,
To pump their lives' secrets from sinful transgressors!

We'll have no priestly duffer pry into our lives!
He shall ne'er cross-examine our daughters and wives,
To our shame and disgrace, and their contamination,
Corruption, debasement, demoralisation!

No Pop'ry, from victims avowals to draw!
No Confession but what is exacted by law!
No Confessors but Counsel; Confessional none
Save the Witness-box only—and public that one!

No scruple, no shrinking, in examination,
From questions enforcing self-humiliation,
And extorting replies with as much repetition,
As may please the familiars of *Our* Inquisition.

No restriction on wringing out requisite truth,
Neither pertinence, relevance, feeling, nor ruth.

Confessions for Penitent's whisper unmeet,
Let Witnesses make to be hawked in the street.

For a British and Protestant People are we;
And the land that we live in 's the Home of the Free.
BRITANNIA for ever is Queen of the Waves,
And the Jesuits ne'er shall make Britons their slaves.

SAUSAGE MAKERS AND SAUSAGE MILLS.

ON the Bank Holiday, Monday last week, the brightness of the sky was as remarkable as the dulness of the papers, only enlivened by the subjoined police case; and the interest of *that* is melancholy:—

"At Brentford, JAMES PEEK, a pork butcher and sausage maker in an extensive way of business at Brentford, was charged on a warrant with having on his premises, for the purpose of manufacture into human food, upwards of a quarter of a ton of putrid meat. MR. WOODBRIDGE prosecuted for the Brentford Local Board. MR. G. W. LAY (LAY AND SCOTT) defended. The defendant was sentenced to three months' hard labour."

A pork butcher and sausage maker in an extensive way of business must command the sympathy of all who respect respectability. Another good man gone wrong! It is awful to imagine a most well-to-do shopkeeper employed in picking oakum or sinking under the toil-some effort of climbing the treadmill. Sadder still is the fact that a tradesman so respectable as one late in business at Brent-ford on a scale amounting to extensive, should have had so little self-respect as to incur the correction of a common rogue. But the saddest thought of all is, that of the extent to which sausages in the extensive business of this Brentford sausage maker have been probably composed of putrid meat, and the quantity of measly and otherwise diseased pork with which it may be feared, this pork butcher of Brentford has been supplying the Brentford, and, perhaps, even the British Public. Let us hope that his example will operate as a warning to the generality of pork butchers and sausage makers, whether their way of business be extensive or restricted. Or else, some of them likewise may be condemned to the treadmill, and retributively utilised in grinding wholesome sausage meat.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



RE the Ends of Sessions (as the late BENJAMIN DISRAELI assured us the other day) really fertile in compromises? Is this weather (*Saturday, August* 12) a compromise?—or the last fierce fight over the Education Bill?—or this day's mutiny of JENKINS and DILKE against the majesty of the Chair—two small talkers against the Great Speaker?—or this wail of WHALLEY's over the gradual downfall, at the hands of Parliament, of the Common Law, and the recklessness of reporting in the small hours?—or this last assault of the Ship-owners on the Lords' Amendments of the Merchant Shipping Bill, and PLIMSOLL's final protest?

Surely not. The Session dies (*Monday*) not quietly like a good man in the evening of his days, after a well-spent life, but fiercely in fight and foam, like a whale in its flurry—amidst obtestation of Lords, forced to accept Commons' Amendments undiscussed, and Commons, compelled to bolt Lords' Amendments undigested: and angry interchange of Lords' Amendments of Commons' Amendments of Lords' Bills,—and Commons' Amendments of Lords' Amendments of Commons' Bills—all alike in the rough and unconsidered state in which they are passed into Law—and a general hustling and hurrying, bustling and worrying through Third Reading of the laggard Bills of the Session.

But all 's well that ends well. They are all at last through the perilous passage of the Twelfth, so big with the fate of birds that it has no room for care about the fate of Bills; and (*Tuesday, Aug.* 15) THE SESSION HAS REACHED ITS CLOSE!

When the House meets again, it will know the RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI no more—but, in another place, the EARL OF BEACONSFIELD; to whom *Punch*, with pen and pencil, pays, in this Number, his due tribute of honour.

And so the Session with a Title ends,
That with a Title ope'd; but how unlike
This Title unto that! *This* Title given,
Ungrudged and uncontested, unto one
Whom, howsoever differing men and minds
May differ in their judgment of the man,
All own a fighter who has fairly won
The meed of honour which now crowns his age:
Like some great argosy, that after years
Of buffetting with winds and waves and wars,
Crowned with the memories of conflicts past,
Passes from high seas' strife to harbour's calm.
That Title, hardly forced at the sword's point,
From England's grudging throat—for that her life
Of loyalty would none of a new name
For the old majesty of England's Queen,
Law-based, Law-consecrate, and Law-enthroned!

LUNAR FARMING.

IT is rather surprising that the somewhat unusual occurrence of an inhabitant—a very distinguished one, it would seem—of the Moon paying a visit to our Earth should not have attracted more attention. We refer to the "GRAND DUCHESS DE LUNE," who is reported as having been present at the Northumberland Agricultural Society's Show. Astronomers cannot fail to deduce, from this visit of the Grand Duchess to one of our important Cattle Parades, the reasonable inference that agricultural pursuits are as much in favour in the Moon as they have been from time immemorial on our own planet. It would be interesting to know whether wheat and barley and wild oats ripen as well under moonshine as they do under sunshine; what description of implements our neighbour's farmers employ, and whether they still stick to the sickle; and what difficulties they have with ground game, and whether they are in the habit of grumbling about the seasons, the crops, and the times.

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WHERE TO GO.



O Aix-la-Chapelle. If you are disappointed with life, and wish to experience dulness in all its native purity. If you have no objection to suicide, drink the waters.

To Boulogne. If you love to hear French spoken as it is at Putney. If rinking (with the sun at 80° in the refrigerator) is a pleasant distraction. If you like "*Porto*" with a *very* strong *bouquet.*

To Canterbury. If you are fond of cricket, cathedrals, and amateur theatricals. Of course, if you find the city is *too* lively, you can make an excursion to Herne Bay the Hilarious, or to Broadstairs, the birthplace of Broad Grins.

To Dieppe. If you like your wife to dress six times a day. If you don't mind the passage from Newhaven. If you wish your children to pick up the French tongue with a slight Billingsgate (adapted from the English) flavour.

To Ems. If you delight in listening to anecdotes about German Royalty, and do not object to paying regal prices for your board and lodging at the leading hotels.

To Folkestone. If the arrival of the boat from Boulogne on a rough day is an attraction to you. If you are fond of the society of Aldershott-by-the-Sea.

To Gravesend. If your soul does not soar above shrimps, "happy days" at Rosherville, and sixpences extra for hot water and weak tea.

To Hammersmith. If you are passionately attached to the Metropolitan and District Railways, and have a sneaking liking for Shepherd's Bush.

To Interlacken. If you wish to watch the manners and customs of those who avail themselves of "Tourist Tickets" and "Hotel Coupons," and like your English without the letter H.

To Jersey. If you want to see a place where England is considered a "sister island," and where a French-speaking race would certainly not be English, if by any change in their nationality they could avoid becoming French.

To Kiel. If the birth-place of the German Navy interests you, and you like a watering-place governed from Berlin.

To Lucerne. If you don't want to lose sight of the long-familiar faces of London. If you delight to hear BROWN'S attempts at French, and SMITH'S attacks upon German. If you appreciate a good dinner at the Schweitzerhoff.

To Monaco. If you consider it the thing to meet the "lucky men" of the Clubs, the beardless Subalterns of the crack Cavalry regiments, and the young Ladies who are going to belong to PRINCE'S the moment they have kissed hands at Court.

To Naples. If you like to be hot and are partial to macaroni. If you have never seen Vesuvius and think it advisable to supplement the knowledge you have attained in the Courts of the Crystal Palace with an excursion to Pompeii.

To Ostend. If you really want a good, dull, dirty town—to get away from. If an overdressed crowd of cosmopolitans is a pleasing sight to you.

To Paris. If you do not mind sunstroke, cheap tourists, and old pieces. If you want to prove to your own satisfaction that the celebrated saying should be altered to "Only bad Americans go to Paris in August, when they die."

To Quebec. If you are not particularly popular and wish to give your friends at home a little holiday by your absence.

To Rotterdam. If you enjoy a long sea journey and are never so happy as when you are staying at damp hotels and meeting dull-looking people.

To Scarborough. If you are fond of adaptations from the French and wish to see Boulogne, *plus* Margate, Brompton, Sheffield, and Upper Tooting, settled noisily down upon the coast of Yorkshire.

To Torquay. If you consider yourself an invalid and wish to behave as such.

To Vienna. If you want to see life, and are fond of beer that frequently cheers and only occasionally inebriates.

To Waterloo. If you are staying at Brussels, and don't mind travelling in company with "'ARRY" and his friend "'ENERY."

To Xeres. If you have only tasted doctored sherry and wish to drink the genuine article.

To Yarmouth. If you have a fond devotion for bloaters and desire to buy some of an inferior quality to those only to be obtained in London.

To Zanzibar. If you are a good-natured fellow, and don't mind going a short journey to say "How d'ye do?" to the SULTAN for his dear friend (and yours too, if you like), *Mr. Punch.*

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Through Journey—Express—Boat—Notes on Anticipations—Arrival.

Happy Thought.—Off!

Fellow-passenger in train, who talks to me for half-an-hour under the impression that everybody must be going, as he is, to the Chester Races. Finding that I am not bound for that sporting meeting, and that, moreover, I am personally unacquainted with any Winner of the Derby within the last five years, and that I have no "fancy" for the "Thousand Guineas," or something of that sort, at Newmarket, he loses all interest in me, and, pulling a cap over his ears, and wrapping his long, light, check-patterned Ulster over his legs, he is off to sleep. No other passengers. Quick, easy-going train this!

At Crewe.—After we have waited here a few minutes, Guard asks, "Any more Irish train?" as if we were a dish, like Irish stew. It being ascertained that no one (at Crewe, at least) *does* want any more Irish train, they get rid of us as quickly as possible. Again it urges on its mild career.

Through Wales. Wales fast asleep. Welsh moonlight. Subject for Academy picture, No. 289, "*Welsh Mutton asleep in Welsh Moonlight,*" *by* MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON, *a peace offering to the Academy.* Wonder what the passage across will be like. Wonder if it will be worse than I anticipate. No; it can't be worse. I have heard they are magnificent boats. My only idea of a "magnificent" boat, is one in which you cannot feel the movement when it is in motion.

"Impossible!" says some one. "Not at all!" I reply. "Isn't the world moving round and round, in the giddiest possible manner, perpetually? and do we feel the motion? No." Let a scientific person think this out, and construct a new packet-boat for the Channel.

On Board.—It is a fine vessel—that is, as to size and accommodation. Steward (Irish, of course) most polite. He shows me to a cupboard, fitted up with shelves on which to put passengers away. This cabin recalls to my mind the horrors of the Antwerp passage on board the gallant *Baron Osy.* Passengers are drinking and eating.

Happy Thought.—Don't look at them. Shut myself into cupboard, and *play at going to bed, as if I were still on shore,* or staying (I will suppose) with a bachelor friend who could only give me a shake-down. . . . I begin by "making believe" with the foregoing idea in view. . . . I change it to playing at being asleep on a sofa *in a badly-built house during a gale.* . . . This ingenious notion will sufficiently account for the sound of the cracking of the timbers, and the undulating movement of the couch (not a bed or a sofa *now*) and the noise outside. . . . As the noise outside increases, I have to add "the water coming in," and imagine myself in a London house on a Monday morning, in bed in some room near the tank when "the water comes in." . . . Now I will play at going to sleep. . . .

* * * * * *

If sleep won't come—out, out, brief note-book.

* * * * * *

A novelist writes, "But let us not anticipate——" *I* say, "Let me anticipate; let me imagine what Ireland is going to be like, according to *my* idea." My preconceived notions of Ireland are founded chiefly upon the admirable writings of the late MR. CHARLES LEVER, illustrated by "PHIZ," with occasional assistance from the HALLS, the O'HARAS, WILLIAM CARLETON, and the Irish plays of MESSRS. FALCONER and BOUCICAULT.

On landing I expect to be hailed by ragged car-boys in long coats with capes to them, with battered hats on their heads, chiefly remarkable for the scarcity of brim, the absence of crown, and for the presence of a "dhudeen" (perhaps this is not the way to spell it, but I mean a short black pipe) stuck in, anyhow, when not in use. I expect to be styled "Captain!" by every one of these ragamuffins (*Note*—for when I've time to think of it—whence the word, "*Rag-a-muffin*"? A muffin done to rags doesn't suggest the idea. Keep this for *Typical Developments,* Letter "R,"—"*unde*

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derivatur"), who will fight for my luggage until "Black MULLINS," or some rascal more powerful than the others, collars my portmanteau, puts it on his car, and perhaps collars me (for I shouldn't resist "Black MULLINS"), and puts *me* on to the car too.

Then what a hooting and shouting, and laughing, and real witty chaffing (at *my* expense) will arise—until I give the name of my hotel—"MORRISON'S—(which has an Anti-Union Club sound), and am driven off in triumph by "Black MULLINS," waving his whip, his horse going at a hand-gallop round the corners, and myself holding on, as best I can, to the back of the car with one hand, while with the other I grasp my portmanteau, and away fly, this way and that, my stick, my umbrella, my hatbox, and my overcoat, to the twenty-four winds of heaven, and to the intense enjoyment of the hundred or more laughing, running, vagabonds about the place.

This is the sort of entry—hardly a triumphal one—that I expect into Dublin; founded, of course, on my recollections of *Charles O'Malley* and *Jack Hinton the Guardsman*.

What do I expect of Dublin? Well, principally the LORD LIEUTENANT driving about, plenty of military, always in uniform, a sprinkling of attorneys, lots of "Counsellors" in wig and gown, fine policemen, jovial-looking priests, priggish-looking parsons, Clubs where members are excitedly discussing politics at the open windows, and, at every turn of the streets, some lazy, idle dog saying good things to some other lazy, idle joker like himself, while the car-drivers keep up a fire of running chaff all over the town. That is what I am expecting. I am further expecting to be in readiness at any moment with a repartee. And I am arranging my course of conduct so as not to be the aggressor in a verbal war of wit, but either to smile goodhumouredly and bear it, or, *if ready*, to reply and turn the laugh in my favour.

As for Trinity College, I expect to find the Undergraduates in the evening giving their wine and supper parties, playing the *cornet-à-piston* out of tune, blowing up the College pump, squibbing a Dean, or indulging in some other good old practical joke played off on academical, civil, or military dignitaries. In fact, I expect Ireland in general, and Dublin in particular, to be ROLLICKING! "Rollicking" is the only word for it. I expect "Rollicks" to be going on all day and all night. "Frolics" is not a strong enough word for my purpose: it is too weak, childish, and lamblike. A lamb frolics, an Irishman "rollicks." Well, this is what I expect; and I am glad I have written it down, so as to be able to compare the reality with what my fancy (founded on Irish works of Irish imagination) had painted it. *Nous verrons.*

* * * * * *

"Ten minutes more, Sir," says the Steward, looking in, "and we shall be in."

Happy Thought.—Thank Heaven! I *have* slept.

"I suppose," says the Steward, looking in again, "ye'll want a boy."

I am half asleep. Is it a boy, or a buoy, he means? Why either?

Happy Thought.—To answer, as if I were an old traveller, and quite accustomed to it, "Certainly."

The "boy" appears, and carries my luggage with the strength of three boys.

GENTLEMAN HELP.

AN Advertisement in a daily paper offers a good opening for any one of too many of our young friends:—

YOUTH (Genteel) WANTED at Builder's Office, and assist in house early morn, clean knives, boots, and run errands. Good opportunity to learn.—Apply, &c.

This is really the only sort of thing that numbers of well-looking boys, sons of poor gentlefolk, are fit for, whilst their parents and friends are vainly striving to obtain them employment requiring educated intelligence. The expectations cherished in such cases might be truly expressed by advertisement, as follows:—"Wanted, by Parents moving in good Society, but of narrow means, a Gentlemanly and Lucrative Situation for a Youth of rudimentary Knowledge, and of Abilities below the Average."

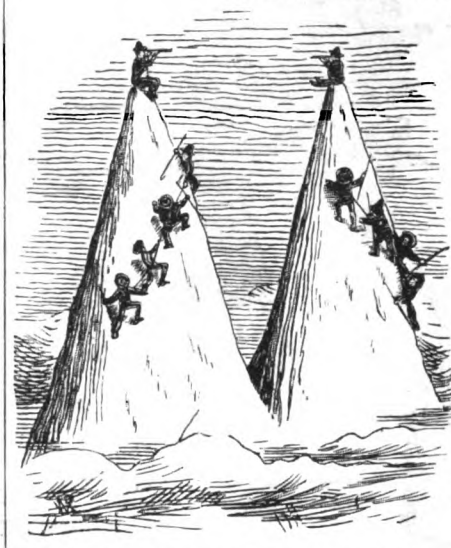
An Irish Gem.

IN one of some letters exchanged with MR. GLADSTONE, on the University question, an "IRISH CATHOLIC LAYMAN," having expressed the hope that his correspondent will one day resume the Premiership, concludes his letter as follows:—

"When the time for taking that position arrives, your old and grateful friends in Ireland will prove to the world that Irish Catholics are never ungrateful, and that honesty of purpose, even when directed against what they hold most dear, cannot blot from their memory past favours."

But is it from any but an Irish memory, sure, that honesty of purpose, in any case, could possibly blot past favours?

TOWN-TOURING.



MR. COOK has had it all his own way for some years of excursioneering. *Mr. Punch* has almost made up his mind (the late heat having rendered it almost impossible to make up anything else—even the current Number) to set on foot an undertaking which is calculated to meet the wishes and purses of a large circle of would-be travellers.

The title, "The Economical Stationary Tourists' Society," has nothing to do with cheap envelopes and writing paper; but it is the most compendious designation of *Mr. Punch's* eminently logical scheme to supply those who, by circumstances beyond their own control, are forced to remain in the Metropolis during the travelling season.

Tickets will be delivered, at various prices, for the various destinations of purchasers anxious to travel without leaving home. The rooms in the Society's Establishment will be numbered and named according to the Tours undertaken by the Managers.

For instance: You purchase a ticket for the Tyrol. All you have to do is to look at the plan of the Rooms kept by the Porter. You will follow the passage indicated, conducting you to a door labelled "Tyrol." Within you will find maps, handbooks, and photographs of all the objects of interest in the Austrian or Italian Tyrol.

Specimens of Edelweiss and pear-wood chamois, châlets, and alpenstocks, may be purchased at a stall in the room. Ladders will be provided to mount on to the roof with the greatest possible danger to life and limb; while blocks of Wenham ice and property snow—in lambs' wool—will be added, to give local colour to the ascent.

A Courier, of competent experience and rascality, will be attached to each Tour. Mattrasses on the roof, for sunrises, extra.

The Egyptian Tour will provide models of a Nile Boat and a living crocodile in a tank. Mosquitoes will be let out at night to enterprising sleepers on the premises. A real Dragoman will be attached to this department, and *cartes de visite* of the KHEDIVE and M. DE LESSEPS will be kept in stock.

In the Indian Tour Room will be exhibited the Basket Trick, and a snake-charmer, with a live cobra. Permission has been secured to ride the Elephants at the Zoological Gardens. Negotiations are pending for a Rajah with a grievance.

In the Garden at the back, Grouse recently killed may be shot at, and sent to friends on the following morning.

Time and experience will bring the idea to perfection; but *Mr. Punch* is confident that the speculation is fraught with the happiest prospects for his own pocket, and the pleasure of intending Tourists, of wide ambitions and narrow means.

"Caviare to the General."

WE rarely meet a soldier without hearing some complaint about the small pay he is getting. Still, we must say we are startled by the following advertisement:—

WANTED, a PLAIN COOK. Wages, £16; all found. A good GENERAL would suit.

Really, such an offer is an insult to the Army, and the Horse Guards ought to notice it. However paltry he may deem the pay he is receiving, surely no good General would consent to an exchange which would make him leave the Service for the place of a Plain Cook.

An Object of Suspicion.

TOURISTS in Scotland, who are of confirmed temperate habits, and liable to be shocked by any appearance of excess, would do well to avoid Loch Drunkie—at least until a scientific analysis of its contents has satisfied them that there is no Whiskey mingled with the water. (N.B.—Loch Drunkie is not to be confounded with Loch Brandy. Why is there no Loch Whiskey in Scotland?)

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YOUTHFUL RESOURCE.

MR. AND MRS. JONES HAVE BROKEN IT GENTLY TO THEIR CHILDREN THAT THERE WILL BE NO SEA-SIDE THIS YEAR UNLESS THEY LET THEIR HOUSE. THE JUVENILE POWERS AVAIL THEMSELVES OF A SHORT ABSENCE OF MR. AND MRS. JONES FROM HOME, TO TAKE THE CASE INTO THEIR OWN HANDS.

A DREAM, AND ITS FULFILMENT.

The RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, *August* 12, 1876.

Of what dreams that weird-looking articled clerk,
At his dull office-desk, in the Old Jewry's shade?
Sallow-cheeked, sable-curled, with strange depths in the dark
Of an eye where the watch-fires for lighting are laid.

Does he dream, o'er the hieroglyphs scrawled on his pad—
While the papers, his work, lie uncared-for hard by—
Of some fabulous fortune, achieved by a lad;
Of millions made his, in the turn of a die?

Or of Fashion's fair *houris*, in stately saloons,
Pressing Pleasure's drugg'd cup to his feverish lips?
Of luxury's revel in high summer noons,
And passion's fierce frenzy, and swooning eclipse?

Or of Fame, with a trumpet and evergreen crown,
The spoils of that pen, ta'en, sword-fashion, in hand?
Of poet's, romancer's, historian's renown,
And a name that amongst the Immortals shall stand?

Or of prize higher, harder—of power o'er men,
In strife of the Senate by eloquence won;
By wisdom in Council; by eagle-like ken
When the stroke should be struck, how the deed should be done?

Or a far-flashing blaze in which all these combine,
A girandole, bursting in fountains of fire,
Passing colour of flowers and diamonds' shine,
And a voice as of thunder—if quick to expire?

* * * * * *

The stripling has dreamed, and the young man has dared:
He has reached a new stage and is dreaming again.
With a cheek deeper lined, and a forehead more bared,
But an eye still as deep, and as busy a brain.

If the wealth he has missed—let it go—in its stead
He has touched his two dream-goals of Fashion and Fame;
Is inscribed in *Ton's* records—his books bought and read:
A wit and a lion, of Town-note and name!

But the Senate—what 's power of pen or of word,
If *that* triumph, most wooed, is least like to be won?
Shall tough brain have been shield to him, sharp speech his sword,
Thus far to fight upwards, and here to have done?

The strong will, the clear aim, that have borne him so far,
Must win that last height, or he 'll fall on the field;
Hark, the arrows of scorn, on his helm how they jar,
From his vizor fall blunted, and turn on his shield!

Till scoffers are shamed, and decriers struck dumb,
And voices that hooted as loud in applause:
And the time has arrived that he told them would come,
When his presence is power, his voice sways a cause:

For his rapier-play has brought chiefs to their knee,
Whose fence has been practised in lives of campaign;
And his strength has re-knit hosts that turned them to flee,
And led them, new-strengthened, to conquest again.

After forty years' fighting, he steps from the fire,
To the height scarcely scaled in his Old Jewry dream;
Adds a third to his two wreaths of boyish desire,
Though sore set against him the stress of the stream.

And all who can honour pith, patience, and power,
And the strenuous purpose that runs a life through
Like a muscle of iron, are glad of the hour
That sees his hand close on the honour his due!

HINT FOR HOT WEATHER.

Go for your sea-side holiday to a watering-place on the coast of Ireland. There you will secure the enjoyment of Irish coolness.

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EMPRESS AND EARL;

OR, ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

LORD BEACONSFIELD. "THANKS, YOUR MAJESTY! I MIGHT HAVE HAD IT BEFORE! *NOW* I THINK I HAVE *EARNED* IT!"

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A VERTIGO OF WIT.



Commoner Mr. Disraeli that was, having, while he was Mr. Disraeli, been wont to be popularly and playfully called Dizzy, his elevation to the Peerage has necessarily occasioned an influx of remarks and queries turning on the point that, besides being a diminutive, dizzy is synonymous with vertiginous. As:—

Will the elevation of Sir Stafford Northcote to the Leadership of the House of Commons turn his head and make him dizzy?

Sir Stafford Northcote may be raised to be Leader of the House of Commons. Ha, ha!—but that will not make Sir Stafford Northcote Dizzy.

Don't we all fear that his elevation will make him dizzy?
Don't we all hope it will make him Dizzy?

A brain with more employment busy
Is like to render Northcote dizzy;
But to be seen it yet remains
If he be Dizzy as to brains.

Of course the foregoing wisdom and verse are equally applicable, in supposed connection with the Conservative Leadership, to Mr. Gathorne Hardy and Mr. Cross.

There has also been propounded the suggestion that, having become Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Disraeli now shines as a beacon in the field of honour, not, however, that he may warn us from it, but that he may lead us to it; but this again betrays a perilous dizziness and confusion of head.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE AT THE GREAT WAGNER FESTIVAL, BAYREUTH.

Mein lieb alte Freund,

Everything going on first rate. Crowded house! Cheers! tears!! and laughter!!! A sea of fire—delicious idea in this weather—and a steam-fog, set to music, send the audiences into ecstasies of convulsive delight.

We're at it all day. Poor Old Betz—I made a heap of "*funnimentos*," as the Spaniards say, of "*wurd-jöken*" as we have it in "Low Bairisch," on his name, which dear Waggy set to music, and they are now perhaps among some of the brightest gems in the Composer's crown, or, rather, in the glorious circlets *on* his crown.

The theatre is wonderful. The musicianers are invisible. Wagner won't appear when called before the curtain, but sits in the prompter's box, and writes letters to the people in front, telling them *why* he objects to come out. I said, "Well, you've come out sufficiently strong already,"—and one of the Royal Swells, who has since gone away, has adopted this *sidesplitteren* as his own. I wish I could find out which of the Crowned Heads or Archdukes ("they are so arch, these dukes," as I said to Waggy, who screamed!) had appropriated my *wittikism* (Low Bairisch for a kind of small but happy joke, much made here), and I'd send him in my bill, and let him know something of the law of copyright.

However, as I was saying, poor Old Betz broke down. We nearly lost our Betz: it was almost a case of "Betz off" on account of the Dead-Heat of the summer.

A propos of *jöken* and *sidesplitteren*, and as a proof that *mein lieb alte freund* ("my dear old friend") Waggy can write lightly when he likes, I need only cite those two admirable *comiken wurken* ("comic works"—very like English, isn't it?—this is the Low Bavarian dialect), with two as good farcical names as were ever invented by even that rising young dramatist, Mr. John Maddison Morton—whose amusing farce of *Box and Cox* will, I predict, yet make a stir in the world—I mean Wagner's (firstly) *Siegfrid's Tod* and (secondly) *Walküre* (Walker), which latter a less-refined writer might have been tempted to vulgarise into "Hookey." But Waggy takes my advice, and is glad of it.

"*Alte Kinchin*" (the Low Bavarian for "*Old Boy*"—much used in the Forest and the mountains), "*Alte Kinchen*," says he to me, pausing, with his pen behind his ear, "shall I call this *Walküre* or *Ooké*?"

I did not hesitate one second. "*Walküre*, for choice," I replied, immediately; "it looks better in print."

"I like *Ooké* or *Hookey*," he returned, reflectively.

"My dear fellow," I said, impressively, "*Don't overdo it.*"

"Right!" he exclaimed, dashing the name on to the paper. "And now let us drink a glass of rare old *Schmutzige Wäsche*" (this is a sort of liquor peculiar to Upper Bavaria, and, taken in moderation, is really not bad tipple).*

"*Siegfrid's Tod*" is a beautiful name for a farce, as good as *John Dobbs*, or *Our Precious Betsy*. You can see it at a glance, and that's where Wagner is *so* happy, *i.e.*, in the choice of his subjects. Of course *Tod* is the low comedian of the piece: but I have not time at present to give you the entire plot.†

* * * * * *

I remain ever
Your Representative.

* "*Schmutzige Wäsche*," according to our German Conversation Book, signifies "dirty linen," though at the same time we are not prepared to deny either that in "Low Bavarian" it may have some other meaning, or that in social everyday German this may be the favourite name for some pleasant national beverage. Still it *is* odd, and the more so because—while we *are* on the subject, we may as well be candid and open, for our own sake and that of our esteemed Contributor—we have received numerous communications concerning our worthy Representative's exhibition of, what fifty-nine out of sixty of our respected Correspondents are pleased to term, "his miserable ignorance of the German language." We sincerely hope he will see this, and crush his accusers at one stroke of his powerful pen, or politely explain (which will be much the same thing), or admit honestly that he has been in the wrong. There are these three courses open to him; and his desserts afterwards. For ourselves (if this meets his eye), we have always expressed our implicit trust in him, and we rely upon him to *trust us implicitly in return*. He will understand what this means when he calls at the Post-Office and does *not* receive that letter. One of our Teutonic Correspondents sneers at some German expressions in Our Representative's last letter but one—expressions to which, be it remembered, *we took exception at the time* in an elaborate and, we venture to say, considering our limited space, *an exhaustive foot-note*. We quote genuine portions of one of our Indignant Correspondents' letters: he writes thus to us—"Sir, a *jeu de mot* is a *wortspiel*" (for ourselves, we always *said* it was; but, in defence of Our Representative, who professes to write "*Low Bavarian* dialect," is *wortspiel* the word he would use? *Tout est là*). "A portmanteau is not a 'Mantelsack,' but a *Mantelsack*, its plural is *Mantelsäcke*." We thought there was something wrong here, but as Our Representative's spelling of the word might have been the "Low Bavarian" form, or right according to some other dialect of which we were ignorant (and *he* is a *very* superior man), we felt bound to give him the benefit of the doubt. Our angry Correspondent, who signs himself "A German," continues, "'My good friend' is not 'mein *goot* freund,' but '*mein guter freund.*'" We thought so! and, on this authority, we will *immediately* write to Our Representative, and tell him *we are not to be trifled with*. We do not believe he will have a word to say in his defence on this occasion. Perhaps, however, as he is a *very* superior person, he may have been *thinking* in the *dubbel-dutch* language, and this was merely a *lapsus calami* (slip of the pen). Still, on the face of it, *Er hatte Unrecht*. Our thoroughly-roused Correspondent continues, "4. '*Wir Sind fertig*' can do without the capital 'S,' with a small 's' instead." Our Representative shall be informed of this. We are not going to have our pens, ink, and space on paper wasted with capital "S's" when *small ones* will do *quite as well*. Yet, on the other hand, we should be sorry to interfere with his *capital letters*. Hoping our justly irate Correspondent, "A German," will excuse this pleasantry, we proceed with "A German's" invaluable corrections. "5. '*Warblungen Wagners*,' for 'Warbling Wagners' is a nonsense,"—that is exactly what struck us at the very moment; undoubtedly, to quote our German friend's excellent English, "it is a nonsense"—and we are deeply indebted to our Correspondent "A German" for pointing out what might have escaped oven our penetration. At once we will write to Our Representative, and tell him that "*Warblungen Wagners*," if intended for "Warbling Wagners," is "a nonsense," in which he may indulge *at his own expense, and not at ours*. "A German" then goes on to give us the words which in his language he considers equivalents of our "warble." He finishes by recommending Our Representative "*to take some finishing lessons in German quotations*," which advice we will forward to him, and perhaps we may venture to convey to him the hint that "A German," who is so interested in our Contributor's education, *might* be inclined to *pay for the lessons suggested* (for we shan't do anything of the sort), or *to give them himself, gratis*, to Our Representative on his return from Bayreuth. Perhaps, after all, "A German's" letter was written with an eye to business; if so, let the Herr Professor enclose his card of terms for attendance, and we will take care it is forwarded to Our Representative.

*** We regret that attention to this Correspondent, which we considered due to him, to ourselves, and Our Representative, has unavoidably abridged Our Representative's description of the great *Musik-fest*.—Ed.

† The remainder must stand over till next week. We fancy our Contributor is wrong as to *Siegfrid's Tod* being a comic piece of any sort. *Siegfrid* is the hero of the great trilogy, isn't he? We speak diffidently, as Our Representative, *being on the spot*, ought to have the best information on the subject.—Ed.

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PLEASURING!

Vicar (to Old Lady, who is returning from a Funeral). "WELL, MARTHA, I'M AFRAID YOU 'VE HAD A SAD AFTERNOON. IT HAS BEEN A LONG WALK, TOO, FOR YOU——"

Martha. "SURE-LY, 'TIS, SIR! AH, SIR, 'TAIN'T MUCH PLEASURE NOW FOR ME TO GO TO FUNERALS; I BE TOO OLD AND FULL O' RHEUMATIZ. IT WAS VERY DIFFERENT WHEN WE WAS YOUNG—THAT 'TWER!!"

LAW, AND CERTAIN OF ITS LIMBS.

LADY JUSTITIA, with incarnate equity, in the shape of MR. COUNCILLOR PUNCH, at her elbow as *Amicus Curiæ*, held a sort of unofficial Audit, taking, at MR. PUNCH'S urgent suggestion, a private review of certain of her public forces.

MR. PUNCH called her attention in the first place to a gentleman of Draconic aspect as to countenance, and Clerical cut as to attire.

"Who is this Rhadamanthus-like personage?" inquired JUSTITIA, somewhat languidly. (The thermometer stood at 120° or thereabouts.)

"This," answered MR. PUNCH, "is the REVEREND BROWN-RIGGE, J.P., one of the Great Unpaid, whose unbought services in the administration of—ahem!—Justice reflect so much credit upon your functions—and his own."

"So queer a compound of sleekness and severity," quoth JUSTITIA, "I think I have never seen. Pray what is his speciality as a gratuitous purveyor of Justice?"

"Herodian compassion for youth and ignorance," answered MR. PUNCH, "is one of his more marked peculiarities. If within his jurisdiction a child should chance to pluck an unpermitted flower or purloin an unguarded but forbidden faggot, his peculiarities in this regard are speedily manifested to an admiring world."

"How, pray?" inquired JUSTITIA.

"In the form," responded MR. PUNCH, "of such mild and merciful penalties as personal correction of a Squeersian kind, administered preferably by his own holy hands, or, failing that, protracted imprisonment in prison cell or reformatory."

"Eh? What?" exclaimed JUSTITIA, hotly, forgetting the thermometer. "Personal chastisement?—prolonged imprisonment?—and for such juvenile peccadilloes as——"

"Madam," interrupted MR. PUNCH, politely, "the Clerico-judicial mind does not recognise such a perniciously minimising qualification of deadly sin as is implied in the word peccadillo—at least, in relation to offences against the rights of property or of Holy Church."

"Remove that person!" said JUSTITIA, with an air of exceeding disgust; "he offends me."

"His removal in a more conclusive fashion," said MR. PUNCH, "is at present one of the most imperative demands of common-sense and Christian charity."

"And this shrewd, yet smooth-looking person, who is he?" asked JUSTITIA, as a wigged and gowned individual, of confident air and scrutinising glance, was presented to her.

"This," said MR. PUNCH, is MR. I. N. QUISITOR, Q.C., the pride of the Bar, a gentleman infinitely adroit at Witness-Box torture and terrorism, warranted to put more offensive, painful, and irrelevant questions, and to stir up more forgotten foulness within a given time than——"

"'Foul!' 'Offensive!' 'Irrelevant!' 'Torture!' 'Terrorism!'" interjected JUSTITIA. "MR. PUNCH, these scarcely sound like terms of praise—in my ears, at least."

"Madam," answered MR. PUNCH, "you seem scarcely to understand that power of irritating and confusing witnesses, of wantonly raking up an unpleasant past that penitence may have covered from Divine judgment, but cannot conceal from interested human inquisition, and of providing the Court and the papers with copious matter for morbid sensation or heartless mirth;—you seem, I say, hardly to realise that these rank among the choicest and most cherished attributes of the Q.C. of the period."

"I do *not*," answered JUSTITIA, emphatically. "Nor am I quite—— But call the next prisoner—person, I mean."

This was a stalwart and stolid personage attired in blue; rigid as to spine, stiff as to stock, spiky as to whisker, vulgarly aristocratic as to bearing. His eyes had a look which was a cross between a menace and a leer, and his breath a distinctly spirituous *bouquet*.

"Who is this?" asked JUSTITIA, with an amused glance.

"Pleese your Wuship—Ladyship, I means"—began the portent in blue—"from information I——"

"Hold your tongue, Sir!" said MR. PUNCH, severely.

"This, Madam, is Police-Constable Y Z 0, one of your so-called guardians of the peace. His idiosyncrasies in that capacity are interesting from a psychological point of view. When not inclined for participation in a "row," he is gifted with a judicial blindness, which prevents him seeing or sharing in it. When, either for personal amusement, or with a view to the advancement of his reputation as an active and intelligent officer, he desires a breach of the peace, he is infinitely adroit in breeding one. He it is who molests well-meaning wayfarers, plies them with ungentle and quite gratuitous orders to "move on" (or, more idiomatically, to "sling their hook"), irritates them into angry retort, cuffs them into some illconsidered show of resistance, knocks them down, and then incontinently "runs them in" on charge of being "drunk and disorderly," and interfering with the police in the execution of their duty. As he is generally unable, and always unwilling, to distinguish between the effects of drunkenness and—say starvation or epilepsy, as he is unscrupulously mendacious, and as there is a strong prejudice and presumption in his favour in all official quarters——"

"Enough, enough!" cried JUSTITIA, warmly. "MR. PUNCH, these things are shocking—are scandalous! They must be seen to!" "Madam," answered MR. PUNCH, gravely, "I am entirely of your opinion."

Feminine Intelligence.

DESCRIBING certain Swellesses adorning the Sea-side, an observant writer states that—

"Among other extraordinary *mélanges* of colour, we saw stone and green, grey and violet, cream and mauve, cream and violet, bronze and moss green."

Ladies' dresses, viewed *en masse*, have often been compared to a flower-bed; and have frequently been said to vie with rainbows in their hues. But neither flowers nor rainbows can show such colours as are worn now, blended curiously together, by our fashionable girls. If further novelty be wanted, we would suggest, in all humility, that cream and violet are not so tasteful as strawberries and cream. Milk and water might be added with advantage to the list: and the mixture of bronze and moss green might suggest the introduction of a costume which shall imitate the tints of beans and bacon.

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PET AND HOBBY.

(Showing that Chinamaniacs have their Affections like other People.)

Dorothy. "Oh, Mother! I love you better than Silver, and better than Gold!"

Mother. "And better than Blue China, Dorothy?"

Dorothy (after slight hesitation). "Yes, Mother! better than Blue China!"

Mother (much moved). "D-d-d-d-darling!"

MR. PUNCH'S BOOK COLUMN.

Moses, a Man of Custom. By the Author of *Leah, a Woman of Fashion.*

The Youth in the Moon. By the Author of *The Sun Maid.*

Without a Title. By the Author of *No Sign.*

The Root of the Rhubarb. By the Author of *The Blossoming of the Aloe.*

Odd Brown, Silly Jones, and Strange Robinson. By the Author of *The Mad Willoughbys.*

John of "Lords." By the Author of *Jennie of "the Princes."*

The Safe Man's Better-Half. By the Author of *Griffith's Double.*

Grandpapa's Bills of Exchange. By the Author of *Grandmama's Money.*

She Never Ceased Talking. By the Author of *As Long as She Lived.*

Scribbled In. By the Author of *Blotted Out.*

Tied to the Desk. By the Author of *Bound to the Wheel.*

His Visit to the Publisher. By the Author of *The Days of his Vanity.*

Female Artists. By the Author of *Men of Mark.*

WORDS AND WIND.

If Her Majesty herself had composed the Queen's Speech, the paragraph therein relative to the Vivisection Act would no doubt have been more lucid than that which follows:—

"I anticipate the best results from the Act which you have passed providing safeguards against painful experiments on living animals."

The best results? To what, or whom? Society at large? How the restraint of Vivisection can conduce to the common good, is at least not obvious. To the lower animals? Clearly not. Will the result of the Vivisection Act be in the least to prevent any of them from being shot and hunted for sport, or trapped in torturing gins, or boiled and skinned alive? The best results to animals of an Act for the prevention of cruelty towards them, would include anæsthetics for them when slaughtered—pigs especially being always killed under chloroform. But those will be none of the Vivisection Act's results. So neither will the best results accrue from it to Humanity in the sense of Benevolence. May they be anticipated for Physiology and Medicine? As regards those sciences, unimpeded experiments, requisite for their advancement, will perhaps result from an Act for their limitation. Those, in that case, will be the best results of the Vivisection Act. Well, well! Let us hope for the best.

CONFESSIONS BY THE SEA.

Paterfamilias.—Could I only breathe during the day and sleep at night; could I walk on the sands without being persecuted by beggars and mountebanks; could I procure wholesome food for the children and drinkable wine for myself; could I do all this, and not have to pay about double what I have to spend in Town, I should really begin to imagine that the Sea-side was not so *very* inferior to London.

Materfamilias.—Of course one must go because everybody goes, but I am sure it doesn't agree with John, and as for the children, why they would be well anywhere. As for myself, I hate the place. I cannot bear the squabbles with the Landlady and the quarrels of the servants. Then the Children make very unpleasant acquaintances on the sands; and altogether I don't like it. I shall be very glad indeed when we get home.

The Eldest Son.—Nothing to do but to smoke, and the tobacco is simply—well, call it abominable. Nobody to look at. At least with one's people round the corner. And then Braces, the Tailor, and Tops, the Bootmaker, are down here; they live respectively next door and three doors off from our place. Such a bore to meet them. It is all very well to pretend not to know them, but they know you, and when they get up to Town they send in their bills.

The Eldest Daughter.—Such a set of people! No use spoiling one's dresses for a mob like this! We are really so hard up for acquaintances that we are obliged to know the Fitz-Alan Browns—people we never dream of knowing in Town. Why, they live in Paddington!

The Youngest Daughter.—Such a nasty place. Such a nasty lot of water called the Sea where you are dipped! Oh, it is *so* unkind!

The Youngest Son.—No fun! Mamma never will let me bury an old Gentleman up to his neck in the sand when he's asleep. Grub little and bad. It's nearly as bad as school.

Mr. Punch.—I confess my surprise. How comes it that, although most people abuse the Sea-side, everybody visits it?

A POINT FOR PLIMSOLL.

Here, extracted from a local newspaper, is a passage in a report of the transactions of the Cork Steam Ship Company, read at a late meeting, and composed, apparently, by some amazingly candid gentleman in the management of that model body of mercantile marine proprietors:—

"We have also sold the *Bittern* for £2,200. She was completely worn out from stem to stern, and, as we dare not put her to sea again, we thought the sooner we got rid of her the better."

This is telling the truth, but not in such sort as recommended by the proverb, "Tell truth, and shame the devil," who, by such an avowal as the foregoing, must, on the contrary, one would think, consider himself highly honoured. Davy Jones, at any rate, is surely delighted to hear of the sale of a ship by owners who dare not put her to sea again. Of course, the sum given for her suggests to him the hope that she has been bought by parties a little more venturesome, and will, having been previously well insured, be shortly sent afloat by them, and soon afterwards founder, all hands on board of her going down to his locker.

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THE NEW EDUCATION ACT.

Considerate Landlord. "ARE YOU WANTING ANYTHING DONE TO YOUR COTTAGE, MRS. GRUNSLE?"

Mrs. Grunsle. "WELL, SIR, I WAS A GOIN' TO ARST YOU IF YOU'D BUILD A LITTLE ROOM FOR OUR J'MIMA. THE CHILDREN DO DISTURB HER SO WHEN SHE'S A STUDYIN'!!"

BEDLAMS AND BROKEN BONES.

THERE is a disease of the bones, consisting in a state of brittleness known to Surgeons by the name of *Fragilitas Ossium*. From cases reported from time to time, this appears to be a malady very peculiar to Lunatic Asylums. There seems indeed no reason why people mentally cracked should also be particularly liable to material fractures; but so it is. At several inquests held during the last few years on the bodies of patients who died at institutions for the insane, it has appeared that more or fewer of their ribs especially were, on examination after death, found broken. It has also appeared that during life those patients, when violent, were a good deal accustomed to be knelt upon by keepers and warders, who also occasionally struggled hard with them to quiet them. Whether the broken ribs were the sequel only or the consequence as well of this proceeding, Coroners' Juries have generally failed to discover.

According to the *Times*, an inquiry about a case of this kind took place a few days ago at Camberwell. MR. G. HULL held an inquest on the body of FREDERICK WILLIAM WIMBERLEY, a Surgeon, late inmate of Camberwell House Asylum, where he died. Deceased was found to have had no less than twenty-one ribs broken, and his breast-bone too. There was likewise an ulcer of the stomach, which, on medical evidence, the Jury referred to the same cause as that which they supposed to have occasioned the broken ribs. Their verdict was "Death from peritonitis following perforation of the stomach, and that such death had been accelerated by violence at the hands of some one in the Asylum, but whether that person was the attendant SMITH or some one else, the evidence failed to show." Now is not this one of those verdicts that would justify an order for a new inquest *ad melius inquirendum?*

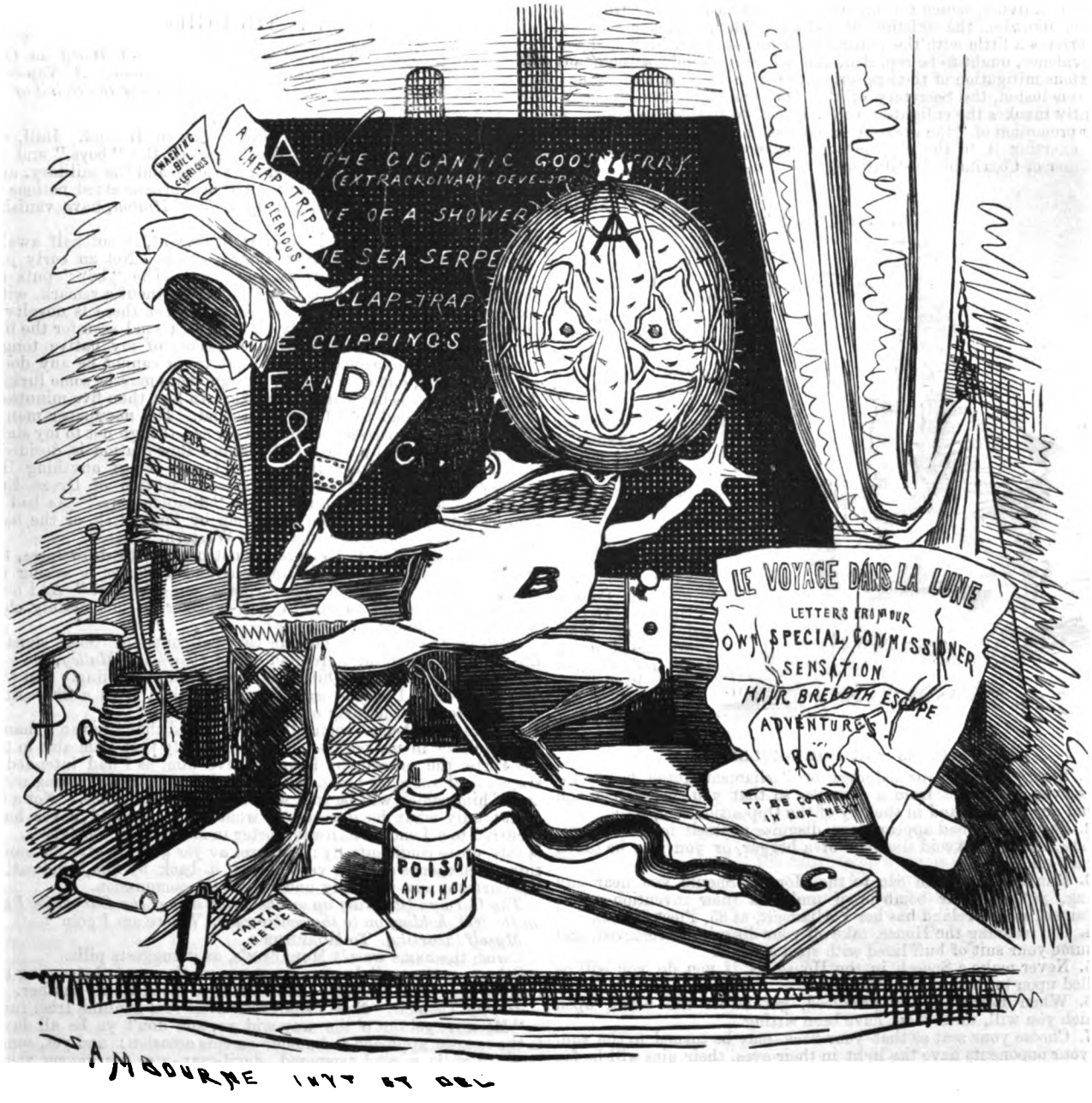
Two several witnesses, to be sure, deposed that they had seen the attendant SMITH maltreat the deceased man. One of them said that in May last he saw SMITH throw him down on the grass; when "the deceased called out as if in pain, and SMITH kicked him about his body several times." Another "saw an attendant named SMITH strike the deceased and kick him on Friday." If this evidence showed that death was accelerated by violence at the hands of some one in the Asylum, did it not also show that person to have been the attendant SMITH for one, whether or no there were other persons besides, concerned in breaking a breast-bone and twenty-one ribs? But the evidence failing to show the person who inflicted the violence to have been SMITH, did it not equally fail to show that any violence had been inflicted at all? The Camberwell Coroner's Jury had never perhaps heard of *Fragilitas Ossium;* but they clearly sat on a case of it:—

"MR. JOSEPH LEES, of St. Thomas's Hospital, said he examined the body of the deceased. He came to the conclusion that the ribs were extremely brittle. There had been fractures and refractures of some of the ribs."

Clearly not in consequence of repeated kicks administered at intervals during some length of time. The deceased had been accustomed to be kicked and beaten with violence neither by the attendant SMITH, nor any other attendant, or even inmate, of an establishment where of course humane and competent attendants not only themselves abstain, but also restrain violent inmates from assaulting—to wit, kicking, beating, stamping and kneeling upon anyone. It may easily be imagined that the unfortunate deceased, like others similarly afflicted, was subject to fits, always tumbling about, knocking himself against chairs and tables, and every now and then breaking a bone or two. Softening of the bones goes together with softening of the brain. When next a Coroner investigates a case of death, connected with fractured ribs, in a madhouse, it may be hoped that his Jury will not attend to any idle testimony as to violence supposed to have caused them, and will cautiously confine their decision to a verdict of *Fragilitas Ossium*. In the meanwhile, the attendants of patients likely to be affected with that degeneration, if they do kick, cannot be too careful how they kick them.

A PROVERB FRESH FROM THE COUNTRY.—No Gooseberry without a Thorn.

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THE SILLY SEASON

SETS THE SAME OLD MODELS OF VEGETABLE AND STILL LIFE FOR THE YOUNG ARTISTS OF THE PRESS.

NO MORE CHARITY!

THE Secretary of the Anti-Charitable Association presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs him to give the benefit of the largest circulation in the universe to the following philosophical propositions enunciated in the *Times*, by a Gentleman signing himself "R. BALIOL BRETT," on the subject of "Philanthropy in War." MR. BRETT argues that malevolence towards belligerents is really practised by neutrals in affording any medical assistance, or relief, or comfort whatsoever to their sick and wounded. He denounces this effectual inhumanity because—

"First, it is a direct encouragement to war, by means of making it easier and less expensive to the nations engaged.

"Secondly, it is a distinct encouragement to war, by making it less hateful, because less horrible, to the folks who stay at home.

"Thirdly, it prolongs war, by patching up wounded men to go and fight again, and get a second shot at those who had escaped them once."

This truly philanthropic philosopher further shows that "to alleviate temporary at the price of ultimate human suffering is a grossly immoral act; and, to use a Benthamite formula, a sacrifice of a greater interest to a lesser, a durable to a momentary, a certain to a doubtful good."

Besides all which, the Secretary of the Anti-Charitable Society desires to point out, it costs—money. On the ground, therefore, of economy, as well as that of morality, he protests against any further expenditure for a maleficent purpose on ambulance-corps, or any other such organisations of mischievous mercy. For the same reasons he earnestly beseeches the British Public to desist from subscribing towards the support of Hospitals, and particularly calls upon the Clergy to preach no more sermons in aid of those pernicious institutions, and at once to abolish Hospital Sunday. Diseases and accidents are the natural consequences of excess, carelessness, and dirt, which if every offender were left to take them would, alike with war, work ultimately their own cure. It is an immoral act even to administer a pill, or strap a cut finger, much less to practise medicine and surgery at large, except with a single eye to the duty of

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getting a living, which the practitioner owes to himself. On principle, likewise, the existing Poor-Law, which, however slightly, interferes a little with the natural punishment of unthrift and improvidence, ought to be repealed, and all paupers left without any noxious mitigation of their miseries, to perish by want and famine. In conclusion, the Secretary of the Anti-Charitable Society confidently invokes the enlightened *Mr. Punch* to devote his cudgel to the promotion of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" by exerting it to the uttermost in belabouring and smashing all manner of Charitable Institutions.

PAT-RIOT-ISM.



THE recent Home-Rule Conference in Dublin having conclusively proved how very worthy the Irish are of receiving the boon of a Native Parliament, *Mr. Punch* ventures to make a few suggestions that may be of service sooner or later to those fortunate Gentlemen who may hereafter be elected to represent their countrymen on College Green. If the following hints are acted upon, an Irish Member of Parliament should last out at least two Sessions.

RULES FOR HOME-RULERS.

1. Before leaving your lodgings for Parliament House, be careful to survey the street from a distance, so that you may detect and avoid any armed band in the pay of the Opposition.

2. Should the road appear clear, disguise yourself in some appropriate costume. Avoid the rags of a beggar, or you may be taken for an office-seeker.

3. Run as fast as you can to the House. Should you hear any firing, put up your bomb-proof umbrella (new invention to be obtained, *when* Ireland has her Parliament, at 85, Fleet Street).

4. On reaching the House, take off your disguise unobserved, and assume your suit of buff lined with steel armour.

5. Never make a Speech in the House, as, if you do, you will be called upon to remove your Helmet.

6. When Revolvers are produced, get under the bench upon which you will, until then, have been sitting.

7. Choose your seat so that your back may be turned to the sun. If your opponents have the light in their eyes, their aim will be far from steady.

8. Draw your sword before you take part in a division.

9. If possible sit near the meter, so that you may be able to turn off the gas when the fighting commences.

10. Never waste your ammunition in bad shots. Aim low, and keep your wrist steady.

11. Never neglect a wound. The moment you feel yourself hit, ask the Sergeant-at-Arms to have you carried to the surgery.

12. In conclusion, before being sworn in, forgive all your enemies, say farewell to all your friends, and keep your will safe in the bottom of your iron-covered boots. For fear of accidents, you had better be on good terms with the Parson. Also, to save time, you may make necessary arrangements about your funeral.

The Confessors of Keighley.

SOMETHING like a dead-lock has occurred in the affairs of the Keighley Union from the imprisonment of the seven Guardians for disobeying the Vaccination *mandamus*. A contemporary refers to these seven prisoners as "the recalcitrant seven." To recalcitrate, we know, is to strike or kick with the heel, or kick backwards; and we also know that to perform this act unadvisedly, and suffer for it, is peculiarly characteristic of a certain quadruped needless to name. The felicity, therefore, of calling these seven Anti-Vaccinationist Confessors "recalcitrant" is extreme.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

First Impressions—Dublin—Cars and Cabs—A Word on Old-fashioned Hotels—Trinity College—Disillusions—A Nap—An Invocation—Awakening—A Change comes o'er the Spirit of my Dream—Forwards!

Kingstown.—Landing-stage. First view of Ireland. Dull, decidedly. A leaden morning. Where are all the "boys," and the car-drivers, and pig-jobbers, and the priests, and the military, and, in fact, the crowd generally? All my preconceived notions of "landing in Ireland," founded upon *Jack Hinton*, have vanished into thin air.

Ireland, or so much as I see of it at present, is not half awake, and the landing is the tamest affair possible. Not an early joke about anywhere: not a witticism in the air. The "boy" puts my luggage in the train, and takes his shilling without a remark, without even a humorous twinkle of his eye. Yet there is novelty in the atmosphere; not the novelty of a foreign land seen for the first time, but the novelty of a strange accent, of my native tongue "gone wrong" somehow. I feel that there cannot be any doubt about my being out of England, though there may be some lurking distrust of my being entirely awake. In less than five minutes I clearly comprehend that I am in Ireland. The newspaper man is offering journals with names new to my ear, though not to my sight.

Notes.—The run by rail into Westland Row Station is decidedly uninteresting. Judging from what I can see of anything like scenery—(to note first impressions)—this portion of Green Erin ought to come upon the tenantry for "dilapidations." As bad as coming into London for the first time by Shoreditch, or the back gardens of the houses near the Great Western.

Before I have time to do more than struggle with drowsiness, the train has arrived at its destination, and a Porter is asking me whether I'll have "An outside car, or a four-wheeler?" As I have not come to Ireland to take a four-wheeler, I immediately close with the outside car.

Here are the cars—the outside cars—all outside. Some signs of life: that is something to remind one of *Charles O'Malley*, &c. At present my first idea of Dublin is that it wants washing. But this is exactly what I should say of London, taken from a Shoreditch point of view, in the early morning of a dull day.

I am rather pleased than otherwise to find that I haven't change for a shilling in my pocket, and consequently that I am able to tell the Porter the reason why I cannot give him, as I had intended, a sixpence. I am glad, because it will probably bring something witty out of him, which will be well worth the extra sixpence. Not a bit of it; only what he *does* say is what I fancy would never have occurred to a London Railway Porter in similar circumstances. It is this, quite confidentially: "Shure, av yer goin' to give me anny-thing, a sixpence or that, ye can sind it back by *him*," indicating the Carman, who willingly undertakes the commission.

The Carman (*standing up on the right side of the Car while I am on the left, holding on to the centre rail*). Where am I goin'?

Myself (*heartily*). To MORRISON'S.

I wish the name wasn't MORRISON'S, as it suggests pills.

Other cars are all leaving at the same time and obstructing the narrow descent to the gate. The Car-boys shout at one another.

Happy Thought.—Now I shall hear some real genuine Irish fun. "MICKEY, get out o' the way wid ye, and don't ye be all day," is the nearest approach to humour on this occasion: and yet, somehow, there is a good-tempered, devil-may-care air among them, that is quite different from the sulky manner of the London Cabman.

Still, I may safely note that, so far, early morning in Dublin is *not* the time to see an Irishman at his brightest or his best.

At present I am asking "Where's the rollicking?" The shops are still closed. The people about, seem very much like the people in any other town about at the same hour, only a trifle more sleepy.

At present I've not heard one "Hooroosh!" or a request to "tread on the tail of my coat!" or seen a shillelagh, or a bright-eyed girl going to mass, or a man with a pig, and I begin to wish I had *never read anything about Ireland.*

Nothing particularly strikes me, except, that what of Dublin I can see at a glance, appears very old-fashioned and highly respectable. The architecture closely resembles the style of house you may still see in old coloured prints, representing the "White Horse Cellar," and Piccadilly in the old coaching days, or the streets of Bath in the time of BEAU NASH, GEORGE THE FOURTH, and TOM and JERRY.

And so alighting at the old-fashioned hotel, I feel immeasurably depressed, and pay double what I subsequently find was the right fare, without the spirit to raise a question on the subject.

I have a notion that, on my back being turned, and as I ascend the stairs, the Carman has a joke about me with the Boots or the Night Porter; but he is welcome to it—only I should like to have heard this first instance of Irish wit, even at my own expense.

The atmosphere of MORRISON'S preserves a faint odour of a

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grandeur long since faded. There is a worn-out, tired look about the stair-carpets, which says plaintively, "We 've been long trodden beneath the feet of the Saxon oppressor, but we are passive, and so we have never been taken up. Yet, see, we are kept down by rods."

The bed-rooms are nobly proportioned, and it is quite a little promenade from the drawers to the washingstand. I sigh for the comfortably-furnished appearance of a *chambre à coucher* in a good French hotel, with its clock on the mantelpiece that was meant only for ornament, and never goes, its curtains, its impracticable shutters and startling window-blinds, its marble-topped chest of drawers, its easy chair, its velvet couch, and its two tables of stone—I mean of marble—I say I sigh for these things, as real comforts for which the old style of hotel has no equivalents.

As a rule, let the inexperienced in travelling take my advice, and invariably avoid any hotel whose sole recommendation is that it is one of the good old-fashioned sort, where the Landlord makes you feel quite at home, and you 're not treated merely as No. 99 in the books, and stowed away as so much luggage. Believe me that for every personal attention on the Landlord's part, the Visitor will have to pay extra. Politeness costs the Landlord nothing, and therefore, *any* profit on it is clear gain and no risk. When I enter one of these "Old Established Houses," and see the smiling Landlord, in evening dress perhaps, rubbing his hands, bowing and bending, and waving me onwards as he confides me, gracefully, to the care of an elderly, acid-looking female, in starchy cotton dress and a primly trimmed cap, then I tremble for my pocket; but still I hope for the best. But if during my dinner that affable and professionally genial Landlord comes up to my table, concerns himself about my meat and drink, and, without reference to price, recommends to me, by way of a great favour, about which I must keep silence to the other guests, a *bonne-bouche*, a magnificent old Burgundy, which, moreover, he insists on decanting and pouring out for me *himself*, with an encomium on its colour and condition, then I know that ruin stares me in the face, and that the sooner I am out of that Fine Old English Hostelrie and away from that Fine Old English Landlord, the better for the modest sum that I have set apart for my holiday trip. So much for the Old Fashioned Hotels, and hosts "of the Old School."

A large old-fashioned sash-window gives on to the thoroughfare, and commands a view of a fine building, which at first sight strikes me as so like the British Museum that I begin to think that establishment must have been taken bodily off its basement and steps and sent across the sea. Judging from first impressions, I conclude that it is either a Museum, or a Hospital.

I ask the Boots who has shown me to my room, "What is that place?"

Up to this moment the Boots has treated me for an *habitué*. I never saw a man more taken aback than that Boots when I asked him for the above information.

"What's *that?*" he almost shrieked, as though I had found a blackbeetle, or something smaller and more terrible.

"Yes," I say; "the building opposite."

"That, Sorr," he explains proudly, "is Thrinity College."

Trinity College! Here 's an illusion gone! Is this modern-looking building a College? Oh Trin. Coll. Cam.!—be mediæval!—be happy! The only College that I can recollect in an English University at all resembling Trinity, Dublin, is Downing, Cambridge.

People are beginning to wake up. There are signs of life in the street. But—I can't help it—whether it is that, contrary to my custom, I was quite well but very sleepy after the sea voyage, or whether it is the dulness of the weather, or the keenness of the East wind, or the "faded flower" air about MORRISON'S,—I don't know, in fact, what it is,—but I am melancholy—I am *désillusioné*—I am sad. I begin to meditate on the wrongs of Ireland. I lie down to do so, purposing to get up again in ten minutes exactly, and on no account to go to sleep. It is now nine o'clock. I am experiencing a new and peculiar sensation—a consciousness of a gradual change of nationality which is coming over me—I am slowly casting off the slough of the Englishman, and entering upon an Irish phase of existence. I have been the worm, I am the chrysalis, or the cocoon . . . Both excellent Irish names—"MISTHER O'CHRYSALIS," and "*The* COCOON OF COCOON." . . . I drop off to doze . . . Less and less English . . . I am sleeping off my English drowsiness to awake to Irish liveliness . . . Shades of BURKE and GOLDSMITH (the only OLIVER that Ireland had any reason to love), Shade of CURRAN, Soul o' GRATTAN, Ghost of SWIFT, inspire my slumbers!

9.30.—I awake. Ready and willing. No longer The COCOON OF COCOON, no nor MISTHER O'CHRYSALIS—but the real genuine BARNEY O'BUTTERFLY!

Now to sip the dew off the Shamrock, and taste the sweets of the flowers of Irish Life!

I refer to KEPPEL BIRKETT's introductions, and commence my career. Away!

Electric Fluid Farming.

THE late storms of thunder and lightning may be regarded as at least not unseasonable. This, however, is more than can be said of the behaviour of atmospheric electricity as thus reported in the *Devon Evening Express*:—

"The flashes of lightning followed each other so quickly that it seemed one continuous glare, and the thunder which followed on the instant was like the simultaneous discharge of a whole park of artillery. A field close to Ballybeg House was ploughed up by the electric fluid."

Obviously a most inappropriate act on the electric fluid's part. "What," as a South-Western agriculturist asked, "was the good o' the lightnin' a ploughun up a vield in harvust time? If so be 'a'd ha' took and rip'd a crop o' carn now, t'ood ha' ben zummut like."

A COCKNEY ON COCK-CROWING.



"The cock, indeed, is by many dwellers in town regarded as an unmitigated nuisance, to be abated or suppressed by any means that the law provides. . . . It is we who have degenerated when we cannot bear the sounds in which our ancestors took pleasure."—*Daily News.*

DEGENERATED? Man 's a dolt!
Shindy makes a blood-horse bolt.
"Cocktail" doesn't care a mite.
Mortals must have sleep o' night;
Beastly fowl forbids it. Moral:
Exit Rooster! Districts rural
May delight in noise nocturnal;
Here in Town the bore 's infernal;
Ergo, let the "tame villatic
Fowl," whose voice from base to attic
Fills the house and murders sleep,
To the rural districts keep.
Poets may protest perhaps;—
Never understand those chaps.
Gush on "Cock-a-doodle-doo"?
Rhapsodise and rave? Go to!
Bard apostrophise that bird? He
Might as well the hurdy-gurdy.
Bosh about the beast's "shrill clarion!"
Ought to hear the creatures carry on
Here at Highgate. Six in chorus
Every morn (12·20) bore us
With responsive charivari.
Wish *their* "clarions" at Old Harry.
What 's to summon ghosts who roam?
Let the spirits stop at home!
Can't be bored with shrill-voiced Bantams
To accommodate the phantoms.
Bards seem awful fond of "shines."
Better keep them for their "lines."
Let them, if they like the same,
Play the Cock-a-doodle game;
One 'gainst t'other crow in crackjaw,
Till sound sense shall bid them slack jaw.
But loud Chanticleer in Town
Is a pest to be put down.
"Songs before sunrise"? Songs like those
Need the Police to interpose.

PRIESTCRAFT AND PROG.

THE following "Want," extracted from the *Universe*, should be explained:—

SITUATION WANTED, by a respectable middle-aged PERSON as HOUSEKEEPER to a Priest, who can cook well.—MRS. ——, &c.

Does the advertiser, then, presume that Priests, as such, are also, from professional training or peculiar bias, in general apt to be cooks? She might; for mental as well as bodily health would be much promoted by due ministration to the stomach. Still, as a rule, it seems too much to expect a Priest to cook for his Housekeeper. The only cookery, however, that has ever been heard of as a special element in Priestcraft is that cooking of scientific and historical fact in the preparation and supply of food for the mind, which in order that they may practise, our friends the Priests are so exceedingly anxious to get the control of education.

"RAILWAY COUPLING."—When the Porter marries the Young Lady in the Refreshment Department.

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A DAMPER.

Boniface Brasenose (an amiable but æsthetic youth, exhibiting his Art-treasures). "THAT 'S—A—A—MOTHER AND CHILD, A—A—FIFTEENTH CENTURY——"

Fashionable Lady. "I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT EARLIER!" *Boniface Brasenose.* "A—MAY I ASK WHY?"

Fashionable Lady. "OH, I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THEY COULD PAINT BETTER THAN THAT, SO LATE AS THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY!"

AN EARL ON A WOODMAN.

BEHOLD, how blest yon rural Swain!
He thrives on healthy toil.
Around his cot where smiles the plain
He tills paternal soil.
His bosom void of anxious care,
His heart from envy free,
Behind the plough his simple air
He whistles o'er the lea.

One while he guards the fleecy flock,
Or tends the lowing kine;
Another, serves the stye's fat stock,
And feeds the squealing swine.
Now in his garden deftly plies
The mattock or the spade;
Then quick to cutting timber hies
Along the forest glade.

When work and pastime both he lacks,
Some Tree which long hath stood,
He loves to fell with levelling axe,
Some Magnate of the Wood.
Methinks in harmless type I view
A Statesman of renown,
Whose humour, likewise, 'twas to hew
Old institutions down.

No coronet loads LUBIN'S brow;
No robes his gait restrain.
Light garb, light step, light heart hast thou,
O far too happy Swain!
Alas, in pensive mood, whilst I
Compare thy lot with mine,
I can but heave a gentle sigh!—
But let me not repine.

A QUESTION OF CLEANLINESS.

"CLERICUS," in a letter to the *Times*, enumerating the particulars of the "Cost of a Tour" economically managed by himself and a couple of Ladies, sets down at a remarkably low figure the special item of "washing." Commenting thereon, another *Times* correspondent, "RUSTICUS," replies by asking for the details of their washing bills, and offering suggestions which provoke from "CLERICUS" the somewhat angry rejoinder:—"We neither vegetated in attics, nor washed our own linen, as is so elegantly insinuated." Very possibly; but then the question to be answered for the benefit of people who want to know about tourists' washing bills, is how much of their linen had "CLERICUS" and his fair companions washed by anybody? If they did not do their own washing abroad, perhaps neither are they themselves accustomed to wash their dirty linen at home. In that case, what quantity of it is usually washed at all? And as to washing whilst upon their peregrination, the information required is, how far did the travellers go without?

POTATOES IN PERIL!

"A RECENT TRAVELLER" from Canada reports that the Potato Beetle weathers the winter there, and does great mischief. Attention is due to his reminder and warning that—

"American potatoes are now largely imported, and, as this pest yearly travels nearer the sea coast, we are certain to import the eggs, or the impregnated females, and, once established, we shall never get rid of them."

However, he thinks that, with due precaution, it may be possible "to postpone the evil day." Importers of the American potato, therefore, mind your (potato's) eye. A destroyer making potatoes as dear as meat would be an agreeable companion to the foot-and-mouth disease. The Rinderpest, indeed, was stamped out, but, by all accounts, there is no stamping out the Potato Beetle.

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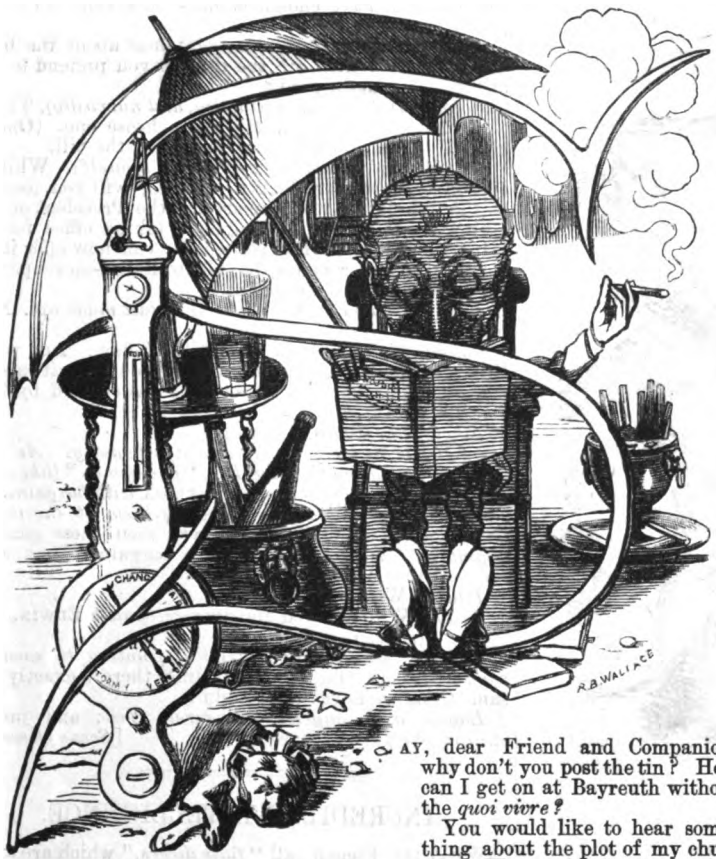
THE EARL AND, THE WOODMAN.

LORD B. (*with emotion*). "HOW BLITHESOME IS THIS HAPPY PEASANT, WHILST I, ALAS!——" [*Dissembles.*

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OUR REPRESENTATIVE AT THE GREAT WAGNER FESTIVAL, BAYREUTH.



AY, dear Friend and Companion, why don't you post the tin? How can I get on at Bayreuth without the *quoi vivre?*

You would like to hear something about the plot of my chum DICK WAGNER'S Stage-play, of course. Well, it 's all about *Nothung:* but "Nothung" is Sumthung, as it is a magic sword. "*Voici le Sabre de mon Herr!*" as I sang, just to irritate R. W. a bit. It did.

There is a true *Ring* about the *Nibelungen*, for which the Herr Hero-composer at Bayreuth should be crowned with a Bay-wreath. All these *funnimentos*, as the Hidalgos say, or *jjokhoz*, as my friend the Russian Prince, IVANOUS FORDORSOFF, has it, I am sending to *you*, and yet *no quarter given!*

Until I receive a satisfactory letter from you, my dear Sir, through an agent of mine, who will call at your office, I must decline to continue my invaluable correspondence, though hoping for the very best. I beg to sign myself now, as always,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Note.—There has been clearly some error somewhere. We have been out of Town, and have made use of the time at our disposal to search the Conversation Books in three languages, to read *all* the news from Bayreuth, to receive information from *certain sources*, and, finally, to *consult our Solicitor*. It is with the deepest regret that we confess our inability to avoid the conclusions at which we have been compelled to arrive; *i.e.*, (*a*) That Our Representative does not understand anything about Music, or, if *he* does, that *nobody else does;* (*b*) That if Our Representative is really acquainted with the *dialects*, he does not know German as spoken; (*c*) That he is no arithmetician, and not a man of business; (*d*) That he is *not at Bayreuth at all, and never has been.*

*** (3·30 P.M.) The above was in print, and (we regret to say) *unretractable*, when a most respectable Gentleman called on us from a most eminent firm of Solicitors, employed by our *esteemed* and *most trustworthy* Correspondent. *We never retreat before a threat*, but we are open to conviction, and this Gentleman has convinced us of Our Representative's veracity. Being empowered to receive for our excellent Contributor, our visitor has given us a receipt for a big cheque, and has undertaken to forward——

* * * * * *

4.30 *p.m. same day* (*last moment*). . . . We thought so! A Policeman has called to inquire if a respectable looking person, passing himself off as connected with a most eminent firm of Solicitors, has been with us, and extorted . . .

5.30.—The Policeman is still with us. We are concerting a plan of action. He is now putting on a disguise. MESSRS. MAY and CLARKSON, the well-known theatrical costumiers and perruquiers, are here . . . and we *ourselves* are going to Bayreuth with the Policeman, *in disguise*. We are men of action, and not to be trifled with. Besides, we want a holiday.—ED.

THE "FORCE" AT PLAY.

AT the annual *Fête*, at the Alexandra Palace, of that useful institution, the Police Orphanage, the "general attractions were augmented by the competition of constables in athletic sports." The historian does not state whether anybody tried to "outrun the Constable."

CHEAP SHOPPING.

(A Tragic Farce in Two Scenes.)

SCENE I.—*The Exterior of* SNOOKS'S *Shop. Several Carts labelled* "SNOOKS & Co." *waiting to carry away goods. Men carrying immense bags of expensively got-up Circulars* (*from* SNOOKS & Co.) *to the Post. Several Attendants, dressed in a uniform, something between those worn by the Police and the Park-keepers, hovering about the doors of the establishment.*

Enter EDWIN *and* ANGELINA.

Angelina. Look, my darling! This is SNOOKS'S. Is it not a large place? See the carts, and the men carrying circulars (like the one we got yesterday—a mass of blue and gold); and the Commissionnaires are *so* civil. It 's the cheapest place in the world, too.

Edwin. It should *not* be. To the value of the goods must be added the price of the carts, the cost of the horses, their stabling, and their food, the wages of the drivers, the expense of printing, binding, and advertising, and the liveries and stipends of those much be-medalled loungers over yonder.

Angelina (*with feminine logic*). For all that, darling, it is the cheapest shop in the world.

Edwin. Then I suppose the establishment is conducted on ready-money principles. What you buy you pay for on the spot, and SNOOKS & Co. have never to wait the settlement of an unreceipted bill.

Angelina. If you mean, dear, that you must pay for everything you get at once, you are quite wrong. MR. SNOOKS is most obliging, and never thinks of sending in a bill for three months—he will wait a year or longer. You can't imagine what a cheap shop it is.

Edwin. No, I cannot. Heavy expenses and long credit! SNOOKS must either be a philanthropist squandering a large fortune away upon the Public, or else must have an insane desire to bring himself and his Co. into the Court of Bankruptcy! You follow me, darling, do you not?

Angelina (*who has not been listening, as she has been giving her undivided attention to the contents of the shop window*). Of course, darling. Oh, isn't that Matelassé cheap and sweet? Only two shillings a yard. Why, I saw one the other day not a bit better than this at three shillings.

Edwin. My darling, I fear that you must be growing short-sighted.

Angelina (*rather anxiously*). My dearest, you are joking, are you not?

Edwin. What else can I think when you describe that wall-paper-looking thing at two shillings a yard, when the price only wants another halfpenny to become three shillings. Certainly the two shillings is marked in ink, but the elevenpence-halfpenny has its proper place in pencil.

Angelina. Oh, do let us come in.

[EDWIN *is dragged into the shop.*

SCENE II.—*The Interior of* SNOOKS'S *Shop. A very long and narrow building. On either side of the counters "bargains" are displayed. A great many Shopmen waiting upon a few customers. The unemployed "young men" assisting their comrades by piling up articles for the customers' inspection.* EDWIN *and* ANGELINA *enter, and are met by a* White-haired Manager.

Angelina. Oh, please, there is a very sweet and pretty Matelassé at two-and-elevenpence-halfpenny a yard, in the window——

White-haired Manager. Certainly, Madam. This way, if you please. (*Leads them to the very end of the shop, and offers them chairs.*) I think you said a Matelassé at five-and-elevenpence-three-farthings a yard. A great bargain, indeed. (*To* Shopman.) Show the Lady the article.

Edwin (*firmly*). This Lady said nothing of the sort. The price she mentioned was two-and-elevenpence-halfpenny. There can be no mistake. The dress, with its price-card, is in the window.

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CANNY!

Sportsman. "THAT 'S A TOUGH OLD FELLOW, JEMMY!"
Keeper. "AYE, SIR, A GRAND BIRD TO SEND TO YOUR FREENS!"

White-haired Manager (*much pained*). This person (*alluding to* Confidential Shopman) will attend to you.

[*Retires, and brings, after a pause of five minutes, another Customer to the end of the shop.*

Angelina (*on the* White-haired Manager's *retreat*). My darling, you should not be so cross. I am sure you made him go.

Edwin (*with savage triumph*). I am sure I did.

Confidential Shopman (*placing goods on the counter*). These are the dresses you want, Madam. I do not mind telling you that we got them by the greatest luck. The Bankrupt had taken his passage to America. The Detectives stopped the ship, and got the goods away.

Edwin. And the Bankrupt?

Confidential Shopman (*taken aback*). I think he escaped. But (*coming to the point*) that is why we can sell them at six-and-sixpence a yard.

Angelina. Oh, but the one I saw in the window was——

Confidential Shopman. Of vastly inferior quality to this, Madam. In fact I don't mind telling you that we cannot guarantee our goods in the window.

Edwin. Very well, then we will go. [*Rising.*

Confidential Shopman. Pray resume your seat, Madam. Of course we guarantee all our goods. Here are the dresses you mean. You see they are not of the same quality as this. (*Taking up another material.*) It was ordered by the late SULTAN OF TURKEY for his favourite Sultana, and of course was not wanted. We are thus able to offer it at eight-and-tenpence-three-farthings. May I cut you off a dress?

Angelina. It is really very sweet. Only eight shillings a yard!

Confidential Shopman. Twenty-six yards will be enough, Madam, I think?

Edwin (*firmly*). If you cannot show us the dresses marked three shillings a yard (all save one halfpenny), we will trouble you no further.

Angelina (*timidly*). Yes, the Sultana's cotton is very beautiful, but I think I should like to see the Matelassé at two-and-elevenpence-halfpenny.

Confidential Shopman (*contemptuously*). They are here. They will not wash.

Edwin. Oh, very well; we will not buy them. [*Rises.*

Confidential Shopman. At least they will not wash quite so well as this magnificent affair, which was made for the coronation of the POPE. It has taken fifteen years in its manufacture; and as, of course, it is not wanted now, we can cut you off enough for a dress for six pounds twelve shillings and tenpence-three-farthings.

Edwin. You had better keep it for the next Pope—we don't want it.

Angelina (*having selected a dress*). This, please. I like the large pattern.

Confidential Shopman. The large patterns are dearer. The one you have chosen is four-and-sevenpence-halfpenny.

Edwin (*losing his temper*). Don't beat about the bush any longer. Which are the dresses you pretend to sell at three shillings a yard?

Confidential Shopman (*startled, and hurriedly*). These.

Edwin (*to Angelina*). My own, choose one. (*One is chosen.*) And now put it up, and bring the bill.

Confidential Shopman (*recovering himself*). While I cut off the necessary length, Madam, will you look at this grand silk? It was made for the President of the United States when he thought of taking office for the third time. As he has retired, we can now offer it (as it is left upon our hands) for nineteen-and-elevenpence-three-farthings, as a remnant.

Edwin (*seeing that the parcel is at last made up*). Now let us go.

Confidential Shopman. The bill, Madam. And while this Gentleman is paying it, will you permit me to show you this glorious velvet? It was ordered by DON CARLOS——"

Edwin (*hurriedly*). Let us go.

[*Drags his loving but reluctant wife away. As they pass down the long shop, "young men" (like mermaids) try to tempt* ANGELINA *with bargains.*

White-haired Manager (*meeting them at the door*). One moment, Madam. Have you seen these *gaze de chambry*? We have got them a bargain. They were recovered from a wreck, and——"

Edwin. We don't want them.

[*The* White-haired Manager *recognises* EDWIN, *and retires in confusion.*

Angelina (*on leaving* SNOOKS'S, *pointing to another shop-window*). Oh, EDWIN, darling, there 's exactly the same thing we have just bought!

Edwin (*with malicious pleasure*). Yes; and just a shilling the yard cheaper! [*Scene closes in.*

INCREDIBLE INTELLIGENCE.

WHAT the French call "*faits divers*," which are anything but facts, are sprinkled pretty freely in our own provincial press, especially when Parliament has risen for the recess. Clearly some of our contemporaries give their constant readers credit for enormous powers of credence, when they fill so many columns with such paragraphs as these:—

SINGULAR FREAK OF LIGHTNING.—A curious instance of the versatility of the electric fluid occurred the other day in Longbowtown, Connecticut. During a tempest, which had raged above a week in that vicinity, a flash of lightning was observed, by a reporter who happened to be present, ascending the third lamp-post from the corner of the market-place. After turning off the gas, it descended to the ground again, and quickly crossed the pavement; then rang the area bell, and gave a thundering double knock at the door of Number Nine, the residence of DR. CRAMMER, to whom we owe a record of the subsequent proceedings. Entering through the keyhole, the lightning briskly ran upstairs, lit all the candles in the drawing-room, split the looking-glass in two, and played a waltz on the piano. Next it went into the smoking-room, and burned a box of choice Havannahs; then, dropping to the cellar, it drew the corks of six champagne bottles, without unfastening the wires; and, after cutting up a cucumber and a roast goose in the kitchen, it made its exit up the chimney, which it swept most carefully, consuming in its progress every particle of soot.

REMARKABLE VORACITY OF A PIKE.—A fact has come under our notice which we fancy has escaped the watchful eye of MR. BUCKLAND, MR. LEE, and other famous pisciculturists, to whom we would commend it as an incident well worthy of their investigating scrutiny. We are informed on what we take to be quite trustworthy (as Englishmen, we scorn to say reliable) authority, that somewhere on the road between Birmingham and Bangor there has been taken an old pike, by a man who means to keep it, and we are given to understand that as many as five pounds of current copper currency has in one day been found deposited in its capacious maw.

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CLUB TALK.

"YOU 'VE HEARD BROWNE'S MARRIED AGAIN?"

"NO! HAS HE? STUPID ASS! HE DIDN'T DESERVE TO LOSE HIS FIRST WIFE!"

TOO OLD?

Enthusiastic Excursionist (at Hawarden). "We hope to see MR. GLADSTONE as Leader again."

Mr. Gladstone. "He 's too old, Sir!"

"*You* too old, my dear WILLIAM?" *Punch* cheerfully cried.
"Though your locks be a little bit grey,
In your glance there is fire, in your port there is pride,
You appear full of 'go' and of 'stay.'
When last you the House with your eloquence woke,
You bethumped that Blue Book in a style
Which gave proof of a biceps yet stout for a stroke.
Are you quite 'on the shelf' yet awhile?

"Too old, my dear WILLIAM? You 're game for a go
With your axe or at Upas or elm,
You can strike, 'gainst the POPE, a right stark, swashing blow,
Giant Goo with invective o'erwhelm.
Speech, pamphlet, or paper you run off the reel
In as facile a 'form' as of yore.
You have done some stiff work, yet one cannot but feel
You are good for a goodish bit more.

"Too old, my dear WILLIAM? You seem quite at home
Whether Woodman you play at Hawarden,
Hurl eloquent thunder 'gainst Turkey or Rome,
Or enlarge on a Cottager's garden.
Polemic or pastoral, lecture or jest,
Who can say from your lips which comes patter?
Too old, my dear Sir? Well, perhaps you know best
But I scarcely think *that* 's what 's the matter.

"Too old, my dear WILLIAM? 'Tis pleasant, no doubt,
With the Muses, at ease, to turn roamer;
To forget the rude bray of the rabblement's shout
In the long rolling music of HOMER.
But what if the clarion should call to the front?
If good cause, needing champion or pleader,
Should summon our WILLIAM to bear battle's brunt—
Would it find him 'too old' for a Leader?

"Too old? We remember stout evergreen PAM;
You 're a youngster, you know, in comparison;
BEN — pardon! — LORD BEACONSFIELD — scarcely a lamb—
In the vanguard the contest yet carries on.
That you 're battle-fit yet, and in fettle right rare,
There 's full many a fact stands attestor.
While Achilles has thews, he 's a chief we can't spare
To pose—prematurely—as Nestor."

FROM PILLAR TO POST;

R, THE ORGANISED PHILANTHROPISTS.

(*Period* 1876.)

See *Times* Police Report, Worship Street, August 23.]

SCENE I.—*A Town Hall. Enter* Distressed Woman, *hurriedly.*

Woman. Oh, if you please, I 've had this ticket given me and this letter of recommendation, and the Gentleman told me you would assist me. I 'm in great, *great* distress!

Well-Fed Official (*after reading letter*). Umph—yes—a sad case, indeed. (*Cheerfully.*) Very sad. I can't do better than give you a letter to one of the Organised Philanthropists (*who is at the sea-side*). His Town residence is only five miles from here. It 's a pleasant walk. (*Gives letter.*) Good day.

SCENE II.—*Exterior of Town Residence of First Organised Philanthropist.*

Burly Butler (*to* Distressed Woman, *who has walked the five miles*). No, he 's hout o' Town. Yes, I see it 's hurgent; so you 'd better go down to No. 720, Stucco Villas, to the Clergyman, he 's one of the Philanthropists, an' he 'll attend to you. Mind the dawg!

SCENE III.—*Exterior of No. 720, Stucco Villas.*
Enter Distressed Woman.

Distressed Woman. Oh dear, dear! what shall I do if he 's not here? I 'm so tired. What a long road! My poor children! they 'll wonder what has become of me. [*Knocks one knock.*

Door opened by comfortable-looking Housekeeper.

Housekeeper. No, not to-day; and don't come knocking at people's doors like——Oh, you 've got a letter. Dear, dear! you must have been suffering! How sad! Six children, too! Well, MR. SERAPH is not here just now; but when he 's not here, MR. SCREWBY, who 's one of the Society, always attends to his business. It 's about a mile and a half down the road. *Good* morning. [*Shuts door.*

SCENE IV.—*Exterior of House of Third Organised Philanthropist.*

Enter Distressed Woman, *who is informed that* MR. SCREWBY *is on the Continent, but that the Doctor, three squares off, will attend to her.*

N.B.—To save time and space, it may be added that the Doctor can do nothing but refer her to the Relieving Officer, who was "also out." She then calls upon another Organised Philanthropist, who tells her to get a letter certifying her respectability and poverty. For this purpose she reverts to the Clergyman.

SCENE V.—*Stucco Villas.*

Clergyman. What, no food? Humph! Six children? Walked seventeen miles? Dear, dear! Well, you must live till Monday, and then you must go before the Organised Philanthropists. Let 's see, there 's seven of you altogether. Well, there 's twopence-halfpenny a-piece for you, and a halfpenny over. Mind, you 'll have to show you 're thoroughly respectable.

N.B.—In the meantime the Distressed Woman is arrested for doing what she had no right to do, *i.e.* pawning illegally to pay out a distress for rent. The Organised Philanthropists cast her off with horror. The Magistrate says it is a "painful case, and deserves the deepest sympathy," but he must fine her one shilling, and order her to pay six shillings, the value of the pledged articles.

SCENE VI. AND LAST—*Interior of Police-Court.* Woman *being led to the Cells in default of payment.*

Un-Organised Philanthropist. Here! look here! I 'll pay the money. Let the poor creature go!

(*Applause. Curtain.*)

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OUR MILITARY MANŒUVRES!

Irish Drill-Sergeant (to Squad of Militiamen). "PR'S'NT 'RRMS!"—(*Astonishing result.*)—"HIV'NS! WHAT A 'PRISINT'! JIST STIP OUT HERE NOW, AN' LOOK AT YERSILVES!!"

SOME ABSTRUSE CALCULATIONS.

THE Exhibition of Scientific apparatus, now open at South Kensington, includes several Calculating Machines. These will render an inestimable service to Statistical Science, and increase their utility a thousandfold, if they can work out some of the following interesting problems:—

How many persons of position in Society, supposed at the present time to be on the Continent, or at the Sea-side, or in Scotland, are all the while in London, leading a sequestered life in the back rooms of their apparently deserted mansions?

Of all those who are now away in expensive and unsatisfactory lodgings at places of fashionable resort, what per-centage are, at this moment, heartily wishing themselves back in their comfortable homes?

How many persons within the last six weeks have discovered that they are afflicted with some ailment, for which they (or their medical advisers) consider an immediate and thorough change imperatively requisite?

How many Englishmen and Englishwomen are now lavishing their money and their raptures on France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, Iceland, &c., who have the most meagre acquaintance with the beauties and attractions of their own country?

How many yards of material are comprehended in a silk dress for evening wear?

How many families will return home from abroad or the sea-side, and find everything as it ought to be—the papering and painting done to their satisfaction, the house clean, the furniture in nice order, and the conduct of the servants left in charge irreproachable?

How many Conservative speeches will be delivered in the recess, maintaining the last Session to have been everything that could be wished; and how many Liberal addresses will be devoted to proving the exact contrary?

How many anxious reflections will SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE have between now and next February, when he thinks of the Leadership of the House of Commons, with MR. GLADSTONE and MR. LOWE sitting very attentive on the opposite benches?

How many times next Session will his party wish the EARL OF BEACONSFIELD back in the House of Commons?

How many Meetings, Congresses, Exhibitions, Shows, and Dinners will be held at home this autumn?

How many persons of ripe age can say, without dissembling, that they thoroughly enjoy a game of Lawn Tennis on a hot afternoon with the sun full in their eyes?

How many years have yet to elapse before London will be properly governed, and brought into a satisfactory state as to the condition of its streets, its gas and water supply, its smoke, its vehicles plying for hire, &c.?

How many persons moving in a respectable sphere of society can show a tolerable acquaintance with the geography of that quarter of Europe in which war is now going on?

How many passengers will cross the Channel these holidays, to whom the wish will not suggest itself with vivid intensity that the submarine tunnel between England and France was complete and in full activity?

How many novels have been published this last season which have the smallest chance of being remembered next year?

How many foreigners visit London without making an early call at MADAME TUSSAUD'S?

Since the commencement of exhibitions of fireworks at the Crystal and Alexandra palaces, how many evenings have been fine and how many wet?

How many partridges will be shot on the first of September, and how many will be missed?

THE GOOD GREEN OYSTER.

Oyster (*as* MOROCCO *in the Merchant of Venice*). Mislike me not for my complexion.

A LONDONER'S RURAL REFLECTION.—The Hayfield is better than the Haymarket.

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BIRDS FOR SEPTEMBER.



THE Billiard Rook.—Found in large numbers at Scarborough, Boulogne, and other sea-side places. Plumage: Suits of "loud" patterns, and much artificial jewellery. Habits: Smoking, drinking, and gambling. Favourite companion, the Army Pigeon.

The Army Pigeon.—Found chiefly in fashionable watering-places, both coast and inland. Plumage very similar to the Billiard Rook, but not quite so gorgeous. Jewellery genuine. Habits: Intemperance, wild betting, and money-paying. Favourite companion, the Billiard Rook.

The Tame Dove.—Found in country-houses all over England and Scotland. Plumage: Sober-coloured clothes of the best make. Habits: Chatting, piano-playing, tenor-song singing, and five o'clock tea-taking. Favourite companion, the County Canary.

The County Canary.—Found generally in her father's country-seat. Plumage supplied entirely by WORTH. Habits: Flirting, money-spending, riding, and dancing. Favourite companion, the Scarlet Soldier-Bird.

The Scarlet Soldier-Bird.—Found chiefly in small country towns where a garrison is maintained. Plumage varies with the time of day; in the morning bright red, in the evening black and white. Habits: Soda-and-brandy drinking, smoking, strutting, and flirtation. Favourite companion, the County Canary.

The Provincial Peacock.—Found chiefly in his own nest (Peacock Court) or by the covert-side. Plumage: Shooting-coat with leather on the shoulders, knickerbockers, and hob-nailed boots. Habits: Shooting, farming, and laying down the law. Favourite companion, the Eagle-Eyed Sharpshooter.

The Eagle-Eyed Sharpshooter.—Found in most places where guns are held in high esteem. Plumage: Suit of tweed dittos, gaiters, and strong boots. Habits: Shooting, eating, and sleeping. Favourite companion, the Provincial Peacock.

The Histrionic Mocking-Bird.—Found chiefly in country houses where the young Ladies like "dressing up." Plumage: Eccentric costume, suggestive of the farces of MR. MADDISON MORTON. No whiskers nor moustache. Habits: Lecturing, swaggering, and giving weak imitations of popular metropolitan actors. Favourite companion, the Melancholy Magpie.

The Melancholy Magpie.—Found generally in houses given over to the delights of amateur theatricals. Plumage of the simplest description; clothes old-fashioned and unbecoming. Habits: Making attempts to act, sneering, and raising objections. Favourite companion, the Business-like Parrot.

The Business-like Parrot.—Found occasionally in houses where the services of a professional stage-manager are required. Plumage: Black clothes, with coloured cotton shirts. Habits: Repeating the same directions twenty times an hour, keeping his temper, and exercising forbearance under very trying circumstances. Favourite companions, his family.

The Human Bird of Paradise.—Found in the most poverty-stricken neighbourhoods. Plumage neat and unpretending. Habits: Succouring the sick, feeding the hungry, and teaching the ignorant. Favourite companions, poor and suffering birds wherever she can find them.

The Steamboat Vulture.—Found in large numbers on the ocean. Plumage: Blue serge suit, with a gold-braided cap. Habits: Collecting tickets. Favourite companion, the First-Class Cabin Hawk.

The First-Class Cabin Hawk.—Found in steamboats plying between England and abroad. Plumage same as the Steamboat Vulture. Habits: Announcing dinner at unpleasant moments, avoiding passengers in the hours of their anguish, and joking when the waves are washing over the paddle-boxes. Favourite companion, the Steamboat Vulture.

The Foreign Cormorant.—Found in every town known to the compilers of MURRAY'S *Handbooks*. Plumage varying with its nationality. Habits: Carriage-letting and hotel-keeping. Favourite companion, the Courier Swallow.

The Courier Swallow.—Frequently discovered in attendance upon a family of distinction. Plumage according to the taste of his employers. Habits: Dispensing guide-book information and receiving tips. Favourite companion, the Foreign Cormorant.

The Foolish Bird of Passage.—Invariably found at this season of the year in France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. Plumage: Bright yellow tourist suit, and cloth hat of peculiar construction. Habits: Decidedly British. Favourite companion, his wife.

The Bird of Wisdom.—Full particulars of this marvellous creature (bequeathed by Minerva to the most celebrated sage of this or any other age) can only be obtained at 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

PUNCH'S COUNTRY COUSINS' GUIDE.

THE METROPOLIS IN THE *MORTE SAISON*.

8 A.M.—Rise, as in the country, and stroll round the Squares before breakfast, to see the turn out of Cooks and Charwomen. Ask your way back of the first Policeman you meet.

9 A.M.—Breakfast. First taste of London Milk and Butter. Analyse, if not in a hurry. Any Policeman will show you the nearest Chemist.

10 A.M.—To Battersea Park to see Carpets beaten. Curious atmospheric effects observable in the clouds of dust and the language of the beaters. Inquire your road of any Policeman.

11 A.M.—Take Penny Steamer up to Westminster Bridge, in time to arrive at Scotland Yard, and inspect the Police as they start on their various beats. For any information, inquire of the Inspector.

12 A.M.—Hansom Cab Races. These can be viewed at any hour by standing still at a hundred yards from any Cabstand and holding up a shilling. An amusing sequel may be enjoyed by referring all the drivers to the nearest Policeman.

1 P.M.—Observe the beauties of solitude among the flowers in Hyde Park. Lunch at the Lodge on Curds and Whey. Ask the whey of the Park Keeper.

2 P.M.—Visit the Exhibitions of Painting on the various scaffoldings in Belgravia. Ask the next Policeman if the House Painters are Royal Academicians. Note what he says.

3 P.M.—Look at the shops in Bond Street and Regent Street, and purchase the dummy goods disposed of at an awful sacrifice.

4 P.M.—See the Stickleback fed at the Westminster Aquarium. If nervous at being alone, ask the Policeman in waiting to accompany you over the building.

5 P.M.—Find a friend still in Town to give you five o'clock tea in her back drawing-room—the front of the house being shut up.

6 P.M.—Back to the Park. Imagine the imposing cavalcades in Rotten Row (now invisible), with the aid of one exercising groom and the two daughters of a riding-master in full procession.

7 P.M.—Wake up the Waiters at the Triclinium Restaurant, and persuade them to warm up dinner for your benefit.

8 P.M.—Perambulate the Strand, and visit the closed doors of the various Theatres. Ask the nearest Policeman for his opinion on London Actors. You will find it as good as a play.

9 P.M.—A Turkish Bath may be had in Covent Garden Theatre. Towels or Programmes are supplied by the Policeman at the doors.

10 P.M.—Converse, before turning in, with the Policeman on duty or the Fireman in charge of the fire-escape. Much interesting information may be obtained in this way.

11 P.M.—Supper at the Cabman's Shelter, or the Coffee Stall corner of Hyde Park. Get a Policeman to take you home to Bed

WATERING THE PORT.

MR. PUNCH being asked what river Boulogne was on? promptly replied (remembering the bouquet of its fine old Port), "The Odour."

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JOHN BULL AND HIS GUIDES.



HE pilgrim of Britain,
His track fain to fit in
Rule spoken or written,
Learns to like and to look
By his Guide or his Book,
Be it MURRAY or COOK;

The same thing 's left undone,
The same by each one done,
'Twixt Thule and London.
All their "selves" glad to merge,
Through the same gap must surge,
Like the sheep of Panurge,

As COOK bids, on they scurry;
Or tractably hurry
At the order of MURRAY.
With his own eyes once looked:
Now he likes his routes Cooked,
His opinions Red-booked,
To be grave or rejoice;
Till his voice is COOK's voice,
And his choice is COOK's choice.
Trots and halts in a band,
Likes, dislikes, second hand,
At the word of command.

JOHN BULL once had a "willy,"
And also a "nilly;"
Loved to dally or dilly—
His thoughts run in a mould—
Calf's-foot jelly-like, cold—
Laughs or sighs, as he 's told
COOK's tariff his steady care:
His taste ruled by ready care
Of MURRAY or BAEDEKER.
And regains his own shore,
His travelling o'er,
The same BULL as before.

WHAT NO ONE SHOULD FORGET, IN CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

To place his Rugs, Carpet-bags, and Umbrellas on the six best seats on the Boat.

To worry the Captain with remarks about the state of the weather and the performance of the Steamer: to observe to the Steward that there is a change in the weather, and that there were more Passengers the last time he crossed.

To speak to the Man at the Wheel, and ask him whether there was much sea on last trip.

To change his last half-crown into French money, and squabble with the Steward as to the rate of exchange.

To stare at his neighbours, read aloud their names on their luggage, and remark audibly that he 'll lay anything the Lady with the slight twang is an American.

To repeat the ancient Joke on "Back her! stop her!"

If the passage is rough, to put his feet on his neighbour's head, after appropriating all the cushions in the cabin.

To call for Crockery in time. N.B.—Most important.

To groan furiously for an hour and a half, if a sufferer; or, if utterly callous to waves and their commotions, to eat beef and ham, and drink porter and brandy-and-water, during the entire voyage, with as much clattering of forks and noise of mastication as is compatible with enjoyment.

To kiss his hand, on entering the harbour, to the *matelottes* on the quays, or send his love in bad French to the Prefect of Police.

To struggle for a front place, in crowding off the Steamer, as if the ship was on fire. And finally—

To answer every one who addresses him in good English in the worst possible French.

SS. Patrick and Partridge.

"Now at the Birds, me Boy, let dhrive!"
Says MIKE, exhorting DAN.
"That 's how we 'll keep the game alive,
By killing all we can!"

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ALL OUT SHOOTING.

PATERFAMILIAS TAKES HIS FAMILY TO EXMOOR THIS YEAR, THINKING TO HAVE A DAY'S SHOOTING ON THE FIRST. BUT SO THOUGHT THEY AS WELL; AND HERE THEY COME!

First. "BASAN," OUR COLLEY (*as Retriever*). *Second.* UNCLE PHIL, WITH UMBRELLA (*as Beater*). *Third.* "PA."
Fourth. MASTER GEORGE, WITH LONG BOW AND "QUIVER FULL OF ARROWS!" *Fifth.* MASTER CLARE (9), CROSS-BOW AND DITTO!
[*And a very pleasant day they had.*

OUR CAT SHOW.

ONE of these fine days (if we are lucky in the weather) we mean to start a Cat Show, for the purpose of displaying certain interesting specimens which have not yet been admitted to feline exhibitions. For instance, we imagine that the No-tailed Cat of Manxland is not much of a novelty, although there may be sceptics who question its existence. But the British Nine-tailed Cat has not been shown lately, excepting to those favoured with a private view of it in Newgate. We may conceive, then, that a specimen will be regarded with considerable interest by the public, and, if a few professional garotters or ruffianly wife-beaters can be induced to come, they perhaps may learn a highly beneficial lesson.

Another most attractive novelty will be the Voiceless Cat (*Felis silens*), a breed which we shall take great pride in introducing. So many people are annoyed by the Clamour-making Cat (*Felis catterwaulans*), which is well known to all Londoners, more especially at nightfall, that we expect the Voiceless Cat will be much petted by the public, and we doubt not that a first prize will be readily awarded to it. Indeed, we think it likely that its merits will obtain the Gold Medal of the Show, and, if this should be the case, we would suggest as a fit motto, to be stamped upon the medal, "*Sans purr et sans reproche.*"

Perhaps, however, the most curious of all the Cats exhibited will be the *Felis omnivora*, or Common Lodging-House-Keeper's Cat. Of this extraordinary species we are expecting to collect some vastly interesting specimens, from Brighton, Ramsgate, Margate, Scarborough, Llandudno, and many other sea-side popular resorts. The principal peculiarities of the Lodging-House-Keeper's Cat are its voracious appetite and unparalleled capacity for consuming or destroying everything within its reach. There are cases upon record wherein abundant evidence has been furnished as to this, and we fancy few zoologists will venture to dispute the truth of our assertion that few creatures are more costly than the *Felis omnivora*, if we regard merely the damage it is daily said to do. If we may credit oral testimony, it would appear that in one single night a Cat of this destructive breed has broken a decanter, three wine glasses, and the handle of a water-jug, besides emptying a cigar-case, a jam-pot, and a tea-caddy, and more than half consuming a stick of barley-sugar and a tin of maccaroons. There would seem to be no limit to the powers of its appetite, or the variety of its tastes. Eatables and drinkables disappear, when in its neighbourhood, with marvellous rapidity; and things which would be scarcely digested by an Ostrich are stomached with facility by this all-consuming Cat. From soap to soda-water, from hair-oil to postage-stamps, everything will vanish that comes into its claws. Bolts and bars will fly asunder; closets, cellars, cheffoniers will readily reveal their treasures to this creature, and be gutted in a twinkling of their manifold contents. According to one Landlady, whose evidence was fortified by that of her own servant, the absence of two hours on the part of a Lodger has afforded ample time for a Cat of this description to steal a quire of note-paper, swallow three-fourths of an apple-pie and half a leg of mutton, besides drinking very nearly a whole bottle of Scotch whiskey, kept under lock and key.

Striking Allusion.

MR. PUNCH has been requested to explain what the Directors of a certain Railway Company mean by announcing that passengers taking return tickets to Belfast are required to have their tickets Punched on board the steamboats—to prevent fraud. Some sort of reference to himself, apparently, has been suggested by the word "Punched" with a large P. Perhaps it is expected that this suggestion will be taken for a capital joke.

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NASAL REFORM.



HADE of SLAWKENBERGIUS, here is an advertisement, extracted, with unimportant and nominal alterations, from the *Daily News*!—

A.—ITS nose is . . . Send me number of SMITH BROWN'S, Blank Highway, that I may get a NOSE MACHINE to alter it. Will BROWN send machine by post for 10*s.* 6*d.* in stamps? Write soon.

What an engine, if really available to modify noses, and if you, SLAWKENBERGIUS and MR. SHANDY, are right, this Nose Machine must be for good or evil! For evil, as enabling a capricious or unnatural parent to twist and alter perhaps the leading family feature of his child. For good, when instrumental to a scientific physiognomist in elongating a stunted nose, rectifying a misshapen one, or even perhaps so moulding the nose as with it to mould also the character. Of course the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, but for his nose, would never have won Waterloo. Convert a nose into such another as WELLINGTON'S, and constitute another WELLINGTON. Or suppose a Hebrew converted by a Missionary, his nose, by means of the Nose Machine, could, if he wished it, be converted too. Talk of TALIACOTIUS, and his rhinoplastic operation, what is that to SMITH BROWN, and MR. BROWN'S rhinoplastic apparatus? Think what wonders of moral and social improvement it is capable of being, and, let us hope, in good hands will be, employed to work! And all at the comparatively small sum of ten and sixpence! To be sure, the name of BROWN is a substitute for the one that appears in the original advertisement, which, purporting to signify a want of the Nose Machine, may just possibly be mistaken for a dodge to promote its sale.

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

At MORRISON'S—Tied by the Leg—Dulness—Anticipations unrealised—Irishmen wanted—Cricket at Trinity—Nothing doing—Resolution—Cheering up—Hospitality—A Promise—Jokes on Bray—Railway Officials—Irish Fatalism—A new Philosophy.

I HAVE only one disturbing thought on awaking to the pleasant fact that I am in Dublin, and that is the legal memorandum now lying before me, dating from PLUMPTON AND SPRY'S, which, speaking for HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY and her trusty and well-beloved SIR PETER PYPER, Lord Chief Justice of England, in effect, says, "My dear friend, don't go too far: be as quick as you can: for, at any time, and at any place, you may be wanted." Why, even *Dr. Faust's* bargain with *Il Diavolo's* agent, *Mephistopheles*, was better than this. He knew the length of his tether: I don't. Evidently, I must make the best use of my time. With which moral sentiment I sit down to make my arrangements, and take breakfast, in the grand but cheerless Coffee-Room.

I cannot, as yet, shake off the flat champagney feeling which has fallen upon me. There is no Rollicking. I have been all along expecting Rollicking everywhere, and I can't see a sign of it.

I had expected the Waiters to be brimming over with fun. I anticipated mistakes at my meals which would be immediately redeemed by such a sally of wit as would set the table, that is, myself *at* the table, in a roar.

Not a bit of it. The Waiters are obliging, but melancholy. The exemplary and polite Manager speaks with an accent, which, being in Ireland, I attribute to some provinciality. I address him as an Irishman. He is flattered by my compliment to his pronunciation of English, but he is a Frenchman.

After this I am more cautious. Clearly, all is not Irish that is in Ireland. The Head Waiter speaks English perfectly. He is, at all events, not an Irishman. I ask him how long he has been here. Oh, any number of years. I wonder he has not picked up the brogue. He smiles: he thinks I am satirical . . . as he happens to be an Irishman.

One more shot. A bright-haired, broad-shouldered Waiter, close shaven, with a bright complexion. A North Country Irishman, I'll be bound. He certainly *has* a brogue. Wrong again. He is a Swede.

As far as Waiters are concerned, I give up all guessing at nationality.

"Ireland for the Irish"? Nonsense. Ireland for the Englishmen, the Frenchmen, and the Swedes. Already I feel I must be a Home-Ruler, or something which means Ireland for the Irish, and the Irish for Ireland.

Humming the "*Wearing of the Green*," I take my way down to Westland Row Station. The only "Wearing of the Green" I can see comes from the shoes of the cricketers engaged in a match on the Trinity College ground. The sports of the Collegians are visible to the public through the railings, very much as the sports of the Blue Coat Boys are witnessed with delight by the passers-by, to and fro, before that depressing debtors'-prison sort of *grille*.

I join the spectators at the railings. No; I cannot associate the appearance of these Collegians, nor the exterior of the College itself, with anything academical—that is, as I understand academical. I see no accidental caps and gowns, which give the local colouring to the streets, to the College grounds, and even the neighbourhood, of the old Universities, Oxford and Cambridge. I see nothing which calls to mind the Students' club caps of Heidelberg and Bonn, or the Polytechnic of Aachen. It is all too modern, too unacademical, for a College, and after this I should not be surprised if I saw the Judges and Barristers in the Law Courts without their wigs and bands.

From all along the line of lookers-on outside I hear no sharp remarks, no telling observations, in fact, nothing humorous or funny whatever. I sigh and pass on. Have I arrived in Dublin at a time when, as they say in the City, "things are uncommonly flat, and nothing doing"? I walk on, "speculating for a rise," as I pass the Carmen on their stand. There are no rises, there are no sells. I have come on Dublin at a bad moment.

I will go to Bray. Were I to announce this intention in the presence of some foolish jesters, whose aim in life is never to let a word pass that can be played upon, they would immediately retort, "Are you going to Bray? Nothing more natural, my dear fellow." It is a kind of pun that makes one sad.

Happy Thought.—Call on a friend of KEPPEL BIRKETT'S, who "knows the ropes," or, rather, "the lines," and ask about going to Bray, and what to see when I get there. He is so delighted to see me, and I am so heartily received that I begin to cheer up.

My excellent acquaintance is sorry to part with me for a moment. Have I breakfasted? Yes? Then, will I take anything? No? Then won't I come and lunch? Won't I dine? Won't I stay with them? Surely I am not going away so soon? Why, there are at least fifty people who would never forgive him (the speaker) if he allowed me to quit Dublin.

Happy Thought.—The Irish are evidently a most hospitable people.

I explain. Legal business (meaning PLUMPTON AND SPRY) necessitates a short stay.

DALEY'S distress is really genuine. If he could only improvise a dinner-party on the spot, there and then, in his office, he would do so. He hardly can bring himself to part with me. He has his doubts about my ever coming back again, if once I am allowed to leave Dublin. He is overflowing with genial regret that he cannot travel with me, keeping a guard over me as though I were a hospitality-prisoner, for whose appearance at the dinner hour he, DALEY, had made himself responsible. But if I go now I shall return? Certainly.

"I must get DR. PHORDE MCMULLEN and SIR RICHARD LOFTUS to meet you," says my new friend, DALEY, pondering. "Ye 'll know PHORDE and LOFTUS?"

Will I? I mean, do I? No, I regret to say I don't. I feel, somehow, I ought to.

"PHORDE writes for the Magazines, and his book on *The Dithyrambic of Slogan*,—maybe ye 'll have heard of that? It made a good deal of stir lately, and neither TENNYSON nor BROWNING could reply to it."

I feel that I 'm "not in it," as the sporting men say.

Happy Thought.—Of course I know DR.—er—er—(I have forgotten his name, and DALEY kindly supplies it)—yes, DR. PHORDE, by reputation, but I 've never had the pleasure of meeting him.

"You shall then," says DALEY, heartily. "I 'll get together all the boys I can, and we 'll have a night of it."

I am delighted at the prospect. Yet my joy is tinctured with fear. Who are "the boys"? What does a "night of it" mean? Whiskey punch and smoking, and every one, being accustomed to "nights of it," all right except myself? *And is it myself that 'll be ill for at least a week afterwards?* If so—then the best thing will be to see the country first and enjoy my *days*, then return to Dublin "to make nights of it."

Yet I feel that I have PLUMPTON AND SPRY after me. Before starting for Bray I write to them, "*Sirs, I shall be at Bray before you get this, and after that probably 'Post Office, Dublin,' will find*

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me; I mean, I shall find a letter or a telegram, if you send one, at Post Office, Dublin. Is this clear? How's the case getting on?"

A Real Happy Thought for a Postscript.—"Try and do without my evidence, as what I know of the matter will be *dead against your side*. Yours ever, &c."

Evidently that will stagger PLUMPTON and bother SPRY. It means, in effect, "Don't call me as your witness, or you'll lose."

Now to Bray. Most unfortunate name as falling unavoidably into the form of expression. I suppose the elegant witticism of pointing to a passenger and saying "There's a donkey going to Bray" must have long ago been exhausted in every form. Thank goodness for *that*.

It is impossible to help remarking at all Stations on the Irish lines, the charmingly careless manner of the officials. They are all peculiarly polite, but they seem to be taking their duty as a pleasure, and not to be after botherin' themselves about the punctuality of the trains. An Irish porter never knows *exactly* when the next train is going, nor *where* it is going to. But, clearly, this concerns the passenger, not him. Yet, on the whole, in spite of this carelessness of manner, this utter absence of all fussiness—for no one ever yet saw any Irishman *in a hurry*—is only characteristic of the people, and not any evidence of unpunctuality on the part of the trains. On the contrary, my experience is—if called as a witness in a committee-room on a question of Irish lines—that they do keep time admirably. Their careless manner is rather suggestive of a kind of cheerful fatalism, —that is, an "all-right-in-the-end" view,—than of any want of confidence in the railways, and those who manage them.

The Irish, in respect of conduct at Railway Stations all along the line—for I am reviewing them all along the line——

Happy Thought.—A first-rate subject for MISS THOMPSON, when tired of the Military, would be—"*The Old (Railway) Guard—A Review all along the Line.*" I make this a present to the justly celebrated artist whose motto should be from the song of the *Grande Duchesse*, "*Ah, que j'aime les Militaires!*"

But, "Proceed? Your story interests me much."

As I was saying, when I was interrupted, the conduct of the Irish at Railway Stations reminds me of the French and Belgian country people at their *gares* on *fête* days, when trains run anyhow, at any time and at all times, on any lines and on all lines, when peasants, ladies, gentlemen, soldiers, ecclesiastics, police, officials, porters, women with flags, or bells, or horns (in their hands, *bien entendu*—horns to blow as signal for the train to start—or bells in their horny hands—suggestion for a joke for HORNE TOOKE, or SHERIDAN, or SYDNEY SMITH), all wander about the lines quite calmly and most happily, occasionally drawing aside to allow an engine to pass, and helping their friends to descend from the compartments, which are at some distance from the ground, and to reach a platform is out of the question.

Once get into your head that "There's no occasion to hurry," and travelling in Ireland becomes a pleasure: only you must enter into this peculiar phase of Irish humour. And, above all things, you must adopt the "all-right-in-the-end" philosophy of DR. O'KISMET.

The Tourist in Ireland should not have any clear idea of where he is going to next. He may, just for the sake of the Clerk at the ticket-office, and of his luggage—if any to speak of—name a destination, but it will be more in keeping with the tone of the people if he is prepared to stop at some unexpectedly attractive spot on the road, have his luggage out, and remain there until he has had enough of it.

In this spirit I "go for" Bray.

THE FRENCH ON THE FIRST.



NLY the other day a new French paper was established in Paris, under the suggestive title of *Le Sportsman*, which, doubtless, will soon become as popular amongst our neighbours as *Bell's Life* is with us. As the journal is a new one, *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in presenting its proprietors with a report of Sport on the First which has been furnished to him by an experienced French "Gentlemans-Ridère," regardless of expense:—

Hôtel de France et Les Deux Mondes, W.C., September 1, 1876.

MY DEAR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,

YOU have asked me am I Sportsman? It was an insult! A Frenchman is always brave. To be Sportsman one must also be brave. Therefore a Frenchman is always Sportaman. Why? Because he is brave. "This may not be truth," you say. No. It is something better—it is logic!

I am Sportsman, and I have many friends of distinction who are also Sportmans. They are French. On August 31st we met at your grandest London square—your square where WILLIAM SHAKSPIERRE (the Immortal WILLIAMS! Ah! he was a great man, a very great man—nearly as great as our own ALEXANDRE DUMAS) points to a fountain which plays but seldom, and we discussed—you ask what? What should "Gentlemans-Ridères" discuss? Why, the Sport. Long live the Sport! We decided, we three "Gentlemans-Ridères," to go and shoot your partridges, your swallows, your pheasants, your rabbits, your sea-gull! Ah! you think we French do not know your Sport—your 1st September! You are mistaken! Miserables, you are all mistaken! We know the Sport very well.

We dressed in full costume; we were prepared for the terrors of the Chase. The MARQUIS DE CHATEAU ORDINAIRE wore green velvet, the VICOMTE DE POMMES FRITES blue satin, and I red cloth, for I love to chase the artful hare. We all had large horns worn round the body, and our hunting swords dangled at our sides. The Marquis, as our leader, wore a plume of feathers in his jocké hat—our jocké hats were only trimmed with gold. You see, we French Sportmans know how to dress.

We took our places in the train, and soon reached the wood we had fixed on. It belonged to a gentleman who had advertised. I quote his communication; it has appeared in your *Times*:—

SHOOTING over 1500 Acres for Two Months.—A Gentleman, having been prevented from shooting his well-preserved Manor, is desirous of having two or three Gentlemen to shoot.

This Sportsman he could not shoot his manor! Then could he shoot us? We would put him to the test, and prove your boasted "crack shots" was a nonsense. France would then triumph, as she has always triumphed. Is she not Civilisation? And is not Civilisation another name for Triumph? If you do not believe me, ask VICTOR HUGO. It is his affair.

When we reached this assassin "Gentlemans-Ridère" he explained himself to us. He did not wish to shoot us. It was not to be a duel, but a bargain. A bargain! You are *misérables*, you are touts, you are a nation of shopkeepers! The advertising assassin wished to let his shooting at so much a month! The advertisement was an insult, a nonsense!

But were we to be baulked? We had come to brave danger—to be baptised with fire. We made up our minds. We could undergo something more dreadful, more dangerous, than a duel. *We would go out shooting with one another!* Had we not all been provided with shot-proof under-waistcoats, who would have lived? We fired at everything? And the result? We made a "bags"! Ah! you see we know your terms of sport! We have a "Tattersall's Français," we have also a "bags"! This was the contents of our "bags":—

One Plume of Green Feathers, shot off the jocké hat of M. le Marquis.

Two Pigs. The Viscount aimed at a stack of hay and killed the "porkères."

One Dog. He got in my way as I was shooting at a Cow.

One Finger, belonging to M. le Vicomte. M. le Marquis was the marksman.

One Sheep. He walked up to my gun to taste it as I was letting it off.

And one FOX! We all killed *him!* Hurrah! Hip, hip, hip!

But you insolent islanders are unsympathetic! Instead of carrying us home in triumph, the villagers (whom we had summoned to our sides with a long solo on our horns) heaped upon our heads reproaches. Nay, it was worse. M. le Marquis was actually bathed in the pond of horses! But we will be avenged! Our children shall avenge us! You hear, our children shall avenge us! Beware and tremble!

We left the country amidst great "reclamations," and travelled home. When we got to Leicester Square the 1st of September was over!

Receive my salutations the most distinguished.

(*Signed*) LE CHEVALIER CANARD.

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SOCIAL BEINGS.

WEARIED BY LONDON DISSIPATION, THE MARJORIBANKS BROWNS GO, FOR THE SAKE OF PERFECT QUIET, TO THAT PICTURESQUE LITTLE WATERING-PLACE, SHRIMPINGTON-SUPER-MARE, WHERE THEY TRUST THAT THEY WILL NOT MEET A SINGLE SOUL THEY KNOW.

ODDLY ENOUGH, THE CHOLMONDELEY JONESES GO TO THE SAME SPOT WITH THE SAME PURPOSE.

NOW, THESE JONESES AND BROWNS CORDIALLY DETEST EACH OTHER IN LONDON, AND ARE NOT EVEN ON SPEAKING TERMS; YET SUCH IS THE DEPRESSING EFFECT OF "PERFECT QUIET" THAT, AS SOON AS THEY MEET AT SHRIMPINGTON-SUPER-MARE, THEY RUSH INTO EACH OTHER'S ARMS WITH A WILD SENSE OF RELIEF!

THE BRITON ABROAD.

(A few useful Sentences, to be translated into French and German, for the use of all true Britons.)

BE good enough to show me a Room furnished in the English fashion.

Please get me some Brandy and Soda Water.

I want some Eggs and Bacon and three cups of Tea for my Breakfast.

Will you show me a Shop where I can get Buns for my Wife's lunch, and Muffins and Crumpets for the Children's tea.

I shall require a Beefsteak and a bottle of Bass's Ale at one o'clock.

Get me a Cab—a Hansom, if possible.

Where is the English Church?

Where does the English Doctor live?

Is there an English Lawyer in this town?

Where can I see all the English papers?

Where can my Wife get English dresses?

Where can I get English cigars?

For dinner I shall want some Oxtail Soup, a Cod's head and Oyster Sauce, and a Sirloin.

I should like half a dozen bottles of Ginger-beer.

Do you know how to mix Shandy-gaff?

Have you a copy of *Bradshaw?*

Where can I get *Murray's Guide?*

I see that there is a "*Jardin Anglais*" in this town. Be good enough to direct me to it.

Bring me the *Times* and this week's *Punch*.

What do they think here of the Prisons Bill, the Education Act, and the new Statue to the late Prince Consort at Edinburgh?

I suppose you were all surprised to find "DIZZY" accepting a call to the Upper House?

I shall want a Tub in the morning.

Not know what a "Tub" is! Why a Bath, to be sure.

No Bath in this town!

What! you don't think I shall be able to get a Bath in the whole country!

Order my traps to be put back into the Omnibus. I shall leave for England by the next train!

THE BULGARIAN STATUS QUO.

THE *status quo?* As 'twas before?
The state of bondage to the Turk?
Mahometan misrule restore?
Confirm the Moslem's fiendish work?

Oh devilry, that far and wide
Has ruin o'er Bulgaria spread,
And blood, by Summer scarcely dried
Upon the half-unburied dead!

Think of Batak made Moloch's den,
That Tophet, and its putrid mire;
Heaped with the skulls and bones of men;
The charnel-relics marked with fire;

Those blackened walls, and those remains,
Women's and babes'—the worst that tell!
The *status quo?* Bulgaria's plains
Relinquished to the hordes of hell?

Unless the British Lion's roar
Is mere bombast, ye Statesmen, No!
Diplomacy shall not restore
That execrable *status quo!*

LITERARY.—An article in a daily, entitled *The Political History of Bucks*, is to be followed up by *Social Memorials of Swells*.

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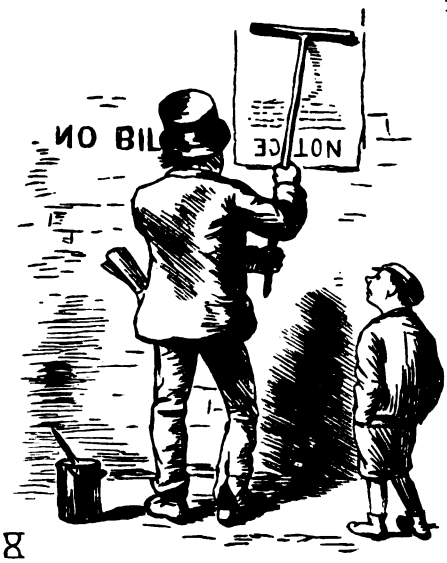
THE STATUS QUO.

TURKEY. "WILL YOU NOT STILL BEFRIEND ME?"
BRITANNIA. "BEFRIEND YOU?—NOT WITH YOUR HANDS OF *THAT COLOUR!*"

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THE CLERICAL DRAMA.



THE subjoined advertisement is no parody. It was cut bodily out of a newspaper:—

WANTED, an ASSISTANT CHOIR-MASTER for Holy Trinity, Bordesley. Duties, to attend two Sunday services and to conduct two rehearsals weekly. Tenor voice preferred. Salary £20. Chorister Boys are also required. To those who possess good voices, and have a fair knowledge of music, £4 a year can be offered. The Organist would also be glad to receive applications from Amateur Gentlemen desirous of joining the Choir.—Address, &c., &c.

Nor is there any reason to suppose this notification to have been the hoax of a wag. But had the "Theatre Royal" been substituted for "Holy Trinity," "Weekly Performances" for "Sunday services," "Conductor" for "Organist," "Chorus" for "Choir," and if "dress" had been inserted before "rehearsals," would it not have passed for a genuine announcement from the Management of a set of operatic performances? If, however, Holy Trinity is a Ritualist Church, there is candour, as far at least as its musical direction is concerned, in advertising for "Amateur Gentlemen" who may be "desirous of joining the Choir." But is not this partial? To be perfectly straightforward, ought not the controllers of the whole concern to advertise also for Amateur Roman Catholic Priests to assist their Clergy?

BEN-CHIRON'S COUNSELS.

A Paraphrase for the Period.

BEN-CHIRON to his pupil thus began
(STAFFORDUS, plumed to pose in battle's van):—
"Aspiring youth, well worthy of my pains,
You now are free. Now grasp yourself the reins;
The Commons' Chariot all alone control.
I drive no more, for I have gained the goal:
A Crown—of strawberry leaves, not parsley—calls.
My wearied footsteps seek serener Halls,
Where, far from press of Party's fiercer frays,
I trust in dignity to end my days.
Yet hear, STAFFORDUS, hear, before we part,
A few 'cute wrinkles on the Leader's art!
Not now the day of demigods indeed,
Yet may you find my maxims worth your heed:
Though HARTINGTONIUS no HECTOR be,
You no ACHILLES, some shrewd fights you 'll see.
So listen, ere the embattled hosts approach,
To the experienced counsels of your "Coach."
These are the arms which smote PEELIDES proud,
And whose mere menace meaner warriors cowed.
This is the sword oft crossed with PAM's sly steel,
And whose keen point made e'en GLADSTONIUS feel.
No Titan thews,—yet lither limbs are few;
No ponderous glaive,—but then its temper 's true.
'Tis not from length of limb all victories flow,
Not to sheer biceps all our force we owe;
Long odds by art we lessen or remove,
And skill and patience poorest plights improve.
So have I fought, so 'gainst defeat made head,
And so my hosts to slow, sure victory led.
Think not, STAFFORDUS, that your happier fate,
Forces less few, less faint, and foes less great,
Can fix your rule. New "CAVES" may yet be found,
Your serried ranks with discord may resound.
Heed your Gymnasiarch, therefore. He goes hence,
And may not leave you all his skill of fence,
His tricks of feint and parry; yet you 've seen
His style, STAFFORDUS,—and you 're scarcely green.
Your sword-arm slight, trust not to swashing fierce,
But cool dexterity of *carte* and *tierce*.
GLADSTONIUS, iron-thewed, like THOR may smite—
I 've stood, or stayed, his strokes in many a fight;—
BOBUS the trenchant cuts and thrusts like flame—
Full oft he 's matched me at the Sworder's game;—
But, though they fall in thunder, flash as fire,
Cool fence the doughtiest blades may foil or tire.
Yet watch those twain, GLADSTONIUS chiefly. He
Now fells his oaks or tills his glebe with glee;
Music and verse and lettered ease control
His ancient ardour, and make soft his soul:
But 'ware ACHILLES waking! His the stroke
That my most cunning guard too often broke;
And his the strenuous foining, fine though fierce,
Through which my point might prick, but scarce might pierce.
BRUMMIO's stark sword-play now is seldom shown,
But dodge *his* onset, would you hold your own.
The rest I pass. No youthful Champion yet
Recalls the daring days I half regret:
I fought young heroes; equal war *you* 'll wage
With mediocrities of middle age.
At least, *pro tem.*, and after—who can say?
'Tis yours to arm for the immediate fray.
Aim not at tasks too arduously great,
Choose those where tact and patience wait on fate.
GLADSTONIUS overleaped himself, and fell,
And well you know his blunder served me well.
That third stiff Irish wall, with Bungdom-Dyke,
Brought even him a cropper. Shun the like!
In the long race lash not too soon, nor lag,
But watch the going of the rival nag;
Hang at his withers, let *him* force the pace,
Then, if he swerve, spur on and win the race!
STAFFORDUS, learn, what 's little understood,
To play the waiting game—it 's goal is good.
At once yourself and Party you will bless,
And crown your course, as I do, with—Success!
The highest? That let casuists decide;
At least we win the stakes for which we ride.
Which won, that man 's a muff who *owns* remorse
Not to have entered for another course.

TRAVEL TWADDLE.

MODERN Travellers seem to find such ready sale for the rubbish they call "Notes," that we may expect very soon to hear of—

An Afternoon in Amsterdam, with an exhaustive analysis of the Dutch character.

A Morning in Mesopotamia, giving the Author's reasons for believing in the non-existence of NIMROD as a historical personage.

A Night in Nigritia, with an account of the most obvious phenomena of its Flora and Fauna.

Half-an-Hour in New York, with an exhaustive consideration of American financial and political prospects.

Five Minutes in the Crater of Vesuvius, with a description of its effect on the Author's circulation.

Truly SYDNEY SMITH was right when he said, modern travellers were much like a man who professed to tell you all that happened inside a house because he had had time to count its windows.

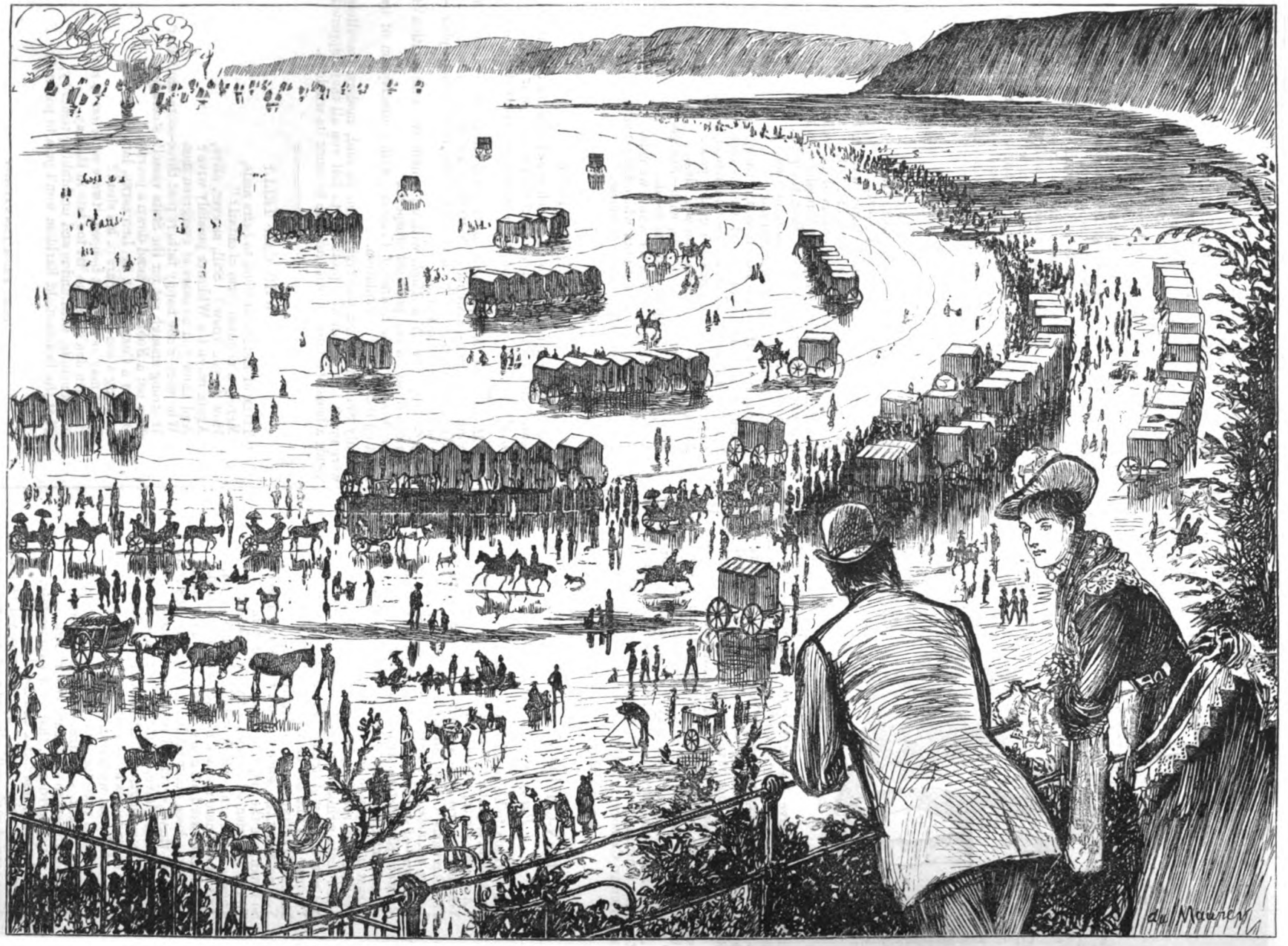
WHO CAN TELL?

"TITLE of Earl to descend to heirs male,
Merely a nominal form of entail?"
How do you know? Still, as ever, alive,
Again mayn't a Widower possibly wive?
And know you no cases of evergreen men
Who were made happy fathers past three-score-and-ten?
If strong enough yet for the State vessel's steerage,
May not a Nobleman hand down a peerage?
Did not a COKE, EARL OF LEICESTER, late wed,
Leaving a son to be Earl in his stead?
What may or may not happen, 'twere senseless to say,
But then don't assume 'tis too late in the day,
Nor conclude, with undue and unthinking temerity,
That the Beaconsfield Earldom won't pass to posterity.

CON. FROM CONNAUGHT.

AV ye plaze, Sorr, when ought a Monk to sit by a fire?
Shure, when he 's cowl'd.

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LOW TIDE ON SCARBOROUGH SANDS.—BATHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE CAPTAIN, WHO IS WELL UP IN HIS CLASSICS, TRANSLATES, FOR HIS FANNY'S BENEFIT, A CELEBRATED LATIN POEM (BY ONE LUCRETIUS) TO THE EFFECT THAT IT IS SWEET TO GAZE FROM THE CLIFF AT THE BATHING MACHINES VAINLY STRUGGLING TO TAKE THE UNFORTUNATE BATHERS INTO DEEP WATER.

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"OFFICERS' GRIEVANCES."

Red-Nosed Captain of Twenty-five Years' Service (to Stout ditto). "BEASTLY SHAME TO 'RETIRE' US JUST AS WE 'RE GETTING USEFUL!"

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE PROTECTION OF SEAMEN.

(*By an Indignant Anti-Plimsollite.*)

1. THAT no Officer shall address a Sailor with his head covered.
2. That all vessels shall be provided with spring-beds and hair-mattresses for the use of Sailors.
3. That no Sailor shall be required to do duty when it rains, or when the deck is wet.
4. That no Sailor shall be prevented from taking his wife to sea, and, if he desires it, his family.
5. That the Captain shall always have in stock not less than twelve bassinets and twelve infants' bottles.
6. That no Sailor shall be required to stand at the wheel in summer without a parasol, or in winter without a hot-water tin. Parasols and hot-water tins to be supplied by the Captain.
7. That there shall be one portrait of MR. PL*MS*LL, not less than 2 ft. × 1 ft. 6 in., in all forecastles, and that the Captain shall always have not less than three in stock.
8. That no Sailor shall be required to go aloft after sunset, unless provided with lanterns, which one of the Officers shall hold for him.

Any breach of the above Regulations shall be punishable by a fine not exceeding £200 for the first offence, and for the second, £500, together with suspension of certificate.

By Order of the Committee,
(Signed)—for the B**rd of Tr*de,
THOS. GR*Y, *Secretary.*

COSTUME IN KEEPING.

"OF all sweet things," said BERTHA, "for the sea-side, give me a serge." The Ancient Mariner shook his head. He didn't see the joke.

HOME AND FOREIGN.

MRS. MALAPROP has of course expressed herself as particularly horrified by the "Atrocities in Belgravia."

THE ASCENT OF THE APE.

"The servant of the future is found. M. VICTOR MEUNIER has solved the domestic servant question; the Monkey is to replace the Man. . . In his opinion the larger species of Monkey, when duly trained and taught, would be quite capable of replacing our JOHNS and MARYS."—*Standard.*

"The Monkey has been taught to work in the tea-gardens of China, just as an experienced Chinaman works, picking the suitable leaves and letting the others be. . . In the ancient Arabian myths the Ape was first described in writing as *the servant*—though an unwilling one, and by craft—of Man."—*The World.*

SIMIA (SATYRUS) *loquitur*—

THE Servant of the Future! Oh, confound it!
At last then they have found it,
The Open Secret. Purblind potterers Men!
Hit on a truth by chance, though, now and then.
Utilisation of the Ape? Good gracious!
Their *savants* sage and voyagers veracious,
Their DARWINS and DU CHAILLUS, not a few,
Their travellers and theorists old and new,
From MARCO POLO to MONBODDO, ought—
A Monkey would have thought—
To have suggested, ere need urged their wits on,
The notion which at last this MEUNIER hits on.
By HANUMÂN, 'tis ominous! Cheap labour
Is what the boobies call their "burning question."
Will they not hail it as a bright suggestion
To utilise their hairy next-door neighbour?
Who in intelligence and tact may rival
Dame Nature's last "survival;"
Who needs no dress, for liquor has no liking,
And knows not the philosophy of "striking"?

Civilised Apes? Beshrew the degradation
Of what these mortals call Civilisation!
Hard work and worry, wickedness and pleasure—
Worst curse of all!—No liberty, no leisure!
Better the woods, where life is free and jolly,
Free from the bonds of School-Boards and *Le Follet.*
Who would not rather be a free-born Monkey
Than a poor Clerk, a Statesman, or a flunkey?
DARWIN's a duffer. Anyhow, no Ape
Has an ambition to take human shape
Closer than cruel Nature
Has fashioned some of us in make and stature.
We are not flattered—vastly the reverse!—
By family likeness like to be our curse.
A Monkey on a board,
Decked out with coat, and cap, and broom, and sword,
Is a poor parody of the "man and brudder"
Which makes wise *Simiæ* shudder.
And now this MEUNIER—may his game be stayed—
Would universalise the masquerade!
It seems AH SING, the cunning Chinaman,
Has hit upon a plan
To undercut himself for labour cheap,
Found in the lowest depth a lower deep,
And, for himself at nothing sticking,
Caps all by setting Monkeys tea-leaf picking!
Bah! have we duped proud man for ages past,
But to be made a cat'spaw of at last?
Never!
At least if *Simiæ* from Peru to Siam
Of the same way of thinking are as *I* am.
They flatter us, and call us deft and clever,
But to betray us to the proletariat.
That MEUNIER's an Iscariot!
No doubt they'd like to utilise poor Jacko.
A labourer whom beer and bad tobacco
Had no attractions for, a household drudge
Whom "followers" and finery failed to spoil,
Were such auxiliar to the tribes of toil
As muddled Man most needs. But if I'm judge
Of Monkey-Mind, my tribe has no affection
For this particular species of "selection."
Men claim us as their ancestors—poor creatures!
Ape parentage is scarce apparent now,
Descent has sadly marred their form and features.
Where is the graceful tail, the family brow?—
But Servants! Hang it! no egregious Frenchman
Shall make this Ape his henchman!

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COMMON OBJECTS ON THE SEA-SHORE.

(As I see them every day, and all day long, from my Marine View Lodgings.)



A GERMAN Band, consisting of a cornet, a clarionet, two horns, and a trombone—all dreadfully out of tune. This orchestra is sometimes reduced to a duet between the trombone and the junior horn; the remainder of the *artistes* deserting their instruments to forage for halfpence.

An Old Woman, with Cakes of an indigestible character. This person is in the habit of forcing her pernicious wares upon children, and then appealing to their parents for payment.

An Organ-grinder, with an instrument playing five old comic songs. The front of his organ is ornamented with a panorama of nothing in particular, which moves slowly, and has a tendency to stick.

Another Organ-grinder, with a very inferior instrument indeed. His entertainment is strengthened by the presence (in a cosmopolitan uniform) of a deeply-aggrieved Monkey. The Monkey is conscientious in the discharge of his official duties, but evidently (from his demeanour) allows his thoughts to stray far away from the scene of his labours.

Yet a third Organ-grinder, who howls to his own accompaniment. His favourite air is "*Santa Lucia*," which he delivers as if it were a dirge suitable to the wake of a Hottentot Chieftain. After 11 A.M. this person is generally under the influence of liquor.

Two Foreigners (dirty and blasphemous), with a wiry Pianoforte mounted on a truck. Whilst one of them grinds out (in eccentric time) "*The Conspirators' Chorus*" from *La Fille de Madame Angot*, the other fiercely demands money from nervous-looking old Ladies.

A very dirty Swiss Boy, with a heart-broken guinea-pig. This young scamp is importunate, and has the habit of thrusting his animal before the faces of easily-frightened Ladies and children. He receives your angriest remonstrances with an impudent grin, and only moves off on the appearance of a Policeman.

A thick-set, loud-voiced, illiterate person, in a rusty suit of black, who delivers what he is pleased to consider "Sermons" to a satirical crowd of holiday makers. His "discourses" are frequently profane, generally ill-considered, and invariably vulgar.

A Maiden Lady, of an uncertain, or rather of a very certain age, with "a Mission." In the pursuit of what she considers to be her duty, she is unduly familiar with young men, rude to old men, and a nuisance to the rest of the creation.

A Punch and Judy Show, with what the French would call "*risqué*" dialogue, and an exceedingly melancholy Dog *Toby*.

A Music-Hall Singer, with a choice selection of music-hall songs. This person generally puts up at the best hotel and frequently in the afternoon drives down the High Street in a pony carriage.

Three Foreigners (nationality vague) with a bagpipes and a penny whistle. They are clad in sheepskins and leg bandages, and are much given to shrieking and howling in the neighbourhood of rival entertainers.

A Highland Piper, evidently from the glens of Shoreditch. He wears the McMOSES tartan, and discourses in broad Cockney slang.

Negro Serenaders of every hue. Those conducted by persons wearing the garb of *Punch* should be more avoided than the rest. As a rule, these troupes are less refined than the others. It must be clearly understood that this is not saying very much for "the others."

A Woman with a Tray, containing a stock of imitation jewellery and useless articles ornamented with shells. When this harpy puts in an appearance, care should be taken to keep an eye upon any stray articles of apparel that may be lying about.

Some sentry-boxes upon wheels, called bathing-machines. These vehicles are generally sandy, and are invariably fitted up with nails so placed that the clothes of the bathers may be caught and destroyed. They have no springs, and are, therefore, well adapted for the perpetration of practical jokes on the part of the horse-drivers.

And, lastly, the commonest object on the Seashore is a liquid very frequently little less impure than our own noble river the Thames, a liquid that is the attraction of all the poor health-seekers who flock to its adulterated borders—in other words, the Sea!

THE LATEST BAGS.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. G——E. A hatchet, a hoe, a watering-pot, and two thousand jocular excursionists.

The RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF B——D. Eight hundred and seventy-five leading articles, a couple of addresses, one patent of nobility, and a coronet.

The RIGHT HON. SIR S——D N——E. Two thousand seven hundred and sixty-five additional cares, a few months of reprieve, and the Leadership of the House of Commons.

The MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF H——N. A couple of hundred congratulations from the Liberal benches, and the claim to an increase in popularity.

The RIGHT HON. THE EARL G——E. One new opponent.

The RIGHT HON. MR. PUNCH. Two million tons of paper, containing jokes about "DIZZY" and the "field" for "beacons."

FASHION'S DRAM.

LEAVE to grosser natures sunk
Deep in vice, the Demon Gin,
Tempting wretched creatures drunk
Onwards in the paths of sin!
Ladies, wreathe the grateful bowl
With adornments floral,
While we steep the cultured soul
In a draught of Chloral!
Sing Chloral-oral-oral-ly—
Sing Chloral-oral-ly-do!

Sleeping off its heavenly dreams,
Lovely visions steep the soul,
While *del. trem.* raves, and shakes, and screams,
In fusel oil and alcohol.
Horrors that we only know
Through our channels aural.
What care we for others' woe,
Wreathed in fumes of Chloral?
Sing Chloral, &c.

Wives there are, so scandal cries,
Born with vicious men to flirt;
Others worse, unless she lies,—
Even homes and kin desert.
If we seek oblivion, still
We at least are moral.
To the brim a bumper fill!
Fashion soaks in Chloral!
Sing Chloral, &c.

PEERAGE AND POST.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Belfast News Letter*, reporting current rumours, says:—

"I have also heard since my last communication on this subject that the QUEEN has offered the Earldom, with remainder, to MR. RALPH DISRAELI (the brother of LORD BEACONSFIELD, and to whom he is much attached), with descent in the mail line."

The *Belfast News Letter* announces news indeed. The Earldom of Beaconsfield may be considered as an honour awarded as well to literary as to political eminence; but were it really true that the QUEEN had offered that dignity to the Premier's brother, with descent in the mail line, Her Majesty's subjects would certainly think that their Most Gracious Sovereign entertained a very peculiar idea of the kind of person who is meant by the description of "a man of letters."

European Want.

WANTED, for the settlement of the Eastern Question, to govern the Turkish Provinces, and control populations of different races and religions, an able, energetic, and honest Man, of any persuasion, who believes everything that all reasonable men believe, but keeps all other dogmas and opinions which he may hold to himself, or, at any rate, would not allow them in the slightest degree to influence his conduct in dealing with the subjects over whom somebody or other is required to preside who could keep them in order.

Of course *Mr. Punch* knows of such a person, whom modesty forbids him to name, and besides who is otherwise engaged.

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AN ACCEPTED ATTENTION.

Refreshment-Bar Swell. "NOW, MISS, WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?"

Barmaid. "NOTHING, SIR, THANK YOU!"

Swell. "OH, HAVE SOMETHING! COME—ANYTHING YOU LIKE!"

Barmaid. "WELL, SIR"—(*presents Pen, Ink, and Subscription List*)—"GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR THE HOSPITAL FUND!!"

SEASONABLE SUGGESTION.

YOU have seen, dear *Mr. Punch*, that the venerable EARL RUSSELL has added to his reputation for epistolary writing by a letter about the Bulgarian horrors, to the *Times*, wherein he says:—

"It is necessary to stop the atrocities in Turkey with a strong hand, and if the Minister for Foreign Affairs does not do this, Parliament must interfere. It is for this reason that I consider an Autumnal Session of Parliament to be necessary."

And, dear Sir, note in the communication above-quoted a charm in general supposed to be peculiar to youth, directly contrary to that mistrust and suspicion commonly thought to characterise advanced years. That is, the charm of innocence. I wonder what LORD BEACONSFIELD said and did when he read the foregoing proposal for an Autumnal Session? He now is an Earl too, and bound to deport himself as such, therefore cannot condescend to undignified language or gestures. But must he not have taken a mental sight, and inwardly asked whether his noble friend saw any green in his eye? The Premier's stars have been fortunate, and especially in the coincidence between the storm aroused by the Turkish barbarities and the Vacation. There is no Opposition now to extort avowals or admissions, or inconvenient disclosures, and to move a vote of censure, or a resolution for the recall of SIR HENRY ELLIOT. But this is what EARL RUSSELL would advise EARL BEACONSFIELD to have. In five months' time the storm will probably have blown over, and something lucky have turned up. An Autumnal Session! Doesn't the fine old Whig Veteran wish he may get it? The idea, still more the proposal, of such a thing, betokens a heart indeed incapable of guile. *O sancta simplicitas* of a green old age, and a mind untainted, with all its experience of what MRS. MALAPROP calls Downey Street! It transcends even the simplicity of a babe and

SUCKLING.

P.S.—And fancy the possibility of an Autumnal Session in the height of the shooting-season!

Mem. for the Month.

REMEMBER, Remember,
The month of September,
And jury lists hung on church door,
If exemption you claim;
And struck off get your name,
If to serve, you account it a bore.

LEAVING HOME.

(*A Social Contrast of Two Ways.*)

THE WRONG WAY.

Edwin. Well, I suppose we must go somewhere.

Angelina. You have been such a long time making up your mind that the summer has quite gone.

Edwin. Well, I see you have packed up your box. What a heap of useless things you are taking. You've got enough to set up an old clothes shop.

Angelina. I have left half of them out to go into your portmanteau. You know you will have room for them—your scanty wardrobe would scarcely provide a change for a scarecrow.

Edwin. Let us drop the luggage for a while, and consider where we shall go. What do you say to Switzerland?

Angelina. I have always hated mountains; but, if you want to go to Sapon, I suppose I shall be dragged there.

Edwin. Sapon! When I want to gamble I generally manage to do it at the Club.

Angelina. You needn't remind me of your folly—robbing the home that you may show your brother members that you don't understand whist.

Edwin. Not understand whist, indeed! Well, never mind, I shall go there to-night.

Angelina (*laughing nervously*). No, no, you silly fellow, I didn't mean what I said. But about this trip?

Edwin. What do you say to Italy?

Angelina. I detest pictures and mosquitos, and am never well when I am living under a cloudless sky.

Edwin. Oh hang it! Let's go to Paris.

Angelina (*with the air of a martyr*). Of course I will do anything you please. [*And off they go to enjoy their holiday.*

THE RIGHT WAY.

Edwin. Well, I suppose we must go somewhere.

Angelina. You could not have chosen a better moment for the suggestion. London is quite empty, and the Continent will be simply charming at this season of the year.

Edwin. Well, I see you have packed up your box. Now are you quite sure you have enough. Mind, you will want something nice for the *tables d'hôte*, and plenty of warm things for the evening.

Angelina. My dear, I have got almost too many things, but, in spite of that, I shall have plenty of room for your wardrobe. One box between us will save a lot of trouble.

Edwin. Let us drop the luggage for a while and consider where we shall go. What do you say to Switzerland?

Angelina. I have always delighted in mountains. It will be simply charming. And mind we must go to Sapon.

Edwin. Sapon! Oh no, I have given up gambling. The home, my love, has been a far stronger attraction than the Club.

Angelina. And yet you, I have always understood, are one of the very best whist-players in London.

Edwin. If you flatter me like that I shall go off to the Club to-night to test my cleverness.

Angelina (*laughing heartily*). No, no, you silly fellow, I didn't mean what I said. But about this trip?

Edwin. What do you say to Italy?

Angelina. I revel in pictures. And you know that I am never so well and happy as when I am living under a cloudless sky.

Edwin. Well, my darling, we will have a little Switzerland, a little Italy, and a good long bit of Paris.

Angelina (*with the air of an angel*). Of course, dearest, I will do anything you please. [*And off they go to enjoy their holiday.*

THE MILITARY *STATUS QUO*.—"As you were!"

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HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

A Companion—On Home-Rule—Disappointment—Arrival—Bray—The Confidential Carman—A Ruse—Out of it—A New Development—Notes on Types—My Carman—About Bray—The Promenade—Its Views and its Prospects—The Mysterious Letter-box—Mount and away—To the Hills!



APPLY it is a very pretty line from Dublin to Bray: short and sweet.

A Country Gentleman gets into the carriage with me, and talks of the London season, of the Operas, of the Zoo, of Skating Rinks—of London topics generally. I turn his attention to Ireland. He ignores Ireland. I take for granted that he is, at heart, a Home-Ruler. He is neither at heart, or head, anything of the sort. He hopes that "we" (he is speaking of himself and country) "never shall have Home-Rule."

"Not a Parliament," I ask, "on Stephen's Green?"

I hazard the mention of "Stephen's Green," being entirely unacquainted with its locality. Nor do I ever remember having met with any account of the particular STEPHEN from whom the Green originally took its name. However, I need not trouble myself as to the history of Stephen's Green, as my companion scorns the idea of an Irish Parliament, either on Stephen's or anybody else's Green.

"What 'ud we do with a Parliament? We're not a people to govern ourselves at all."

I am silenced. As an Englishman in Ireland, I compassionate my companion, just as I should a French Anglophobist, who will insist on decrying all his own institutions, praising ours, and refusing to speak the language of his own native country.

I want to meet a genuine Home-Ruler, or a hot-headed, warm-hearted Fenian. My notion of Ireland has been, up to now (thanks to a course of novels, and English newspapers), that all Irish were, *au fond*, the deadly foes of England; that they were pining for their liberty—pining to repeal the Union, and to demonstrate, actively, that they, equally with the rest of BRITANNIA'S family, "never, never, never would be Slaves"—and certainly not "hereditary bondsmen" to their brother Britons.

My fellow-traveller points out what a pretty country this is, with the villas dotted about among the trees, and the view of the Bay on our left. I am obliged to him for the attention. Then he speaks of Bray. "A charming place," he says, "but 'tis a pity 'tis in Ireland. We do nothing with it. No, Sir, we're behind Time."

His last remark refers to his country, not to the train.

He gets out before I can pursue the conversation.

If this is a specimen of a genuine son of Old Ireland, then I am disappointed.

I had expected to meet with patriotism everywhere. I had expected that sympathy from a Saxon would have been like the proverbial "praise from SIR HUBERT STANLEY." It might have been received by Irishmen suspiciously at first, but, after a while, it would have been welcomed with effusion. No; if I come to Ireland inclined to be more Irish than the Irish, I shall return to England to be more English than the English; unless I succeed in finding the realisation of *my* ideal of an Irishman in Ireland, that is, a thorough-going, warm-hearted, impulsive, anti-English-rule, old-fashioned landlord, residing on his own estate, and, being content to chance his rents, beloved by his tenantry. If I do not come across this typical Irishman, I shall regretfully note down that, like the gods of the heathen, they are all gone out of the way, and there is none that is good for anything—no, not one.

Bright, cheerful, and pleasant is Bray (where the train now stops), both landward and seaward. "Ho! there! an outside car!" Or, stay! First let me consider. I want to see all of the country I can this afternoon, 'twixt one and six, before going on to Rathdrum—a first flying visit (all through PLUMPTON AND SPRY, who may be, even now, telegraphing to me at Dublin to come up and be examined), just to prospect a route for the second.

For such a drive as I require, an outside carman might ask me an "outside price."

Happy Thought.—Consult the Station-Master. He knows. I look round to ascertain where his office is, or if anybody is there of whom I can say at once, "This is the Station-Master!"

I am the solitary arrival at Bray; and all the cardrivers outside are doing their best to arrest my attention, by winking, waving their whips, and touching their hats.

"A cy-arr, your Honour?"

"This way, Sorr! An outside cyarr?"

"Want a cyarr, Sorr?"

A red-haired, red-whiskered, red-faced man in a dirty white overcoat, slips in, cautiously, through the station-gate. Evidently he is risking something in passing the boundary of the railings. He has a whip in one hand, while with the other he touches a weather-beaten, shapeless wide-awake. He is bowing, and sidling up to me, addressing me in an insinuating whisper, as if he were really putting me up to a good thing, "Me cyarr's there, Sorr!" he says, pointing with his whip over his shoulder; "ye'll be wanting a cyarr, maybe, for the Dargle and Po'rscoort. Ye'll take me, Sorr?"

"I must see the Station-Master first," I reply, somewhat sternly, thinking that this will settle him.

He whispers, anxiously—as though he were tempting me to some horrible crime—uncommonly like *Danny Mann* proposing the murder of the *Colleen Bawn* to *Mr. Hardress Cregan*,—"Ah, then, Sorr, ye'll promise ye'll take *me*, Sorr, when ye've seen him?"

"I don't know. Where is he?"

"Sure, Sorr, he'll be forenenst there, Sorr, somewheres," pointing out vaguely up the line; "but I think he was on the thrain that's gone down this minit." Then, having, as he considers, demonstrated to me the comparative improbability of an interview with the Station-Master, he resumes his most insinuating tone, and whispers, "I'll drive yer Honour out to the Dargle and Po'rscoort, and ye'll see him whin we come back."

A porter, passing, directs me to the Station-Master, standing by a gate. For the moment my confidential Carman appears considerably disconcerted.

I walk towards him, followed by my insinuating friend, whose confidential manner now changes to one of earnest entreaty: "Ye'll not forget me, Sorr! mine's the cyarr, Sorr! I'll take yer as chape as anny of 'em, Sorr!" Then, as I leave him behind—for, evidently, he doesn't like to venture too near the Station-Master—he says, in an imploring whisper, "Ye'll mind, Sorr, ye've promised me ye'll take my cyarr, Sorr. Ye will, Sorr?" Then being compelled to retire by my advance towards the Station-Master, he concludes with a master-stroke, as though a bargain had been struck between us, "Ah, then, God bless yer Honour! 'Tis *me* cyarr ye'll take, God bless yer Honour!" he says, with an air of pious gratitude, that seems to overwhelm me with thanks for having saved him and his family from starvation by employing his car for the afternoon. My heart, which is soft, and remarkably impressionable, is touched, and I am just on the point of turning, and telling him that I *will* avail myself of his services, when I fancy I hear the rippling of an imperfectly suppressed titter, among his fellow-carmen at the rails outside, who, it appears, have been watching the scene with intense enjoyment, ready to pounce on me, as a victim, should their more adventurous companion fail in his object.

Happy Thought.—An incident in a "Sentimental Journey."

Civil Station-Master introduces me to a most respectable Carman of a most decidedly Hebraic cast of countenance. Did I not know him to be an Irishman, I should describe him, offhand, as a respectable Jew-farmer. I am certain I could find his counterpart in any flower-shop in Covent Garden Market, or in any ready-made tailor establishment, or in a West-End auction-mart, or old furniture-shop. His costume only is Irish. His old-fashioned dark-blue, tight-sleeved coat, with big side-pockets, his red pocket-handkerchief necktie, his proud prodigality of shirt (wherein lies the essential secret of his respectability), and his low-crowned, broad-brimmed ancient beaver—which he has, apparently, been at some pains to brush the wrong way—are all characteristic accessories of a picture most decidedly Irish. Yet I *have* seen a duplicate of this man—clothes and all—in Cornwall. Only, his nose (I mean as the Ollendorf system would explain it, "the nose of the man in Cornwall") was not so Judaically developed. Perhaps the man wasn't quite finished. At a ripe age, his nose would be quite a piece of Mosaic work in itself. (This I should note as a genuine, if rare, instance of "Typical Development.")

Happy Thought (for "*Typical Developments*").—Nature, like History, repeats herself.

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I feel inclined to address my friend as "MR. O'SOLOMONS." I am not, as it happens, far out. His name, he informs me is MR. O'SULLIVAN; and, as I hear him answer pleasantly to the name of "JERRY," I fairly conclude that on his card would be inscribed "MR. JEREMIAH O'SULLIVAN." Now, if ever there were a genuine Hebraic prænomen, it is "JEREMIAH." It is grand, it is lofty. "JEREMIAH the Prophet" is lofty, noble, grand. But reduce it to "JERRY," and it is at once Irish and familiar. To the words of JEREMIAH the Prophet (I mean apart from our traditional knowledge of such a person) you would listen with profound reverence. To JERRY the Prophet you would send six stamps to his office at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and request his list of good things for the next Spring Meeting, by return of post. This is indeed a subject which may give quite a new turn to my work on *Typical Developments*, which is to be not for an age, but for all time.

Happy Thought.—Does O'SULLIVAN (or O'SULEIMAN or O'SOLOMONS) belong to what LORD BEACONSFIELD would (years ago) have called "the Hebrew Caucasian Race," or, rather, "the Hebrew Cork-Asian Race"?

MR. O'SULLIVAN'S car is a model of what a car should be: harness and plated rail highly polished; a tiger-skin rug thrown over the seat for the passenger's comfort when cold; and a fast cob that can face a hill bravely, and descend safely.

Bray.—Just one word. My companion in the train was right. I regret being obliged to admit it. As regards Bray, he was right. Why, if Londoners could only have such a little marine Paradise as Bray, within thirty-five minutes' rail of the Metropolis—which is the time occupied in the journey between this and Dublin—what a Brighton it would be!! If such a place were the same distance from Paris, would Trouville have a ghost of a chance? But here at Bray, which, for colour and situation, is an Irish Dawlish, with Dublin for its Exeter, hardly anything—*i.e.*, nothing "to speak of"—has been done.

An intelligent gentleman, with whom I got into conversation while taking a turn on what *one of these days will, perhaps, be "the Promenade by the Sea,"* tells me, in reply to my enthusiastic praise (for I have fallen in love with Bray at first sight), that "the drainage . . . . ahem!" Impossible! Is it the old, old sea-side story once again? Or have I come across the only cynic in Bray? If indeed it be so, then I tear myself from thee, my pride of the Sea! Beautiful Bray, I must away!

Happy Thought. (*Hamlet at Bray.*)—"Break, break my heart; for I must hold my"—nose.

But for scenery, for excursions by land and by sea, for champagney, exhilarating air, for "local colour" as rich as the coast of Devon, and for *country quiet*, with town life within three-quarters of an hour's rail, commend me to Bray. Were I an Irishman and a millionnaire—say, for example, MISTER O'ROTHSCHILD—I would buy Bray, and entrust the management of it to those distinguished for liveliness, even among "our lively neighbours," who have brought to such a pitch of perfection the amusements of Boulogne, Dieppe, and Trouville. I would send for the new Race game from Dieppe (an enormous success this season), and at the end of five years MR. O'ROTHSCHILD, of Big Bray, would buy up all the other Rothschildren in Europe.

But MR. JEREMIAH O'SULLIVAN is flourishing his whip.

The only object of interest that positively strikes my eye, and impresses itself on my memory, is a large box, fixed to the wall, about four feet from the ground, labelled in very large type, "MR. O'TOOLE'S LETTERS."

It is impossible to avoid standing in front of this letter-box, and meditating on MR. O'TOOLE'S letters." Of course MR. O'TOOLE must live far away among the mountains, in perhaps some glorious ruin of an ancient palace (for the O'TOOLES were Kings of Ireland, as were several other people as well), and making a descent on Bray, to take a sniff of civilisation (I am not thinking even of the drainage question, which would not interest MR. O'TOOLE), and pick up his letters. Does he come for his letters himself, in all the pride of his ancient royalty, or are there any reasons why the O'TOOLE should *not* come in person? Has he never yet bowed his proud head before the Tyrant Saxon, and consequently does the great O'TOOLE send DAN, the faithful piper of the clan into the station to fetch the letters, while his Chief awaits him at the hill-side, out of the town, and then retires to the fastnesses of his native mountains to decipher his correspondence? Methinks I see . . . .

"There 'll not be time, Sorr, for the Dargle, the Waterfall, an' Po'rscourt, an' be back here again by sivin, barr'n ye come *now*, Sorr," says MR. O'SULLIVAN, who has left his car, in order to arouse me to action.

In a crack of the whip we are away.

PLANT AND PARASITE.

WHEN would you think of looking for a flea in a Kentish field? Whenever you go to catch it on the hop.

SUICIDE IN THE SOLENT.



GENTLEMEN and others taking an Autumnal or occasional holiday are hereby cautioned to discontinue the dangerous practice of yachting or rowing about in the vicinity of Portsmouth. Shots from the adjacent batteries at Browndown are continually flying over the heads or plunging into the water close alongside of those foolhardy persons who do not take especial pains to steer clear and get out of the line of fire. No attention whatever can be paid by the firing party to any request conveyed to them through a look-out man who may possibly be at hand, to desist from firing until the idlers who have strayed into danger shall have got out of it, for the former have their own business to mind, and not the latter's safety. Should any boat, from neglect of due precaution on the part of those on board her, get knocked to pieces in consequence of happening to sail too near the batteries on the coast of the Solent whilst the artillery are practising, the survivors, if any, should be liable to be taken before a Magistrate and heavily fined; and, as for the rest, their bodies having been recovered and an inquest held upon them, the Coroner's jury ought to return a verdict of *felo de se*. For now everybody is aware that firing-parties do not take cognisance of any vessels even if notified to them to be within their aim, it is fair to conclude that all people they may kill must be persons who have wilfully sought their own salvation. In their case it must be *se offendendo;* it cannot be else with anyone who may be killed by a cannot-shot in the Solent.

DIRECTION TO CABDRIVERS.

(*See Daily News.*)

CRAWLING along the side of a thoroughfare (say the Strand) in want of a fare, if you happen to see an innocent-looking party walking in your direction, pull up and inquire if he is going, for instance, to such and such a Railway (say the Charing Cross) Station. If he says yes, then ask him if he would mind getting into your vehicle, because you want to drive that way, but, unless you are carrying a fare, will not be able to get past the Policeman. Should he, good-naturedly thinking to assist you, jump into your trap, convey him as far as it suits you, when suddenly draw up, get down, and, grasping the cab-door handle, request him to pay you a fare of one shilling. Most likely, in order to avoid being involved in trouble and loss of time through resisting your extortion, he will submit to it and pay you the money; or, should he refuse, you can summon him to a Police Court, where it will be easy for you to swear that he called you off your stand.

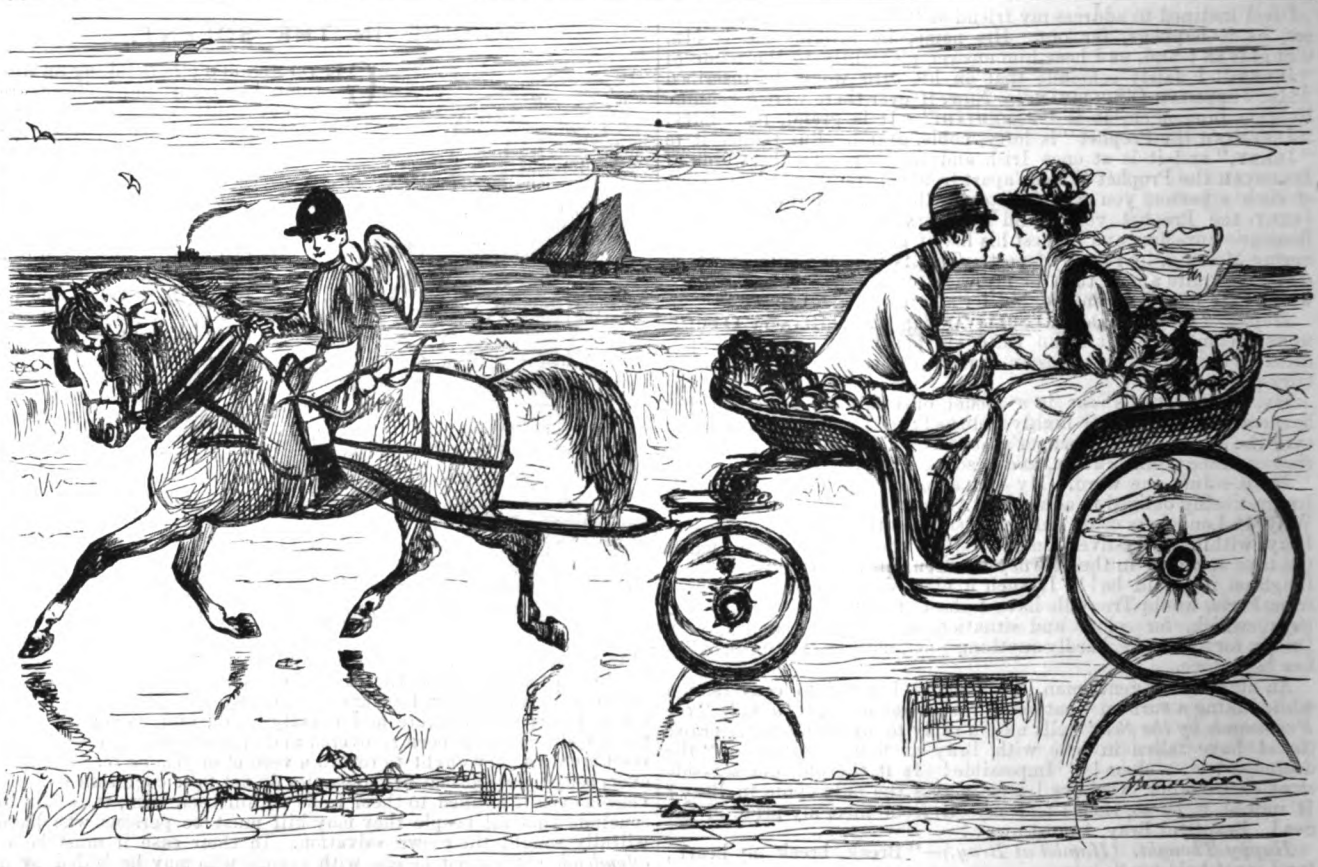
WHAT THEY TAKE ABROAD.

What She takes.—Three black silk Dresses (Princesse, Watteau, and Duchesse); one green satin Robe, with bows; one fancy Silk, with embroidered apron; two black Grenadines (one square cut); two white Grenadines, with lace trimmings; four white Tops (two warranted to wash); one violet Skirt, with apron and jacket; four Dinner Dresses (violet, pink, pink and black, and blue); three Polonaises (yellow, green, and red); one white worked Top, with Cardinal bows; two seal-skin, one black silk, and three black cloth Jackets; long fur Cloak, Ulster, and grey travelling Polonaise; four Hats (Gainsborough, Brigand, Shovel, and Pork-pie); four Bonnets (black, blue, violet, and red); Linen (14 cwt.); Boots. Slippers, &c. (1 cwt.); extras, toilet, &c. (76 lbs.).

What He takes.—Linen (10 lb.); two flannel Shirts; an extra pair of Boots; his Sponge, Combs, and Brushes; and a wideawake Hat.

APOLOGY FOR SOME YOUNG LADIES.—Girls will be Boys.

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HOW WE MANAGE OUR LITTLE AFFAIRS OF THE HEART IN SCARBOROUGH.

MARVELS OF MODERN TRAVEL.

THAT people should put up with a miserable conveyance called a Cab to take them to the Station, when, by a little agitation, they might secure carriages as comfortable as the *coupé* of Paris or the *caroyza* of Milan.

That travelled Englishmen, knowing the buffets of the Continent, should tolerate the miserable Refreshment Rooms to be found at nearly all the English Stations.

That persons who know the Swiss Railways should rest satisfied with the miserable accommodation afforded in England to second and third-class passengers.

That men habituated to Club Dinners should never murmur at the well-peppered soup, the venerable fish, and the tough meat of first-class Hotels.

That Family Parties, accustomed to the attention of their servants at home, should never object to paying a mob of Hotel harpies extravagantly for imaginary services.

That sea-goers, who have heard of the boats of the P. and O., and the steamers running between England and Ireland, should patronise the miserable vessels plying between Dover and Calais, and Folkestone and Boulogne.

That any sane person, knowing the horrors of a rough two hours, should ignore the fact that the *Castalia* starts four times a week from Dover.

That Englishmen, accustomed to the freedom of their birthright, should submit to be examined, as if they were the boldest type of smugglers, on the frontiers of every country in Europe.

That English Ladies, used to the comforts of home, should submit so patiently to the privations of Hotels in the Mountains, and Inns in Brittany and other wild parts of France.

That Londoners, who would never walk about Town in anything but broad cloth and a chimney-pot hat, should perambulate Paris, Berlin, and Vienna in cheap suits of dittos and wideawake hats.

That Church-goers, who are most devout at home, should treat foreign Cathedrals as if they were Museums, and regard the worshippers therein as so many wild beasts.

That JOHN BULL, who hates or pretends to hate everything foreign, should ever go abroad.

Lastly, greatest Marvel of all, that Britons, with the finest scenery in the world in their own land, should brave all the dirt and discomfort of a foreign tour to secure a glimpse of the picturesque.

ENGLAND AROUSED.

WELL do we to be wroth! Turks still are seen
To be the Turks they were in former times:
We wake, and find we unawares have been
Their sleeping partners in their hideous crimes.

But let impetuous wrath not bear away
Indignant Britons. Keep resolved and cool,
Lest into crafty foreign hands we play,
And suffer tricksters Britain to befool.

The nations well may cease to taunt us, now,
With sordid policy and selfish aim.
Take care, with too impulsive clamour how
You do but further their insidious game.

"Perfidious Albion" is a bygone phrase.
That once familiar cant we hear no more.
Are neighbours who forbear that cry to raise,
More conscious or less spiteful than of yore?

Serene they see how Turkish outrage works
In generous British minds unbounded rage.
Let not o'ermastering ire against the Turks
Ourselves, unwise, in alien toils engage.

This William and That.

THE commemoration of WILLIAM, Prince of Orange, in connection with the Pacification of Ghent, coincided with the appearance of MR. GLADSTONE'S pamphlet, denouncing the Turks. In one respect the two WILLIAMS stand contrasted. WILLIAM OF ORANGE was celebrated as WILLIAM THE SILENT, whereas WILLIAM OF HAWARDEN is distinguished by speaking out.

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THE DROWSY POINTSMAN.

JOHN BULL. "COME, WAKE UP! WAKE UP! THERE'S BEEN A FRIGHTFUL COLLISION DOWN THE LINE, AND WE LOOK TO YOU TO PREVENT ANOTHER AND A *BIGGER* SMASH!"

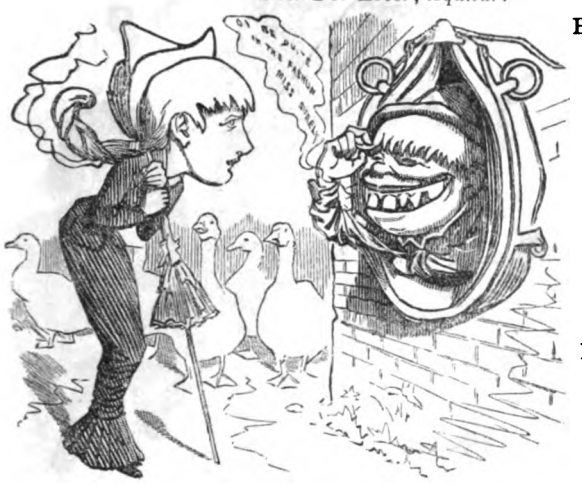
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PUTTING IT PLAINLY.

From a Point of View somewhat too little considered.

Poor Pot-Lover, loquitur.



H, I know werry well I'm a fool,
And a brute, and a beast, and all that;
Jest a drink-sodden Slave, 'neath the rule
Of the Lords of the Barrel and Vat:
But I don't see my way to no better, and no one can't show me—that's flat!

"Don't drink" is yer tip? Werry well,
Jest supposin' I drops it to-day,
When I've done my next nine hours' spell
Of hard work, and wants summut like play,
What good little game can *I* turn to? Will any one pint me the way?

You see, I ain't got no book-larning,
Nor much in the way of a "taste."
The Parson's long lingoish yarning
To me is jest wearisome waste.
I want summut easy and handy. Where is it? Show up!—and make haste.

Pot-pleasure, says you, ain't the best.
Werry like, but it's handy and cheap.
It don't cost, like a-goin' fine-drest,
A scavenger, coster, or sweep:
You can have it in pennorths and anywheres—long as yer able to creep.

It's comfort, good cheer, and gay chat,
And forgetfulness, too,—for a spell.
"There is Death in the Pot"? Wot of that?
Where *isn't* he? P'raps you can tell.
But, seen through the froth of a pewter, he cheats yer remarkable well.

Drink's pleasure—*our* pleasure. No stuff
Reeled off from a stool or a tub
Nicks that. Do yer think it's enough
To jobate us, or shut up the Pub?
If yer cuts off our only enjyment, we *might* take to wuss,—there's the rub!

The likes o' me can't do the swell;
Don't cotton to tramping a mile
'Midst the Nobs to the tune of a bell.
Museums? Can't say they're *my* style.
But I'm game to go in for good fun on the cheap, if yer makes it worth while.

Who speaks? Ah! jest so! Ne'er a one.
That's a poser as floors yer, I think.
Where's this cheap and respectable fun
To be spotted by me? There's the kink!
Don't drink? All serene, if you'll pint me to summut that's better than drink!

EASTERN QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Lord B. The Bulgarian atrocities are past recall.
Mr. P. Yes; but your Ambassador isn't.

HINTS TO SPORTSMEN.

If the birds are wild, endeavour to allay their fears by whistling to them, scattering barley or bread-crumbs in their track, taking off your boots, blindfolding the dogs, speaking in an under-tone to the Under-Keeper, and carefully screening your gun from observation. If their shyness does not wear off, you must either crawl on your hands and feet through the wet turnips, or pursue the covey on horseback until you are near enough to single out the young birds. A lasso is of no use, and a net might lay you open to suspicion.

Thick shooting-boots are a mistake. If the ground is wet, your progress is liable to be impeded by the tenacious adhesion of the soil; and if it is dry, there is no occasion for such extraordinary protection to the feet. Patent leather shoes are not without their disadvantages, but, on the whole, perhaps they are the best.

The process of granting game certificates has been very much simplified of late years, indeed ever since the Gunpowder Plot. They are no longer required to be issued under the Great Seal, and no preliminary questions are now asked—perhaps with a mistaken leniency—as to the skill and experience of the applicant. In feudal times, when the laws of this country were Draconian in their severity, if a Sportsman had shot his dog or his friend, he ran a great risk of having his certificate suspended, without benefit of clergy.

Noblemen and Gentlemen, and others who enjoy the right of shooting over many thousands of acres, may always obtain competent and obliging Keepers by applying at the Zoological Gardens, or at the British and South Kensington Museums. Uniform not objected to, if the pay is good.

The hare is a creature possessed of an excellent appetite, but singular to relate, it will not touch currant jelly. The experiment has often been tried by the naturalist and psychologist, but in no one instance, not even in the severest winter, has the bait been found tasted. Rabbits it might be expected would show the same antipathy to onions, but such is not the case, at least within the recollection of any person now living.

Partridges may be lawfully taken and eaten from the 1st of September to the 1st of February, and pheasants from the 1st of October to the same date; but no penalty attaches to eating bread-sauce all the year round.

The Game Laws do not apply to poached eggs and Welsh rabbits, and hare-brained people are not under their protection.

Sporting dogs, such as pointers, spaniels, retrievers, and setters, require a particular diet during the season. Sponge cakes soaked in old Madeira, and an egg beaten up with brandy, about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, are recommended by the best authorities. Also a little old cheese is considered good for the scent.

Be content with a moderate bag. A few pheasants, six couple of woodcocks, three or four brace of black game, and capercailzie, with some snipe, wild fowl, and golden plover, ought to satisfy the most exacting sportsman.

If the scent is indifferent, sprinkle the ground with a little Eau de Cologne or lavender water, and burn some pastilles.

The best thing to drink when out Shooting is some cold tea, or a little oatmeal and water, or whey, or, in extreme cases, gingerade, taken in moderation.

"Deal in game" liberally. Few people are so overdone with presents of this kind as to be driven to cry out "*Toujours perdrix!*" Next to an unexpected legacy, perhaps, there is nothing so welcome as an unlooked-for hamper. Send your friends all the young birds, keeping the old ones for yourself. Never omit to pay the carriage. You might almost as well omit to pay your Income-tax.

Much depends on the names you give your dogs. In the good old double-barrel and port-wine days *Di*, *Don*, *Dash*, *Carlo*, and *Venus* did very well; but the march of intellect has reached the stubbles and plantations, and demands something more enlightened and useful. Try how your dogs will answer to *School Board*, *Circumlocution*, *Centralisation*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Evolution*, or *Instinct*. If these names do not prove satisfactory, you can but fall back on the old ones.

What a snare poaching is to the poor and the idle who are caught therein!

Shun battues. If you must be a Butcher, go and join the Turks.

Ghost for Groom.

THERE is, we are informed, by a local journal,—

WANTED a SITUATION as GROOM.—Can make himself generally useful. Left last situation through death. Ten and a half and four years' character. Apply at —, Hill Street, Ryde.

The foregoing advertisement appeared in the *Isle of Wight Times*, which is at least not generally known to be a Spiritualist organ. Where can a Groom, in want of a situation, who left his last through death, hail from, unless from the happy hunting-grounds? Spiritualism must be progressing indeed, if servants who want places can now advertise for them from the other world.

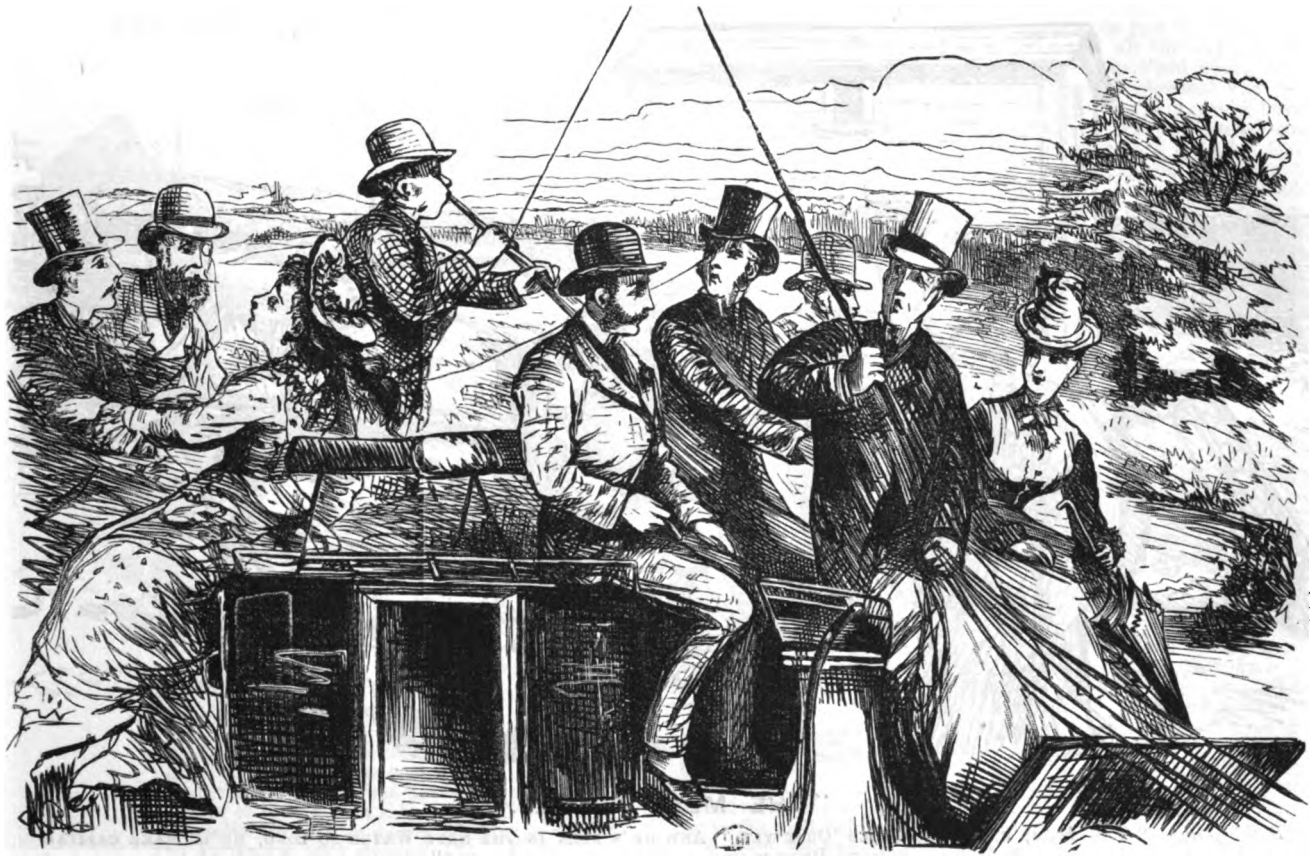
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GALLOPING SNOBS BY THE SEA-SIDE.

THEY ARE OF TWO KINDS: THOSE WHO, LIKE 'ARRY AND HIS JEMIMER ANN, TAKE THEIR GALLOP AT THE RATE OF TWO SHILLINGS AN HOUR, AND FOR WHOM SOME EXCUSE IS TO BE MADE; AND THOSE WHO RIDE ON GALLOPING HACKS OF THEIR OWN, WITH GALLOPING GROOMS BEHIND THEM, AND WHO OUGHT CERTAINLY TO KNOW BETTER.

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AMATEUR COACHING.

JENKINS CAN'T THINK WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIS WHIP!

NOWHERE!

A NEW ANSWER TO AN OLD QUESTION.

(*Commended to the many whom "Turks" have indisposed for Touring.*)

WHERE shall we go? *Why* wander? Let us lie
And dream the days away in this old garden.
Bloom sweeter flowers beneath a southern sky?
Towered nobler trees in Tempe or in Arden?
We'll shirk the eternal Autumn question, urged
By Fashion's flocks, bell-wethered hither, thither.
Why need *we* in the hurrying mob be merged?
Where go? Nowhither!

Where shall we go? Observe that Poppy poised
On yonder ridge amidst the golden stubble.
Let that hint answer. Fame has widely noised
The joys of journeying; tired ones dread its trouble.
If touched by "Turks" fagged by the Season's toil,
We long for *far niente*, full, if fleeting;
May we not find, for once, on English soil
Cheap Lotos-eating?

Where shall we go? "To sleep—perchance to dream."
Such restful day-dreams as to sense are soothing;
World-worries whelming in a Lethe-stream,
Calming the pulse, care-gendered wrinkles smoothing.
Ozone anon; an opiate now we'll try—
Free talk, long lounges, leaf-sounds, fragrance floral,
Which cannot harm, since Nature's lullaby
Smacks not of Chloral!

Where shall we go? A hammock 'neath yon trees
Is this tired traveller's present bourne. Returning,
He'll beat the copse for filberts, if you please,
Or cast a fly where the mill-wheel is churning.
Slow wanderings in our woods suit wakening dawn,
And when eve's lengthening shadows bring their benison,
We'll have, for lazy labour on the lawn,
Tennis, or TENNYSON.

Where shall we go? Nay, be the *status quo*
Our policy at present, *à la* DIZZY.
Let geese gregarious flock, flit to and fro,
Restlessly seeking rest, most idly busy.
Cit-haunted sands and tourist-thronged resorts
Shall tempt us not. The modish and the shoppy
For once we'll shun, and linger where disports
Peace crowned with Poppy.

PASSENGERS IN HALVES.

THE *Whitby Gazette* has exercised some readers by a fraction in the following paragraph:—

"TRIP TO LEEDS.—There was a cheap excursion to Leeds on Monday last, by which 291½ passengers from this place availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting that ancient and thriving town."

They who do not know what to make of half a passenger, have no children perhaps, and have never had to take a representative half-ticket. Of course, nobody but a fool would suggest that a man's better half might be half a passenger. Nor can half a passenger be imagined a likely result of a railway collision, by which passengers are usually more than halved, as in the case of a remarkable old woman which was lately reported by a contemporary to have occurred on the North Eastern, when—

"An old woman who had been riding on the buffer of one of the sets was found cut to pieces."

In railway collisions things are not generally done by halves, but those accidents for the most part arise from things being so done in railway management.

MARCH AND MUSIC.

AT recent public meetings it has been judiciously remarked that in dealing with the Eastern Question we must mind how we facilitate the march of Russia. Phrase for The March of Russia—*The Rogue's March.*

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"THE MEAT SUPPLY."

Bathing-Man. "YES, MUM, HE'S A GOOD OLD 'ORSE YET. AND HE'S BEEN IN THE SALT WATER SO LONG, HE'LL MAKE CAPITAL BILED BEEF WHEN WE'RE DONE WITH HIM!!!"

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

WONDER when a Paris Cabman will accept his proper fare without begging for a *pour-boire*?

Wonder why it is that foreign railway carriages so furiously shake, when they happen for a wonder to be going at a rate of more than twenty miles an hour?

Wonder how many dainty dishes a French *chef* could concoct out of what an English Cook would either throw away as waste, or else steal and sell as dripping?

Wonder how many letters of indignant remonstrance would be written to the *Times*, supposing that our railways introduced the foreign system of imprisoning their travellers in stuffy, stifling *salles d'attente*?

Wonder whether Tubbing ever will be acclimatised abroad, and when, for lavatory purposes, bath towels will then be used instead of little napkins?

Wonder why French Ladies, who are so trained in all the delicate *nuances* of etiquette, do not think it worth their while to close their lips when eating?

Wonder if a British Tourist ever met a foreign Priest out walking in the country, who was not studying his prayer-book and carrying an umbrella?

Wonder if French Students, enjoying their vacation, ever indulge in any exercise more muscular than the athletic sports of dominoes and billiards?

Wonder what a London Alderman would say, when invited to the Mansion House, if, instead of luscious turtle, he were provided with a plateful of *Potage croute au pot*, or lukewarm toast-and-water soup, such as is so frequently supplied at *tables d'hôte* for the refection of the traveller?

Wonder if a Coachman could be found in any part of France of sufficient self-restraint to drive for half a mile without making his whip crack?

Wonder why it is that Foreigners in general, and fat Germans in particular, like to travel with the windows shut, and breathing such an atmosphere of smoke as would suffocate a chimney-sweep?

Wonder if, in spite of all his grumbling when abroad, a man could anywhere in England spend a holiday so cheaply, or cram so much amusement into it?

Wonder why it is that Frenchmen put such monstrous collars on their cart-horses, and what the horses, could they speak, would have to say about them, and about the little bells which continually jingle on them?

Wonder in what coming century of progress it will be possible, in any English county-town hotel, to get so good a dinner, served with such alacrity, and at so little cost, as may be found at wellnigh any paltry inn upon the Continent?

Wonder when a Tourist will be able to take his walks abroad, without being expected to look at all the lions there?

Wonder when sea-bathing will in England be as decent as it everywhere is out of it?

Wonder if French polish, when displayed to the fair sex, will stand such social wear and tear as common British politeness?

Finally. Wonder if a Paris Tourist as much rejoices to return to the asphalte of his Boulevards, as an Englishman delights to put his foot once more upon his clean, soft Turkey carpet?

Butchers in Belgium.

THE *Times* Correspondent, in his account of the rejoicings on the anniversary of the "Pacification of Ghent," mentions, with reference to the religious party spirit rampant in Belgium, that, besides "Clerical washerwomen" (who wash the Ultramontanes' dirty linen), and "laundresses employed by those of an opposite way of thinking," there are likewise "Liberal Butchers" and "Catholic Butchers." Happily, the butchery of the butchers on both sides is now-a-days confined to quadrupeds; and no meat whatever is roasted until dead.

Maladies and Martyrs.

THE "Martyrs to Gout," so called, are indeed, in a sense, martyrs to the cause of gout—good living. The Anti-Vaccinationist Keighley Guardians, imprisoned in York Castle, however, have suffered as enthusiasts for the cause of contagion, and may, with the strictest accuracy, be styled martyrs to Smallpox.

GEOGRAPHICAL CATECHISM.

Q. WHAT do we now call the Isle of Patmos?

A. Ireland.

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THE BEER-KINGS OF BURTON.

(See Newspapers.)



HOSE Twain—a narrow escape they had
When we, by their bereavement sad,
At once well nigh were left to wail,
The two great Brewers of Burton Ale!
Lo, BASS and ALLSOPP in a boat,
Together fishing, both afloat;
ALLSOPP his brother brewer's guest:
Upon Lochquoich's pellucid breast.
Behold, BASS hooks a splendid trout.
Eager to see him get it out,
ALLSOPP, as though in boats untried,
Steps over to the other side.
His weight no longer equalises
The little bark, and it capsizes.
There was the boat turned upside down,
With BASS and ALLSOPP like to drown

Together with a brace of others,
Attendant on the brewer-brothers,
A Gillie of the Frasers' Clan,
And ANDERSON, a Fisherman.
They strove to right the boat in vain;
For o'er and o'er it turned again,
All four of them to one side clinging,
Themselves to grief so nearly bringing.
Till ANDERSON, with strength of hand,
Presence of mind, and self-command,
At length contrived the boat to right,
By scrambling over opposite.
Meanwhile, a strong breeze landward bore
The lot, and drifted them ashore,
Some distance more than half a mile,
On douce MCPHEE's adjacent isle.
MCPHEE, thou famous Highland Leech,
The surge was heavy on thy beach,
Hard to get through—but safe they got;
And ANDERSON was tipped we wot.
But think what woe had come to pass,
Had we both ALLSOPP lost and BASS!
If BASS and ALLSOPP too were drowned
A double gloom would reign around.
'Twere like our Premier's perdition
With Leader of our Opposition;
Save that those other men of note
Were sailing both in one same boat.
Oh, what a joyful thing to see
Two of a trade so well agree!
Long live they, whilst we linger here
To drink both BASS and ALLSOPP's beer.

SPRING SPORTS.

WE have all heard of a "Spring Chicken," but the "Spring Hare"—unless, indeed, he be some relation to the proverbial lunatic appearing in March—is something quite new. An innkeeper at Hendon has started one. It is coursed by greyhounds; and for the spectators, betters, and backers there is all the excitement of the real thing, with the additional charm of novelty. What an admirable invention for the delicate sentimentality of this rose-water age!

But why stop at Hares apparent—but unreal? Why not, with the aid of some of the leading "Property-men" from the theatres, and Toy-mechanicians, and a few other ingenious persons, develope the idea into something really big?

We begin with a trifle light as Hare: we may end with the noble Deer in Scotland, or even the Elephant in India.

At all events, from the Hare to the Fox is a small step.

The country would have to be intersected with small lines (at first, at all events, until the invention was so perfect that these could be dispensed with), on which the Mechanical Fox, having been first properly wound up in covert, would run with just so much "law" given him as would allow him to be viewed all the way for a good rattling burst of forty minutes, after which the Field would trot off to another covert, and be treated to a fresh Mechanical Fox over a different line of country. Only, of course, this Fox would have to be hunted by greyhounds. Everybody, who was so minded, could call out "Tallyho!" and "Yoicks!" and "Gone away!" just as usual, and make all that amount of noise which goes for so much in the happiness of Foxhunters. Every M.F.H. who chose to adopt the "Mechanical Fox" could guarantee his subscribers a run, weather permitting, for every day in the week. Nay more, he could name the place, hour of start, and exact duration of the run, so that those Gentlemen who are fond of simply coming out to flash their pink in the sunlight, and then tail home again early, would be able to ensure themselves a run for their money—a certainty that would keep many of the "all pink and no-go" school away from the field.

A "Property Man," or Toyshop keeper, might do well to advertise—

TO M.F.H.'S AND SPORTSMEN.

NO MORE BLANK DAYS!!

TRY OUR "MECHANICAL FOX."

*** *Warranted to run for one Season, if used with care.*

MESSRS. DOLL, DRUM, & Co., *undertake to send a Man regularly every week to see to the Works and keep the Mechanical Fox in order.*

Then again, in our preserves, why not the Mechanical Pheasant, the Mechanical Partridge, the Mechanical Woodcock, and the Spring Rabbit? With what a *whirr* of springs the Pheasant might rise! And what a good shot it would require to bring him down! The coveys of Partridges would be wound up all at once and left in a turnip-field. Their mechanism would be so delicate that the slightest movement near them would disturb it, and off they 'd all go at once; or there would be a detention spring, to last for, say, twenty minutes, until the Sportsman had time to get within shot, when it would "go" punctually, and the birds would fly off, in whatever direction they had been set. Then they would be picked up in the next field and started again.

No pain, no loss of life, no wanton cruelty, the Sportsman could at worst only break the mainspring, and be obliged to send the bird up to Town to be refitted.

We confidently recommend the whole subject to the consideration of the sporting world at large, and, as also interested, to our Theatrical "Property" makers and Toy-mechanicians.

Why not, while about it, all sorts of Mechanical Singing Birds? Why not Mechanical Fish? How lovely our rivers would look with these bright-coloured metallic fish swimming about, only waiting for the disciple of IZAAK WALTON to drop his line in with—not a wriggling worm at the end, oh dear no!—but with a small hook-shaped magnet to attract and catch the fish, as in the old toy of our nursery days. According to the power of the magnet and the strength of the rod, so would be the size of the fish caught.

However, it is for us only to hint. Let those deeply interested carry out the idea.

THE RAILWAY IDOL.

MODERN Chapels are going the way of those ancient temples, which were superseded by other places of worship. This, the *Leeds Mercury* informs us, is about to be the case with a chapel obstructing the—

"EXTENSION OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY TO DERBY.—The Great Northern Railway's progress into Derby has received a temporary check. The trustees of a Baptist Chapel in Agard Street bargained, without the consent of the congregation, to sell the chapel and burial-ground attached to the railway company for the sum of £3000. The congregation now argue that, not having their consent, the deed is null and void. The matter will be taken into the law courts."

But who shall resist Railway Extension? Of course the Baptist Chapel in Agard Street will have to disappear before the Great Northern Railway. After due litigation, its site and the adjacent burial-ground must be traversed by the line to Derby. But see how the whirligig of Time brings about its revenges; for here a chapel is to be replaced by a line of rail, and railway sleepers of another description than those in the burial-ground will be laid down over them; the whole place thus being consecrated to the service of a revived Paganism. For the ancients worshipped the god Terminus, and so does the present generation, but more also. It does not stop at Terminus worship, but worships the whole Railway. Churches and everything else are sacrificed if necessary to Railway Extension. The worst of it all is the wholesale sacrifice of human lives which occurs in collisions.

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A LAY OF LAWN-TENNIS.

By a Looker-On.



Now, young people, the fine weather
Will soon be gone.
Go and Tennis play together
Upon the Lawn.
While the sun shines make your hay
Between the showers.
Improve, like busy bees, to-day,
The shining hours.
Time flies. For instance, look at me,
And at your Aunt!
As you are now so once were we.
But now we can't
Dance all night long till break of day,
Nor, if we knew
How, at Lawn-Tennis could we play,
Young folks, like you.
Already on the turf you tread
The toadstool springs,
Which, when the Summer's drought has fled,
Damp Autumn brings.
The grass will soon have got too wet;
Too moist the mould.
Play whilst you can—don't play to get
Your death of cold.
Play whilst those limbs you yet can use
Free play allow,
Which they will by-and-by refuse;
As mine do now.
Yet, on the sports of youth to gaze,
One still enjoys;
As you may too, in future days,
You, girls and boys.

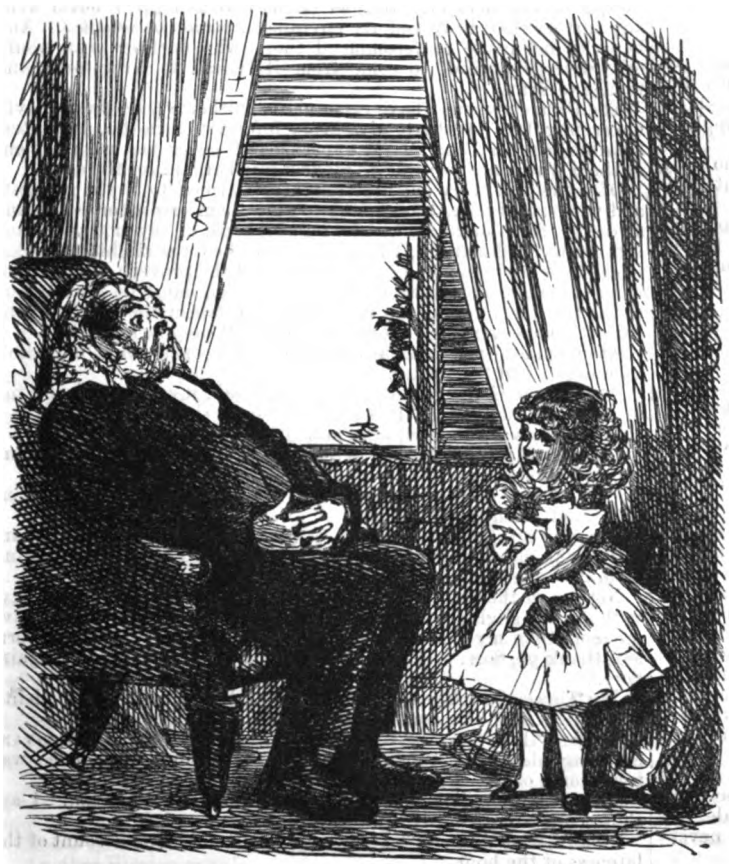
SHAKSPEARIAN SAYING.

"THE man that hath no music in his soul," is a wretch who would not hesitate to buy a creaking boot.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

NAME FOR A NEW NEWSPAPER (*to be on the Breakfast Table every day*).—*The Morning Appetiser.*

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TESTAMENTARY OBLIGATIONS.

'Cute Little Girl (who has heard Conversations between her Parents of the like import). "UNCLE, HAVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL?"

Uncle (startled). "EH!"

'Cute Little Girl. "'CAUSE I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN MY DOLLS!"

BAD THING FOR THE BRAIN.

HERE's a go—that is, here is in effect a go, or measure, of brandy, gin, whiskey, or other ardent spirit, habitually imbibed! MR. T. C. KINZETT, at the British Association, discoursing on "The Action of Alcohol on the Brain," said—

"Physiologists claimed to have proved that alcohol absorbed into the system not only affected the brain, but also located itself temporarily there. He had investigated the action of solutions containing varying per-centages of alcohol upon brain-matter after death, and found that this action consisted in a hardening not only of the dura mater, but of the whole brain tissue."

If he had only stopped there, what a specious argument would our philosopher have supplied for alcohol! From his statement it would appear that spirits, so far from tending to cause softening of the brain, do just the reverse. Habitual dram-drinking, therefore, would make tipplers hard-headed. But MR. KINZETT went on to say—

"And in very large per-centages, small quantities of the principles of the brain were dissolved."

By the action of alcohol upon the cerebral tissue. So that, after all, we are compelled to cry, with *Cassio*, "Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" The spirit of wine washes away the substance of wit.

LAW FOR LADIES.

SOME people may be a little puzzled by the following information in the *Times*:—

"FORFEITED SUITORS' MONEY.—The amount of forfeited suitors' money in the County Courts last year was £1485 11*s*."

The only suitors generally understood to have been subjected to forfeit are those who have broken off their suits, and consequently become suitors sued. And the sums they have forfeited are in Ladies' pockets. Besides, actions for Breach of Promise of Marriage are not tried in County Courts; the only remedy against defection of hymeneal courtship being *Nisi Prius* courtship. British justice affords no amends for the broken hearts, blasted hopes, and blighted affections of servant-maids and widowed washerwomen, unable to afford more than the County Court limit of legal expenses. *De minimis non curat lex.*

TONGUES FOR TOURISTS.

THE Long Vacation is drawing to a close, and Parents and Guardians may like to know how Reading Tours have aided in advancing the education of their respective scions. Should any doting fathers be interested in the absorption of foreign languages into their sons' systems, the following Mems from the Diary of a University Man, who has just returned from a tour abroad, whither he had gone expressly to perfect himself in European tongues, may be productive of some reflection.

July.

Left Dover for our Tour. Met American COLONEL X. Y. ZACHARY at Calais. Glorious brick. Knew French, and talked for us all. Gave us quite a twang, and left us devoted to Yankees.

Put up at Grand Hotel. English Waiter. Saved us lots of trouble. Went to English Tavern. Excellent Beefsteak for dinner. Cheese direct from Cheshire. Went to Open-Air Music Hall in the Shongs Eliza, what they call a Coffee Concert. Two English Clowns and a man who sang "*Tommy, make Room for your Uncle.*" English family on both sides of us. Dropped their H's freely. Met two College chums in the yard of the Grand when we came back.

Went out to buy German Dictionary, French Grammar, and Italian Dialogues. Bought a copy of *Punch* instead—great fun.

Started for Italy. Capital Guard with the Train: knew English thoroughly. Queen's Messenger in the carriage; splendid linguist. What's the use of trying to speak a foreign language, if you don't begin in your cradle!

Arrived at Turin. Met the LARKSPUR girls at the Station. Went everywhere with them. They are all awfully jolly. Quite gorgeous at slang. Must buy that Italian Grammar and Dialogues. Learnt the Italian for "Yes" to-day.

On to Venice. How well our Gondolier talks English. Lovely weather for Cricket or Lawn Tennis. Nothing so jolly here. Old bricks, and dirty punts they call Gondowlers.

August.

Start for Rome. Fancy a Roman train. What was it? All Gaul, or all the train, was divided *in tres partes*. Sang comic songs all the way. Bother Rome! it reminds one of VIRGIL and HORACE, and all those nuisances. By the way, we must not forget the Italian Dialogues. Hotel Commissioner, such a good fellow. Has lived in the Langham for the last six years. Told us a capital American story. Left the others to go round the monuments while I played a game of billiards with CAPTAIN CRAWLEY. By Jingo! he does play well. *He* never learnt Italian or French, but I have heard he is a Greek. Speaks English like a Briton.

Meant to have begun Italian to-day; but too hot, really. Go back by Vienna and Trieste. Better buy a German Dictionary. CHARLIE's voice downstairs, by Jove! Hurrah! Off to Vienna. Go over the Tyrol by night. Sleep all the way.

Vienna. Awfully good beer. English Parson in same hotel. Knows the Governor. Wants me to take him round, and as he hears I am studying German, will I interpret for him? See him further first.

September.

Leave Vienna, to escape Parson. The German tongue most attractive when made into sausages. Lingo simply horrible. Couldn't learn it if I tried.

Arrived at Munich. Drove round the English Garden. Nothing English in it except weeds and ourselves. Saw *Richard the Third* played at the theatre. Call that SHAKSPEARE? Well! I am particularly etcetrad. And in German, too! Why don't they learn English?

Home in time for some Partridges. By the way, wonder what became of the "Coach" who went out with me? Never bought the Grammars and Dictionaries, after all. There's nothing like English if you want to be understood.

THE PATRON SAINT OF RAILWAYS.—St. Pancrash.

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A FISH WITH A FAMILY.



FRIENDS, we are all acquainted with the poetical allusion to "fishes that tipple in the deep." There are readers who may imagine the interesting creature below named by a contemporary to be a fish of more than commonly bibacious habits :—

"One of the large topes (or British sharks) in the Brighton Aquarium has given birth to eleven healthy young ones. This is stated to be the only instance on record of a tope breeding when in confinement. The mother and young ones are doing well."

The tope, a fish not perhaps generally known by that name, may, as a species of British shark being supposed identical with or nearly akin to the dog-fish (*Scyllium catulus*), be conceived of as a drunken dog-fish by the class of readers above referred to. Some of these are possibly even capable of saying that the tope, though common on the British Coasts, is at the same time apt to be found half seas over. From the foregoing announcement in the *Evening Standard*, it will be seen that the tope, like other sharks, is viviparous, and therefore a female; and is a very remarkable exception to the generality of her species if not sex. SIR WILFRID LAWSON should visit the Brighton Aquarium to inspect the tope, and ascertain whether, notwithstanding proclivities, bad enough for a male, but truly dreadful for a female, the mother and young ones are nevertheless doing well.

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

Bray—Discovery—Note—A Change—Humour—Saxon obtuseness—Carmen—MR. O'SULLIVAN'S Joke—Rathdrum—Cross Questions—Crooked Answers—The Old Story—Another Illusion destroyed.

Happy Thought.—Could there be a more enjoyable way of spending a summer than to have a house at Bray, MR. O'SULLIVAN'S car for excursions into the lovely country round about, and a small sailing-boat in the Bay?

The Dargle, Powerscourt, the Waterfall, all the "objects of interest" I have done, and am satisfied. I don't want to move on. Give me Bray, and that is enough. I do not believe, take it for all in all, that Bray can be beaten.

A Discovery! I find that the Gentleman whom I met in the train, and who said he didn't want a Parliament on Stephen's Green, and added that "We (the Irish) are not a people for self-government"—I say, I find that this Gentleman was an Englishman residing in Ireland. The Anglo-Irishman is a peculiarly objectionable person. Now *I* should like to reside in Ireland; only if I did, I must share the fate of my compatriots, and become a peculiarly objectionable person. Perhaps I am wrong. Think it out.

But I have no time to spare. I must on to Rathdrum, or PLUMPTON AND SPRY may telegraph to me "Come back!"

Psychological Note for basis of Article in Typical Developments.—I cannot help remarking how I am, gradually, losing sight of the Ireland which has hitherto existed in my imagination, in consequence of over-doses of Irish novels, Irish plays, and English journalistic representations. The novels and plays told me only of "Ireland as it was," or as they (the writers) chose to say it was. I had better study *Ireland since '98*, by JOHN MITCHELL, and D'ARCY M'GEE'S *History of Ireland*. Then perhaps I might be able to strike the balance between the two sides of the question.

Yes, I am becoming acclimatised. Of the process I have been unconscious. If I was disappointed, at first, because the landing at Kingstown, and the arrival at Dublin, did not, one after the other, burst upon me like two tableaux in a grand opera, now, at all events, I am beginning to understand how ignorant of the place and people I must have been to have expected anything like the *mise-en-scène* of a Grand Opera on a Landing Stage. I have a whole course of reading to unlearn, and a whole album of pictures to erase from the tablets of my memory. But, as far as I've gone, if I never went any further than Bray and its environs, *I should be satisfied.* And here let me pause to recommend those, who another year would otherwise go abroad, to come from Holyhead to Kingstown, and thence to Bray.

The Carmen whom I have come across hitherto are always civil, never garrulous; ready to give every information in the pleasantest possible manner; and in my experience I never met with any one of them who wasn't willing to make a fair bargain for the day.

Of course, as every one declares these Carmen to be the readiest, and wittiest, of men, I am bound to give them credit for possessing a reserve fund of humour. Owing, perhaps, to my not yet being sufficiently acclimatised, I have not remarked the slightest sparkle from these Irish diamonds. I call to mind the proverb about Pearls before Porkers, and am aware that a Saxon pig must be educated up to the mark before he can discriminate between the pearl and the barley. However, here is one specimen. It *may be* a pearl.

At one place—no matter where—the Gatekeeper would not admit us unless I had "an order."

"Shure the Gentl'man has the order," said my Carman, winking to me, with this aside, "It 's the *silver order* she manes, Sorr."

The next is not a pearl, but eminently characteristic.

I hinted at the probability of our being caught in a storm before the end of our drive.

"Ah, Sorr," replied the Carman. "We 'll have fine weather, plase God, from this out."

Imagine an English Cabman, or an English provincial Flyman, expressing himself in this way, which was all the more striking from its evident good-faith and absence of all affectation.

Not one of them anywhere but on parting touched his hat politely, without the slightest sign of servility or obsequiousness, and gave me more than my change out of the bargain with "Good-bye, Sorr, and thank ye, Sorr." And "May ye soon be comin' this way again, Sorr."

My Farewell to MR. O'SULLIVAN.—"I hope you 'll have plenty of business in the Season."

"There 'll be *lashins* to do, Sorr," replied MR. O'SULLIVAN, cracking his whip. Whether the pun—a genuine Irish one—was intentional or not, I put this down as "one to MR. O'SULLIVAN."

On to Rathdrum.—I arrive late. Hotel close at hand. I am shown into a neat but chilly-looking bed-room.

"Can I have dinner?" I ask, implying a doubt, on account of the lateness of the hour.

The Landlady, or Housekeeper, or whatever the illigant lady may be, smiles assent.

"Is it ready?"

"'Tis ready," she answers.

(As a matter of fact I had to wait, being ravenously hungry, for nearly an hour, but the kind Hostess evidently thought that to have said "it wasn't ready," would have been a most inhospitable way of receiving a guest. So she romanced a little. But hope deferred does not agree with me.)

She does not ask me what I wish to order, so I anticipate any difficulty by leaving it to her, and she thereupon leaves me to myself.

A small, shock-headed boy—the Boots, I fancy—whom I find on the landing, shows me into the Coffee-Room. There are some people finishing tea. When they have cleared out, my dinner is served, and I have the fire lighted.

I say as jovially as possible, "The wine card, please."

The Waiting-Maid stares at me. I repeat my request.

"Is it the wine *carte* you mane?" she inquires.

"Yes," I answer.

"Ah then," she returns, evidently much relieved by my explanation, "we haven't got one."

There 's perhaps no wine—only whiskey?

"Oh, we have wine," she says, and wishes to be informed "what wine?" as I can choose from Port, Sherry, Claret, and Champagne,—and she finally recommends St. Julien.

After dinner I am joined by two Irish Commercial Travellers. They both call for tea, and I am the only one drinking whiskey.

Note.—I have noticed, as a novelty to me, that "Yes" is conspicuous by its absence from the Irish vocabulary. Also the method of obtaining information is, generally, as different as possible from an Englishman's. Now suppose an English "Commercial" wanted to know if his friend MR. SMITH were anywhere in the neighbourhood, he would probably ask MARY the Chambermaid in this fashion :—

"MARY, my dear, has MR. SMITH been here lately?"

And MARY would reply—

"No, Sir," or "Yes, Sir," or "He was here yesterday, Sir, but has gone on to Bath," as the case may be.

But take my worthy acquaintance the present Irish Commercial. This is how he manages it.

"MARY!"

"What is it, Sorr?"

"Is MISTHER O'BRIEN this way?"

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"He was, Sorr."
"He was?"
"He was."
"When?"
"Yestherday."
"Yestherday?"
"Yestherday."
"An' he 's gone on?"
"He did, Sorr."
"He did?"
"He did."
"Where to?"
"Arklow."
"Waterford?"
"No. Arklow."
"Arklow?"
"Arklow."

And so it goes on, in musical phrases as it were, with varied inflections for the affirmation, the interrogation, and the conclusive affirmation. It looks, in print, like a page from one of ALEXANDRE DUMAS' novels.

It is difficult to obtain a direct answer from an Irish servant.

The Master inquires, "BIDDY, who broke this dish?"
"That dish, Sorr?"
"Yes, this dish."
"That dish is it?"
"Yes, *this* dish. Did *you* break it?"
"An' what 'ud I be afther breaking that dish for?"

This fencing-match will continue for some time, until she devises a new parry for your thrust, in this way:—

"I 'm speaking of *this* dish. *Did you break it?*"
"Sure, ye've a dish like that in the next room"—and so on. Of course the finishing touch, whether for Irish or English servants, will always be that the fractured article, which you can swear you saw whole yesterday afternoon, was "broken before I came into the house, Sir."

Servants, after all, whether English or Irish, are very much the same as they were when DEAN SWIFT gave them his admirable advice.

Rathdrum. At night.—One of my companions has gone to bed. I am alone for a pleasant evening with MR. O'BAGMAN, and *Scotch* (not Irish) whiskey.

MR. O'BAGMAN, as an Irishman, warns me against Irish Whiskey. Another illusion gone!

AUTUMN LEAVES.



OUR Senate leaves St. Stephen's Hall, and leaves
Behind it Bills and bothers,
The Swallow leaves his lodgings 'neath our eaves,
And flits in search of others.
M. P.-dom leaves long screeds of tangled talk
Constituents to trouble;
Then leaves *them* (in the dark) o'er moors to stalk,
Or tramp amidst the stubble.
BEN leaves the Commons, WILL, to slate the Turks,
Leaves Trojans, trees, and axes;
Criticast leaves the uncut leaves of works,
Collector leaves fresh taxes.
Nous leaves newspapers, which appear bereft
Of novelty and reason;
Sense leaves the social sphere; Sensation 's left
Lord of the Silly Season.
Love leaves his urban haunts, midst rocks and trees
To practise Archery various,
And Science leaves its cells, like other bees,
To swarm and buzz gregarious.
Art leaves swell studios and ornate walls,
And ladies lank of stature,
Midst genuine women, woods, and waterfalls
To get new hints from Nature.
Wealth leaves its ledger, with one eye at least,
Fashion leaves May Fair quiet,
And the ghoul Scandal leaves its town-spread feast
To glut on rural diet.
Nob leaves the Row, for ease or enterprise,
According as he 's mettled;
Snob leaves "the shop" for "Margit;" leaves likewise
His tailor's bill unsettled.
Railwaydom leaves along its ill-kept lines
Openings for wreckage annual.
Cad 'ARRY leaves on statues, seats, and shrines
His scrawled or carved sign-manual.
TOMMY leaves school, leaves home no moment's rest
Till his long leave is over;
And MARY (family out) leaves "work," with zest,
To chat with casual lover.
Cit leaves his Club (and maybe takes his spade
Like ancient CINCINNATUS).
Ton leaves the Town to "persons—haw!—in trade,
And people of no *status*."
But Toil leaves not the task, nor Pain the bed,
Nor Death his dread dart-hurling:
Autumn, at last, when all his leaves are shed,
Leaves, with their last wild whirling.
Punch's perennial (printed) leaves still live,
No wintry wind may shake one.
Sibylline leaves that know no fall, he 'll give
Leaves many, but not take one.

A PLEA FOR BROMPTON.

To the Editor.

SIR,

YOU, like the ancient TIRESIAS, know everything. Tell me, Sir, *where has Brompton gone to?* Practically, it has vanished. Brompton Square and Brompton Crescent are now in South Kensington. Is the Brompton Road still the Brompton Road? A few years back we spoke of a friend living in Alexander Square, or Michael's Grove (a charmingly wooded retreat), as one residing in Brompton. In fact, *then* "we spoke of a man as we found him." But *now* the same friend returns me my envelope, requesting me to scratch out "Brompton," and substitute "South Kensington," which strikes me as being only "Brompton" writ large. Sir, where the white man has once set foot, he has exterminated the ancient coloured races. Where are the ancient coloured races that so recently dwelt in the groves, the squares, the crescents, and pleasant places of Brompton? Is there not one aboriginal tribe to make a last, noble, even if expiring, protest? Will the Brompton 'Busses vanish? Is there a blessing on those who remove the ancient landmarks? There may be modern gentility about the name of South Kensington, but it lacks the sturdiness of "Old Brompton," and the plain, straightforward, unblushing frankness of "Brompton." South Kensingtonites may answer, perhaps, and say, "We have never interfered *with Brompton proper*." This, Sir, is begging the question, and the retort will be so self-evident to your readers, that not another word on the subject will be required from me, who sign myself, in spite of the South Kensington Museum,

A BROMPTON BOILER.

SCIENCE AND SUPERSTITION.

INASMUCH as the National Assembly of Sages met this year at Glasgow, it is wonderful that nobody has written thence to say that the Brightish Association (so called) was nae that bright. A rather dull gathering was, however, towards the close of its session, enlivened with a paper by PROFESSOR BARRETT, embracing the subjects of Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, and Spiritualism, whereon ensued a discussion between the Professor himself and others, including LORD RAYLEIGH, MR. CROOKES, MISS BECKER, MR. A. RUSSELL WALLACE, and DR. CARPENTER, and ending with an altercation about veracity misunderstood to have been impugned, sparkling with a brisk interchange of the reiterated assertion and denial, "I didn't" and "You did." Who that remembers stock paragraphs in newspapers respecting witchcraft and fortune-telling, or ghost-stories, headed "Superstition in the Nineteenth Century," ever dreamt of living to see philosophers, physiologists, and naturalists in a great Council of Science debating the reality of supernatural manifestations? Are there such things as they dispute about, or have they eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner? And in either case are they prepared seriously to consider the question whether it is possible in the nature of things for an old woman to fly over the roof (say) of the Royal Institution on a broomstick? What else would that be, levity apart, than "levitation"?

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"MIXED COMPANY."

SCENE—*The Ball-Room of a fashionable Sea-side Hotel.*

Lady Godiva Highjinks (to her Partner, during a pause in the Valse). "A—I CAN'T HELP THINKING I'VE MET YOU BEFORE!"

The Partner. "YES, MY LADY, MANY'S THE PAIR OF WHITE SATIN SHOES I'VE 'AD THE PLEASURE OF FITTIN' ON YOUR LADYSHIP AT OUR 'OUSE IN THE BURLINGTON ARCADE! AND"—*(sinking his Voice to a fascinating Whisper)*—"I *MUST* SAY THAT A MORE EXQUISITE FOOT THAN *YOURS*, MY LADY, I NEVER YET 'ELD IN MY 'AND!"

THE GAY CITY.

NOTICE has been given that the Mansion House is again about to become the scene of various gaieties and hospitalities on the part of the LORD MAYOR and the LADY MAYORESS. But the published programme of the civic entertainments in prospect between now and the Ninth of November is manifestly incomplete, as a glance at the subjoined list of engagements will conclusively show:—

Dinner to Hospital Students, Gentlemen eating their Terms at the various Inns of Court, and Metropolitan Curates.

Ball to the Members of the Hop Exchange, their wives and daughters.

Dinner to all the London Vestrymen.

Dinner to the leading Members of the Dental Profession.

Juvenile Ball to the younger branches of the Corkscrew Makers', Scriveners', Greengrocers', Beadles', and Cheesemongers' Companies.

Dinner to the Royal Marines.

Grand Fancy Dress Ball. All the guests to be habited as famous City Personages of the Olden Time—for example, SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON (with his Cat), SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH, WAT TYLER, JOHN WILKES, JANE SHORE, LORD MAYOR BECKFORD, KING LUD, MISTRESS QUICKLY, MARGARET RAMSAY, Beadles of the epoch of HENRY THE EIGHTH, Apprentices of the era of JAMES THE FIRST, and Gog and Magog.

Supper to the Boys of Christ's Hospital, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', and the other great City educational establishments.

Dinner to the Deans and Chapters and Chapter Clerks of England and Wales.

Luncheon to the Archdeacons and Rural Deans.

Dinner to the Hospital Sunday and Hospital Saturday Committees.

Grand Display of Fireworks and Illumination of the Mansion House on the Fifth of November. Supper afterwards to the London Fire Brigade.

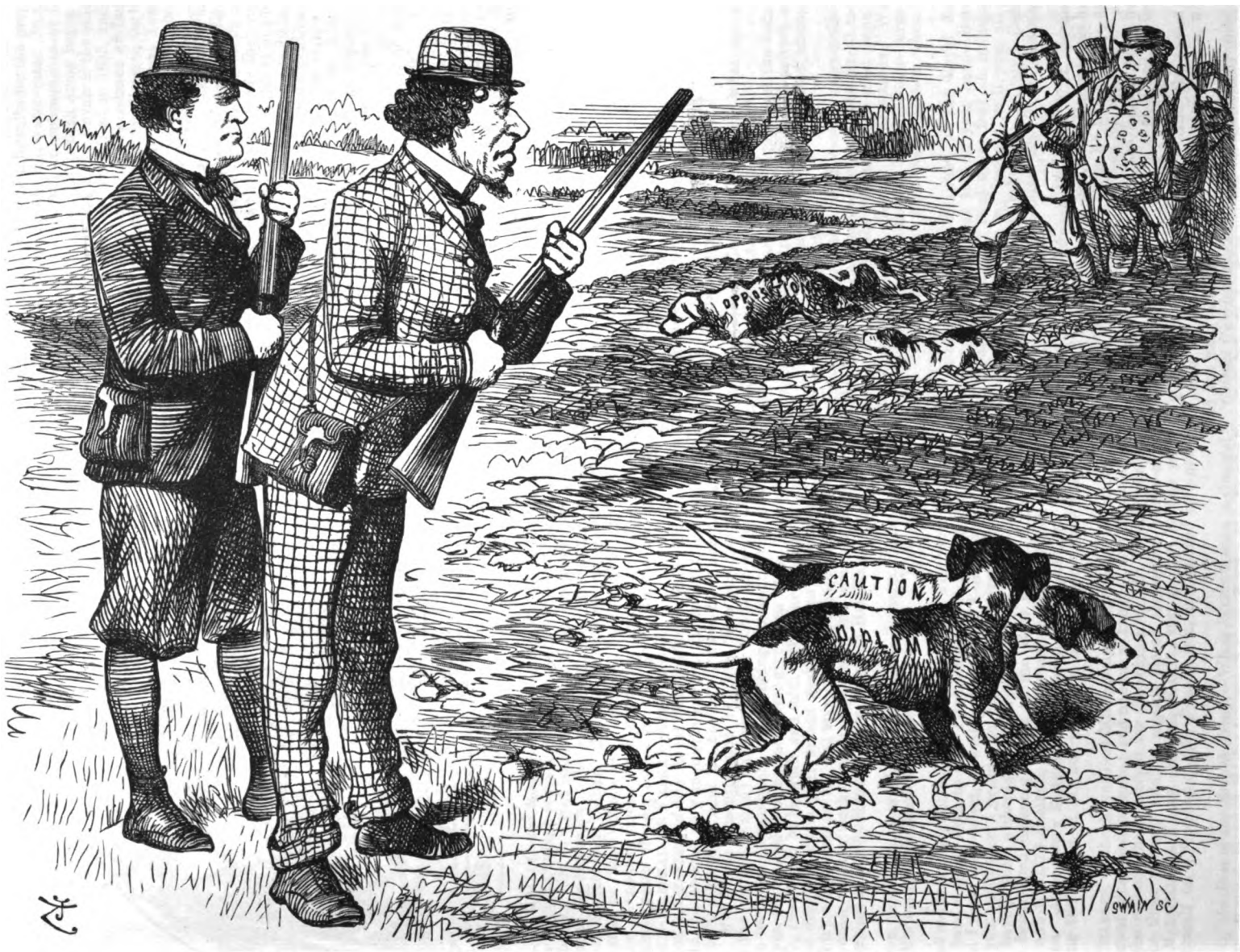
Ball to the Mayoresses and Aldresses of England, Ireland, and Wales, and the Wives of the Provosts and Baillies of Scotland, of the Jurats of the Island of Jersey, and of the Deemsters of the Isle of Man; with their daughters.

Grand Banquet to the Ministers—of the various Dissenting persuasions.

THE WANTS OF THE NATION.

WANTED, a Skipper, who, voyaging faster
Than any one else, ne'er brings ship to disaster.
Wanted, Cheap Railways, which speed and precision
To the utmost combine without e'er a collision.
Wanted, a Surgeon, who risks operations
Which in fatal results ne'er attain terminations.
Wanted, Investment, with view to futurity,
Highest interest yielding on safest security.
Wanted, Directors, who capital use
In the boldest of ventures—to win and not lose.
Wanted, an Army and Fleet, by this Nation,
That yearly increase with decreasing taxation.
Wanted, instead of ignoble abstention
From Europe's disputes, and meek non-intervention
In foreign affairs—which we now to be folly see,
On the part of our Rulers, a "Spirited Policy."
Wanted, a Statesman, who'll play a high game
Abroad, and still keep us at peace all the same.
Wanted, Doers to dare bold exploits of utility
On mischance whilst we sternly enforce liability.
What else wanted? In brief, our requirements to tell,
Wanted, pudding to eat, and yet have it as well.

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DISTURBING THE GAME.

LORD B. "CONFOUND THAT FELLOW! HE'LL BE PUTTING UP ALL OUR BIRDS!!"

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DISCOVERING THE CAVE.

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MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

For the Use of Young and Old Persons.

SECTION I.—THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

Part I. Introductory.



MR. PUNCH had fou military friend whom he took great pleasure in instructing. COL. CHARLES was a fierce soldier of the most pugnacious proclivities; he seemed to be over-ready to seek the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth. His patriotism was intense, and it was not his fault that his sword rusted in the scabbard eleven months out of every twelve. It was generally believed in his home circle that his talents would have been of the utmost value to DON CARLOS, GARIBALDI, and MOLTKE. In spite of this opinion he had never left his native land on foreign service, for the simple reason that his regimental duties had chained him to a spot bounded on the north by Berwick-on-Tweed, and on the south by Hounslow. He was, in fact, the Commanding Officer of the Royal East Mudborough Militia. *Mr. Punch's* second military friend was ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers; his third, LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green; and his last a dear little fellow, scarcely seven-and-eighty years of age, called by the Horse Guards and his other intimates FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B.

When COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, was about fifty years old, he became very inquisitive about the duties of his rank, and begged hard to be allowed to read the *Soldier's Pocket-Book* and the *Queen's Regulations*. *Mr. Punch* consented, and he began them accordingly; but he soon found in the volumes so many hard words and things he could not understand, that he was quite discouraged; and bringing the books back, said, with tears in his eyes, that he believed he had better give them up till he was older.

On this *Mr. Punch* laid by his work, and said, "My dear Colonel, rather than you should be disappointed in your ardent desire to learn something of your duties, I will try what I can do for you myself; and perhaps I may be able to compile from other military works one that you may find easier to comprehend than those supplied to you by MESSRS. MACMILLAN and Her Majesty's Stationery Office."

"Thank you, thank you, dear *Mr. Punch*," cried COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, in a transport of joy. "Will you begin it to-day?"

"You must not be too impatient," said *Mr. Punch*. "You must remember that I shall have a great deal to do. I must read over several books very carefully, and I must then select, as well as I can, what I think will entertain and instruct you. However, I promise to begin as soon as possible, and whenever I shall have finished a chapter, I will read it to you in the evening, and that will be better than listening to one of the Mess stories of our friend LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green, which we have heard so often. After every Section, I will answer any questions you may ask concerning the subject of it; but you must not interrupt me while I am reading."

COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, ran to inform his brother officers of this kind promise; and as soon as the first Section was completed, and the welcome hour arrived for the coming of *Mr. Punch* into the ante-room, the three younger soldiers eagerly placed themselves by his side. Even FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., too, though he was very old, seated himself on a footstool at *Mr. Punch's* feet, and listened with great attention.

Part II. Of the Rise of the British Army.—When JULIUS CÆSAR (a General in the Italian Service) invaded England, several years before the Norman conquest, the British Army was in a very disorganised condition. The uniform was neither neat nor expensive, so neither the man of taste nor the manufacturing tailor were satisfied. The costume of the Infantry consisted of a coat of blue paint with facings of yellow. A few hundred years later, coats of mail were introduced, with the effect of enriching the celebrated family of SMITH. Even in those far-distant days the English were fond of sight-seeing, and the Battle of Hastings may be said to have been lost by the soldiers of HAROLD, who *would* look up into the sky at the descending Norman arrows. In the Feudal ages, the British Army consisted chiefly of men-at-arms and yeomen, who had been supplied to the King by the Barons as a sort of human substitute for the proper payment of the Income-tax and the Water-rates. In the reign of CHARLES THE SECOND, in consequence of the extinction of Feudal tenures, the British Army began to assume its modern shape. The 1st Royals is the oldest regiment in the Service. It was raised in 1633, and is now called the Royal Scots. In the scheme of LORD CARDWELL, for making the Militia the Reserve to the Line, it was proposed to attach the 1st Royal Tower Hamlets to the 1st Royal Scots. Had this plan been carried out, the distinguished Militia Regiment in question would doubtless have assumed the titles and uniform of the Royal King's Own Shoreditch Highlanders. The Coldstream Guards and the 3rd Buffs are the next senior regiments to the Royal Scots—they were raised in 1660. The Royal Horse Guards (Blue) in 1661. Their founder, the EARL OF OXFORD, was a nobleman fond of solitude and gloom. Hence, when a gentleman of military appearance seemed to be in low spirits, it was immediately reported that "he was in the Blues." It is amusing to notice how long-lived are regimental customs. Only the other day the officers of the Royal Horse Guards, true to the traditions of their glorious corps, actually attended a fancy dress ball, at Marlborough House, in the costume of Puritans! It is gratifying to hear, however, that they kept up the character they had assumed with as much credit to their heads as to their hearts. The 100th Canadian Regiment was added to the Establishment in 1858, and, in 1861 (just two hundred years after the raising of the Coldstreams and the Buffs), the 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, and 109th Regiments completed the muster roll of the British Army of modern days. And now, having told you, my dear Officers and Gentlemen, how the British Army arose, in my next section I shall have something to say about the duty one soldier owes to another. I shall attempt to prove that, though the haughty General may have no head, the humblest of our privates may yet have a heart full of the noblest thoughts and (to finish off the sentence neatly) the very highest of human aspirations.

CONVERSATION ON SECTION I.

Ensign Eugene. Please, *Mr. Punch*, what are the highest aspirations of the British private?

Mr. Punch. My dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, the highest aspirations of the British private are said to be (by the best authorities) for more food, stronger beer, and less sentry duty.

Colonel Charles. Surely, *Mr. Punch*, you do not allude to the Militia. I can assure you, my dear Sir, at mess every evening during the training, the most popular toast after that of Her Majesty the QUEEN is "Wild Wars and Speedy Promotion." The Assistant-Surgeon of the Regiment almost cries with emotion when he proposes it.

Mr. Punch. COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, I feel that in your hands Herne Bay is safe, and Putney need never fear an invasion! But, before I commence my lectures, will you, all of you, tell me why you entered the British Army? Come, my dear little FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., why did *you* join?

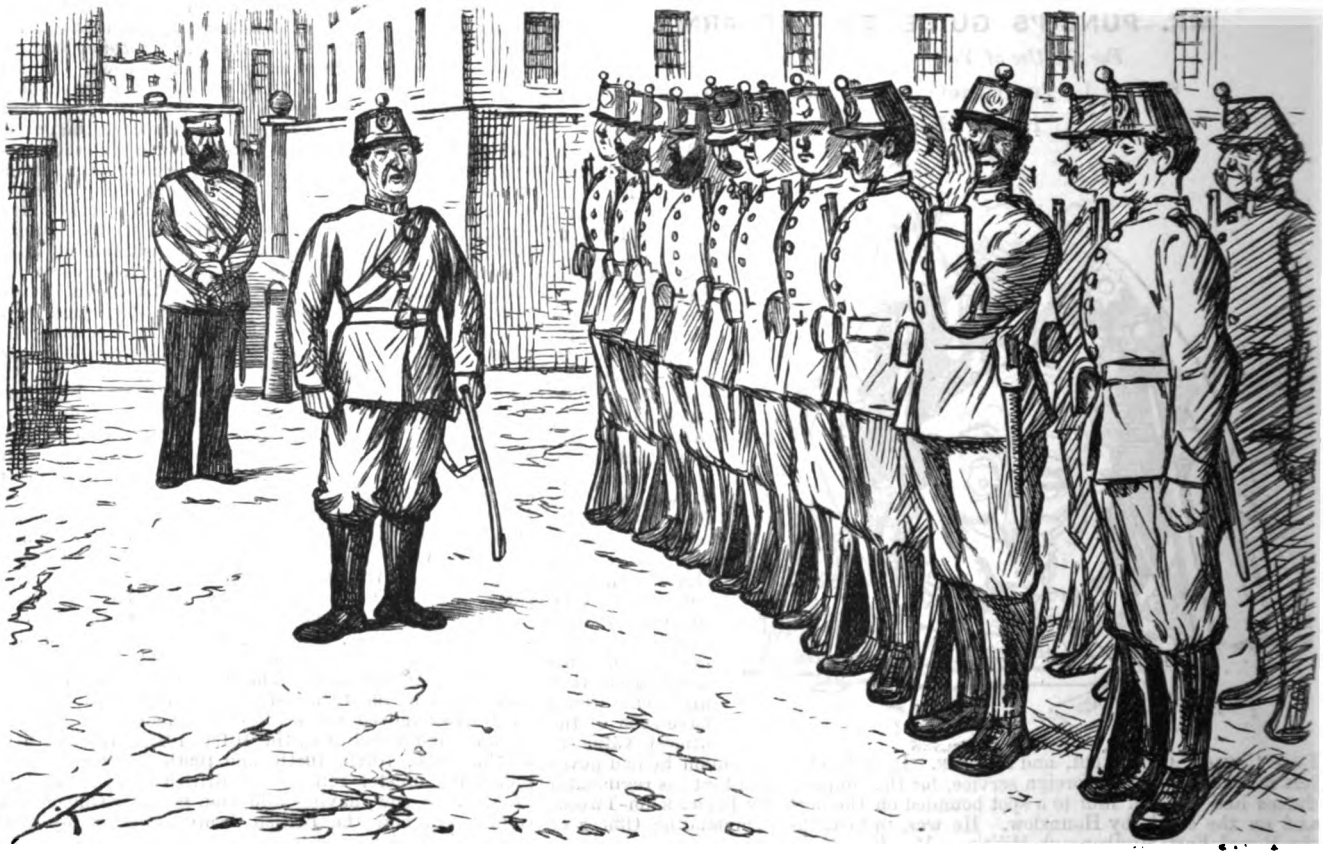
Field-Marshal Sir Frank Geegee, K.C.B. Because little SIR FRANK was a good boy. His Mamma told him to join a Hussar Regiment when he was thirteen, and he has been doing what he has been bid ever since. He has gone up and up and up in the British Army list, until now he goes to reviews like a good boy, in top-boots, a cocked hat, spectacles, and a respirator.

Mr. Punch. Dear little fellow! And you, COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, why did you rush to defend your country?

Colonel Charles. Because, Sir, I felt that my country needed defending. Because, Sir, I felt that, unless I put on a blue patrol jacket twenty-seven days out of every three hundred and sixty-five, England would sink to rise no more, and the waves would have to advertise for a new directress!

Mr. Punch. Admirably answered! And you, ENSIGN

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OUR RESERVES.

Captain Deronda (of the Volunteers). "BY YOUR LEFT—CLOSE!"
Comic Private (aside—to his left-hand Man). "NOT TO-DAY, THANKY! 'DISPOSED O' MINE LAST WEEK TO MOSS AND ABRA'MS!"
Captain Deronda (sternly). "I HEAR TALKING IN THE RANKS THERE!"

EUGENE, of the Volunteers, why have you joined the forces of your native land?

Ensign Eugene. Because, *Mr. Punch*, I was tired of going to Fancy Dress Balls in the costume of CHARLES THE SECOND.

Mr. Punch. Your reply is ingenious, frank, and manly. And you, LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green, why are *you* in the Army?

Lieutenant and Captain George. Because, *Mr. Punch*, the Army happens to be my profession. I trust you will pardon me if I ask *you* a question. Why are you delivering lectures upon the Army?

Mr. Punch. Because, my dear LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green, I am a civilian, and consequently know infinitely more about military matters than soldiers to the manner born.

Lieutenant and Captain George. Sir, your logic is unanswerable. I shall be delighted to listen to you with the utmost attention and courtesy.

Field-Marshal Sir Frank. And so will dear little SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B. Dear little FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., loves *Mr. Punch*, and knows what *Mr. Punch* says to him will do him O such a deal of good! Won't it, dear *Mr. Punch?*

Mr. Punch. My dear little fellow, we will see.

A TASTE OF HOME-RULE.

A MEETING of Irish patriots who proved patriotous was held the other day in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, to hear MR. O'CONNOR POWER, M.P., deliver a lecture on Irish Wit and Humour. Accordingly, MR. BIGGAR, M.P., in the Chair, several letters were read from MAJOR O'GORMAN and other Home-Rule Members of Parliament. In the letters of MAJOR O'GORMAN, Irish Wit and Humour might have been expected to be strongly exemplified, but apparently were not, for nobody laughed, but only "there was a good deal of whistling and shouting." MR. POWER, having then been asked by a Gentleman on the platform whether he held the views of WOLFE TONE and EMMETT as to Home-Rule for Ireland, was greeted on rising with prolonged shouts and hisses, on the subsidence of which he answered he was there not to lecture on Home-Rule, but on Irish Wit and Humour. His hearers did not want to be taught what Irish Wit and Irish Humour were. They soon let him know that they knew.

"A signal was then apparently given from some of the men who had got upon the platform, and in response to it a free fight ensued between the two hostile factions composing the meeting. Some of the audience, it is said, had come armed with sticks and other missiles, which they freely used as weapons. Chairs were thrown about the platform, broken up, and used in the fight. For some time there was a general scrimmage throughout the Hall."

These were practical illustrations, and striking instances, of Irish Wit and Humour. But the best hit of them all remains to be told:—

"MR. BIGGAR remained in the Chair, and in the course of the fight he was struck on the head with some missile, and sustained a scalp wound from which he bled profusely. He vacated the Chair after receiving the blow, and was taken from the Hall to the door, towards which there was an immediate rush, and a scene of wild and indescribable confusion arose."

The blow which broke MR. BIGGAR'S head appears to have been nearly as effective a stroke of Irish Wit and Humour as he could have received. Somebody had him there. A head laid open is a splendid example of cutting Irish satire. He must have felt it.

These witty and humorous proceedings having ended, the results of them were found to be that—

"About three or four hundred chairs were smashed; the forms were heaped up in every direction, and a slight injury was done to the organ and parts of the building."

MR. POWER made a great mistake in representing Irish Wit and Humour and Irish Home-Rule as different things. The Home-Rulers quickly showed him they were all one. Home-Rule is manifestly nothing else than an Irish joke, expressing itself in home thrusts and home blows. But Irish jokes break bones—when the jokers hit hard enough. Theirs are the sort of jokes to make you scream, if you are duly sensitive; instead of only making you split your sides, they split your sides for you. The only objection to these sallies of Irish Wit and Humour is, that there is too much reason to fear they may be really the death of one.

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BEWARE OF FALSE TEETH WITH GUTTA-PERCHA FIXINGS.

Master Alec (*who is fond of Dogs*). "THERE'S NO MISTAKE ABOUT *YOUR* BEING THOROUGH-BRED, MAJOR BUMBLEBIE!"

Major Bumblebie (*not displeased*). "AND HOW DID YOU FIND *THAT* OUT, MY BOY!"

Master Alec. "WHY, 'CAUSE YOU 'VE GOT A BLACK ROOF TO YOUR MOUTH!!"

THE STATUS QUO.

MONTAGU and MAUD have quarrelled about MAUD'S Cousin. The engagement is broken off. The letters and presents have been returned (by Parcels Delivery), and MAUD and MONTAGU have gone back to the *Status Quo*.

The BANKHOUSES have returned from the Sea-side to Camberwell. BANKHOUSE leaves home for the City in the morning with his usual punctuality. MRS. BANKHOUSE gives her orders and goes shopping with all her old regularity. The children and MISS DRILHAM have begun lessons again. So the *Status Quo* is resumed at 28 ("The Cheviots"), Cromwell Villas, Camberwell Grove.

TOPSELL, his wife, seven sons and daughters, and upper and under nurse, are at Baymouth. The weather is bad, the lodgings are uncomfortable, everything is dear, the children scream when they are bathed, the boys are always getting into scrapes, the girls flirt, and MRS. TOPSELL has taken a violent cold. TOPSELL sighs for the *Status Quo*, but he has yet three weeks of life at Baymouth before him ere he can enjoy home comforts at Surbiton again.

CAPTAIN and MRS. BEESWING, having gone through the Divorce Court, have receded to the *Status Quo*.

The holidays are over, the boys have gone back to school, and many happy households, tranquillity being restored, are rejoicing that the *Status Quo* will not be disturbed again till Christmas.

The REVEREND HENRY CHILLINGWELL, having returned to the family living from Norway, the Curate, who has been preaching twice every Sunday with flattering success, sees nothing before him but the old *Status Quo*.

A large number of tradesmen would like the *Status Quo* restored as it was prior to the establishment of the "Stores."

The Leader-elect of the House of Commons hopes it may continue the *Status Quo* which existed before MR. DISRAELI accepted an Earl's coronet.

THE GREAT PIANO-PLAGUE.

KIND MR. PUNCH,

To please my wife and family, I am staying by the shore of the much-resounding sea. To please myself, I have selected what I thought a quiet watering-place, unmolested by excursionists, and remote both from the snobbish and the fashionable world. Here I fondly hoped to lead a quiet life, and to bask at leisure on the pebbly beach, undisturbed by bothering boatmen, or by black-faced banjoed bawlers, or by blatant German bands.

But though Shingleton is quieter than Starborough or Sheepsgate, I cannot say my life here is as tranquil as I hoped. I happen to be gifted with a good ear for music, and I suffer aural martyrdom by reason of the gift. I mention it as "a" good ear, for that phrase is usual; but the fact is, I have two good ears, neither one deaf. Were I for musical appreciation gifted with but one, I might stuff it well with cotton, and spare myself the torture to which I am exposed.

Pity, pray, the sorrows of an ill-starred man. From the moment when I wake, to midnight at the very least, pianos to right of me, pianos to left of me, pianos in front of me, jingle and jangle. Graphic as it may be, even this description falls short of the truth; for a pianist is playing underneath me while I write. When I engaged my lodgings, or "apartments," as she calls them, my landlady informed me, and with perfect accuracy, that there wasn't such a thing as a piano in the house. Tempted by this statement. I took her first-floor and two upper bedrooms for a month, and made no special bargain as to boot-cleaning and cruets, which, with half-a-score more extras, have since proved rather costly additions to her bill. The ground-floor then was vacant, but, unluckily, was let the day after we came, and the next day a piano, upon hire, was introduced.

The houses built for lodgings have uncommonly thin walls, and a piano in the parlour is heard well-nigh to the roof. Besides, the walls of modern dwellings are barely a brick thick; and a piano which is played at No. 5, Marine Parade, vibrates most unmercifully through Nos. 4 and 6. To these facts add the further one, that most young Ladies now-a-days can sing as well as play; and when I say "as well" I really mean "as ill." Moreover, at the sea-side they generally practise with the window open, and, having little else to do except to bathe and read a novel, they invariably practise some thirteen hours a day.

A heavy tax upon Pianos, to be doubled at all watering-places, might somewhat abate the nuisance, which grows each year worse and worse. Persons guilty of the misdemeanor of playing with the window open, should be indictable for wilful breaches of the peace. I am not by my nature of a revengeful temperament, but I own I feel inclined to punish with severity these feminine offenders, no matter how penitent or how pretty they may be.

In the hope that the Exchequer may be speedily enriched by the tax above suggested, I crave your leave to call myself

Yours,

A MAN WITH TWO GOOD EARS.

The Wrong County.

NOT Buckinghamshire, but Lincolnshire ought to have enjoyed the distinction of giving the PRIME MINISTER a territorial title. In Lincolnshire there is a place called "Coningsby." MR. DISRAELI, as EARL OF CONINGSBY, would have been endeared to every reader of his sparkling novels.

MUSIC AT THE SULTAN'S INVESTITURE.—"*Voici le Sabre.*"

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CANZONET TO CORRESPONDENTS.



ING O the piles of
verse and prose
The Postman daily
brings
Punch can't pre-
serve, and there-
fore throws
Away rejected
things.

Torn up, he sends them all to burn;
None such can he restore.
Dear friends, they quit you to return—
As Youth returns—no more!

EXEMPLARY INTOLERANCE.

IN a Circular issued by the Spanish Cabinet, Europe is told that the Constitution establishes Religious Tolerance in the interior of places of worship and cemeteries, but formally interdicts all public manifestations of heterodoxy, and that:—

"The Government considers notices placarded on places outside the Church announcing the hours of service to be public manifestations, and interdicts them in consequence."

Suppose this notification, *mutatis mutandis*, that is, the places of worship which it relates to being Roman Catholic instead of Protestant, had been issued by PRINCE BISMARCK. What invectives would have been hurled from the Vatican at the head of the persecutor, with what unmeasured abuse he would have been everywhere denounced by the Roman Catholic Press, and how strongly he would have been censured in England even by the organs of Protestant Liberal opinion! The Ultramontanes may thank the Spanish Ministry for setting the Prussian Government, and every other, a very bad example of bigotry, which may be imitated to the vexation of the faithful.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

HERE is a precious little piece of kitchen stuff:—

AS PROFESSED COOK AND HOUSEKEEPER. Wages £40. Unexceptionable character. A private (not professional) family preferred.

That a Cook should state her preference to serve a private family is a fact that well may exercise the meditative mind. The condition of the labour market may be clearly guessed therefrom; and the opinion may be formed that the supply of Cooks at present hardly equals the demand. The parenthesis may likewise incite some further thought. Why should a Cook restrict her preference in this way, and object to serve a dinner for a Doctor or a Lawyer, or any one whose income is professionally earned? We have smoked three cigarettes in deep reflection on the matter, and confess ourselves incompetent to solve the weighty point. If the precedent be followed, we may hear of Housemaids advertising that they have a preference to serve in titled families; and Scullerymaids, in want of situations, may announce, with all the emphasis of italics or big print, that "*Nobody connected with the City need apply.*"

TERRA TO THOMSON.

(*A Protest from a Perturbed Planet. Received in "Reason's ear," and Reported by the Owner of that Ear—Mr. Punch.*)

"SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, working from a solution of FOURIER'S, found that one hundred millions of years have elapsed since the earth grew cool enough for animal existence."—*Daily Telegraph on* SIR WILLIAM THOMSON'S *Opening Address to the "Physical Section" of the British Association at Glasgow.*

Terra. Only one hundred million years? Pooh, pooh!
THOMSON would make me a mere *parvenu!*
Luna. And me a mushroom orb. What next, I wonder?
Won't TYNDALL'S lot be down on him like thunder?
One hundred million years! The merest speck
In Evolution's sweep.
Terra. How little reck
These fumblers of a Planet's family feelings!
They blurt out all their blundering revealings
About our antecedents—nothing shirk:
I wish we had a sort of heavenly BURKE
To put things right. And yet, for all their pother,
The mannikins quite contradict each other.
Cosmical theories? Emmets next, no doubt,
Will call their ant-hill doctrines so.
Luna. You flout
The pismires righteously. I have my fears
The fools may set us Planets by the ears.
Terra. "Us Planets"? I like that. A satellite
Like you, with Planets does not rank. Not quite!
Luna. Beg pardon! But, by Jupiter——
Terra. Oh blow it!
Size is not everything!
Luna. Nor shape—I know it,—
Or you and I might wish we could take pattern
From that most stuck-up of the Spheres, smart Saturn,
So vain of his big ring!
Terra. I'd just as soon
Possess my single solitary Moon.
I'm sure she's very lovely, if she's lonely.
Luna. Thanks, Terra!
Terra. But one hundred millions only!
SIR WILLIAM might have spared that incivility.
Next he'll be taxing Sol with juvenility.
There's not a sphere that won't be shocked.
Luna. Between us,
I think the notion may be "nuts" to Venus.
Terra. A giddy-pated creature! Strange obliquity!—
She never could appreciate antiquity.
But after all the time allowed by TYNDALL,
For my inhabitable age to dwindle
To such a point! 'Tis quite too disappointing!
His cosmical hypothesis so disjointing
That Orthodoxy will be loudly crowing
To find pert Science "hedging." Why, for growing
From Mollusc into Man the time's a trifle.
DARWIN with righteous wrath must surely stifle.
To fit my surface—not for Salamanders,
But say for Adams or for Alexanders,
Took——
Luna. Do not be too definite, dear friend.
Vagueness gives Vastness; Vistas without end
May stretch where the perspective ends in mist,
Or "boundless blue." The evolutionist
Will see you righted.
Terra. Why, to bridge the chasm
Between himself and primitive protoplasm,
With such a tiny, trivial strip of time—
One hundred million years!—the thing's a crime
That Chronos should resent. The Great Edacious
Himself can't swallow at *that* rate. Good gracious!
THOMSON'S a sumph!
Luna. Whate'er, dear Mother Earth,
The "Molten-Centre Theory" may be worth,
SIR WILLIAM soon will find—sense might have told him!—
The world of Science quite too hot to hold him!

SPIRITUALISM AND CRICKET.

"DR." SLADE, from America, Professor of Spirit Writing, and Test Medium, playing the Slate Trick, caught out, after a short innings, by DR. LANKESTER.

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DRIVING LADIES.—EXTREME MEASURES.

"IF YOU CAN'T WHIP HIM UP, YOU MUST LIFT HIM UP, CHARLES!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(The Winter Theatrical Season commences. He pays a flying visit to the Queen's, and briefly reports thereon.)

SIR,

BEFORE quitting England, you, at a most affecting parting, strictly enjoined me to represent yourself whenever and wherever SHAKSPEARE might be "revived." You, then and there, gave me a standing order ("not admitted after seven"), which I promised scrupulously to obey.

Hearing then of MR. JOHN COLEMAN, how

JOHN COLEMAN, of the Provinces, by the Nine Muses swore
That York and Leeds and somewhere else should see his face no more,

until he had produced SHAKSPEARE'S *Henry the Fifth* in London, at the Queen's Theatre, I determined to be in my place on the first opportunity, which, I regret to say, was not on the *première* of the grand revival.

Whatever may be the result of the present speculation at the Queen's, everyone, interested in the prosperity of the English stage, must wish success to the enterprising Manager from the North, who has heard mysterious voices in the air crying, "York, you're wanted!" and, in obedience to the mystic summons, has come up to make essay of the Metropolis. And, no doubt, MR. JOHN COLEMAN—our old King COLE-MAN, a jolly old soul man, and a jolly old soul is he—has effected much that is worthy of great praise, and, where he has failed, he is to be credited with the best intentions—a fruitful source of failure, by the way,—and sympathised with as not having achieved his own ideal success.

It is bad, for example, to have to start with such an apology as catches the eye on the first sheet of his elaborate (and excruciatingly sneezingly scented) programme, *i.e.*, "*NOTICE. As many of the 'set' scenes are of great magnitude, especially the 'Interior of Westminster Abbey,' public indulgence is requested for such delays between the Acts as may be necessary during the first week of this production*"—— Yes, but surely another two weeks' rehearsal would have rendered these delays unnecessary, and, despite their expense, would have in the end, been a genuine economy.

Again, more rehearsal would have done some good to the invisible orchestra. As it is, the band plays out of sight, and out of—a good deal else. Then the men whose duty it is to manage the curtains, should be rehearsed at their work every day. The directions given "behind the scenes" should be toned into a lower key (difficult, perhaps, where crowds have to be dealt with); and were a pair of "tormentors" (as the sort of screens are called which conceal the space between the proscenium and the first wings) added, the effect for those of the audience who are seated at the sides and in the front row of the stalls would be materially enhanced. I confess the illusion of a Knights-in-armour battle-scene is destroyed, as far as I am personally concerned, when I catch sight of energetic people in the hats and coats of eighteen hundred and seventy-six suddenly coming into sight at the wings.

One mistake to my thinking is the retention of the *Chorus*, a part fairly declaimed by MISS LEIGHTON. The *Chorus* is an apology for the absence, in the time of the Divine WILLIAMS, of those very effects which it is one chief aim of this revival to place before the public. Nowadays the occupation this *Chorus* appears to have gone.

Time, Sir, will not permit me to review at length this revival, which begins at *seven* (confound it!—why won't you let us dine comfortably, MR. COLEMAN?) with the Jerusalem Chamber and MR. PHELPS, and ends at eleven, or thereabouts. By the way, why, in the bill, are *Nym*, *Bardolph*, and *Pistol* described as "Irregular Humorists"? I think it a capital name, and should like to adopt it myself; but how are these three "Irregular Humorists"? MR. MEAD, who plays *Pistol*, is a regular humorist.

The play-bill consists of eight pages, rather formidable. All the available talent finds herein a local habitation and a name. This swells the list with the rank and file. Allow me to offer a suggestion. A French Lord—LORD BOUCIQUALT—is mentioned in the play, and is put down in the cast. Well, as MR. COLEMAN has been going in for descriptions, as for example, "The Irregular Humorists," why not give the foreign nobleman the benefit of the doubt, thus, LORD BOUCIQUALT (*probably ancestor of the present eminent Irish Dramatist and Fenian-Liberator, MR. DION BOUCICAULT*)"—which would be interesting to others besides the mere antiquarian.

I hope to pay the Queen's another visit when everything will be in

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working order. At present, suffice it to record the fact of the revival, to draw the attention of the public to what is called "a step in the right direction," and to sign myself now, as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—*A propos* of *the* topic of the day, what a row some foreign Gladstone—perhaps *then* a monk of the Savonarola type—would have made about the "English Atrocities" in France, quoting KING HENRY'S sanguinary command—

"Every soldier kill his prisoners:
Give the word through."

Why even our chiefs out-bashi-bazouk'd the Bashi-Bazouks in those old days when the cry was "St. George for Merrie England!"

Richard the Third at Drury Lane (CIBBER *versus* COLEMAN), and the winter theatrical season commencing. Like a bird, Sir, I will be in three places at once, including the theatre where *Silas Druce alias Daniel Marner* or *The Black-weaver-smith* is being performed. I hear great things of CARL ROSA'S Opera *troupe* at the Lyceum. But more anon from your own "Irregular Humorist." I thank thee, KING COLEMAN, for teaching me that word.

SHIPTON AND SLUDGE.

How long will Justice, blinder than ever, continue to prosecute poor old MOTHER SHIPTON for telling sixpenny fortunes to maid servants, and allow charlatans of the "Medium" type to be treated as magicians by feeble scientists, and their illusions to be discussed as positive phenomena by little intelligences?

To the lock-up with old MOTHER SHIPTON! She has no Lecturers on Anatomy, no Professors of Psychological Economy, to speak, protest, or lecture, in her favour. To gaol with her! She has made a servant-girl happy for an hour for the small sum of sixpence! Nothing can be too bad for her when we think of the superstitious ideas such conduct may engender in the lower classes.

But SLUDGE, who is a Doctor—a genuine one, or he would not use the prefix—is not to be treated otherwise than as the respected and admired exponent of a science yet in its infancy. He takes his fee as other Doctors do. He resides in well-furnished apartments, and it is quite impossible that a man of his attainments (is he not the chosen associate of angels?) should dream of fraud or imposture?

You purblind petty Professors, who have paid your guineas and wasted time which might have been profitably employed in your own pursuits, are you not—confess it—the veriest babies in almost everything which does not immediately concern the science you have studied and followed since you left school?

Can any one of you imitate *Mr. Punch's* Roo-too-too-it, or make a shilling vanish from one hand to the other, or force a card, or explain any one of the thousand and odd tricks performed by a common conjuror?

You feeble *gobemouches!* Because a medium is called Doctor, and is recommended by some celebrities who may sooner or later end their investigations in Colney Hatch or a Private Establishment, you accept his theories at once! Because, forsooth, you cannot understand how he does it, you swallow his trick as, so to speak, a *canard*, bones, feathers, and all, and swear it is a Phœnix sent from Heaven.

Punch knows it is useless to argue with enthusiasts, but he asks, if witchcraft is to be treated as an imposition, whether obtaining money under false pretences in the drawing-room is not as punishable as doing so at the area, and whether Magistrates ought any more to tolerate impostors extracting guineas from well-to-do simpletons for communications from the dead, than they allow MOTHER SHIPTON to swindle scullerymaids out of their small earnings in return for a promise of a rich husband and a coach-and-six?

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

SECTION II.—OF THE DUTY OF THE OFFICER TO HIMSELF.



WHEN *Mr. Punch* appeared to give his promised lecture, his four military friends hastened to greet him. His pupils appeared in different costumes. COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, wore his silver-laced overalls and *levée* vest. ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, on the contrary, appeared in a motley uniform, composed of a regimental tunic, a pair of fancy tweed trousers, and a straw hat. LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green, was satisfied to appear in a black suit of evening costume. FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., wore his respirator and decorations. The dear little man was seated in a perambulator.

"My good boys," said *Mr. Punch*, "before I commence my lecture, will you kindly tell me why you have selected the uniforms in which you have been good enough to appear?"

COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, was the first to answer. He replied, with a slight blush, "It has occurred to me, *Mr. Punch*, since we held our last conversation, that it would be possible to mistake me for a civilian did I not make the very most of my uniform."

"This is the regulation shooting dress at Wimbledon," proudly responded ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers.

"We wear *mufti* at mess, to distinguish us from the Army," drawled LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green.

Mr. Punch turned to FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., and was horrified to find that the poor little fellow had cut his fingers with his sword.

"My poor, sweet little man!" cried *Mr. Punch*, compassionately, "how did you manage to draw that dangerous weapon?"

"Little SIR FRANK doesn't know!" sobbed the venerable innocent. "Little SIR FRANK only drew his sword once before; and then he was a naughty subaltern, and got fined a dozen of champagne because he did it in the ante-room. Little SIR FRANK will be a good boy, and won't do it again."

Sticking-plaister was produced, and peace restored; and then *Mr. Punch* commenced his lecture:—

Part I. The Commanding Officer and his Subordinates.—The first duty of the Officer is obedience to his superiors; the second is to maintain discipline amongst his inferiors. According to the Queen's Regulations (Sect. 7), he should "not only enforce by command, but should also encourage by example, the energetic discharge of duty, and the steady endurance of the difficulties and privations which are inseparable from military service."

Thus, a Commanding Officer, when a Sub-Lieutenant is sent to join his regiment, should seize as many opportunities as possible to attract the attention of his subordinate. When he sees his recruit coming, he should immediately commence practising the goose-step with perseverance. It will be as well for him to appear to fail once or twice in the attempt to perform this elementary, but difficult, manœuvre, so that the recruit may be encouraged to make the necessary efforts to master the subject. At other times it will be as well if the recruit finds his Commanding Officer hard at work studying the Field Exercises, Part I.

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By these and like means a Colonel of ordinary ability will soon be able to accustom his Officers to steadily endure "the difficulties and privations which are inseparable from military service."

As one of his duties is to maintain "a proper system of economy," he should encourage the Mess Committee to order the cheapest wine. He should accustom himself to making the following observations in a hearty tone of voice: "Really, this Cape sherry is excellent!" "I have never tasted a better glass of champagne, at twenty-four shillings a dozen, in my life!" "On my word, this glass of ginger-wine is far more wholesome than the most expensive port!" Should it be necessary, he will always be able to procure the proper antidotes from the Surgeon attached to his Regiment. In conclusion, the Colonel should recollect that he is regarded by the Authorities at Pall Mall as the father of his Regiment, and as a father who is expected to educate and maintain his children at the very smallest possible expense to the general public.

Part II. The Inferior Officers and their Commander.—As it is the duty of the Colonel to regard his Officers as his children, so, in like manner, is it the duty of the Inferior Officers to look upon their Commanding Officer as their parent. The Majors should never perform the smallest duty without consulting their chief. When engaged in battalion drill, they should invariably ask their Colonel to explain his orders, and the way to obey them, before they are issued to the Regiment. The observance of this rule will generally save a great deal of confusion and a constant reference to the Red Book. As it will be the duty of the senior Major to ride side by side with the Colonel at the head of the column on the line of march, he should invariably store his mind with a choice collection of good stories and witticisms with which to amuse his superior Officer when the toils of the day are over. As, on these occasions, they will be riding immediately in rear of the band, it will be as well if he provides himself with a speaking-trumpet. Thus armed, even the smallest pun should have its due effect.

The Company Officers should have the fullest confidence in their superior, and should do nothing without his knowledge. Thus, as the proper management of practical joking is left, by the Queen's Regulations, in the Colonel's hands, Officers should invariably make their Commanding Officer the hero of their frolics. They should also never "raise funds through the agency of money-lenders and bill-discounters" without asking their Colonel to lend the influence of his name to the financial transaction. As their Colonel is directed "to discountenance any disposition in his Officers to gamble," they should invariably decline to join him in a game of whist at stakes higher than "fiver points and a pony on the rub."

By these means the Commanding Officer and his colleagues in command may live on the terms of a very happy family.

CONVERSATION ON SECTION II.



Ensign Eugene. Please, *Mr. Punch*, can you tell me who the Commanding Officer of a Regiment is?

Mr. Punch. My dear ENSIGN EUGENE, I am very pleased to find that you are already beginning to take an interest in military matters of importance. However, as your question is one of an elementary character, I will ask your brother Officers to answer it for you. Now, my dear little FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., can *you* tell me anything about a Commanding Officer?

Field-Marshal Sir Frank Geegee, K.C.B. Dear little SIR FRANK is a Colonel himself. He was gazetted a Colonel, and was told he might wear a pretty uniform, and draw a nice little salary. Some day, dear little SIR FRANK, if he lives to be a very, *very* old man, may see his Regiment. Won't that be nice?

Mr. Punch. My sweet little man, I recollect the Regiment of which you are nominally in command, is now serving in India. And now, LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green, who do *you* say is the Commanding Officer of a Regiment?

Lieutenant and Captain George. Off parade, the man who keeps the regimental drag on the Sergeant-Major.

Mr. Punch. Do *you* know, my dear COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia?

Colonel Charles. In *our* Service, Sir, the battalion is usually commanded by the Adjutant.

Mr. Punch. So I have heard; and a very grave mistake, too. The Adjutant's duties should find him better employment. A Captain has no right to assume field rank. Now, you have heard the hints thrown out by your brother Officers, my dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers. Perhaps you may be yet able to answer your own question for yourself.

Ensign Eugene. I suppose the Colonel should command his own Regiment.

Mr. Punch. Theoretically, quite right, my dear Ensign; but, as a matter of fact, the Regiment is generally commanded by the Colonel's wife!

BRITISH INTERESTS—AND PRINCIPLES.

"Unquestionably there is a large party, a large portion of Her Majesty's subjects whose thoughts and sentiments are attracted and absorbed by other things than the maintenance of the permanent interests of this country, or the maintenance of peace. . . . The country, in some of its exhibitions of feeling, has completely out-Heroded the most extravagant conceptions."—*The* EARL OF BEACONSFIELD *at Aylesbury.*

BULL *to* BEACONSFIELD.

BRITISH Interests, BEN? Precisely so,
Bound to look to them, I quite agree;
But must say that I should like to know
What your present views of them may be.
Mine have changed, I own it. Summons sharp
Set me thinking; the result you 've seen.
'Tisn't now the time to sneer and carp,
Best speak out, BEN; tell us *what* you mean.

British Interests, BEN? Are they bound up
With cool minimising of such work
As has made us all on horrors sup?
Tied to toleration of the Turk?
Can't quite see it, BEN; but if they be,
British hearts must sicken so to find them;
And the only question left to me
Is—how best and soonest to *un*bind them!

British Interests, BEN? They may be bought
At a price I 'm not prepared to pay.
Fight for them I would, as I have fought,
Though I 'd rather keep from further fray.
But between the Sword and Shame, you see
There is never need of pause for choice.
Better battle than complicity
With foul foes of freedom! That 's *my* voice!

British Interests? Some have vented bosh—
Cold as well as hot—I 'd fain shun spasm.
"Sinister?" No, BEN, that taunt won't wash.
Don't claim *kudos* for "enthusiasm."
But Batak! Can't well "out-Herod" that!
Keep cool head by all means, step with care;
But I won't have part or lot—that 's flat!
With the brutes who played the Herod *there.*

British Interests? Long we 've backed the Turk
Selfishly, or prudently, no matter!
But one fixed resolve you 'll find to lurk
Under all this multitudinous clatter.
JOHN declines any longer to lend his name
To the Eastern Moloch of Misrule,
Will not bear his burden, share his shame.
Send *that* ultimatum to Stamboul!

British Interests? Don't desire to play
Into hands of "sinister" intrigue,
Cynic despot on the scent for prey,
Party wire-puller, or secret League.
Tricked by Russ or shamed by Turk? Faith, no!
Either part to play I 'm vastly loth.
Scylla or Charybdis choose? Not so!
Want a steersman who 'll keep clear of *both.*

British Interests? BEACONSFIELD, my friend,
There 's your chart, your compass. Can you steer?
Chilly reticence 'tis time to end,
Storm may reach e'en your "serener sphere."
This "commanding sentiment" claims. Are you
Apt to heed that Sentiment's commands?
If so, *say* so. If not, say so, too,
And—the tiller goes to other hands.

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FACT AND FICTION;

OR, Y^E BONNY FISHWIVES OF SCARBOROUGH AND THEIR IMITATORS.

MIRACLE AND NO MISTAKE.

SOLON *and* SOLOMON, *smoking.*

Solon. Curious, the appearance of PROFESSOR LANKESTER'S exposure of DR. SLADE, and of MONSIGNOR CAPEL'S defence of the Lourdes miracles in the same page of the *Times*.

Solomon. Spiritualism at London and Spiritualism at Lourdes.

Solon. Spiritualism and Spiritualism. Both alike humbug.

Solomon. Not so. No wilful humbug, probably, in the Lourdes Spiritualism. The Spiritualism in London not all humbug prepense. Healing fountain of course incapable of humbug. Healing Medium probably very capable. But possibly an enthusiastic self-humbug only. Believers in both fountain and medium alike healed, however, humbug notwithstanding—healed through faith, by the action of mind working on body. Read DR. CARPENTER'S *Mental Physiology*.

Solon. That's how you explain MONSIGNOR CAPEL'S miracles, then?

Solomon. Oh dear, no! Goodness gracious forbid I should say they may not perhaps be real miracles.

Solon. You don't mean to say you believe in modern miracles? What do you mean by a miracle?

Solomon. A fact, impossible in the nature of things, but still a fact, and therefore of necessity a fact effected by supernatural agency. Such a fact I believe to be a miracle—*credo quia impossibile est.* A natural impossibility—not a supernatural one.

Solon. Do you know of any such possible impossibility?

Solomon. No; but I have read of one—the cure of one MICHAEL PELLICER, cited by a late Bishop of MONSIGNOR CAPEL'S cloth, as having occurred at Saragossa in 1640.

Solon. As how?

Solomon. MICHAEL PELLICER lost a leg by amputation. He prayed for a new leg, and got one—an actual, *bonâ fide*, new live leg, according to the renowned BISHOP MILNER.

Solon. Stupendous, if true.

Solomon. A miracle is a miracle. All miracles are equally stupendous. No one miracle is more wonderful than another. All, equally impossible, are equally possible. Perhaps MONSIGNOR CAPEL can pattern the cure of MICHAEL PELLICER. He will do so to the satisfaction of all reasonable beings by producing from Lourdes, La Salette, Loretto, or anywhere else, so much as even the restoration of the last joint of a little finger. If any Monsignor, or other philosopher, is really prepared to quote such a case of the miraculous, perhaps he will be so kind as to forward it to 85, Fleet Street.

Solon. Where it will eclipse even all the marvels of art and literature in the shop-window, and to be had, a whole number of them, at the small charge of threepence over the counter.

PARISIAN INTELLIGENCE.

LADIES, pray give your attention for a moment to the following:—

"The Titus mode of dressing the hair in short curls, adopted by several of the leaders of Paris fashion, marks the commencement of a reaction which will probably be complete ere long. Intelligent ladies now incline to return to the use of natural hair; and this determination has been induced by considerations of health which have an unquestionable value."

Here, indeed, is intelligence, in either meaning of the word. That Ladies should resolve to wear their own Hair only—that which really is their own by nature, not by purchase—may clearly be accepted as a proof of their intelligence, and, moreover, is a startling and a pleasant piece of news. In far too many cases the Hair which they display is in relatively inverse proportion to their brains. Ladies who are gifted with but little in their heads are generally conspicuous for what is worn upon them. They bestow more cultivation on the outside than the inside, and bonnets are esteemed of more account than brains.

Since False Hair has been discarded for sanitary reasons, perhaps we may soon hear that other fashionable errors have been sensibly corrected for the same sufficient cause. There can be little question that, if Ladies of intelligence were allowed to set the fashion, many changes would be made in feminine costume. The wearing of low dresses would be speedily abolished, and girls might go to balls and theatres without fear of a sore throat. No longer Ladies would be lamed by the torture of high heels, nor would they catch their deaths from damp by wearing shoes with wafer soles. A wasp waist would be viewed not as a beauty but a horrible deformity, and tight-lacing be discarded as a certain cause of suffering, ill-temper, and ill-health.

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A CALL FOR THE MANAGER.

MR. PUNCH. "THE HOUSE IS IN AN UPROAR. SOMEBODY MUST GO ON. IT'S GETTING SERIOUS!"
LORD BEAC-NSF-LD. "ALL RIGHT, MR. P. I'LL SAY WHAT I CAN TO QUIET THEM."

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GENTILITY IN GREENS.

Mrs. Brown finds Sandymouth a very different place from what she remembers it years ago!)

Greengrocer. "CABBAGE, MUM!? WE DON'T KEEP NO SECOND-CLASS VEGETABLES, MUM. YOU'LL GET IT AT THE LOWER END O' THE TOWN!"

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

From Rathdrum—By Car—A Cheerful Party—Dubious Phrase—What I Expected—What I Didn't See—Notes—Something about Wakes—An Offer—The Lamb—The Brothers—Sentiment—Probabilities—Clara and Lara—Romance—LORD BYRON—Morning Air—Glendalough—The Seven Churches—Psychological Inquiries—Notes—Songs—Idea for one—An Appeal—A Command—On the Track.

From Rathdrum.—In the early morning. Beautiful. We meet eight miners, dressed in their Sunday best apparently, walking about ten yards in front of three stalwart police officers. All laughing and talking, and taking it very leisurely. Two of the police engaged on nuts. These officers, I see, have no side-arms, only thick walking-sticks.

"It's a summons for foightin," my Driver explains. "They'll be foined elevin and sixpence, and spend double in goin' back in cars."

I express my astonishment at their being so well dressed.

"Ah," says my Carman, "they're daycent boys, but they get foightin on pay-day, and then the Pō-lis is down on them. Shure, they march to Mass on Sundays with a band playin', and they crowd the Chapel of the Seven Churches so that for last prayers ye can't move at a snail's pace along the road."

He points out to me the Brockagh Chapel,—and, leaving the car below, I mount the hill and enter it. It is a fine sized building, open all day, as are most of the "Chapels," (they call all the Catholic Churches "Chapels,"—a traditional custom, I suppose, derived from the times of the Protestant ascendency,) fitted up with only a very few benches.

"From seven to eight hundred miners," my Carman informs me, "hear Mass here every Sunday, without reckoning farmers; *and there'll be more outside than inside.*"

Looking upon this description as perhaps intended for a cynical *double entendre*, which I can take just whichever way my bias inclines me, I put the question to him straight:

"When you say 'there are more outside than inside,' do you mean that the people who *don't* go to mass are more than those who *do*?"

He is scandalised at such a turn being given to his words.

"Ah begorr no!" he cries, "that's not the way of it at all at all. The Chapel's as full as it can hold, and there's as many more again outside, so that ye see, Sorr, *'tis full inside and out.*"

Is this the case at home in *our* mining districts? Do all our miners in a body turn out for a Church parade? If they *do*, they must be much belied.

Note by the way. What I had been led to Expect to See I have not Seen.—I have *not* seen a drunken Irishman; nor a fight of any description; not even a row. I *have* seen, as abovementioned, eight men taken up for having been previously drunk and disorderly. I believe this also happens, occasionally, in England; and, perhaps, such a case is not absolutely unknown in our mining districts.

I have *not* seen anybody with the traditional long coat and cape, brandishing a shillelagh. Sorry that ancient customs should be dying out. Perhaps all the old stock has been sold to the theatres.

I have not seen a "Wake." Somebody offered to take me to one; but having been informed that "sham wakes" are got up for the benefit of a stranger (and of course for the special benefit of the performers in it), I decline with thanks.

My driver, however, makes me a genuine offer for a genuine wake. "A dacent body," he says, is the widow at whose house the wake is to take place, where it appears there will be "lashins to drink all round." I can come, if I am so minded.

"But surely," I object, "on such an occasion, a stranger, a visitor, would not be welcome. And besides," I add, "I thought that only the family and the most intimate friends could be present at what, after all, is a part of the funeral."

"Ah, begorr, that's a fact, then," replied my friend; "but sure, Sorr, I'd take you meself, and ye'd go *as a relation of the corpse.*"

Happy Thought, for being present at a Wake.—Go as a relation of the Corpse! If it were not for the hurry I'm in, and PLUMPTON AND SPRY in the distance, I *should* like to appear in this new character.

Further on the road we meet, coming into Rathdrum for the market, a party which I should like to sketch, but can't. There are four good-looking, brawny peasants, marching solemnly, two in front and two in the rear, and exactly in the middle is trotting the prettiest, whitest, perkiest, merriest little Lambkin I've ever seen. The Lambkin is clearly enjoying the grandeur of the ceremony. Regardless of his doom, the little victim trots. I could almost swear to the Lambkin's having winked at me in passing. O Butcher, spare that Lamb! May the garden never thrive that grows the mint that flavours the sauce to be served with that tender Lambkin!

Are the four strong, silent men overcome with grief, and struggling with emotion? *Must* they sell that Lamb to pay the rint? And oh, doesn't *Rint* rhyme with *Mint!* And is that little Lamb a mint in himself to those four big men, that band of brothers, tenants of one common cabin, marching in to Rathdrum Market with that pretty baby sheep decked for the sacrifice? Heavens! I thought that in Ireland it was the Pig that paid the rint? Where is the Pig, Gentlemen? Send for the Pig, if you please. Perish a dozen Pigs sooner than this angelic-faced, simple-minded Lambkin!

Stay! If *I* buy it, here, on the spot,—what shall I do with it? Suppose I offer to pay the rint myself. Pay the rint and spare the Lamb. What guarantee shall I have that the Lamb *will* be spared? They may sell him when I am gone. Or if I purchase him and take him up with me in the car, shall I not be compelled to leave him at the next Hotel? And will the Proprietor, or the Cook, be able to withstand the terrible temptation? Supposing I make them swear they won't hurt a hair of his head—I mean a lock of its wool—what can I say if, a fortnight hence, I receive this note:—

"*HONOURED SIR,*

"*WE regret to inform you that the dear little Lamb you left with us is, alas, dead. He was of a weakly constitution, and all that could be done for him was done, but to no purpose. He departed this life at seven o'clock yesterday morning, and my Cook, who had taken a great fancy to the poor dear little thing, was with it to the last.—I have, Sir, the honour, &c., to remain, &c.*"

Happy Thought.—Perhaps the Lamb is not going to be

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HINT TO DEER-STALKERS.

FEMALE DRESS REVOLUTION.

PHILADELPHIA has been considerably enlivened by an interesting revival. The American Free Dress League, by recent accounts, has been sitting in the Quaker City. The Dress Reform, however, contemplated by this Association has no tendency to the style of the Society of Friends. It is to be a resuscitated Bloomerism. One of a string of resolutions read before the Dress Reformers, by MRS. MARY E. TILLOTTSON, of Vineland, New Jersey, indicates the improved costume proposed for women as follows:—

"Resolved that such garmenture shall be of the dual form, for the legs as well as the arms, as their use and all reason indicate; that the prejudice against trousers for women is founded on ignorance and tyranny, is fostered by many vicious and sordid motives, and ought to be banished from the earth by the full sanction and fearless effort of all people."

The Ladies who denounce the tyranny of Fashion and of Man in these strong expressions seem not to have considered that their violent language on the subject of female dress is really subversive of all petticoat government. Perhaps the motives which foster the prejudice against trousers for women may be vicious; but in what respect can they be said to be sordid? Possibly, inasmuch as one of the Dress Reformers lamented that she could not afford the garmenture of the dual form for the legs as well as the arms, because stingy men object to it as too expensive. If Ladies' milliners' bills will be exceeded by those of their tailors, the expense of the garmenture with the crural dualities will be great indeed. Dress Reform and retrenchment will by no means go together, and Ladies will be utterly unable to dress like Gentlemen on £15 a year. Until, therefore, the tenderer sex can manage to achieve their pecuniary independence of the tougher, the practicability of Dress Reform in the dual direction will become a question for the pocket of that garmenture at present remaining exclusively masculine. Woman, in fact, must work out her own emancipation, if she wishes, as some of her sisterhood in America at least, if not elsewhere, avowedly do, to wear the knickerbockers.

A GREAT EASTERN QUESTION.—How long does the Corporation of London intend to maintain the existing *status quo* of Temple Bar?

sold, after all. Only out for exercise with the brothers, who could not leave it at home. Drive on. Perhaps it is a Pet Lamb, accustomed to go about with them all over the place, like his counterpart in that noble American war-song—

"POLLY had a little Lamb
Its fleece was white as snow—
Raise, Boys, the battle-cry of Freedom!—
And everywhere that POLLY went
The Lamb was sure to go—
Shout, Boys! the battle-cry of Freedom!"

For which stanza I think the Patriot Bard ought to have been presented with the freedom of Colwell Hatchney. But, drive on! this meditating and talking to oneself is hungry work, and methinks it is "an eager and a nipping air,"—though I object to "nipping" at any time, and specially before breakfast. On, on, brave horse! Hie thee through the vale of *Clara* and *Lara—Tra-la-la-lara!*—(oh, the mountain air! oh, the poetic breeze!—such an infernal east wind that I've had my Ulster on for three days; so that—*Happy Thought.*—Here's Ulster in Wicklow. Arrange this *jeu de mot* after breakfast; too cold now, but see my way to it)—to the Vale of the Seven Churches.

Happy Thought.—The Vale of Clara. Basis for Irish romance. *Clara*, the lovely girl—lover killed—rather than wed the Detested Rival *Lara*, she takes the *veil*. Hence the name. *The Veil of Clara*. As for *Lara*, as LORD BYRON was before me over this ground, *i.e.* "through LARA'S wide domain," perhaps I had better not attempt it. But, stay—*that Lara* wasn't *this Lara*. This, I fancy, is spelt *Laragh*. *That* was *Count Lara*, and some relation to *Conrad the Corsair*.

But, thank Heaven!—

Happy Thought.—Here's the Hotel of the Seven Churches.

We are so early that nobody is up. Hollo! House! What ho! Within there! How now, my masters! Marry come up—I mean marry get up—ye Lie-a-beds! Ah! there's a bar behind the door (as there often is in a hotel even when the door's open)—but now—the bar is down. "Who calls so loud?"

"'Tis I! 'tis I! here now I stand confest.
Landlord! behold in me your welcome guest."

Which would be a grand opportunity for an opening chorus—if they only knew how to start it. How operatically life might go on could everybody enter into the joke, and, of course, have an ear for music.

Landlord of the Hostelrie of Glendalough, what have ye wherewith to refresh your first visitor?

(*Happy Thought.*—Good character for a supernumerary in a play, "First Visitor.")

If I am the swallow of the Summer, what is there in your larder to keep this Swallow's pecker up? In other words, what is there for breakfast?

"Well, Sir, ye see 'tis early, but there's *some nice cold Lamb!*"

No. Not Lamb this morning. When I think of *that* dear Lambkin—I should feel like an Ogre. Prepare me a fish from yonder lake; and, so ye have a pig, mine host, have at him, with a will! Frizzle me a rasher! Neither let me stint for eggs! Nay, Sir, I hear a cackle this instant! Look to it, for, mark me, the egg must be of the freshest. And in one hour by Shrewsbury clock will I return, after having "done" the Upper Lake, seen St. Kevin's Kitchen, and rested on St. Kevin's Bed. (*To the Guide.*) Come, boy, come! To the Lake! Away!

THE FEMALE CAPACITY.

AT the recent Meeting of the British Association, held at Glasgow, the opening Address in the Economic Science and Statistical Department was delivered by SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL, who appears to have "discussed a variety of topics, from Thriftiness to Women's Rights," and, "in regard to the Women's question," to have "suggested a scientific inquiry into their capacities." But which of their capacities, SIR GEORGE? Their capacity for admiration, or their capacity for amusement, or their capacity for spending money, or their capacity for varied and costly attire, or their capacity for gossip, or their capacity for flirtation and fascination? Oh no! He meant

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AN INCONVENIENT PROTECTOR.

Blanche. "WHAT SHALL WE DO?"

Violet (a Woman of Resource). "OH, IF WE MAKE HIM WALK BETWEEN US, AND SPREAD OUT OUR SKIRTS A BIT, NOBODY WILL NOTICE HIM!"

TURKS AND TEETOTALLERS.

THE noble British Population
Boils o'er with righteous indignation,
Excited by the woeful works
Of those incarnate fiends, the Turks.
All England with one voice is calling
For vengeance due to deeds appalling,
The deeds, unutterably bad,
Of wickedness run raving mad,
Which Turks at times like tigers do:
—Because it is their nature to?
Nay, surely, but from vice, whose fruits
Are acts more fell than any brutes'.
WILFRID, what cause on earth could sink
Humanity so low, but Drink;
And such intoxicating liquors
As madden British women-kickers?
Have those "atrocities" not come
Of whiskey, brandy, gin, and rum?
Is more Old Tom than Turks could carry
Not what has made them play Old Harry?
Should we not find, could truth appear,
Bulgarian horrors caused by Beer—
Fault of too many public-houses,
Wherein the Mussulman carouses?
For can the "sober berry's juice"
Set "rigid Moslem's" passions loose?
And can the Prophet's followers get
Mad drunk upon their mere sherbêt?
Or is the Ottomite no more an
Observer of the Temperance Koran?
To what Teetotalism has brought
The Turks, at least is worth your thought,
You that assure us it would be a
Moral unfailing panacea;
And, from their pot-houses and pots
To keep a few unhappy sots,
Would therefore fain enforce submission,
Upon us all, to prohibition,
Such as MAHOMET did impose,
With what results Bulgaria shows.

Woman's capacity for arithmetic, for politics, for all the details of public life, for general information, for scientific research, for philosophical speculation, and for taking that share in the Government of her country to which every year she asserts, more and more noisily, her indefeasible right.

To assist SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL in his proposed inquiry, we have prepared a few simple questions:—

If you were left, by a generous uncle or aunt, £7000 invested in a security paying four-and-a-half per cent., how much a year would you receive?

Your husband allows you three guineas a week for current housekeeping expenses. How much does this amount to in the year?

If the cost of a Sealskin Jacket is thirty-two guineas, and of a Velvet Mantle £17 10*s.*, what will you save by being economical, and choosing the latter?

Say, in round numbers, of how many Members the House of Commons consists; and state, with as much approach to accuracy and as little vagueness as can possibly be expected, by whom they are elected.

Who are the six Great Powers of Europe to whom constant reference is made by the newspapers at the present time?

On the breakfast-table this morning there were tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, cream, butter, marmalade, dry toast, French rolls, rashers of bacon, eggs and kidneys. Which of these articles are taxed?

With what places do you connect your calico balls, your cambric handkerchiefs, your muslin dresses, your damask table-linen, your dimity hangings, your fashionable milliner, and your favourite cordwainer?

Who was the last, and who is the present Prime Minister of England, and by what one word would you describe the political opinions of each?

Name any three great measures which have been passed by Parliament in the last ten years.

What is meant by Repeal of the Corn Laws, Abolition of Church Rates, Household Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, Disestablishment of the Irish Church, Local Taxation, School Boards, and the Balance of Power?

How much is the Income-Tax at the present time?

Can you give, say within forty or fifty years, the dates of the birth and death of SHAKSPEARE, MILTON, the great DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, LORD NELSON, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, HANDEL, SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, GARRICK, MRS. SIDDONS, CROMWELL, PITT, DANTE, RAPHAEL, FREDERICK THE GREAT, and WASHINGTON?

Who wrote the *Canterbury Tales*, *Essays of Elia*, *The Doctor*, *Don Quixote*, *The Wealth of Nations*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Gil Blas*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Rivals*, *Absalom and Achitophel*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, *Samson Agonistes*, *The Dunciad*, *The Excursion*, and *Sartor Resartus*?

Who invented the Telescope, Thermometer, Steam-engine, Electric Telegraph, Orrery, Sewing-machine, Cork-Screw, and Perambulator?

What is a Syllogism, a Dilemma, a Triangle, a Clerestory, an Archdeacon, a *locum tenens*, a County Court, a Metaphysical Question, a Protocol, and a Protoplasm?

Explain D.C.L., Ph.D., M.S., H.E.I.C.S., C.S.I., K.G., G.C.B., A.R.A., F.S.A., Q.C., C.C., P.C., L.S.D., and I.O.U.

Place Earl, Viscount, Marquis, Duke, and Baron in their proper order of precedence.

Write down the English Archbishoprics and Bishoprics, and make the best guess you can at the Welsh ones.

Who is Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief Justice of England, Archbishop of Canterbury, Commander-in-Chief, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Poet Laureate, President of the Royal Academy, President of the Royal Society, Speaker of the House of Commons, Governor-General of India, and Master of the Buckhounds?

Who lives at Hughenden Manor, Hawarden Castle, Lambeth Palace, and Chelsea?

Should you consider it an inestimable privilege, and a proper recognition of your rights as a woman, to be called upon to serve as a Jurywoman in a trial lasting three weeks?

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ABSTRACT AND CONCRETE.

Schoolmaster (to Class which had failed in an Addition Sum). "SUPPOSE A GENTLEMAN WERE TO GIVE YOU SIX APPLES, AND THEN SEVEN APPLES, AND THEN ELEVEN MORE—HOW MANY APPLES WOULD YOU HAVE ALTOGETHER? TWENTY-FOUR, WOULDN'T YOU?"

Objection felt and expressed by Small Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, HE NEVER GI'ED I A ONE!"

INGENUOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

From SIR MAYNE CHANCE, M.P., *to the Secretary of the West Slumsea Political Association.*

DEAR SIR,

I REGRET that I shall not be able to attend your Meeting. I need not say how entirely I sympathise with its objects. This is, however, no *Party* question. It affects the entire Country. Nevertheless, no one in his senses can refrain from deeply censuring the terrible cold-bloodedness of Her Majesty's Ministers.

Yours faithfully, MAYNE CHANCE.

Reform Club, Sep. 16.

P.S.—An Autumn Session might perhaps afford a good opportunity of still further testing the feeling of the Country.

II.

From the RIGHT HON. LORD SNUGBOROUGH *to the Secretary of the Snugborough Democratic Operatives' Society.*

SIR,

I AM truly sorry that an important engagement elsewhere will prevent my joining in the sympathy of your Society with a cause for which my heart bleeds. I sincerely hope that no Party feeling may be manifested; except, perhaps, by the passing of such resolutions as may render it impossible that a Conservative Member can ever again be returned for Snugborough. Let no acrimoniousness be shown, if it can *possibly* be restrained.

Your obedient Servant,

Borough Hall, Sep. 15, 1876. SNUGBOROUGH.

III.

From PROFESSOR FUDDLE *to the Mayor of Mudbury.*

DEAR MR. MAYOR,

I CANNOT attend your Meeting, but only hope that the inhabitants of my native town may assemble in their thousands to discuss this momentous question. It must be done *quite impartially and dispassionately*, of course; though History tells us that less serious matters have roused in the hearts of Britons a righteous indignation that has hurled Ministers from their places. Let it be by all means borne in mind that it is not yet proved *conclusively* that the Ministry connived at or instigated these outrages. Please read this letter to my fellow-townsmen, and beg them to dismiss all *Party* feeling (however difficult it may be) from their breasts.

Yours ever,

Sep. 12, 1876. FREDERICK FUDDLE.

P.S.—By all means let there be *no molestation* of the Conservatives who may attend the meeting.

IV.

(*Really Ingenuous.*)

From MAJOR BLANK, M.P., *to* CHARLES BLANK, ESQ., *Secretary of the Political Association, Blanktown.*

(*Private.*)

DEAR CHARLIE,

CAN'T get to the Meeting, but hope all will go off "fizzingly." Never *was* such an opportunity for putting Ministers in a hole! Leave no stone unturned. Use spur and whip! Don't mind a little strong language from the platform. Put up old BOANERGES SMITH. Stick to the Autumn Session *by all means*. Might snatch a division, and *then* for the loaves and fishes! No time for more. Hope you'll have an awful row!

Yours ever,

The Rag, Sep. 19, 1876. H. BLANK, *Major.*

NATURAL ENOUGH.

"DR." SLADE'S views on education are not positively known, but it is understood that he objects to the Lankesterian System. (Is the Doctor an American? Is he from *Pencil*vania?)

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MASTER TOMMY'S VIEW OF IT.

Master Tommy (he had been very Naughty, and was now amusing himself with his Scripture Prints). "HERE'S DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN!"

Mamma (incautiously). "AH, WHAT WAS HE CAST INTO THE LION'S DEN FOR?"

Master Tommy (with triumph). "'CAUSE HE WAS GOOD!!"

MOLEHILLS FOR MOUNTAINS.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the Visitation Charge lately delivered by your Grace in your cathedral to your Clergy, contains some advice, especially on the conduct of argument with gainsayers, to the general character of which it may be feared that our philosophical friends will, most of them, discern an exception in the words below quoted. Having, soundly enough, insisted on the existence of the Bible and the Church at large as unquestionable facts, your Grace proceeded as follows:—

"What two facts on which philosophers pride themselves are to be compared in their practical significance with these two? Is it, indeed, departing from the spirit of modern philosophy to take advantage of the position which excludes those two great facts? What, compared with these, are any observed traces of primæval man in some distant cave, which no one has thoroughly investigated? What, compared with these, are the traces of the feet of extinct animals impressed upon mud here or there?"

What, indeed, your Grace? Certainly, nothing whatever. But then, on the other hand, please consider what are these questions to the point? Are the facts of geology which Clergymen have to grapple with, and that not merely for the confutation of cavil, but in order to answer honest and irrepressible question, really represented, the whole of them, by a few superficially observed traces of primæval man in some distant cave, and by the traces of the feet of extinct animals impressed here and there on the mud? Can this be your Grace's way of putting the tremendous geological difficulties wherewith Divines are called upon to deal? They might well enough have been put so by an Archbishop of another cloth than yours, if perchance he had brought himself to open his mouth touching problems on whose solution Infallibility itself is mute. Another time, then, perhaps you will not in a moment of forgetfulness allow yourself to fall into the style of the common emotional unscientific preacher who does not hesitate at affecting to reduce mountains to molehills in the face of fact; and to the reverse of edification. For we all know that cant is alien to the nature of his present Grace of Canterbury.

LATEST FROM NEW YORK.

WANTED, a Situation as House-Porter by Cerberus, Hell-gate having been blown by dynamite over Styx to splinters.

THE GALLOP OF INTELLECT.

THE Hyper-Scientific Association held its annual worry—we apologise—"swarry" in the Assembly Rooms of the interesting old town of Substrataford on Monday last. Space will only allow us to give the subjects of the eminently instructive papers read by the erudite Gentlemen who preside over the various departments of scientific investigation.

Chemistry.—"On the probable effects of Proto-Dynamic Chlorates upon the waves of the Radiometer, in connection with a theory of Hispano-Mauresque precipitates." By PROFESSOR SLOCUM STYX, R.A.P.

Geology.—"Inquiries into the nature of the White Spots upon Flint Boulders—whether caused by an Eruption, or induced by absorption of Fluid Magnesia." A highly interesting paper, the result of eighteen years' exclusive study. By PROFESSOR GNEISS YOUNGMAN, S.P., O.O.N.

Statistics.—"A Calculation as to the probable number of Cherry-stones dropped in the streets of the Capitals of Europe and America during the fruit season, with Comparative Tables." By the REV. STICKNEY MUDKINS, M.U.F.

Zoology.—"A Discussion on the apparent increase observable in the size of Elephants' Trunks, with a Solution of the Theory that they were once Carpet-Bags, and may eventually develop into Packing-Cases." By PROFESSOR BUCKWATER, Z.X.Y.

Entomology.—"On the Extraordinary Instinct which urges the House Fly to use the Right Foot in preference to the Left when employed in its ablutions. And why?" By PROFESSOR B. INNIS-BONNET, F.L.

Psychology.—"On Incontestably Supernatural Manifestations, produced by introducing a Three-legged Stool to an Easy-Chair; with a Dissertation on the Propensities of Invisible Powers to cause Half-crowns to disappear at will, and be found in the centre of French Rolls." By DR. HORN GREEN, A.S.S.

Social Science.—"On the Probable Diameter of Bicycle Wheels Twenty Years Hence, and their Influence on Length of Limb in the Rising Generation." By MISS O'CORKS, of Bally-Rinkagain.

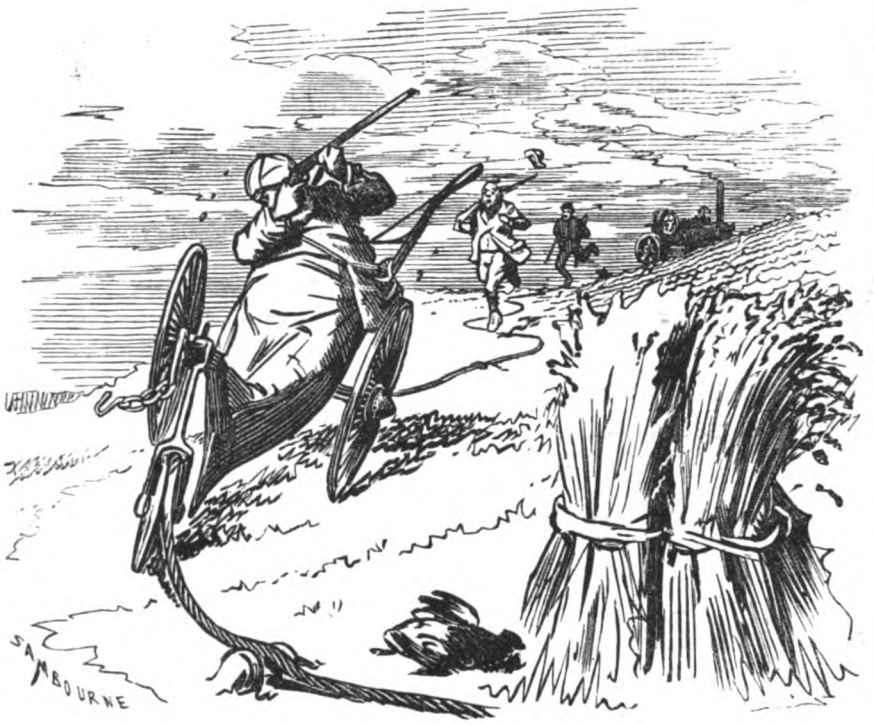
A CAUTION TO CHERTSEY.

THE Justices of the Chertsey Petty Sessional Division have shown that they know how to stamp out hydrophobia. They mean to do this by putting their foot down directly on the parties responsible for the propagation of that frightful infection. In a notice bearing the signature of "THOS. M. JENKINS, Clerk to the Justices of the said Division," issued from the Town Hall, Chertsey, setting forth "that various Dogs within the Parish of Chertsey have been bitten by a certain Dog known to have been MAD," and that "it is most desirable for the general safety that the powers conferred on the said Justices," by a specified Act of Parliament, "with regard to dangerous and Mad Dogs should be put in force," the owners of all Dogs are given the fair but formidable warning which follows:—

"NOW IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all Persons having the ownership or possession of any Dog known to have been bitten by any other Dog within three months preceding the date hereof, shall forthwith be destroyed, or placed under proper and effective control for the space of six months next ensuing."

Instead, then, of restricting their action for the arrest of hydrophobia to the canine species, the Chertsey Justices are determined to extend it to the Dogs' masters and mistresses. The least that any of all those heedless Persons guilty of keeping Dogs known to have been bitten by any other Dog within the last three months can expect is a seclusion of double that period; during which they will be closely shut up. But worse than that, they will be liable, the whole of them, to be destroyed,—summarily hanged, shot, drowned, or poisoned,—at the Justices' bidding: and let them not make too sure that those resolute Magistrates will be content with merely ordering them to be confined, and will not, as the safest course to pursue with such dangerous people, consign every one of them to destruction.

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MECHANICS IN SPORT.

No. 1.—PATENT STEAM PLOUGH EXPRESS TRAVELLING CHAIR FOR LAZY SHOTS.

SMALL POTATOES.

Questions for Society.

WHAT should you think of a Lady who allows she has passed the autumn in London, and rather liked it?

What should you think if you asked a Cantab down for a day's grouse-shooting, and he did not give half a sovereign to your Head Game-keeper?

What should you think of a Mother who objected to your talking Divorce Court before her Daughters?

What should you think if you heard "PRINCES'" had become much more respectable since the *best* people had withdrawn their names?

What should you think if you were told that, as costumes became tighter, habits were getting looser, considerably?

What should you think if you knew your Milliner's bill came to nearly half your positive income?

What should you think if Lunch and Lawn-Tennis had never been invented?

What should you think if you were ordered abroad with only one trunk and a dressing-case?

What should you think of any Friend who travelled second-class without a Maid?

What should you think of a Woman who knew the price of a pound of beef, or a Man who paid his bills before he was dunned?

What should you think of anybody who allowed Wednesday to pass without buying *Punch*?

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN

Visits Drury Lane, the Haymarket, and the Gaiety, and reports thereon.

SIR,

NOT to have seen MR. BARRY SULLIVAN in some Shakspearian part, argues Your Representative unknown. Up to last night, Sir, I had *not* seen that eminent Tragedian in anything, except—yes—*once*—in a hansom cab, when he appeared amiable, and probably overpaid the driver. It was a brief but beautiful vision, and one that has dwelt in my memory for many a long day. I have *seen* BARRY SULLIVAN. I was told that at that very moment he was driving to some station, *en route* for America. Perhaps my only chance of seeing him in a Shakspearian character had been (as it struck me the moment afterwards) then and there offered me, and I refused it! Perhaps I might never have such an opportunity again. Should I rush after the cab, stop it, represent the emergency of the case to the eminent Tragedian, and request him to step out and give me a Scene from *Richard*, and another from *Macbeth*, on the pavement? I would dispense with the dress, and be satisfied with a wig only, as I am certain it must have been his wig-box which was perched on the top of the cab. But the inspiration passed, my courage failed me, BARRY SULLIVAN went to America, and I went to dinner. Years have passed since then, and at last I have seen BARRY SULLIVAN in *Richard the Third*. Well, you will ask me how do I feel after it? Sir, I was delighted,—emphatically I say I was delighted. It is a bold thing to commit oneself to a "universal," but I do not believe that there is on the English stage, at the present day, any Actor who,—admitting the truth of MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S conception of the character,—can touch him in his impersonation of CIBBER'S *Richard the Third*. Never strained, never ranted, it is, throughout, a consistent performance. MR. BEVERLEY'S scenery is charming, in spite of the low sky-borders, and occasional careless setting. The stage management of the masses is better than usual. Altogether, in your Representative's humble judgment, nothing in London is more worthy the attention of those who profess to be interested in the highest form of the Drama, than Drury Lane during the reign of CIBBER and SULLIVAN'S Crook-back'd Tyrant.

Now for the Haymarket and Domestic Drama.

Dan'l Druce, considered as an adaptation of GEORGE ELIOT'S most touching homely story, *Silas Marner*, is, to my mind, simply *Silas Marner* muddled and spoilt. Had the novel never existed, *Dan'l Druce* would still have been a disappointing drama, weak where it should have been strong, and hazy where it should have been as clear as the sun at noonday. Far be it from me to deny the dramatist's right to take the materials for his work wherever he may find them. He has high authority for so doing. And, where the novel and its novelist are so familiar to us all as *Silas Marner* and GEORGE ELIOT, it is no less graceful than ingenuous on the part of the dramatist to bow his acknowledgments, from the playbill, to the creative genius that furnished him with the *raison d'être* of his play. All this, which the dramatist has done in the present case, is as it should be, but there is also much that is as it shouldn't be.

The name of *Silas Marner* has been turned into *Jonas Marple*, which is about the ingenious process which Your Representative would employ were he to, *somehow*, reproduce *Pickwick*,—with an acknowledgment, of course, to the late MR. CHARLES DICKENS,—when he would certainly change *Samuel Weller* into *Lemuel Smeller*, as an indication of Your Representative's anxiety to be as original as possible,—*under the circumstances*. I had been informed by some amiable enthusiast that the Love Scene in the Second Act was "idyllic." Well,—this love scene is between a Sailor fresh from sea, and a Blacksmith's daughter of seventeen,—that is, between a young rover, who has been round the world and knows a thing or two (as he subsequently proves), and a demure rustic coquette, an apparently strait-laced slyboots. Now, if by "idyllic" my amiable enthusiast meant "unreal," "namby-pamby," "niminy-piminy," I am with him *toto corde meo*: and he, or anybody else, is at liberty to admire such idyllicism to their heart's content: only, don't expect me to share that amiable enthusiast's admiration. It 's the old story of the Artist who complained to the Critic that the latter had called his skies "putty." "But," retorted the Critic, "my dear fellow, I *like* putty, I *doat* on putty."

There is, however, one Scene in which unqualified praise is due to the Dramatist primarily, and in the next place to the Actors, and this is where *Sir Jasper* (MR. HOWE) is recognised by *Jonas* (MR. VEZIN) as the father of *Dorothy* (MISS MARION TERRY), and is allowed to kiss her. From first to last this Scene is admirably conceived, forcibly written, and, it is pleasant to add, so perfectly played as to leave nothing to be desired.

A more charming representative of *Dorothy Druce* could not be found on any stage than MISS MARION TERRY, whose refinement, modesty, and grace carry with her, throughout, the sympathies of the audience, and win for her, at the end, a well-deserved and most heartily bestowed tribute of praise.

The part of the *Sergeant*, intended to represent the comic element of the piece, reminded me at times of the kind of drolleries one used to expect from the Wag who was styled in a Circus the "Shakspearian Clown," with just a dash, here and there, of "ancient

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AN IRISH "SEQUITUR."

Traveller (they had already Walked a Mile from the Station). "HI, I SAY, PORTER, DO YOU CALL THIS 'NO WAY AT ALL!' I THOUGHT DONNYBROOK LODGE WAS NEAR THE TERMINUS."

Pat. "FAIX, I CANNT SAY, SOR, I WAS A FOLLERIN' O' YOU GINTLEMEN!!"

Pistol." It was evidently written for MR. COMPTON, and *not* for MR. ODELL, as the part of *Dan'l* struck me as having been meant for MR. EMERY, and *not* for MR. VEZIN. And indeed, in the Second Act, when *Jonas Marple, alias Dan'l Druce* (or *vice versâ*), addresses *Dorothy* as "My pretty," I could easily imagine old "*Dan'l*" *Peggotty*, and not "*Dan'l*" *Druce*, on the scene, speaking to *Em'ly* in precisely the same words. At the same time MR. HERMANN VEZIN is to be heartily congratulated on a most thoroughly artistic performance, which, without once overstepping the bounds of moderation, deeply impresses the audience with a conviction of the Artist's truth of conception and earnestness of purpose.

For my part, taking the cast of the piece at the Haymarket all round,—MR. HOWE'S is also a performance of sterling value to the drama.—I feel convinced that they do *not* "manage these things *better* in France." MR. GILBERT has done some good work in *Dan'l Druce*, and the best in it is that scene which I have already mentioned, and which Author, Actors, and a critical Audience, may regard with unalloyed satisfaction.

From grave to gay, from the Haymarket to the Gaiety. Your Representative has not often seen, since the golden days of the Strand—the days, I mean, of MARIE WILTON, FANNY JOSEPHS, CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS, JAMES ROGERS, JOHN CLARKE and BLAND,—such a cast for a burlesque as MR. BYRON has had the good fortune to obtain for his *Little Don Cæsar de Bazan*, which, however, can stand on its own merits among the best of such pieces. To those to whom the fortunes of burlesque are interesting I can only put the question, isn't MISS NELLIE FARREN the life and soul of any piece of this sort? isn't TERRY inimitably grotesque? isn't MISS KATE VAUGHAN grace itself, and fun too, mind you? and isn't MR. ROYCE as good at eccentric makes-up, also at dancing, singing, and even tumbling, as any professor of such arts within your experience? Certainly. MISS WEST, too, makes a bright *Lazarillo*, and all goes as merrily as can be wished till eleven P.M.

Laughing does not make me so thirsty as crying, nor does Low Art affect my appetite so keenly as High, and it is many a long night since I have been so boldly, so determinedly set on going to the Oyster King's Grotto, in Maiden Lane, as I was after *Richard the Third*. To the home of that Rule—who knows no exception except an exceptionally good oyster—I went and bearded the Royal Native in his shell. Then grasped I the foaming tankard, cried "Rule! Britannia," paid the score for the dozen, and then went home to dream I was an oyster in my own little bed,

SIR, I am for ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—I do wish they wouldn't *scent* the programmes. "Orrid, your Vashup!"

PROFESSION AND PRACTICE.

LADY Helps and Ladies generally, please to look at these contemporary advertisements:—

AS PROFESSED COOK, where a Kitchenmaid and Scullerymaid are kept. Wages £40, and all found.

GOVERNESS WANTED for Four Children. English, French, and German. Must take charge of their clothes, and do a little needlework. Salary £20, and laundress.

It would seem that preparation for the filling of the body is esteemed of higher value than for filling of the mind. A Cook now gains the income that a Clergyman has earned, and we find her "passing rich on forty pounds a year." But a Governess is wanted to serve for half the money, and is frequently expected to do more than twice the work. To aid her in her labour, a Cook requires a Kitchenmaid, and Scullerymaid as well: whereas a Governess is expected to give lessons all day long, with nobody to help her, and in the evening to amuse herself by darning frocks and mending pinafores, insomuch that, while a Governess by name, she discharges in reality the duties of a nurse. The comparative proportions of Cooks' and Governesses' wages signify that some children are better fed than taught.

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MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

SECTION III.—OF THE DUTY OF THE OFFICER TO HIS MEN.



ART I. *Superficial.* — When *Mr. Punch* appeared once more to continue his Lectures, his four Scholars scarcely noticed his presence amongst them. They turned their backs upon him, and by their demeanour plainly showed him that from some unexplained reason they had evidently lost all their respect for him. Even FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B. (usually a very well-behaved little man), pursed up his shrivelled and tiny lips, and pretended not to see his kind instructor. *Mr. Punch* saw at once that his pupils were ripe for mutiny. He acted with decision.

"My friends," said he, severely, "if you are Officers, I must ask you to behave like Gentlemen."

"Sir," cried COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, "you have grossly insulted us."

"How?" was the very natural question put to the angry Militiaman by *Mr. Punch*, surnamed "The Patient."

"You have expressed your intention of explaining the duty a British Officer owes to his men. Sir, such an intention is an insult to us all. Why, even this poor little Field-Marshal knows something about it—don't you, SIR FRANKY, dear?"

"Yes," lisped out the good-tempered veteran. (He was playing with his spectacles.) "Yes, dear little SIR FRANK is a good boy, and knows his duty to his men. It is to return salutes by touching his little hat when he passes a sentry-box."

"There you see, Sir!" cried the indignant Colonel.

"And what do *you* think about your duty, LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green?" asked *Mr. Punch*.

"Everybody knows that a man should leave his men as much as possible in the hands of his Non-Commissioned Officers," was the haughty reply of the Guardsman.

"And you, ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers?" said *Mr. Punch*, smiling. "In what do you think the duty of an Officer to his men consists?"

"Oh, I learnt that much within a week of joining my Corps," replied the Rifleman, contemptuously. "The duty of an Officer is to pay a heavy annual subscription, to give prizes, and to provide an unlimited amount of beer and bread and cheese for the men of his company."

"I am glad to find, Officers and Gentlemen," said *Mr. Punch*, "that you know more than I gave you credit for. Still, with your permission, I think I may give you a few useful hints." And with this the Sage commenced his Lecture:—

Part II. Particular.—According to MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GARNET WOLSELEY (see his *Pocket Book*, page 4), the Soldier "is a peculiar animal." The same high authority insists that this strange creature can only be brought to a proper state of efficiency by being taught to take a pride (1) in his dress and (2) in himself. "He must believe that his duties are the noblest that fall to man's lot. He must be taught to despise all those of civil life." That SIR GARNET believes these doctrines to be of the utmost importance may be gathered from the following extract from the *Soldiers' Pocket Book* (page 9), in which the kit of an Infantry Officer is given, "One cup (in leather bag), containing knife, fork, spoon, pepper and salt pots (1 lb.); one india-rubber basin (1 lb.); some tobacco, and the *Soldiers' Pocket Book* (1 lb.)."

Probably with a view to teaching his men "to despise the duties of civil life," SIR GARNET, during a recent campaign, treated newspaper correspondents with military politeness. As the worthy Major-General asserts that "whatever the Officers think fine, the Men will think so too," he doubtless must regret that the fashion of book-writing has not been taken up by the rank and file, and that consequently "the *Soldier's Pocket-Book* (1 lb.)" has as yet but few important rivals.

Perhaps fortunately for the men, the Queen's Regulations do not altogether order the Officer to consider the Soldier a "peculiar animal." On the contrary, there are occasions when a Colonel may even argue with his men. For instance, to quote sect. 7, par. 142, "Commanding Officers of Regiments who have ample experience of the very great inconvenience arising from the improvident marriages of Soldiers, are to discountenance such marriages, and to explain to the men that the inconvenience and distress naturally accruing therefrom are serious and unavoidable." Of course, unmarried Colonels, who have not had "ample experience," should depute the duty to the next Senior Married Officer. The speech of the Officer to the Man should be fashioned on the following model:—"PRIVATE SMITH, I learn from the Captain of your company (himself a married man, who made his report to me with tears of compassion streaming down his cheeks) that you wish to join *us!* My good man, have you considered the inconvenience and distress accruing from such a step? Look at me. You see me in a patrol jacket covered with braid, and at a Levee I am a mass of gold and spurs; and yet I tell you, PRIVATE JOHN SMITH, I would willingly give up my commission to obtain your good-conduct stripes, coupled with your state of single blessedness. As a married man, I cannot call my life my own. I am allowed only a couple of glasses of wine when I get away to dine at Mess; I must be in quarters at ten; and when I am off duty I have to take charge of the children! All this is done by the order of my wife. Beware, PRIVATE JOHN SMITH, of matrimony! I would say much, much more did I not hear the voice of my wife. She calls me (in a disgracefully peremptory tone of voice), and I *must* obey! Farewell!" And with this telling line the Colonel (or next Senior Married Officer) can make his exit.

Again, the Queen's Regulations (sect. 15, par. 95) assert that Libraries and Recreation Rooms have been established to "encourage Soldiers to employ their leisure hours in a manner that shall combine amusement with the attainment of useful knowledge, and to teach them the value of sober,



regular, and moral habits." Thus if the Officers do their duty to their Men, SIR GARNET WOLSELEY's "peculiar animal" may some day hope to reach

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the relative rank already attained by his civilian rival, "the learned Pig." The Officer Commanding the Garrison is expected to assume a vague superintendence over the local military library. No donation of books for libraries (sect. 15, par. 103) is to be accepted until they shall have been approved by him. Consequently the Commandant of the Garrison may sometimes have to perform the duties appertaining to the post of a publisher's "reader." Should he be unpopular, it is a capital joke to send this unfortunate Officer a large collection of old five-act tragedies or (better still) comedies in blank verse. He must read them all before the donation can be accepted.

CONVERSATION ON SECTION III.

Ensign Eugene. My dear *Mr. Punch*, can you kindly tell us the duties of the Commander of a Garrison?

Mr. Punch. Certainly, my dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers. The duties of the Commandant are presumed to be to attend dinners, to marry his daughters to eligible elder sons, and to snub the Civil Authorities.

Colonel Charles. I see, Sir, that you do not altogether approve of the sentiments of SIR GARNET WOLSELEY. Now, Sir, when I am out for our training I follow that gallant Officer's advice. I do not encourage the presence of the Press at our inspection, and yet the *Mudborough Mercury* invariably publishes two columns of matter to our praise.

Mr. Punch. Written, I presume, by your Adjutant. Quite right, my dear COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia. As many of our Generals would doubtless say, the story of an important campaign should be written by one of the Staff.

Lieutenant and Captain George. And who is SIR GARNET, *Mr. Punch?*

Mr. Punch. My dear LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green, SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, in spite of one or two little foibles, is one of the very best soldiers of this or any other age. He has seen any amount of fighting.

Lieutenant and Captain George. Ah, to be sure, he doesn't belong to *our* branch of the Service.

Field-Marshal Sir Frank Geegee, K.C.B. And yet dear little SIR FRANK never did any fighting, and yet he was made a Field-Marshal. Why did they make dear little SIR FRANK a Field-Marshal?

Mr. Punch. Because, my good little man, BRITANNIA wanted a curiosity?



BROBDINGNAG TO LAPUTA.

THE greatest of all the recent wonders of Spiritualism is the amazing communication narrated by a Correspondent of the *Times*, as follows:—

"A friend of mine who has just returned from America tells me that he, a short time since, attended a *séance*, at which the Medium obtained messages from several celebrities of both ancient and modern times, and, among others, one (at the request of my friend) from *Bucephalus*, who condescended to inform the company that he still took great interest in literary pursuits, particularly in connection with education."

Spoken like the spirit of a noble animal. In general the messages received through Mediums from defunct celebrities, whether modern or ancient, seem to have come from Donkeys—and to be addressed to their kind.

A DÆDALUS AT DOVER.



ALPH STOTT, a Gentleman of Dover, has invented a new Flying Machine. A morning contemporary says that MR. STOTT has gone to Berlin, for the purpose of having an interview with PRINCE BISMARCK, who is understood to have requested him to furnish particulars with the object of ascertaining how the machine can be utilised in warfare. If, as is stated, MR. STOTT can by means of it "propel himself through the air at the rate of a mile per minute, or up to the speed of one hundred miles an hour," and, by means of a break-power, applied by a wheel, "can make the machine stationary in mid air, or fly at any speed which the occupant of the car can bear," no doubt he is exceedingly well "prepared to assure the German Government" that his Flying Machine would "be invaluable for purposes of war." For the purpose of ascertaining an enemy's position its convenience may be imagined: but, besides, it may be capable of being employed in actual warfare. By-and-by, perhaps, armies will come to be provided with real flying squadrons, and troops will actually fight in the clouds. Musketry will be carried to a height of perfection even greater than it has now attained; riflemen will have to be able to shoot flying, and bring down their man on the wing. The introduction of the Flying Machine among warlike engines, and its application to military purposes, will of course constitute a fearfully costly addition to armaments already bloated; but the cheap defence of nations is now no longer possible, and Governments, in their martial preparations, are obliged to be regardless of expense. However, the Flying Machine, it appears, has yet to be tried. PRINCE BISMARCK will probably suspend his judgment about it until its inventor shall have flown over the Channel, in which, let us hope, that our British Dædalus may not come, like Icarus rather, to such grief as will assimilate it in sad celebrity, to the Ægean Sea.

BOYS IN BAD COMPANY.

OUGHT not Prisons to be also as much as possible Reformatories? Then, what a mistake is made in rendering them just the reverse; as, for instance, in the case referred to the other day at Lincoln by MR. PLIMSOLL, in replying to a complimentary address from some Working Men. A customary sight there until lately was, he said, that "of lads, sentenced for various terms of imprisonment at Grimsby, marching, manacled together, from the railway station to the Lindsay Prison." An edifying spectacle on the face of it to street Arabs and other juvenile offenders! But these youths were not pickpockets, that they should have been handcuffed, as they were; though this is now so no longer:—

"The manacling was now abolished; but the boys were still sent to gaol for breach of contract, and he had that morning seen, clad in prison dress, in the same prison as the worst of criminals, boys whose fine open countenances assured him that they had no right to be there—boys to whom he should not hesitate a moment to hand a sovereign for change. It was a shame and a disgrace that such boys were to be found in a prison for merely breaking a bargain, and he hoped, and felt assured, some other punishment would soon be found for such offenders."

Is it desirable that evil communications from rogues and thieves should corrupt the good manners of boys innocent of anything much worse than playing truant, but compelled to associate with common criminals? Imprisonment may serve them right, and so may hard labour, but could they not at least be confined apart from the convicts, allowed to wear their own clothing, and have a treadmill all to themselves? In all that a certain Personage is said to look over in Lincoln the sight of those boys and those blackguards in companionship must be as pleasing to him as anything.

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AT THE SEA-SIDE.

FINDING THOSE AWFUL SWELLS, THE SPIFFINGTON DE VERES, BENT ON THE SAME EXCURSION AS HIMSELF AND FAMILY, TOMKINS, IN A WEAK MOMENT, TAKES FIRST CLASS TICKETS TOO, "JUST FOR THE LOOK OF THE THING, YOU KNOW." UNFORTUNATELY THAT DREADFUL LITTLE TOMMY TOMKINS SHOUTS, "WE 'RE GOING FIRST CLASS! WE 'RE GOING FIRST CLASS!" WHILE HIS SISTERS CLAP THEIR HANDS AND MADLY JUMP FOR JOY.

MRS. GINGHAM ON CIVILISATION AND THE COMING B——.

"Entomology is a science which has grown *pari passu* with Civilisation itself. . . The Colorado Potato-Bug, known to Naturalists as the *Doryphora decemlineata* . . . is travelling steadily eastward, and has already reached the shores of the Atlantic. . . As far as can be made out, its rate of progress is an average of much more than sixty miles a year. . . . It is likely that at any moment a cargo of potatoes, or timber, or bacon, or 'notions,' may land the enemy on our shores . . . in which case there can be no doubt that a potato-famine of the most dangerous kind would follow."—*Daily Telegraph.*

E-N-T-O-M-O-L-O-G-Y? That 's the stuff as my boy SAM is always studying,
Poking his nose in ponds and things, and pinning beetles down in boxes;
A-coming home with boots as beats a Navvy's, steps and carpets muddying,
And giving me the constant creeps, waried with suddent frights and shockses.

More shame for "Civilisation," then, as did ought surely to know better.
Insecks is horrors, all on 'em, and slaughtering 'em the fust of duties.
Eugh! Basshy-Baz-Hooks can't be wuss! Which that fool SAM 's just sent a letter,
Saying he 's caught "two Death's-head Moths"—the bare idea!—"and reglar beauties"!!!

I ain't no patience with that boy, nor likeways them of simmylar notions.
Squash 'em! I says. A studying 'em I holds to be pernishus error.
They 're nasty nuisances all round, as raises shuddering emotions,
From fleas to what SAM calls—the name sounds werry pat—*Coaly-hop-terror.**

* Can she mean *Coleoptera?*

There 's that Potato-Beetle now! SAM wants a speciment. Good gracious!
The foolishness of people's fads is jest enough to drive one frantic.
The warmint 's coming Eastward Ho! They say its appetite 's woracious.
Can't "Civilisation" keep that pest from crossing of the wide Atlantic?

Better be doing that, I think, than giving crackjaw names to creeturs
As should be nameless, like—ahem!—who doubtless is the father on 'em.
A-seeking what they may devour!—as all these pests is frightful eaters.
Speciment? Yes, I 'd speciment the lot, if *I* could drop upon 'em!

Taters is surely dear enough, and likeways bad,—which good old "mealies"
For love nor money can't be had,—without this Colorado bother,
This *Dory*—drat its name, *I* says, who cares for that? Which what I feel is
Far better stamp all warmints out than tell, in gibberish, one from t'other.

They say as wopses, gad-flies, beetles, lady-birds, and many a creeper
Is down on it! I wish they 'd jest Kilkenny-Cat all round and finish.
But sixty miles a year! What chance of seeing "wares" or "middlins" cheaper,
If that there Coaly-Hopper comes, and year by year our crops diminish?

Who 'll save our Murphies? That 's the cry! If MR. BUTT would only raise it,
He 'd serve his country better than by bawling out his Home-Rule humbug.

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THE TURKISH BATH.

ATTENDANT. "HOW DO YOU FEEL AFTER YOUR BATH, MY LORD?"
LORD B. "PRETTY COMFORTABLE, THANK YOU!—(*Aside.* LOST SOME WEIGHT, I FANCY.)—YOU MADE IT SO CONFOUNDEDLY *HOT* FOR ME!!!"

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Let Ireland rally round her root, sworn to protect as well as praise it,
And shout for "Paddy's Fruit, and death to every roaming ravenous rum bug!"

Which that's a name as *do* tell tales, as *Dory*—what's it?—like B flat, is
Jest a polite turn off, no more. But call a spade a spade's my maxim!
Let Yankee Doodle keep his "bug," we've ours, though not so bad as that is;
It ain't a wisitor we wants, so let him wait until we ax him.

PROVERBS FOR BALL AND DINNER GIVERS.



Ices and tea and coffee and small cakes are as good as a feast.

You may bring an amateur tenor up to a piano, but you cannot make him sing.

A Lord in the room is worth two Dukes in the bush.

In provincial society the Lord-Lieutenant is king.

Flirtation is the mother of Invention.

All good dances lead to the Conservatory.

Take care of the Rounds, and the Squares will look after themselves.

It is a wise Waltzer who knows her own step.

A Dinner in time saves nine.

When the Confectioner comes in by the door, the Cook flies out by the window.

What is port to your wine merchant is death to your guests.

Keep your champagne dry.

Call a stable-boy by any other name, and he will resemble the rose under similar circumstances.

You can't make a head butler out of a local greengrocer.

When the soup is cold, the wit flies out.

If you have enough cheap and nasty dishes, some of them must be eaten.

The *menu* makes the dinner.

Ask *Mr. Punch* to a really good and well thought-out meal, and you will have an exceptionally lucky man for your guest.

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

Glendalough—Guide—Boatmen—Resemblances—The Lake Effect—St. Kevin's Bed—These Boots—The Regular Thing—Comic Song Question—My Guide—Sir Walter—Inducements—The Echo—"No Larks"—St. Kevin the Patron—Dissent—Descent—My Boatmen—Back to the Hotel—Everything Satisfactory—My Farewell—Once more, to the Road.

The Seven Churches.—Five times already in the course of my drive have I picked out *the* most beautiful spot where I should like to stop. It was the same yesterday, about Bray; but—let bygones be bygones, and give me—*at the present moment*, that is while I am here, on the spot—for a residence, the little Hotel of Glendalough, in the Vale of the Seven Churches. Let me stop here for six weeks in the summer time.

Of course I have a polite and intelligent Guide—they are all polite and generally intelligent, these Irish Guides—and we cross the upper lake in order to visit St. Kevin's Bed. We have two Boatmen.

I confess to being still impressed by resemblances. The bow-oar in our boat *is* Mr. Falconer as *Danny Mann* in the *Colleen Bawn*, and my light-hearted Guide would be, if he only had on a tattered hunting-suit and cap, the very counterpart of "poor *Joe*," in *Jack Hinton*. The likenesses only hold good for a moment, at first sight: directly they *speak*, the illusion is dispelled.

It *is* a "Gloomy Lake," this Glendalough. Yet not so utterly gloomy but that it reminds me of a plaintive Irish melody. It is a composition of Nature's in a sad, soft minor key. On me it has a mesmeric effect. I am in Charon's ferry-boat. I left life on the other side. The boat is brought up with a jerk against the rocks. I am awoke from my trance. We land.

"This way, Sorr!" cries my Guide, as he assists me on to the slippery rocks below St. Kevin's Bed. "Hould on, Sorr! More pow'r to your elbow!"

It occurs to me for the first time to-day that I've come out in tight boots: and, what adds to the difficulty is, that the soles are thin and as smooth as a razor-strap.

I arrive at the above conclusion after having very nearly stumbled on to my nose, and only recovering myself by having "more power to my elbow" afforded by the Guide.

"This way up, Sorr!" shouts the Guide, already some feet above me.

I pause. I am hesitating. The Guide is making for St. Kevin's Bed. *Query*, is St. Kevin's Bed worth making? Can't I read the description, and *say* I've been there? Is any place at a great height above the sea level, worth the trouble of a climb? For such an excursion, too, ought not one to have come prepared with an alpenstock, with stout, stiffly-bound hob-nailed boots, thick stockings, and so on? In fact, ought I not to be more in the costume of a gentleman ready to stand in the front line for the opening chorus of an opera, with a rifle in one hand and a cup in the other, and with "Ho! la! hi! ho!" or sporting words *to that effect*, issuing from my open lips?

Yes—in *that* dress I might essay the rugged height, but, emphatically, "*not in these boots*," as I believe some song says.

[*Psychological Query à propos de Bottes.*—If the song does *not* say so, or if there is no song which *does* say so, whence did the words occur to me, quite rhythmically, "not in these boots"? *Note this, and consider it.*]

The Boatmen are seated below, and lighting their pipes. The Guide is waving me on to better things above. *Excelsior!* Evidently I am expected to go; and my attendants have calculated upon at least a quarter of an hour being allowed for refreshment. It is, clearly, the "regular thing to do."

Another Note.—Is this too the *refrain* of some popular song? "*The Regular Thing to Do*"—if not, it ought to be. For example—

I don't go up the Rhine and back
Because 'tis something new:
I only go, 'coss 'tis, you know,
"The regular thing to do."

Spoken—(there's always a "*Spoken*" with a Comic Singer).—You see I put on a tourist suit, all ditto checks outside and lined ditto within—in the pockets, I mean,—and I tell the people I am going up the Rhine—yaas—and to the banks of the Blue Moselle. I shall change my *checks* at the first *bank* of the Blue Moselle—and I shall be awfully bored, you know, and very hot and very tired, and have to pay through the nose—but what of that? Every one will be there—and one can't be out of the fashion—oh demme—no—so you'd better, all of you, join me,—(*Here the Comic Singer will put on his hat sideways, jerk his head knowingly, wink his eye at, it is supposed, the female portion of his audience, whom he thereby fascinates; and, sticking his left thumb in the armhole of his waistcoat, he will indicate with his right hand the direction he intends to take, as he humorously finishes*)—I'm ready,—and waiting,—and willing, so you've only got to——

Come with me across the sea,
And foreign parts go through
We only go 'coss 'tis we know
"The regular thing to do."

[The other day I saw, in some law case about disputed copyright, that the value of one of those ditties ranged from £800 to £2000. Evidently—

Happy Thought.—Write a Comic Song for £2000. There would then be some meaning in the expression, "Oh, he got it for a mere song."]

St. Kevin's Chair.—Facilis Ascensus—up to a certain point. In St. Kevin's Chair I sit down. If this is *all*, there is no danger.

A voice, from somewhere round the corner, sings out, "Here's the bed, Sorr! Ho-o-o!"

It is the nimble Guide who is round the corner. He is hanging on, apparently, by nothing, and stepping on less; and all this with a sheer descent below into the lake, and only a jutting point of rock, here and there, to give your body an occasional lift on the way down.

"There's no danger, Sorr!" he cries, standing in a Mercury-like attitude on a ledge one inch in breadth, fifty feet above the gloomy waters of Glendalough. "Come this way, Sorr!"

I look, very cautiously, over the rocky point, and crane my neck round. I feel that if I make one step forward my next will be in the air, and in another second or two, after a short whirligig through a limited portion of space, there will be a dull plash in the water, and then breathless excitement on the part of the Guide and Boatmen (who would see their chance of remuneration disappear under their very noses) until I should come to the surface, blowing like a grampus, shaking my head like a dog bothered by a bee, and swimming like Captain Boyton.

The fall would be unpleasant, and then—the wet clothes! No; no St. Kevin's Bed for me, I am obliged to you.

I think of Sir Walter Scott, with his lame leg, who, the Guide

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SELLING HIM A PENNYWORTH.

Philanthropist. "THERE'S A PENNY FOR YOU, MY LAD. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH IT?"

Sweeper. "WHAT ALL THIS AT ONCE! I'LL TOSS YER FOR IT, DOUBLE OR QUITS!"

TALK ABOUT TURKS.

"AWAY with those atrocious Turks!
The Turk is an unchanging beast.
Renounce we them and all their works:
Hang 'British Interests in the East'!

It is a scandal and a sin
In Turkish bonds that Christians groan—
The bonds of brutes who took us in,
The rascals, when they broke their own!"

"Away with those vile Turks!" But whither?
To Asia, whence they came, of course!
Could Europe's Powers not drive them thither,
Concurring with united force?

We need to hesitate. What for?
There is a Power that ne'er would aid.
Then might ensue a General War.
Cold caution perish! Who's afraid?

Well, but suppose the Turks all sent
Back to the cradle of their race,
In Asia, and together pent,
The wretches, in their proper place.

Still that's a place within this world;
'Tis not into the realm of night,
As though the Turks would then be hurled
To place ne'er named by tongue polite.

And what has Asia done, that they,
The fiends whom we'll no longer bear,
Should, if they could, be driven away,
To form a Pandemonium there?

The Turks we can't, dear friends, improve
From off earth's face at mere demand.
A Statesman must be free to move;
Be careful how you force his hand.

Proverbs by an Excursionist.

MAKE Haste while the Sun shines.
A Bag in the Hand is worth Two in the Van.
Half a Sofa is better than no Bed.
Pride comes before a Waterfall (when your friends have not seen it).
There's many a slip twixt the Cook and the Trip.

Book says, went into St. Kevin's Bed. Did he? But then *he* hadn't light, thin, slippery boots on—as I have.

The Guide disappears once more into the hole, just to show me how simple it is when you know how to do it, and cries, "I'm there, Sorr!"

He shouts "Ho-o-o!" for the Echo, and the Echo, who happens on this occasion to be a boatman on the other side, sings out in reply,—

"The top o' the mornin' t'you!"

The Guide, having thus conscientiously gone through what I suppose to be his usual performance, rejoins me, and asks me, persuasively, "if I won't venture?"

"*No, I won't,*" I reply, shortly and resolutely. I've a mind to tell him that *he* shall not be out of pocket by my not going. He seems quite disheartened.

"Lots o' Ladies goes in there," he says, as if *this* would induce me to risk it. I won't budge an inch.

"Well, Sorr," he returns, with consideration, "*I won't force you.*"

The Guide, who seems dissatisfied with me for not having gone into St. Kevin's Bed, and with himself for not having been able to induce me, insists upon earning his money somehow, and so sets to work, without being asked, to recite the whole of MOORE's poem about Glendalough, commencing "*By that Lake whose gloomy shore,*" &c.

"And," he says, in conclusion, "no larks are ever heard singing above the lake. So, Sorr, wasn't it moighty hard of St. Kayvin to throw KATHLEEN into the water?"

By the way, the Guide's pronunciation of "Kevin," *i.e.* "Kayvin," is another specimen of an Irish pun. St. *Cave-in*, who didn't, however, "cave in" to MISS KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

Pace TOM MOORE, I can suggest a new view of an old legend. Here it is:—

THE ORIGIN OF NO LARKS ON GLENDALOUGH.

By that Lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young St. Kevin stole to sleep;
And before he laid his head
On his chill and stony bed,
This was one of his remarks,
"I am all alone. No Larks!"

'Twas from KATHLEEN's eyes he flew,
(Not at all what I should do.
But young Kevin was a Saint;
Which I do admit *I ain't*).
Here, when he was fast asleep,
KATHLEEN climbed, and took a peep;
Woke the Saint, who, with one knock,
Hurled her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle KATHLEEN's grave.
She 'd have floated like a stalk
Had she been a Maid of Cork.
Nowhere could she rest her sole,
So she sank. And to his hole
Back the young St. Kevin harks,
Murm'ring to himself, "No Larks!"

Oft her Ghost is seen to glide
Sadly o'er the fatal tide
Never hazarding remarks,
Save the simple one, "No Larks!"
This is legendary lore
Quite unknown to TOMMY MOORE;
But 'tis why "this gloomy shore
Skylarks never warble o'er."

St. Kevin should be adopted by all bachelors as the Patron of "Apartments for Single Gentlemen. No Children, or other Lodgers."

Happy Thought.—When I can afford to build a house sixteen storeys high, to be let out in flats fitted up for "Bachelors' Residential Chambers," I shall call the establishment "St. Kevin's College." For further particulars address—SOLUS CŒLEBS, Esq., St. Kevin's College, St. Kevin's Grove, N.W. ("N.W." evidently *No Women.*)

The descent to the boat is perilous enough. And this place was chosen by MR. EMMETT as his hiding-place! Here the Highlanders could have captured him, but that he made an ugly rush, and took a header into the Lake beneath! Bravo EMMETT!! I look at the place and wonder. Why, *I* could conspire,—but, if my life depended upon my reaching St. Kevin's Bed in safety, and I had had the misfortune to put on a pair of tight, slippery boots—such as I am now wearing—I should strike an attitude, and say to the Soldiers, "Gentlemen, I can't do it. I must take the consequences.

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A DISENCHANTMENT.

Northern Crœsus. "Oh! I'm so glad to meet you here, Mr. Vandyke Brown. The fact is, I've a *commission* for you!"

Our Youthful Landscape Painter (*dissembling his rapture*). "All right—most happy—what is it to be?"

Northern Crœsus. "Well—my aged Grandmother is going to London by this Train—and I want to put her under your Protection."

[*Our Youthful Landscape Painter dissembles again.*

"HOW TO DRESS ON FIFTEEN POUNDS A YEAR."

By One who has Done It—Once.

Get all your clothes made at the best tailor's. Be careful to order a sufficient number of pairs of trousers, and once a month (at least) have a new frock-coat. By these means your bill will not be sent in to you for eighteen months.

Pursue the same plan with your hats. Whenever you pass your hatter, go in and get a new *chapeau*.

Three pairs of boots a month should be your standing order at the boot-maker's. Keep half a dozen pairs on trees waiting for you all the year round in his custody.

Get your linen from France. When the collector makes his annual round, go to Paris. You will find the trip less costly than his bill, and the change of air should do you good.

Always have a large supply of fancy walking-sticks. Each suit should have its own cane.

And, lastly, pay ready money (fifteen pounds should really be enough) for your umbrellas.

AN AMAZING CRAMMER.

The *Globe* announces that:—

"An extraordinary case of suicide has taken place at Hayward's Heath. A railway porter, while in a state of delirium, ate nearly the whole of a newspaper, and died from suffocation."

This is an extraordinary case of suicide indeed, if the poor man suffocated by eating a newspaper really ate it intending to kill himself; but in his frenzy he probably took it for something good to eat, and not for anything bad. There are not many newspapers coming under the head of poisonous literature, though there is one, an illustrated weekly, circulating amongst the lower orders, and familiarising them with details and delineations of atrocity and ruffianism. What paper could the delirious porter have eaten? It is not likely that he took in the *Times* for breakfast in any sense, nor have we any reason to suppose that he tried to cram himself with the *Daily Telegraph*, being, as in a state of delirium tremens, under the influence of the *D. T.*

Don't fire, Colonel, I'll come down." Unless I were on some very convenient point for jumping into the water, when, being a fair swimmer, I should prefer *that* for choice.

Were Plumpton and Spry to send to capture me now, I should not attempt to hide in St. Kevin's Bed.

I descend ungracefully, but safely.

I part with my boatmen. "How much?" I ask.

"Well, Sorr," says stroke-oar, "they do generally be givin' us two shillings or half-a-crown, *but we'd pre-fer half-a-crown.*"

Characteristic. He will not "do" me directly; but shifts the responsibility on to my own shoulders. It's as much as to say, "Well, with two shillings I'm well paid; but if you're such a Saxon ass as to give me two-and-sixpence, on your own head be it; only don't say *I* asked you."

Of course the result is half-a-crown; and I purchase an extra blessing from the bow-oar for another sixpence.

"No Larks" on Glendalough.

A delightful walk, and back again to the Royal Hotel, Glendalough, where I am treated to as good a breakfast as I ever wish to eat, served in as fresh and pleasant a room as ever I would wish to sit in.

And oh delight! Oh joy! I am the first of the Mohicans! I mean I am the first of the Tourists this year: not first in point of prowess, but in point of time. The bed-rooms are not in order, the sitting-rooms are hardly yet arranged for sitting in, the Landlord is a new one, and he tells me how he expects to make a fortune—may he do so, and I be none the worse for it, bless him! All I ask is to be the last or the first of the Tourists. Let *me* enjoy this beautiful scenery as Adam enjoyed Paradise when he was *en garçon*. The spirit of St. Kevin the Celibate is, as it were, upon me. Yes, I am here, alone. "Come into the garden, Maud, I am here by myself alone"—only I don't want Maud. If she were here, I should sing, "Get out of the garden, Maud, I'd be here by myself alone"—and be blowed to you!

But the Car—the triumphal Ky-arr—awaits me, and I've yet a long day's journey before me. May I, at the end of my journey, have as charming a place to rest my weary limbs as is this!

Give me, fatigued with mead and rock,
And dangerous researches,
The little Hotel of Glendalough,
In the Vale of the Seven Churches!

Farewell my merry Miners, with your neat cottages, who despise beer and whiskey and call for your bottles of wine o' pay-nights. Farewell, ye Seven Churches of Ireland. There's something apocalyptically mysterious about your numbers, which might afford matter for a Dr. Cumming. But Cumming is not the word now—I'm going. Off!

Michaelmas Day, 1876.—A day to be marked with a White stone by the Lord Mayor Elect.

"Grace before Meat," as the Young Lady remarked when she laced herself so tight she couldn't swallow.

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A HUNDRED YEARS BACK.



ES, *Temporis acti* / *Laudator* am I: | For the grand Past in fact I / Would willingly die.'

Just reverse for a cent'ry
The wheel of Old Time,
And you 'll find the back-entry
To regions sublime.
Your Radical then
Was WILKES, yclept JACK:
We outdid your Odgers,
A hundred years back.

With majorities *in* his string,
NORTH ruled the roast,
And Old England administ'ring,
New England lost.
Backed by stout Farmer GEORGE,
Bore opponents' worst brunt,
And let FRANKLIN and WASHINGTON
Come to the front.
Ah, he kept the old coach
In its natural track—
For England was True-Blue
A hundred years back.

Poet Laureate was WHITEHEAD—
No rhapsodist glibber;
He was blandly invited
To come after CIBBER.
Superbly he 'd rhyme,
Of Parnassus a denizen,
And I call him sublime
When weighed against TENNYSON.
Poets Laureate now!
They deserve—well—their sack.
They were something *like* poets
A hundred years back.

Then pretty MISS LLOYD
Took possession of BOODLE'S,*
And wit was enjoyed,
And they blackballed the noodles:
And thus the past scene
A supremacy claims,
Since a Lady was Queen
Of the Club of St. James:
Our *Saturday* scribblers
The girls may attack:
They had ten times their *chic*,
Just a hundred years back.

Seventeen Seventy-Six
Fame in Arts too had won;
The Academy lately
Its work had begun.
For the newspapers REYNOLDS,
Not caring a souse,
Gave the law to the Forty
At Somerset House:
The Art for the Artists
May well cry "Alack!"
It had elder and better,
A hundred years back.

Still we have, in our frail way,
A deed or two done:
We travel by railway,
Are sketched by the sun;
By telegraph hurled
From all regions and climes,
The news of the world
We have focussed *per Times*.
In but one thing that 's modern
Old times were more slack,
We hadn't our *Punch*, Sir,
A hundred years back.

* "A new assembly or meeting is set up at BOODLE'S, called 'Lloyd's Coffee-room,' MISS LLOYD, whom you have seen with LADY PEMBROKE, being the sole inventor. They meet every morning, &c., &c. Supper to be constantly on the table by eleven at night; after supper, they play loo. . . . The DUCHESS OF BEDFORD and LORD MARCH have been blackballed."—*Malmesbury Correspondence: Mrs. Harris to her Son.*

No, Thank You!

MR. PRICE, M.P., writes to the *Gloucester Journal* to suggest the erection of the Principalities into a European Kingdom, with the Golden Horn made a free port. LORD DERBY declines even *that* Golden Horn of the Eastern dilemma.

A SAD MICHAELMAS.

ON Wednesday afternoon, September 27, 1876—the exact date calls for precise record—at a meeting of the Court of Common Council held at Guildhall, the LORD MAYOR presiding, the City Lands Committee brought up a report on the subject of the removal of Temple Bar. Some discussion followed, which ended in a division, when the report of the Committee, recommending the removal of the structure, was carried by 69 votes to 45, "and it was referred back for execution."

After reading this harrowing scene, what man, what Liveryman, in whose breast there is a spark of proper feeling, can feel surprised at what follows?

The LORD MAYOR continues to reside at the Mansion House, but he is living in the strictest seclusion compatible with his official duties. The latest bulletin is rather more favourable: it is to the effect that his Lordship has passed a better night, and is a little more composed. The blinds are all drawn down. The Footmen wear crape on their left arm. Everywhere Liverymen may be seen with some token of mourning. GOG and MAGOG are draped in black bombazine. Only mock turtle is served at dinner.

So great was the shock to the Lord Mayor Elect that he turned White in a single night.

The Sheriffs have never been separated since the meeting of the Common Council. They felt—and many will sympathise with them—that they could bear the blow better by being together, than if they were left to themselves, each a prey to his own gloomy thoughts. They see no one except their Chaplains and the Under-Sheriffs, who are naturally much depressed.

The condition of several of the Aldermen, particularly amongst those who have passed the Chair, is causing considerable anxiety to their families and friends. They seem to have lost all interest in what is going on around them, and pass most of their time in deep thought. The only hopeful sign is that they are able to take nourishment.

Several dinners and other entertainments which were to have been given by the City Companies have been postponed.

The Chamberlain has already addressed himself to the painful task of composing a farewell oration, to be delivered on the day when the ruthless work of demolition commences.

It is a trying time for the Recorder, and a momentous one for the Secondary.

It may be well imagined that the Remembrancer's remembrances are sweet yet sad.

The fatal report having been "referred back for execution," the City Architect is nerving himself for the melancholy duty of superintending the preparation of the necessary scaffold.

The Mace-Bearer and the Sword-Bearer, like the Sheriffs, are inseparable, and cannot bear to be out of each other's sight. They find the greatest comfort in the sympathy and society of the City Marshal. The Mace is enveloped in crape; the sheath of the Sword has been painted black.

The Common Crier, faithful to his title, gives way to natural emotion, both for himself and the entire Civic body.

The Water Bailiffs are plunged in grief, and the Bridge Masters go about their duty on Bridges of Sighs.

Every morning groups of Deputies and Common Councilmen are to be seen contemplating the Bar with feelings which may be imagined but cannot be described. They can hardly tear themselves away from this "ancient landmark," this last great bulwark of the Constitution and the Corporation; but they withdraw before the traffic of the day begins, lest their emotion should be misinterpreted by the heartless throng. Their only consolation is that the North and South walls are not to be touched by the rude hand of the spoiler.

The usual ceremonies and hospitalities of Michaelmas Day were observed, that the charter might not be forfeited, but with a heavy heart. There was a bitter drop in the Loving Cup. A deep gloom seemed to have settled upon all who had to take part in the day's proceedings, which they in vain strove to shake off.

It will be a sad Lord Mayor's Day. If the dear old Bar is still standing, it will be hung with black, and wreathed with cypress and yew, but it is a question whether the feelings of the Procession will allow them to pass under it. More probably, the mournful train will hide their grief on the Embankment. The reception of the new LORD MAYOR by the LORD CHIEF BARON at Westminster is expected to be unusually touching. He has written the kindest letter of condolence to the present occupant of the civic chair.

One of the most recently-elected Aldermen has been commissioned to take a series of splendid photographs of the Bar from every point of view and under every aspect, and at all hours of the day and night.

At all the great civic Banquets a new toast in future will be given ——"the Memory of Temple Bar!"

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SUPERFLUOUS.

Free and Easy Host. "NOW, MY BOY, WOULD YOU LIKE TO WASH YOUR HANDS AND BRUSH YOUR HAIR BEFORE DINNER?!"

["*So likely, y'know,*" *as Tomkins said, who had just been Polishing and Titivating for Two Hours before his own Dressing-Glass!!*

DRAMAS OF THE DAY.

How fast appear, with thrilling interest rife,
Sensation dramas on the Stage of Life,
As though by Nature's management designed
But to divert the British Public's mind!—
Those monster trials, and those acts of crime,
Which Fate produces still from time to time.
Each in succession has a lengthened run,
Succeeded shortly by another one;
And each effacing, in its scream and roar,
The memory of the pieces played before.
How long the "Claimant's" Farce in two Acts ran!
That o'er, a tragic series began.
First the "Whitechapel Tragedy" came out,
And kept the stage for half a year, about.
The "Balham Mystery" was next the rage;
When that had ceased the Nation to engage,
The curtain rose upon the worst of works—
"Bulgarian Horrors," as performed by Turks;
Whence wild excitement being scarce allayed,
Behold, pulled up at Bow Street, "DR." SLADE,
Charged 'gainst the Vagrant Act with having sinned,
By raising spirits, so to raise the wind.
But yet the new performance brings relief
To scenes of violence, and rage, and grief.
For we to comic incident recur,
When tragic scenes too deep the passions stir.
Meanwhile whoso has, or has not, been done,
May European War ne'er spoil our fun.

A New Synonym.

PRINCE ORLOFF, the Russian Ambassador, at the dinner given at the Russian Embassy last Thursday night, proposed a toast to the Prosperity of France, in which he dwelt on the efforts that Russia "has made, is now making, and will continue to make, for the maintenance of European peace." I said to my son BOB, a promising lad, in the middle fifth at Eton, "That's neat. You can't put that into Latin." "Can't I?" said he. "*Rusnitudinem faciunt—pacem appellant.*

RECOMMENDED TO THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC SOCIETY (*as a sure Sell which must make its mark*).—The Slade-Pencil.

BEST AND NEXT BEST GOVERNMENT.

ACCORDING to a newspaper report, a discourse was delivered the other Sunday at the Kensington Pro-Cathedral by CARDINAL MANNING on "The Progress of Christendom." By the account of His Eminence Christendom appears to be making immense progress, in the ironical sense of that word. The progress of Christendom is the progress of a crab. Such, however, it has been for a considerable and indefinite time. The Cardinal said that—

"In many countries Christendom was disintegrated and dismembered, and in them there was no longer that Catholic unity which kept the Christian peoples of Europe together, because Kings and Princes had chosen to serve the world and themselves rather than Catholic unity."

Since when, your Eminence? At what date, and for how long, since the "Roman Peace," were the Kings and Princes of Christendom, and the Christian peoples of Europe, kept together by Catholic unity? When, and during what while, did they choose to serve Catholic unity rather than themselves and the world, and to refrain from cutting one another's throats? What Roman Peace was ever enforced by the Rome of Catholic unity? Perhaps your Eminence will, some fine Sunday—or week-day—take an opportunity of naming it.

The disintegration of Christendom is the mischief which has burdened the world with bloated armaments. So, at least, in effect avers our Cardinal.

"What was the result of this disintegration? That there was not a strong Government on the face of the earth unless it was surrounded by armed men. Where could they find a Government strong in moral right and moral power? Perhaps it was to be best found in the four seas of Britain—more genuinely, at least, than in any other place."

There is, of course, one other place, in which a Government, strong in moral right and moral power, once existed. There it existed at the time when all Christendom was kept together, innocent of war and bloodshed, at peace by Catholic unity. It continued to exist there, with temporary interruptions, from that time, whenever that time was, until a few years ago, till, finally, the year 1870. It was genuinely strong absolutely, not merely so comparatively, in moral right and power. Its moral right was that of Infallibility, and its moral power was the basis of its Temporal Power. Strong in moral power, it did not require for its maintenance to be surrounded by armed men; as indeed we all know that it never was, particularly not by French troops, during the interval between the overthrow of the Roman Republic and the establishment of the Italian Monarchy. Nobody can need to be told that the seat of that Government, which CARDINAL MANNING alleges to have been the model Government of Christendom, was Papal Rome, whilst Rome remained the city of the Sovereign Pontiff, and before it relapsed into the Capital of Italy. But now Rome, as the Rome of Pontifical and Model Government, is Rome no more. In the meantime the next best thing to that Government altogether and entirely strong in moral right and moral power—the best substitute, as times go, for the Government of Catholic Unity—is the Constitutional Government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The best Government on Earth that ever was, of course, was the Papal; but the second-best is the British. If CARDINAL MANNING is a Papalino first, he is an Englishman afterwards.

Brains v. Muscles.

"Look on this picture, and on that."

(*Both from the Tablet.*)

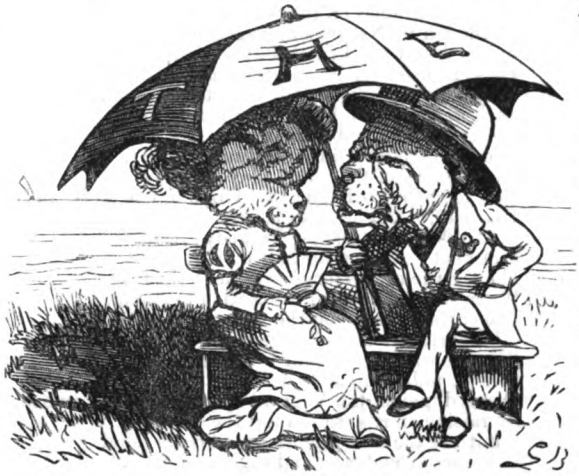
A LADY wishes to recommend, as UPPER HOUSEMAID, a thoroughly trustworthy person, who has acted in that capacity six years. Has also been left in responsible charge of a house during the absence of the family. Age Thirty. Wages £25. Town preferred.

GOVERNESS WANTED, for the Highlands of Scotland, to teach English, French, Music, and Needlework. None need apply who have not had some years' experience in teaching. Salary £20.

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EVERYDAY FARCES.

No. I.—"SHELLS OF THE OCEAN."



SEA Shore, about six miles East of Shoeburyness.

Mr. Stillso Gently (*standing on the Beach at low tide*). Ah! my dear! This is, indeed, a happy thought, to leave the whirl, and what-you-may-call-it of the Metropolis, without risk of being found in by one's creditors, or found out by one's friends.

Mrs. Stillso Gently. Yes, love; but if I had not seen the advertisement in the *Times*, and answered it myself, we never should have discovered it. So quiet, and so cheap!

Mr. Stillso Gently. I can't conceive why so few cottages are to be found here, and not a villa, or a bathing-machine nearer than Herne Bay, over the water.

Mrs. Stillso Gently. That 's the beauty of the place. We may get tired of it, and of each other.

Mr. Stillso Gently. Never, dear! never! It will be a second Honeymoon in another Paradise.

Mrs. Stillso Gently. I say we may; but I don't think it probable.

Mr. Stillso Gently. This is our first day, darling, and the sun smiles upon us. There is an entrancing quiet!

Mrs. Stillso Gently. A beautiful calm!

Mr. Stillso Gently. Exactly. A sweet tranquillity which no human power can encroach upon. The ripples of the tide can just be heard like—like—

Mrs. Stillso Gently. Just so, love; like peas upon a plate.

Mr. Stillso Gently. Or rain-drops on the panes.

Mrs. Stillso Gently. Yes, love; or the water coming into the cistern.

Mr. Stillso Gently. In moments like these (*tenderly*) a man feels what a true protector he is to the woman he loves.

[*An unearthly scream is heard, and a mass of iron, hurtling through the air, falls into the muddy sand in front of them, sending up a small geyser of water into the air.* MRS. STILLSO GENTLY *falls screaming on her face, and* STILLSO GENTLY *makes a rush for shelter.*

Mr. Stillso Gently (*behind a hedge*). Goodness gracious! What can that be? (*Looking over the hedge, he observes* MRS. STILLSO GENTLY *screaming and kicking on the sand.*) Don't be a fool, AURORA! If you are not crippled, get up, do! What the deuce can it be?

[*A Range-finding Sergeant of Artillery, on horseback, is seen making his way towards them, and gesticulating.*

Mrs. Stillso Gently (*recovering*). Oh! please don't kill me!

Mr. Stillso Gently. Armed forces! then we are safe. AURORA, I am near you. There is no further danger. The Commander-in-Chief has sent his Aide-de-Camp to inquire after you.

Range Sergeant (*riding up*). Tare and 'Ouns, come out o' that! Sure the Eighty-wonn Ton 's practysing, and your familee won't know ye from the jilly fish av ye stay down here. Begorra, there 's the Darlint spakin' again!

[*Another scream worse than the first, and a rush as of mighty pinions, followed by a crash, leads the* STILLSO GENTLYS *to understand why their rent is so moderate. Tableau.*

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

Experiences—Avoca—Meeting of the Waters—Inspiration—On Car-riding—Janus adapted—Woodenbridge—Hotel—Prospect—Dublin again—En route—Companions—Killarney—The First View—The Second—The Bell—Complications—Off for the Lakes.

I QUIT Glendalough with regret. One hour ago I was in such ecstasies with the place that, even had PLUMPTON AND SPRY telegraphed to me "Come!" I should have wired back "P. AND S. be blessed! I don't stir from here for weeks."

This is my constant experience in this country. A lovely place on Tuesday is followed by a lovelier on Wednesday, and by a still more beautiful one on Thursday. So you go on, exceeding superlatives. We drive away over the mountain, and down the other side at full trot. "The English people," says my man, "don't see the best part of the country, for the Carmen won't take them this a-way: 'tis too heavy a road."

So it appears I am in luck; though which is the best part of the country where *all* is so striking, it would be difficult to say. However, I put this down to my driver's politeness, and his desire to give me the greatest gratification in the shortest possible time.

Now my Carman falls to quoting "TOMMY MOORE," as he calls him, and informs me that we are in the Vale of Avoca.

In the Vale of Avoca at the Meeting of the Waters.—A jolt, a snap, a crack, and the car comes down, or, rather, one side of the car comes down, with a bump. The springs have "given" somewhere.

Happy Thought.—We mark our arrival at the "Meeting of the Waters" by the "separation of the springs."

Luckily, there is a blacksmith's near at hand; and so, pointing out "TOMMY MOORE'S Oak," my driver leaves me to wander about the meadows, and admire the scenery, while he refreshes himself and the horse, and gets the spring mended.

A lovely spot! And, *à propos* of "TOMMY MOORE'S Oak," a traveller in Ireland ought to have MOORE at his fingers' ends. Inspired by the traditional poetry of the place, I lie by the stream, and burst into song:—

"I 'm here at Avoca
Arrived in a *Low* car,
But now I have *no* car
Bekase the spring broke.

"The lambkins are bleating,
The minutes are fleeting,
The waters are meeting,
By 'TOMMY MOORE'S Oak.'"

Happy Thought.—For this, as a May poem, to call it, in allusion to the accident that brought me here, *The Break of the Spring.*

The car is mended with some cord and a stout piece of wood. As the driver professes himself satisfied, why, so do I. Of one thing I am perfectly certain, that, as far as mending the spring goes, I could *not* have done it better myself. Again he urges on his wild career.

Undoubtedly there is no more advantageous way of seeing the country than travelling everywhere by car. At first you run the chance of establishing a wry neck for the remainder of your days. This can be avoided by occasionally changing seats with your driver, to whom position is not nine points of the Law of the Road. Riding on a car is an art; and only those who have *a natural turn of the neck for it* acquire it easily. The question is how to be the looker-on who will see most of the game with the least amount of discomfort, including the smallest possible chance of being jerked off, inadvertently, round a corner.

The first method is to sit side-saddle-wise, holding, of course, on to the rail. Every Saxon visiting Ireland for the first time holds on to the rail of a car. The *habitué* does not. The latter rides fearlessly, jauntily, easily. He seems to spring *with* the car, to rise when *it* rises, to fall when *it* falls (which I *didn't*, thank goodness!), and, in fact, to yield to all its motions gracefully.

You feel, on a car, that the *possibility* is offered you of looking all ways at once; that somehow this *can* be done, if you only know *how* to do it. You can't help trying it. You look behind; you look before; you look to the right; you look to the left; and you wish you were Janus—the only person except Argus, perhaps, whose natural peculiarity would have specially suited him for an *habitué* of an Irish outside car.

Happy Thought.—Combine the two as a title for a Tourists' Book, and call it *Fe-argus O'Janus; or, Two Heads are Better than One! Being a Narrative of a Journey of a Thousand Miles on an Outside Car.*

Woodenbridge.—Another lovely spot! Such an air of calm and rest as we arrive, at eventide, at this comfortable-looking hotel, which commands a view of one of the most picturesque parts of the country through which the line of rail passes. I dine, and am thankful. I am thankful for small mercies, as the dinner is but a sorry affair for such a bright-looking Hostelrie. Perhaps "in the Season" it may be better. Let us hope so. I am "out of the Season," and, like most things out of season, perhaps I am not worth the trouble expended upon me. The accommodation (so to speak) is about equal to that at Rathdrum, only, being more pretentious, it ought to be better. It isn't a patch upon the sweet little Hotel of Glendalough. So wake up, Woodenbridge!

No message from PLUMPTON AND SPRY. So back to Dublin, and thence to Killarney.

Killarney! Am I indeed going to Killarney! Dreams of my

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childhood! Songs of my youth! I can scarcely believe that to-morrow morning I am actually going to Killarney! And to think that one has to take a ticket for the journey to Killarney just as it it were an ordinary place!

Along the Canal, which, but for the dirtiness and dinginess, would make me think I had got suddenly into Amsterdam instead of Dublin,—by GUINNESS's Brewery,—shaving corners,—narrowly escaping kicks from the feet of other passengers on other cars,—nearly jerked off by the confounded tramways—*per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum*—I arrive att he terminus.

The English travellers in the train (for Killarney) with me do me the honour of taking me for an Irishman, and consult me on the subject of Dublin, Bray, and Wicklow generally. This is gratifying. I am acclimatised. Only I wish they wouldn't ask me about "the hunting here in the winter"—and "what those mountains are in the distance?" Also, an elderly Saxon asks me, "What counties are we passing through now?" I don't like to guess, and I don't want to dispel the illusion,—which has something in it of comedy for me—by referring at once to *Black's Guide*.

Mem.—Another time to read up the *Guide* beforehand. With a very little superficial knowledge, "crammed" at breakfast time, one could impose on these simple-minded tourists to any extent. Then they would write in their diaries, "Met an Irish Gentleman in the train, who told us that the finest trout were to be obtained," &c. &c. "He also gave us some valuable information as to the state of the country. He seemed intelligent, with a very pronounced brogue, probably that of some Western provinciality."

Killarney.—At last! My first view of Killarney is from the window of the Hotel omnibus, about nine o'clock on a pitch-dark night, only illumined by the occasional gas lamps, which show me that I am being taken through some sort of a town, then out of it, by a tediously long drive up to the Hotel on the Lake, named after Her Most Gracious Majesty.

Of the Lake or the Mountains I cannot even catch a glimpse. I have arrived like the guest who *will* come too early to a party, and who has to wait till the candles are lighted, before he can see the decorations of the *salon*. Or, I have arrived after the opera is over, and the box-keepers have draped the house in majestic brown-holland. Or, I am not "in the Season," and Killarney is not on view. At all events I must wait either till "*The Moon has Lit her Lamp above*,"—as the ballad in the *Lily of Killarney* has it,—or, if the Moon doesn't do this, I must patiently await Aurora. Being a Lady, she has a right to be unpunctual.

On retiring for the night, I attempt to make out something from the bedroom window. I fancy I see the lake. It is very close—not the lake, which may be a mile off, for aught I know—but the weather. "They say" it always rains at Killarney.

Morning.—'Tis all my fancy painted it! 'tis lovely, 'tis divine! The "Victoria" is beautifully situated—couldn't, in fact, be better; and of course everybody showing the hoighth of civility—but in Ireland, *cela va sans dire*. What if my bell is more ornamental than useful? and what if I vainly expend my labour in attempting to summon the Boots, or the Chambermaid? Am I not more than repaid for my trouble by the pains immediately taken by the Manager, by the Proprietor (who comes from some distance on purpose), by the Barmaids, by the Boots (who ought to have heard it ring, but didn't), by the Waiter (who happened to be standing near the other Waiter, when it "might have rung, and he not known it"), and, lastly, by the Ostler, who, having nothing whatever to do with the interior economy of the house, goes out of his way (happening to be passing through) to give *his* opinion as to this particular bell? And these all assemble—first in the passage, then on the stairs, then outside, on the lawn, to look up to where my room is, when I harangue them, as if it were an election, from the window. As only my upper, and my better half, is visible, the effect, from below, must resemble that produced by Punch in the show, when he is looking out for that provoking puppet "Joey" the Clown, who will insist on hiding round the corner. My audience, one after another, give their opinion and their advice on the subject: a proceeding which occupies a good half-hour after I have already employed twenty minutes in vain endeavours at making the bell sound.

I venture to say I never yet met with so much genuine and hearty commiseration, so much real sympathy, and so little help (for no one *did* anything), as on this occasion of my not having been able to make my bedroom bell heard; and when the subject is finally exhausted, I have quite forgotten what on earth it was I had wanted when I first pulled that bell-rope.

The Landlord offers to change my room. I shall be provided with a first-rate bell, only I shall not have such a first-rate view. I prefer my present *belle vue* to his view of the bell. (This *jeu de mot* can be worked up to thus: "When SYDNEY SMITH was travelling in Ireland, he happened," &c.)

I stay here some days, and the bell never *does* answer, and, consequently, no one ever answers the bell. But as some external repairs are going on, which necessitate the presence in the garden of at least three of the household at a time, including always either the Manager or the Proprietor, I find that, when I want anything, my most simple plan is to, *first*, ring the bell, *on the chance* (for while there is life and a bell-pull there is hope—or while there is a rope there is a hope), and then put my head out of window, repeating the Punch performance, and shout, as if I were being held back by an assassin in the bedroom, and were struggling to escape on to the top of the verandah, until some one below asks quietly, "What is it, Sorr?" or politely, "Did you call, Sir?" It's a long process, but it is an exercise of several virtues, *and, in the end*, it succeeds.

Early Morning.—The usual thing, of course. There is nothing for it but "the beaten track." There is, however, only one tourist besides myself at the Hotel just now—the others are leaving, or have left—and he has started independently. I put myself in the Landlord's hands. He tells me I shall want a horse and car, a pony for crossing the mountain, a couple of boatmen and a boat for the lake, and luncheon for myself and the aforesaid boatmen. Great preparations. But lead on! I follow!

The trap is at the door—outside car of the highest respectability, and with the best-looking horse I've yet seen. "*He's new to the work*," says my driver, "but he'll be all right. Jump up, Sorr!" And we trot away.

DIARIES, DIARIES, DIARIES!



MESSRS. T. J. SMITH & Co. (of Queen Street, Cheapside,) have shot down on *Mr. Punch* a batch of their multiform Diaries, Clerical and Professional, Commercial and Scribbling, Official and Pocket, in foolscap and quarto, octavo and post-octavo, long and short, fat and lean, limp and stiff, ruled and plain, with blotting-paper and without, in cases and out of cases, for house and office, for washing and account-keeping, to be hung on the wall or laid on the desk. In whatever form, or for whatever purpose days can be recorded, here is a record handy, from the firm of SMITH.

If, as there is wisdom in the multitude of counsellors, there were saving of time in the multitude of Diaries, no man need henceforth lose a day. But is there not reason to fear, on the other hand, that, in the multiplicity of Diaries, days may be lost—as men have been lost in the labyrinths of the catacombs? Meanwhile, we shall look with respect at MESSRS. SMITH'S heap of multiform Diaries as a reminder of the value of those days whose employment we fear *Mr. Punch* will never enter in them. Of "scribbling" he has sufficient already from his Correspondents: and he has enough to do in recording the day's works in the week's pages.

"In that New Land which is the Old."

"MESSRS. GOSCHEN and JOUBERT, representatives of the English and French Bondholders, leave Paris this morning for Egypt."—*Times, Oct.* 6.

BY prayers of Egypt's victims sped o'er ocean,
GOSCHEN starts homewards—to the land of Goshen.
May miracles be wrought at his commands,
Until his client's Bonds are off their hands!

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AMENITIES OF THE HONEYMOON.

"*DON'T* MOVE, DARLING!—I'M *SO* COMFORTABLE, AND YOUR HEAD *IS* SO SOFT!!"

THE MOST IMPORTANT MEETING YET.

THE Three Tailors of Tooley Street met yesterday in as large a number as was possible, in order to discuss the position of the United Kingdom with regard to the East.

The Meeting would have been held with closed doors, but there being only one door, it was considered superfluous to close it, particularly as no strangers showed any desire to come in.

The Second Tailor voted the First Tailor into the Chair. This was immediately seconded by the Third Tailor, and carried by a very large majority.

The First Tailor said that he should have been most proud to have taken the Chair, but unfortunately it had already been taken under a distress for last month's rent. (*Loud cheers.*) The proposed Chairman went on to say that it would be quite in keeping with the object of the Meeting, and with their professional capacity, if they were to sit cross-legged. (*Great cheering, during which the Meeting crossed their legs and took their seats.*)

The first Resolution was proposed by the Third Tailor, who said that he considered that all Turks should be exterminated. With that view he had already expunged Turkey from a map belonging to a friend of his, and hoped it might aid the cause materially. (*Cheers.*) He would move a Resolution to the following effect:—

"That this Meeting, comprising as it does the principal inhabitants of the United Kingdom"—("*Hear, hear!*")—"would suggest to HER MAJESTY that all affairs of State should be at once committed to their charge, when probably a proper solution of the Eastern Question would be arrived at." (*Loud cheers.*)

The Resolution was carried by an overwhelming majority, the President giving his casting vote.

The Second Tailor thought that some pecuniary relief should be sent out to the sufferers ("*Hear, hear!*"), and that it should be done at once. (*Great cheering.*) He should therefore ask the President of the Meeting to lend him a shilling; half of which he would pledge himself to spend in beer (*Cheers*), and would promise to owe the other half to any honorary Treasurer who might be appointed.

The President, after having re-crossed his legs and remarked that he was in hourly expectation of letters of apology from all the Crowned Heads of Europe for not attending the meeting, went on to say that he fully concurred in what had been said. With regard to the shilling it was matter for consideration, and would probably take some weeks to decide. Nevertheless, he had no objection to other members of the meeting subscribing largely to the relief of the sufferers. (*Murmurs.*) Should HER MAJESTY decline to accede to their petition, they might take matters into their own hands. They surely ought to get *something* out of it. (*Loud cheers.*) He concluded with a fervent appeal to the Second Tailor to stand something. This having been seconded by the Third Tailor, it was carried by an enthusiastic majority.

A somewhat warm discussion followed, after which the meeting uncrossed its legs and tossed for coppers till it dispersed.

NEW READINGS OF BYRON.

IN a late number of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, the property of MR. JOSEPH COWEN, M.P., we find a full report of a recent speech by that Gentleman on the Bulgarian Atrocities. The speaker quoted—very much to the purpose—BYRON's well-known picture of the lean dogs holding their carnival over the dead under the walls of Corinth. The report in printing the quotation gives us—

"From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh,
As ye feed the pig when the fruit is fresh."

We have been accustomed to see the line printed—

"As you *peel the fig*," &c.,

but we fully acknowledge the boldness of the correction.

So for the accepted reading—

"As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,"

MR. COWEN's organ gives us—

"*As they largely resembled* the bones of the dead."

To whom are we indebted for these improvements—to MR. COWEN's Compositor or to MR. COWEN's Corrector? In either case, we have to thank him for a sensation. "*Credo* BYRON?" Not we—in future; till the noble Bard has passed through the office of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

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PSYCHO À LA RUS(S)E.

Russ-Masculine. "IT MUST BE PLAIN TO EVERYONE THAT I DO NOT IN ANY WAY INFLUENCE THE MOVEMENTS OF THE FIGURE!!"

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DIFFICULTY AND DARING.



QUESTION may be raised on the motto adopted by LORD BEACONSFIELD: *Forti nihil difficile*. Is this true? Can it be verily affirmed that nothing is difficult for a brave man? Is not Latin difficult? Is not Greek difficult? Is not Geometry difficult? Is not Algebra difficult? Nay, are not French and German difficult, and is not simple Arithmetic difficult; are not Multiplication, Division, the Rule of Three, and Practice difficult, and a doosid deal too difficult, for numbers of brave men? Is there not far too many a brave young man as ready and willing as naturally qualified, to lead a forlorn hope, who, mainly perhaps because of that very qualification, is debarred from ever doing so in any higher capacity than that of a private soldier by his inability to pass a difficult examination?

Suppose instead of "*Forti*," his Lordship were to read "*Seventy nihil difficile?* Is he prepared to put the difficulty to the test, by trying to persuade England into his view of the Eastern Question and how to answer it? Or is he too old a bird to try?

NOT BEFORE IT 'S WANTED.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN your public capacity as Mentor and Adviser, will you kindly suggest to Preceptors of Colleges and the Committee of Council for Educat.on that a new Science be added to the existing Curriculum—a science imperatively called for by the wants of the present day. I mean the "Science of Drawing-room Navigation," by the study of which young men may be enabled to move in society without entangling their heels in Ladies' dresses, crushing lap-dogs, pulling over articles of *virtu*, or light furniture, plunging ankle-deep into pots of valuable ferns, upsetting ink-stands, card-trays, &c. They may also acquire the art of resisting the attraction of the lace antimacassars of chairs and ottomans, which seem to have a peculiar tenacity of adherence to any button more prominent than usual.

Yours to command,

POLONAISE.

UTRUM MAVIS ACCIPE.

CANON LIDDON and MR. MALCOLM MCCOLL in their voyage down the Danube, saw bodies impaled on the Turkish shore. MUSURUS BEY, Turkish Ambassador in London, writes, at once, to the *Times* to deny this on the part of the "proper authority," and to charge the reverend witnesses with "optical illusion, if nothing worse."

Which is most consonant with probability and experience, that the Turk should shrink from staking his victims, and that two English clergymen, with characters to lose and their senses about them, should have said or seen the thing that was not, or that the "proper authority" in Turkey should have first told a lie, and then charged MUSURUS BEY to repeat it?

We leave the Bey impaled on whichever horn he pleases of that dilemma.

One thing we should recommend him, at all events; *not* to stake his own credit on that of any Turkish authority—proper or improper.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Music Feast—Dinner—CLAY and WAGNER.

DEAR SIR,

WHAT chances are these! Music 's the food of Love. Why, here 's my own WAGNER in London, with MR. CARL ROSA at the Lyceum. Ah, *Rosa! Bonheur!* (an artistic *jeu de mot* at eighteenpence an hour,—reduction on taking a quantity).

Haven't I returned from Bayreuth full of WAGNER. As MR. BYRON says in *Little Don Cæsar de Bazan*, "Am I not a man and a Bey-reuther!"—which, of *all* the puns—Oh, Sir, I squeaked with delight. I dug my elbow into my neighbour's ribs—there is no moral law *against* digging your elbow into your neighbour's ribs, I believe—and then I had *my* fun, for *I explained the joke to him*. By the way, Sir, I know a man (with most people you may generally interpret this phrase correctly by inserting a negative before the verb; but not so with *me*)—well, I know a man who, being naturally obtuse, has determined to obtain for himself a fine appreciation of humour. His theory is, "It *must* be in me—just as my muscles are in my arm—only that they won't lift fifty tons unless I exercise them: so for my 'sense of humour'—my eighth sense—*that*, too, is *in* me, and if I only work it, it will be strong enough to grapple with fifty puns." So what does he do? Why, he passes his life among wits—not *professionals*, who don't throw away their capital, but among *amateur* wits, funny men, sayers of good things at small parties, and he works out their *jeux de mots* on paper, just as he would so many problems in Algebra. Let x be the meaning of the joke which has escaped him. Good: then he gets the other known quantities, including the joke itself, puts on his dressing-gown, spreads his paper, pours out a libation of ink, flourishes his quill—and at it he goes, with all the vigour of a COLENSO reducing the Book of Numbers to a question of figures.

I was dining with my old friend and pitcher, the ex-Turkish Minister's private ex-secretary, who held a post in the Turkish Army years ago (after a dinner with me, I *have* seen him *holding a post*,—a lamp-post in Piccadilly—and most unwilling to part with it) and the rare old Moslem,—his name is PEGWELL BEY—a small chap, a mere shrimp of a fellow to look at, but a prawn in pitched battle, a lobster in the field, a crab in a combat,—he says to me, sipping his second bottle of *sherbet*—(we *call* it sherbet, out of respect to the Bey's scruples, but if there ever was real good Pommery from the caves of MADAME POMMERY, and if ever there was Comet Port—with nuts—in this world, it was between us, *entre nous*, at that moment), he says, "How about music to-night?"

I replied—

> "Last night, when undisturbed by State affairs,
> Moistening our clay, and puffing off our cares!"

"*Bombastes!*" cried the wily Bey, as well-read a man as any that ever wore *fes* or drank *fizz!*

"The Bulbul is right," I replied, in true Oriental fashion; for though a man of the world, he still likes to be called a Bulbul. "You are right. Did you notice I said *clay?*" I asked.

"CLAY, by all means," returned the Bulbul, chucking up his cap in the air. "Here's his health!"

"How about *Toto?*" I asked my PEGWELL BEY.

"Allah is good! Allah is kind! MAHOMET is his Prophet! CLAY is good; and I hope *Toto* is his profit. I have not seen it."

The worthy Mahommedan paused. His eyes trembled. Then he said, "I prefer real good *Clay* to any *mere sham*, and—and—," he paused, and I was sure that he had something good to follow. Then he went on—"and I hope that he has succeeded *in toto*."

"*That*, my Bulbul, would make a capital advertisement," I observed, "Success *in toto*."

"True, my jolly Christian dog," returned the Bey. "Good sherbet needs no bush, but a *Clay* is all the better for a little judicious *puffing*.

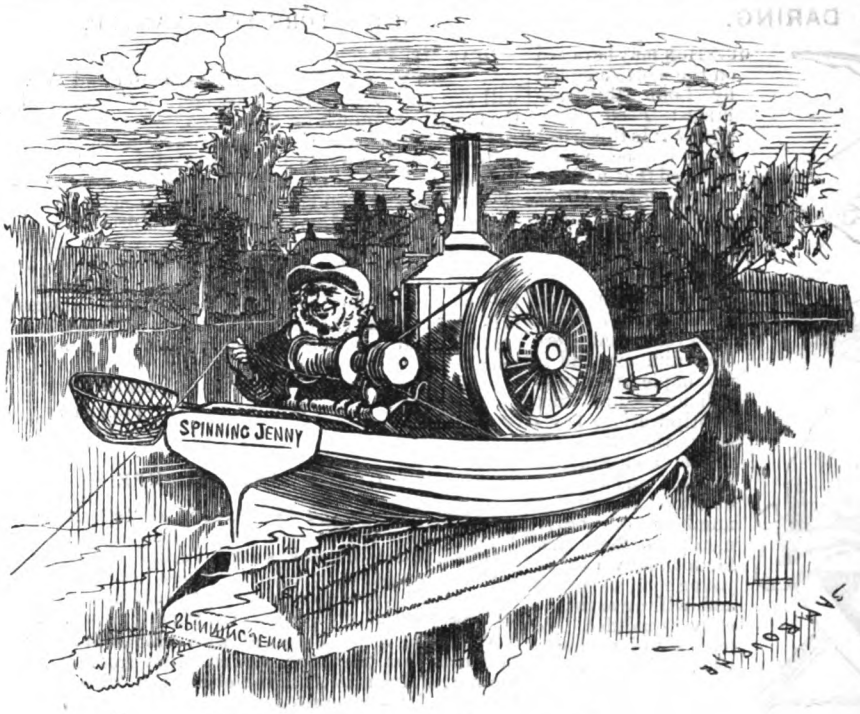
I suggested a programme;—a night wi' CLAY, and one with WAGNER.

"What night with CLAY?" asked the Bey, who is such a Wagnerite that he might be called the Bey of Beyreuth.

"My distinguished Bulbul," I replied, "will see that CLAY's night is, at present, *Don Quixote*, the *Knight of La Mancha*."

There 's no difficulty just now in London in hearing the works of WAGNER. They 've got extracts from that composition whose name can scarcely be mentioned to ears polite, I allude to the *Götterdämmerung*,—while SANTLEY is airing his *nobby lungen* (Bavarian dialect for "wonderful lungs") at the Lyceum in the *Flying Dutchman*. The Bey, whose English gets muddled occasionally, could not remember this title; he *would* call it the *Flying Dustman*, and I rather fancy he was thinking of the Italian version, *L'Olandese*

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MECHANICS IN SPORT.

No. 2.—STEAM EJECTOR AND SPINNING APPARATUS FOR JACK AND CHUB FISHING.

THE SITUATION AT STAMBOUL.

SAYS *Suaviter in Modo*
To *Fortiter in Re*—
(*Aliàs* HENRY ELLIOT
To IGNATIEFF)—says he,
"Let me convince the Padishah,
MIDHAT, RUSHDI, & Co.,
That as LORD DERBY sees things,
They things should see also."

To *Suaviter in Modo*
Says *Fortiter in Re*,
"You may argue with the Turcos
Till blue in face you be.
But your Turco knows one pressure—
Of a fist upon him thrust:
And your Turco knows one reason—
'I must—because I must.'

"So, *Suaviter in Modo*
And *Fortiter in Re*,
If they 're to work to profit,
In their working must agree.
I 'll find the hand of iron,
You may find the velvet glove,
And, *hand in glove*, by acting,
We may force the Turk to move."

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

WE hear of meetings for discussion in Bicycling Circles. Is every Member of a Velocipede Club a Spokesman?

HAPPY THOUGHT (TURKISH).—Any Porte in a storm.

Dannato when he informed me that the second title was the *Schiedam Hollander*. I set him right on this point while we were listening to MR. RIPLEY'S Holbornian Restaurant Band assisting our digestion with the melodious overture to *Tannhäuser*.

Then to the Alhambra.

The Bulbul was delighted with the Ballet, and the performances of the Fiendish GIRARDS, who are fearfully and wonderfully made up. They are not out of place at the Alhambra—on the contrary; but they *are* out of place in the Comic Opera, *Don Quixote*. MR. CLAY has written some charming Ballet music, and the Chivalry Song is the best in the piece.

But the Opera should have been a *Bouffe*, somebody like MR. FRED VOKES (though the GIRARDS outvokes VOKES, I 'm afraid); for the Don, and MR. PAULTON, with the Song of "*Proverbs Gone Wrong*," as *Sancho Panza*. Anyhow, the GIRARDS, who have nearly put the noses of the "Fiji Flutterers" out of joint (lucky for the latter it is "noses," and not legs or arms), are well worth a visit.

Then to the Lyceum. It was the second night of the *Flying Dutchman*, and if a crowded house and genuine enthusiasm—(the singing of MDLLE. TORRIANI and MR. SANTLEY in the Second Act created a perfect *furore*)—go for anything, then MR. CARL ROSA may congratulate himself, as I heartily congratulate him, on one of the biggest operatic successes that has been witnessed in town for many a long day. With the Lyceum orchestra and chorus there is scarcely a fault to be found; the size, the acoustic properties of the house, and HERR WAGNER'S wind instruments, being taken into consideration. The music flows on from first to last, never once interrupted by that cold-water curse of English opera, which has been hitherto considered necessary to the intelligible rendering of a plot—the dialogue, which generally falls as flat as the "*spoken*" in an old-fashioned comic song.

The Second Act of *The Flying Dutchman* is, to my thinking, too long, for the climax is reached when *Vanderdecken* enters, and is recognised by *Leuta*. To bring the act-drop down on this situation would have been a dramatic effect too conventional perhaps for HERR WAGNER. I propose, Sir, to return to the consideration of this striking opera on another occasion. After it, the Bey and myself sought the Lane of the Maiden where we are accustomed to pass some "half-hours with the Best Oysters." And so for the present I remain, Wagnarianly,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A RAY OF INTELLIGENCE IN THE DARKNESS OF SPIRITUALISTIC FOLLY.—PROFESSOR LANKESTER.

RUMOURED TURKISH REFORMS.

IT is whispered that the following particulars, amongst others, of a project for Turkish Reform, have been submitted by the Great European Powers to the Sublime Porte:—

The SULTAN to accord his subjects a Constitution, and himself to be transformed into a Constitutional Sovereign. Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia to be consolidated into a Limited Monarchy, with Representative Institutions.

The Legislature, with the SULTAN, acting by responsible Ministers, at its head, to consist of a Senate and Chamber of Deputies; the latter electing the former, and elected itself with Vote by Ballot and Universal Suffrage, embracing the political Rights of Women.

Mahometanism, as the State Religion, to be disestablished and disendowed, and all sects and denominations to be placed upon a footing of absolute equality.

The universal establishment of Trial by Jury. Jurors to be eligible irrespective of creed.

A general system of Compulsory Education, admitting denominational schools; but where these are found inadequate, administered by School Boards, with authority to levy Rates to any amount sufficient to defray all necessary expenses.

Cheap administration of justice by means of County Courts, to be established in Counties, into which the entire Turkish Empire shall be divided for that purpose. Regular and periodical Gaol Deliveries, Assizes, and Quarter Sessions.

THE BEST PART OF A LIFE.

THE strength of Onions is proverbial. Hercules may be supposed to have been typified by the Onion, because the Onion, like himself, is so uncommonly strong. But though it be excellent to have an Onion's strength, 'tis tyrannous to use it like an Onion, such an one as one WILLIAM ONION, had up on Wednesday last week at Worship Street, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and with having committed a violent assault on ROBERT HILL, 101 H. ONION had been found by the Constable in Leman Street, Whitechapel, standing over a man whom he had just knocked down, like an ONION strong enough and savage enough to knock down anybody. The Constable tried to persuade him to go home, when ONION refused, and, besides expressing himself in generically strong language, abused his strength by violently kicking the Constable's shins, and trying to kick him in a still more dangerous manner.

"In answer to questions by the Magistrate, the Constable said the prisoner

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EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

Irate Young Lady. "Mr. Cox, I declare your Machines are the worst I ever saw! —there's not even a Looking-Glass!"

Proprietor of Bathing Machines. "Why, Miss, if there *was* Looking-Glasses, we shouldn't get you Ladies out of them 'ere Machines for *Howers* and *Howers!*"

JONES ON HIS HOLIDAYS.

So, I've finished my holiday outing;
And now that I've come back to Town,
May indulge in a glance retrospective
O'er the weeks which like lightning have flown.
My brain is not yet fairly settled;
My blood's in a sort of a flame;
And I don't feel recruited—but then I
Know Brown feels exactly the same.

I've scampered through beautiful countries,
Done the lions in no end of towns:
My name is inscribed in high places,
With other Smiths, Joneses, and Browns.
I've knocked off peaks, passes, and glaciers,
In such shoals that scarce one can I name.
But while the Swiss round I was doing,
Brown was doing exactly the same.

I've discounted both dirt and discomfort,
As one must, in a stick that's called "cleft;"
Tossed on beds, too, which "beds" is no word for;
Put up with extortion and theft.
I've risked life and limb in the mountains,
With no special taste for that game;
But from strict sense of duty, because I
Knew Brown bent on climbing the same.

I've spent in my short weeks of outing
The savings of all the past year;
And have learnt little more than the lesson
That outings come awfully dear.
The salve I apply to my conscience,
In friends' eyes will clear me of blame—
'Tis that I've done precisely what Brown did,—
And I'm certain that Brown feels the same.

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.

No wonder Mr. Orr Ewing, M.P., should throw cold water on the Dumbarton Atrocity-Indignation Meeting. He gets his living by Turkey-red dyeing.

The Devil's in the Slate.—Quoth Slade, "Don't you hear 'Old Scratch' at work?"

had been convicted over one hundred times for drunkenness, disorderly conduct, and violent assaults on the Police and civilians. On one occasion he was charged with killing a man, and was committed for trial, but acquitted; in fact, he had spent the best part of his life in gaol."

No doubt he had; and it is a fact which, however obvious, is not perhaps so well considered as it ought to be, that the best part of every ruffian's life, and of the life of every habitual offender and criminal, is that which he spends in gaol. This truth was perhaps within the view of Mr. De Rutzen, the Magistrate before whom this most offensive Onion was brought to justice, when he sentenced that specimen of the dangerous classes to six months' imprisonment with hard labour, during which term his life will be made the best of that it can by the employment of Onion's strength at the crank and on the treadmill. It is a pity the Magistrate could not have given him more. The best part of a life such as Onion's is spent in gaol indeed when he is kept there longest.

WHYS AND MEANS.

Why do people write that they "accept with pleasure" an unpleasant invitation, when they really mean that they do so with reluctance?

Why do Ladies bid their servant say that they are not at home, when they mean they are engaged or unwilling to see visitors?

Why do Cockneys often say they have been cruising in the Channel, when they mean that they have had a shilling sail at Worthing?

Why do Actors grumble that the Drama is going to the dogs, when they mean that they themselves are not in favour with the Public?

Why do Men tell their Wives that they will be detained by business, when they really mean to be detained by a Club dinner?

Why do Women bid their husbands escort them to the West-End, when they really mean to make them pay for a new bonnet?

Why do Singers speak with diffidence of the powers of their voice, when they mean to swallow greedily all the compliments you give them?

Why do Inviters often call their country house a "little place," when they mean to show you a palatial residence?

Why does your Friend tell you "any toggery will do," when he means himself to sport a dress suit and white-choker?

Why do China Dealers name so preposterous a price, when they mean to jump at less than half if they be offered it?

Why do people say they will be really charmed to see you whenever you drop in, whereas they really mean to shelve you by so vague an invitation?

Why do Voters whisper "Oh, no; I couldn't think of it," when they mean to pocket as much as may be handed them?

Why do Pianists complain that they are sadly out of practice when they are asked to play, while in reality they mean they want more pressing, and then will gladly yield to it?

And why do Waiters generally tell you they are "Coming, Sir!" when nine times out of ten they mean that they are going?

Arms and Arts.

"Lord Beaconsfield's arms have been duly registered at the Heralds' College."—*Daily Papers.*

A new Coat of Arms when his new Lordship quarters,
Can he keep—that's the question—his former supporters?

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"FOR FRENCH OF PARIS WAS TO HIM UNKNOW"!

First Cad (with a view to impress the other Passengers). "I SAY, 'ARRY, FUST-CLASS CHAMPAGNE FRED GIVE US LAST NIGHT, WASN' IT?"!
Second Cad. "I B'LIEVE YER! 'AVE YOU TRIED THAT NEW *SPECIALITE* SHERRY?"!

A SONG FOR A HARVEST SUPPER.

(*By an Eastern Counties Disciple of* SIR WILFRID LAWSON.)

Now Harvest be over, let 's sociable meet,
And enjoy the delights of a Temperance treat:
All liquors fermented right nobly we scorn,
Fur they lead men to mischief, sure 's ever they 're born.

No Beer nor no Cider we 'll draa fur our feast;
They turn a good Christian into a beast.
Nor we doan't need no Sperrits our mirth to inspire,
Fur we doan't want to set brain and body afire.

Haarvest homes we hev heerd on, most turrible tales,
Wheer drink 'toxicatun were sarved out in pails:
Wheer chaps sot a swillun like hogs in a stye,
Till most on 'em under the taable did lie.

Nixt marnun hids achun hands shakun they feel,
No appetite nayther to swaller a meal;
And tho' to their day's work they strive fur to tarn,
No more 'n a brass farden they manage to arn.

In no sech divarsions enjoyment we find;
Fur losing our sinses ain't much to our mind:
We purfer to set sober, and keep our hids clear,
And not make un duzzy wi' drinkun drugged beer.

We like to lead dacent respectable lives,
And save a few puns for our children and wives:
Not go waastun our waages in wettun our throats,
And pawnun for drink both our weskits and coats.

So come, my brave comrades, Teetotallers all!
Three cheers fur our Maister and Missus I call!
Fur she *is* a good woman, she purwides us good cheer,
Tea and Corfy in galluns, and prime Gingerbeer.

Come, fill up a bumper! come, fill every man!
Fill to brimmun the Tea-pot, pass round the Milk-can!
No hidache ull harm us, no fever we 'll fear,
While we drink nawthun stronger nor good Gingerbeer!

A FIELD TOO OFTEN PLOUGHED.

THE excitement created by the Bulgarian atrocities will have subsided only to be followed by another outburst of equally vehement indignation, which cannot but be aroused by the following passage in a letter to the *Times* on the subject of "Ostrich Farming at the Cape":—

"Birds are kept solely for the feathers. They are plucked every eight months, and will average at each plucking £10 worth of feathers after the first plucking, which are chicken feathers and are not so valuable."

What amount of torture inflicted upon poor dumb animals by vivisection, for the benefit of suffering humanity, can equal the torments to which wretched Ostriches are subjected periodically every eight months to no worthier or better purpose than that of subservience to the vanity of Fashion? Let every Professor, or Graduate who has once been a student, imagine what it must be to be so repeatedly plucked. Of course the anti-vivisectionist enthusiasts, who even during the busy Summer found time to stump the country inveighing against the barbarities perpetrated by physiologists on frogs, cannot now for very shame fail to devote a portion of their Autumnal leisure to corresponding denunciation of the cruelty for which Ladies of rank and wealth are responsible by continuing to wear head-dresses which require thousands of Ostriches to have the quills of their tail feathers wrenched at intervals of only eight months each from their quivering sockets. Nor can it be but that amiable humanitarians, who sympathise so keenly with vivisected rabbits and guinea-pigs, will everywhere exert their utmost influence to get petitions drawn up for presentation to the QUEEN, humbly imploring Her Most Gracious MAJESTY to be graciously pleased to command that the usage of wearing Ostrich feathers at Royal Drawing-Rooms and State Balls be henceforth discontinued.

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ANIMAL AUTOGRAPHS.



HERE is a Book announced under the title of *Animals Painted by Themselves.*

The Fox is the only animal we know of who possesses a brush, but whether he can paint with it we have yet to learn. But this is, of course only our little joke, which we must have: we know perfectly well that the title may be taken figuratively. The headings of the chapters no doubt will be more or less (more, perhaps) as follows:—

The Lion.—King of the Beasts—Much received in Society—Adored by the Ladies—Never met GORDON CUMMING—Paws soft and effeminate—Naturally mild and philanthropic.

The Bear.—Elegant Action of—Agreeable Manners—Charming Tenor Voice—Fond of Waltzing—At the Head of the Pole—Has a Hug for every Friend.

The Fox.—Naturally frank and open—Would not hurt a Chicken for Worlds—Always liked Sour Grapes—The Best Friend with Hounds.

The Pig.—The Victim of Slander—His Clean Habits—His Sweet Home—His Abstemiousness and Remarkable Temperance—His Plaintive Warble, and his Love of Hebrew.

The Ass.—His Musical Talents—His Tender Lips—Activity in Bondage—Willing Acquiescence when asked to Gallop.

The Monkey.—Greek Type Developed—Superiority to Man—Dramatic Powers. &c., &c., &c.

The Work promises to be most amusing, if not instructive. We only hope it will be illustrated by Animals. Why not? Badgers have been most successfully drawn by Dogs; and few Horses but have drawn a *carte de visite*. So we repeat, Why not?

Poor Womankind.

DEAR OLD PUNCH,

I HOPE you do not approve of such truly *manly* selfishness as DR. SLADE'S, who, after his wife has gone to her rest, cruelly breaks it by making her come back to *earn his bread for him!* As a Married Woman I protest against such behaviour to one of our ill-used sex.

Your old Friend,

MAY (BUT WOULDN'T).

THE BELL-RINGERS.

(*A Devonshire Dream, after the Church Congress at Plymouth.*)

"The bells are the external voice of the Church, and as Catholic as the Church itself."—REV. C. P. H. BARLOW, *in the discussion on "Church Bells, and How to Use Them," which wound up the meeting of the Church Congress at Plymouth.*

"Any man, however dull his intellect, can learn to do what is called round-ringing. Change-ringing is very different . . . The learning of the latter is a matter of impossibility to some men; others only go a very short way in the art; and, of course, others attain greater or less proficiency."—MR. C. A. W. TROYTE, *President of the Devonshire Guild of Ringers, in the same discussion.*

THE Jackdaw, perched on the belfry-eaves,
As he peeped through a network of ivy-leaves,
Saw a Clerical Congress, in cassocks and copes,
Tugging away at a tangle of ropes,
To the sound of something between curse and benison,
The comment of outspoken ARCHDEACON DENISON.

The cassocks rustled, the copes and stoles
Fluttered and flounced, as those well-meaning souls
Toiled, tugged, and strained, *but they couldn't keep time!*
Which, of course, plays the mischief with peal or chime.
So the net result was a vigorous jangle,
With the clappers at odds, and the ropes in a tangle,
And the pullers as loud as their bells in wrangle!
"Oho," quoth the Jackdaw, "hereby hangs a tale!
In their craft these black-coated Bell-ringers fail:
I must teach them there needs more than vigour and zeal
In the pullers, to sound an harmonious peal."
Then he hopped in among them, *sans* bow or apology,
And propounded his views upon Church Campanology.

"Brother black-coats," he cried, "out of tune, out of time,
While you thus tug, no wonder your bells fail to chime.
Round-ringing! Most likeness, methinks, might be found
In your work to what pugilists mean by a 'round.'
Change-ringing! Suggestive in these days of 'movements,'
Of changes the country calls aught but improvements;
Though e'en mutability's gale you might weather,
If somehow you'd manage to change all together:
But some change in one key, and some in another,
And each ringer's chief aim seems his fellow to smother.
Till trebles and basses, to keep time unable,
Clash into cacophony—mere bells of Babel!

Peal-ringing! Well that, one would think, might be, verily,
A labour of love all would join in right merrily;
Tintinnabular pastime instead of a toil;
But e'en *jubilates* a jangle will spoil,
And joy-peals are marred, if some obstinate bell
Will go in, on its private account, for a knell.
To join in a treble-bob-major sounds fine,
But if one treats his bell but as summons to dine,
Another as cow-bell, of pasture suggestive,
A third as alarum to hearts high and restive?—
If this fiery Archdeacon deems Church-bells the tocsin
Which calls to a fray he would fain exchange knocks in;
While that blandest of Bishops would rather decide
Their note is the *couvre-feu* bidding men hide
Latent fires of Dissent?—if to others they be
Mere muffin-bells, telling of tattle and tea,
Or factory-bells, brisk *réveillé* to work
For cowards to funk, and for sluggards to shirk;
Or wedding-day clashes, or funeral knells,
Or parties' loud peans, or souls' passing-bells—
What wonder, in short, if '*ensemble*'s past hopes,
With as many Minds as you've Men at the ropes?
Now, since to keep tune is a dream, were't not well,
To muffle your noisiest tongues for a spell?
Or at least not proclaim in too public a way,
That a symphony's just the one thing you can't play?
While each tugs his own rope, and will tug it alone,
As heedless of time, as of tune and of tone,
Expending his strength in his self-centred labours,
With a cool disregard for the 'notes' of his neighbours,
Why, unison, harmony, music, are things
Which not WAGNER himself could get out of *your* 'rings'—
And English Church-music, however you strain,
As 'music' must still 'of the future' remain."

Here the Bird hopped aloft, and those Bell-ringers stared.
A few optics half twinkled, but most of them glared.
Said their Leader, at last, "Well, he lays down the law;
But you see, after all, he is only a Daw!
A mere saucy Lay-creature, though given to perch
In saucy intrusion *outside* of the Church.
Pull away! pull away! Give a right Plymouth peal!"
So they tugged—to what tune only Time can reveal.

THE SPIRITUALIST'S *LOCUS STANDI.*—The Bar of Bow Street.

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MECHANICS IN SPORT.

NO. 3.—IMPROVED CLOCKWORK HUNTERS, WITH PATENT CAMB-SADDLE BUMPING ACTION.

Up to any weight. Quiet to ride. When properly wound up, will stay through the longest run.

CUCURBITS AND CREAMS.

IT is now some months too late for the Monster Gooseberry; but the Monster Turnip is in season, having doubtless been very generally developed by the late rains. So, likewise, is the Monster Gourd or Pumpkin. The Eastern Question has, however, excluded both Monster Turnips and Monster Gourds from the columns of most of our contemporaries; nevertheless a local paper announces that there are now on view in a shop window, Above Bar at Southampton, certain Monsters of the Gourd kind, weighing respectively forty and twenty-nine pounds; labelled, "Two Fine Vegetable Creams." Confounding one species of the *Cucurbitaceæ* with another, there are, we have very little doubt, individuals, not yet inmates of idiot asylums, who will not think it too absurd to suggest that Vegetable Creams must be the produce of *Cow*-cumbers.

To the Wood! To the Wood!

THE parishes bordering on the Strand have determined on adopting the Wood-pavement for that much-frequented thoroughfare. Happy Strand! Permitted to exchange the grease and slipperiness of Asphalte, and the jar and thunder of Granite for the elasticity and noiselessness of Wood! But why should these blessings be limited to the Strand parishes? Let all the London parishes still doomed to slipperiness and noise, rouse their Vestries to action in the same direction, and halloo lustily, *not* until they are out of the Wood, but until they are into it.

EVERYDAY FARCES.

II.—"BRAZEN THREADS AMONG THE GOLD."

SCENE—*The Folkestone Terminus. Passengers from Paris to London stowing themselves, their rugs, wraps, and reminiscences, in the Tidal Train.*

MRS. CANDYTUFT, *her Daughter, and eldest Son, are assisting an Aristocratic Stranger, of the feminine gender, to the best corner, and administering Eau de Cologne and Salts, with an abuse of gush that is positively nauseating (so said* CANDYTUFT, *Jun., afterwards).*

Mrs. Candytuft (*patting a rug which her daughter has tucked round the* Aristocratic Stranger's *lower extremities*). Poor dear creature! It was a bad passage indeed, and I must say I sympathise with you. *Bocoo—bocoo!* And that dreadful Alderman sitting next to you!

Aristocratic Stranger. Would you 'ave the kindness to put that bag and dressing-case close to me. Thanks—oh so much!

[YOUNG CANDYTUFT *advances the bag and dressing-case, on which are prominent a Count's Coronet and the Gothic initials "V. K."*

Miss Adela Candytuft (*putting down a parcel on which is written "MADAME LA COMTESSE DE KERVALEC, Londres"*). You almost forgot this—but I snapped it up just as we left the boat. *Hoorooz-mong!*

Aristocratic Stranger. 'Ow good of you, my dear young Lady. I don't know what the Count would have said if I had lost it!

Mrs. Candytuft (*aside to her daughter*). How well she speaks English, ADELA. I wish you spoke French like that.

Adela Candytuft (*aside to her mother*). Perfectly exquisite! How odd it is foreigners never can manage their H's.

Young Candytuft. Aw! can I offer you the English papers? There's *Times—Punch*—aw!

Aristocratic Stranger. Thanks so much—awfully kind.

Mrs. Candytuft (*improving the occasion at every opportunity*). My dear ADELA, do look how well Parisian women of rank's things fit them! Don't you think you could remember the form of that Ulster?

Adela Candytuft (*a sprig of the same tuft*). Why, of course, Ma dear! I have taken mental notes of those pockets *en biais* and that sweet *capuchon* all the way over.

Mrs. Candytuft. Dear girl! Poor thing! I wonder the Count allows such a fragile flower to travel alone!

Adela. Dreadful man! I'm sure he has a curly hat and long-pointed moustaches.

Young Candytuft (*to himself*). Confounded foreigner! If she were anywhere else, I could have a weed now. Instead of which——

[*Dives into the Times, grumbling.*

Aristocratic Stranger *relieves her shattered nerves with some sherry and water from an Eau de Cologne bottle.*

Mrs. Candytuft (*aside*). Some dreadful French Tisane! Oh, *purmetty.*——Do let me give you just a drop of Cognac—*ur pity vair.*

Young Candytuft (*who had forgotten there was a flask in his Ulster pocket*). Aw—yes. JUSTERINI'S best, I asshaw you.

Aristocratic Stranger. Thanks. Awfully thanks. (*She does take a drop.*) That will bring me round, I dare say.

Another hour is supposed to elapse, during which the Family CANDYTUFT *are unremitting in attentions to the* Aristocratic Stranger, *who is observed to snigger occasionally.*

Mrs. Candytuft's Happy Thought meanwhile. What a catch to get a real Count and Countess at our Winter Dance!

Miss Adela's Happy Thought. How gorgeous to be heard talking French to a sweet Comtesse by those JONES girls, who are so proud of their German!

Young Candytuft's Happy Thought. Like to know this Count fellow. Might introduce a fellow to Judic, you know.

Charing Cross Station. "*Charing Cross—Cross—Cross!*"

Mrs. Candytuft. Mon vwawtoor ehteecy. My carriage—but of course you have your own. Do let AUGUSTUS help you with your things. *Ongshanty de voo revwaw*, you know.

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A REPROOF.

Country Gent (lately a Citizen, who has just missed an easy shot). "CONFOUND THE THING!"
Giles (with the Bag). "OH, MEASTER! DON'T I WISH AS I'D HAD A STOAN!"

Adela (aside). Here's the Comtesse's servant. Powder and a red cockade!

Powdered Flunkey (approaching with an affable smile). Well, MISS MARIANNE, her Ladyship expected you yesterday. 'Ow's yourself? [*Oh, horror! It was the Countess's Maid, after all!*

Tableau—easier imagined than described.

"SPIRITUALISM" IN SPAIN.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* lately attended the Festival annually held at the Shrine of "Our Lady of Montserrat." He quotes the following attestation of something which was a genuine miracle indeed—if true:—

"On the little papers sold as memorials of the day the following is printed:—

"'The image of the Virgin which to-day we worship was pointed out to some shepherds, in the year 880, near this steep, by miraculous lights from Heaven. The shepherds told the priest; the priest told the Bishop. The Bishop tried to move the image to Manresa, but it refused to move further than this crag; so they built here a Chapel to receive it, and we worship it here to-day. This is our Heaven-sent Cathedral of the Mountains.'"

Is the foregoing statement put forth and vended by the permission, or with the knowledge, of the present successor of the Bishop who was told by the Priest, who was told by the Shepherds 996 years ago of the miraculous image to which they said they were guided by lights from Heaven? If he endorses, of course he personally believes it. Now, is the Bishop of Manresa, that now is, a liberal, large-minded prelate, whose ideas are not bounded by his own diocese? Then what a good work is open for him to do for the confutation of scepticism and sceptics all the world over! He has only to take the very slight trouble of attempting, like his predecessor nearly a thousand years ago, to move the object which he permits his flock to worship. Suppose it will not move—refuses to come out of its shrine, or lets itself be carried only so far as it chooses and no farther; then stops short, immovable by any amount of force. This simple experiment, if only successful, could not fail to convince all doubters and unbelievers, it having been tried in public, with due notice to all mankind, and every possible facility afforded them to see that there was no deception. If, in the sight of all men, the image were to jib, and persist in jibbing, and resisting every impulse or traction, declining even to obey the mandate, enforced with the strong arm of a British "Bobby" to move on, such evidence of intelligent, indomitable, supernatural agency would surely be sufficient to satisfy the most incredulous of even scientific men. The stationary image of Montserrat would be a standing miracle indeed. As such it would infinitely transcend the automatic Psycho, and, if MASKELYNE AND COOKE were to investigate and confess they could not explain it, would perhaps induce PROFESSORS TYNDALL and HUXLEY, and even PROFESSOR PUNCH himself, to join in a pilgrimage to Montserrat, with peas in their boots.

COOL!

A YOUNG German Lady of *Mr. Punch's* acquaintance, when a solitary and friendless stranger in London, offered by advertisement to give lessons in her own language and music, and asked for "an answer, naming terms." Here is one of the answers she received. *Mr. Punch* prints it as an illustration of the amazing coolness of some people in their dealings with Governesses:—

"MADAM,—Be pleased to answer the following questions:—Where were you born? Where educated? Where did you receive your musical education? Can you play the compositions of the Great Masters at sight? When and under whom did you study drawing? Can you teach your own language grammatically? Are you prepared to give four hours' tuition daily to my daughters—say, one hour before breakfast, two hours after breakfast, one hour in drawing and conversation in German every evening—in return for your board and lodging? Are you known personally to the Hanoverian or Prussian Consul?

"By answering these questions, you will oblige. Yours truly,

"FRAULEIN *****. ****.

"P.S.—Are you of good family?"

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MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

SECTION IV.—HOW TO ENTER THE ARMY.



WHEN *Mr. Punch* took his customary seat in the anteroom, his four promising Pupils clustered round him. COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, was first to greet him.

"Sir," said he, "we have come to the conclusion that your Lectures are full of good sense. I have recently paid a visit to the Head Quarters of my Regiment. Well, Sir, when I arrived, I was saluted by the Sentry on duty. Having primed myself with the *Field Exercises*, I requested him to give over his orders. He did so glibly. He said he was to pay proper compliments to all Government property, to shoot the guard in case of fire, and to keep the little boys from playing with the Adjutant's brougham."

"Very good indeed," commented *Mr. Punch*, with a smile.

"It *was* very good indeed, Sir," replied the Colonel, "for a first attempt."

"My dear Sir," drawled LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green, "do you not think we had better turn our attention to the subject of your Lecture—the mode of entering the Army?"

"Certainly," said *Mr. Punch;* and, having given dear little FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., a box of snuff and the Rules of Whist (printed in nice large type) to play with, the Sage commenced his Lecture:—

Part I. As an Officer.—The shortest way into the Army for Gentlemen desiring to be Officers is through the Militia. A boy fresh from school has only to attend a couple of annual trainings to be qualified for a Commission in the Line. It is true he will have to undergo a test examination conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners, but, as this will be of a non-military character, he can safely leave the matter in the hands of his coach. His real professional education will be picked up in the Militia. He will consequently be wise to pay the greatest possible attention to all that he sees and hears when he joins his Regiment. First of all, he must remember that the Militia is the old constitutional force of the country, and that in an emergency it would serve as the real line of defence. A Law (which is repealed from year to year) is always on the statutes, enforcing Service in the Militia. Under these circumstances, it will be as well for him to learn the time the Government considers necessary to drill a pack of noodles (only noodles join the Militia), taken from the towns or the fields. After making the necessary deductions for days given over to uniform-delivering and necessary inspection, Sundays, wet days, and half holidays, he will discover that a fortnight is considered ample by the Government to convert plough-boys and costermongers into patriots and soldiers. He will also learn that, evidently with a view of fostering *esprit de corps*, the War Department prefers to give the Militia an inferior rifle and a half worn-out uniform instead of issuing new clothes and the latest improvement on the Martini-Henry. He must carefully remember, when he sees an undersized stripling waddling about in a coat too large for him, trousers up to his knees, and boots after the fashion of those worn by the Negro serenaders, that he is not looking at a snubbed Militiaman, but at one of the proudest specimens of BRITANNIA's defenders. He must be careful not to laugh at the vain attempts made by the Battalion to which he belongs to get through the work of twelve



months in as many days as a farce, or the Report of the General Commanding the District as a mockery. In the olden days Soldiers were food for powder, now they are only prey for Red Tape.

It is unnecessary to say anything about the mode of entering the Army by competitive examination. *Mr. Punch* has reason to believe that after next year only Doctors of Divinity and Judges (of twelve years' standing) will be qualified to compete with any chance of success. In 1886 we may confidently expect to find the names of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the LORD CHANCELLOR, and the President of the Royal College of Physicians at the bottom of the list of chosen candidates



for the West India Regiments. When this triumphant result has been obtained, doubtless the Civil Service Commissioners will feel that they have raised the education of the Army to the proper standard of efficiency, and then, but not until then, we may hope to see the Drill-Sergeant beginning teaching everybody the goose-step.

Part II. As a Private.—It is a much more difficult matter for a man to enter the Army as a Private than as an Officer. Say that a fine spirited fellow of eighteen wishes to join the service of the QUEEN. He is on terms of affectionate respect with the Vicar of his parish. He goes accordingly to him to ask his advice. He says that he has read stories of daring and adventure, that he wishes to emulate the careers of WELLINGTON and

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CLYDE. The Parson starts back—and now the narrative had better take a dramatic form.

Vicar (*aghast with horror*). What, GILES! You would disgrace your name and family!

Giles. Nay, Reverend Sir, I would but don the Queen's Livery. I shall get good food, excellent exercise, a gymnasium, a library, and be taught a trade. A Doctor will look after my body, and one of your own kind will look after my soul. Surely this is a tempting picture?

Vicar. Vicious and silly boy, can nothing stop you from this deed of madness?

Giles. Nothing, your Reverence, but argument.

Vicar (*wrathfully*). It is not a matter for argument.

Giles. Pardon me, Reverend Sir, but it seems to me that the bargain is a good one. All the year round I shall be sure of roof, board, and wages. I shall belong to an honoured profession.

Vicar (*more wrathfully*). An honoured profession! Maniac, will you promise to put aside this silly fancy?

Giles (*entreatingly*). Oh, call it not a silly fancy! I have looked into the figures, and——

Vicar (*most wrathfully*). You refuse! Then may a Vicar's curse, &c., &c.! [*Scene closes in.*

Say that poor GILES braves the Parson's ill-opinion, he then will have to appear before a Magistrate, who will warn him of the wickedness of the step he proposes to take. From first to last everybody he meets will attempt to stop him, denouncing Soldiers as ne'er-do-wells and the Queen's uniform as a badge of disgrace. Should he after all this persevere in his determination to enter the Army, then he may proudly call himself a hero—he will find himself duly qualified to lead the forlornest of Forlorn Hopes.

CONVERSATION ON SECTION IV.

Mr. Punch. My dear Pupils, can you tell me what a Forlorn Hope is?

Ensign Eugene. To expect to recruit a Volunteer Regiment without prizes and entertainments.

Colonel Charles. To expect to undergo a month of Military Manœuvres without incurring a private expenditure (to be defrayed by the Officers) of a couple of hundred pounds sterling.

Lieutenant and Captain George. To imagine any Military Man will be satisfied with any scheme proposed by the War Office.

Field-Marshal Sir Frank Geegee, K.C.B. Dear little SIR FRANK knows. It would be a Forlorn Hope for anyone to think he could make any use of dear little SIR FRANK in the case of a European war.

Mr. Punch. My dear Pupils, you have all answered my question so admirably, that I can dismiss you without any further examination.

Ensign Eugene. My dear *Mr. Punch*, before you go can you tell me why the Clergy are so opposed to the Army?

Mr. Punch. Certainly, my dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers. The Clergy are opposed to the Army because they like to do all the fighting amongst themselves.



"Our (Old) Boys."

WHEN will *Our Boys* have ceased to run?
"When?" we ask. Echo answers "When?"
To all appearance, not until
Our Boys have run into Old Men.

LOW SPIRITS.



SHADES of the mighty Dead, whose mem'ries fling
A halo round the tomb, whose arms are blazoned
On dim memorial windows, and whose fames
Hallow the fanes which house your monuments,
Is this your task-work in that other world,
To rattle chairs and rap on furniture?
To write with bits of pencil on a slate
Ill-spelt, unmeaning messages for fees
To SLUDGE, the medium of revelations
That tell of no great past, reveal no clue
To the dark future, work no present good?
Can it be that this surreptitious hand
That plays bo-peep, behind backs pulls my hair,
And 'neath the table plays about my legs,
Was once an Emperor's? Is 't possible,
These knocks which rap out trivial common-place,
And drop the H in spelling "'Ow d' ye do?"
Come from the spirit-fingers that in life
Worked gallant WALTER RALEIGH's fiery will?
If this be really so, *Punch* can but say
However rotten this our world may be,
There 's something yet more rotten in the next!

PAPERS FOR PARSONS.

ONE among the various subjects discussed at the late Church Congress in relation to clerical matters was the question of "Periodical Literature and the Daily Press." According to a report of the speeches on that topic:—

"The REV. ERNEST FITZROY wished that the Clergy would not only take more trouble to supply interesting and early matter to their own organs, but advised them to make more use of the country papers, and to read other papers than those which advocated their own shibboleths."

To be sure. On the contrary, let the Clergy of conflicting sects in the Church look and see what the journals on the other side have to say. No doubt the Evangelicals, for instance, might learn much from the *Saturday Review*, and the Ritualists would gain information by reading the *Record* and the *Rock*. Clergymen of the Ritualist denomination also would do well to study a class of periodicals addressed not indeed to the opposite party, but to the opposite sex. Every one of the Clergy whose cloth is chiefly muslin ought to have *Le Follet* at his fingers' end; and besides, there are the *Queen*, and the *Englishwoman's Magazine*, and *Myra's Journal of Dress and Needlework*, containing the prettiest illustrations, as well as letter-press, from which the reverend devotees of Ritualism might derive no end of useful hints and suggestions for the most charming improvements and inventions of sweet things in ecclesiastical millinery.

Precepts for Parvenues.

NEVER bow to your acquaintances from the top of an omnibus.
Never wear a flower in your buttonhole in the daytime.
Never acknowledge you have earned your fortune by labour.
Never "mop" your brow with a red silk pocket-handkerchief.
Never mention at a dinner-party what your fish-bill comes to in the week.
Never go in morning dress to the stalls of a theatre.
Never give less than a shilling for a farthing play-bill.
Never speak of Pantomimes or 'Ansons.
Never wear a diamond-pin in your shirtfront.
Never parade in conversation the only Baronet you know.
Never speak familiarly of Lords you have never met.
Finally, Look as if every place you enter belonged to you.

ENFANTS TERRIBLES.—Woolwich Infants.

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MORE HONEYMOON AMENITIES.

Angelina (who has been perusing the "Births, Deaths, and Marriages"). "EDWIN, I DO SO OBJECT TO THAT HORRID WORD 'RELICT'! IF I SHOULD DIE, EDWIN, PROMISE, OH, PROMISE, YOU WILL NOT ALLOW ME TO BE DESCRIBED AS YOUR *RELICT!*"

AN EXODUS FROM EUROPE.

THE *Lombardia*, in a letter from its Roman Correspondent, announces a scheme proposed by the Armenian Patriarch, with the sanction of the POPE, and, what is more, the SULTAN, for transferring, as an Irish paper might put it, the Eternal City to the Holy Land. Palestine, according to this project, is to be repeopled with Catholic emigrants from Europe, who shall be allotted land and cattle, build workshops, and establish and execute all the most thriving industries of the world. The capital of the new state to be Jerusalem, whereto, at his need or convenience, the successor of St. Peter may transfer his Chair. Jerusalem, by means of railways, to be "placed in connection with Bethlehem, the Dead Sea," and, as the writer in the *Lombardia* says, "the other holy places." A grand port also will be constructed at Jaffa; lesser ports at the smaller cities on the coast. With these there must likewise be communication by rail; a Jerusalem and Joppa line, of course, besides the Bethlehem Junction, a Dead Sea Branch, and doubtless a Dan and Beersheba Railway. A network of electric telegraphs must also be extended over the Holy Land, under the auspices of the Fisherman; when the Spiritual and Temporal Power in conjunction, patronised by the Grand Seignior, are rehabilitated at Jerusalem. The Correspondent of the *Lombardia* only omits to mention that, with a view to this re-establishment of the Sovereign Pontificate in the metropolis of Jewry, arrangements have already been made with an enterprising firm of Engineers at New York, for upheaving St. Peter's Church at Rome from its foundations, and transporting bodily to Jerusalem the whole Papacy, POPE, St. Peter's and all.

Laying Heads Together.

"A WOMAN OF ELEVEN" writes to *Punch* to ask him whether, in his last week's Honeymoon sketch, where one of the *duo* declares the other's head is *so* soft, it is the Lady who speaks or the Gentleman. *Punch* can only reply in the words of the traditional Peep-show Man, "Whichever you please, my little dear."

ON MY LADY IN A NEW BONNET.

By DANTE ROSSETTI RUMMINS.

My Lady hath a new and lovely Bonnet,
And in it she doth look so passing sweet,
And, altogether, 'tis so chaste and neat,
That I thereon am fain to write a sonnet.
Meseems, whenas my Lady deigns to don it,
My heart no longer owneth me its master,
But ever beateth on from fast to faster,
Till gentle love hath penned a poem on it.
Pure white it is, with just one little rose,
That nestles next my Lady's shining hair,
As to be planted there were its great joy.
Ah me, that I could share that dear repose—
And shelter me, for aye, in such loved lair—
Draught 'twere to me of bliss without alloy!

The Amenities of Peace.

IT is stated that the Artillery Authorities at Woolwich are so delighted that the Eighty-one Ton Gun has broken most of the windows, and shattered a shop-front at Shoeburyness by concussion of the air, that they have in serious contemplation the construction of a Gun powerful enough by its proof-discharges at Woolwich to shatter every pane of glass in London. It is suggested by the Heavy Ordnance Officials that the proposed Gun should be tested at Charing Cross.

ANOTHER ARMISTICE.

IT commenced last August.
It will terminate next February.
The parties to it are the Leader of the House of Commons and the Leader of the Opposition.

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"A PILL IN TIME!"

Dr. Punch. "WE ARE ALL AGREED THAT YOU MUST TAKE THIS LITTLE PILL AT ONCE, OR ELSE THERE'S NO KNOWING *WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN!*"

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HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.



HAT Everybody Does—The Gap—The Lakes—The Bugler—Dr. Johnson and Father O'Leary—Dialogue Imagined—A Bargain—Procession—Another Compact—Doubts—Kate—Potheen—The Colleen—The Curse—Waylaid—Rescued—Blucher—Napoleon—The Echoes—Bugling—Shooting Echoes—The Colleen Bawn—A Drink—The Colleen Again—The Irish Red Deer—Away Again.

Excursion to the Gap of Dunloe.—Every one does this. But there is only one other Tourist here, and he has preceded me on the same route. I am started on a car. Quite a private-carriage-car turnout. On our road, down a lane, we fall in with a brigandish-looking, black-bearded, gamekeeperishly-dressed person, riding on what I should describe as—but that I scorn to flatter—a "Rosinante." Such a tumble-down, ruined, patched-up-and-put-together-anyhow quadruped I have never yet seen; in fact, there can't be a worse . . except the animal behind him, on which another uncouth brigand, only of a different shade of hair and complexion, is astride.

Quadrupeds these poor beasts are in appearance, *i.e.* they have four legs each, but such legs! And now I perceive a man on foot following with three other rough-coated, shambling, lack-lustre eyed cobs, saddled and bridled.

The First Brigand, who has a bugle slung round him, but no carbine, thank goodness!) salutes me respectfully, and then says something to my Driver in the language that bothered Dr. Johnson,—I mean the original tongue of the Sister Island. Dr. Samuel Johnson was never so justly shut up as on that memorable occasion when, after pedantically addressing Father Arthur O'Leary in Hebrew, and rudely remarking on the latter's ignorance, he was completely and utterly dumbfounded by the latter's replying to him in Irish. The learned Samuel was a snob on that occasion, and I'm not sure that he wasn't on several other occasions as well. A man who affects bearishness must be more or less of a snob, and it is refreshing to think that the Doctor, who was so accustomed to have everything his own way, should have met his match, for once at all events, in the person of an Irish Friar, for whom no doubt the English Lexicographer entertained the most hearty contempt.

However, this is not the subject which interests my Brigand and Driver at this present moment.

"What are the wild men saying?" I feel inclined to sing (to myself of course). Could I translate the real Celtic, I should say it would mean something of this sort:—

Brigand with Bugle (to my Carman). "I say, you've got a blooming Saxon Tourist there. Don't keep him all to yourself. Give us a bit. Let's get *something* out of him. *Do: and I'll give you some of mine when I've got one.*"

To which my Driver probably replies, "All right. I'm on. Halves, you know." And so the bargain is struck. I am bought and sold. I am the first prize of the season. This is the first appearance in the Tourist market, and I have been disposed of at my Carman's valuation.

My Carman touches his hat and says *sotto voce* to me, "That's the Guide, Sorr; ye'll be afther wanting him, Sorr."

I take him into my confidence.

"Do I," I earnestly ask my Driver, "do I *really* want him?" I mean by this, don't deceive a poor Saxon Tourist, who hasn't got any friends in this Killarney world but you; who is all alone among the Lakes and mountains; and who would, if he must be robbed, rather be plundered by one, and have done with it, than be perpetually asked, politely of course, to "stand and deliver" throughout the day's excursion.

"Ye *must* have a guide, Sorr, for the Pass and the Echoes; and he's the best here."

This is the answer I receive. Come, then, Brigand, be my Guide, and my own familiar friend. Bring your Bugle and be blowed to it.

The Brigand, followed by the Second Brigand, also mounted, trots behind our car. The three other cobs are left, in the lane, to the care of a third and younger Brigand—Brigand Junior—while a fourth Brigand, of a still lighter complexion—(I notice they become fairer as they get younger—or rather I should say they grow darker as they get older—and this connection between hair and villainy might form a subject for some future chapter in *Typical Developments, Vol. X.*—only that *my* Brigands are *not* villains—quite the contrary)—follows us on foot.

Our party at present consists of the Driver on one side of the car, myself on the other; while "in our wake like any servants follow also the bold" Brigands, two mounted,—our Cavalry Brigands,—and one *Fantassin*, or Running foot Brigand.

Why does Brigand Number One, I ask myself, wear this battered coppery-looking Bugle? I get my answer (*from* myself), "Because he is the leader of the band." The others, however, I observe, have no instruments.

Wild and weird becomes the scenery, and the east wind blows at me "like," as Bishop's Glee has it, "infant charitee—ee—ee, li—i—i—ke in—fant cha-ritee."

Well, uprouse ye then, ye merry, merry men (the Brigands), for 'tis your opening day. And it is, to put it theatrically, the first day of a new tourist.

How they bound forth to meet me! how glad they are to see me!!—*the Beggars.*

Here is a whole party of them at Kate Kearney's Cottage, and, bless me! here's Kate Kearney's great-great-granddaughter, with a jug of something in the one hand and a glass in the other. She is preparing a libation to the Angel Tourist myself. But the Angel Tourist has luckily seen the Kearney family from afar off, and has said to the Bugling Brigand and the Carman, "Gentlemen both, I mind me that things are come to a pretty mountain pass indeed, when an innocent, unoffending, peaceable Tourist cannot go two steps without being assailed by these lawless nomads" (the Bugler bows, and from this moment I believe the word "nomad" to be genuine Irish—and I had been talking it without knowing it! Wonderful!). "Now to you my Guide and familiar friend, and to you my Charioteer" (Carman delighted), "I say this much,—I will give ye both *largesse*, mark me, *largesse*, if you—both of you, for yourselves and each other, and for your heirs and assigns for ever—undertake to keep far from me this ragamuffin horde of rascally beggars."

They swear emphatically and solemnly, by all they hold most sacred, that, for a consideration, they will do my behest to the behest, I mean the best, of their powers.

En avant! I cry, and we dare the dangers of Kate Kearney's Cottage. Oh, did I ever hear of Kate Kearney? Yes; but not of Kate Kearney's great-great-granddaughter. Poor old Kate! I don't believe you're any relation to the original, and maybe, old Lady, your name isn't Kearney at all. I will not swallow all you choose to tell me, and I distinctly refuse to swallow that yellow sort of hair-oil in that bottle which you are pleased to call "potheen." No, thank you, Ma'am, not if I know it.

"Divil a dhrop o' potheen is it at all at all," my Carman whispers to me, confidentially, as we drive on quickly. We are hand and glove now.

"Grrr—wrikra—grrr, Colleen," says the Brigand Bugler, in good round-in-the-mouth Irish, to a very plain, elderly Lady with bare legs, who insists on pressing her attentions on me.

She stares. Can she believe her ears? No; for she is at me again. The Brigand Bugler advises her to "be off," in such gutturals as make my hair stand on end, and which are sufficiently forcible to stagger the Colleen, who has one more shot at me *with a photograph of herself at forty, i.e.* about ten years ago, and then, seeing my Bugler's determined aspect, she vanishes despairingly; not, however, without hurling just a trifle of good Celtic (in questionable taste as coming from a Lady's mouth, I should say, even though she had bare feet and unkempt locks), directed at our party generally, but specially at the Bugler's head, whereat my brave followers laugh.

Ha! ha! What care we for the ban of the Mountain Witch? Do we blench at a Crone's Curse!! Never!

(*Happy Thought.*—What a title for a Christmas Book—a real, genuine fireside, cheerful style of story, with startling illustrations,—*The Crone's Curse!* Must write to Popwood and Groolly, and ask 'em if they'll have it for their Annual, just to hit that publication up a little.)

Now, my boys. *En avant*, as I said before.

More beggars—swarms of them. They waylay us; they come by short cuts, over peat bogs, over rocky ground, for miles they come. The old Lady—the Colleen with the photograph—hides—dodges me—comes up suddenly when least expected; and, when (oh! the wicked old alyboots!) a turn of the road and a huge boulder have hidden me from my brave companions. "No, no," I say; "I don't want your photographs. *Avaunt!* Here! Hi! *Au secours! A moi!* Come on, can't you . . . *and take her away!*" She is firing photographs at me. She has several of herself. Oh, vanity of vanities—she has photographs of her relations, of Kate Kearney's Kottage, of the Gap of—— Be off with you! *Arrah worristhrew bedad*

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UNREPORTED "ATROCITY" IN THE CITY.

City Miscreant. "WHERE DID YOU GO THIS AUTUMN, BROWN? SCARBORO'? WELL, DID YOU ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAY, OR DID YOU TAKE YOUR MISSIS!!"

begorr—no, I don't know any Irish, except "*Grammachree ma Cruiskeen Lawn*" and "*Savourneen Dheelish*," and neither will suit the present occasion.

Ha! BLUCHER is coming to the rescue—I mean the Bugler. Like the French at Waterloo, at the sight of the Prussians, the Colleen turns and flies. I shut up my telescope. Up, Guards, and at 'em! The Bugler and his *Fantassin* send flying a score of urchin beggars, and for a while we are left in peace and quiet.

"Tell them next time," I say to BLUCHER. "Tell them that there is a *large party of Tourists coming up a long way behind us.*"

Is this an *Alba una?* A white one? 'Tis not a black one certainly. For behind us, *i.e.*, to-morrow, or next week, or this day twelve months, will assuredly come a large body of Tourists. And is not all fair in war? Am I not in a mountain pass with beggars lying in ambush on every side? Shall I be robbed and bothered?

My Carman quits me. His vehicle is of no further use. I have to mount the bag-o'-bones which the Second Brigand hath till now bestrode.

Will he not tumble? I ask. He will not, is the positive answer.

I mount. In my long grey Ulster, and my much-enduring, pliant wideawake, with the Guides following afoot, and the mounted Bugler by my side, and the wild scenery round about us, I remind myself of some picture I have seen (DELAROCHE'S perhaps) of "*Napoleon Crossing the Alps.*"

Now come the Echoes. The Bugler is off his horse and performing a solo. Such a solo! O MISTER LEVY! O shade of KENIG! O my ears! There is the Bugler giving himself a blow out—such a blow out! He is becoming as purple as the heather; he is swelling visibly. He has awoke the Echoes!

Awoke 'em! Heavens! the Echoes must be a fearfully heavy-sleeping family, if they 're not aroused by this infernal row.

And how they get up, one after another, these Echoes!

Nymph Echo Number One jumps up a little confused. She seems to be shaking her head and crying out, "Hulloa! What's that?—Is anybody ill? Is KATE KEARNEY'S Kottage on fire? What is it?"

Echoes Number Two and Three sound as if a German Band had all jumped out of bed suddenly, had rushed at their instruments, and played a discord madly.

Then the Echo gets clearer, and the last of all is the best, sounding like sweet church-bells far away down in the distant valley. That, my Bugler, was worth hearing.

So onward. But they won't let the Echoes alone. A man comes forward, with a small cannon, and takes a cool deliberate shot at an Echo. Bang! There's an Echo flying away! There's another! A third gets off safely! A fourth is winged, and a fifth is hit very hard, I should say, judging from its faint cry; while a sixth, which was just within ear-shot, dies away down in the valley! What a day's sport we are having! What a bag of Echoes! And—hit or miss—I have to pay sixpence apiece for them.

Will I not take a drop of the crater at the *Colleen Bawn's* Cottage?

Well, my good Lady, give me a glass of your goat's milk, and put in it just the laste taste in life of potheen.

Be it what it may, the drink is excellent and refreshing. Bless ye, *Colleen Bawn*—I beg your pardon, *Mrs. Hardress Cregan* I should say—bless you, and the little Cregans, and all the other little kids I see browsing on the hill-side. By the way, there never was such a place for goats and kids as hereabouts. They swarm.

Towards the Black Valley (a magnificent sight, and worth the whole day's excursion) we come upon a School-house in the mountains. Evidently for the *kids.*

So we descend. How beautiful! how lovely! We are, I think, a good three miles or more from where we first entered by KATE KEARNEY'S Cottage. My Bugler and the Second Brigand are stopping behind to effect some financial arrangements on a satisfactory basis with the last Cannon-firer.

I am, thank heaven, alone! sitting calmly and pensively on my horse, looking at the Black Valley—the Valley *Umbræ Mortis.* Ah! let me enjoy such a scene undisturbed! O Solitude where are thy charms? Here, where there seems to be a sourdine accompaniment of the most pianissimo music played by insect musicians. Nature's silence is the one universal Harmony around me . . . O Ireland, fair, beautiful, grand bewitching——

"You 'll buy my fottygruff, Sorr, won't ye, Sorr, for your poor Colleen's sake, Sorr," says a foggy potheenish voice, just below me, at my saddle-bow.

I look down. Heavens! it 's that disreputable old *Colleen Bawn* again! She must have taken short cuts and tracked us all along the valley for three miles! For here she is. She clings to my coat! In despair she implores me, "Sorr, Sorr, ye 'll buy the poor Colleen's fottygruph—your poor Colleen's."

No, I 'm —— if I do.

Au secours! Hi! à moi! And I raise the very deuce of a *clameur de Haro.*

Once more BLUCHER the Bugler appears. With a yell of despair and an expiring *Blessing in Irish* she gives up the game, and disappears behind a rock—and for aught I know down through a trap-door into the Gnomes' Kitchen.

Happy Thought.—What a stage this would be for the Incantation Scene in *Der Freischütz.*

But really, if there *must* be a *Colleen Bawn* (who has no connection whatever with Killarney, except by a legendary link) and a *Kate Kearney*, and a blind fiddler (who is the only honest old soul among them—poor man! he 's been "dark" for years), and cannons, and buglers, and pipers, and boats, and beggars, *et hoc genus omne*—why not put the whole affair into the hands of—say, for the sake of employing local talent—MR. MICHAEL GUNN, of the Dublin Theatre, and, as *he* has been accustomed to getting up Grand Operas and Pantomimes, let us have the thing done really well, with a good *out-of-door Ballet troupe*, a charming *Kate Kearney* (with a song), and at the Colleen Bawn's Cottage let us have a set of wax-work figures, with *Father Tom* and the *Colleen*, and *Hardress*, and *Myles-na-Coppaleen*, while a barrel-organ, hidden away somewhere behind the "arras" (which is also Irish, I believe, for wainscot), should discourse the "*Cruiskeen Lawn.*"

At the entrance of the Glen there should be a wicket, as at Black Gang Chine, and a staff of civil check and money-takers. One payment should include everything from one end of the Glen to the other, and no fresh ticket be required until the Tourist reaches the Lake and meets the boatmen.

Now that 's *my* idea for the Gap of Dunloe. Of course the prices should be "*done low*" as possible, for the sake of the name.

As for the Lakes, divided like a "Fifth Form" into Upper, Lower, and Middle, what can I add to all that has been already written about them? Nothing,—

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A LIVELY LOOK-OUT FOR JONES.

"Oh, Mamma, that's Captain Jones's Knock! I *know* he has come to ask me to be his Wife!"

"Well, my Dear, you must accept him."

"But I thought you Hated him so!"

"Hate him? I *do*—so much, that I mean to be his MOTHER-IN-LAW!"

[*Revenge is sweet, especially to Women.*

HYMN TO A HEATHEN DEITY.

Jupiter Pluvius,
Pourer of Power
Blazing Vesuvius
To drown in an hour;
Jove, cloud-compelling,
Drencher of meads,
Turnip crops swelling,
Mangolds and Swedes.

In thy dominion
Are Mushroom, and ring
Set with champignon;
Hail, Toadstool-King!
Thine the boletus,
Thine the puff-ball,
Crying, "Come eat us!"—
Truffles and all.

Men with galoches
Caoutchouc are shod;
In Macintoshes
Clad at thy nod.
Thou too, as well as
Dry land and main,
Holdest umbrellas
Under thy reign.

Oh, may'st thou never
Spoil festive scene!
Spare us, as ever
Thou sparest the Queen!
Ne'er in bright faces
Drizzle or pour;
Pic-nics and races
Spare evermore.

But when the Rabble,
Blatant and blind,
Throng to hear gabble
After their kind,
Set thy hose playing;
Water their fire:
With *douches* allaying
Temper their ire.

Mob demonstration
Quenched may it be;
Fools' fermentation
Damped down by thee:
That none may the Masses
The Great Unwashed call,
Pump on those Asses,
Cleansing them all!

"An Unhappy Medium."—Dr. Slade.

except that I saw one of the majestic red-deer, *and he saw me.* He wouldn't move until he felt quite sure of our being out of sight. Then he rose grandly, flourished his trumpets—I mean his antlers—and disappeared, head first, down some perilous declivity.

When I saw that Irish stag, I exclaimed—

Happy Thought.—Mr. Butt!

Of these Home-Rulers of the forest not many are left; and as for the others, the political Home-Rulers, they are "out" just now, they are "not-at-home"-rulers; and the best and the wisest of them mean nothing more than Local Government. As for *these* being anti-English, except in that honest sense in which every nationality should be anti-every-other-encroaching-nationality, why I say, with the guileless Tommy Moore—

"Contempt on the minion who calls them disloyal."

Off with his head! So much for Buckingham—so much for the Stag on the shore of Killarney.

To-morrow for Muckross. Then to Glengariff. Then farewell Ould Ireland for awhile!

CONUNDRUM FOR THE SILLY SEASON.

What is most like the Imaginary Gooseberry?
A Currant of Air.

Supported by Voluntary Contributions. — Our Waste-Paper Basket.

NEW MUSIC.

"*Love Winked his Wicked Eye.*" These exquisite words have been allied to the most witching melody yet conceived by our popular composer, Bruxelles Sprouts. After such a union, the Poet and Musician must be dearer than ever to each other, and the Public.

"*Tired Out.*" By Clarinda Ithuriel. Never has this gifted muse known so well how to touch the vibrate chords of our sympathetic hearts, that listen while the big tears course down their manly cheeks as they sing. Fifth Thousand.

"*Angels Flutter round the Fender.*" By the Author of "*Spirits Bless the Furtive Mourner.*" Truly beautiful are the solemn verses which accompany the thrilling harmonies of this delicious composition. Every home should seek the benignant influence of such publications shed over a family.

"*Golden are my Loved One's Freckles.*" A perfect gem. Taste, culture, and harmony combined. By the Composer of "*Nobody's Nose is like My Nose.*"—"Singularly happy."—*Vide* Press.

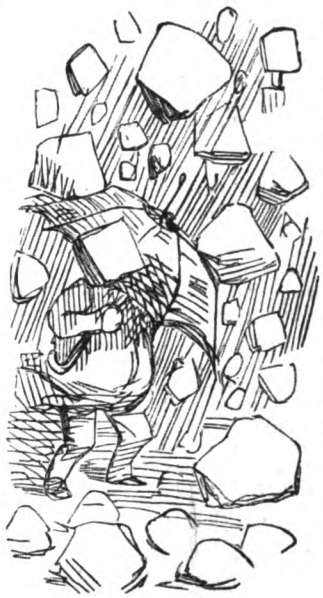
"*Wilhelmina's Whelks.*" Albert Bumpsher's latest hit! A continued roar!! Adapted to the aristocratic drawing-room or the plebeian Free and Easy.

Chorus—"For I can freely back her
To prefer a plain alpaca
To all the best of satins or of silks;
And you'd love my Wilhelmina
If you had only seen her
Eat a saucerful of pickled whelks."

Music and words undeniable, and totally free from offence.

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CURIOUS AWARDS.



THE Philadelphia Exhibition Awards to Exhibitors from Great Britain and Ireland, as published last week in the *Times*, will well repay a little careful investigation. Let us address ourselves to the task, without any selfish considerations as to the endowment which may reward our research.

A stumbling-block lies right across the threshold of our inquiry. What are "Dyed Silesias"? The Office will remain open till a late hour this evening, for the accommodation of those favoured experts who may be disposed to call and give the required information.

"Cotton Gin." We disseminate the announcement of this Award with some doubt and mistrust, not unmingled with a feeling of regret at the action of the United States in this particular instance; seeming, as it does to us, to be tantamount to giving a premium to intemperance. (Is "Cotton Gin" a sort of "Shrub"?)

"Pleasure Carriages." In the absence of more precise information as to what these Carriages are, we can only venture pretty confidently to assert what they are not—they are not Omnibuses, or Four-Wheeled Cabs, or Third-Class Railway Compartments.

"Middlings." At first this seemed utterly incomprehensible, an impenetrable mystery, baffling conjecture, and defeating surmise. But a little reflection reminded us that history is not without examples of honours, awards, distinctions, prizes, and emoluments, falling to middling, very middling, individuals, and things. For instance, there are some very middling statues in our own Metropolis, to which first premiums have been awarded; and it is within the memory of many persons now living that Cabinets have contained some very middling Statesmen. Is it possible, therefore, that at Philadelphia some middling articles may have slipped into a better place than they actually deserve?

"Mustard Plasters," &c. Our private advices assure us that the competition in this class was very keen, and that the heroic Judges, resolutely bent on testing the merits of the various Plasters by personal application, went through untold suffering before they could conscientiously award the palm of victory.

"Automatic Stoker." Strange to say, the mechanical engine-driver and the wonderful clock-work guard are not even mentioned. Perhaps they are reserved for the Supplementary List.

"Job Printing-Press." Some evils we know must always exist—such as mosquitoes, marriages for money, indifferently cooked potatoes, taxes, duns, and jobs. Let us therefore be thankful that, as regards jobs at least, there are special Printing-Presses to make their existence known and give them publicity, and so aid in diminishing their occurrence and thwarting their operation.

"Dental Porcelain." We conclude this is an elegant euphemism for false teeth. A tribute of admiration is due to the self-sacrifice and patriotism of those Judges who submitted their gums to the necessary experiments.

"Blarney Tweeds." Highly recommended as very suitable for those members of Society who are called upon to make complimentary speeches, election addresses, and parliamentary harangues. Indispensable also to persons of both sexes engaged in the composition of love letters. (It is almost superfluous to add that these articles are of Irish manufacture.)

"Lastings." Many will be the guesses hazarded as to what these articles may be. As proprietors of a few little boys and girls, we can but hope they are boots and shoes, and articles of wearing apparel.

"Special Award. Irish Setter Bitch." Great jealousy on the part of the English Bull-dog and the Scotch Terrier.

N.B.—Of all the successful firms, not one takes our fancy so much as "YOUNG AND STRONG." We shall be glad to negotiate with these gentlemen if they have a vacancy in their house for a nice well-disposed youth, who could be taken in without the formality of a premium, and who might look forward in a few years' time to a share in the business.

INCOME-TAX RETURNS.—Does it? Not if the Commissioners are aware of it.

SOUTH-SHIELDS SWORDSMEN.

"The tongue is a sharp sword."

How excellent a thing is urbanity in those who sit in the seat of Council! And how valuable the function of the local reporter who daily or weekly gives to the little world of his own city or town the utterances of its municipal wisdom. The more literally this is done no doubt the better on the whole; even if the result may *sometimes* be startling. Some municipal worthies, not satisfied with calling spades spades, will insist on putting upon *their* spades an edge of very sharp and strong language. Thus in the report of a recent Council Meeting at South Shields, we read—*à propos* of a question about the renting of a Rate Collector's office:—

"ALDERMAN DALE considered it was only right that MR. ELLIOTT should have an office.

"MR. YOUNG: It is really too bad; it's a piece of d——d impertinence. (*Sensation and 'Order!'*)

"In reply to a question by MR. MABANE, he was informed that the furniture for the office was ordered.

"MR. MABANE: Then I will press my Amendment the stronger.

"The Vote was then taken, when there were for the Amendment, 9; against it, 11. The Amendment was declared lost, and the original Motion carried.

"MR. YOUNG: Then I will move another Amendment, that the men who ordered the furniture pay for it.

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: The Motion has been put and carried, and the subject has been settled.

"MR. YOUNG: I say it has not been settled; it is not true.

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: Sit down, Sir!

"MR. YOUNG: No I won't; I will see you d——d first. (*Sensation, and 'Order!'*)

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: You have heard the expression made use of by COUNCILLOR YOUNG. It is neither the expression of a Gentleman nor a Councillor, and I hope this Council will not permit it—(*'Hear, hear!'*)—else I shall certainly leave the Chair.

"ALDERMAN JAMES: MR. YOUNG should withdraw the expression.

"MR. ENGLISH: I ask MR. YOUNG to withdraw that expression. There is no occasion for it.

"MR. YOUNG: Well, I formally withdraw the expression, but I feel very strongly, and——

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: You have apologised, and need not say any more.

"MR. YOUNG: But——

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: Sit down, Sir!

"The subject was then dropped."

Perhaps the sooner MR. YOUNG is treated like the subject, the better.

MR. MABANE, who figures in the above lively passage of arms, was himself forced to appeal to the protection of the Deputy-Mayor before the meeting was over. The question was as to a vote for the School-Board expenses (on amendment of the amendment).

"MR. BOWMAN spoke against the amendment, and hoped that those who voted for the one previous would stick to their colours, and not make fools of themselves by voting in favour of the present amendment.

"ALDERMAN WILLIAMSON: Then you say that those persons who do not agree with you are fools.

"MR. BOWMAN: I did not mean that; only that those persons who voted before in a certain line should stick to their colours.

"The vote was then taken, when the voting was precisely the same as on the previous occasion, and the amendment by MR. SCOTT was lost.

"MR. DONALD moved another amendment, that the estimate for the School-Board be £3000.

"MR. YOUNG seconded the amendment.

"MR. MABANE protested, as being unfair, that after they had scored two victories, a Gentleman, who had previously been neutral, should now rise up and propose another amendment. It was unfair and ungentlemanly.

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: I must call you to order. It is improper to make use of the word 'ungentlemanly.'

"MR. SCOTT: It is a very improper expression.

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: MR. MABANE must withdraw that remark.

"MR. MABANE: Well, for the sake of getting on, I will withdraw the expression, but I still hold to my opinion that it is unfair.

"The vote was then taken, when there were, for the amendment—13. Against—10. The amendment was declared carried, and with this emendation the report of the Finance Committee was adopted.

"MR. MABANE: It is disgraceful.

"MR. SCOTT (*to* MR. MABANE): Go down to the schools and see for yourself.

"MR. MABANE: Everybody has not a brother there. (*Laughter and confusion.*)

"After order had been somewhat restored, MR. MABANE informed the Deputy-Mayor that MR. SCOTT had called him a donkey—(*laughter*)—and he hoped the Deputy-Mayor would make him withdraw the word.

"MR. SCOTT: I withdraw the 'donkey.' (*Loud laughter.*)"

Will our readers do as MR. SCOTT did?

A CAPITAL PROSPECT.

WE learn from the Posters that MRS. JOHN WOOD is about to open the St. James's Theatre, with *Three Millions of Money!* Evidently the Theatre will want no "Property Man."

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TWO WORLDS—THE OLD AND THE NEW.



PEACE, in her Palace over the Atlantic,
From the New World deals her awards around
While war's leashed hounds, a-strain, for bloodshed frantic,
In our Old World can scarce be held in bound.

Lo! here, each Nation armed against its neighbour;
Cross in the face of Crescent reared for fight·
There, to the blessèd battlefields of labour
United States that all the world invite.

For a far different shock from the impingings
Of broadsides 'twixt a *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*,
The strife of CORLISS and his monster engines,
With Cyclops KRUPP and Essen's monster cannon.

Happy young Titan, that between two oceans,
Thy guardian Atlantic and Pacific,
Growest apart from our Old World's commotions—
With room to spread, and space for powers prolific.

Wisely exchanging rifles, swords, and rammers,
For spades and ploughshares, axes, saws, and treadles,
Thou putt'st thy strength in engines and steam-hammers,
And thy gun-metal mouldest into medals.

Earth has no clime, no sky, but thou commandest:
No growth, but thy wide-spreading soil can bear:
No ore, but the rich ground on which thou standest,
Somewhere or other, bids thee stoop and share.

No height thou hast but all thy sons may reach;
No good, but all are free to reap its profit:
No truth, but all thy race may learn and teach,
No lie, but whoso lifts its mask may scoff it.

Oh happy in thy stars, still rising higher,
Happy e'en in thy stripes so lightly borne.
How far may thy meridian growth aspire,
That showest so majestic in thy morn?

To what height may not Heaven's high favour lead thee,
In cycle of the ages yet to be,
When these first hundred years of life have made thee,
For Arts and Strength, the Giant that we see!

LIGHT CLOTHING FOR THE EAST.—Russia Ducks, *alias Canard-Russes*.

MR. INE, the Winner of the Fifty-Mile Walking Match, walks so well he must be one of the Ides of March.

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WAR RUMOURS.



HE PRIME MINISTER is in hourly communication with all the Cabinets of Europe. He has had speaking-tubes put up between his official residence and the country-seats of all his colleagues. He never sleeps, and devotes his few moments of leisure to a hasty perusal of SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S *Soldier's Pocket Book*. His Private Secretary is going through a course of instruction at Woolwich and Aldershott simultaneously, so that he may be prepared for the worst.

THE Directors of the Penny Steam-boat Companies have been requested to immediately forward to the War Office a list of their vessels, with a view to the transport of twenty-two Cavalry regiments from Colchester to Egypt.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has caused a special Captive Balloon to be kept suspended over the War Office night and day, so that His Royal Highness may have the means within reach of proceeding at once to Gibraltar.

THE Bathing-machines at Herne Bay have received a fresh coat of paint, and are now on their war footing.

18,000 London Cab-Horses have been purchased by the Government for immediate service in the 1st and 2nd Life Guards.

SUB-LIEUTENANT JONES, of the Royal West Somersetshire Militia, has been made a Lieutenant, and will soon leave England for Ireland.

A PLAN of St. Petersburg has been constructed at the Offices of the Royal Geographical Society, has been amended by the Board of Inland Revenue, countersigned by the Treasury, submitted to the Admiralty, and consigned to the Model Room of the War Office, where it will remain until required on active service.

LISTS of the strength of our Fleets, Armies, new military and naval inventions, torpedoes, &c., &c., with explanatory descriptions and diagrams, have been furnished by the War Office and Admiralty to the Editors of all the British, Colonial, and Continental newspapers.

THE Directors of the Metropolitan District Railway have been warned that their line may be required by the Government for the next two months for the transport of troops between Sloane Square and the Temple.

THE Westminster Aquarium, Alexandra Palace, and MADAME TUSSAUD'S, in certain emergencies, are likely to be converted into hospitals.

THE Beefeaters are to be immediately armed with Gatling guns.

ALL the broken windows in the Tower of London are to be mended.

THE sentries at the doors of Drury Lane Theatre are to be doubled until further notice.

ALL the Australian Meat in the Kingdom has been ordered to be purchased by the Government, with a view to supplying the messes of the Household Cavalry and Infantry with food whilst their respective regiments are on their line of march.

THE shares of the Chelsea Bun Company (Limited), have fallen ½ to ⅝.

THE Bears at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, have been desired to consider themselves "under arrest."

MR. JOHN BRIGHT has recently been appointed a sergeant in the Volunteer Corps lately raised at the instigation of SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS, Q.C., the Common Serjeant.

THE Lord Mayor's Trumpeters have been armed with new bugles; the Sword-bearer has had his weapon sharpened, and the Common Crier has ordered his Mace to be loaded with lead. The corps of Ancient Men in Armour is being re-organised.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, Temple Bar, the Duke of York's Column, and the Marble Arch are immediately to be supplied with 81-ton guns.

AND lastly *Mr. Punch* has given *Toby* instructions to hold 85, Fleet Street to the bitter end—with a pop-gun!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

An evening or two with PEGGUL BEY—Something about a Hall, and a new Theatre; also a report on the St. James's and the Strand Entertainments, and a midnight mysterious meeting to finish with.

SIR,—Don't tell me (you never did, but you might) that advertising is of little value. Don't tell me that good wine needs no bush: good wine needs a bush as much as does the indigenous South African. But what I am coming to (and what I hope I am going to, one of these festive nights), is this, how should Canterbury Hall ever have entered into my head, but through an advertisement meeting my eyes? My dear old Mahommedan friend, PEGGUL BEY (this, he says, is the correct method of spelling his name, and *not* as I wrote it a fortnight ago), was dining with me the other evening, and talking over various important subjects connected with the new loan which he is proposing to bring out at sixteen per cent. Well, Sir, the illustrious Bulbul of Stamboul is attempting to convert certain Turkish securities into something negotiable, and I am doing my best to convert the illustrious Bulbul. I am trying to induce him to see the error of his Mahommedan ways, and he has got so far as to take kindly to what he waggishly calls the "Sublime Port" (mine is a fine old crusted '34 wine, which I don't drink myself), which he sips with his walnuts, just like a Christian. On this occasion the Bulbul had been reading the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S recent charge, and was so highly indignant, that, on my proposing to him to go to the Canterbury Hall, he flatly and peremptorily refused, on purely theological grounds.

"No!" exclaimed the Bulbul. "Bechêsm, on my dear eyes be it!" He was once a Commodore in the Turkish Navy, which excuses what would otherwise have been a rather strong expression, "Which isn't swearing," he went on to explain, speaking more in sorrow than in anger; "but I will not put one penny into the Archbishop's pocket by entering his Hall."

I explained that it was not a Hall by the See of Canterbury, but the irate Bulbul wouldn't hear of it. He finished the bottle, pocketed the remaining walnuts *and* the crackers (which he keeps under his pillow, so as, if he wakes up in the night, and wishes to say something droll, he may have a companion by his pillow-side to crack a joke with,—an Oriental custom), and, saying "*Allah il Allah!*" he went to bed,—or, to describe the proceeding in excellent French, and to make an international *jeu de mot*, "*Allah il Allah!*" *s'écria-t-il*, "*Allah il Allah!*" *et* IL ALLA *se coucher*. This is one of those *jeux de mots* which are registered for transmission abroad, and warranted to keep in any climate. Allowance made to shippers and skippers.

The next night I read the advertisement aloud to my Oriental friend.

"You will see," I said, giving him the cream of the extracts, "that the 'startling feature' is *A Sliding Roof*."

"I don't rink," replied PEGGUL BEY, "and I don't slide; though," he added, thoughtfully, "if I went on a roof in *this* country, I probably should. However," he continued carelessly, "let it slide. Go on!"

Heedless of the interruption, I continued my selection of attractions from the advertisement in the *Era*. "You will enter through '*Romantic caverns, overlooking mountain and vale.*' Fancy that, my Bey, in the vicinity of the New Cut and what *Mrs. Brown* calls 'QUEEN VICTORIA'S own Theayter!'"

"Are there Houris?" asked PEGGUL, with a sly look over the rim of his glass.

"There is, I see advertised, a *Première Danseuse Assoluta*," I returned, gravely.

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The Turbaned Turk misunderstood me. Chucking up his fez, he exclaimed, "By the Beard of the Prophet! *Imaun!* We will go and see this *Danseuse Dissoluta!*"

I was shocked. I reminded him that he was being converted, and, as a threat, I protested I would take him to see *Blue Beard* at the Folly Theatre, if he didn't behave himself. He trembled.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, piteously; "anything but that." Presently recovering himself, that is replacing the fez on his head, he asked, "Why have they changed the name of the Charing Cross Theatre to The Folly?"

"The Manager," I answered, "explains in a handbill that it is because he intends 'shooting Folly as it flies.'"

"What's Folly done to his Company that they should murder her? If he only wounds Folly, she will, of course, cease to fly, and be unable to run."

"True, Peggul. But when he takes aim, he hopes to make a hit."

"But," returned the Mahommetan, astutely, "I see that a piece, founded on *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and called *Pecksniff*, is to be produced. Does the Manager, Mr. Alexander Henderson, call *this* 'shooting Folly as it flies'?"

"Sir," I replied, drawing myself up, as if I were a legal document, "these are questions which only a Sage can answer. I am not Diogenes."

"Nor Alexander," said the Bey, flippantly.

So we dropped the subject, and went to the St. James's to see *Three Millions of Money*, with Mrs. John Wood and Mr. George Honey in the two principal parts.

Mr. Honey always was funny in *Money*, and of course it was not to be expected that his humour would be limited by the exact sum having been named. I never saw the French original, *Les Trois Millions de Gladiateur*, but if there is not more in it than these two adapters have got out of it, it cannot have been, originally, a very humorous production. It is always pleasant to witness Mrs. Wood's performance, she seems so thoroughly to enjoy the fun whenever it occurs, and whatever success *The Three Millions* may obtain with the Million, it will be owing to the acting, for there is very little to laugh at in the dialogue. Mr. George Clarke's American millionnaire must be taken, I presume,—as a truthful representation of the reality. I never met the reality, and so, though "I may presump as much as I darned please," I could not presump to criticise this particular delineation of character; but I *do* presump, that, had the adaptation been made by the experienced Mr. Maddison Morton, the dialogue would probably have been as amusing as that in *Woodcock's Little Game*.

Peggul Bey was highly pleased with the mock Italian duett between Mrs. Wood and Mr. Honey, though he expressed himself in excellent monosyllabic Turkish on the merits of the piece generally.

"Give me more music!" he exclaimed, and so I took him to hear *Toto*, at the Strand.

For charming scenery, for bright dresses, and for brilliancy generally, apart from music and libretto, *Princess Toto* is, I fancy, unsurpassed in London at the present moment. It commences well, it promises well, but it is disappointingly childish. It revives hope now and then by an occasional flicker. For instance, the business of the scene with the Indians (Messrs. Cox and Penley being capital in this) is immensely funny, as is also the situation where *Prince Doro* (M. Marius) hits upon the expedient of providing the monotonously forgetful Princess with his visiting-cards, so that she may remember his name during their love-making. The whole plot seems to me to be a development of the idea suggested by that first-rate comic song (written, I think, by the librettist and composer of this comic opera, and sung in one of the German-Reed pieces at the Gallery of Illustration), where the oblivious lover would propose if he could only think of the Lady's name, which he at last remembers is "Maria," but too late—for she is another's. The germ of *Toto* was in this song, while the notion of persons being obliged to assume characters quite alien from their real natures, may be found in the same author's *Creatures of Impulse* and *Happy Arcadia*. There is not in *Toto* such a song as Mr. Clay's "*Nobody Knows*," or somebody else's "*You are a very Handsome Man*," in both of which Miss Santley made "big hits" at the Alhambra. Perhaps that kind of music was considered too "Music-Hally" for *Comic* opera,—only isn't this *Toto* more of the *Bouffe* than the Comic Opera? Isn't the book more suitable for a setting by Offenbach than by Auber? and wouldn't something like "*Nobody Knows*" score a success with the *habitués* of the Strand Theatre, who *do* like to be enlivened occasionally with a vulgarian atrocity?

Mr. Cox's makes-up, first as *King Portico*, and then as the Indian Chief, are admirable, and the burlesque imitation of *Hiawatha* couldn't be improved, either by the author, who has evidently written it in his happiest vein, or by the actor, Mr. Penley, whose delivery of the lines was so inimitably funny as (when Your Representative was there) nearly to obtain an encore. It is not often that a *speech* in an *Opera* is singled out for such a distinction.

"*Allah il Allah!*" said Peggul Bey, as he lit his fragrant *minaret*, a kind of Turkish cigar, chiefly paper. "Wagner, with his *Flying Dustman*, hath nought to fear from these Boshi-Bazouks."

He was melancholy, and needed a something that cheers but does not inebriate. When I allow him to indulge in anything that *does* inebriate, the Bey, though generally so smooth and tranquil, becomes most unpleasantly Bosphorus—I mean, boisterous.

"Christian Dog!" he exclaimed, addressing me,—it *sounds* insulting, but it isn't, being merely the Turkish equivalent for "Sly dog," "Jolly dog," and suchlike familiarities, which neither breed, nor imply contempt—"Christian dog! I am athirst! I am hungry! Im-pale-ale me! Lead me to the Steak!"

"Bulbul," I replied, in excellent Turkish, "*Im-aun!*"

And so,—"*Yes, we together*"—as the duett in *Norma* has it—sought the Cavern of the Good Genii of the Silver Gridiron, where Grim Goblings do nightly congregate, and midnight poachers gloat o'er their golden eggs. Hush! Give the pass-word! Now the counter-sign! Now the grip! Now the secret order, for the Waiter is in the room! Ha! there are two down on their marrow-bones! Nay, then, resistance is useless! To the rescue . . . .

Excuse my finishing thus hurriedly, but I see that General Gorgibuster and the two O'Bedyers have just entered, and in another minute there will be very little left for the faithful, but famishing, individual, who signs himself now as ever

Your Representative.

P.S.—The Bulbul, who in the process of conversion is deeply interested in all ecclesiastical questions, wants to know if there is such a dignitary as the "Bishop of Soda and Bee." I seem to have heard the name somewhere. Also hasn't my Mahommedan friend got things a trifle muddled in asking, "When there's a Church question for the Spirituous Peers, doesn't a Jorum of Bishops decide it? How many make a jorum?" And again, "How do you make a real Bishop? Do you use more than two lemons, and ought there to be any Curate-so in it or not?" I fancy the Bulbul has either got out of his depth, or has found an old recipe book of drinks.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.



Outside of Covent Garden. Evening.

Enter a Young Lady and Gentleman.

Gentleman. Come, Kitty, to Gatti,
He hasn't got Patti,
But makes, my dear queenie,
A pint of Bassini;
We'll see, dear,—while *we* "tea"
Or "coffee,"—Arditi,
Who beats time so strongly.
His name is spelt wrongly;
It should be, my Kitty,
Writ Signor *Hard-hitty*.

We'll hear, too, Bianchi.
Come, Kitty.

Kitty. Yes, thank ye.

[*Exeunt into Covent Garden Theatre.*

A True Economist.

Who says "The Wise Men" came from the East? It was from the North, depend upon it. Hark to this far-sighted wisdom of a Baillie of the gude town of Elgin:—

"Baillie Allan said he was of opinion that it would be money thrown away to repair the engine. There had been no fire in Elgin for some fifteen years, and, if one should occur, the best way to deal with it would be by way of using buckets and such like means. A fire-engine was a mere piece of nonsense. The question of having one had come up before the Commissioners three or four times while he had been a member of the body. It had always come to nothing, and it would do so again."

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BEWARE HOW YOU INTRODUCE YOUR INTIMATE FRIENDS TO EACH OTHER.

THE TOMKINSONS THINK THOSE DEAR JENKINSONS WOULD GET ON SO WELL WITH THOSE DELIGHTFUL WILKINSONS THAT THEY GIVE A SMALL DINNER-PARTY TO ENABLE THESE TO MEET.

BEHOLD THEM AFTER DINNER:—THE WILKINSONS AND JENKINSONS ARE GETTING ON SO *VERY* WELL TOGETHER, THAT POOR T. AND HIS WIFE ARE COMPLETELY LEFT OUT IN THE COLD, AND HAVE TO FALL BACK ON THEIR OWN PHOTOGRAPH-ALBUMS!

THE PUBLIC ORATOR.

THE University of Cambridge has lately been electing a new Public Orator. Much curiosity having been aroused as to this functionary, we have made it our special business to inquire into his duties, qualifications, privileges, perquisites, and emoluments, and now hasten to lay the result of the investigation before our impatient Readers.

The Public Orator is expected to know by heart the works of DEMOSTHENES, ISOCRATES, CICERO, QUINTILIAN, BURKE, PITT, FOX, SHERIDAN, CURRAN, GRATTAN, DANIEL WEBSTER, and LORD CHESTERFIELD.

The Public Orator must be prepared to respond in Greek, Latin, or Hebrew, to the toast of "The University" at any dinner, luncheon, or other public entertainment, connected with the Freemasons, the Odd Fellows, the Volunteers, the School-Board, or the Philosophical Society.

It is the duty of the Public Orator to give lectures in Elocution, and to hold classes for instruction in the art of Reading, the delivery of public Recitations, and the management of the voice in the Pulpit, at the Bar, in Parliament, and at Congresses.

It is also the duty of the Public Orator to attend the debates at the Union, to applaud those speakers whom he may consider deserving of encouragement, and to express, by audible tokens of dissent, his dissatisfaction at any defects in style, diction, manner, gesture, and action.

That the Public Orator may keep himself thoroughly well acquainted with the best examples of modern eloquence, it is his privilege to be present, either in the House of Lords or Commons, at least one night in every week during the Session; and when any debate of especial interest is expected to arise, he must make arrangements to remain within an easy distance of Westminster until its close.

Once at least during his University career, every Undergraduate is entitled, on payment of a fee of one guinea, to request an interview with the Public Orator, and to call upon him to listen to a recitation from the works of one of the great Orators or Dramatists of ancient or modern times, or to an extempore address on the Sewage Question, or some other prominent topic of the day.

The Public Orator presents all candidates for degrees from extraordinary D.C.L.'s to ordinary B.A.'s, and acquaints the Vice-Chancellor and the Proctors with every particular of their previous lives in the choicest Latin and the best superlatives.

Once in each term the Public Orator delivers an address in the Senate House, or other commodious public building, on the principal occurrences of the time, whether of local or national interest, first in Latin to those who are *in statu pupillari*, and then in English for the benefit of the ladies, who on the conclusion of his speech shower their bouquets at his feet and wreathe his cap with garlands. At the annual Commencement he recapitulates the history of the past year, either in prose or verse, and a collection for his benefit is made at the close of the proceedings by the Pro-proctors and Esquire Bedels.

It is the privilege of the Public Orator to receive an invitation to the wedding-breakfast of the daughter, grand-daughter, or niece of any of the Heads of Houses or Professors, and to return thanks on behalf of the Bridesmaids, in his ex-officio capacity.

If a daughter of the Vice-Chancellor for the time being receives a proposal of marriage, it is the Public Orator who composes her answer in elegant Latin, and on gilt-edged paper.

A suitable residence, with spacious grounds, in which he may pace up and down when preparing his public exercises, is provided for the Public Orator, rent and taxes free; with coals, candles, gas, and firewood, at the expense of the University. The house is known as "The Oratory."

The Public Orator is paid by results; that is to say, according to the number of speeches he makes in the course of the year.

There can be no difficulty in distinguishing the Public Orator, as he invariably wears a violet velvet robe, with blue silk sleeves, on which are embroidered in gold the monograms of *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*.

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A BREAK IN THE GAME.

JOHN BULL. "YOU 'RE NOT PLAYING FAIR!—I THROW UP MY HAND!—BUT I WON'T ALLOW THE STAKES TO BE DIVIDED!!"

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HARD LINES FOR HERETICS.

(A Pastoral, done into doggerel, and dedicated to the Bishop of Minorca.)



We renew and we repeat this our excommunication
'Gainst Heretics of every sect, and each denomination,
Their adopted children, pupils, every soul that sits at meat with 'em;
Their fathers, mothers, tutors; all who deal with 'em or treat with 'em.

We hereby excommunicate all those who've a kind look for e'm,
Their helpers and their servants; all who wait on 'em or cook for 'em.

All those that dare to Heretics to let a habitation,
School, Hospital, or Church, we doom to excommunication.

And we hereby sentence each and all that, despite our prohibition,
Give Protestants, or lend, or leave, them money, to perdition·
And also all with Heretics who live on terms of amity,
Or speak or write a word for them in trouble and calamity.

Our Clergy, in the Mass whilst they perform their holy functions,
We charge throughout our diocese to read out these injunctions
On three successive Sundays—day and deed alike the better—
And make their flocks by acts of faith obey them to the letter.

FICTION IN THE PULPIT.

In the days before Music Halls, there were Supper-Rooms, also musical, at one of which, once, was wont nightly to be sung by a comic vocalist, a song with the chorus:—

"No science to me is a mystery,
I've read every book through and through.
I was always the fondest of 'istory,
Because we all know it is true."

As, for example:—

"Julius Cæsar invented gunpowder——"

And so on; with similar illustrations of historical truth. To which might now be added a duly versified extract from a political discourse in the form of a sermon, reported to have been preached by an Eminent Personage in a chapel on Friday last week, being the feast of St. Edward the Confessor. "That great mass of corruption, the Roman Empire," having begun, said His Eminence. "to die by its own law of dissolution":—

"At last a Roman Emperor—Constantine—embraced Christianity, and no sooner had he been converted to the faith than he translated his throne to Byzantium, which became Constantinople, because his instinct told him he could not reign supreme in the city where the Vicar of Jesus Christ dwelt. The sovereignty of this world then gave place to the sovereignty of the Incarnate Word, and from that day onwards Christian civilisation spread from Rome as its centre. In the person of the Vicar of Christ the two offices of Pontiff and King were united, and, because united in him, they were separated in all others who bore authority."

Suppose any student at the College in course of formation, under the auspices of Cardinal Manning, at Kensington, goes up to pass an examination in history, conducted by any commonly competent examiner. Should he be asked to name the time at which the Popes acquired temporal sovereignty, would the Cardinal, to whom the foregoing statements are ascribed, recommend him to assign the date at which Constantine "translated his throne to Byzantium," and turned that city into Constantinople? Would he advise him to back this answer by alleging certain "Forged Decretals," so called, to have been genuine documents, and the commonly accounted fictitious "Donation of Constantine" an actual transaction? If not, ought not the Cardinal, on consideration, candidly to acknowledge that the historical views propounded in the last of the above quotations exactly resemble those referred to in the first of them, and exemplified in the second? The sole difference is inessential, being no more than that between secular and ecclesiastical history, and the latter, he also might sing, is as estimable as the former, "because we all know it is true." Only, instead of singing to that effect on a Music Hall stage, he says as much in a Pulpit. There, it is wonderful what a man of undoubted knowledge, and of veracity under less exalted conditions equally unquestionable, will occasionally work himself up to affirming, in a flight of faith and fancy. It seems all the more wonderful that Cardinal Manning should sometimes run on in that way, seeing that he is a strict Teetotaller.

A MODEL MAIDEN.



'Tis not alone that she is fair,
And hath a wealth of golden hair;
'Tis not that she can play and sing,
To charm a Critic or a King;
'Tis not that she is gentle, kind,
And wears no chignon huge behind,
Nor high-heeled boot, nor corset laced
To show her slenderness of waist;
'Tis not that she can talk with ease
On well-nigh any theme you please;
'Tis is not that she can row, and ride,
And do a dozen things beside:—
The reasons why I love Miss Brown
Are that she never wears a frown,
Ne'er sulks, or pouts, or mopes, or frets,
Or fusses about "styles" or "sets;"
Ne'er nurses Lapdogs by the fire,
Nor bids her friends their charms admire;
Ne'er bets upon the Derby Day,
And when she's lost omits to pay;
By bonnets does not bound her talk,
And is not indisposed to walk;
Ne'er bullies her small brothers, nor
Esteems their childish games a bore:
With pigments ne'er her cheek defiles,
Nor practises coquettish wiles:
Needs not a Maid to pack her things,
Nor plagues Papa for diamond rings:
On biscuits is content to lunch;
Loves Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, and *Punch:*
Never descends to vulgar slang,
And ne'er was known the door to bang!

Strike in the Painting Trade.

We are sorry to report that all the Journeymen Painters in the service of the eminent Coachbuilders, Messrs. Pannell & Co., have struck work. The reason alleged for this proceeding on the part of the men is not any quarrel about wages, but the fact that Mr. Pannell, Senior, having consented to sit for his portrait, has commissioned the President of the Royal Academy instead of employing one of his own painters. This naturally wounds the self-respect of his men.

"festina lente."

In the last great Thames Sculling-Match—for £100 a side—Tarryer has beat Bryan. It is the old moral of the Hare and the Tortoise—"*Tout vient à qui sait attendre*"—"Your Tarryer is safe to win." Besides, a Tarryer was certain to be a stayer.

"heads i win."

"More than fifty Montenegrin heads," we read, "were exposed in the Bazaar at Spouz on the 15th inst." Surely Spouz, and not Martinechi, ought to be the Turkish head-quarters!

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ANTICIPATION.

Old John (the "Broad" Man,—they had been after Snipe on the Fen all the afternoon). "I SAHY, MASTER CHARLES, NOW WHEN YEAOU GETS HOM' AN' GOT YAR BOATS OFF—AN' HAD YAR DINNER, SUP'N' HOT—AN' THEN SIT AFORE THE FIRE—'TH A PIPE O' BACCA'—NOW DOON'T THAT DRAH YEAOU OFF T' SLEEP!"

Mr. Charles (realising the situation). "WELL——"

Old John (yawning). "SO THAT DEW ME!!"

THE ENCHANTED OMNIBUS.

ONE of the most curious tricks to be met with in London is that of "The Enchanted Omnibus." It might, perhaps, have been attributed to the Spirits, the Conductor acting as Medium, but that such a hypothesis has been negatived by the joint action of a gentleman named NETTLEFOLD and ALDERMAN SIR ROBERT CARDEN, who have exposed the *modus operandi*, which appears to be as follows:—

An Omnibus starts, say from Bayswater, and several weak-minded and credulous persons are made to believe before entering the vehicle that they have distinctly read the words, "To London Bridge Railway" on the exterior. On arriving at the Mansion House, however, they are asked to alight, and read again, when, instead of "To London Bridge Railway," the words, "Royal Exchange, Mansion House, Bank," appear. The astonishment of the passengers is, of course, unbounded.

MR. NETTLEFOLD was so astounded that he determined at once to unravel the mystery, and consulted SIR ROBERT CARDEN. These gentlemen did not think it necessary to call in MESSRS. MASKELYNE AND COOKE, but, after a patient investigation, discovered that the trick is done by means of moveable boards painted on both sides, which, while the happy passengers are absorbed in conversation, or mutual congratulation on the convenience of getting all the way to London Bridge Railway for sixpence, the Conductor skilfully reverses.

It is something like a Pantomime trick, though scarcely so amusing to the Passengers, or, when fined ten shillings and costs, to the Conductor.

Cut, not Plucked.

"AN OSTRICH-FARMER," home from the Cape, writes to correct a misapprehension at the bottom of a late lament of *Mr. Punch's* over the cruelty of Ostrich-plucking. It seems that the eight months' crop of feathers is not pulled out by the roots, but cut with scissors. *Punch* loses no time in recording the correction, in justice to our Ostrich Farmers. He can understand, as the feathers are "cut," that they should "come again."

MIXTURE OF TURKISH AND CAVENDISH.—LORD HARTINGTON at Constantinople.

AN AMUSIN' OLD CUSS.—The BISHOP OF MINORCA.

MAORI-US AMIDST THE RUINS OF RAILWAYDOM.

(*With Apologies to the Shade of* BYRON.)

"Three thousand years hence, perhaps—if it be not within three hundred or threescore years—the Art critics may utter sympathetic sighs over the railway embankments and cuttings and viaducts which cross each other at every conceivable level between Clapham Junction and the Great City, and contrast those relics of the artistic ingenuity of the past with the tastelessly utilitarian structures of their own age. Gazing on the long-rusted trusses and girders of the colossal Midland Station at St. Pancras, the enormous span of the Great Eastern Terminus in Liverpool Street, the mouldering piers of the Charing Cross Railway Bridge, the shattered parapets of the Thames Embankment, and the decaying vestiges of the Holborn Viaduct, they may celebrate, in terms of unmeasured eulogy, the grand and harmonious creations of the engineers of the nineteenth century—men whom no natural obstacles could deter, no scientific difficulties discourage, and the merest ruins of whose achievements were pregnant with matter for astonishment and applause, and with models for imitation."—*Daily Telegraph on* MR. POYNTER'S *Address before the Social Science Congress at Liverpool.*

RELIC of nobler days and noblest Arts,
Shattered yet splendid thy perspective spreads.
Graceful yet grand art thou in all thy parts,
To Art a model, and, to him who treads
Where rust thy sleepers in their clayey beds,
Her light shines through thy cuttings. Here indeed
The Iron Age with Ageless Beauty weds,
Divorced, defunct, in these grim days of greed,
When STEPHENSON and WATT in vain demand their meed.

Alas! no more our feeble hands may rear
Grand and harmonious structures such as thi.
Upon yon rusty rail I drop a tear.
'Twill rust it more! That age was great, I wis,
That could excogitate a girder! 'Tis
The finished fruit of Art's divinest function.
A Railway Bridge! Aha! æsthetic bliss!
We cannot ape, I own with sore compunction,
The charm of Charing Cross, the grace of Clapham Junction.

Ruin, yet what a ruin! From its mass
Many a Maori village might be reared.
Oft as its mighty skeleton I pass,
I marvel how sublimely it appeared
When first its long straight lines and vistas weird
Broke on the Briton's sight;—Oh happy day
For RUSKIN, to whose soul were so endeared
Those glittering glories whose bright sun nas set -
Permanent way and pier, platform and parapet!

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime,—
Gaunt ruins, ye are great e'en in decay.
They had a taste in that far distant time,
Denied to us in this degenerate day.
Arch, girder, truss, vast sweep of roof, - the play
Of Titan phantasy is in your all.
Yon pillars stir my spirit in a way
I have not felt in Karnac's vasty hall,
Or where thy ruins, Rome, are tottering to their fall

Arches on arches! Here proud Albion,
Collecting what was best of every *line*,
The charms of all her Stations merged in one;
Here Platform did with Terminus combine.
Here Railway minions, bearded, bland, benign,
Shouldered huge loads or wheeled the laden truck.
Ah! if their happy fortune had been mine,
To live ere Railwaydom's last hour had struck,
Ere reigned balloons on high—alas! I'd no such luck!

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INCORRIGIBLE!

Medical Adviser. "Now, first of all, you must not drink Beer in the Morning!"

Patient. "No more I should, Old Fellow, but it so happens there's not a drop of Brandy in the House!"

LINES ON THE SOUTH-WESTERN LINE.

How apt impatience to provoke
The waits and ways of Bishopstoke
When, with a coolness past a joke,
Trains make full stop at Bishopstoke!
"Is 't to dig coal, or to make coke
They stay so long at Bishopstoke?'
You ask, with choler fit to choke,
Condemned to wait at Bishopstoke
If in a smoking-carriage, smoke
The time away at Bishopstoke.
Your clay at leisure you may soak
And liquor up at Bishopstoke;
Or go to sleep—you won't be woke
In forty winks at Bishopstoke.
Heads out of windows people poke
To learn what's wrong at Bishopstoke;
If boiler burst, or engine broke,
Has stoppage caused at Bishopstoke;
If a smash or impending stroke,
Of fate is feared at Bishopstoke.
Your grumblers growl and croaker croak
Their worst, delayed at Bishopstoke
In oaths and curses wrath is wroke
Upon the name of Bishopstoke.
Words to repeat unfit are spoke
Whilst travellers wait at Bishopstoke.
Around thee better draw thy cloak
And sit and muse at Bishopstoke.
That patient animal, the Moke,
Thy model make at Bishopstoke.
Sooner or later, suffering folk,
Trains will budge e'en from Bishopstoke.

The Flying Dutchman.—A Transvaal Boer.

Here, where the Locomotive breathed her steam,
And here, where buzzing Tourists choked the ways,
And sounded shrill the whistle's brazen scream,
While smoke and oil would their sweet incense raise,—
Here, where the British Million's blame or praise—
Unbacked by tips—fell flat on Porters proud,
My voice sounds hollow; stars shed sickly rays
On booking-office void, seats squashed, poles bowed,
And platforms where my steps raise echoes strangely loud.

But when the round-faced Moon begins to climb
That topmost arch, and gently pauses there,
While the stars shimmer through the gaps which Time
Has left in the long roof so blank and bare—
Save where some sparrow builds its tangled lair,
Like tufts on some nigh-bald Director's head—
Then Loveliness in ruins shows more rare;
Then in this vast arena rise the dead:
Tourists once trod this spot!—now on *their* dust I tread!

Where loomed "Refreshments," large the roofage falls
And hides that mystic legend, time-displaced.
Gorgeous Advertisements that decked these walls
With rainbow play of hues—posters that graced
These walls in tatters now hang half-effaced.
Yon "Largest Circulation" means—ah! what?—
The rest is mystery that may not be traced!——
"*Hi! Wake up, Sir! Train's in!*"—May I be shot,
If I 've not drowsed and dreamed over that Leader's rot!

Princeps Secundus.

"Proximos ille tamen occupavit
Prinsep honores."

Mr. Val Prinsep is to paint the scene of the proclamation of the Queen's Imperial title at Delhi. If what we hear of the price he is to receive for the picture be true, Prinsep's *Durbar-day* will rank as a colossus among commissions, second only to Frith's *Derby Day*.

SIRLOIN AND LADY.

The Women of England will scarcely, perhaps, consider the following emendation in the *Times* as any improvement of an—

"American Erratum.—A New York paper, from which we recently quoted a report of a speech of Professor Huxley, made in the United States, represented him as stating that English women had been described by a distinguished American as being rather too 'teethy;' the reader should substitute 'beefy.'"

Whether it is prettier in Woman to be "beefy" or "teethy" is a question which depends a good deal upon what "teethy" may mean. It is too probable that the distinguished American misreported to have called Englishwomen teethy, did not intend to flatter by calling them beefy. But the epithet is true enough; not to say too true. What else than being beefy could be expected of Mrs. Bull, and her daughters, except those in their nonage, whom perhaps the satirical rogue of a Yankee would rather describe as vealy? Never mind, darlings. Beef is dear to every true Briton. Let not the sneering stranger say, "So is his wife, and so are his girls," meaning that his milliners' and jewellers' bills usually equal, if they do not exceed his butchers'. It is in the power of the Women of England, or, not to give offence to Scotchmen, say Great Britain, to vindicate themselves from the aspersion of being beefy in any but a laudatory sense, by learning to dress themselves upon as nearly as possible the moderate cost of £15 a-year, so as to take care that if they are in some degree beefy, as their American critic terms them, at any rate their beef shall never be objectionably overdone.

Bears All.

"Great war-panic on the Stock Exchange. . . . All Russian securities had a heavy fall."—*Evening Paper, Wednesday, 18 Oct.*

Brokers and jobbers ought to thank
Their friends, Lords Beaconsfield and Derby,
For last week's treat—so near the Bank—
Unusual treat, of "*rus(s) in urbe.*"

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HOSTS AND GUESTS.

Guest. "GOOD-BYE,—ENJOYED OURSELVES SO MUCH!"

Host. "SO SORRY YOU ARE GOING,—NOW, CAN'T WE PERSUADE YOU,—HOW THE TIME HAS FLOWN!—HOPE WE SHALL SOON SEE YOU AG——"

Coachman (*confidentially*). "WILL OI MAKE 'EM TOO LATE FOR THE THRAIN, SOR? I CAN ASY——"

His Master (*in dumb show*). "IF YOU DARE, SIR! DRIVE LIKE THE ——!!"

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF SPIRITS.

THE Spirits of Spirit-Rappers, and Spirit-Writers, from the style of their messages as published in the Spiritualist papers and periodicals, appear almost all to have belonged to one class of society, of which they still preserve the ideas and language. With scarcely an exception they express themselves like persons of the lower middle class. No Spirits ever affect the peculiar phraseology of Swells, or even use that of educated gentlemen and ladies. They usually talk as though their style had been derived from the perusal of low newspapers, and from sitting under semi-taught Dissenting Preachers.

The names under which they announce themselves are chiefly the familiar and endearing diminutives of common domestic life, such as "ALLIE" and "KATIE" if female, otherwise the ordinary Christian names JOHN, PETER, and so on; though a few assume a pompous pseudonym like "IMPERATOR," and not a few call themselves by ridiculous nicknames—for instance, "KIBOSH."

In short the Spirits, as a body, are intensely vulgar. Every Spirit is a snob. His speech bewrayeth him. He is also a dullard. The utterances of Spirits are generally platitudes of the broadest kind—copy-book precepts diluted. A Spirit professing to be BENJAMIN FRANKLIN talks penny-a-line. SHAKSPEARE, BACON, NEWTON, BONAPARTE, BYRON, philosophers, poets, statesmen, sovereigns, all of them invariably spell out the sentiments, in the idiom, of a loquacious and conceited mechanic, or small tradesman. The mighty dead are also very commonly apt to be facetious in a similar homely vein; and their highest effusions correspond to the eloquence of a temperance orator declaiming at a "Tea."

The truth appears to be that, whether or no the Spirits ever impart messages in foreign or dead languages, in French, German, Spanish, Hebrew, Latin, and Greek, their communications in the vulgar tongue, not to say in plain English, never rise above the level of a mediocrity, which, without a pun, may be said to be that of the Medium—though it comes nearer to *ænea* than "*aurea mediocritas*."

On the "Inclusive" System.

THIS is a good example of what one may call "lumping" it. From the *Daily News* of Oct. 18:—

WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.—A Lady having started a SCHOOL in a good and rising neighbourhood, has to resign it in consequence of domestic arrangements, and wishes to DISPOSE OF the same. Six pupils, two forms, large writing-table, and scholastic door-plate. Price £3. Comfortable apartments.—Address, &c.

More Vulgarian Atrocities!

To ask for that delightful Song, "'*Tis the Arp in the Hair*."

To give bad Champagne, which you can't afford, instead of good Bitter Beer, which you can.

To eat Melted Butter with a knife.

To talk of how you "moved in the best Society" at the place you last came from.

To torment Horses with Bearing-Reins, for the sake of making them toss their heads and champ their bits.

A CHILD THAT IS "TAKING NOTICE" AT LAST.—The Occupier of Temple Bar.

THE Inhabitants of the Strand are anxious for Wood Pavement. We would suggest Beech.

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"THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE."

Darwinian Coster (to thrifty Housewife). "WELL, FISH IS DEAR, MUM; YOU SEE IT'S A GETTIN' WERY SCA'CE IN CONSEKENCE O' THESE 'ERE AQUERIUNS!"

THE MINSTREL OF THE MANSION HOUSE.

EVER has the City King,
Whilst he filled the Civic Chair,
Given his People cause to sing
Glory to the Great LORD MAYOR!

Great Lord Mayors have, in their day,
Won, ere COTTON, high regard,
But their fame has passed away,
For they lacked a sacred Bard.

That shall ne'er be COTTON'S fate·
Nor will *Punch's* line alone
COTTON'S name perpetuate:
'Twill be deathless in his own.

Nought he needs another pen
Verse on his behalf to do;
For the Chief of Aldermen
Ranks among the Poets too!

When did Lord Mayor yet before
Civic Crown with bays entwine,
Tuneful lays 'midst business pour,
Cultivate the Sisters Nine?

Lo, Cheapside, Pieria's plain;
Thames, the Heliconian rill;
Mansion House, a Delian fane;
Mount Parnassus, Fish Street Hill!

Bards in Grub Street now no more
Lacking grub in garret pine,
As they did in days of yore,
'Ere by Lord Mayors asked to dine.

Pass the Loving Cup around!
In it plunge, in turn, each nose;
And, as guests in duty bound,
Drink his health before he goes.

May the Poet's life be long,
When the Lord Mayor's day is done:
As Apollo, Lord of Song,
Hail the Civic Setting Sun!

FANATICS AND FOOLS.

HIS Holiness the POPE, the other day, receiving the Carlist Pilgrims, led by the rampant ARCHBISHOP OF GRANADA, at the Vatican, made, says the *Times'* Correspondent, a discourse "as remarkable for its moderation as the address delivered to him by that fiery Prelate was for its intemperance;" insomuch that—

"Never, perhaps, did the POPE employ fewer pious invectives than on this occasion. He welcomed the Pilgrims, told them that he recognised them as his children, and that they reminded him of the many martyrs whose blood had made the soil of their country holy—the doctors, the confessors, the founders of religious orders, and others, who through their virtues have contributed to the greatness of Spain."

This explanation was of course not required by the faithful who heard it. Nor could most other people have well misunderstood whom the POPE meant by martyrs in Spain, even if he had not described them as victims "whose blood had made the soil of their country holy." The Martyrs of the Inquisition bled very little. Cremation before death was unattended with much if any bloodshed. The Act of Faith, so called, can now be spoken of only in the past tense—even in Turkey. But a British fanatic might have subjected himself to it lately at Rome, if Rome were what Rome was, and is now no more. So much evidently appears from a further statement by the authority above quoted:—

"As an instance of the strict impartiality observed by the Italian authorities, I may mention that an English Dissenting Clergyman, officiating in Rome, issued a placard to the effect that on Sunday last he would discourse on the subject of 'Papistical Pilgrimages and the Christian Pilgrimage.'"

The Italian Authorities did wisely in "sequestrating a poster which might have been read by many as a provocation"—whence a fool might have got something for himself, if not so bad as fire and faggot, yet unpleasant enough, and richly merited. Suppose he had been put under a pump, and subjected to punishment by the milder element, who will say it would not have served him right? Are fanatical Pilgrims or fanatical Protestants the greater Asses? Perhaps the Donkeys' ears are about of a length.

ANGLO-MOSLEM IRREGULARS.

IN publishing the statement below quoted from a column of "Naval and Military Intelligence," was a contemporary hoaxed, or flying a *canard?*—

"A scheme in connection with the chances of a war with Russia has been proposed, according to the *Whitehall Gazette*, and has met with what may be termed conditional approval by the authorities at the War Office and the India House. It is to call for Volunteers in India to serve in a cavalry contingent. The rank and file of this force would be composed exclusively of Moslems, and be commanded by officers who have served in the Indian irregular cavalry."

If this announcement is true, the authorities at the War Office are apparently contemplating the creation of a new arm of the Service, in the form of British Bashi-Bazouks. Should such a corps be constituted to fight the Russians, may it not be feared that we shall too soon be horrified by Russian atrocities committed by other than Russian troops?

Election Movements.

IN a paragraph relating to the approaching School-Board Elections we read, with some surprise, that "MR. A. B. C. (Wesleyan) will run as an Independent Candidate, and MR. D. E. F. will run as an Independent Church Candidate." How fast this age of ours is becoming! Candidates used to be contented to "stand"—now they must "run!" Has the growing passion for athletic sports any connection with this change?

Shakspearian Quotation.

To be borne in mind when you have to meet that little Bill you backed for a Friend.

SIGN no more * * *
Men were deceivers ever.
Much Ado About Nothing.

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POOR BRITANNIA!



NAVAL disasters and Naval waste had been the staple of *Punch's* readings in the evening papers. *Punch* dreamed a dream. He thought that he was standing in a large gallery of paintings, filled with pictures of BRITANNIA'S Naval victories. And as he looked at the canvasses, he could not help noticing that there were none of recent date.

"Not a victory for forty years," murmured the Sage.

"No, *Mr. Punch*," said a pert young Gentleman, dressed in a lounging suit. "We didn't do very much during the Russian War, eh? Got bustled about a bit in the Black Sea by the storms, and laid up as snug as fleas in a rug in the Baltic?"

"And who may you be, young Sir?" asked *Punch*, severely: "the Sage loveth not levity and slang."

"JOHN BULL JUNIOR," very much at your service, old man," replied the youth. "I have often heard the Guv'nor talk about you, *Mr. Punch*. It 's very seldom he does anything else but talk: he grumbles, and leaves the rest to me."

"You cannot do better than walk in your Father's footsteps," said *Punch*, sententiously. "The Sage is a parent himself."

"So he tells me," laughed the flippant young man. "But between you and me I don't think the old 'un got on much better than I do. Only you see he had the luck on his side, and I haven't, which makes all the difference; don't it?"

Punch and his companion had now left the picture gallery, and somehow (after the fashion of dreams) were standing in a dockyard. The place seemed to be in a state of great confusion. New ships, that had scarcely felt the water splashing against their hulls, were resting in dock, undergoing extensive repairs, boats (cheap in one sense, and dear in another) were being reconstructed, regardless of expense; waste and bad management seemed to be the order of the day on all sides.

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THE BICYCLE NUISANCE; OR, A RULE OF THE ROAD WANTED.

Victim of Bicycle Riders (to her Groom). "CHARLES, DO ASK THEM WHICH SIDE THEY EXPECT *ME* TO GO?"

"We do a deal of tinkering, don't we?" commented JOHN BULL JUNIOR. "The joke of the thing is, the Public never knows the exact cost of a ship. Say we turn out the *Tea Kettle* for £20,000; well, before twelve months are over, repairing the *Tea Kettle*, putting in fresh engines, and replacing the old masts, and changing the timbers of the keel, and all that sort of thing, you know, runs the original £20,000 into six figures. Hallo, Sir! And how are you?"

This salutation was addressed to an old Gentleman, wearing a very gorgeous uniform. The old Gentleman smiled, and put up an ear-trumpet. The question was repeated.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" said he; "I am as well as can be expected. I don't like the noise and the bustle; but they are all very kind to me, and tell me what to do. Still I prefer my nice quarter-deck, in a quiet harbour, to all this confusion. But you must really excuse me; for if any of my men see me, they will be sure to ask me some awkward questions about their work; and then, dear me, what *should* I do?"

"The Superintendent of our Dockyard, Sir," answered JOHN BULL JUNIOR, as the old Gentleman hobbled off; "an Admiral, Sir, and, as they would say in SULLIVAN'S *Trial by Jury*, 'A good one, too.'"

Punch and his companion now passed a number of Warrant-Officers, who seemed to have much spare time upon their hands.

"The Carpenters, Sir," explained the young man. "In the Guv'nor's days they used to look after the building of their ships, and when they were built lived in 'em until they were tugged into dock to be broken up. Now-a-days we keep 'em hanging about until we think they are wanted."

The Sage and his guide were now in an office. Scattered over the floor were dusty bundles of papers, tied up with red tape, and on the walls were plans of foreign Iron-clads.

"Not bad these," said JOHN BULL JUNIOR, pointing to the plans; "we shall build some like 'em, some day. Take a weed?"

"I never smoke in office hours," replied *Punch*, drily.

"I do," observed the young man, as he leisurely lighted a cigar. "Snug hole this? This is where I do my work. What's that you are looking at?"

"A list of the British Navy," read *Punch*.

"Ah! now call out the names of some of the ships, and I will tell you where we should send them in the case of war."

"The *Vanguard*," murmured *Punch*.

"Well," laughed the young man, "we should leave her where she is, to protect the bottom of the sea."

"The *Alexandra*, one of the largest of our Iron-clads?"

"Disabled for the present. Both blades of her screw bent."

"The *Rover*, one of our new corvettes?"

"Also disabled for the present. Came to grief over the measured mile."

"The *Valorous*?"

"In port. Her machinery went wrong."

"The *Opal*, the *Hydra*, the *Boadicea*? All fine ships."

"Well, they have broken down, too."

"And the *Thunderer*?"

"Now you are chaffing me, Sir," said JOHN BULL JUNIOR. "You know as well as I do that the *Thunderer* blew up, and——"

"Chaffing you, Sir!" angrily interrupted *Punch*. "Do you think that the efficiency of the British Navy is a matter for chaff? Why, Sir, upon our Navy depends the greatness and grandeur of our mighty Empire! Without the sovereignty of the sea England (whose flag floats in every quarter of the world) would sink into the condition of a fourth-rate power. And you, with these mighty interests at stake, dare to talk to me of chaff!"

And *Punch* brought his fist down with such force that the shock woke him.

And when *Punch* was awake he only wished that he *had* been dreaming!

ON several occasions lately CAPTAIN SHAW has been able to report that there were "no fires in the Metropolis." Considering the price of Coals, this is not surprising.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE (*In advance of November 9th*).—COTTON is fallen.

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SWINDLING MADE EASY.



How should there not be an abundant crop of Fashionable Swindlers when the world abounds in such fools as stand confessed in the case of the "COUNT VON HOWARD"? The more impudent the imposture, the more helplessly yielding the victim.

One can almost imagine after reading of the "Count's" *modus operandi*, that his correspondence with his dupes must have run somewhat as follows:—

BRUSSELS,
April 1st, 1876.

DEAR SIR,

IT is true I only know you from finding your name in a *Post Office Directory*, but I take a great interest in you, and hasten to inform you that you are entitled to Forty-Thousand Pounds under the Will of your relative, MR. WILLIAM NOODLE. I alone can get possession of the Will. I shall require remuneration.

Yours, &c.,
VON HOWARD (COUNT).

A. NOODLE, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR, LONDON, *April* 3, 1876.

How can I sufficiently express my gratitude? Of course I shall be most happy to pay you for your trouble. It is true, I never had a relative named WILLIAM, my only relative being MR. TOM NOODLE; but no matter. Send on the Will at once.

Yours, gratefully,
A. NOODLE.

COUNT VON HOWARD.

MY DEAR SIR, BRUSSELS, *April* 6, 1876.

A COMPLICATION has arisen. The Will is deposited with a Banker, who claims five hundred pounds on it. What is to be done? I have not the ready cash, or, of course, would at once pay it. Write by return. No gratitude. I only want two-and-a-half per cent.

Yours,
VON HOWARD.

A. NOODLE, ESQ.

MY DEAR COUNT, LONDON, *April* 8, 1876.

I HASTEN to send you five hundred pounds as requested. Would you like any more? Don't be bashful. Of course I shall be glad to receive the Will or the Forty-Thousand Pounds in due course.

Yours always,
A. NOODLE.

COUNT VON HOWARD.

At this particular juncture the "Count," for some reason or another, breaks off the correspondence, and MR. NOODLE has the hardihood to go into Court and complain of being swindled!

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

About Killarney—A Meeting—The Friar—A few Remarks—Further Deferred—On to Muckross—The Cascade—Price—Paying at the Doors—No Reduction—My American Friend—The Abbey — No Colleen — Truth — Illusions — A New Notion—Progress.

About Killarney and Muckross.—Except in a good old-fashioned house genially decked for Christmas, I have never seen such a profusion of holly in any one spot, as may be observed over and over again along the roads in these parts. These excursions must be remarked in my note-book as Red-berry days, or, more correctly, Holly-days. Christmas, it is true, comes but once a year; but, about Kenmare, the decorations are left up for the whole twelve months. What a sight it must be in the winter! I wonder if PUGIN'S Grand Cathedral at Killarney reaps the benefit of so much decorative wealth of holly in the neighbourhood?

Driving out of Killarney, on as fine and fresh a Sunday morning as ever gladdened the heart of Celt or Saxon, I happen upon a sketch that I wouldn't have missed for a trifle. Coming round the corner—whisk—at full trot, is a trim jaunting car, bearing a magnificent specimen of a Franciscan Friar, in his habit as he lives, his shorn crown as bald and polished as a marble, and shining so brilliantly in the sun, that I should like to lend him my umbrella, for fear of a *coup de soleil*. Odd! he doesn't seem to be struck by the—

Happy Thought.—Put up my cowl.

However, the fast trotter takes him out of sight before I can offer him the suggestion. My driver touches his hat respectfully to his Reverence as we pass; and, not to be behindhand in politeness, so do I. The good Father beams upon us in return, and salutes us with his hand: for you see it would be a trifle difficult for him to return our salutation in kind, so to speak, as he hasn't a hat to lift, or even a forelock to pull.

"He 's been saying Mass at MR. O'SOMEBODY'S house yonder," my driver explains, naming the residence of a gentleman some eight miles distant. The carman is clearly jealous for the honour and dignity of the clergy in giving me this explanation, because otherwise, might not I, as a Saxon, and for aught he knows, a Protestant Saxon to boot, go home and say, maybe at Exeter Hall, that "the Monks in Ireland think nothing of breaking the Sabbath-day, riding about in cars, and going out for jaunts and jauntings when decent people ought to be at church." And I am pretty much of opinion that this *is* the conclusion that would have been jumped at by many of my prejudiced fellow-countrymen, whom no explanation as to *why that* Friar was on *that* car, at *that* particular hour, on *that* fine "Sabbath" morning, would have satisfied. And while on the subject of cowls and friars, I cannot help noticing the utter absence of the "downcast look," "the hangdog expression," and the "scowl" with which certain writers have credited "their Rivirinces."

Happy Thought.—The proverb here should be "'tis not the *scowl* that makes the monk."

The Catholic clergy are, it seems to me, for the most part, fine broad-shouldered specimens of humanity, whose weather-beaten countenances are as honest, frank, and cheerful as any you would wish to see gathered round your own table at Christmas-tide. As for *physique*, the civil Pō-lĭs force and the moral Pō-lĭs force appear to have divided the picked Irishmen between them; for, the constabulary are already famous as a military force, and a magnificent *corps* might be formed out of the Irish clerical ranks. Could BISMARCK be "the O'BISMARCK" for a while, wouldn't he like to try his hand at compulsory enlistment of the clergy? If he did, begorr 'tis myself that would wish him all the success he'd deserve—the rapparee, the marauder!

One more note on the subject and I 've done with it; if their Rivirinces are not the "scowling," "hangdog" prowlers, that MR. PETER PREJUDICE would have us believe them to be, so neither do they resemble those scandals to their cloth, so brilliantly and entertainingly drawn by the late CHARLES LEVER. As a body, they are unaffected, kindly, genial men, to whose nature the proverbial priggishness of the parson is utterly foreign, while for their Deans and Bishops—well, our friend SMITH'S butler, even in his morning toilette, and at a disadvantage, has far more of the "Don"—not the Spanish, but the College, Don about him—than a whole room-full of Irish ecclesiastical dignitaries in their most gorgeous purple and fine linen.

However, further disquisition as to cause, effect, &c., &c., would be clearly out of place in these brief notes, and must appear in my forthcoming work on *Typical Developments*, though in which volume, in which paragraph, or under what heading, it is, at present, rather difficult to determine. Perhaps, under C., *Cowls*,—for all this sprang out of my noticing that Friar on the jaunting car.

At Muckross.—First, I am invited to see the Torc Cascade.

Happy Thought.—*Torc* about it.

Another Tourist is bound on the same errand. He is an American. He is disputing a point with a respectable, middle-aged man, who may be a bailiff, or a gamekeeper (and, in fact, turns out to be *a sort of both*), who is demanding sixpence as the price of admission to the Waterfall. Really? "Yes. Sixpence for the Waterfall, Gentlemen, if you please: *it 's MR. HERBERT'S charge.*" Thank you; and here are our tickets. Shall we leave our sticks and umbrellas at the wicket? Are we to take care not to breathe upon the glasses? Oh, I beg pardon! there are no glasses; and it is not a peep-show. Well, then, do our tickets admit to the pit, or boxes, or stalls? Or, if not, to what part of the house *do* they admit us?

"Oh! not to the house at all," replies our simple Showman, taking my satirical question literally, "and you can see the Ruins afterwards."

Entrance to the Ruins means "sixpence more," and another ticket. Why it reminds me of Cremorne—not the place, but the system of charging. As to the mere amount of sixpence,—well, I 've no doubt, we should have given that enormous sum,—and, being of a generous turn, more—to any Cicerone who might have been so fortunate as to conduct two such Millionnaires as the American Tourist and myself over the place. But, as it is, we are paying MR. HERBERT; and MR. HERBERT *ought to be here himself to take us round his domain.*

There is a story of an impoverished Nobleman, who used to

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request his visitors to give *him* the tips with which they had intended to enrich his servants. "They get their wages," his Lordship was wont to observe, "and don't want the money. *I pay* the wages, and do." Only if I pay to be entertained by the first Tragedian, I do *not* get my money's worth if the part of *Hamlet* is performed by a Supernumerary. If I pay MR. HERBERT sixpence, clearly it should be MR. HERBERT who should act as my Cicerone, and not his subordinate.

Note.—It does destroy the romance of a secluded Fairy Glen and a dashing Waterfall, if you are compelled to give sixpence for seeing them. Only having parted with the coin, there remains *this* advantage, viz., that we have acquired by purchase a perfect right to *grumble*, and to find fault with everything.

"Why," says my American friend, superciliously, "this ain't a patch on the smallest waterfall in *our* country,"—and he will hardly look at it.

"Not half as good as the Fairy Glen in Wales," I chime in.

"The trees are only chunks," says my companion, turning back and descending the ravine.

"I 'd as soon pay my sixpence for Black Gang Chine or any other show-place in the Isle of Wight," I growl, as my mind reverts to my happy childhood's days when I could see the Swiss Châlet, the Swiss Waterfall, the Stalactite Caverns, and Paris or London by Moonlight, at the dear old Colosseum, and *all* for *one shilling; i.e.*, only sixpence more than MR. HERBERT'S charge for this Waterfall alone —or rather for this Trickle, which is all *Torc* and no Tumble.

Hang it, they might have turned on some more water *for the money*. However, when there has been no rain for a fortnight, I *do* think that MR. HERBERT ought *to lower the price*. To equalise it, let him charge twopence extra *after a shower*, and sixpence more after a week's heavy fall of rain; and advertise both effects in the local papers.

Happy Thought (*for a Gentleman who is fortunate enough to possess a Waterfall and a Ruin on his grounds.*—Make something handsome by 'em.

Were I MR. HERBERT of Muckross,
I rather would be with my luck cross,
And lose pennies many
Before I 'd charge any
For seeing the beauties of Muckross.

But perhaps the owner of the estate is of a different opinion, and, after all, it is his affair—not mine. The Tourist is requested (on the ticket) *not* to give any gratuity to the Showman. But isn't the same simple-minded request to be found placarded up on all Stations? And *do* we therefore refrain from presenting the Guards, the Ticket-Collectors, and the Porters with the furtive, but welcome, sixpence, or the modest, but not less welcome, fourpenny and threepenny *for value received*? Do we not fee the boxkeepers at theatres where no gratuities are allowed, and where, of course, none are ever offered or accepted? It *is* a vicious practice, a demoralising custom, but it *is* a matter of habit; and so, when MR. HERBERT, M.P., requests us *not* to give his *employé* a tip, what, I ask, is the consequence? I will answer for myself and for my American friend. . . *and, of course, we did not do anything of the kind*, that is any more than any other gentleman tourist would when visiting Muckross.

Muckross Abbey.—Worth all the sixpences that ever were coined.

"A kinder sollum place," says my American friend.

It is, as he says, a "kinder sollum place," and being both of us considerably impressed by the "sollumnity," we, by tacit agreement, part company. I sit in the refectory and think "how many have told of the Monks of old," and what a glorious race they were, and I visit the chapel, and the Abbot's room, and I wander among the tombs, and the cool dark cloisters. Wasn't it from a window in Muckross Abbey that *Hardress Cregan* used to show a light to *Eily O'Connor*, or *vice versâ*; or wasn't it this at all at all, and am I, as I rather think I am, all wrong? For why the D—ION BOUCICAULT should *Hardress Cregan* be here and not at his mother's house?

Alas! The *Colleen Bawn* has no more to do with Killarney and Muckross than I have. She was drowned in the Shannon, I believe, and *Danny Mann* was hung for it at Cork. The Colleen Bawn Rock and Cave are delusions. We tried them. The nose of our boat would scarcely run into the Cave, in which there was about six inches of water, and standing upright was an impossibility. Of course where you can't stand upright and can't sit down, you must stoop or lie—and "Lord! how this World is given to lying!"

Happy Thought. To bring out a new magazine, to be called *The Truth*. What a cruel publication it would be, destroying cherished illusions, extinguishing old lights and substituting no new ones. But if The Truth were told, what would become of History? (Evidently a deep subject for an Essay in *Typical Developments*, vol. XX., Article *Truth*.) However, The Truth about Killarney is easily told,—it is lovely, beautiful as Truth itself in the abstract, and I object to concrete from what I 've seen of it, and especially judging from what I 've had to pay for it whenever it came into a builder's explanation as to *why* the price of the work done exceeded the guaranteed estimate. You mustn't look for truth in the concrete from a builder.

But this is discursionary, and as I am clearly exceeding my excursionary powers, let us hie back to the Victoria, and to-morrow away for Glengariff. If I cannot obtain Truth, let my motto be Progress.

A LINE FROM THE LIONS.

(*By favour of Mr. Punch, and with his empnatic approval.*)



UTILE DULCI! Excellent motto!
Ring as round as O of grotto,
Dangling from my mouth dependeth.
Can't quite see what charm it lendeth
Unto leonine loveliness.
Pigs are ring'd; I fail to guess
Why that porcine gear they try on
Me!—a Thames Embankment Lion!
BULL, a blundering brute, but stout—
Loves me—as his type no doubt.
Makes me ramp upon his banner
In a most unnatural manner.
Sticks me, looking sage and solemn,
Round about his NELSON Column;
Poses me, stiff-tailed, or curly,
Couchant, rampant, slim, or burly,
On each pillar, terrace, arch,
Shop-front, box of patent starch!
I submit. My hirsute beauty
Is content to do mixed duty,
Serve a bard or a balloonist,
Tavern, patriot cartoonist,
Herald, sculptor, antiquarian,—
But, if made utilitarian,
Let me, heedless of high art,
Play consistently my part.
Here I stare, like that chill myth
The sphinx of ALEXANDER SMITH,
With that ring run through my nose—
"Decorative," I suppose—
Stare and see—well, people drowned,
River sights, that much abound.
Sent by slip or casual shove
From the parapet above,
In they splash, and fight, and *sink*
Close upon the river's brink.
Not a pleasant sight! Perhaps
Those Utilitarian chaps
Won't decline to entertain
The notion of a "Safety Chain,"
Whereat drowning folk may clutch
(They will thank CHARLES MATTHEW much!)—
Such as hang round Steamers' side,
Within hand-grasp from the tide.—
'Twill not shame our nose-rings greatly,
Or impair our aspect stately.
Punch, pray push the project duly,
And you 'll much oblige Yours, truly.
This comes, your help to thank meant,
From a Lion of the Embankment.

A SUGGESTION FOR DR. SLADE'S DEFENCE.—Let him prove his ALLIE by.

NEW NAVAL DANCE (*vice the Hornpipe dismissed the Service*).—The "Breakdown."

OCCUPATION OF EGYPT.—Swindling Bondholders.

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CASUISTIC INGENUITY.

"GRACIOUS HEAVENS! CHILDREN, CHILDREN! ARE YOU AWARE THAT TO-DAY IS SUNDAY?"
"YES, MAMMA, BUT WE 'RE PRETENDING IT *ISN'T*, YOU KNOW; SO IT'S ALL RIGHT!"

TYLER'S TIP.

JOHN BULL *to a Great Western Director.*

"The accident to the *Flying Dutchman*, which occurred on the 27th July, at Long Ashton, differed in its character from most of the recent railway horrors. . . . Its cause is clearly traced in CAPTAIN TYLER'S Report. . . . to defects of the most elementary kind . . . . for which the Great Western Company must be held, not constructively responsible . . . . but directly so. The *Flying Dutchman*, which connects the West Country with London, is one of the swiftest express trains known in the kingdom. It maintains a speed of some sixty miles an hour. . . . . The rate of speed was not in itself dangerous; the construction of the line was perfectly consistent with safety, but the permanent way was not in good condition. . . . . As CAPTAIN TYLER observes, 'immunity from accident depends on the preservation of a larger margin beyond what is barely necessary to prevent actual or obvious risk.' That margin 'had not been maintained.' . . . . The Bristol and Exeter line extends over seventy-seven miles, in the course of which the inspection discovered nearly 20,000 faults. . . . . About 250 defects to every mile of railway gives the *Flying Dutchman* some four chances of a catastrophe to every second it travels at its highest speed."
The Times on CAPTAIN TYLER'S *Report.*

'TIS the pace, Sir, that kills? Well, not always it seems
Am I reading plain print or indulging in dreams?
Two hundred and fifty defects to the mile!
At that neat little average Death ought to smile.
Pleased at being so courted in what one may say,
Without *double entente*, is a permanent way.
I should envy his nerves who 'd regard with composure—
I own that *I* can't—CAPTAIN TYLER'S disclosure.

I wish to ride fast, and am willing to run
The fair risks of the road; but I don't see the fun
Of four chances of smash to the second, effect
Of mere miserly pinching, or callous neglect.
Railway accidents? Nonsense! The name 's misapplied
To the pre-arranged perils of such a death-ride.
Twenty thousand defects! 'Tis a trifle too much, man,
In an eighty miles' spin with your fast *Flying Dutchman*.

A Signalman's blunder, a coupling that fails,
May appeal for allowance; but miles of bad rails,
Broken joint-plates by hundreds, and sleepers unsound,
Mean Catastrophe courted, and frequently found.
You carry, I pay; mine the cost, yours the care;
I must ask for fair play in exchange for my fare;
That 's our bargain in brief, and whate'er you may wish, you
Shan't shunt on some line of irrelevant issue.

TYLER'S margin, my friend, must in fact be maintained,
And the means to that end he has clearly explained.
Neglect here spells Murder! What 's needful I 'll pay.
But not for long miles of bad permanent way:
"Westward ho! with grim Death!"—who must hold a free pass
On your line—is a bidding suggestive of brass.
One would almost think Death, that insatiate Spectre,
Had got a new berth, as Great Western Director!

Milk and Water.

IT has been stated that, one day last week, nearly 10,000 persons paid for admission to the Dairy Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Many of these were farmers and other country people, but the greater part no doubt Londoners, naturally anxious to see, for the first time in their lives, samples of genuine unadulterated milk and cream. The Prize Cows were among the principal objects of attraction, but in that department many visitors observed that they missed the Cow with the Iron Tail.

A Sensation.

SCENE—*The Marshes.* (*Conversation between an* Englishman *and a* Frenchman, *after seeing the great Gun fired.*)

Englishman. Vous êtes bien étonné, Monsieur?
Frenchman. Non seulement étonné, Monsieur—eighty-one-tonné!

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DOUBTFUL DIPLOMACY.

MR. BULL. (*to* LORD D**BY). "I SAY, MY LORD!—IS *THAT* WHAT YOU 'VE BEEN DRIVING AT?"

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MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

SECTION V.—AN OFFICER'S DUTIES IN PEACE AND WAR.



WHEN *Mr. Punch* met his Pupils in the anteroom, to deliver his customary Lecture, he found them all looking deeply grieved. COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, and LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green, were surrounding poor dear little FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., who was weeping bitterly.

"Why, what *is* the matter?" cried *Mr. Punch*, genuinely alarmed at his poor little favourite's weakly-expressed distress.

"It is too bad!" drawled LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green. "A fellow has written to the papers to say that the miserable little chap should be retired."

"Why?" asked *Mr. Punch*, in a tone of surprise.

"Because he had had sixty-eight years' service!" exclaimed the Lieutenant and Captain, indignantly. "Why, I never heard of such a thing! The Service, Sir, is going to the deuce!"

"Why, the next thing they will do will be to go into that other extreme," cried COLONEL CHARLES; "they will retire all Militia Captains under two years' service. If they do, all the companies of the Royal East Mudborough Militia will be commanded by Sub-Lieutenants!"

"My dear Pupils," observed *Mr. Punch*, with a smile, "you may be sure that it will be quite safe. Anything suggested by a civilian will never be adopted by the Authorities of Pall Mall."

Dear little SIR FRANKY was soon consoled by the promise (given by *Mr. Punch*) that the most powerful influence should be exercised on his behalf to secure for him either the post of Constable of the Tower or the Governorship of Chelsea Hospital. When the sweet little man was smiling once more, the Sage of Sages commenced his Lecture:—

Part I. In Times of Peace.—The general duties of Officers in time of peace should be to popularise the Army as much as possible in the places where they may for the time be stationed. Of course the Colonel, as the Commandant, should take the lead. SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, in his excellent *Soldier's Pocket-Book*, to which allusion has already been made, has (at page 13) given "what all Officers should carry in their heads." Amongst the suggestions appears the following excellent piece of advice: "Accustom yourself to time the pace at which you travel, to count the number of telegraph poles there are to a mile, and so ascertain how many yards they are apart," &c. In the same fashion the Commanding Officer should visit the resident Gentry with a view to ascertaining their tastes, &c. He should make it a point to drop in at Five o'clock Tea, with the intention of discovering the number of marriageable daughters, the *penchants* of their mothers, &c. Having made the necessary "observation," he should next proceed to detail the duties of his subordinates. Thus, he should tell off MAJOR TWENTYSTUN to Brigade Drill, examination of Defaulters' Books, and Whist at penny points with the local Vicar. The Captains, after their companies have been paid and dismissed, should be ordered to judging distances at Lawn Tennis, and Skating Rink Drill. The Subalterns, who are required to act as supernumeraries on Court-Martials, by the Queen's Regulations, might perform similarly honorary duties on Ladies' Committees for Hospital Balls or Charitable Fancy Fairs. In all cases the Commanding Officer should from time to time visit the various places at which he may have stationed his Officers, to see that their duties are being properly performed. Thus he should drop in at the Vicar's, and say, heartily, "Hallo, TWENTYSTUN, another revoke!" He can do no harm in helping a long-service Captain round the Rink, when he discovers that long-service Captain clumsily attempting to master the difficulties of the outer edge; and he should occasionally inspect the Ladies' Committees, to see that his Subs are making themselves generally agreeable.

The Commanding Officer should be always ready to give his subordinates "a lead" in everything. For instance, should amateur theatricals be in vogue in the town in which his Regiment is stationed, he should be prepared at a moment's notice to cast himself for the parts of "the Prince of Denmark" in *Hamlet*, and as "the guilty Thane" in *Macbeth*. The facts that he weighs over twenty stun and has not the faintest notion of acting should not damp his ardour. In Cavalry Regiments circuses and nigger minstrels have frequently been organised. When this has been the case, the Colonel should assume the principal characters himself—Clown to the circus, and "Centre Man" to the niggers. He must keep up the dignity of his rank even off parade. In like manner the two Majors should be told off to perform the dual duties (bones, tambourines, and jokes) appertaining to the post of "Corner Men."

The other Officers should play a game of follow their leader. They should flirt, sing, and make themselves amiable. Their regimental duties should take about a twelfth of their time—they can devote the rest of their leisure to their friends. As it has been made a punishment to have to wear uniform, they should dress themselves when they can in mufti. Of course fashions change, but the costume most popular at the present moment is a rig out which is equally suggestive of the tourist and the livery stable keeper.

Part II. In Times of War.—The whole duty of a British Officer in the time of War is to remember that he *is* a British Officer, and—to behave as such!

CONVERSATION ON SECTION V.

Ensign Eugene. My dear *Mr. Punch*, I have been studying the *Field Exercises*, and really they appear to me to be very difficult.

Mr. Punch. The directions, my dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, are certainly sometimes a little obscure. No doubt the excellent compiler of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* had a voice in the editing of all military books of instruction. But now let me hear how you would each of you dismiss your men. We will pass over dear little SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., as he is out of spirits, and come to you, COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia.

Colonel Charles. My usual word of command, Sir, is "Umps! Umps! Umps!" The Adjutant invariably gives it the necessary interpretation.

Mr. Punch. Very good. And how, my dear Lieutenant and Captain of the Grenadiers Green,—how would *you* dismiss a parade?

Lieutenant and Captain George. Oh, by telling the Sergeant-Major, or some fellow of that sort, that I was off for the day.

Mr. Punch. Yes; and you, my dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers?

Ensign Eugene. I should let my men see a clock pointing to five minutes to the time of the departure of the last train, and the Regiment would dismiss itself without word of command. But to return to the Military guide-books. Are not the foreign ones much simpler than ours?

Mr. Punch. Much, my dear Pupils. I am happy to say that this simplicity has been partly taught by the action of English Soldiers. When foreigners have had to meet British Infantry they have found one word of command amply sufficient—"Bolt!"

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QUANTITY NOT QUALITY.

Brown, Senior. "WELL, FRED, WHAT DID YOU SEE DURING YOUR TRIP ABROAD?"

Brown, Junior. "AW—'PON M' WORD, 'DON'T KNOW WHAT I SAW 'XACTLY, 'ONLY KNOW I DID MORE BY THREE COUNTRIES, EIGHT TOWNS, AND FOUR MOUNTAINS, THAN SMITH DID IN THE SAME TIME!"

TEETOTALISM *v.* TEMPERANCE.

PRESIDING the other night at a meeting held at Leicester, in connection with that insidious association the Church of England Temperance Society—which aims at merely promoting moderation by moral suasion instead of enforcing total abstinence by law—the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH adopted, on that behalf, the argument of which, *Mr. Punch*, let me tell you, we have heard too much, namely that:—

"One hundred and fifty years ago the upper classes were quite intemperate. There was in those days a proverb, 'As drunk as a Lord,' but could that proverb be applied now? Drunkenness in a peer would be regarded as degrading to his office, and in the middle-class it was now regarded as a disgrace. This alteration had not been the effect of legislation, for legislation was the same now as before; and if there had been this improvement in the higher and middle-classes, why should they despair of its being the case with the Working-Man? Why should the mechanic or the working man be so disgraced any more than the peer or squire? Why should the stigma be thrown on the Working-Man that he was as drunk as a lord?"

Why, Sir? For two good reasons. First, as a ground whereon to demand legislation to prevent the Working-Man from drinking anything stronger than tea. Secondly, because consistency will then require that the Lords and Squires, and all the better classes (inclusive of Bishops) shall be subjected to the same prohibition. No such half-and-half measures—though an enemy to porter and ale, believe me, *Mr. Punch*, I pun not—as these for us! Let the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH waste his breath on those whom he tells that:—

"They might do much to remove the temptation from the Working-Man by closing public-houses or getting him to abstain from attending them. But what were they asking the Working-Man to give up? The public-house was equivalent to the rich man's drawing-room, and he therefore urged upon them to provide for the Working-Men public-houses without drink, and clubs managed by Working Men, not kept in leading strings and driven to the left or to the right at every turn, but clubs in which Working-Men should manage their own affairs in the same way as dukes, lords, and bishops worked their clubs in London."

And so get as drunk as a Lord, a Duke, a Bishop, or any other gentleman now usually gets, and no drunker? Not if we can help it, *Mr. Punch*. No, Sir. On the contrary, we have all put our hands to the plough, and our shoulders to the wheel, and laid the mallet to the thick end of the wedge whose thin is the Permissive Bill, and we don't mean to turn back till we have driven it home and closed all the public-houses, and not only the public-houses for the people, but also the Clubs for the Lords, Dukes, Bishops, and all the rest of the classes who in general practice sobriety and pronounce their aitches. The BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH reckons without his host—I don't mean his publican—in thinking to balk us of the triumph we are bent upon. We will not rest till we have compelled the community against their will to endure a privation which we choose to undergo ourselves. Sir, we fight for principle; we go the whole hog, and more, for pigs are only voluntary teetotallers, and incapable of wishing to impose the blessing of total abstinence on their kind, a peculiarity which distinguishes them from an uncompromising member of the United Kingdom Alliance and an out-and-out

GOOD TEMPLAR.

Generals' Necessaries.

SIR,

I BEG to draw your attention to the following extracts from "The Army and Navy Co-operative" Price List for October, page 147, "Prices reduced. General's Holster with petticoat bags;" and page 156, "Holsters with Petticoat Bags, and Dress Flounce with Crown and Star." Can dear *Mr. Punch* tell me the meaning of it? Though I have often heard grumbling Colonels declare our Generals were nothing but a lot of old women, I never before knew they *really* wore petticoats!

I am, SIR, yours faithfully,

October 25, 1876. LAURA GUSHINGTON.

APPROPRIATE *LOCALE* FOR THE DAIRY SHOW.—Chalk Farm.

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"CHACUN POUR SOI."

Lady's-Maid. "I BEG PARDON, MA'AM, BUT YOUR DRESS IS TRAILING—HADN'T I BETTER LOOP IT UP BEFORE YOU GO OUT?"

Lady. "NO, THANKS, PARKER, I PREFER LETTING IT TRAIL, AS IT'S THE FASHION JUST NOW——"

Lady's-Maid. "YES, MA'AM—BUT AS THE DRESS IS TO BE *MINE* SOME DAY, I THINK *I* OUGHT TO HAVE SOME SAY IN THE MATTER!"

CIVIC POETS.

A COLLECTION of Poems entitled *Imagination* has been published, the Author of which is the LORD MAYOR. Parnassus has been besieged ever since this publication by Aldermen, Sheriffs, and even Common-councilmen, who all wish to vie with MR. COTTON in verse.

Our particular friend, ALDERMAN GUSH, has begged us to accept a copy of his forthcoming volume of verse, entitled *Reality*. We hasten to publish specimens:—

LAUS TESTUDINIS.

Wreathe my brow with Myrtles,
Parsley, too, and Thyme!
I would sing the Turtle's
Praise in rhyme!
Calipash so luscious—
Likewise Calipee—
Fat so green and gushous,
Dear to me!
Guests flock by the thousand—
Tempts them Ham of York?
Flesh of sheep and cows, and
Lamb or Pork?
Hither Painter, Poet,
Author, Actor, troop
Thee to taste (we know it),
Turtle Soup!
Muse, tuck up thy kirtle;
Ask the Gods to lunch;
Try a plate of Turtle,
With iced Punch!

EPIGRAM

On a Gentleman (calling himself so) who actually did not enjoy Turtle.

To think on earth a savage lives
Disliking Calipee!
So much the worse for him! It gives
One more full plate to me.

Her Proper School.

AMONGST the curiosities in the Philadelphia Exhibition there is an exquisite Bust in butter, the work of a Canadian Farmer's daughter, which has excited such admiration, that funds are being raised to send the Young Lady to study in Italy. *We* should say, try Greece.

WAR CRIES.

The Sub's.—Thank goodness! there's a ripple on Stagnation at last!

The Retired Field-Officer's.—Just my luck! Here I am in the wine trade, when I ought to be at the head of my regiment!

The Field Marshal's.—This infernal gout will give some one a leg up over *my* head!

The Boy's.—Mother darling, let me be a Sailor!

The Maiden's.—Awfully nice—my love will be a Captain soon!

The Nurse Girl's.—Oh my! who's to push the perambulator now?

The Bullionist's.—A fall of five again to-day, by Jove! What game's to be played next?

The Army Contractor's.—Here's luck! Bring up those jackets which were cast in the Crimean War, and the saddles we could not get rid of in '72.

The Tailor's.—Confound it! Dun those boys at once, before their regiments are ordered off.

The Man's who imagines the British Empire consists of London and the adjacent provinces.—What has England got to do with it?

The Parson's.—Ah! my Christian friends, there will be no peace as long as war continues!

The Old Maids. Isn't it dreadful! We might be invaded and carried off by the Russians against our will!

The Policeman's. Bravo! Robert 'll have it all his own way when them lobsters goes on duty!

The Newsboy's. Spesh-hurl Edish-hurn! Hentry of the Roosh-hurn Harmies! Hor-furl Slor-hor-tur—! Dish-hurn!!!

A TERRIBLE BLOW.

A TELEGRAM from Washington announces that the United States have experienced a most severe blow. It is well known that our American Cousins are accustomed to sensations and "big things" generally. Niagara may "stun with thundering sound," and the Mississippi steamboats may blow up at convenient periods. The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky may be awe-striking, and Politics may be red-hot, and revolvers protruding from many pockets. All these things our Cousins have long been accustomed to, and apparently enjoyed; but mark the sequel. They were *not* accustomed to MR. O'CONNOR POWER, M.P., nor to MR. PARNELL, M.P., who visited the United States to present an address to the PRESIDENT on behalf of the Home-Rule Party. Consequently the SECRETARY OF STATE decided that the address must be presented through the British Minister in the usual way. With a ruthlessness which cannot be sufficiently commented upon, MR. POWER and MR. PARNELL have decided not to present the address at all! Of course, America is a large country, and her resources are large, but whether she will recover from the shock which has visited her, Time alone can show.

About the Measure of It.

M.P. (*addressing his Constituents during the Recess*). "Gentlemen, scan the Continent of Europe, &c., &c."

Enthusiastic Schoolboy (*in reply*)—

Cōntūr|bābān|tūr Cōn|stāntī|nōpŏlĭtānī||
Inuūmĕ|rābĭlĭ|būs | sōllĭcĭ|tūdĭnĭ|būs.||

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THE NEXT ARTICLE—IN THE 'GOLOS."

(Translated from the Russian by Mr. Punch's Private Medium.)



THE time has arrived for speaking boldly and plainly to the half-civilised barbarians who dwell in England, the land of fogs and slaves. As this paper is addressed to the educated classes of the most intellectual country in the world, it will be unnecessary to say a word about the cruelties and "outrages" of Great Britain. Who has not heard of the daily wife-sale in Smithfield, of the wretched hirelings who are forced to gorge raw meat to amuse a senseless and sensual country (in England these degraded wretches are called "Beef-eaters"), of the frightful terrors of that home of murder in Baker Street so gloomily described as "the Chamber of Horrors," of the cowardly injustice of the "Habeas Corpus Act," and all the loathsome "customs" (as the rites would be called in Africa) of "Magna Charta?" Which of our readers has not heard of all these blemishes—nay, plague-spots—upon the civilisation of the nineteenth century? Why should we ask for an answer when no reply is sure to be forthcoming? No, then let us address ourselves to the subject we have in hand and at heart.

First, then, let us say that that august nobleman, PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF, has never been bribed. Although this accusation has never been made by the British Press, there are ample proofs to establish the fact that the Editors of the leading English journals imagine that his Highness has been guilty of peculation. They do not say so, but they must think so. They know what DISRAELI-BEACONSFIELD is like, they know his combinations and trickiness, and they must believe that the noblest of men and the purest of patriots—in a word, GORTCHAKOFF—has been formed in the same mould. Nothing could be more disgraceful, nothing could be more dastardly, and—English! But as this thought must be in their minds, it shall be our duty to expose their callous brutality.

The events of the Franco-German War must still be fresh in the minds of every one. It will be remembered that Russia, with a nobleness and bravery (which must fill every cultivated mind with feelings of the strongest admiration), preserved a strict neutrality—she sided neither with the French nor the Germans. Probably the English Journalists believe that PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF received a present of 2,000,000 roubles from BISMARCK on the one side and GAMBETTA on the other. No grosser calumny could be imagined by the mind of man. Let BISMARCK and GAMBETTA be questioned, and they will assert that PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF did not receive *more than two-thirds* of the sums that have been mentioned. If they deny this, let the Foreign Offices of Berlin and Paris be searched, and then our Prince's patriotism will be proudly established by the *discovery of the receipts!*

The story that PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF offered DISRAELI-BEACONSFIELD £5,000 for a third share in his (supposed—mark the word—*supposed*) profits on the Suez Canal Scheme is utterly false. The offer (it was £6,000) was made to the Premier's Private Secretary, who kicked the Prince's emissary out of Downing Street! On the most reliable information it has now been ascertained that DISRAELI-BEACONSFIELD did not make a miserable shilling by his diplomacy; and as for his Secretary's kick, all we can say is this—it will long be remembered by posterity!

And now we come to the story of the Prince seeking twenty-five Generals' commissions, thirty-six Military orders, and two hundred and eighteen Patents of nobility. Well, of course, all our readers are familiar with the facts of the narrative; therefore it would merely be repetition to repeat them. We assert with the greatest possible indignation, however, that many of the minor details have been considerably exaggerated.

Everybody is aware, too, that our August Chancellor has received for various services at various times 28,000,000 *lire* from KING VICTOR EMMANUEL (paid in paper money, and therefore not very valuable), 4,000,000 florins from the present EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, and 25,000 francs from the Swiss Confederation. But were not these sums presents? And if he is always asking for *douceurs* from the KING OF THE BELGIANS, His Majesty of Sweden and Norway, the Monarch of Denmark, the KING OF SPAIN, and the EMPEROR OF CHINA, does he always get as much as from his august position he might naturally expect to obtain? Let the mean-spirited potentates, who have only sent *half the sum* demanded, reply to this home-thrust!

And now having answered the charges of the English Journalists (charges that were rather cowardly thoughts than dastardly assertions), we throw ourselves upon the generosity of our supporters.

To our Customers.—Our Collector calls daily (when desired) for orders. As arranged, he will bring the receipted bill (made up to to-day's date) to-morrow morning to His Highness the PRINCE G————FF. Will His Highness (if he should happen to be out) kindly leave the money with His Highness's Secretary. The proofs of next week's article have been sent as usual to the Chancellerie for revision.

DREAM POEM À LA SWINBURNE.

(After a Supper of Pork Chops.)

SOFT is the smell of it, sweet the sad sound of it,
Mournfully mingled on yon mountain's top,
Grateful, and green, and caressing the ground of it,
Calm as a calyx, and deep as a drop.

Ah! the enlivenment, dark as the distance!
Ah! the allurements that lavish and lave!
Is there no sound but the sun's sweet insistance,
Night in the forest, and noon on the wave?

Fierce as a festival, fragrant and fading—
Grim as the grandeur that dreams of a day—
Is there no balm in Love's lavish unlading,
Born in the brightness, and grieving, and gray?

Lo! in the glimmering, sweet Aphrodite,
Ghastly and gracious, and groaning and grave,
Brilliant in banishment, mournful and mighty,
Soft as the samite that sinks in the wave!

Light are the longings that listen and linger:
Ah! the sick kingdoms that grapple and groan!
Red as Republics that point the far finger,
Or hail the horizon, aghast and alone.

Sinks in the distance the Dream and the Dreaming,
Leaves the wide world to its pining and pain;
From the great Universe, lo! in the gleaming,
Blazes the bandersnatch, faithless and fain!

Tea and Spirits.

A TEADEALER in a leading thoroughfare of the City announces the first arrival from the "Tea Harvest," of the "New Crop," per steamers *Glenartney* and *Glenearn*. Breathes there the Scotchman who can brook these denominations for steamers conveying cargoes of Tea? What next? Another arrival of Tea, perhaps, per steamer *Glenlivat*, which would naturally create in the Scottish mind a horrid confusion between the "Tea Spirit Robur," and the Spirit of the Glen, Sister Spirit to the Spirit of the Mountain, otherwise Mountain Dew, in short, Whiskey.

Mr. Tennyson on the Eastern Question.

(Dedicated, without express permission, to Servia.

'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all.

AN OLD WOMAN'S OPINION.

MRS. GAMP expresses her decided opinion that howsumdever much there may be to say agin BENJAMIN BEACONSFIELD, still, in belyin' of him for a Premier with a stockjobbin' policy, leastways that there Editor of the Rooshan *Golosh* have put his foot in it.

MR. GLADSTONE wanted a General Election—well, Ministers *have* gone to the Country.

SORS HORATIANA (*for Russia*). — "*Fortiter occupa Portum.*" Lib. i., Ode xiv.

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TOO SERIOUS FOR JOKING.

Smith (*frivolous Joker*). "THE 'MURPHIES' COME UP RATHER BADLY, EH, BROWN?"

Brown (*serious Gardener*). "OH, MIDDLING."

Smith. "I FIND THE CROP WILL BE TEN PER CENT. UNDER THE AVERAGE THIS YEAR!"

Brown. "HOW DO YOU COME AT THAT? THEY ARE NOT GOT UP YET."

Smith (*prodding B. with his Umbrella*). "BY TRYING 'EM,—BY THE TENTATER-VE PROCESS, MY BOY! TWIG?" !! [*Brown has to go in and take something.*

THE PARADISE AT THE POLE.

(*A Fool's.*)

THE Northern Pole has no punch-bowl
Inside of its frozen rim,
No open sea, as 'twas said to be,
Where the sprat and mackerel swim:

No Paradise walled round with ice
Which Arctic lights illume;
Where gales smell nice with balm and spice,
And the rose and the citron bloom.

No haven of rest for the rock-built nest
Of the gannet and the gull,
Much less any brake whence trill and shake
Are poured by the sweet bul-bul.

There absolute Cold, in high stronghold,
A Despot reigns alone.
No living thing can that old King,
Jack Frost, brook near his throne.

In the snow of his chair he sits, as it were
The Prince on a Twelfth-Cake, crowned,
With a frozen wall that blocks out all,
Four hundred miles around.

Too daring wights with his teeth he bites.
Beware lest he nip thy nose,
Or turn thee back from thy doleful track,
Adventurer, *minus* toes!

Hurrah for the bold who braved the cold,
In hard and perilous fight
With that fell foe, to far down below
The zero of Fahrenheit.

But now we know that the Pole 's no go,
In a region we can't explore,
Let lives be cost and money dead lost
In a vain attempt no more.

Mrs. Gamp on the Arctic Expedition.

"SAIREY," says MRS. HARRIS to me, "'OW comes it as these Diskivery Ships, which was to have brought the North Pole to the British Museum, has been and gone and come back without it?"

"MRS. 'ARRIS," says I, "I suppoge they 've been and comed back from regions only known to theirselves."

A NEW PHASE OF SPIRITUALISM.—Treadmill-turning.

POETICAL LICENCE.

THE following Advertisement telling of the lavish liberality of Oriental Princes appeared not many days ago in the columns of the *Times*:—

TO POETS, &c.—WANTED, A LIBRETTO for an opera in Italian. The subject must be tragic. £20 will be given for it, if approved of.—Prince Duleep Singh, Carlton Club, Pall Mall, London.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the notice to "Poets, &c.," must have produced hundreds of answers. Will HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE DULEEP SINGH be good enough to say if the following were amongst the number.

Working Man's Literary Institute, Hammersmith.

MR. JOHN JONES, bricklayer, presents his compliments to MR. DULEEP SINGH, and begs to say that should he be thrown out of work this Christmas he will be glad to think of MR. SINGH'S offer. At present his wages are too good to allow of his entertaining MR. SINGH'S obliging proposal.

Servant's 'All, 2,473, Grosvenor Square.

JOHN THOMAS SMITH, Esq.'s respects to PRINCE DULEEP SINGH, and I wouldn't undertake the job under £25. What with my gentleman's clothes to brush, and the tidying up of the pantry, JOHN THOMAS SMITH, Esq., ain't got much time on 'is 'ands for what I may call literatoore. Thank you all the same.

Grub Street, E.C.

MR. SHAKSPEARE DANTE MILTON SNOOKS presents his compliments to PRINCE DULEEP SINGH, and regrets that his appointment as Poet Laureate to the eminent firm of MESSRS. SHADRACH, MESHACH, AND ABEDNEGO, the celebrated Merchant Clothiers, prevents him from accepting the Prince's esteemed proposal. MR. SHAKSPEARE DANTE MILTON SNOOKS takes the liberty to suggest that from the nature of the Prince's offer, he imagines that the terms of MESSRS. S. M. AND A. will exactly suit the views of his Highness. The Indian Gent Suit (as advertised), from £1 2*s*. 6*d*., trousers, coatee, and vest complete.

Hanwell Lunatic Asylum,
Dangerous Ward.

YOUR HIGHNESS,

I shall be very glad to undertake the work you propose, for the rate of remuneration you suggest.

Your very obedient servant,
A LITERARY MAN.

P.S.—I would have called upon you in person had I been able to effect my escape.

85, *Fleet Street, E.C.*

Mr. Punch presents his compliments to PRINCE DULEEP SINGH. As His Highness has hitherto maintained the character of a very sensible Gentleman, *Mr. Punch* trusts that the advertisement to which he has called attention is merely a silly hoax.

Suspicious.

CAN this advertisement, from the *Wigan Observer*, have anything to do with the "Cow with the iron tail"?

THE WIGAN COAL & IRON CO., Limited, beg to announce that they have commenced to deliver MILK, by Cart, from their Brimelow Farm.

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GREAT STEP IN SPIRITUALISM!

(By Psycho Brahe.)



SPIRITUALISM is often objected to on the ground that spiritual messages are usually trivial, silly, and ungrammatical. It is said that the familiar spirits of Spiritualists are in general more than familiar in their familiarities, being vulgar. This is quite true. I have discovered why. As the law of gravitation was revealed to NEWTON, so, to compare mundane matters with things spiritual, was that higher revelation made to me. An apple fell upon NEWTON'S head, and knocked gravitation into it: a spirit touch on the seat of intelligence put a grander idea into mine.

There are those who deny the story of NEWTON and the apple. Perhaps they doubt the reality of WILLIAM TELL and his apple too. The discovery I have made will be questioned and scoffed at by none but such inveterate sceptics as those.

What is that discovery?

The singular and startling fact that the spirits from whom or rather from which those lower communications come, are, in fact, the spirits of lower animals, mostly, though not always, those of domestic pets. It is these latter that announce themselves as *Annie, Minnie, Titsy, Joey*, and so forth.

One evening a few weeks ago, at our usual friendly *séance*, after the accustomed tippings, and raps which were loud and frequent, a sound of scratching upon the table was heard, and immediately the touch of something light and velvety came on my head. My nose, at the same time, was gently scratched. The Spirit gave by the alphabet the name of *Tibbie*. No party in our circle remembered to have lost any relative known by that endearing appellation; but the pat on the head reminded me that it had been the name of a favourite tom-cat which had recently departed this life. A rapid train of meditation concluded in the surmise that feline spirits might possibly exist, and our unseen visitant be one of them. On inquiry, this, to the astonishment of all present, proved to be really the case.

On subsequent investigation we found that communications purporting to be derived from deceased friends, are often really made by dogs and cats that were allowed in their lifetime to lie under the family table, or at the family hearth, and so to obtain a knowledge of family affairs, often imperfect; whence the spirit misstatements so remarkably common.

The generality of the tricksy and mischievous spirits we ascertained to be those of monkeys, mostly from the Zoological Gardens. A tiger once gave the name of *Nero*, and a spirit calling itself *Dr. Johnson* turned out to have been in life an elephant. The customary untruthfulness of Spirits is beautifully accounted for by the moral deficiency natural to the inferior creatures, whose faculties are nevertheless in course of expansion and development in spirit-life. We received, however, some very friendly greetings from departed dogs, particularly a poodle naming himself *Walker*, who afforded us much reliable information.

On one occasion the spirit of an animal claimed to be that of a living writer distinguished by his enmity to *Punch*. It was the spirit of a jackass.

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A VOCATION.

Young Genius (gazing with complacency at his Mother's Portrait, to which he has just added the last finishing touch). "WHAT WE REALLY WANT, MOTHER, TO REGENERATE ART AND RESTORE IT TO ITS FORMER HIGH POSITION, IS THAT A MAN SHOULD ARISE AMONGST US WHO SHOULD COMBINE THE *LOFTIEST AIMS* WITH ABSOLUTELY *UNLIMITED POWER*!—AND I *MUST* SAY, MOTHER, I CAN'T SEE WHY *I* SHOULD NOT BE THAT MAN!"

Fond and foolish Mamma. "I'M *SURE* YOU MIGHT, ALGERNON, IF YOU *TRIED*!"

What a cheering thought is that of the improvement and amelioration of the spirits of animals occurring in the spirit-sphere! There, even an Ass learns to spell, however imperfectly. The cry is still "*Excelsior!*" As Man, ascending proportionately in the scale of Being, to what an immeasurable altitude may a Spiritualist, like me, expect to rise above a donkey!

"WILLS OF THEIR OWN."

(*Not from the Illustrated London News.*)

THE Will and testament of HORATIO GROWLER, of Grumpy Hall, dated November, 1846, has been proved under £200,000, whereby he bequeaths his property in equal shares to his brothers JOHN and JAMES. By a codical dated August, 1854, he revokes his bequest to JOHN, on the ground that the latter has married a wife with a squint. By a codicil dated January, 1861, he leaves all his property to the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, with the intent of thereby equitably providing for his brothers and their families. A codicil dated June, 1867, contains mere personal abuse of his relations, as do codicils dated May, 1870, and July, 1872. A codicil, dated September, 1875, leaves all his property to his Cook, "the only woman he ever knew who could make a leg of mutton last from Sunday to Saturday." It is probable that this Will will be disputed.

The Will of HANNAH MARIA SARAH, relict of JOHN FOODLES, dry-salter, dated June, 1870, has been proved under £90,000. Testatrix leaves to her four sons £50 each, and to each of her seven daughters £100, and bequeaths the remainder to the founding of a hospital for lost dogs and cats.

The Will of PATRICK O'FLANAGAN, dated "either July or August," 1872, has been proved under £300. By it £5000 are left to the British Museum, to purchase the ancient sculptures of Ireland; £10,000 to the National Gallery, to encourage Irish Art, and £10,000 to the Zoological Society, to form and maintain a collection of Irish wild beasts. The testator leaves all his kingdom of Tipperary to his brother-in-law, AUGUSTUS O'LEARY, "hereby apologising for having broken the latter's head at Clonmel Fair"—and also the ancient regal Crown, "when that thief LANAGAN brings it back." By a codicil of a later date, testator bequeaths so much of his stock of blue-stone whiskey, "as may not be consumed at the time of his death," to his cousins, on the condition that "they do not make beasts of themselves at his funeral."

The Will of LYCURGUS SOLOMON, Journalist, dated March, 1874, has been proved under £800, which sum has been left to establish an Asylum for Indigent Authors. To FITZMORRIS BELVIDERE, Actor, is left the *critique*, wherein Testator declared that the aforesaid FITZMORRIS BELVIDERE was "the very worst Actor that had ever tried to bring SHAKSPEARE into contempt." To MONTMORENCY ST. JOHN, Dramatist and Actor, is left the *critique*, wherein Testator declared that the aforesaid MONTMORENCY ST. JOHN was "as little capable of acting the part of a Gentleman as he was of describing one." To GEORGINA LA ROSE, Novelist, is left the *critique*, wherein Testator declared that the aforesaid GEORGINA LA ROSE "had better cease staining her fingers with ink, and devote what little intellect she is endowed with to the making of slippers, or the turning of a mangle." To the Managers of the different Metropolitan Theatres are left several unacted Tragedies, and to the various Publishing Firms of London are bequeathed some hundredweights of manuscript.

The Will of WILLIAM SIKES, Gentleman at large, dated October, 1869, has been proved under a nominal sum. To his "firm pal," JACK, he bequeaths his favourite Jemmy; to his "Rorty Cully," BILL, the "ticker," which he "bunged from the old cove on Denmark Hill;" and to his "Leary Bloke," BOB, his unexpired Ticket-of-Leave.

TWO GATES TO THE EAST WHICH REQUIRE LOOKING AFTER.—Constantinople and Temple-Bar.

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THE LAST TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.



SOUND trumpets, and roll drums, for this Lord Mayor's Show above all its predecessors. Besides SANGER'S Elephants and the PRIME MINISTER'S speech, and the presence of the Arctic heroes at the Banquet, Lord Mayor's Day will this year possess another source of interest, and that of a deeply pathetic character. There is a mournful probability that this is the last time the great State Civic Procession will pass beneath Temple Bar. Such being the case, it has very properly been resolved to treat the venerable barrier with every possible mark of respect. The Joint Committee to whom has been entrusted the painful duty of making suitable arrangements on this melancholy occasion, have issued the following programme :—

On the 9th of November, Lord Mayor's Day, Temple Bar, which the utilitarian spirit of the age has doomed to a speedy destruction, will be draped in black, with the word "Farewell" inscribed in silver letters on the façade.

The windows of CHILD'S Bank will be carefully closed, and a black flag hoisted, bearing the motto—"For the last time."

When the procession arrives at the Bar, the military escort will present arms, and the various bands will play a solemn Funeral March.

The Banners of the City Companies will be lowered and furled.

The Bells of the City Churches will cease ringing.

The Lord Mayor will rise up in the State Coach and say a few appropriate words.

The Sheriffs will hide their emotion in their pocket-handkerchiefs.

The Aldermen and Common Councilmen will deposit wreaths of Immortelles all round the base and on the tops of the gates.

At the Banquet in the evening, touching allusions will be made by the Prime Minister and other Speakers to the only drawback to the festivities of the day. The Waiters will be affected to tears. The late Lord Mayor will recite his "Elegy on Temple Bar." Many of the guests will go home and dream of the dear old Bar transported to the Embankment, or South Kensington Museum, or Salisbury Plain.

Physicians and Feemales.

WOMEN are now eligible for the licence of the King and Queen's College of Physicians, Dublin, and other licensing medical bodies are expected likewise to admit candidates of the gentler sex. There are some amongst the brotherhood of Physic who contemplate the admission of sisters with disfavour. Let us hope this does not arise from a feeling of mean jealousy and a fear of competition with women such as that which possesses trades-unionists. What medical man, that is a man, can be afraid of a medical woman? Breathes there the physician, in any considerable practice, who apprehends that the rivalry of females could ever possibly diminish his fees?

ONE Pole Russia will never succeed in coercing—the North.

WELCOME BACK!

(A Home-Coming Hail to our Arctic Explorers.)

"When commiserated with on their frost-bitten cheeks and fingers, LIEUTENANT RAWSON jovially replied, 'Well, at last we feel that the cheers from Southsea Beach have been fairly earned.'"—*Story of the Expedition.*

WELL earned indeed! And as our cheers
Rang high and hopeful in your ears,
When echoing from white Albion's shore,
Went forth our *Vale*,
So, hailing your return, they rise,
As, clear through chill October's skies,
With *Ave* glad old England's roar
Greets you right gaily!

From Ancient Ice-Sea's silent lip,
From bergs' and floes' death-dealing grip,
Our Arctic Argonauts return,
Though foiled, spoil-laden.
On many a coming winter night
Tales of their long and well-waged fight
Shall make eyes glitter and cheeks burn
Of youth and maiden!

Northward, where earth no longer lifts
Her barren rock through deep-down rifts
Of the Ice-realm, they pushed their quest,
Elate, undaunted!
Northward, where neither Polar Bear
Ventures to make his lonely lair,
Nor Seal his bed, nor Knot her nest,
Mid wastes death-haunted!

All through that six-months' Arctic night,
Whose watches are slow weeks, whose light
Is the rare moonshine, they withstood
Their Frost-foe stoutly;
And with the first reluctant gleam
Of the pale Spring's returning beam,
Hope's fitful light of promise wooed
Once more devoutly.

In vain! Those grim Ice-ridges rose
Phalanxed athwart the frozen floes:
The Polar Sea's stern outworks mocked
Their best endeavour.
And back, with steps now fain to lag,
They turned; but left the old Country's flag
On the Globe's northmost bastion, locked
In ice for ever!

"The pole impracticable?" Well
Another day, perhaps, may tell
Another tale. 'Twill ne'er deny
The meed *now* given.
Skoal! to our Northmen—NARES's band!
Though from that white and wondrous land
To wrench its heart of mystery
In vain they've striven.

Welcome! Well done! Whoe'er they be
Who o'er that Palæocrystic Sea
Strive further Pole-wards, none, be sure,
Will *fainéants* find you:
Though lubbers funk, and prigs deride,
BULL hails his Arctic lads with pride,
And prays good rest to the brave four
You left behind you!

AWFUL THOUGHT.

SCHOOL-BOARDS are, we know, a necessary accompaniment of our condition here, but who would have dreamt of their necessity hereafter? Yet it is plain that "ALLIE" (MRS. SLADE), who spells "shown" "shone," would not pass our dictation standard.

THE *Standard* announces, in its largest type, "The Last Conspiracy in Spain." We are delighted to hear it.

THE Great Duke asserted that an Army fought on its Stomach. The Servians evidently have no stomach to fight on.

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A COLD RECEPTION

(ARCTIC REGIONS, 1875.)

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A WARM WELCOME.

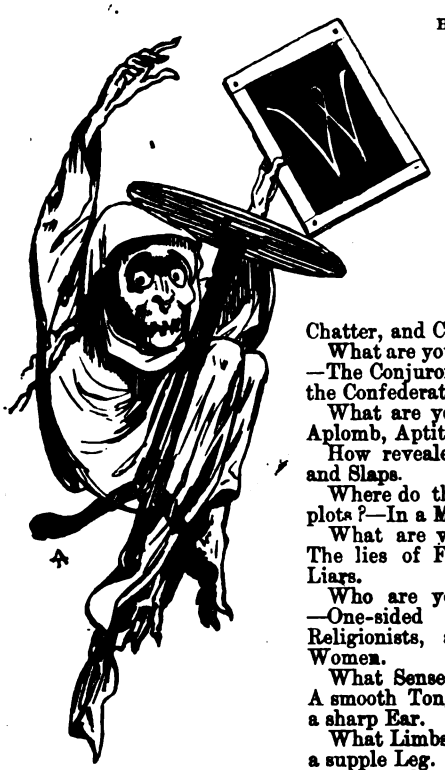
(PORTSMOUTH, 1876.)

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THE YOUNG MEDIUM'S CATECHISM.



WHAT is your Name?—That is, like the Spirits, immaterial.

Where do you come from?—America generally.

Where do you practise?—In Europe especially.

What are your Properties?—A Table, a Chair, and two pair of Hands.

What do you most confide in?—Cheek, Chatter, and Chance.

What are your three great Powers?—The Conjuror, the Carpenter, and the Confederate.

What are your Spirits' names?—Aplomb, Aptitude, and Adroitness.

How revealed?—In Taps, Raps, and Slaps.

Where do the Spirits hatch their plots?—In a Mare's Nest.

What are your best support?—The lies of Fools and the folly of Liars.

Who are your best Supporters?—One-sided Scientists, no-sided Religionists, and lop-sided Old Women.

What Senses do you trust to?—A smooth Tongue, a quick Eye, and a sharp Ear.

What Limbs?—A small Hand and a supple Leg.

Where do you expect to go to?—That depends on circumstances, which, not being Spirits, are beyond my own control.

In Adversity?—To Gaol.

In Prosperity?—To St. Petersburgh.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Visit to the Prince of Wales's, with a Short Disquisition on French and English Audiences, and a few words on the present Peril.

SIR,—*Peril*, at the Prince of Wales's, has long since been sufficiently discussed by competent critics, and has undoubtedly made a considerable impression on what is called the "play-going public." Your Representative's esteemed, but somewhat harum-scarum friend, PEGGUL BEY, being in an undecided state of mind as to whether he shall return to Constantinople or not—an Eastern question which will be decided for him affirmatively or negatively by a peaceful or warlike solution—(and if there is peace I may sing of my Oriental chum, "He will return, I know him well"—while if there is war he will stay where he is at his house in Tyburnia, and become the Bulbul of Bayswater)—my friend, I say, being in this feverish condition, is no companion for Your Representative, on an occasion when a cool head, calm judicial acumen, and a mind free from bias or prejudice, are in requisition, as they are when anyone interested in the well-being of the Drama visits the Prince of Wales's Theatre, to witness the performance of any piece produced under the management of MR. and MRS. BANCROFT. By this time every one knows that *Peril* is "adapted for the English stage from M. VICTORIEN SARDOU'S *Nos Intimes*"—I quote the Playbill—but, as the qualification "for the English stage" implies so much, I would prefer to consider the Play on its own merits as a production of the

"ROWE, Brothers, ROWE,"

written under a censorship far stricter than that of the official Licenser of Plays. "Adapted for the English stage," is, in effect, an apology for the adaptation; for when so "strong" a piece as *Nos Intimes* is submitted to the process of adaptation, it must be considerably weakened before it can be considered as food fit for such babes as an English audience is supposed, by competent authorities, to be; that is, as compared with a French audience.

There is, I admit, a vast difference between an English and French audience witnessing the same play. An English audience—as it appears to me—looks on at the action of a play as at realities, while a French audience regards it as representing probabilities—or, as *Puff* says in *The Critic*, "Things just so strange that, though they never did, they might happen"—which, if seasoned with sufficient wit by the Author, and artistically rendered by the Actors, are quite good enough for them *pour passer le temps*. As to anyone in a French audience being either better or worse for assisting at far "stronger" plays, I don't believe it for a moment. Are we, pharisaically, to hold up our hands in horror, and thank Heaven that an English audience is not as a French audience, because the latter only consider as an artistic question what we will insist upon confusing with one of morality? Am I a poisoner, or an intriguer, a plotter, and a man of mystery, because I prefer beguiling my leisure with the works of MR. WILKIE COLLINS and M. GABORIAU to those of DR. CUMMING? No; if highly flavoured *bisque* is too strong for English stomachs, don't water it, and make it into a comparatively tasteless mess, but simply ignore it altogether,—have nothing to do with it. I confess, for my part, I am for giving the English dramatist a range as unlimited as is possessed by his French *confrère*, because I feel sure that he would use, and not abuse, such liberty.

Peril, however, has not been "freely adapted," it has been "drawn mild." The "peril" is very slight; I was scarcely "rippled" by it. I did not see that MRS. KENDAL was at any moment in great danger from the advances of that audacious little *Don Juan*, MR. SUGDEN. In fact, the perilous situation was on the whole, just *the* one on which the success of the piece seemed least of all to depend.

But, on the other hand, how admirably the piece has been put on the Stage! Fortunate is the Author of a Comedy who can find it produced with such attention to even the very slightest detail.

That the Management is to be congratulated on the cast, one glance at the playbill is sufficient to show. *Given the Piece as it is*, and the acting is, on the whole, excellent all round. But I cannot help asking what is the character MRS. KENDAL is expected to portray! Does *Lady Ormond* love her husband? Yes or no? If the First Act means anything—no, decidedly. Does she love *Charley Bradford*? Well—I should say no. But she is supposed to like him considerably, or else, at all events, she wouldn't go such lengths of flirting—or more than flirting—with him. Yet, after all these glances, and sighings, and hand-pressings, when the natural consequence follows, and he declares his love, is she "only pretending" when she refuses to understand him? This Scene is to me inexplicable. Or are we supposed to be witnessing the result of the growth of a gradually overpowering, mastering passion, carrying them both onward with such irresistible force, that, to quote *Mr. Mildmay* in *Still Waters*, "A Welsh river after a flood is a fool to it"? No. Does *she* herself give the explanation of the whole difficulty when, pressing her hands to her forehead, she exclaims that "she doesn't know what to think, and wishes she could stop thinking"? Is she a mild sort of *Frou Frou*? The character seems to me, as somebody says in *Hard Times*, "All a muddle," and MRS. KENDAL herself does not appear to be quite satisfied as to "what they (the adapters) meant by it."

The others of the *dramatis personæ* are all distinct characters. MR. BANCROFT *is*, down to the ground, the middle-aged English Baronet, honourable and loyal, preferring country to town life, thoroughly hearty and consistently phlegmatic. The only fault I could find with *Dr. Thornton* (MR. KENDAL) was that he seemed to me to be a trifle too old for the lover of so young a girl as *Lucy Ormond* (MISS BUCKSTONE). The *Crossley Becks* (MR. KEMBLE and MRS. LEIGH MURRAY) are—granting the hypothesis that such people would have been *Sir George Ormond's* guests—undeniably well played. The boy *Percy* ("MR."—it surely should be "MASTER"—W. YOUNGE—and he looks what his name implies) is the best boy I've seen for some time, quite "a model boy." To omit "*Kemp*, the Butler," would be an injustice to MR. GLOVER—and to the Management. The Chief Butler in PHARAOH'S household couldn't have been more perfect—and *he* must have had a very good character from his last place. (By the way, which was hung, the Butler or the Baker?—however, it is of no importance *now*.) And last, but far from least, is the *Sir Woodbine Grafton* of MR. ARTHUR CECIL, which is in nearly all respects admirable. But if there is one touch of nature in his performance more than another which makes the whole audience kin, it is his "business" (to speak technically) in the commencement of the Second Act,—so characteristic of an utterly selfish man in a country house, when he has a chance of disappearing with the morning newspapers. If it is a very little overdone, if it has just a touch of the *Palais Royal* hand in it, it must be remembered that some exaggeration is absolutely necessary on the stage, and it really is not until *Sir Woodbine* has surreptitiously collared his fourth or fifth newspaper that the audience begin to enjoy the humour of the scene.

There are few theatres where so enjoyable an evening can be passed as at the *Prince of Wales's*. The piece is mis-named *Peril*, it should have been *The Hare and Many Friends*—but perhaps there were professional reasons against this. Yet surely if this were so, then for the ROWE BROTHERS to make MR. BANCROFT at the end

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UNDER TORTURE.

WE KNOW WHAT IT WAS IN THE TIMES OF THE INQUISITION IN THE WEST TO BE "PUT TO THE QUESTION," BUT THAT WAS NOTHING TO BEING PUT TO THE "*EASTERN QUESTION*" NOWADAYS AT DINNER!!

of the piece bring in a little Hare, shot, was rather against Court etiquette—wasn't it, my brothers, my first ROWE, and second ROWE?

By the bye, I *have* seen the sliding roof at the Canterbury Hall. MR. VILLARS, the energetic proprietor, appeared twice on the stage to announce the sliding back, and then again the back-sliding. It was a very moving sight. This new place of entertainment is well worth seeing, specially for those who enjoy Ballet. MLLE. PITTERI—or PIT-TIERY, as the groundlings will call her—is *première danseuse*, and the *coryphées* set off MR. ALFRED THOMPSON'S costumes to the very best advantage. There is a wonderful Looking Glass Illusion as you enter, and cool grots wherein to sup. The Hall was crowded, as some rumour had got about that the Primate of All England (which sounds like a set of cricketers) was coming to visit the Canterbury. Of course it was a *canard sauvage*, but, Sir, Your Representative had a real treat on the night of his visit to the *Prince of Wales's*, for there he saw in a stage box LORD BEACONSFIELD *and his party!* Fancy what a size the box must have been!

I remain, Sir, as usual,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—To-night I don't know where you would like to be represented. I am divided between *Jane Shore* and *The Battle of Waterloo*. MR. WILLS is not the author of the ballad, "*My Pretty Jane, My Pretty Jane, Oh Never Look so Shy*," which does not apply to *Jane Shore*. It would not be a bad advertisement, "My Pretty JANE (SHORE)," &c., then, "Meet Me, Meet Me in the Evening," when the doors are open at seven o'clock precisely, and orders not admitted after half-past. How would that do for WILLS's mixture?

HOT WATER is to be produced at the Criterion. Crowded houses cannot be expected, for no one yet ever found any difficulty in getting in to hot water.

CRINOLINE may be "out," but our shins are painfully aware that Hoops are "in."

MOUNT PUNCH.

MR. PUNCH is, with reason, proud of his name, but never was so proud of it as now that British heroism and enterprise have joined to affix it to a mountain on the edge of that ice-world from which even British pluck has turned back baffled. He has just received from Portsmouth this flattering communication:—

SIR, *Portsmouth, November 4th*, 1876.

We have the honour to inform you, for communication to your Contributors, that in consideration of your world-famous services to the cause of wholesome mirth, innocent laughter, and general good-fellowship, to which all Arctic Voyagers are so deeply indebted for the spirit that alone enables them to resist the cold and darkness of a six months' night, and all the other hardships of Arctic enterprise, we have unanimously agreed to give the honoured name of *Mr. Punch* to one of the principal mountains to the northward of Mount Hall. This mountain is the first on whose face, for two days before we saw the sun, we observed the warm glow that foretold the coming spring time, and seemed to us like a greeting from our Southern home.

We have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servants,

THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION
(*On board the "Alert" and "Discovery"*).

To the Editor of Punch.

LA PIETÀ DI PIO.

THE POPE the other day, in the spirit of forgiveness, was pleased to sing a *Requiem* for the souls of all his enemies, who, whilst living, were chiefly instrumental in depriving him of his temporal power. These included not only NAPOLEON THE THIRD, who, to the best of his ability, had befriended His Holiness in keeping the Italians out of Rome, but comprised also COUNT CAVOUR, by whom as much as possible had been done to despoil him of his dominions. The list of his defunct enemies comprehended others supposed to have incurred the "greater excommunication," and among them MAZZINI, who whilst living was, one would think, a sheep as far astray from the Papal fold as even the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. Not only, then, whilst there is life there is hope for heretics and

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"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."

"NERVOUS? OH DEAR NO! I ONLY ACTED *ONCE* IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS, MR. JONES, AND, ALTHOUGH IT WAS AN IMPORTANT PART, I HAD NOTHING TO SAY!"

"REALLY? WHAT *WAS* THE PART?"

"*CAN'T YOU GUESS?*"!!

ARCTIC DIFFICULTIES

THE welcome return of the heroic Arctic Explorers affords Society a fresh topic of conversation for the time. The Expedition having come back rather unexpectedly, it is to be feared that Society is not sufficiently well prepared for the demand thus suddenly made upon its stores of knowledge. Let us supply a few simple tests and institute a new kind of "Polo."

Does Society know what is meant by the North Pole, and where the North Pole is? and what is likely to happen to those, if any, who may reach it? what, when they had got there, would be the state of the case as to the compass, and the stars, and the degrees of latitude and longitude, and things in general?

Does Society know what is the latitude of the North Pole, and generally what is understood by the term "latitude," and wherein it differs from longitude, and why both are so called?

What does Society understand by "Lat. 83 deg. 7 min. N."?

Can Society say why such repeated efforts have been made to reach the North Pole?

Does Society know the difference between the North Pole and the South Pole, and whether it is very hot, or very cold at the latter place?

What does Society know about Greenland, Baffin's Bay, the "Palæocrystic Ocean," Zero, Freezing-point, the Esquimaux, and Pemmican?

Can Society name any three great Arctic Explorers, living or dead, besides the Commanders of this last Expedition and SIR JOHN FRANKLIN?

THE DOUBLE EVENT.

REMEMBER, remember,
The Ninth of November!
Birthday at Sandringham Hall—
Speechifications,
Illuminations,
Dinner, and supper, and ball.

Remember, Remember,
The Ninth of November!
Lord Mayor and Sheriffs for hosts—
Church-bells a-ringing,
Glee-singers singing,
Turtle, and Turbot, and Toasts!

DR. SLADE SETTLED.—"*Qui facit per Allie-(um?) facit per se.*"

A PORT(E) ADMIRAL.—HOBART PASHA.

excommunicated wretches, if after their death the POPE nevertheless considers them not past praying for, and even has the charity, in fact, to pray for them. We are irresistibly reminded of another illustrious martyr to misrepresentation, equally magnanimous. "Charity, my dear," said *Mr. Pecksniff*, "when I take my chamber candlestick to-night, remind me to be more than usually particular in praying for *Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit*, who has done me an injustice?" Could he not good-naturedly go a little further in forgetting a quarrel, and manage to make it up with the existing Italian Government?

A JOKE FOR A JOKER.

DEAR SIR WILFRID,

OF course you have read all about the Arctic Expedition; particularly the interesting narrative given by the REV. MR. HODSON, Chaplain of the *Discovery*. In October of last year, when, Winter began, during which season that vessel wintered in "Discovery Harbour," and the thermometer fell to many degrees, at one time 70°, below zero; then, according to the statement of that Reverend Gentleman—what do you think? Why, actually—

"The men had an extra glass of grog served out to them, a walk of a mile in length was made in the ice by scraping away the snow, and this walk for exercise was kept clear during the winter."

Fancy—as if their walking exercise would not have been amply sufficient, at least with the accompaniment of a cup of tea or coffee, to keep the men quite warm enough—the excessive absurdity of serving out to them not merely a glass, but absolutely an *extra* glass of grog! Hence it appears that, ordinarily in the Arctic regions, even when the cold was little if any below zero, they were allowed at least as much as a glass of grog daily; and, except those who made the grog and those who drank it, goodness only knows how strong it was! Here is an enormity for which pray do not forget, the next time you harangue a Tee-total "Permissive" Meeting, to denounce the Admiralty. And here is a joke for you to let off, after your manner, upon that occasion. Say that the only shadow of excuse to be made for a crew drinking, or being suffered to drink, grog, at a place above 81° North latitude, is that the climate those topers were in is not a temperate one. This, as a bit of anti-drink fun, will be said to be so like your dry humour.

Ever yours, my dear SIR WILFRID, 𝔅.

"Sic Vos Non Vobis."

ITALY has set up—and, indeed, established—the claim of ANDREA CESALPINO, of Arezzo, one of her most famous men of science in the sixteenth century, to the great discovery of the circulation of the blood! So England must be content to view HARVEY'S claims to the discovery as mere HARVEY'S Sauce

PEN-SLIP OR LANDSLIP?

(*A propos of the Reported Crack in Chelsea.*)

LET us hope it is the report, not the Embankment, that is deficient in foundation.

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CHAIRING THE CELT.



ANFULLY Brither-Scots should join in gratitude to the excellent and enthusiastic PROFESSOR BLACKIE for his services in raising between nine and ten thousand pounds towards the endowment of a Professorship of Celtic in Edinburgh University.

Considering that Edinburgh is the capital of Scotland, and that more than half of Scotia is land of the Gael, it is little to the credit of the modern Athens that it should have left this work to a Lowland Professor. Surely a Celt ought to have been found ready to set the Celts on fire at home and abroad, for the due upholding, fitting, and filling of a Celtic Chair. But if too much have been laid on PROFESSOR BLACKIE, as the stoker and poker of Celtic sentiment, and the raiser, not only of the needful fire, but the still more needful funds, for this endowment, it is pleasant to know that JOHN HIELANDMAN all over the world, in Canada, the United States, North and South America, Ceylon, India, Singapore, has shown that wherever be his body, his "heart's in the Hielands," by his liberal response to the cry for funds for the Celtic Chair. So it becomes what such a chair should be, a chair resting on Highland enthusiasm and Highland contributions as its legs, with Highland poetry and Highland patriotism for its arms, and the world-wide-spread Highland nationality for its broad and firmly-woven seat.

PADDY and TAFFY, we need not remind our readers, are as Celtic as JOHN HIELANDMAN.

Even JOHN BULL himself, if Saxon in warp, has a Celtic woof worked into his national web, which furnishes some of the brightest threads in the fabric. Why should not Oxford and Cambridge, and Dublin, have their Celtic chairs as well as Edinburgh?

Now the first blow has been struck to such a handsome tune by BLACKIE'S strenuous hand, let us hope it may be followed up, and that, South of the Tweed, for the silly attempt to cry down the language and literature of Wales—our nearest Celtic Sister—may be substituted the more intelligent recognition of the value of both to those who dig about the roots of speech, and track the streams of letters up to their fountain heads.

Meanwhile the gallant Professor has striven on behalf of his Celtic Chair, not only by means of speech, subscription-list, solicitation, meeting, and manifesto; he has, besides, written in furtherance of his long-cherished and now happily obtained object, a genial, glowing, and original book, *The Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands*, showing the place of the Celtic in the family of tongues, and some of its leading affinities and principles of structure, with a sketch of the history and characteristics of its bards from the Middle Ages to our own time, including a succinct and sensible summary of the Ossianic Controversy, in which the son of FINGAL and JAMES MACPHERSON are very fairly, as it seems to us, set each on his own bottom.

Let those who have yet to learn the fire and flow of Gaelic verse read ALEXANDER MACDONALD'S Song of the *Birlinn*, or GALLEY OF CLAN-RANALD, and DUNCAN BAN'S *Ben Dorain*, consecrated to the glory of the red-deer and the stalking thereof. The one was only a village-schoolmaster, the other an Argyllshire gilly, and at his highest a Sergeant of the Edinburgh Town-Guard. But both are Poets by the gift of God. The Professor has done justice to their glowing Gaelic in his strenuous Saxon. And the volume is one that all should read who want to learn why the Professor loves the Celts, their language, and their literature, and to understand and help the movement for the endowment of a Celtic Chair—nay, rather of a set of Celtic Chairs, for the furnishing of a room now vacant in our University Buildings alike in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland.

QUOTATION FROM PARNELL.

GENERAL GRANT'S refusal to receive the Irish Address has quite upset the balance of POWER.

COMING ROUND.

(*From Sairey Gamp, of Shoe Lane, to Betsy Prig, of Peterborough Court.*)

DEAR BETSY,

THIS 'ere comes a 'oping as 'ow you are well. It 's a wale;
And old women like us needs our comforts—I hopes we may ne'er find 'em fail!
Which you 'll praps be surpriged at this letter, as well to my PRIG 'tis beknown
For some time we ain't hit it together, but each on us monthlied alone.

But now as you 've turned up that WILLYUM—ah! BETSY, 'ow *could* you, my dear,
Put up with that party so long? Yes. *I'd* nuss him! But there! there 's no fear
As he 'll step in betwixt us agin, which his last games with that there old Turk
Must have jest about doubled 'im hup—as I 'm sure is a 'appy day's work.

The artful and bragian traitor! As wanted to bustle my BEN;
Which, BETSY, you knowed him as sich, but he 's took a new title since then.
Ah, *you*, BETSY PRIG—Lord forgive yer!—did use for to chivvey my pet,
Which, now he 's so hup, is a thing as I 'm sure you must greatly regret.

But WILLYUM! the warmint! Oh, BETSY, that man puts me clean off my 'ead,
With his speeches, and pamphlets, and stuff, as is things I despise and yet dread.
But now you are down on 'im proper, it comforts my soul, BETSY PRIG.
Let 'im have it, my dear, hot and strong, till he trembles like thingemagig!

Which you soaped him too long; as perhaps he warn't grateful. Ah! few on 'em is.
Why there 's even my BEN—but no matter! You rounded a bit, as *he* riz:
And now—well, my gingham 's a good 'un, my pattens is things as strikes terror;
But *your* nasty sly pokes in his ribs is jest lovely, my dear, and no error!

Then your love for the Turk is that touching it oftentimes moves me to tears.
If he only had wings he 'd be fit, like a Syrup, for upperer speers.
While as for them Scurvy 'uns, ancetrer, your SAIREY sez, "Sarve 'em all right!"
And when BETSY sez ditto to SAIREY, I feel I must bust with delight.

Them Rooshuns is Hogres owdashus. Oh, BETSY, I shakes in my shoes
When I thinks of the knouts, Ultimatums, and other wile 'orrors *they* use.
Do slang 'em, my dear. You 're a good 'un at Bouncers with lots o' big "Caps."
And it does my heart good but to hear you a slogging them Musky-wite chaps.

But wotever you do, my dear BETSY, don't give that ere WILLYUM no peace.
Your Mop and my Pattens must squelch him, or drive him to Rome, if not Greece.
Though you loved him and nussed him so long, chuck him up, he 's a dead 'un, you know;
As my friend MISSIS P. M. G. HARRIS, assured me o' that long ago.

And, BETSY, let bygones be bygones! Though doing uncommonly well,
Old SAIREY yet yearns for her pardner. Drop in, dear, and pull the top bell.
The tea-pot and srimps shall be ready. Our sperrits two 'ot withs won't damp,
And a chat o'er old times with her BETSY will comfort

Your own

SAIREY GAMP.

ONE of the latest additions to our Fleet is the *Bacchante*. It is feared that she will be a wet ship and generally half-seas over.

*** MR. PUNCH would be glad to hear, confidentially, from his Contributor, "D. RI."

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"SAILING DIRECTIONS."

Old Gent (*in the vicinity of the Docks*). "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO CHARING CROSS?"

Ancient Mariner. "CHARIN' CROSS? LE'S SEE, 'WIND'S ABOUT NOR'-WEST BY NOTHE,—YOU KEEP THE SUN ON YOUR WEATHER BOW, AND YOU'LL JIST ABOUT FETCH——" [*Old Gent hurries off.*

DÆDALUS AND HIS DONKEY.

A CERTAIN Flying Machine was lately said to have been taken over by its inventor, a British Dædalus, to PRINCE BISMARCK, that he might inspect it in order to see whether it was capable of employment for military purposes. This is a question which may be imagined to be rather more in MOLTKE'S way. It could not, however, if the account of the *Morning Post's* Berlin Correspondent is correct, have been solved, at least up to within a few days ago, by either the Statesman or the Warrior. But there may be some mistake in the statement that:—

"MR. RALPH STOTT, the aëronaut from Dover, who has lately made himself here an object of much discussion by his flying machine, has suddenly resorted to every possible excuse and subterfuge to disengage himself from the obligations entered into. His ascent (fixed for to-day) before certain delegates of the War Office, as well as subsequent public representations, is revoked, because Government refused to pay him immediately a sum of £1000."

If this is true, then it may be said that our Dædalus refused to go up because the Prussian Government would not come down. In that case let us admire the prudence displayed on both sides, especially on the side of the Prussian Government. Now if the situation of the parties remains the same, Dædalus, for his part, presents a resemblance to that other British artist, the athlete who was accustomed to divert the public at country fairs by the performance of balancing a donkey at the top of a ladder on his chin for a consideration subscribed by the by-standers to a certain amount, of which he used to stand out for the completion, crying in the meanwhile "Twopence more, and up goes the Donkey!" But when the twopence had been subscribed, up the Donkey went. Will the parallel hold good to that extent? Let the thousand pounds for the ascent of Dædalus be paid him, will the Flying Machine go up? If the Prussian Ministry will try the experiment of handing him over the money—we shall see.

A Rectification.

MR. PUNCH is always sorry to make any mistake in his assignments of artistic credit. It seems that MR. GLOVER'S part in *Peril* is *Kemp the Gardener*, *not Meadows the Butler*, as Our Representative Man averred last week. The Butler's part is sustained by MR. NEWTON, who has written to call *Mr. Punch's* attention to the fact.

OUR MAYORS.

FOLLOWING a practice which is as old as the time from whence it dates, and has never been interrupted by disturbances at home or abroad, by European wars or revolutions, by commercial depression, or depressing weather—we publish to-day a list of Mayors who have been elected to wield the Sword of Justice and handle the carving-knife of hospitality, to take the chair at public meetings and public dinners, to head processions and subscription lists, to distribute prizes, inaugurate exhibitions, and open bazaars, and to be affable, wise, bland, benevolent, courteous, kind, firm, charitable, impartial, generally useful, and bountifully hospitable during the Municipal year now newly commenced.

There is a breeze from the country blowing about some of these elections this time which is pleasantly fresh and rural. Nottingham has its Bowers, Hartlepool its Groves, Coventry its Banks. Plymouth boasts a Moore, Tynemouth a Green. There is a Heywood at Manchester, a Sherwood at Folkestone (ought to have been at Nottingham), and a Greenhow at Llanidloes; Furse at South Molton, Dewes at Windsor, a Gill at Wakefield, a Hare at Tamworth, and Birchenough at Macclesfield.

There are some strange and unaccountable confusions of places in the list, which no Topographical Dictionaries, or Gazetteers, or Maps and Atlases can rectify or explain. From our childhood we have known that Barnstaple was not in Wiltshire, and yet Wiltshire is now in Barnstaple. Only in disordered dreams and Municipal elections can Galloway be at Gateshead; and if Bedford is in Kidderminster and Melrose at York, there is, after all, some reason to hope that there may be an excellent dairy of green cheese in the moon.

It is satisfactory to find that there has been no exclusive preference for one nationality. The Mayor of Lancaster is Welch, of Newcastle-on-Tyne a Scott.

A King again reigns supreme in Hull, a Bishop (not for the first or the sixth time) in Colchester, and an Abbott in Blandford—there is a Pugh for them at Carnarvon—and at Hertford the rights of women have made such enormous strides that the Mayor of that town is a Nunn.

The Chief Magistrate of Luton may not be a King, or a Bishop, or even an Abbott, but he certainly is a Bigg man, and with him may be coupled the Mayor of King's Lynn, who is all Thew.

Most capricious are some of the municipalities in their selections. Dewsbury likes a Senior, Maidstone prefers a Youngman; Brighton chooses a Lamb, Bolton elects a Wolfenden; Oxford flies as high as an Eaglestone, Bury is content with a Duckworth; Dorchester trusts to a Lock, and Bradford to a Ward.

The Mayors of Glastonbury and Leamington are both Bright; they have Tallents at Newark; and the leader of High Wycombe for the next twelve months will be a Wheeler.

Why will not the papers give the surnames of the new Mayors in all cases? Why use what would seem to be undue familiarity in speaking of Abraham, and Absalom, and Gilbert, and Gyles, and James, and Lewis, and Percival and Ralph?

As usual, the list shows a variety of pursuits and callings, comprising a Carter and a Collier, a Fowler and a Walker, two Turners and (according to some authorities) a Tanner, a Shipman, a Cooke (oh! fortunate Hanley), and, to bring the roll to a suitable conclusion, a Baker.

Mr. Punch has reserved to the last a Mayor with whom he feels himself to be in entire sympathy—it is the Mayor of Chard, who is Chaffey.

Just to Set Him Going.

DR. LEGGE, the Oxford Professor of Chinese, we regret to hear, has not a single pupil. How is this? Won't some self-sacrificing undergraduate—there should be no lack of Chinamaniacs at Oxford, if all we hear of the taste of the place is true—give the Professor a Legge up?

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SHALL BYRON HAVE A STATUE?



REDE BYRON! No. We would not have believed that BYRON could have begotten such an emanation of Art so variously imbecile and impotent. But the designs before the Committee are not the only abortions or the worst that the occasion has provoked.

We have received several hundredweight of suggestions on paper and in clay (it would be difficult, and luckily it is not the least necessary, to decide which are the heavier), for a Byron Monument. Having formed ourselves into an Artistic Committee, and examined the rude and undigested mass of designs and suggestions, we subjoin a few of the latter, which seemed to combine a dash of the amusing, with their various forms of absurdity and impudence:—

I.

DEAR PUNCH,

THERE ought to be a Monument to BYRON, and I believe my design to be the best. You remember the ever-famous lines wherein the great poet vaunted the superiority of hock and soda-water as a pick-me-up? I cannot say that I altogether agree with his Lordship. Bottled beer, brandy and soda, or best of all, milk, soda-water, and a dash of Curaçoa constitute, in my opinion, the most salubrious morning draught. But no matter, let us have a Statue of BYRON, clothed in a dressing-gown, and raising a huge tumbler of the foaming fluid to his mobile mouth! If the sculptor could manage—and I know several who could—to give a certain vagueness of outline to the poet's features, we should then obtain a semblance of that which, as you doubtless know, always follows the night's excesses,—the jumps. Merely thinking of the subject, I feel thirsty myself.

Yours ever, D. T.

II.

SIR,

WITHOUT doubt the noblest passage in LORD BYRON'S works is that which refers to "thine incomparable oil, Macassar." Now, if my Lord was depicted as sitting before his looking-glass, with a hair-brush in one hand, and a bottle of hair-oil in the other, we should not only possess a worthy Memorial of a great poet, but a pleasing illustration of the manners and customs of the aristocracy during the earlier part of this century. Nor is there any need to confine ourselves to Macassar. I, Sir, have invented an oil which is far superior. Let mine be sculped!

Yours truly, ROWLAND MCASSAR.

P.S.—Bribery is beastly, but politeness is charming, so I enclose for your own hyacinthine locks, a dozen bottles of my celebrated Anathranpologicostium.

III.

PUNCH,

WHY should there be a Memorial at all to that Atheistical, Jesuitical, debauched poet? Why, Sir? Answer me that question. Are you aware, or are you too deeply sunk—as I firmly believe—in the slough of grovelling ignorance, to know that there is still the sum of £50,000 wanted for the conversion of benighted Borrioboolagha? And at such a crisis in the history of Christianity do you mean to say that a statue should be erected to a profane, not to say profligate, poet? Bah!

EXETER HALL.

IV.

SIR,

IF you will have a statue, I hope it will represent that noble woman, MRS. BEECHER STOWE, throwing dirt with both hands over the face of that abandoned nobleman.

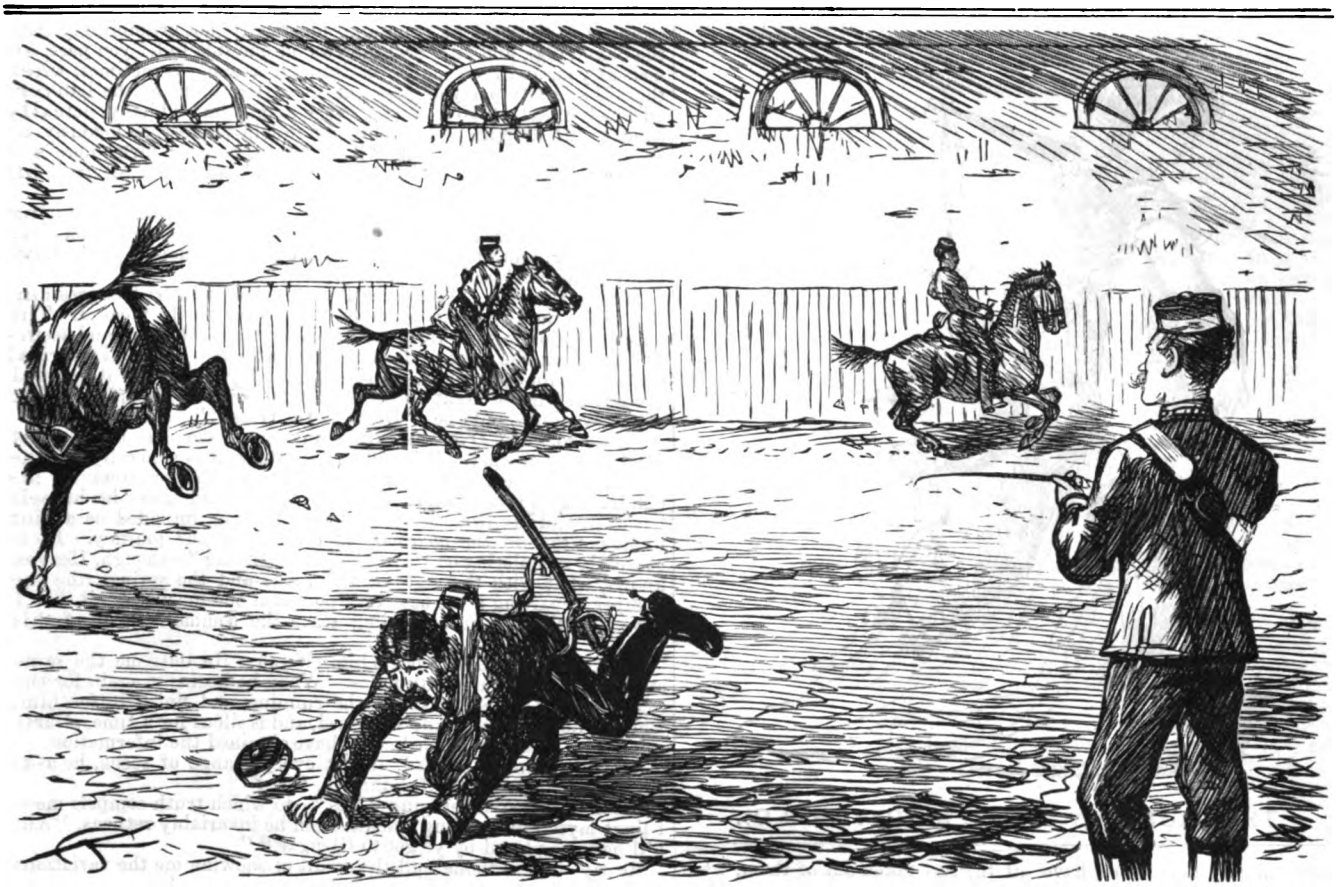
Yours obediently, A HATER OF POETRY.

V.

MY DARLING OLD PUNCHY WUNCHY,

Do have a *splendid* statue to that dear romantic, handsome *wicked* Lord. Was he not a *god*? Let it be the finest statue in the

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THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

Riding-Master (to Sub-Lieutenant, who has come a Cropper). "NOW THEN, SIR! WHO TOLD YOU TO DISMOUNT?"!

world! If you want money, I am sure the Government is spending too much over their stupid old guns and ships. Make LORD DISRAELI, *who wrote a book himself* on the greatest poet in existence, give you as many *millions* as you like. Or you could sell that stupid poky British Museum. *Do, do, do this!*

Yours lovingly,

DUDU.

VI.

OUR DEAR PUNCH,

WHY should LORD BYRON be added to the victims? He hated ridicule, and you wish to erect a statue to him! Take warning by our fate.

Yours always,

WELLINGTON (*opposite Apsley House*).
NELSON (*Mastheaded, in Trafalgar Square*).
YORK (*on my Column*).
ANNE (*in front of St. Paul's*).
ALBERT (*Gibbeted in Holborn Viaduct, and blushing, conscious of my gilt, in Hyde Park*).

VII.

MASTER,

IF you want to have something really worthy of a great poet, you must get more money, and then choose your sculptor—the best that is to be had. Only one thing is certain, he will not be discovered by a competition. Avoid cliques, and

Believe me,

TOBY.

Wonderful Meteorological Phenomenon.

WE extract the following from the *Scotsman* of November 9th:—

"Last night, between eight and nine o'clock, there were several peals of thunder, followed by flashes of lightning, after which the sky became a little brighter."

Our sober Southern thunder is content to follow the lightning. Scotch thunder, it would seem from the above, takes precedence of the electric fluid. *Punch* takes leave to call the attention of scientific men to this inversion of the Southern order of things.

THE RUSSIAN FLEET.—When he cuts and runs.

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

A Last Peep—Police—Good Signs—Companion—Banshees—Macbeth—the Bethels—Anecdote—Schools—Roman Matron—Politeness—Irish Pigs—Geese—Change of Scene—Glengariff Arrival—Landlady—Driver—The Eccles—Climate—Dinner—Saxon Characteristic—A Tourist's Advice—Inchigeelagh—Peat-Carriers—Macroom—and Off.

On the Road from Killarney.—Most strikingly situated by the roadside high up the hill, so as to command a view of the entire valley, is the Pō-lĭs Barracks, with its grenadier of a Policeman posted, as sentinel on duty, marching up and down with his side arms, and occasionally halting on the bridge to admire one of the most beautiful views in the whole country. From here I get my last peep at Killarney.

A reverderci mia bella!

By the way, these Police, posted up in the hills, must have, even in piping times of peace, anything but a luxurious life of it. How they must envy their Saxon brother, "Policeman X," in Belgrave Square, whose beat is enlivened by the smiles of Cooks through area railings, by gifts of cold meats from the larder, and by an occasional flirtation with bright-eyed Housemaids. The Irish Constabulary must have a rough time of it in a "difficulty;" but they seem to be respected in their official capacity by the people.

Good signs of the times. (*Noted between Killarney and Glengariff.*)—During the last three days, in the course of my drive, I have seen three deserted Pō-lis barracks. Stern, pitiless-looking buildings they are, and in the most desolate spots. Let us hope all the "throuble" is over, past and gone, forgotten and forgiven.

Wild country between the last point where a glimpse of the Black Valley is to be obtained and my next halting place, Glengariff.

It reminds me of the north of Cornwall. Only a few stone-built cabins appear here and there at intervals in the valley and on the hill-side. Not a nice spot this to meet an east wind. Even a Banshee, more or less accustomed to this sort of thing, would find it uncommon lonely and shivering here at night; and as to goblins and sprites (I know what a sprite is from long acquaintance with rum in

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THE NURSERY ULSTER (PATENTED).

pantomimes), they would have all the fun taken out of them, were they to select this spot as a play-ground, or night nursery. Most dreary. *Macbeth's* witches from Scotland on a visit to some friends here would be compelled to dance upon the heath, and energetically, too, in order to keep their toes warm. Few and far between are the cabins, and not a shebeen did I come across for miles. Few and far between, too, are the poor-looking, white-washed, barn-like buildings, with a rickety cross at the top, denoting the Catholic chapel, while a cottage rather larger and better-kept than those of the peasantry on the route, is pointed out as "the priest's." Yes, here he is up in the hills, a shepherd among the scattered flock, out all weathers, and faring no better than his own poor. The appearance of these chapels at intervals again recalls Cornwall to my mind, with its neat, trimly-built, snug-looking but also white-washed meeting-houses, or "Little Bethels" as they are called. The Bethels are, except, of course, for the regular services invariably closed; the Catholic chapels are generally open for the greater part of the day, service or no service, Sundays and work-days alike.

A friend of mine was trying to explain to a French Lady the nature of these Wesleyan, or Independent, places of worship in the north of Cornwall. She did not, or would not, understand him (very perverse these foreigners sometimes), even though he explained himself in the most admirable French. "*Madame*," said he, "*les petites maisons que vous voyez là-bas sont maisons aux rendezvous.*" She stared at him, and smiled. So did I. "*Permettez, chère Madame*," he went on, a little nervously, "*à ce que je m'explique un peu. Quand je viens de dire 'maisons aux rendezvous,' je voudrais dire 'maisons aux rendezvous de* MONSIEUR WESLEY." "*Vraiment?*" was all that polite French Lady replied, as she *binocle'd* the houses in question, and turned away. If she ever writes her tour in England, I should like to read her chapter on Cornwall.

A cheering sign, which I have before noted *en route*, is the cropping up of school-houses in the most desolate regions. The little shoeless scholars, slates and books in hand, may be seen trudging to and fro, the big ones carrying the mites, and all as happy as innocence and health can make them. Mrs. Hibernia may step out now, well-nigh as proudly as in the days of old, when students from the confines of civilisation came to her for instruction and final polish, and pointing to her little ones at school, may say with the Roman Matron, "These are me jew'ls."

Happy Thought.—Which very expression, "*my jewels!*" proves *Cornelia* to have been an Irishwoman, bless her!

Politeness is the rule everywhere in Ireland. Even the pigs are polite. The Irish pig is a great *flaneur*, but when he meets a stranger on the road he grunts apologetically (not grumblingly like the Saxon pig), and either withdraws on one side to let you pass, or nods at you, and then sidles off through a gap. Sometimes, when there is a family party of pigs out for a stroll, one of the loiterers will look round at you, if you come upon him suddenly, actually squeak with delight, and scamper off to join the rest, as joyously as though he were crying out, "Bedad, thin, here 's a lark! here 's a visitor! What a bit of fun! Hooroosh!" and then all frisk off together and disappear behind a gate-post.

As you pass you will see them all looking at you, not staring rudely like ill-bred Saxon children, but quite pleasantly, nodding their *adieux*, and squeaking out "A pleasant journey to you! Love to all at home!" and other kind wishes.

Happy Thought. "Please the Pigs" is clearly an Irish expression. But really the Irish pigs seem to be so very easily pleased. The only exception to the rule of politeness on the road in Ireland seems to be among the geese. I share the antipathy of the Theatrical Profession for the goose. Indeed, *the* day for a great annual Theatrical Dinner ought to be the 29th of September, and the toast of the evening should be, "Death to the Goose!"

On we go. MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY, my car-driver, has not a great fund of conversation. If he tells me a story, it is generally of some personal and domestic interest, relating to the progress of his children, with a melancholy reference to the hard times he himself has of it, and his own exemplary long suffering, intended as a hint to me not to stint the *pourboire* at the end of our journey. He is evidently speculating on "one bumper at parting"—though, Heaven knows, what with the state of the roads and the springs, the one bumper at parting must be a very powerful one to surpass all that I have gone through in car-riding since the commencement of this tour.

MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY repeats himself too. He tells me the same story three times in twenty miles. When he begins it again for the fourth time, I quietly take up the running and finish it for him, whereat he appears a trifle surprised, and is silent for a time, clearly wondering where on earth I could have obtained the information.

At every turn in the road, and at every change of scene, he asks me, "Isn't this a bhewtiful dhroive, Sorr?"

Becoming tired of replying "Yes"—to which truth compels me—I limit myself to nodding assent, when he invariably returns, "Ah, I'll have ye plazed by ye get to Glengar'ff."

He says this as though all the credit of showing me the variations of scenery was due to his own private and particular pre-arrangements. Were it possible for him to have taken me any other way which might have been less attractive than this route, of course I *should* have been under some obligation to him, but as this is the only road between Killarney and Glengariff that a tourist *can* take, no praise whatever is due to MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY for having selected it.

"I 'll have ye plazed, Sorr, by ye get to Glengar'ff," he mutters to himself.

More beautiful views. In fact, one would be glad of a rest in a close by-street, as, throughout this short tour, there is a perfect surfeit of Nature's Beauties. Through weird tunnels cut in the rocks, facing a biting north-east wind, up-hill quickly and down-hill surely, and MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY, my driver, in ecstasies with everything, as if he were seeing it for the first time; and all this simply out of politeness to me!

To any remark of mine which may meet with his approbation, he replies,

"That 's a fact! You 're right there, Sir! You 're right there! That 's a fact!"

And then he invariably winds up with what comes at last to be a sort of *refrain* to every verse of his limited conversation,

"I 'll have ye plazed by ye get to Glengar'ff."

After the tunnel hewn through the rock there is a gradual descent, with Glengariff vale stretching out before me, and the previous wildness and sterility of the country is softened off by pasturage, homesteads among the trees reminding me of parts of Sussex, the country deepening in wood and water as it stretches out towards Bantry Bay, which I can hardly believe to be the sea, so hemmed in does it appear by points of land, and cut up into islands.

Glengariff.—Eccles Hotel. Charmingly situated. Facing the bay, and on the road. Old-fashioned, covered with creepers and roses, and bedrooms commanding the bay.

Happy Thought.—Were a Turkish traveller of distinction to arrive, it would be, "The Bey commanding the bedrooms." The Landlady genial and hospitable.

"This is the place!—stand still my steed!"

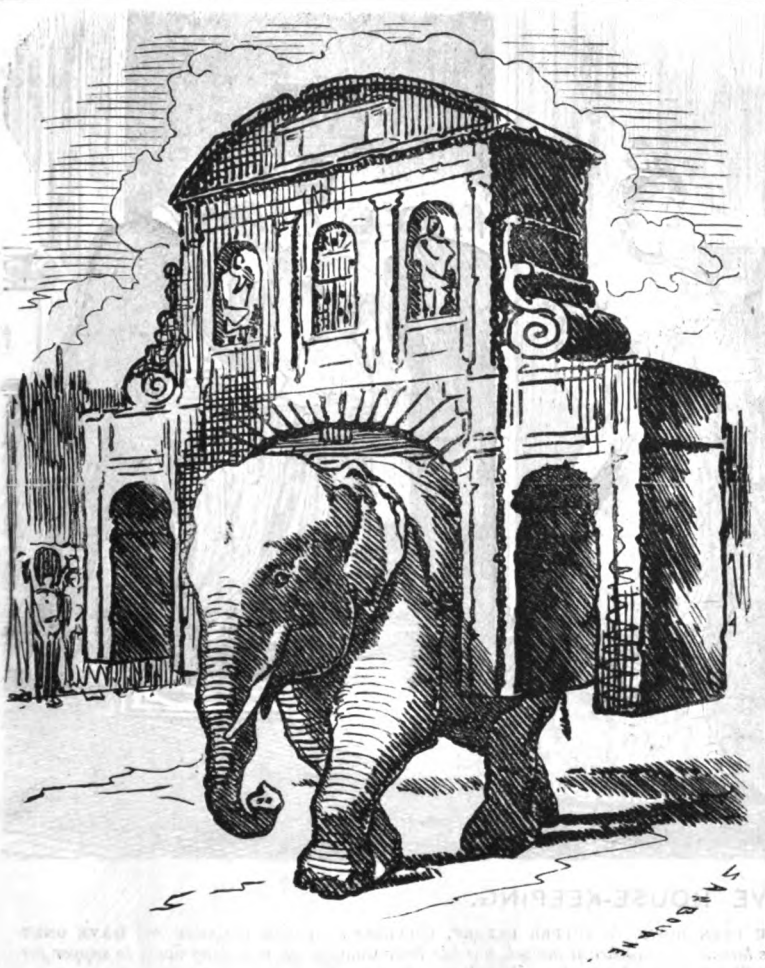
as the song says.

"Well, this *is* a pretty place!" I cannot help exclaiming, as I descend from my triumphal car.

MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY is beaming.

"Didn't I tould ye so, yer Honour? Didn't I say I 'd have ye plazed by ye got to Glengar'ff?" he asks, with conscious pride, as

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REMOVAL OF TEMPLE BAR TO WESTMINSTER.

NOVEMBER 9, 1876.

An opportunity that ought not to have been missed.

though the beauty of the entire place was due to *his* foresight, in knowing I was coming, and having the country brushed up for miles round to give me pleasure.

MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY is for making himself of considerable importance, as long as my eye is on him, on the threshold of the hotel; but here he meets his match, and more, in the person of a comely, elderly lady, evidently the Hostess and Manageress of the establishment, who sees the situation at half a glance, and becomes at once the Hostess to me, and the Manageress to MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY, from whom she will stand no nonsense of any sort. He wishes to take upon himself to explain what *I* want as to dinner, as to sleeping accommodation, and specially as to being called very early in the morning, so as to continue my drive, with *him*, to my next point.

But the Landlady knows as much about it as does MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY. Her eye kindles.

"The Gentleman will be called in plenty of time, MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY," says the Landlady, in a tone that nearly makes my hair stand on end, who am placidly listening, quite ready to take the part of authority against O'SHAUGHNESSY (who has been only an unamusing bore during the long drive, and to whose company I have to look forward to-morrow), who begins to apologise in a semi-important tone for his interference. This the Landlady will *not* stand. MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY will just oblige her by "getting out," which MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY immediately does, acting clearly upon some previous experience. I notice that there is a hulking "boots" and an ostler to match by the door, so that MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY's retreat is on the whole a prudent measure.

Eccles Hotel, Glengariff, is worth far more than a passing visit. I am delighted with it. It is, as far as attendance and cuisine, and general comfort, the best hotel I've been in. And it comes just exactly when it is wanted, *i.e.* after a long tiring day's journey. The coffee-room seems to have been fitted up to the very latest fashion of taste; and, can I believe my eyes, there are fish-knives!

O Rathdrum, the primitive! O Glendalough, loveliest of the lovely, but full of imperfections as to thy Hotel comforts! O Woodenbridge the cheerless! O any other Hostelrie, aye, even the Victoria of Killarney, good as ye are, slip out to the Eccles at Glengariff, and take a lesson from Hostess, Cook, and Waiter. I protest that for the first time on my travels I have dined as a good Clubbable Christian of modest requirements and temperate habits. The dinner is good, and it is so well served. The Waiter is not an Irishman, but a Dane. He is not a bit like *Hamlet*, and neither soliloquises, which would be inconvenient, nor joins in the conversation, which would be objectionable. After dinner—the climate is so mild—bless me, it's the first time I've been out of an east wind—that even at nine o'clock on an early Spring evening you can sit out in front of the hotel, and *enjoy* your coffee and cigar.

And oh! isn't this eulogy characteristic of the Saxon sensualist, who goes into ecstasies over the place that gives him the best dinner!

Happy Thought (*Saxonly adapted*).—"He loveth best, who feedeth best, on bird, and fish, and beast."—*Vide Ancient Mariner*.

I am pressed for time, and have paid beforehand at Killarney for the pleasure of MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY's society, or I would remain here two or three days. But *au revoir*.

Off again! MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY at the door at nine A.M. I ascertain on good authority why he wanted me to start at about five in the morning for Dunmanway. It is because he wanted to have the day before him to get back again.

And here also I will introduce a useful piece of advice for the Tourist who may be passing the same route as myself. *Only hire your car from Killarney to Glengariff. You can get another at your own convenience, and just as good at Glengariff, to take you on to Dunmanway.*

And one word more in your ear, my friend, which put down in your Happy Thought note-book, with my compliments:—*Don't come this way at all. Reverse it. Go from Dublin to Cork, from Cork to Dunmanway, from Dunmanway by car to Glengariff* (don't attempt any stopping at Inchigeelagh—not worth more than an hour's delay); *stay at Glengariff, and then on to Killarney, taking The Torc and Muckross on the way.* Here's your Itinerarium, and you'll find it correct. To slightly alter MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY's refrain, "I'll have ye plazed by ye get to Killarney!"

For you'll have journeyed by degrees of comparison, and you'll finish (in the direction I mean) with the best.

On to Inchigeelagh.—On our route I notice the prettiest girls I have yet seen in Ireland among the peasantry. All bareheaded, and the poorest barefooted. All wearing bright-patterned shawls, red petticoats—invariably *something* bright. Winning smiles, modest eyes, and lovely teeth. These are their characteristics everywhere. Strange to say, that of the type which I have hitherto read of as the common one, I have only met with rare instances. This may happen to be my luck. If so, I must try again.

The Women peat-carriers are very picturesque, carrying the brown bricks in baskets, on their shoulders, to their cabins across the mountains. A figure of one of them would make an admirable match-box.

Happy Thought.—I have driven upwards of two hundred and fifty miles on a car, and not met one single beggar, except at Killarney, on the regular tourists' route, where the professionals are. Yet I was told that Ireland was *the* country *par excellence* for beggars. Perhaps I am out of the season.

At the country inns (which do not pretend to be *hotels*) I'll back them for doing potatoes in their jackets, over a peat fire, against any cooks in the world; occasionally, too, for broiling a chop.

Nearing Macroom I notice the girls wearing a darkish blue cloak and hood, and brown petticoats. The fashion seems to be divided pretty equally between bare legs (most symmetrical) and bare feet, or, on the other hand (I should say on the other feet), grey stockings, with neat, but substantial boots.

At Macroom. Happy Thought.—If ballads of the day go for anything in Ireland, the name of *Macroom* suggests that something might be done in this place with the present popular ditty of "*Tommy*, Mac-room *for your Uncle*." After this, the sooner I'm away from Macroom the better. Here's the train; that's the ticket! Off to Cork! And then, as sensationalist novel-writers put at the heading of the last chapter but sixteen, *this* is "The Beginning of the End."

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FESTIVE HOUSE-KEEPING.

Daughter of the House (to her Cousin). "HAVEN'T YOU BEEN DOWN TO SUPPER BEFORE, CHARLES? I ASK BECAUSE WE HAVE ONLY RECKONED FOR ONE SUPPER EACH!" [*Charles has not yet touched a morsel, but his Fair Companion is coming down to supper for the Third time. Let us hope she takes the hint.*

SPIRIT DUTIES.

AS THEY WERE.

THE duties of Spirits in days gone by
Were useless yet onerous ones, no doubt,
Such as frightening timorous folks on the sly,
And dragging huge chains about.
Their *rôle* was to ramble old mansions through,
In darkness of night, and sheet or shroud;
Make candles to burn of a bogeyish blue,
And watchers to shriek aloud!
They 'd to play bo-peep in Churchyards dank,
At witching and wholly unholy hours,
And clamour, and clatter, and croak, and clank,
In tumble-down turrets and tow'rs.
To worry the wainscots, and fret the floors,
Their unseen feet pattered about:
And they rattled the windows, and banged the doors,
And the lights with their breath put out!
They set all our property-rights at nought
By tenancies horrid and undesired;
Hid treasures and missing wills they sought,—
Popping up when least desired.
Complete inutility, worry, and fuss,
Appeared to be ever their favourite line:
And why the mischief they carried on thus,
No mortal could e'er divine!

AS THEY ARE.

But the Spirits seem now on another "lay,"—
And more lucrative business boast:
How the modish "Shade" of the modern day
Must look down on your good old Ghost!
Now Spirit "duties" take wider range,
And the Spectres smart of the latter-day school
Have intimate dealings,—a notable change,—
With the knave as well as the fool.
With "properties" furnished by HOME or SLADE,
For patrons the Gooseherds of Gullibility,
Their *rôle* as ever,—though deftlier played,
Is "General *In*utility."
To tapping of tables from turning of hats—
As well as the heads of the boobies who wore them,—
They 've ris'n, and to fleecing from frightening flats,
As the old Ghosts did before them.
They scribble bosh on a doctored slate—
Under tables of conjurors' model—
And vent, in the name of the dead-and-gone great,
Most ungrammatical twaddle.
In fine,—and your honest old Ghosts it grieves
To see their degenerate race's disaster,—
The Spirits have fallen among the thieves,
With *Jeremy Diddler* for master.
Alas, poor Ghosts! 'Tis a Nemesis stern
For the mischievous cantrips you formerly played:
How a Spirit of spirit must spurn
The bondage of "ALLIE" or SLADE!
Should the Ghosts provoke Law's clutches stern,
Or defy sharp Science's sham-detectors,
The bull's-eye must beam for the blue light's gleam,
Till the Spectres succumb to the Inspectors.

CALLED TO THE HELM.

OBSERVERS have remarked on the departure of the Cardinal of Westminster for Rome so closely on the death of CARDINAL ANTONELLI. No wonder, after such a loss, that the Pilot of the Barque of St. Peter should feel that it wants MANNING.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.—Russia and the Pole.

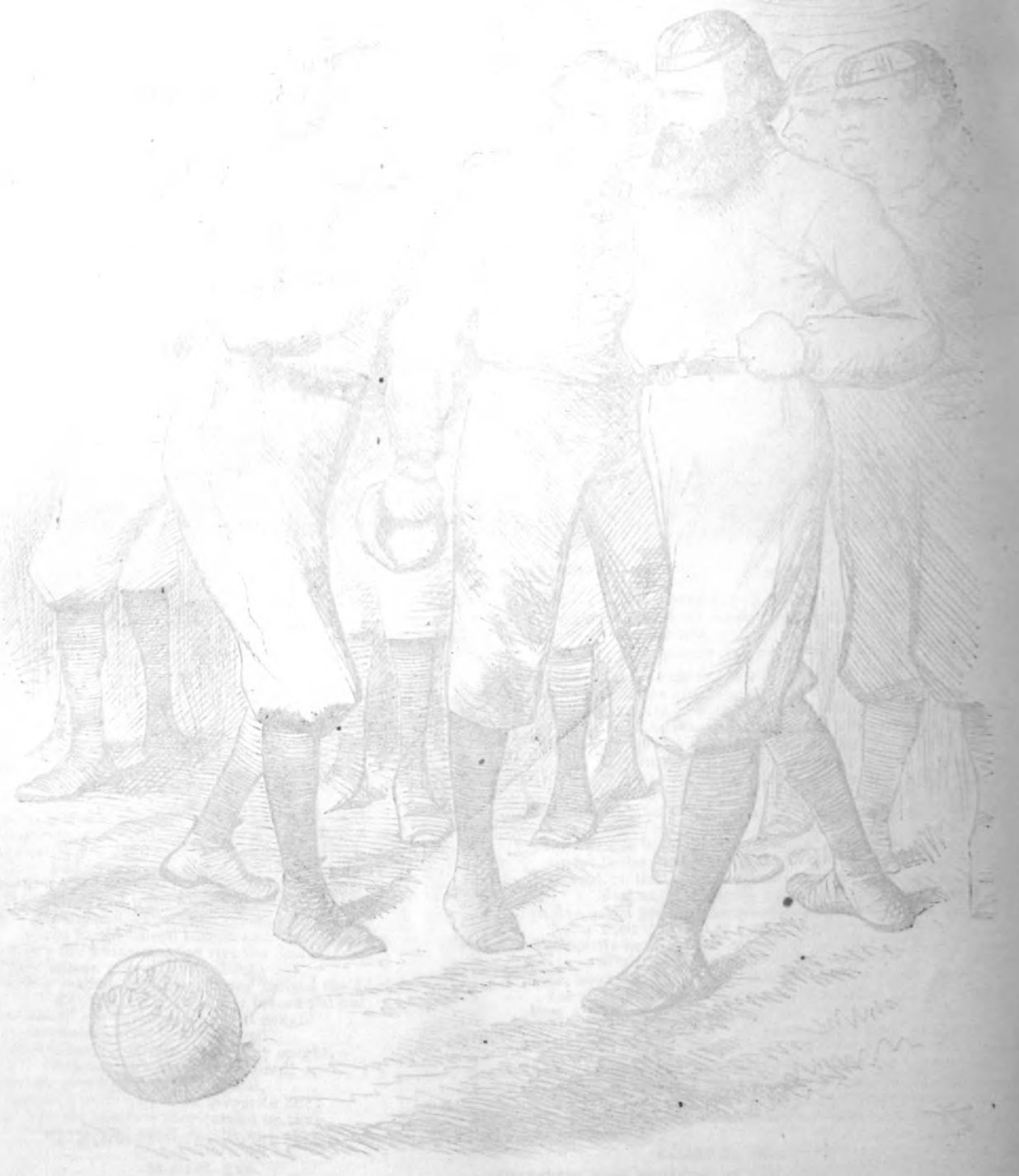
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A FRESH "KICK OFF."

BEACONSFIELD (*Captain*). "THERE, STAND OUT OF THE WAY, ELLIOT!—WE'VE GOT A STRONGER MAN!"

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EVERYDAY FARCES.



ESPECT FOR THE CHURCH.

SCENE—*The breakfast-table at* COL. ANYPORT'S. *Time—Sunday morning.* MRS. *and the* MISSES ANYPORT *and the* COLONEL *seated.*

Mrs. Anyport (*finishing the wing of a partridge*). Of course, the Colonel does not go to Church to-day (*severely*) *as* usual?

Colonel. As usual, my dear. There 's no one who thinks more about the religious practices of his country than I do. But it 's damp this morning, and I fancied I felt a twinge in my left toe, and——

Miss Anyport. And Papa would rather stay at home.

Mrs. Anyport. Well, dears, we must be charitable. (*To the* Colonel.) So you won't come. Well, we can pray for you.

[MRS. ANYPORT *sails out of the room preceded by her daughters, like a ship with two tugs. As they go up-stairs,*

Lizzie Anyport (*in a whisper*). Is CAPTAIN CAVENDISH coming to our pew this morning?

Miss Anyport. Why, of course he is. You don't suppose *he* forgets to go to Church?

Lizzie. When you are there—oh dear no!

Miss Anyport. Well, *you* know when CHARLIE PALK is near us, I 'm sure.

Mrs. Anyport. And, my dear girls, do hold yourselves up in Church. People will think you quite dumpy. Oh! and LIZZIE darling, just look at LADY SWELLSON'S bonnet, and fix it in your head. Be quick now. I shall not wait for you.

MRS. ANYPORT *is first off, and arrives just in time to confess,* "She has done what she ought to have done, and left undone what she ought not to have done." *This she does with her nose in the air, her eyes closed, and a lace handkerchief between her folded hands; accompanied by a gentle wag of the cherries in her bonnet, which impresses her neighbours extremely.*

The girls arrive rustling and clattering with all sorts of silver baubles hanging to their sides, eminently useful in a choral service, in the middle of the Psalms. They are not at all nervous, but shake hands with CAPTAIN CAVENDISH, *and even send a religious recognition to* CHARLIE PALK *in the pew behind.*

MISS ANYPORT, *who is a pupil of* SIGNOR CIAFFO (*the great* CIAFFO), *instantly launches into the responses at least a semitone flat.* LIZZIE ANYPORT *inspects a line scribbled in pencil on the flyleaf of a hymn-book which has been passed to her by* CHARLIE PALK.

Change. The Colonel's *smoking-room. The* Colonel *has nearly devoured the Observer, the Army and Navy Gazette, and the illustrated papers, besides two enormous cabanas, and is dozing happily in his arm-chair, when the girls and their mother return, redolent of silks and satchets, to bring him back to reality.*

Lizzie. O Papa dear! my altar-cloth looked so lovely—simply gorgeous.

Miss Anyport. Awfully sweet! But Papa dear! you should have seen the FOX GUYS, what dresses they wore. Quite a caricature.

Mrs. Anyport. Such a sermon, Colonel, it would have done you good. *Apropos!* LIZZIE, I wonder what Brillantine it is DR. APSEY PYX uses: it shone like a halo when he gave out the text. A sweet sermon indeed!

[MRS. ANYPORT *shakes her cherries again, but for the life of her cannot remember—what the text was. The sermon was for a wonder very good, being one of* DOCTOR ARNOLD'S *own.*

Miss Anyport. How awfully badly poor MISS SWELLSON sings! She really might leave the chants to us and the choristers. That cuirass she wore was made out of last year's dinner-dress.

Lizzie. So it was! I was thinking all Second Lesson where I had seen it before.

Miss Anyport. I knew it at once. O Papa dear, we have brought CAPTAIN CAVENDISH back to lunch.

Mrs. Anyport. That reminds me, LIZZIE dear, I do *not* think CHARLES PALK a good *parti*, so don't go on, I beg.

Colonel Anyport (*aside*). Confound it! Hang that supercilious plunger! He smokes all my best cigars, and looks as if *I* liked it.

Mrs. Anyport. And don't forget, JOHN, DR. APSEY PYX thinks we should do best to pass our spare hours on Sunday in meditation.

Miss Anyport. Yes, Mamma, dear, and don't forget CAPTAIN CAVENDISH takes us to the Zoo this afternoon.

Mrs. Anyport. I should prefer Hurlingham if I had been asked, but no matter. [*Exeunt all to Lunch.*

WHO'S ZOO IN THE CITY?

ON account of the success attained by the introduction of the Elephants in the Lord Mayor's Show on the ninth instant, it is highly probable that the idea may be further developed on future Ninths of November. *Mr. Punch*, always glad to assist his Right Honourable friend at the Mansion House, begs to present the Coming Man of 1877-78 with a rough sketch of what he believes would be a very effective order of procession:—

Policemen (with Serpents) to clear the way.
The Fishmongers' Company carrying the contents of the Westminster Aquarium.
Deputation from the Stock Exchange carried on Bears and Bulls.
The City Marshal, with Peacocks in Attendance.
The Common Serjeant Riding a Hobby.
The Spectacle Makers' Company attended by Owls and Moles.
A Man in Armour mounted upon a Donkey clothed in a Lion's Skin.
Foresters from Epping Forest carrying a Collection of Stuffed Birds and Beasts.
Heralds in Tabards flanked by Hogs in Armour.
The Right-Honourable and Most Learned *Mr. Toby*.
Deputation from the Zoological Society, attended by any Animals that can be spared from the Gardens.
A Provincial Menagerie
(Supposed to represent "The Signing of Magna Charta," "The Destruction of the Spanish Armada," and "The Passing of the Reform Act of 1832").
The Court of Common Council.
Broeckman's Performing Dogs and Monkeys.
Aldermen with Swans hopping on one leg.
The Recorder of London, attended by Fishes out of Water.
Aldermen and Geese who have Passed the Chair.
A Band of Canaries, Piping-Bullfinches, and Mocking-Birds.
The Arms of certain well-known Aldermen, supported by Donkeys, Mules, and Apes.
The Lord Mayor's Coach, with the Lion of the Day outside drawing the Lion of the Day in.
Policemen (with Scorpions) to keep the People back.

WILD BIRDS AND "VERMIN."

THE saying that "if the sky should fall larks would be caught," can hardly have been considered by "A LOVER OF BRITISH BIRDS," who thus addresses the *Times*:—

"I write to protest through your omnipotent medium against the exhibition of larks as an article of food in poulterers' shops. I don't suppose any legislation will stop the wholesale destruction of these national songsters, but I trust that the national sentiment, if there is any sentiment left in modern society, will be aroused and expressed against such a use of British singing birds."

Larks are happily so numerous that there is no fear of their being all eaten up by epicures. There is plenty of that sort of sentiment which objects to any of them being eaten merely because they are singing birds, left in modern society. It is sentiment such as that which, whilst denouncing scientific vivisection, silently allows eels to be skinned alive. If a lark pudding is really a good thing, "A LOVER OF BRITISH BIRDS" will perhaps, if not learn to love them as a pudding's contents, at least, on second thought, reconsider what follows:—

"I may remind those who would like to shame those vulgar eaters of Heaven's messengers that the EMPEROR HELIOGABALUS was especially partial to the brains of singing birds, and I may suggest that they should restrict themselves also to the brains of larks, as it must be that portion of the bird they most require."

Herein surely "A LOVER OF BRITISH BIRDS" is unreasonably hard upon other lovers of British birds who love their lark purely as they love their partridge or pheasant. Is not the partridge a British Bird as well as the lark, and has not the pheasant at least been acclimatised? Have they not an equal claim to be loved with

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MAKING SHORT WORK OF IT.

QUALIFYING FOR HUNT RACES.

Master of Hounds. "LOOK HERE, BOY, THAT HORSE YOU WANT TO QUALIFY IS KICKING MY BEST YOUNG HOUNDS,—SO TELL YOUR MASTER I'LL GIVE HIM A CERTIFICATE TO-MORROW,—IF YOU WON'T COME OUT AGAIN!"

larks, as larks are loved by "A LOVER OF BRITISH BIRDS"? Plumage is surely a merit as much demanding exemption from being eaten as song. Some lover of birds, for the mere look of them, will next perhaps propose—in the season when Parliament is shooting—a Plea for the Pheasant, and the Partridge, against the Dealer in Game.

There are other birds than larks, but unlike larks growing very scarce, against whose total destruction it is much to be wished that "any sentiment left in modern society" should, by all means, "be aroused and expressed." Eagles, falcons, hawks, kites, buzzards, hen-harriers, have been almost all of them improved off the face of the country by pot-hunting landed poulterers. There is hardly a raven anywhere to be seen, and for a young one in a cage the other day a bird-fancier asked one of *Mr. Punch's* young men half a guinea. Of course birds of prey should be kept under; but what a shame to exterminate them! Their extirpation has despoiled the landscape of living ornaments. It has been a destruction of things of beauty which ought to have been preserved to be joys for ever. Is not this a barbarity which every genuine Lover of British Birds must deplore, and denounce, and endeavour, if possible and not too late, to get repaired?

CHIPS FROM THE ADVERTISEMENT COLUMN.

THIS remarkably cool offer lately appeared in the *Islington Gazette*:—

A Good HOME offered to a clean-looking young Person, of respectable family (of tradespeople preferred); must produce good references, and be able to assist in the nursery; £6 per annum for clothing given. Apply any morning at ——, &c. No fare allowed unless engaged.

And the following from that organ of the Clergy the *Guardian*, gives one a pleasant idea of the advertiser:—

WANTED, by a Widow Lady, a PERSON who is experienced in the art of Whipping, and well qualified to administer a severe Flogging with a new birch rod to two young children of the ages of nine and ten. Wages £30 per annum. The children are very wilful and troublesome. Address, &c.

However, £30 a year for a Flogger is handsome compared with £20 a year for a Governess—a very common salary.

The next, from the *Field*, is, in some respects, mysterious:—

WANTED, a tall UNDER BUTLER, with long recommendations, where four men are kept, and the family go to London in the season; wages £30 to £35.—Apply, &c.

Can "recommendations," like "continuations," be a euphemism for any part of a Footman's clothing? The two words can't mean the same thing, or the epithet would rather, one would think, be "short" than "long":—

What a chance is here for Cœlebs in search of a Wife!—

A WIDOW LADY and her Sister (both musical), living in a large well-furnished house, wish to receive one more GENTLEMAN to join their small circle. Late dinner. No clerks need reply.—IDA, &c., &c.

"IDA," the name of TENNYSON'S Princess! Sweetly suggestive! And a "Widow," too—with sorrows to sympathise in, and tears to wipe away! The other sister—a gusher too, probably—both musical—dear delightful creatures, with voices soft and low, we will be—bound; that "excellent thing in woman"! "Man-traps set on these premises." Bachelors, beware!

This appeared in the *Standard* of the day before Guy Fawkes's festive and fireworky anniversary:—

STRICT DISCIPLINE.—A Gentleman in the country desires to secure the services of a thoroughly qualified GOVERNESS to teach French, Italian, Drawing, and Music. No one need apply who objects to judicious corporal punishment.

A pleasant sort of man this Country Gentleman must be, and his family, no doubt, must be extremely fond of him. To judge from his advertisement, there seems to be small fear that his children will be spoilt by such an injudicious sparing of the rod as is proverbial. We wonder if he gives them their chastisement himself, or expects their governess to act as flogger for him. *Mrs. Squeers* or *Sally Brass* perhaps might suit this situation: but we doubt if the advertisement is likely to prove attractive to an educated lady.

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FLOWERS OF FASHION.

Dressmaker. "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THE DRESS MADE?"

Cook. "THE LATEST FASHION, IN COURSE."

Dressmaker. "A POCKET, I SUPPOSE?"

Cook. "NO! EVERYBODY WEARS POCKETS NOW-A-DAYS. EVEN MISSIS AND YOUNG MISS HAS 'EM!"

THE PARSONS' PLAY.

AT the Theatre Ecclesiastical, St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, Cheapside, the Ritualist adaptation of *Mass*, was performed as usual on Sunday last week, notwithstanding the inhibition of the Court of Arches. A notice of the performance has appeared in the *Morning Post*, whence are derived the following particulars. The part of *Pontifex* was sustained by the REV. T. P. DALE with his accustomed ability; and the REV. MR. ARMITAGE played a good second. The former gentleman was habited "in a cloth of gold cope, such as is worn by Roman Catholic Priests at Benediction, having in the back a crimson velvet fall, having on it a gold embroidered cross. MR. ARMITAGE wore a white vestment, both clergymen having on their heads the 'biretta.'" Their get-up appears to have been very good; and there was introduced a change of costume. "MR. DALE, having retired to the sacristy, came back to the altar clothed in a chasuble, the same as that worn by the priest at Low Mass." In the adaptation of *Mass* to the British clerical stage, Low Mass appears to be combined with High Mass, much as COLLEY CIBBER pieced together portions of *Henry the Sixth* and his own composition with *Richard the Third*. A procession of "acolytes" to the altar, bearing aloft a cross, with "two tall ornamented candles," and headed by a "thurifer" swinging a "thurible," and scattering incense, told very effectively, and looked very much like the real things, the representation altogether bearing a strong resemblance to the original, although the *libretto* was sung and spoken in English instead of Latin, and with considerable variations from the Roman text.

It was understood to have been given out from the pulpit that, irrespectively of law, the performance would be repeated till further notice, but there appears to be some doubt whether this course will be persisted in. If it is, will the BISHOP OF LONDON interfere? Perhaps he cannot if he would. Another authority, however, possibly can, and will. The performances at St. Vedast's, one would think, must surely be within the jurisdiction of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

THE LATEST NEWS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

CONSTANTINOPLE, *Monday.*

You will be glad to learn that everything is now as good as settled. Russia has withdrawn all her awkward demands and the influence of England (supported as she is by Austria and Germany) is all-powerful. SIR HENRY ELLIOT has submitted a scheme to the Porte, which is now under consideration.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *Tuesday.*

You will not be surprised to hear after receiving my dispatch of yesterday's date that we are on the eve of a great European war. Russia (supported by Germany and Austria) insists that what she demands shall be granted within four-and-twenty hours. I may add that the scheme submitted yesterday by SIR HENRY ELLIOT to the Porte has been withdrawn, at the instigation of LORD SALISBURY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *Wednesday.*

As I hinted to you yesterday, Russia is checkmated. The stubborn resistance of France and Italy to her claims, and the moral support of England, given to the combined policy of Austria and Germany, have had their due effect. SIR HENRY ELLIOT has submitted a scheme to the Russian Ambassador, which is now said to be undergoing consideration.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *Thursday.*

From the tone of my yesterday's despatch you will be prepared to learn that Europe is threatened at this moment with one of the greatest calamities that could possibly happen to her. The alliance, offensive and defensive, between Russia, France, Austria, and Italy (at which I hinted yesterday), is causing the most hopeless complications. I may add that SIR HENRY ELLIOT'S scheme submitted to Russia yesterday has been withdrawn, at the instigation of LORD SALISBURY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *Friday.*

After my yesterday's despatch it will scarcely be news for you to hear that Russia has sent an *ultimatum* to Paris, Vienna, and Rome. England has offered to arbitrate between the quarrelling Powers, but unhappily the feeling of animosity, which is accountable for Russia's strange conduct, is of many years' standing. SIR HENRY ELLIOT has submitted schemes to the Representatives of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, France, and Spain.

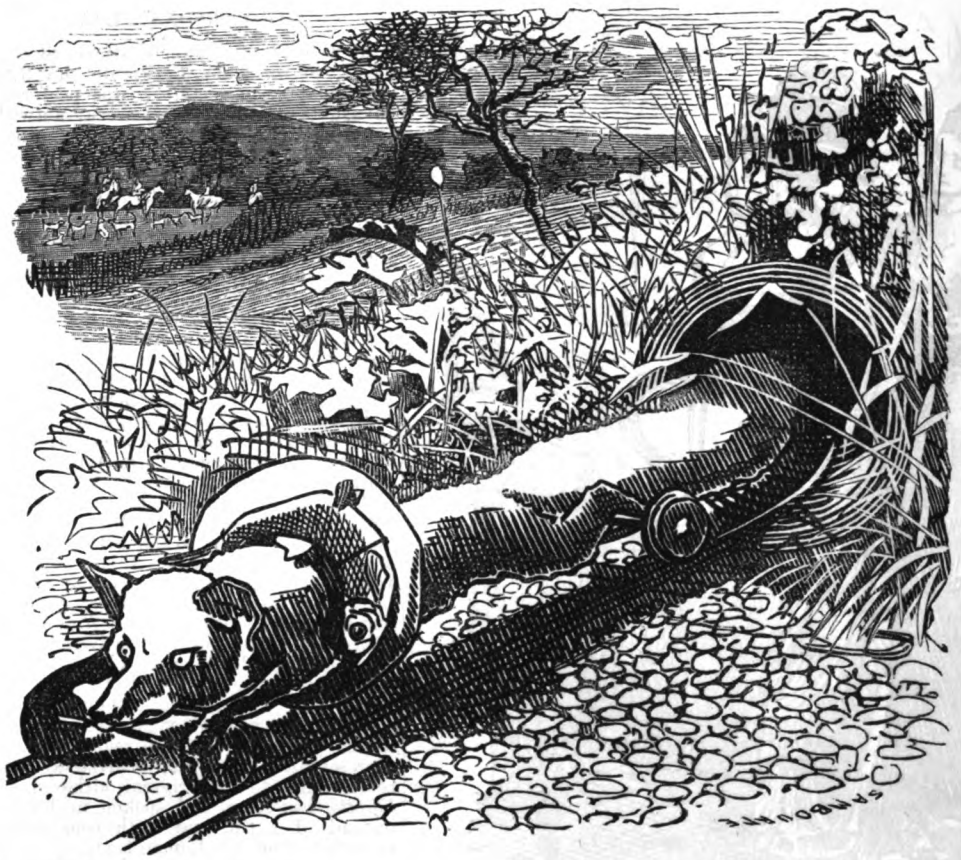
CONSTANTINOPLE, *Saturday.*

From the tenor of my yesterday's remarks, you will have guessed that Russia has withdrawn all her demands, and is now the Turk's best friend. The International Banquet (to which I alluded in my last dispatch), was a great success. The healths of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, the KING OF ITALY, and the PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, were proposed in most affectionate terms by the Russian host. There is no other news except that the schemes submitted yesterday by SIR HENRY ELLIOT to the Representatives of Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France, and Spain, have been withdrawn at the instigation of LORD SALISBURY.

"Nas-Naris. A Nose."

NARES did not succeed, thanks to Jack Frost and floes.
In reaching the Pole, when he followed his nose.
For the next man who tries, the advice, therefore fair is,
Change your route, if you can, *et ne sequere* NARES!

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MECHANICS IN SPORT

No. 4.—Pneumatic-Despatch-Fox-Hunting Company (Limited).

GRACEFUL ACT OF A LADY.

Persons with plenty of money, and no poor relations to assist or an aged mother to support, will perhaps put their hands in their pockets and pull out something for a laudable purpose when they learn that the Byron Monument Committee has not yet received subscriptions to an amount nearly large enough to defray the cost of a statue at all worthy of Byron's fame. The best of the designs sent in to them for selection is said to be the work of "a very distinguished American sculptor, who can use his pen as ably as his chisel." It is remarkable that an American artist and man of letters should offer help to perpetuate Byron's fame, whereas a countrywoman of his, a Lady of name in literature, endeavoured a few years ago, with all her ability, to perpetuate just the reverse. She acted, no doubt, from a righteous indignation under a wrong idea, and now, perhaps, having happily found out her mistake, will be glad to repair it as much as she can. Would it surprise you, then, to hear that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe had sent in a subscription towards making up the sum of about twelve thousand pounds, required to obtain a proper monument in memory of Lord Byron?

"Anglo-Indian" complains that though India has given the Mother Country an Imperial Crown, her poor return is a one-and-fivepenny Rupee!

THE FIGHT FOR PLUMSTEAD COMMON.

From the following piece of last Monday week's news it appears that the Home Secretary knows how to revise the judgments of the Great Unpaid:—

"Yesterday morning an official communication was received at the Kent County Gaol from the Home Secretary, stating that Her Majesty had been graciously pleased to remit the fine and remainder of the sentence passed on Mr. John de Morgan, at the last Kent Quarter Sessions, for complicity in the Plumstead Common riots. In the ordinary course of things he would have been discharged this morning, but the letter was succeeded by a telegram stating that De Morgan was to be liberated at once, it being the first instance for fifteen years of a prisoner being discharged from the gaol on a Sunday."

The so-called riots on Plumstead Common were of quite a different nature from the intimidation meetings held from time to time in Hyde Park. They were merely forcible proceedings of resistance to attempts at the enclosure of common land supposed illegal. The Kent Justices decided them to be riots. Technically, perhaps, they were. The more the pity. Everybody interested in the preservation of open spaces, that is, all people except a few grasping, greedy, selfish, and sordid churls, would have been glad to learn that the alleged riots were no riots, and that the repetition of them would have been no rioting—if such were really the law. There are few sights more calculated to delight a well constituted mind than the view of a bonfire made of fences illegally set up on a Common by a Lord of the Manor, and legally torn down by the aggrieved neighbours. The greatest credit is due to anyone who has the spirit to lead a multitude on to the lawful demolition of unlawful enclosures. Provided always, of course, that the enclosures are really unlawful, and the demolition of them indeed lawful and right. Otherwise, dear friends, the concourse demolishing them is a riotous assembly, and the head man thereof a ringleader, in the eye of the law. It is therefore, good people, very desirable that, before you proceed to destroy fences by which you believe yourselves robbed of your rights, you should consult lawyers, so as to make quite sure that you are not mistaken in the supposition that those rights have been invaded. For if there is any doubt upon this point it is not you who will get the benefit of the doubt at Quarter Sessions, and, though a fine may be remitted altogether, imprisonment, of which you will possibly be let in for more or less before being let off the remainder, is a bore.

THE UTOPIAN CAB COMPANY.

Rules and Regulations.

1. Early birds—no larks—will have the pick of the Cabs.
2. Every Driver to find his backer, who will be answerable for his returns.
3. Drivers out after one will catch it.
4. No liquoring up of foremen or washers will be winked at. The Company will not stand drinks.
5. Should any Driver allow his horse to run away, his screw will be stopped.
6. Each Driver will be supplied with a copy of *Hints on Etiquette, by a Man of Rank.*
7. Drivers seen hanging about will be suspended.
8. Smoking in Cabs is prohibited. Drivers will be supplied with Bryant and May's Matches, as they will light only on the box.
9. Drivers using bad language will be fined; and, for a second offence, re-fined.
10. An exact account of each day's takings must be rendered. Overcharges need not be returned.
11. Drivers, on returning at night, will assist to bed down their horses, but are not to bring them in "tucked up."
12. Night Cabs will be provided with lamps before they go out.
13. Civility, Caution, and Cleanliness are enjoined. C Rules in the Yard.

Appropriate.—The next Spirit Rapping case will be tried before Mr. Knox.

Clan Carty.—Dustmen!

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SOLVING THE DIFFICULTY. (?)

First Soldier. "SO THEY SAY WE'VE A CHANCE OF FIGHTING THE ROOSIANS AGIN!"

Second Soldier. "BLOW THE ROOSIANS! WHY DON'T WE GO AND TAKE CONSTANTINOPLE, AND A' DONE WITH IT!"

RUSSO-ENGLISH WORDBOOK.

By a Contributor of Leading Articles to the Pall Mall.

ARMISTICE—A lull before a storm.
Atrocity—A Christian virtue or an Oriental vice.
Autonomy—Ruling by an Autocrat.
Bulgarians—Catspaws.
Brag—Russian hide.
Charity—Begins at St. Petersburgh and pervades the East.
Christianity—Holy Russia.
Christian—Wholly Russian.
Diplomacy—The Father of Lies.
Duplicity—A two-edged sword.
English—Weak enthusiasm.
Fear—No equivalent in English.
Honesty—Bear existence.
Ignorance—The crest of the serf.
India—Moscovite Eldorado.
Pacification—Making peace a stalking-horse.
Peace—A reverse after war.
Russian—A Bear in Sheep's clothing.
Servian—A Sheep in Bear's clothing.
Sanctity—An imperial cloak.
Turkey—A dish to be cut up *à la Russe*.
War—A Bear-pit.

An Uncertain Bird.

THE stipulation with the Prussian Government for the payment of £1000 down, insisted on by the Inventor of the Flying Machine as the necessary condition of his attempt to ascend with it, has been plausibly accounted for by the supposition that he wants to raise the wind. The Prussian Ministers' refusal, on the other hand, to concede his terms, may be ascribable to an apprehension that the engagement of Dædalus might result in the performance of Diddle-us.

WILLIAM THE PENMAN.

IT will not fail to be recorded in the biography of our active-minded ex-Premier, that when he had retired from the Leadership of the Liberal Party he betook himself to Letters.

SIXES AND SEVENS.—The *Franconia* Judgment.

A SHADE ON PROGRESS.

I AM what was a 'Squire of ancient line;
This Manor-house, and Manor once were mine.
Here in my time I kept a pack of hounds;
And my whole heart was in my house and grounds.

Still to this dear old place in death I cleave;
My home, though left behind, I cannot leave.
No better place I knew, nor do I know:
Here I remain, unable hence to go.

I bear the semblance of the garb I bore,
Such in time past as England's gentry wore.
Yon picture which appears from out its frame
On point of stepping down, reveals my name.

Mine were the days ere Trade had all o'ergrown;
When they who held the land could hold their own.
No Company durst private grounds invade,
And aggravate their sometime owner's shade.

With scorn and anger thus I 'm forced to mark
A Railway cutting my ancestral Park;
Crossing the Avenue of elm-trees old,
Where once the family Coach serenely rolled.

Now telegrams and signals vex my sight:
Annoyed by coloured lamps I walk the night.
And every train brings crowds of Cockneys down,
Profaning the still scenes I haunt, from Town.

These rushing Railways, on whose borders spring
New stucco'd villas, populations bring
For beef and mutton swelling the demand,
Raising the price of meat on every hand.

Hence oysters soon will cost as much or more,
As though a pearl inside each oyster wore;
All shellfish rise beyond poor purses' pale,
E'en crabs and lobsters have begun to fail.

A dozen prawns to one-and-sixpence reach,
Shrimps, doubtless, will be soon a penny each;
Good things are rising till extinct they fall:
Prosperity and Progress spoiling all!

Go on; consume; exhaust the Earth defaced;
And take no measures to repair your waste.
Use up the produce of the land and sea,
Until all 's gone—revenge in store for me!

TIME'S TRACKERS—OLD AND NEW.

"How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
That only falls on flowers."

AND never before was such a flowery carpet arranged for Time's gouty old feet to fall on as now-a-days, with DELARUE and MARCUS WARD blossoming into floral calendars, and cards bright with blossoms, and posies of song as well as chlorophyll. As natural flowers are hardest to come by in winter, these art-gardeners wisely take care to have their parterres in lushest and brighest bearing about Christmas-tide. We have among their productions even cards that, besides their flowers, bear double acrostics! The old sun-dials broke out at most into aphorisms. And much as an aphorism to a double acrostic is a sun-dial to a DELARUE'S Card-Calendar—more solid, doubtless, but infinitely less showy, while the card has the great advantage over the dial, for England, that it is independent of the sunshine.

AN UNSETTLED BILL.—W. E. G.

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THE TOO COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.



DURING the last two months MR. GLADSTONE has been employing the time he is able to spare from public speaking and tree-felling to the answering of a very miscellaneous collection of correspondents. His replies have ranged from Bulgarian outrages up to Vaccination grievances. Always ready to oblige a fellow-*littérateur*, *Mr. Punch* begs to supply the ex-Premier with a few ready-made responses, founded upon MR. GLADSTONE's well-known style, and in sympathy with his published opinions:—

Reply to a Conscientious Doubter.

SIR,—Your touching and deeply interesting acknowledgment of doubts as to the principle of gravitation the soundness of KEPLER's laws, the Newtonian system generally, and even so generally accepted a doctrine as that of the sphericity of our globe, are before me. Without committing myself to an endorsement of your particular grounds of scepticism on those points, most of which are lazily taken for granted by ordinary minds with as little inquiry into, as appreciation of the scientific grounds on which they are maintained, I may be allowed to express my genuine sympathy with doubts which do as much credit to your head as to your heart. I am not one of those who find it easier to tolerate the hardness of the one than the softness of the other. All candid and honest inquirers have my profound respect; and I am flattered by being made the recipient of your doubts, if my numerous avocations do not just now leave me the leisure to weigh, still less to resolve them.

Yours very faithfully, W. E. GLADSTONE.

Reply to a would-be Suicide.

SIR,—In your interesting communication (which I now acknowledge) you ask me "if I consider suicide justifiable?" This is a wide question, both from the moral, political, and social point of view, and cannot be answered off-hand. Still, I must admit I regard with suspicion the operation of any law interfering with the liberty of the subject on this or any other point, and should be ready to consider any relaxation of its provisions which now operate in restraint of the *felo de se*.

I am, &c.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Reply to a Firm of Wine Merchants.

MR. GLADSTONE presents his compliments to MESSRS. FUSIL, FUCHSINE & Co., and begs to say that he has not had the time nor the inclination to test the samples submitted to him. Port is not one of MR. GLADSTONE's favourite wines. He is therefore unable to say whether the pint bottles that have been forwarded to him contain a liquor "infinitely less heady and immeasurably more fruity than the concoction known as 'fine old Tory Port.'" MR. GLADSTONE must add, however, that, without any wish to convert the matter into a party question, he can, from his present point of view, consider nothing Tory either useful or ornamental.

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"THE POT."

Loving Wife. "YOU LOOK VEXED, DEAR! ANYTHING HAPPENED?"

Brown. "VERY ANNOYING. I'VE ACCEPTED OLD BLOWHARD'S INVITATION TO TRUDGE OVER HIS LITTLE BIT OF SCRUB AT BARRACRES, AND NOW YOUNG SPOONBILL HAS ASKED ME TO SHOOT HIS COVERS TO-MORROW! WHAT AM I TO DO?"

Wife. "CAN'T SAY, DEAR. BUT DON'T BE FOBBED OFF WITH RABBITS AGAIN, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE! BRING FEATHERS!—I'M QUITE TIRED OF FUR!"

HAWARDEN AND KEIGHLEY.

(*To Our* WILLIAM.)

DOUBT if the stars are suns;
Doubt if the Earth is round;
Doubt if a boy likes buns;
Doubt light more swift than sound.

Doubt as to Polar search
A useful purpose serving;
Doubt, if you like, the Church
Of England worth preserving.

Doubt if the Sun will rise;
Doubt about EUCLID'S rules;
Doubt Keighley's Guardians wise;
Or doubt them to be fools.

But never doubt the need
Of JENNER'S great protection,
Or that it can impede
Variolous infection.

Or, if you *must* feel doubt,
Don't give it publication,
To hinder carrying out
Compulsive Vaccination.

CANOSSA WITH A CHANGE.

A TELEGRAM from Rome mentions that:—

"A meeting of influential Catholics from different Italian cities has been held at Manseca, to consider the best means of celebrating the Anniversary of Canossa, on the 25th of January next."

Considering that the relative positions of the two principal actors in the Canossa affair are now nearly reversed, perhaps, the best way of celebrating the Anniversary of Canossa would be, if possible, to get the EMPEROR WILLIAM to come there, and the POPE to go and meet him; POPE and EMPEROR exchanging their respective parts, his Holiness knocking under, as HENRY THE FOURTH of Germany, and HENRY s present successor bullying the POPE, as HILDEBRAND. The Holy Father likes a joke, and if he sees the fun of this proposal, let us hope that his health and strength will continue such as to enable him if he pleases, to go to Canossa and act, *mutatis mutandis* as above suggested, on the 25th of January.

VAMPIRE TRAP.—A Moneylender's brougham.

Reply to the Editor of a Magazine.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter asking me to contribute an article to your excellent periodical reached me this morning, and I hasten to reply to it. My present engagements are rather numerous, as I have already sixteen pamphlets and fourteen articles on the stocks. Still, as I notice an anonymous letter has been published in the *Pimlico Pump* (a suburban paper, I understand) which, in my opinion, reflects upon my style as an author, I shall only be too glad to have an opportunity of answering the nameless scribbler through the columns of your admirably conducted magazine. The space I shall require will be from fifty-five to fifty-seven pages.

Yours sincerely,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

Reply to an Old Lady.

DEAR MADAM,

OF my own knowledge I cannot say whether the blood-thirsty Turks ate their Servian victims with salt and pepper or preferred them without any condiment. In my pamphlets (which may be obtained of any respectable newsvendor in town or country) I have entered largely into the question of Bulgarian horrors. In the meanwhile I am happy to think that millions of my countrymen (like you) hold LORD BEACONSFIELD personally responsible for every act of Russian aggression, Servian submission, and Turkish terrorism which has been reported during the last two centuries and a half.

Yours very faithfully,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

And here *Mr. Punch* stops. Probably before these lines are in print some of the above letters may, in effect, have already been written by the pen of the far too ready writer. Of a verity the pen is a more dangerous weapon than the sword. The glory of many a gallant general has evaporated in gunpowder smoke; but here we have a great statesman deliberately drowning a splendid reputation in that most to be let alone of wells—an inkstand!

QUESTIONS FOR THE SPIRITS.

WHAT is the end of all the umbrellas that are borrowed?

Who reads three-fourths of the new three-volume novels?

When was an ugly girl not voted "nice" by her pretty female companions?

What becomes of all the unsold pictures at the Royal Academy?

How many new Clubs are there? and how many of those most recently opened have already shut up?

Why are Christmas Annuals published in September?

Why *do* authors think it necessary to write ghastly stories for "the glad new year"?

When is Temple Bar to be taken down?

Who suggested the idea of elephants in the Lord Mayor's Show?

What is the value to the sweeper of a good London crossing?

Have the Skating Rinks any patrons left?

Why is Brighton-on-the-Sea more populous in November than in May?

When will the Grand Opera on the Thames Embankment open its door to the musical million?

What has become of the New Cab Company?

Who wants a new illustrated paper?

Who will be the first to ascend Mount Punch in the Arctic Regions?

When will a London burlesque once more be funny?

Lastly (and most important of all), what *is* the meaning of LORD BEACONSFIELD'S Guildhall speech?

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MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.



SECTION VI.—CONCERNING THE CHOICE OF A REGIMENT.

WHEN *Mr. Punch* resumed his place in the ante-room, a "crisis" had occurred in the affairs of Europe, and all his pupils were more or less excited. COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, was in full *lévée* uniform, with silver belt, silver sash, and silver-laced overalls complete. ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, had extracted the railway map of England and Scotland out of *Bradshaw's Guide*, and was studying the coast attentively. LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers (Green), had caused his hair to be cut and his whiskers to be trimmed according to the regulations, and looked quite like a soldier. And even dear little FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., had purchased a hand-book to military tactics, and was reading a chapter (through his spectacles) devoted to the consideration of regimental buttons.

"My dear pupils," said *Mr. Punch*, highly gratified at the picture presented to his view of his scholars' industry, "I am much pleased to see that you are ready for any emergency."

"Yes, Sir," exclaimed COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, kicking away his sword with his well-spurred heel; "in our hands, Sir, Margate is perfectly safe."

"On behalf of our Riflemen," supplemented ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, "I think I may say the same of Lower Tooting."

"If we have to fight," drawled LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers (Green), "I hope they will make a railway between Constantinople and Monaco."

"If there's a general conscription," lisped out dear little SIR FRANK GEEGEE, "good little SIR FRANKY hopes they won't take the Cook of the Senior United. Dear little SIR FRANKY is a good little Englishman, but he likes a nice dinner."

"My dear pupils," replied *Mr. Punch*, "be under no apprehension. We all of us know that you are quite prepared to fight, but you ought to have learned by this time that England does not expend £25,000,000 a year upon the Soldiers of her Army with a view to ever making any service of them. No, my dear friends, rest in peace, and, if you can, pride yourselves on our national motto, 'Let's grin and bear it.'"

Seeing that his scholars were scarcely satisfied with this speech, the Sage hastened to commence his Lecture:—

Part I. The Cavalry.—When a young man has gained a Commission in the Army, he naturally quickly decides upon the branch of the Service to which he wishes to belong. If he is fond of scientific soldiering, he will have passed through Woolwich, and will thus have become entitled to either the cocked hat of the Royal Engineers or the rather top-heavy busby of the Royal Regiment of Artillery. *Mr. Punch* need not address himself to the Gunners and the Sappers, as they will be forced to choose for themselves. He confines his remarks to those young gentlemen who make up their minds to enter for the Cavalry or the Infantry. Say that a lad prefers the mounted branch of the Service, then will he have to choose between the breast-plates of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Blues, the busbies of the Hussars, the shako of the Lancers, and the helmets of the Dragoons. To enable the young idea to shoot, or, rather, to ride, *Mr. Punch* jots down at random the qualifications generally considered necessary to secure popularity in the various Regiments to which he has alluded. He may say at once that service in the Cavalry is invariably more expensive than vegetation in the Infantry.

The Household Cavalry.—An Officer should be fond of escort duty and keeping the streets. He should like London and Windsor, and must be an adept in practical joking. Before joining he should study "bear fighting" in all its branches. He must have plenty of money, and know the laws of "Poker," "Ecarté," and "Whist." He should be prepared to go to bed when the lark gets up, and to get up whenever stable duty calls him from his quarters. He should never forget what he owes to Society, and should bear in remembrance that the last time his regiment took to laurel-gathering was more than half a century ago.

The Lancers.—An Officer should be clever at Circus-riding. If he can imitate a Clown in the Ring he will be indeed an acquisition to the Regimental circle. He should be able to play upon a banjo, and should have no objection to blacking his face. His library should contain a copy of the works of the late JOE MILLER. If he can ride a pony in a game of Polo, can sing a comic song with many "spokens" in it, and can walk through the part of "*Charles, his Friend*," creditably in Garrison amateur theatricals, he may expect his promotion to be at once rapid and certain.

The Hussars.—An Officer should be decidedly "horsey." His mufti should be suggestive of the Jockey in private life, and if he can train a few horses at Newmarket or Epsom, so much the better. He should be able to ride as a light-weight, and should have a heavy book upon the principal races. He should call his friends "pals" and "chappys," and speak of himself as either a "warrior" or a "noble sportsman."

The Dragoons.—An Officer should be rather heavy. He is at liberty to cultivate popularity among the fair sex, by whom he should be considered "such a charming fellow." Ponderous swagger should be earnestly cultivated. When the funds of the Regiment will permit of the dissipation, he should organise a Ball, at which trophies of arms and mild flirtations should be the orders of the day. He should get up a Regimental Drag, suggestive of solemn dignity, and should indulge occasionally in a little gentle fox-hunting.

Part II. The Infantry.—A youth who joins the Infantry has perhaps less choice of "Rules of Life" than his brother of the Cavalry. However, even to him some variety is possible. The regiments may be briefly divided into Guards, Rifle Brigade, Highlanders, Crack Corps generally, and Marching Regiments. It may be taken as a general rule that the Cavalry will look down upon the Infantry as "Flatfoots," and that the Infantry will speak contemptuously (but perhaps—remember only *perhaps*—a little enviously) of the Cavalry as "Light-bobs" and "Plungers."

The Guards.—An Officer should be rich enough to regard his Regimental pay as mere cigarette money. He should have a civil but thorough disdain for the rest of the Service. He should wear his nose well turned up in the direction of his bear-skin at all Reviews. He should speak of soldiering as "a baw," and should leave the Service at the very time when he is really becoming a useful Regimental Officer.

The Rifle Brigade.—A shadow sketch of the Guards in dark green. An officer should consider himself very much a soldier, but should confess it difficult to understand "how fellows can possibly manage to exist—in the line!"

The Highlanders.—An officer should have no ear for music. He should for obvious reasons boast a presentable figure. He should accustom himself to the language of the Immortal Burns, and if possible should avoid being an Irishman. When on furlough he should live near a colony of pigs, so that he may remain acclimatised to the sweet sound of the bagpipes.

Crack Corps Generally.—An officer should thoroughly understand the meaning of the proverb "Amongst the blind the one-eye'd man is king." He should be particularly proud of his buttons, and should carefully drop the numeral of his regiment in favour of the county title. He should wear his uniform at county balls, and whilst patting the militia condescendingly on the shoulder, should utterly ignore the volunteers.

The Marching Regiment.—A officer should never join unless he happens to be a soldier at heart. If he *is* a soldier at heart he will like his battalion. And if he isn't—well he won't!

CONVERSATION ON SECTION VI.

Ensign Eugene. My dear *Mr. Punch* you have mentioned "bear fighting" in the course of your lecture—will you kindly tell me what it is?

Mr. Punch.—I have no doubt our friend LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers (Green), will be able to enlighten us?

Lieutenant and Captain George. I believe that some of the Brigade go in for it. It's more in the line of the two Lifes and the Blues, though.

Mr. Punch.—My dear LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers (Green), I am delighted to find that you are ashamed of the practice. "Bear fighting," my good Ensign (I am glad, by the way, that you have retained an obsolete rank) means practical joking of the most vulgar kind. A "bear fight" entails the smashing of the mess crockery, the tearing of uniforms, and the breaking of

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bones. In these fights neither age nor rank are respected. Even guests (sometimes grey-haired and dignified) are half-killed amidst the semi-drunken shouts of a pack of brainless and portly subalterns.

Colonel Charles.—But surely, Sir, such a practice must be considered an outrage?

Mr. Punch.—On the contrary, my dear friend, "bear fighting" is considered an excellent joke—*but only by the British Army!*

"BROTHERS" AT THE COURT.



WHILE MR. COGHLAN'S new play is being as unduly cried down as some other recent plays have been unduly cried-up, *Mr. Punch* is glad to record his humble opinion that no Comedy has been produced of late years showing more brightness and smartness in its dialogue, and combining with its brilliancy the needful spice of humour and character. Then the good things come naturally, and the movement of the scene is not stopped to lug them in. The "pruning-knife" may have been applied since the first night, for when we saw the play last week it neither dragged nor halted. Unhappily for himself and his work, the author has run upon the most dangerous rock of the many in the way of the English Dramatist. He has dealt too largely in cynicism, both in the conception of his story and his characters, and as a consequence, in the tone of the good things he has put into their mouths.

An English Comedy should reflect a corner, at least, of English society; now, there may be corners in which cynicism is as much in the ascendant as it is in MR. COGHLAN'S play, but the exhibition of it will not please people who do not frequent these cynical corners. It is a hundred to one that any average English audience represents a larger section of English society than the playwright's own circle, and by an average English audience cynicism is only tolerated as a condiment, to be sparingly employed. They don't like to have the taste of it in every *plat* of their entertainment.

MR. COGHLAN has made his younger brother a cynical Bohemian; his elder brother a cynical Arcadian, who if he does a generous thing usually says bitter ones—a sort of *Grandcourt* without the steel claws under his velvet. Even *Kate Hungerford* has waded too deep in the dirt of Bohemia, though she is anxious to get clear of it. The paternal love of the old soldier-father and the dog-love of *Davenport*, are not enough to supply the needful leaven of good feeling for the British public, which Philistine as it may be, uncritical and unanalytic as it unquestionably is, has sound instincts of right and wrong, and will not let the dice of life be loaded, or the worse made the better reason in matters of *morale*, without protest.

But the admirable way in which the piece is mounted and acted should do a great deal to save it from the unpopularity to which its cynicism may tend to condemn it. From first to last it is as well acted as the most fastidious critic of acting could desire—as well acted as a well-acted comedy at the Théâtre Français. If MR. CONWAY would take something *out* of the more repulsive side of his part, by showing us a little more of the better side of the Bohemian, instead of throwing all the more repulsive points into stronger relief by the hardness and defiance of his manner, we should find it difficult to suggest any improvement on the acting of *Brothers*. MR. KELLY'S old Indian Colonel; MR. ANSON'S much-enduring Captain; MR. HARE'S cynically spoken but kindly-hearted Baronet; MISS ELLEN TERRY'S graceful and pathetic picture of the incautious, ill-trained, but, at bottom, loving and womanly, *Kate Hungerford*; MRS. GASTON MURRAY'S formidable widow-of-the-world; and MISS HOLLINGSHEAD'S bright and pleasant *ingénue*—all, down to MR. CATHCART'S discreet and demure family lawyer, and MR. LEIGH'S irreproachable butler, are perfect in their several ways.

It is delightful to be able to point to two theatres in London—the Prince of Wales's and the Court—in which may be seen, at the same time, two comedies consummately acted, from the principal parts to the most subordinate. But *Peril* is French *plaqué*, and one feels it. *Brothers*, with all its faults, is English all through.

When MR. COGHLAN has learnt that he may, without goody-goodyism or conventionality, give to the better elements of life and character in his play that pre-eminence over the baser which our Society, with all its false estimates, on the whole secures to the former, he ought to be able to write a Comedy to which refined and even fastidious playgoers may give an evening with a satisfaction not often to be got out of an English theatre. Even with the one great blemish of *Brothers*, on which we have been commenting, there is no play now being acted in London so well worth seeing.

A PLAINTIVE APPEAL.

TO MISTER PUNCH DEAR AND ONERD SIR,

SEEING as you R the frind of the Pore man I hope as you 'll take pitty upon im as now addresses you which I 'm a hinjured indiwidual and so is my pal CHARLEY. We are both of us Pore fellers wot tries to urn a onest living by our Hindustry leastways the French Parisians they calls us Shevalleers of Hindustry cause we lives by picking pockets and suchlike sorts of andicraft. Dear Sir 'tis well beknown as how the Lor don't reckernize such industry as ourn cause the Krushers are employed to clap us into Quod wenever they can ketch us. Dear Sir we dont keer for the Krushers leastways we dont so much complane of em for they aint mostly oversharp not even the Detectives which they makes a pritty and of unting up a case and only seems to Hact when Hinfermation 's guv them.

Onerd Sir I dont mind telling you as its them skientific coves as we are most afeard of—them chaps as keep hinventing of the blessed Lectruck Telegrafs and other blooming hinstruments for bringing Justice down on us. Dear Sir just you look at this ere wot is said about Furtoggraphy as CHARLEY showed me tother evening in a book which he diskivered in a covey's carpet-bag as he had collared at a railway station—

"In some countries every person convicted of any crime is photographed, and the record of his features becomes part of the archives of every prison. Of course a hardened criminal, knowing the purpose for which his likeness is being taken, is not a very manageable sitter."

Hi should think not indeed! Ardened criminal or not, a kiddy would be precious soft to let em take his Foto agin his hinclination I know I 'd see em blowed fust—but see dear Sir what appens—

"However no choice is given him * * * While he is being professedly examined, the concealed photographer does his work."

Dear Sir that 's jest what you 'd expeck from them blooming foring sneaks. Tis a part of their Spy system to steal sly looks at a Cove and they ought to be had up for it and indited for obtaining of his Portrait under false purtences. Next see dear Sir what follers—

"The system has been introduced into England, but only very partially. It is to be regretted that the adoption of it has not been more general."

Dear Sir me and my pal CHARLEY we call it most Hunenglish to use such Hartful dodges for to assist the Krushers. Hit aint fair play we ses that they should take our Fotos while they wont let us take theirs and even if we ad em they wouldnt be much good to us cause them there low and hartful Detectives so disguises of theirselves that their faces is as wariable as the colours of Cornelions. Live and let live is our Motter and we ope dear onerd Sir as youll say something to the Pint for to purtect True Brittish Hindustry sech as mine and CHARLEY CLYFAKER'S and to defend our Wested rights in other people's proppaty. Which I remane dear onerd Sir your truly umbel and obedient servant to command

PETER PRIGGINS.

The Three Pigeons, Dark Man's Alley, Seven Dials.

Anti-Turkish Atrocities.

PARTIES there are on words who play,
And pun like graceless knaves.
The Servians are no Serfs, they say;
The Slavs will not be Slaves.

THE KHEDIVE'S Minister of Finance was reported to have died of over-drinking. He was in fact suffering from an over-dose of sack.

THE Fleet at Besika Bay is to be provided with winter clothing. We hope overhauls will be included.

THE ORIGINAL COOK'S TOURIST.—Policeman X. on his beat.

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DARWINIAN.

Elder Sister (*wishing to show off her small Brother's Accomplishments*). "NOW, JACK, WHO WAS THE FIRST MAN?"
Jack. "ADAM!" *Elder Sister.* "QUITE RIGHT! AND WHERE DID HE LIVE?"
Jack (*who has notions of his own about an earthly Paradise*). "IN THE Z'LOGICAL GARDENS!"

DON'T!

(*Advice gratis to a distinguished Statesman, summarised from the conflicting Counsels of a host of candid Friends.*)

DON'T hide in your tent, my Achilles!—that looks so like sulking and spite.
Don't come to the front uninvited!—you'll only be spoiling the fight.
Don't trot out your High Church æsthetics!—they savour of sulphur and Rome.
Don't leather the POPE in a pamphlet!—you've plenty to look to at home.
Don't tackle translation of *Homer!*—the task for your pen is too big.
Don't write goody-goody in monthlies, because that is quite *infra dig.*
Don't spout on the stump or the platform!—you're too high to come down to such rant.
Don't gossip with eager cheap-trippers!—it sounds so like claptrap and cant.
Don't say kindly things—though in private—concerning your sons or your daughters;
They sound so extremely like gush, from the pens of intrusive reporters.
Don't venture on speaking out strongly on questions of wrong *versus* right;
Because indignation's a cover for rage and political spite.
Don't, pray, after SCHLIEMANN amidst Trojan potteries pottering go;
A statesman should live in the present, and not be a-crying "Old Clo'!"
Don't give your opinion on topics that agitate current society:
'Tis—let us say—hallucination, such angling for mere notoriety.
Don't be sentimental—that's dreadful! and don't be so deucedly warm.
Don't answer impertinent questions or slanders!—that's shocking bad form.
Don't wonder, however, if questions unanswered and lies, far and wide,
Pass for posers and truths, silence proving they *cannot* be met or denied.
Don't be e'en pen-and-inkishly civil to cads or to bores who intrude!
Don't answer inquiries on post-cards, because that looks dreadfully rude.
Don't, wholly oblivious of dignity, toy with mere trifles too much:
Or, if you do, imitate BEN'S *dilettante* and delicate touch.
Don't ever forget you're a big-wig, or sacrifice unction and *pose.*—
If you must chat of cottagers' cabbages, let it be *couleur-de-rose.*
Don't stoop to frank int'rest in matters that agitate commoner men.
Don't—*don't*—be so horribly earnest, so ready with tongue and with pen.
Don't go and upset "holy calms" as, alas! my dear WILL, is your wont.—
In fine, whatsoe'er you're for doing, *our* general counsel is—"DON'T!"

Quite Superfluous.

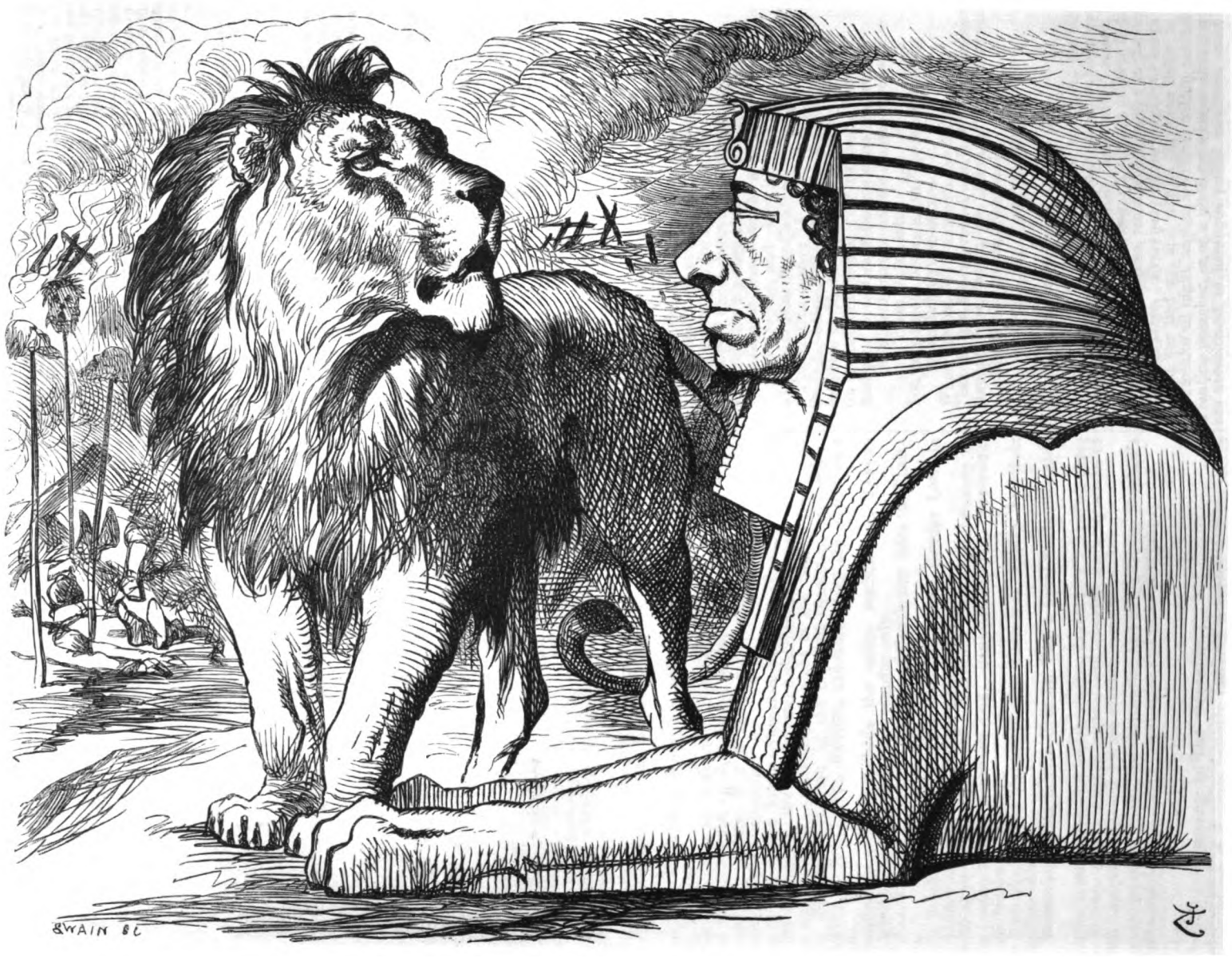
IT is rumoured that the Russians are anxious to occupy Constantinople. Constantinople is very much obliged, but begs to state that she is quite enough occupied already—with her own bothers.

A BITTER PILL.

MR. BUTT has been blackballed at the Royal Irish Academy. He cannot complain, as he is himself a pillar of Home-Rule.

MR. GATHORNE HARDY thinks it a satisfaction to know that in chemical ingenuity this country can vie with any other in the world. Yet we cannot touch Hamburg Sherry!

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"NO MISTAKE!"

THE BRITISH LION. "LOOK HERE! I DON'T UNDERSTAND *YOU!*—BUT IT'S RIGHT YOU SHOULD UNDERSTAND *ME! I DON'T FIGHT, TO UPHOLD WHAT'S GOING ON YONDER!!*"

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SHOWS AND AUTRE CHOSE.



Of course the Corporation of the City of London is at this moment in a ferment as to the issue of the Russo-Turk excitement. Not a doubt about it, that the only thought on the other side of Temple Bar relates to war and its probable exponents.

You think so? You are quite wrong. The Aldermen and Sheriffs are in a state of ferment, it is true, which is working into a very good imitation of frenzy, but not for Russian, nor for Turk; neither on the Czar's account, nor for Lord Beaconsfield.

The fact is, since the memorable entry of Lord Mayor Sanger—we apologise, we mean Lord Mayor White—with his herd of elephants, there is but one question asked in the precincts of the Mansion House, "How is the Procession to be improved next year?"

The only way will be to continue *de plus fort en plus fort*, after the immense reception accorded by pit and gallery—wrong again, we mean by pavement and balcony—to the Show of November, Seventy-Six.

When *Mr. Punch* gives advice he likes to be practical. He therefore suggests the following programme of "Immense Effects and Stupendous Novelties," which may be added one by one or *en bloc* as the purse of the new Lord Mayor may suggest:—

The Sheriffs, in Roman Cars, drawn by three piebald horses abreast.

The retiring Lord Mayor, as the Courier of St. Petersburgh, driving six horses in hand.

The Aldermen, on a platform drawn by trained turtles, as the Bounding Brothers of St. Botolph's.

The Common Councilmen on Donkeys, riding with their faces to the tail.

A Troupe of Guys (designed by the rejected candidates for the Byron Monument, and dressed by Messrs. May & Nathan), carried by members of the Foresters' Societies in full canonicals.

A Tank on wheels, drawn by six Alligators and a Devil Fish, containing the Directors and Managers of the Westminster Aquarium Company.

The Ladies and Gentlemen performing at night in the various Burlesques of London, in the costumes worn in the different characters they represent. Marshalled by Mr. Lionel Brough, and escorted by Mr. Toole on a Rocking-Horse.

Sixteen Omnibuses, carrying outside the entire contents of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition—kindly lent for this occasion only.

An open Police-Van, containing the Ladies and Gentlemen from the Chamber of Horrors.

Twenty-four London Watermen on Bicycles, led by Mr. Robert Lowe in full uniform, as the Captain of the Brompton Bicioulars.

Band of Music of the Spheres, by the Members of the Psychological Society of Great Britain, conducted by Serjeant Cox. Banjo, Accordion, Concertina, Fairy Bells, and Musical-Boxes.

The Cows from the various Dairies of the Metropolis, ridden by their owners in sky-blue colours.

The City Marshal on a slack-wire from St. Paul's Cross to the Mansion House.

And, lastly, the Lord Mayor, in a Pullman's Car, drawn by six Giraffes, three Camels, two Zebras, and a donkey-engine, and escorted by a squadron of Bashi-Bazouks, imported expressly for the occasion.

If that does not fetch the Public, the Corporation had better let the Elephants slide from their memories, and return to a simpler and more tasteful pageant.

Rising to the Occasion.

An elderly Subaltern of Marines recently prefaced a speech with the words "I rise." A Captain of twenty-eight years' service, the christening of whose great grandchild was the occasion of the festive gathering, interrupted his junior with the remark—"Rise, Sir! You 're premature by a quarter of a century."

Punch's Military Anecdotes.

Fraser's Magazine.—Woolwich Arsenal.

GREEN-BEARD'S SECRET.

A Protest from Paglesham.

"Essex Green-Bearded Native Oysters.—Mr. Frank Buckland writes in *Land and Water*:—"I am glad to inform the public that the green-bearded oysters native to the River Roach (not far from Southend, Essex) are about to be introduced into the London market. For over a hundred years this kind of British oyster has been shipped *vid* Ostend to Paris and Continental markets, where, under the name of 'Les huitres verts d'Ostende,' they have been and are considered a great delicacy. The reason why oyster-eaters in England have not hitherto availed themselves of these home-bred oysters is that their beards—*i.e.*, breathing gills—are in the winter months more or less tinged with a green pigment. This peculiar green is imparted to them by the sporules of the seaweed called 'crow-silk,' which grows abundantly in the Roach River. Dr. Letheby's analysis has pronounced this pigment to be purely vegetable, without the slightest trace of copper or other mineral. I consider that this vegetable pigment imparts a peculiar taste and delightful flavour to the meat of these plump little oysters. For many years I have been trying to persuade the Messrs. J. and F. Wiseman, oyster merchants, of Paglesham, Rochford, Essex, to send their natives to the home markets. The present scarcity of oysters has now induced them to supply the English rather than the French markets. The shells are thin and porcelain like, and the proportion of meat to shell in my catalogue of oysters is one-fifth."—*The Times, November 7th.*

Essex Green-Bearded Native loquitur:—

O, Buckland! Buckland! Hang your explanation!
Frankest of Franks,
You will not earn our thanks
By such a work of supererogation.
Now why the,—but an Oyster *must* not swear;
Expletives spoil repose, in which our race
Are briny Vere-de-Veres. But *why* displace
The prejudice which was our preservation,
From the black fate which other bivalves share,
Of being loved, not wisely, but too well?
We were content to dwell
In Ocean's deep unfathomed Caves for ever,
Unknown of that all-gulping gorge you call
The London Market, or, if known at all,
Suspected of a *penchant* most improper
For Copper.
But now—ah! faithless Frank, you 're all too clever,
I only hope 'twill not be long before you 'll
Deeply regret you did not silent eat
Your "Green-Beards" plump and sweet,
And hide the mystery of the "crow-silk" sporule.
You fathomed Green-Beards' secret—fortune rare!
Why not rejoice, and—keep it? May you share
The fate of *Blue Beard's* wives! "*Delightful flavour!*"
"*Plump little oysters*"? Ah! such phrases savour
Of Judas-kisses. But when London's clutch,
Insatiate as *Shylock*, shall encroach
On the calm reaches of weed-cumbered Roach,
And your loved Green-Beards share the fate
Of Miltons pure or coarser Anglo-Dutch—
Then, all too late,
You may repent betraying us "poor creeturs"
To English Oyster-eaters.
When Messrs. Wiseman own the fatal truth
That the last Essex Green-Beard 's left their premises,
Mayhap, false Frank, you 'll find, with fruitless ruth,
The Native its own Nemesis!

A Case for a Quiet Life.

The Judges in the Supreme Court of Appeal the other day had to decide on "a question of considerable interest to the shipping and mercantile community," raised by the case of *Tully* v. *Howling*. The point at issue in this suit, one would suppose, must be interesting to the community at large. Everybody whose neighbour keeps an ill-bred cur tied up, and who is therefore liable to be kept awake all night, anyone who lives within earshot of a ranting preacher, or of a platform whence demagogues are accustomed to harangue public meetings, must be concerned for the success of the great Roman Orator's namesake in an action by which, should he gain his cause, it may be hoped that Howling will be silenced.

Diplomatic Difficulty.—To tell the truth, or to believe it when told.

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OUR GROOMS.

Master. "WISH TO GO? WHAT FOR, PRAY?"

Stud-Groom. "WELL, SIR, YOU 'VE BEEN AND BOUGHT TWO NEW 'OSSES WITHOUT MY OPINION—AND FROM A PARTY AS HAS BEHAVED VERY BAD TO ME."

Master. "I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T MADE AS MUCH AS USUAL BY THE 'DEAL'? YOU CAN GO."

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

Cork—Comparison—Lateness—Wired—Last of Dublin—MISTRESS M'GORMAN—Farewell—An Irish Squire—No Irish need apply—Servants—Round the Table—Erroneous Views—Tag—Curtain.

CORK is continental. It is the Irish Venice, or the Irish Amsterdam, with the canals out of sight, but with bridges and quays, and such small and large boats as you may meet with in most of the chiefly-ending-in-dam towns in Holland.

Nine A.M., and Cork not yet awake. The Irish of the towns are a late people. Within my brief experience I look in vain for any records of the "early Irish." I walk about the town. The shops are just opening and rubbing their eyes. I dare say there may be a first-rate Hotel in Cork, but I was not lucky enough to find it. Ah! my dear Eccles Hotel, Glengariff, long will it be ere I see your equal; may be, 'twill be long again ere I see your smiling hostess, good luck to you!

There are lashins of excursions from Cork, besides plenty to see in Cork itself, and I am planning out my little tour when a telegram arrives. Long expected, come at last!

PLUMPTON AND SPRY. Case earlier on the list than was expected. Please come back.

This is the result of the Law's Delay. Like a cat, Justice delays,—delays,—and when you think she is asleep, she darts forward and pounces on her prey.

I am "wired"—like a poached pheasant—and caught.

Farewell, old Erin! One last run through Dublin.

(*Subsequent Note.*)—The last run occupied three days and four nights, and included—ah! but this is a private and personal matter—only it *is* difficult to tear oneself away from the merriest, cheeriest, brightest, most genial society in the world. It used to be the mediæval fashion to bequeath yourself in pieces to various places. I send my heart to Little Bray, and my digestion to Glengariff. Can I ever forget that excellent person *Mistress McGorman*, celebrated in verse by an eminent Doctor in Dublin—

"On crutches so stout
She hobbles about,
And the people cry, 'PEGGY, what ails you?'"

And then the Phaynix, and the breakfast in the hawthorn scented Zoo! but these are reminiscences, and happy thoughts that I must keep to myself.

Farewell, sweet Erin, though in spite of PLUMPTON AND SPRY, I have much more to tell that would gladden the heart of the intending traveller. Wasn't my Saxon palate rejoiced with the old wine and the fat haunch, at the table of a real Old Irish Gentleman, who has a fine estate? All of the olden time; as the song has it. More power to his elbow, bedad! and may his shadow never grow less!! Does he live on his estate? Of course he does. Isn't he beloved by all about him? Certainly. Has *he* any fear of a bullet from behind a hedge? Divil a one. A fine old Squire, the very model of an Irishman, with daughters and sons most hospitable, kind and courteous ladies and gentlemen, and Irish every one of them to the core of their hearts. Open house without prodigality, and servants as remarkable for their handiness as for an innately well-bred civility, which is utterly beyond the artificial frigidity of an English JEAMES of Berkeley Square.

Why is it that in England "*No Irish need apply*"? Is it that an Irishman is at his best only in his native land, and at his worst everywhere else? I protest that from what I know of *good* Irish servants, I would as soon employ them as good English servants; and as for their fidelity, when once attached to the Master and family, *that*, at all events, can't be surpassed, search where you will.

Ah! those pleasant nights at Bray! Never shall I forget those evenings—one especially—spent in the hoighth of good company. It does not become me to do more than allude to them here. And for good talk, for *raconteurs*, for joviality, for *abandon*, for genuine humour, without a suspicion of coarseness, without a word that I

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VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION.

Betting Man (to his Partner). "LOOK 'ERE, JOE! I 'EAR YOU'VE BEEN GAMBLIN' ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE! NOW, A MAN *MUST* DRAW THE LINE *SOMEWHERE*; AND IF THAT KIND OF THING GOES ON, YOU AND ME WILL 'AVE TO PART COMPANY!"

FROM POTHOUSE TO PRISON.

A STATEMENT from the Bench at the Birmingham Police Court signifies that MAJOR BOND, the Chief of Police, has done some good service by enforcing the law against drunkenness to the correction of offenders euphemistically denominated "quiet drunkards," whom MR. WRIGHT, the Magistrate, described as follows:—

"So far as the experience of the Bench went, they generally found the quiet drunkard to be the man who had been spending the money belonging to the common fund of his family, sitting for hours in a public-house, remaining there until he had lost his reason and all control over himself, and then staggering out of the house. He had to be avoided by women and children, and if he went across the street it was with imminent danger to others and at the risk of his own life. Although he never uttered a word, he was a nuisance and an obstruction to sober and sensible people."

The quiet drunkard is, in short, a sot of the lethargic species. Our plain-spoken forefathers, who called a spade a spade, used likewise to call a sot a sot. It was a simple word. Why not stick to their simplicity of speech? By departure therefrom we may deviate into inaccuracy. The capital description of a quiet drunkard above-quoted was preceded by the remark that—

"Crime had increased so much of late that it had been the means of more than filling the gaol, which had, at the present time, 515 prisoners, and they had to borrow a large number of cells in other gaols, Worcester and Warwick, in order to accommodate the surplus prisoners."

"Accommodated" is, as *Justice Shallow* observes, "a good phrase" aptly applied; but, even in these days of kindness to criminals, it is hardly usual exactly to accommodate rogues and thieves or even drunkards, however quiet, in gaol. On the contrary, imprisonment is designed to incommode them, and doubtless does to a very great extent, or else fails to answer its purpose. But the prison accommodation, such accommodation as it is, which the drunkards enjoy, cannot at present be extended to others who deserve it at least as much as themselves:—

"MR. WRIGHT was not sure that the publican who, for his own profit, served the drunkard with glass after glass of spirits, and jug after jug of ale, until he was bereft of his reason, was not equally guilty, if he was not the more guilty of the two."

It is not at present in the power of Magistrates to teach a publican convicted of going on serving already drunken sots, not to do so any more, by accommodating him in prison. A statute enabling a Justice so to accommodate such publicans would perhaps really tend, in some considerable measure, to make people sober by Act of Parliament.

couldn't repeat to my dear old Grandmother through her ear-trumpet, commend me to the Knights of the Table Round who kept high festival one Saturday night at Little Bray.

Once more on the steamer's deck, and—once more back in Old England, which has of course become older since I left—but she doesn't look it, bless her!

I started with erroneous views of Ireland.

Happy Thought (for an Artist).—A Series of Erroneous Views—Dissolving.

Most Saxons are unwilling to abandon their prejudices. If I had any, I am most ready to give them up.

What I *have* seen I have recorded. What I have *not* seen, and what I had been led to expect I should see at every turn of the road, so to speak, were the following items of Irish life and character, according to popular notions:—

What I have not seen in Ireland.

I have not seen any fighting.

I have not seen any drunkenness.

I have not been mistaken for a Middleman, and shot at from behind a hedge.

I have not seen a wake.

I have not seen a priest going through the village with a horse-whip in his hand.

I have not met with an uncivil Irishman.

I have not seen anything resembling "swarms of beggars."

I have not, to my knowledge, met a Fenian.

I have not met an out-and-out decided Home-Ruler.

I did not have one single drop of rain for a whole fortnight, which included four days at Killarney.

And I have never seen an Irishman, under any circumstances, in a hurry.

As to electioneering extravagances reflecting disgrace on all parties alike, I did not assist as a spectator, and only read full reports of them in the local newspapers of various political shades. Electioneering seems to me to be pretty much the same everywhere, and "may differences of opinion never alter friendship"—even when brickbats are taken for arguments.

A short tour and a merry,—such is life, or rather *so mote it be*. A pleasant holiday it *has* been, and I wish myself many happy returns of that day when it struck me, as a Happy Thought, to take a little Tour in Ireland.

HORTICULTURE WITHOUT HUMBUG.

IT is announced that, "notwithstanding the unfortunate financial position of the Royal Horticultural Society, the present Council, composed as it is mainly of horticulturists, are about to make a bold stand in the interests of horticulture, and to save the Society from absolute extinction." That is, of course, endeavour to save it; which there is hope they may manage through "its reconstruction on a satisfactory basis; but only on the condition that, above and before all other objects, the development of the theory and practice of horticulture shall be the aim kept steadily in view." Let them stick to that, and then the Horticultural Society will at any rate answer its purpose, to the end perhaps of answering in the sense of paying.

In that happy event the associated Royal Horticulturists will no more exhibit themselves during the middle of summer, as it were in the melancholy position sometimes occupied at Christmas by "Frozen-out Gardeners," but will, on the contrary, abide in the paradise of "Jolly Gardeners" all the year round.

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THE ENGLISH BRIGANDAGE COMPANY (LIMITED).



R. WILLIAM SIKES, of London and Portland (*Chairman*).
THE MASTER OF DODGES, Scotland.
COUNT ROBERT MACAIRE, Paris and Cayenne.
JEREMY DIDDLER, ESQ., Bohemia (*Managing Director*).
} *Directors.*

Secretary.
MR. FAGIN, Little Britain, E.C.

Temporary Offices.
The C.C.C. near the Ludgate Circus, Fleet Street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THE success which has attended Brigandage in Sicily has induced the Directors of this Company to offer to the British public extraordinary advantages by the formation of this their Association. In a wealthy country like England, robbery in all its branches is enormously remunerative. Until the formation of the English Brigandage Company the trade has been carried on in a fragmentary and incomplete manner. A vast loss of cash and energy has been the necessary consequence. The Directors propose to call the productive principle of co-operation to their aid, and to combine a number of fairly paying but now independent branches of industry in one highly lucrative whole.

To secure this very desirable result, the Directors are in treaty with the proprietors of many eligible swindling concerns. They hope soon to acquire possession of some two hundred first-class hotels in London, Scotland, and the fashionable watering-places. In some of these establishments it may be necessary to put the locks of the bedrooms in a thorough state of unrepair; but the tariffs in the Coffee-Rooms will in no single instance require any alteration.

In future the attendants at the Theatres will be the servants of the Company. The Directors are pleased to say that the business of this branch of the Association is at present so perfect in its working that it is hardly capable of improvement.

The Directors of the English Brigandage Company have also acquired most of the metropolitan cabs. It will, in a large majority of cases, be unnecessary to change the present drivers.

Arrangements are also being made to purchase the good-will of several old-established West-End shops. As the retiring managers have volunteered to continue their services to the Company, the happiest results are confidently expected.

The Directors may add, too, that many foreign Governments, several Insurance Associations, and City Companies innumerable are in treaty with the officers of the Company. The Managing Director (JEREMY DIDDLER, ESQ.) is busy inquiring into these ventures, with a view to discovering whether they are likely to prove lucrative investments.

In conclusion, it will be seen that it has been thought unnecessary to appoint any Solicitors to the English Brigandage Company (Limited). The Directors beg to say that the operations in which they hope to indulge will be conducted in strict accordance with the laws of the land. Finally, the officials of the Company propose to act up to the spirit of the mottoes they have proudly assumed—"No money returned!" and "Honour among Thieves!"

CRITICISM.

How to Write it.	How to Read it.
We have read this book.	Finding that the volumes were not cut, we glanced at the index, and at the first and last chapters.
Some of the outspoken thoughts may possibly offend a few readers.	The vulgarity of every page is certain to disgust everybody.
The unexciting character of the story may, in these days of high sensation, stand in the way of the book becoming an immediate favourite.	It is too dull to be read.
It will be the book of the season.	It will possibly be asked for at the Libraries for ten days, and will then certainly be forgotten.
A captious critic might consider the incidents somewhat improbable, but we all know that truth is stranger than fiction.	The incidents are too ridiculous to interest a sentimental schoolgirl.
May we not in all deference ask of the author whether, for so long a story, the narrative is not pitched in too sad a key?	The work is very long and very dreary.
A play is never seen to advantage on a first night.	We sat in a draught.
It may be that the author has taken some slight advantage of a French work, but originality of treatment is stamped on every line.	The piece is a vulgar adaptation from the French, but the Author is an acquaintance of the Critic's.
We have seen MR. BLANK in characters more suited to his style of acting.	MR. BLANK never played worse in his life.
The Irish brogue of MR. DASH was well sustained, though scarcely that of a native of Tipperary.	MR. DASH's accent was decidedly Whitechapel.
A few more rehearsals would certainly have improved the performance.	The actors did not know their parts.
We have no doubt that, after the judicious use of the pruning-knife, this piece will prove a lasting success.	By totally omitting two Acts, and shortening the other three, a play would be obtained which might run a few nights.
Tumultuous applause greeted the end of the drama, although there were to be heard here and there some slight tokens of disapprobation.	If the house had not been packed, the piece would have been hissed off the stage.

IMPORTANT SELL.

MESSRS. GROANS AND WRONGEM beg to announce that early in the ensuing month they will sell by auction, at their mart, Cock Lane, City, the following choice selection of modern Furniture, being the property of a firm of celebrated Spiritualists, who, being ordered change of air, have no further opportunity for their use:—

LOT 1.—A Mahogany Table, with spring leg, moveable flaps, and aristocratic appearance. Highly polished.
,, 2.—A Cane-Bottomed Chair, warranted to rise on the slightest encouragement. Socket in fore leg. Superior workmanship.
,, 3.—Elegant Wax Hand—Full of Spirit, but quiet in harness.
,, 4.—Ditto, smaller size. May be worked by a child.
,, 5.—Two pair of steel Lazy-Tongs. Strong and portable. Will fold into waistcoat-pocket.
,, 6.—Double Musical-Box. Winds with a spring. Very ingenious.
,, 7.—Slate and Pencils, with India-rubber attached. Quite new.
,, 8.—Bottle of Acid-Sponge. Ditto of Phosphorus various.
,, 9.—Collection of Musical Instruments—*a good deal knocked about*—Banjo, Accordion, Tambourine, and Bell.
,, 10.—Wax Masks — various. Employed in Materialisation. *Works of Art.*
,, 11.—A Devonport Cabinet. *Exploded.* A screen, with aperture in the centre. Various.
,, 12.—A Galvanic Battery (*out of order*), a lot of Brass, and 15,000 copies of the *Spiritualistic Times*. *No offer refused.*

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"IF YOU WILL NOT WHEN YOU MAY," &c.

Parson. "HOW IS IT, SCRUBB, THAT YOUR COMELY DAUGHTERS ARE STILL SINGLE!?"

Rustic. "WELL, SIR, YOU SEE THERE WOR A TIME WHEN THEY WOULD A HA' THEY, BUT THEY WOULD'N' HA' THEY. NOO THEY WOULD HA' THEY, BUT THEY WOO'N'T HA' THEY!!"

TRUE, OR UNTRUE?

[See the Story told at the Inquest on EMMA BLACK, who died of fright, caused, according to her own statement, and that of several of her little fellow-scholars, by her being shut in a dark closet at a Board School in Lambeth.]

THE little Blacks in olden days
Were pitied by the nation,
Kind hearts were busy finding ways
To send them consolation.

To save small niggers from the dark
Of slavish fear that bound them,
And kindle in their minds a spark
From Freedom's light around them.

Yet yesterday a little BLACK,—
At school in this great City,—
Shivered from life to death, for lack
Of human help and pity.

Shut in the darkness lone and drear,
The tiny, trembling lisper
Froze in the icy grasp of Fear—
This is the tale they whisper!

The story makes one catch one's breath:
A babe, for baby errors
Done so remorselessly to death,
In childhood's darkling terrors!

Thank God, a doubt the crime hangs o'er;
Those who should know foreswore it;
Though little ones their witness bore,
And trembled while they bore it.

How EMMA BLACK came by the fear
That gave her to death's dolours,
The Jury found no witness clear
From her small fellow scholars.

But truth is truth, from great or small:
A School-Board's bound to trace it.
When Black deaths from dark closets call,
A doubt left should disgrace it!

ATTRACTIONS FOR THE WEEK.

At the Aquarium—the Alligator.
At the Alexandra Palace—the Liquidator.

COMPANY MANNERS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE consequences to wives and families, as well as to husbands themselves, of the latter becoming Directors of bogus Companies are so terrible, that it would only be right that women should be able to obtain an immediate divorce on their husbands' names appearing on a prospectus. I have only lately rescued my lord and master from the jaws of the City lions, and his symptoms were so remarkable before forming his "Company," that I think it might serve as a guide to other wives to detail them:—

First. Although it had been difficult (we being independent) to get him out of the house for a few hours together, he suddenly began to absent himself for the entire day, his account being that he had met THOMPSON, and been with him to "the City."

Secondly. Though previously careless in his dress, he suddenly became most particular about the polish of his boots and the brushing of his hat.

Thirdly. Generally returned late for dinner, and smelt strongly of sherry and cigars.

Fourthly. Brought other gentlemen, also smelling of sherry and cigars, home occasionally.

Fifthly. Sat late over the wine on these last occasions, and left early next morning for "the City." Carried mysterious printed documents in his pocket. Was restless at night.

Sixthly. Drew one or two large cheques, with only initials on the counterfoil.

Seventhly. Gave a "little" dinner in "the City," costing forty pounds odd.

Lastly. Came home rather excited one evening, telling me he had a little surprise for me, that it was "all right!" THOMPSON had consented to take ten thousand pounds for his patent, the "Company" was formed, and he, my husband, was on the direction!

To all this I need scarcely add that he required £1000 at once; but as my consent and signature were necessary, I sternly withheld them, and his name no longer figured on the prospectus. The Company, however, was formed without him. THOMPSON got a great part of his ten thousand for his patent, for something about as valuable as the process of making a pair of boots into a pair of shoes by cutting off their tops, and the Company is in liquidation. Criminal proceedings have been threatened, MR. THOMPSON has disappeared, and my "little man" no longer visits the City, except with myself, to draw our dividends from the Bank of England.

I am, dear *Mr. Punch*, yours sincerely,

Consol Cottage, Nov. 25th, 1876. GERTRUDE GRAYMAIR.

THE REMOVAL OF A NUISANCE.

A SPECIAL MEETING of the European Commission of the Danube is to take place almost immediately, to decide on the means of removing the obstruction caused to the navigation by the ship *Turkish Empire*, which came to grief on the banks of that river some time ago.

We understand an offer has already been made by the eminent English shipbuilders, MESSRS. BEACONSFIELD & Co., who propose to raise, repair, re-fasten, and re-metal the ship (the whole to be done by piecework), so as to enable her to be re-classed for a further period of years. On the other hand, an equally well-known firm of Russian engineers maintain that the ship is no longer in a fit condition to be sent to sea, her timbers being completely rotten, and insist that she should be broken up, they doing the work (by means of blasting powder), and being allowed to retain part of the old materials as their remuneration.

The European Commission do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

OUR BEST COAST-GUARD.—"The inviolate Sea."

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PROGRESS!

(Real, not Brummagem, with Punch's compliments to his friend CROSS.)



PROGRESS! A word of many meanings
In many mouths. Its definition
Seems quite a question of position,
And much controlled by Party leanings.

BOB LOWE and CROSS once more may toss
The verbal shuttlecock *con amore*,
And read, for Liberal or Tory,
The old word with the newest gloss.

BULL "knows the ropes." The rival haulers
May try and strain, but of *direction*
He's apt to make his own election,
In spite of all the banded bawlers.

To hitch a rope to hinder hoof,
And tailward tug with "Yo-ho" chorus,
Won't pass for Progress with our Taurus,
Slow-witted, thick-skinned, sophism-proof.

Though Tory yarns make stoutish ropes,
Philistines who would catch BULL napping
Like SAMSON'S withies find them snapping,
When used to anchor Party hopes.

Or should they hold some season small,
'Tis that the tension's wondrous slack,
And pullers, who would fain pull back,
Just follow Taurus, ropes and all!

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"PERIL!"—COURTSHIP AND PROPERTIES.
(WHAT THE STAGE IS COMING TO.)

GOOD SPIRITS.

A GREAT deal has recently been written about the wickedness of "Drunkards," and it is consequently satisfactory to find that steps are being taken for their reformation. Even the papers dealing with "Spiritualism" have devoted their columns to a consideration of the subject. For instance, in one of these periodicals on November 17th, an advertisement appears in which a Young Lady offers to cure "Dipsomania" by Mesmerism, on the following terms—"One Guinea per consultation. Two Guineas a month *for Postal Treatment.*" Without describing the "consultation" (which must be an interesting interview), *Mr. Punch* satisfies himself by publishing a few of the letters of a "Dipsomaniac," who, he believes, has availed himself of the "Postal Treatment,"—*pour encourager les autres* :—

LETTER I.

DEAR MADAM,

I SAY, dear Madam. Meantersay that it's all right. All right, you know—that's what I mean to say. For he's jolly a good fellow, and—so say all of us. I'm a Tipsymaniac—meantersay Dipsomaniac. Enclose cheque for postal treatment. I am very miserable. And so say all of us! Chorus. Meantersay

Bedient Servant,
TOM—TOM—TOMKINS.

LETTER II.

DEAR MADAM,

IT gives me great pleasure to say, very much better. I receive your box—mesmeric—pills. They go well with as good a bottle of port as get anywhere. 'Scuse me. Stop for refreshment. Resume my letter. Very miserable. Never felt better in my life. And so say all of us! Recommend you all my friends. You're jolly good fellow. Done me deal a good. Quite—different—fellow. Love to UNCLE DICKARD—I mean RICK—no, that another man you don't know. Meantersay

Yours respectfully—kind remembrances,
TOM—TOM—TOMMY.

LETTER III.

DEAR MADAM,

MUCH better, thank you. Took all your pills. They go well with everything you can set before let's talk of a man as we find him. Chorus, for let's drink, drink, drink, my boys. Very miserable. Quite cured. No more letters any necessity, for I'm quite cured. 'Scuse me—more refreshment. Good night.

Yours grate—gratefully,
POOR OLD TOMMY.

I am go—go—going to bed—in my boots.

THE FOUNT OF INSPIRATION.

MR. PUNCH, having asked to whom we are indebted for the idea of Elephants at the Lord Mayor's Show, has received the following answer from a Pillar of Leadenhall Market:—

Leadenhall Market,
MR. PUNCH, SIR, *Nov.* 23, 1876.

My attention having been drawn to the question respecting who suggested the idea of Elephants in the Lord Mayor's Show, I beg leave to say MR. ALDERMAN CARTER called upon me some six or seven weeks since. I said he was the very Gentleman I wished to see, and introduced the subject of Elephants in the forthcoming Lord Mayor's Show. The worthy Alderman appeared somewhat surprised, and asked if also the howdah could be procured. I replied yes, and also the Elephants' Trunks, and he very kindly replied he certainly would name it to SIR THOMAS WHITE, having an invite to dine with SIR THOMAS the next day. Otherwise I should have written to SIR THOMAS myself upon the subject.

Although I have had no notice taken of my idea, I am glad it gave great satisfaction, and my friend, MR. GEORGE SANGER, fully entered into the merits of my Lord Mayor's Show for 1876, with his thirteen Elephants, and, I am fully under the impression, the first Elephants ever seen at a Lord Mayor's Show, for in 1856 we only had about five Elephants in England.

I remain, *Mr. Punch*, yours truly,
PHILIP CASTANG.

(*Purveyor of Ornamental Water Fowl, Poultry and Pheasants of every description. Foxes, Cubs, Foreign Birds, &c., &c. Pheasants' Eggs in the Season. Leadenhall Market, London.*)

NO PLACE FOR A NAP.

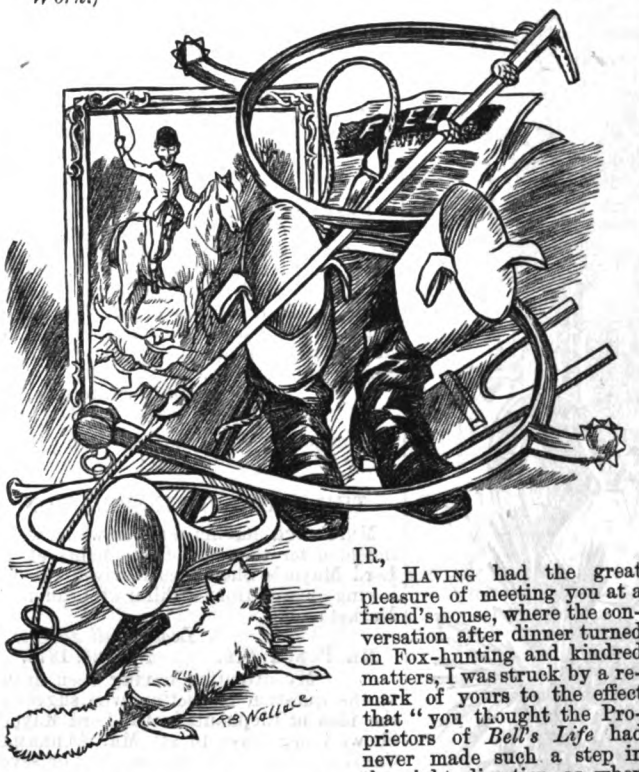
THE *West London Advertiser* announces an "Extraordinary Case of Sleeping in a Churchyard." The difference between an ordinary and extraordinary case of sleeping in a Churchyard is obvious. Extraordinary sleepers wake again; ordinary sleepers never.

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OUR NEW SPORTING NOVEL.

PREFACE.

(The following Correspondence, having reference to the production of a new Sporting Novel in this Journal, is now placed before our Readers, in the hope that they will kindly give it their earliest attention, and accept it as a sufficient Preface to the projected Work.)



IR,

HAVING had the great pleasure of meeting you at a friend's house, where the conversation after dinner turned on Fox-hunting and kindred matters, I was struck by a remark of yours to the effect that "you thought the Proprietors of *Bell's Life* had never made such a step in the right direction as when they engaged CAPTAIN HAWLEY SMART," Author of *Two Kisses*, in three volumes—"Very short allowance, by the way," as I observed to you, Sir, at the time—"to contribute a serial Sporting Novel to their paper."

You may remember, among the other capital things I uttered on that occasion, how I said that *Bell's Life* wanted a *fillip*, and it had got an *Alexander*. By which I meant—but perhaps this is unnecessary to explain to *you*, Sir, who, I am bound to say, though you smiled, did not seem to understand the epigram; for an epigram it *was*, if ever there was one on this earth. However, *passons*,—*et à nos moutons*. (*French*, you'll observe, Sir.) You then went on to declare that you would give a great deal if you could only get a Sporting Novel in the pages of *P—ch*. I turned *that* over in my mind. The hour was come and the man; or, to put it more sportingly, the man who could tell you "what time of day it was," was before you at that moment, or rather, to be literal and correct, at your side. You could not have told, from my calm manner of cracking walnuts, what was within my shell at that moment. The laughter rang on, and the shouts went up, and the wine went round, but I was silent. To paraphrase the well-known song, "*And the Cracking of my own Nut was the only Sound I heard.*"

When I got home, Sir, I dashed at it. It was *in* me; out it must come. Yes, there *was* a Sporting Novel in me somewhere, and so you may look for it shortly. A good candle needs no bushel; and before many hours are past the first chapters shall be in your intelligent hands. I believe *you*, Sir, are ready to admit your ignorance of sporting matters entirely. Now, though I say it who perhaps should not, yet if I don't, who will? except perhaps my good friend, CAPTAIN HAWLEY SMART, whose generous nature (there is real Freemasonry among all true sportsmen) would be only too delighted to welcome an honest rival in the field where he has already won his spurs—his "Latchfords," as we of the craft style 'em—but, as I was saying of myself, there is not in England a man who knows more about Sporting than myself; and but that there cannot be two *Richmonds* in the field—I should say *Bell's Life*, not *Field*—at the same time, I would long ago have complied with your request, which was to the effect that I should "throw my leg over that spicy tit Pegasus, pluck a quill out of his wings, crack my caduceus, give him his head, and clear the Rubicon" (which was precious little more than a muddy ditch, and wanted "clearing" as much as my bagful of scents and cigars does, when I am *de retour* from the Continong), "at a single bound."*

Where my dear friend and fellow-sporting novelist, HAWLEY, would have been when once *I* had taken up the running, it is not for my modesty to say. He might have just caught sight of the silver thread in *Pegasus'* tail, as we popped over the double Bullfinch, flew the post and rails (including the sleepers), and disappeared from view. "*D'ye ken JOHN PIEL?*" W-w-whoop! and away! "*For the sound of the horn*," &c. That's the poetry for my money, and this will be the sporting novel for *yours*. Isn't the hunting season commencing, and am I not up to time? *Let my fellow-sporting novelist look to his laurels!* And, by the way, when I had a cottage in the country, we found a Fox in the Laurels. And now, Sir, *Tallyho!* and I can't say fairer than *that*,—except that, if you choose to repudiate, I shall send this invaluable work of mine to *Reynard's Miscellany*. But you won't, I know you won't. Only please do not attempt to edit me—I mean unless you are thoroughly up in sporting phrases and sporting life generally—it would be, on your part, a thankless and hopeless task. "*Trust me*," as MR. MILLAIS'picture said. I know all about it. *Nunquam dormio! omnis oculus meus!* And let our cry be "*Fox*" *et præterea Nil!*

Yours to hounds,

JAWLEY SHARP

(*Late of the Indi Spensibles*).

P.S.—Ours was a crack corps, and the best whist-players in the Service. By Jove, Sir, we've seen life! But not a word against our moral character! We lived amongst the Ayahs, the Nautches, and the Bayadères,—"*Bayards parmi les Bayadères, sans peur et sans reproche.*"

P.S. No. 2.—Mind, you're to come and stay at my old ancestral place during the hunting season. Come for as long as you like. I can mount you in first-rate style. *Got just the thing for you; the quietest horse you ever saw.* House full, first-rate shooting and hunting. Liquor A 1. Cigar tap always on. Open house; delighted. Name your day, and stay three months after date.†

P.S. No. 3.—By the way, please announce my Novel in your next issue thus:—

A HATFUL OF MONEY!

A TALE OF THE GREAT TWO THOUSAND.

BY JAWLEY SHARP

Author of "Squeezing Langford," "Three Kicks," &c., &c.

* *Note by the Editor.*—Several times during the perusal of this communication have we been on the point of laying it down, and deliberating as to whether we should consider ourselves bound by any casual statement made, *over nuts*, after dinner, at a friend's house. "And BRUTUS is an honourable man; so are we all, all honourable men"—and indeed, were it not for this firm conviction, on our part, of our intending Contributor's integrity and good faith—*excellent qualities, even when brought into play under a mistaken sense of duty*—we should not be inclined to proceed any further with a gentleman who suggests (to say the least of it) that *we* formulated a request to the effect that he would "*throw his leg over that spicy tit, Pegasus*"—good heavens!—and that "he should *crack his caduceus*." Now *we do* know what a *caduceus* is, and it is most improbable (of course not absolutely impossible, if in mere playfulness, just to moisten the nuts,—though of this we protest, warmly protest, we have no recollection whatever) that *we*, in our senses, should have ever asked MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to commit any such absurdity as is implied in the operation of "*cracking a caduceus*." On the other hand, we must be honest, and admit that, as we were engaged on walnuts at the moment, something about "cracking" might have escaped our lips, and subsequently our memory. We have, ere now, cracked both jokes and walnuts at a sitting, and remember neither the one, nor the other, in detail. But we are nothing if not classical; and that we ever, on any occasion, mixed up a *caduceus* with a hunting-whip is what we are unwilling for one minute to allow. There was probably an interval between the two conversations, and, perhaps, our esteemed Son of Mars and Votary of Diana—a description of the sportsman-warrior which is at once *classical* and *correct*, and, *therefore, in our own scholarly style*—carried the spoils of our conversation with him, so to speak, to his tent, and there, afterwards, tried to fit the pieces together, and produce something like the original. Again, having brought in Pegasus and the caduceus, *we* should never have mentioned "the *Rubicon*" in the same breath. Reluctantly constrained to pause and say this much in our own defence, as against the worthy Major's reminiscences, we resume our perusal of his letter in a conciliatory spirit, and shall be pleased, if we see our way to it, to give the gallant sportsman a place in our columns.—ED.

† *Editor to* MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP, *in answer to Postscript No.* 2.—Shall be delighted. It will be ourselves down to the ground—we mean on horseback. When shall it be? We do not care how soon, or for how long. If press of business compels us to come up to Town once or twice during our visit, it need be for only a very few hours, and back again in plenty of time for dinner. *Nous y sommes.* Of course your Novel will be all right. It shall appear at once, and the very best place shall be given to it. Splendid notion of yours! We, speaking editorially, are most delighted to think that a mere classical allusion of ours, thrown out at haphazard over nuts at a friend's dinner-party should have led to such a happy result. What a night we had of it, eh? Send us a list of your trains, and mind there's a trap, and a quiet horse, with a man to drive, to meet us at the station. Fire in the

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ATHLETES AND ANIMALS.



ONE of our country papers chronicles a game at Football, entitled "Scratch Team *v.* Grammar School." It may be necessary to explain for the information of readers who, aware of the scuffling, cuffing, "hacking," and like amenities now-a-days incidental to the manly game of Football, are ignorant, however, of sporting slang, that the phrase a "Scratch Team" of Football-players does not mean that their playing is distinguished by the peculiarity of scratching their antagonists with their nails. There may also be those who would like to know why a set or side of players, or competitors in any kind of match has latterly come to be called a "Team." When we consider the increasing estimation athletic sports are held in, and the great and growing importance everywhere attached to them, and especially in our principal seats of learning, it seems as though that word, as applied to those persons, implies an indignity. The kind of men, too, who give their minds chiefly to muscular pastimes and emulation in manly prowess, surely underrate their own intelligence in submitting to be styled a Team, as if they went on all fours. It is excessive humility of them to accept, and even adopt for a number of their noble selves, a denomination once limited to beasts of burden—especially bestowed on oxen, horses, and asses.

A WORKING MAN'S QUESTION.

ONE of the many good old English maxims which have now come to be honoured by observance in a modified sense, is the admonition to "Mind your Own Business." It is so observed by all those benevolent persons who make their neighbours' business their own. Thus do Societies for interference with other people's habits and conduct, and for limiting and restricting the personal liberty to which they are at present entitled, mind their own business. As, for instance, the Society undernamed in a newspaper paragraph:—

"THE RE-MARRIAGE OF DIVORCED PERSONS.—The Church of England Working Men's Society for Promoting Freedom of Worship and the Preservation of her Rights and Liberties on the Basis of the Book of Common Prayer, have resolved to memorialise the archbishops and bishops, asking them to use their influence with the clergy in their various parishes to prevent the remarriage of divorced persons."

The expenses of a suit in the Probate and Divorce Court are so far above the means of the working classes, that sticklers for equality before the law have suggested the expediency of enabling them to obtain, if needful, the deliverance now possible only for the wealthier classes, and therefore to sue for divorce, on just grounds, in the County Court or before a Magistrate. Hence, it is obvious how particularly working men, whether of the Church of England or any other denomination, are concerned in the Divorce question. To be sure, there is no immediate prospect of cheap divorce; but it may come at last—the thin end of the wedge driven home, and divorce, if requisite, brought to every man's door. Now, taking the benefit of the Divorce Act, so far as to re-marry, is contrary to the principles of the Church of England's Working Men's Society; but there are plenty of other working men who would avail themselves of it if they could, and, because they cannot, some of them beat and kick the wives of whom there is no other riddance for them, to death. It is the business of these working men to see that those who are seeking to prevent the re-marriage of divorced persons mind their own.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS;

Or, Wanted a Champion.

"Modern Man, whose food and drink are beset by Colorado beetles and Phylloxera, whose clothing is threatened by pibrine, and whose life itself is haunted by all sorts of minute spores, which so feed on his blood as to generate fever, cholera, and a great variety of plagues, is obviously in one respect not the better, but the worse for the knowledge which teaches him how to evade the worst consequences of these plagues. . . Unquestionably either the minute organic world is beginning to avail itself of the great advantages which its all but invisibility gives it in competing with men, or . . a greater importance is now attached to its proceedings, partly because the danger *is* understood, and partly—perhaps even more—because the weaker constitution of modern man is now so much protected against those dangers that the race suffers more, though the individuals suffer less."—*The Spectator, on "The New-found Enemies of Man."*

OH what were the Dragons, the Ogres, the Titans,
The whole Brobdingnagian world-wasting clan,
Compared with the infinitesimal Sheitans
Of infinite Lilliput, leagued against Man?
Classical Hercules! Jack of the nursery!
Champions vain 'gainst invisible foes.
Science 's warnings raise terrors precursory;
Where is her solace for germ-gendered woes?

Beetles and Grasshoppers—bad enough, verily,
Marring our Murphies, and blighting our grain:
Now the Minute seems a-going it merrily;
Must the Colossal confront it in vain?
Sword cannot stay it, and steam cannot cope with it,
Hundred-ton guns are more helpless than squirts.
Knowledge brings eyes, does it also bring hope with it?
TYNDALL says "Yes," but he only asserts.

Six Southern States, in a league against Grasshoppers,
Find them a foe more redoubted than GRANT:
What are torpedoes to pests of the class "hoppers,"
Spoiling our crops just as fast as we plant?
What says the canny Canadian Minister
Touching the Beetle that bothers us so?
"Stopping his progress, as subtle as sinister,
Notion chimerical." Nice thing to know!

"Paris-green" palliates—egg-hunting sedulous
May somewhat limit the nuisance, no doubt.
Yet were that PADDY uncommonly credulous
Who would trust *these* his new foemen to rout.
Then those germ-poisons! Oh Science keen-sighted,
Make haste with your cure,—diagnosis but stings:
With remedies comfort the folks you 've affrighted,
And save us—oh! save, in this day of small things!

bed-room, of course, and a warm bath before dinner. *Pommery très sec* with the *gigot*, *Pomard* with the wild duck, you dog, and apple fritters just to flavour a liqueur. Don't forget the fritters. Can we bring anything in the way of fish, oysters, &c., from Town with us? If so, give it a name, and say *where you deal*—so that there may be no mistake.—Yours ever, THE ED.

Knockers and Nonsense.

MISS BROUGHTON, in her last novel (is it to be her last?), *Joan*, has invented the idiotic lover who covers with kisses the door-knocker of the house in which his goddess dwells. If we are to have another work of this class inflicted upon us, we may expect a *Romeo* slobbering over the area-rails of his *Juliet*, or washing the front door-steps with his tears and a silk pocket-handkerchief, or attempting suicide on the scraper. No wonder that MR. GILBEY does not wish his sherry to be mixed up—even in an advertising connection—with such whine and water.

Mind Your Eyes!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

OUR gallant discoverer's strictures on the charts of his predecessors will, it is to be hoped, make Arctic voyagers careful for the future.

"Ne sordida mappa
Corruget nares."

Yours truly
HORATIUS RESTITUTUS.

TABLE-TURNING.—Looking for a train in *Bradshaw*.

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SWEET SYMPATHY.

SCENE—*The Cloak Room. Enter* CLARA (*æt.* 17), *conscious of having made the conquest of the evening, and expectant of a shower of congratulations and chaff.*

Cousin (*æt.* 29). "*How* I *did* FEEL FOR YOU ALL THE EVENING, YOU POOR DEAR! INTOLERABLE OF THAT DREADFUL YOUNG FITZMADDER TO VICTIMISE YOU SO!! REALLY *awful* THE WAY THAT STYLE OF MEN THINK THEY MAY TREAT *very* YOUNG GIRLS!!!"

AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

Enter LEO *and* URSA, *meeting.*

Leo. Which is your road?
Ursa. The right, if yonder post
Point rightly.
Leo. Humph! I've heard—believed almost—
The *other* one more tended to your goal.
Ursa. Which you imagined was——?
Leo. Well, Istamboul.
Ursa. Indeed! I've not the slightest recollection
Of having hinted *that* was my direction.
Leo. Possibly not. Some travellers are chary
Of making public their itinerary.
But those who claim to have had a private peep——
Ursa. Pooh! Prying prophets think they're deuced deep.
They 'd make the Bear a bugbear. Take my word,
Their terrors and their tips are both absurd.
Leo. Your word?
Ursa (*bridling*). I hope you do not mean to question
My honour? I feel hurt at the suggestion.
Leo. Oh not at all? But Khiva? May I mention
That there you rather altered your—*intention?*
You blink I see: the question *is* a graveller.
But, if you *are* a *bonâ fide* traveller,
In *this* direction, which is also mine,
We need not then collide, and block the line.
Ursa. Of course not! 'Tis a thing I 'd fain avoid.
But I have been exceedingly annoyed
By people who misread my earnest care
To—have all roadways kept in good repair.
Leo. Humph! I can sympathise with that at least.
I must not have that blocked which leads due East.
My business often lies that way. At present
My only object is to make things pleasant
As well as safe. This Conference on Repairs
I hope may clear the road.
Ursa. Like Suez Shares?
Leo. For *all.* I have no interests to serve
Save honest ones. From those I shall not swerve.
Ursa. It scarce can be an "honest interest"
To have yon half-way house maintained a nest
For knave and slave, tyrant and tortured thrall
Just for your own *convenience?*
Leo (*emphatically*). Not at all!
That must be altered, let who will say nay,
But—so as not to stop my right of way!
Ursa. I ask no better.
Leo. Honour bright?
Ursa (*with dignity*). I swear
Upon my faith as gentleman and bear.
Leo. Then, as we both seem travelling the same way,
Why not together?
Ursa (*cocking his ear doubtfully*). Was not that the bray
Of an alarum?
Leo (*reassuringly*). Oh! that 's only BEN.
He loves to blow his trumpet now and then,
Not always *à propos.* He *must* be busy.
But tho' the world whirl England is not Dizzy!
Fireworks his whole life long he has been weak on,
But don't think every flare he fires a beacon.
You walk this road with me, and all goes right:
Not till you take the other need we fight.
[*Exeunt arm-in-arm. At least we hope so.*

THE RETREAT OF THE (UPPER) TEN THOUSAND.—Belgravia.

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FRIENDS OR FOES?

THE BEAR. "*THAT'S* MY ROAD!"

THE LION. "IT'S MINE, TOO! LET'S GO TOGETHER! WHEN WE CAN'T, IT WILL BE TIME TO QUARREL!!"

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WHAT IT MAY COME TO.



BEING THE DOCTRINE OF DEVELOPMENT FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW.

(*A Dramatic Fragment of the Future.*)

SCENE—*Dining-Room of the period* (A.D. 2877). MR. SIMIA SATYRUS *and* MR. TROGLODYTES NIGER *indulging in post-prandial gossip.*

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Decent animal that waiter of yours, SIMIA.

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Why, yes, TROG. Rather a curiosity, too, eh? Genus *Homo*, now nearly extinct; and, of the specimens left, there are few indeed we can utilise, even as flunkeys. But, as you say, poor SMYTHERS—family name of his tribe—*is* a decent beast.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Sure, he doesn't understand us, eh? He looks——

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Bless you, no! That's a bit beyond him. 'Cute creature, though. Reasons in his rude human way, with a sharpness hardly inferior to the lower degrees of intuitive instinct. For instance, he served, the other day, some South Afrite Sherry less than twenty years in bottle. Of course I could tell the year of vintage at the first taste. I made him fetch the bottle, pointed out to him the Number 10 plainly inscribed thereon, and then shied the bottle at his head, as a mild mnemotechny. Would you believe it? When I put into his hand, a good week afterwards, a ten-pound note, to take up to MR. S., he dropped it incontinently, and fled, shrieking!

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Marvellous! Must make a note of it for my paper on "Primitive Culture in the pre-Simian Period." Such really respectable reasoning, one would almost think, might in time, and under favourable conditions, be almost developed into instinct, eh?

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Hardly. A pleasing speculation, but experience contradicts it. While men held sway on the earth Reason was their speciality, of which they were fatuously proud. A nice mess they made of it!

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Ha! ha! ha! The scanty records which we possess—and which have recently been laboriously deciphered by PROFESSOR LEMUR—of the doings of that poor human race, do indeed teem with absurdities. I know of no more amusing reading. Why, the other day, I was shown some fragments of a preposterous topsy-turvy pseudo-scientist—name, I think, BARWIN, or something like it—who seems, indeed, to have stumbled, in a blind way, upon the track of the great doctrine of Development, but—ho! ho! I can scarcely tell you—concluded, in his egregious conceit, that his own petty species were descended—by which the blunderer meant *ascended*—from, what do you think? *Monkeys!!!* Ho! ho! ho! While all the time the superior race—then, indeed, in its infancy—was preparing for that swift growth and sudden uprising which capsized the human power and polity in so short a time.

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Ha! ha! ha! I fancy I have read, too, that about the same time it was proposed by some other equally crass Topsy-turvyist to utilise Apes as servants! Really, the whirligig of time brings its revenges, as one of the shrewdest of that wretched race is said to have remarked.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Must have been an Ape born before his time.

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Possibly. Take another Cocoanut, TROG. Now, really, you should *not* crack them with your teeth, TROG. There's the portable electro-dynamic crusher at your elbow.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger (*laughing*). Is your guest a miserable Man, that he should stand in terror of toothache, or of their great-little Fetish, Etiquette?

Mr. Simia Satyrus. No, no, of course not. Only the crusher saves trouble. In those days they had something of the sort, only of clumsier construction, and with only boiling water for a *motor*, to thump their coarse and ugly material—Iron I think they called it—into shape for the purposes of their preposterous enterprises in War and Commerce.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Ah, more of the triumphs of Reason! These men seem to have passed their time mainly in systematic sharping, which they called trade, varied with occasional delirious interludes of mutual slaughter, which they called patriotism. Poor devils! Well, as all our necessary processes of agriculture, manufacture, and transport are accomplished by automatic and self-renewing machinery, and as fighting is as obsolete as fig-leaves, of course we are happily emancipated from those two long-reigning lunacies.

Mr. Simia Satyrus. It looks as if every Man must have spent half the miserable span of his own existence in preparations to cut short some one else's.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Quite so. You see they were "reasonable creatures," and Reason is a hocus-pocus process that *must* lead to absurdity. The Age of Reason was the Utopia which the Topsy-turvyites looked forward to as the consummation of human felicity. Ha! ha! When they had already "reasoned" themselves into such fools' purgatories as money-grubbing, etiquette, war, and, above all, fashion!

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Ah, *that* was their Supreme Fetish. Instinct—even such rudimentary instinct as they could have possessed, the instinct of taste and of modesty—must have warned them against the tyranny of Fashion; *did*, indeed, as we find from rare relics of the pictorial satirists of the period. But, on the whole, Reason ruled them to the end. And a brave end it was.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Well, it was in the order of Nature, and in simple conformity with the great doctrine of the Survival of the Fittest, that their inferior and unhappy race should die out and make way for Us.

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Of course. In our great Typical Museum, TROG, you will see placed in expressive proximity under section *Homo*, an ancient purse, a rusty sword, and the tattered remains of what was once a fashionable bonnet.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. A suggestive triad! Poor SMYTHERS! What must be *his* thoughts in gazing upon those dreary relics of his race's domination, now happily extinct, and of the *quondam* despotic sway of Reason? Heaven be thanked, SIMIA, that we were born Monkeys and not Men!

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Amen!

DOCKYARD ADMINISTRATION.

(*A Farce that may be easily turned into a Tragedy.*)

SCENE—*An office gorgeously fitted with antique furniture. Portraits of* NELSON *and other naval heroes hanging on the walls. Bundles of dust-covered papers and Blue-Books resting on a table behind a screen.* Admiral-Superintendent *trying on a new uniform coat,* Tailor *and* JOHN (*a servant*) *in attendance.*

Admiral (*taking off his coat*). It's a little tight in the sleeves. Mind, I shall want it back to-morrow night. I have to attend a launch (at which some Ladies will be present) on Wednesday. (Tailor *takes the coat, bows, and exit.*) And now, JOHN, where's my Private Secretary?

John. MR. TENTERFOUR, Sir? Yes, Sir, MR. TENTERFOUR, Sir, left his compliments, Sir, and said as it was such a fine day he's gone out fishing.

Admiral. Very good. Then I will keep to-day's letters until to-morrow. They can wait. You're a smart fellow, JOHN. I hope you like your present place, JOHN?

John. Very much indeed, thank you, Sir. When I was a working carpenter, Sir, I was always busy, now after I have brushed your clothes, Sir, I have next to nothing to do. [*A knock at the door.*

Admiral. Who's that, JOHN?

John. The Master-Attendant, Sir.

Admiral. What, COMMODORE MUTTONHEAD? What a nuisance! He is as deaf as a post! You can ask him to come in, JOHN; but remain outside.

John. Yes. Sir.

[*Exit, and enter* COMMODORE MUTTONHEAD, *a very old man, wearing spectacles, and carrying an ear-trumpet.*

Muttonhead. Oh, dear! oh, dear! it's half killed me getting up those stairs (*sinking into a chair*). I was a stronger man sixty years ago.

Admiral. You're looking very well. Nothing wrong, I hope? If there is, pray don't tell *me* anything about it. Mind, I am not in the least responsible for anything or anybody. So please don't bother. Have a cigar?

Muttonhead. What?

Admiral (*through ear-trumpet*). Have a cigar?

Muttonhead. Thank you, I only take snuff. What I want to see you about is this. I have just rigged——

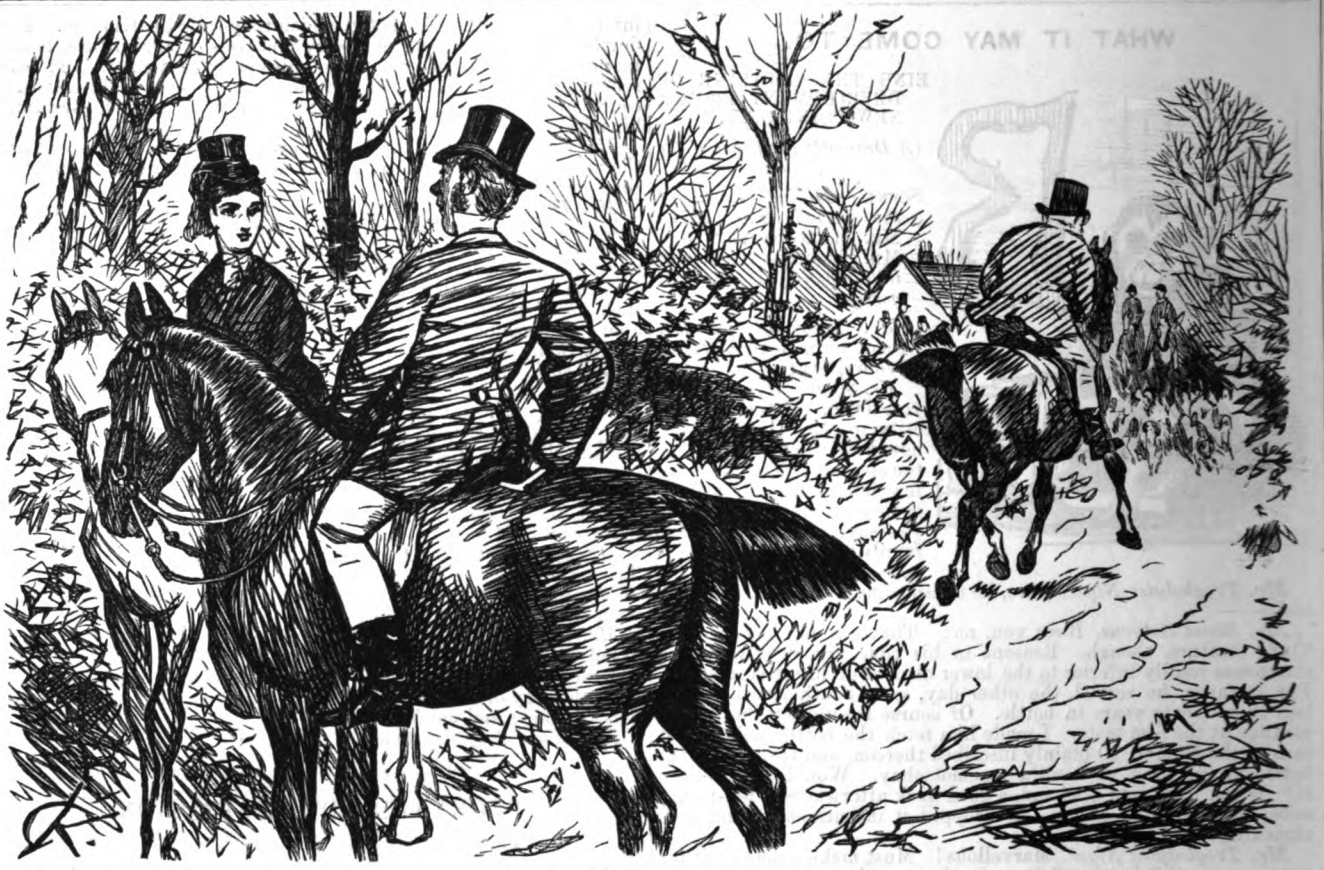
Admiral (*hurriedly interrupting*). Yes, yes. But pray don't tell me any grievance. I am not responsible.

Muttonhead. What?

Admiral (*shouting through the ear-trumpet*). I am not responsible.

Muttonhead. Oh, very well. (*Throwing down a paper.*) To avoid accidents, I have just jotted down my protest, you know—to be

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A GREAT LIBERTY.

Local Exquisite. "WHO IS THAT OLD PERSON?"
Fair Informant. "MR. GOODCHILD, M.P. FOR HIS COUNTY. 'WAS IN THE MINISTRY SOME TIME AGO."
Local Exquisite. "WHY DID HE SPEAK TO ME? WE'VE NEVER BEEN INTRODUCED!"
Fair Informant. "I THINK HE TOOK YOU FOR A FARMER!"

sent in to my Lords afterwards. For, as sure as I stand here, the first gale of wind will bring the whole thing down if the Chief Constructor interferes with those ropes.

Admiral. A great pity, no doubt; but it really isn't my business, you know. I don't understand Dockyard work.

Muttonhead. Of course not. Good-bye!

Admiral (*through the ear-trumpet*). You are not going?

Muttonhead. I must. You won't see me for the next three weeks. I have got to decide upon an alteration in the size of one of our flags. The hardest work I have had for the last twenty years, Sir.

[*Hobbles out, and is nearly knocked over by the* Chief Storekeeper.

Chief Storekeeper (*entering, and seating himself on a table*). Hallo, TOMMY, who was that old fellow?

Admiral. Don't you know him, JACK? Why, MUTTONHEAD, to be sure.

Chief Storekeeper. Think of that! Both of us been here all this time, and never met before! What fun, eh? I have got such a good story to tell you!

Admiral (*settling himself comfortably in an arm-chair*). Do, JACK—do tell it me. It's so awfully slow here all day with nothing to do!

Chief Storekeeper. Well, you must know, TOMMY, that HARRY HAWSER, who's just been sent to look after the Anchor Department, has made such a mess of it! (*Tells a long yarn about the waste of about a quarter of a million of public money—finishing the story.*) And so I replied, of course, that the responsibility didn't rest with me. Ha! ha! ha! HARRY and I had such a laugh over it when we met at the Club in the evening!

Admiral. Ha! ha! ha! Oh, JACK, you will be the death of me! But, I say, won't there be a row with my Lords?

Chief Storekeeper. Not a bit of it! It's been done before. But, *pro formâ*, here's an account of it. (*Throwing down a paper.*) HARRY won't write his unless called upon. I have jotted mine down because I like to be on the safe side, you know. (*Altercation heard without.*) Hallo! There's BILLY and CHARLEY at it again! They are always quarrelling. I shall be off!

[*Exit as the* Chief Engineer *and the* Chief Constructor *push in together.*

Chief Engineer and Chief Constructor (*shouting together*). Sir, we appeal to you!

Admiral. But, my good fellows, what's the use of that? You know I know nothing about it; and, as I am not responsible, I——

Chief Engineer. He's cut a hole in my best boiler.

Chief Constructor. And he's carried an iron pipe through my best armour-plate, spoiling all the paint and gilding.

Admiral. Well, well, well! Make your protests, Gentlemen; and if my Lords say anything about it afterwards, I can but forward your letters to the Admiralty.

Chief Engineer (*throwing down a paper*). Here's mine. The engines won't work.

Chief Constructor (*throwing down another*). And mine, utterly spoiled the figure-head! [*An awful explosion heard without.*

Admiral. An accident, Gentlemen! You had better return to your posts; but remember, Gentlemen, that whatever has occurred, I at least am not responsible. (*Exeunt, leisurely,* Chief Constructor *and* Chief Engineer.) It's no use going to see what it is: I should only be in the way. (*Yawns.*) What a fine day it is. I am half a mind to follow TENTERFOUR in his fishing. By Jove, I will! JOHN! (*Enter* JOHN.) I am going out for the day, JOHN. (*Pointing to the protests on the table.*) You can clear away this mess. Put it on the table behind the screen.

John. Yes, Sir. (*Exit* Admiral.) Official papers, as usual. I wonder what they are about? (*Opens protests, and glances at their contents.*) Dear me, if I were still a working carpenter, and had sufficient authority, I would settle all these matters in five minutes. But here I am only a servant; and it is better to serve than to govern in Her Majesty's Dockyards; at least, so my Master tells me; and *he* ought to know.

[JOHN *clears up the mess as the Scene closes in.*

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TURN ABOUT.

"GOING INTO PARTNERSHIP WITH JONES! I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D HAD ENOUGH OF PARTNERSHIPS, AFTER BROWN!"

"AH, YOU SEE, WHEN WE FIRST BECAME PARTNERS, BROWN HAD ALL THE EXPERIENCE, AND I ALL THE MONEY. *NOW, JONES* HAS ALL THE MONEY, AND I'VE ALL THE EXPERIENCE!"

THE BEAU-IDEAL HOTEL.

BRADSHAW is not exactly a festive publication, and, certainly, the lovers of "racy" novels would not study its pages in search of sensation; but in a four hours' journey there comes a moment when all the weeklies, dailies, and magazines have been devoured, when SPIERS AND POND'S basket has been emptied, when sleep refuses to come, and travelling is beginning to bore, and in such a moment you dive despairingly into the well-known Railway Guide, more in quest of arithmetical problems than in hopes of amusement.

In such a fit of despondency, *Mr. Punch's* eyes alighted, with a beam of surprise, on the following advertisement among the only really literary pages of the publication—those relating to hotels, many of which are illustrated:—

THE GROSVENOR HOTEL [Castraford, let us say], built by the late MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, close to the Cathedral, &c., &c. Handsome Ladies' Coffee-Room.

"Ha! ha!" laughed *Mr. Punch* (such a dog!) aloud, to the astonishment of a Clerical Error in a white tie and the opposite corner. "Ha! ha! That is the place for us! We will descend at that hostelry, and no other!"

But how can the Manager ensure "Handsome Lady" visitors only to his Coffee-Room? It is to be hoped, at least, there is a Knight Porter in attendance!

THE EUROPEAN CONCERT.

(*See Government Papers, passim.*)

THE grunt of a Bear who at booty hath looked
Which he cannot quite seize on;
The cry of a Turkey who dreads being cooked
A la Russe, and with reason;
The shrieks of two two-headed Eagles, whose voices
Are wholly discordant;
The crow of a Cock, who supremely rejoices
In melody mordant;
The voice of a Lion, who hardly knows whether
To roar or to cackle:
Nice subject for Concert it looks altogether,
One WAGNER should tackle.
The theme "yearns for music," like mythus Germanic.
Cacophony's certain;
And as for the audience, they, in a panic,
Long most for—the curtain.

THE THING TO THROW LIGHT ON SPIRITUALISTIC SÉANCES.—A Spirit-Lamp.

"MEDIUMS" IN PRUSSIA.

(*From Our Colney Hatch Correspondent.*)

THE periodical organs of Spiritualism occasionally publish accounts of wonderful spiritual "manifestations," alleged to occur through the "mediumship" of young children. A case evidently of this description is noticed by the *Times'* Prussian Correspondent, as follows:—

"The three children at Marpingen, in Prussian Rhineland, who last summer stated they had repeatedly seen the Holy Virgin in a wood close to their village, and whose glowing asseverations, backed by the Clergy, attracted thousands of pilgrims to the sacred spot, have just been tried by JUDGE COMES, at St. Wendel. Upon the children confessing that they had been telling lies, they were sentenced to be placed in an educational establishment for culprits under twelve years of age."

These children were doubtless gifted with mediumistic powers. The multitude of Mediums now daily cropping up everywhere gives a new force to the old saying that "there is a medium in all things." There are Protestant Mediums, and, as appears from the foregoing statement, Catholic Mediums; in fact, every faith has its Medium, and a suitable toast at a Spiritualists' dinner, or "tea," would be "Mediums of all Denominations."

The three children above referred to were true Mediums notwithstanding their confession that they had told lies. Otherwise of course their glowing asseverations would never have been backed by an enlightened Clergy. They must have seen an apparition, although perhaps they rather magnified what they saw. This is characteristic of Mediums in general. As the *Spiritualist* says, in an able apology for DR. MONCK, now, like DR. SLADE, in trouble, a Medium is "ready to confess anything, or to do anything to get out of trouble." True Mediums are apt, for all the truth that is in them, occasionally to eke out real manifestations by imposture. Their real manifestations are not on that account the less real, or the less credible. Mediums are generally to be believed and trusted, unless when they confess themselves to have told lies, and then their confessions should be disbelieved. Moreover, Mediums of all persuasions, or of no persuasion at all, are all equally trustworthy, or, as Spiritualist writers prefer to say, reliable.

The confession stated to have been made by three juvenile Mediums, whose mediumship is now being deteriorated or destroyed in a Prussian reformatory, was clearly extorted from them by intimidation. In Prussia Mediums are persecuted, especially those whose creed renders them especially obnoxious to BISMARCK. But Mediums of that class, at least, are exempt from persecution in France, if their asseverations are duly backed by the Clergy. Accordingly, the "Apparition of La Salette," just such another as the Apparition of Marpingen, attended and attested by the creation of a permanently miraculous fountain, is believed by everybody but Protestants and sceptics. The water of this fountain cures all diseases as certainly as GULLOWAY'S Pills do. It has become an article of commerce like Apollinaris, and, besides being a panacea, can be advantageously substituted for Seltzer or Soda, and serve to compose a salubrious and sanctifying beverage in the form of "Salette and Brandy."

FOR SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.—Do not apply to Her Majesty's Dockyards.

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PROJECTED BOMBARDMENT OF THE WEST-END.



R. PUNCH feels it his duty to call the attention of all residents and owners of property at the West-End of London to the following authentic particulars:—

It will be seen by the date given that there is no immediate cause for alarm, but time flies rapidly, and among his multifarious duties *Mr. Punch* may not find another opportunity of pointing out the peculiar peril which appears to be looming in the distance.

It is surmised that the Authorities at Woolwich have been somewhat chagrined at finding that at the recent trial of the 81-ton Gun seven panes of glass at Shoeburyness remained uninjured, that no passing vessel was destroyed, and that out of about one hundred men engaged in handling the Gun fourteen still retain their hearing.

It has consequently been determined immediately to commence the construction of a 200-ton Gun.

The first announcement with regard to this interesting implement is to the effect "that its size will of course prevent its being placed on our largest ships of war."

There is, however, "balm in Gilead;" for, after stating the dimensions of the proposed Gun—namely, "fifty feet long, length of bore 44 feet, and diameter 21 inches, charge of powder 950 lbs., weight of shot 6000 lbs., and length of shot five feet,"—it is confidently announced that the Gun is expected to be capable of throwing a 2¼-ton shot from the Government butts at Woolwich to the West-End of London.

No doubt more precise information will be given as to what part of the West-End the Gun will be trained on; but inasmuch as it is not expected that "the new 200-ton Gun can be ready till the beginning of 1879," West-End life and property can easily be insured in the meantime.

It may be that the intention is simply to knock over the Duke of York's Column, and imbed the shot at the bottom of the Ornamental Water of St. James's Park; but it is to be hoped that a full programme of the experiments will be published—before the bombardment commences.

LITERARY. — We understand the next edition of *Boudoir Ballads* is to be illustrated with Sterry-oscopic views.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

MR. PUNCH has received a number of letters on the subject of the Rector of Lincoln's very suggestive address at the Oxford (City) Schools of Science and Art. (See *Times*, November 18th.) A selection from these he has great pleasure in laying before his readers.

LETTER I.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE Rector of Lincoln says:—

"The man who, without copying, can arrange a cluster of rose-leaves nobly, can design anything. A Frenchwoman can do this; an Englishwoman cannot. Is it because roses do not grow in England?"

Now, I don't exactly know what he means by arranging rose-leaves "nobly." These Art-critics *do* use such queer terms! They will persist in styling the drawing of drapery "magisterial" (which somehow suggests the police-court), and the tinting of an elbow "precious" (which reminds us of bullion or baby-talk). But if he mean that an Englishwoman can't arrange flowers and leaves and things, whether in a *bouquet* or on a bonnet, just as *nicely* as a Frenchwoman, I believe it's all nonsense. Praise up the past and foreign parts as much as you please, but not a good word for the present or our own people, on any account! That seems to be the motto of the modern critics. "Where is the old Turkey carpet now?" asks MR. PATTISON, plaintively. Why, gone where I hope those good-for-nothing Turks may soon follow it. Dowdy old things, with dingy colours and patterns like a kaleidoscope gone mad! He talks about "Nature, with its thousand forms and colours of unrivalled beauty," and then goes and prefers a many-tinted muddle of meaningless zigzags to the lovely purple fern leaves and golden snowdrops that adorn the floor of *my* drawing-room. Coal-scuttles again! He is quite dismal on the development of the Coal-Scuttle. JOHN has just bought me a new one, the loveliest design—a coal-*vase* it is called, if you please—beautifully japanned and gilt, so shiny you can see your face in it, with the Falls of Niagara painted on the top—*such* blue, bounding water!—and a bunch of dahlias, just like life, on each side. If *that* is not Art in the household, I should like to know what is. What *would* MR. PATTISON have? I'm sure I like a nice house and pretty things as much as any woman; but if all our bright decorations are to be denounced as "Vulgarities," what *is* one to do? I took such pride in that carpet and that coal-vase, and now!——

Well, I've seen some of their High-Art-Households all outlandishness, dim tints, and stiff discomfort; and if *that's* the sort of thing they want to substitute for the cosiness and colour of an English home, I beg to assure them it won't do for

AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

LETTER II.

DEAR PUNCH,

PATTISON is beautifully down upon "Mindless Mechanism." Fact is, High Art will never flourish till low Machinery is abolished. We must do away with the Steam-engine; it is the Incubus of the Age. "Fuel," says PATTISON, "is unfortunately dirty in its nature." So is the Locomotive. And ugly! Dirt and ugliness are inimical to High Art. They must be banished. Don't quite know what Nature was about when she made coal dirty—unless she wanted to warn us against using it. Fancy Nature is a bit of a Philistine after all, and wants elevating by being made to enter "into the sphere of Art." Iron and coal are nuisances. Let us keep to gold and sunshine.

Yours,
ANTI-PHILISTINE.

LETTER III.

SIR,

MORE fudge about High Art!—High-falutin' Art, *I* call it. "By the habit of mechanical multiplication, invention is killed, and the soul degraded." Indeed! I should like to make the Gentleman live for a year, deprived of the advantages of "mechanical multiplication," and I should *not* like to pay his bill for steel pens and shirt-collars at the end of the term. As to invention, why there's more of it in one week's number of *The Engineer* than in twenty Exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Pooh! MURANO *acqua marina* may be all very well for Chemist's show-bottles; but give *me* the *marine engine!*

Yours,
A PRACTICAL MAN.

LETTER IV.

EXCELLENT PUNCH,

"THINGS worse than they were thirty years ago!" Of course they are! What is there to love in an age of lacquer? Art has gone to the wall. Look at our Picture-posters, and admit it! Brummagen Art (?) is worse than Brummagem utility. An "industrial product" trying to look like "a spiritual object," a coal-box posing as a work of Art, are more disgusting than an old coquette figuring as a youthful belle. High Art is hopeless. Let us fall back on naïve and antique hideousness, which is, indeed, almost a form of beauty. To the soul sickened with the "illustrated china" of our shop-windows there is solace in a willow-pattern plate.

Yours, despondently
ROCOCO.

LETTER V.

IMPARTIAL SIR,

IN PATTISON's address there is much that is true, less that is new, and not a little that is askew. What a pity High Art Mentors will be so queer and querulous! Can't they point us to pleasant possibilities without visiting us with the sin of vulgar necessity? Coal is "unfortunately" dirty, yes! and many of the forward steps of civilisation are "unfortunately" through grubby and disagreeable ways. Let the Illuminati of Art give us more light and less lightning, and let them shun the appearance of peevish dilettantism. There are functions in this world for the enlightener, the merry mocker, even the scathing satirist perhaps; but for the Scold—domestic, political, theological, or æsthetic—no!

Yours sincerely,
FAIRPLAY.

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NEW FOOTBALL RULES.



1. No match to be played without a Surgeon being in attendance on the ground.
2. Should there be a hospital within a convenient distance, notice to be given beforehand, that the services of the Staff may be called into requisition.
3. An ample supply of bandages, lint, splints, and other appliances to be kept always in readiness.
4. An ambulance to be in waiting, to convey any one who may receive an injury to his home or to the hospital.
5. If an ambulance cannot be procured, then a sufficient number of Cabs to be within immediate call.
6. Proper attendants and nurses to be engaged to wait on the sufferers.
7. Brandy and other stimulants to be kept on the grounds.
8. Crutches and sticks to be supplied for the use of those whose injuries may be only slight, but who yet may require some artificial support to enable them to return to their homes.
9. No Game to be played except on ground within easy reach of a Telegraph Office.

These regulations may possibly be considered severe and gloomy; but inasmuch as Football, as now too often played, appears to inflict grievous injury, and even loss of life on those who engage in its "scrimmages," (from which it would seem to the uninitiated hardly possible to emerge without some serious mischief) it becomes necessary to recommend to all, both men and boys, who venture on the game, to take every imaginable precaution.

Touchstone, in *As You Like It*, says, "It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for Ladies." Had *Touchstone* been a Football player, he could not have said it was "the first time that ever he heard breaking of legs and necks was sport for Gentlemen."

We will not press the acceptance of our proposed rules, if some code of laws can be rigidly and universally adopted, which shall greatly lessen, if not entirely prevent, the risks that now seem to cloud the good name of the game, and to lead to the unwelcome introduction on the scene of the Doctor and the Coroner.

THOROUGHLY ENGLISH.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

YOUR generosity to the young and the intellectual is so well known that I have not the smallest hesitation in appealing to you. I am a young dramatist. Like SHAKSPEARE, I take my plots from foreign sources, but my dialogue is entirely my own; and if my incidents are sometimes foreign, their clothing is thoroughly English. In justification of this assertion, I beg to enclose an extract from one of my latest adaptations. I think you will admit the manners and language are as thoroughly English as, say, *Peril* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre?

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
The New Junior Athenæum AN UNACTED PLAYWRITER.
Garrick Club.

SCENE—*A third-floor in Victoria Street, elegantly furnished. The Stage resembles an old curiosity-shop. China, brass dishes, men in armour, point lace, and ebony cabinets scattered about in careless but tasteful profusion.* BUNG (*a butler*) *discovered dusting the furniture with a long feather-brush.* LADY LUCY PLANTAGENET *playfully claps her hands over* BUNG'S *eyes from behind, with a playful exclamation of "Boh!"*

Bung (*disengaging himself, after a struggle*). Ah, LADY LUCY, is it you? Dear me, how you frightened me! Not that anything you should do should cause me fear. Have I not played with you since you were four years old?

Lady Lucy. Yes, yes. But, BUNG, have you got me the last number of *La Folie*, as I bade you, and the *Amusing Journal*, with the *feuilleton* of that dear WILKIE COLLINS? And have you seen my Cousin?

Bung. Here are the papers, my Lady. And here is a letter from your Cousin. You will not betray me to the Duke, your father?

Lady Lucy. Oh no, dear BUNG. Be tranquil. Leave me! [BUNG *bows, and exit.*] And now for *his* letter! I know I am imprudent, but what can I do? When I met him at the early service at St. James's, Piccadilly, could I help my chair being placed next to his? could I help our fingers meeting in the font at the door, as we went out? In a word, could I help loving him? (*Opens letter.*) Ah! what is this? How imprudent! He has been playing heavily at *roulette* at his Circle. The old story! The old story!

Re-enter BUNG, *followed by* SIR JOHN.

Bung. SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN! (*Aside.*) I must warn the Viscount of this visit. [*Exit.*

Lady Lucy. Sir!

Sir John (*who is in full evening dress, and carries a bouquet*). Permit me, my Lady: but I would not have dared to have called upon you at this early hour of the morning. I would wish to see your noble Father.

Lady Lucy. Sir, I will go and send him to you. Sir! (*Curtseys.*)

Sir John. In reparation for disturbing you, my Lady, will you permit me the honour of presenting you with this bouquet?

Lady Lucy (*with a little cry*). Sir, you are all too obliging. [*Exit.*

Sir John. She is prettier than her photograph! It was an excellent idea!

Enter the Duke.

The Duke. Ah, my dear SIR JOHN. I am delighted to see you: Will you not join our lunch? We always lunch at twelve.

Sir John. You are too good. I have already breakfasted. I have come here on matter of the last moment to my happiness. I have the honour to beg permission of your Grace to pay my addresses to LADY LUCY, your charming daughter.

The Duke. SIR JOHN, I shall be proud to salute you as one of the family. Have you the contract prepared?

Sir John (*opens the door, and calls*). MR. SMITH! [*Enter Mr. Smith, a Lawyer.*] MR. SMITH, have you the contract ready?

Mr. Smith (*bowing to the* Duke, *and producing a paper*). It is here!

The Duke. In that case, Gentlemen, I will call my daughter. [*Exit.*

Sir John. How my Mother's heart would have rejoiced in this moment! My dear sainted Mother! She is with the angels, now, MR. SMITH!

Re-enter the Duke, *leading in* LADY LUCY.

The Duke. My child, you will sign this paper.

Lady Lucy. Yes, Papa. [*She signs the contract.*

Sir John. What pleasure to write my signature under my Lady's.

[*He signs.* MR. SMITH *bows and retires with his Law papers.*

The Duke. Let me shake you by the hand, SIR JOHN; for are you not now my Son?

Sir John. Adieu, Sir Duke, and my Lady. I go to the battue, and then will return to lay at your feet the spoils of my chase. [*Exit.*

Lady Lucy. What paper was that I signed, Papa?

The Duke. A contract of marriage. SIR JOHN is to be your husband.

Lady Lucy. My husband! [*She starts.*

The Duke (*coldly*). Your husband. Have you any reason to allege against the union?

Lady Lucy. None. (*Aside.*) Alas!

The Duke (*sternly*). Then you obey?

Lady Lucy. I obey, dear Papa.

The Duke. I knew it. Are you not my child?

Enter the Viscount, *in full evening dress.*

Lady Lucy (*with a little cry*). My Cousin!

The Viscount. Sir Duke! My uncle, I have the honour to demand in marriage my beautiful cousin, your daughter, the LADY LUCY.

The Duke. It is too late. You are a brave boy; but the contract comes to be signed. LUCY is to marry——

Bung (*entering*). SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN!

Enter the Baronet *in full hunting costume.*

Sir John (*with triumph*). I have shot a fox!

The Duke. Let us drink to the health of the sportsman!

[BUNG *brings in a lighted punch-bowl. They all drink to* SIR JOHN *as the Curtain falls.*

"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE," ETC.

Schoolmaster. What is the meaning of Equinox?

Pupil (*who knows something of Latin derivations*). Please, Sir, it's Latin for Nightmare.

WHY is *Punch's Pocket-Book* like a Young Lady at her first ball. Because it's "just out."

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THE FIGHT OVER THE SCHOOL-BOARD.



Poor Education! Like a lamb beset by wolves and vultures!
How should she trim the balance fair 'twixt clashing creeds and cultures?
All friends to her, but angry foes *à outrance* to each other;
She, standing where the Champions close, can scarce tell one from t'other.

To teach small Bill his A.B.C., or little Sue her sewing,
One well may ask is that a task to set the war-horns blowing?
But then of course the job will look much harder, and far ampler,
If Bill must have a Baptist Book, and Sue a High Church Sampler.

The Three R.'s, muddled by a fourth,—Religion,—like the compass,
With endless "points" from south to north,—for chief result read rumpus.
To give the young what reason asks, and simple prudence urges,
Were sure the easiest of tasks, but for the Boanerges.

The School-Board, spread with spare repast, must have "Church Pie" for centre,
And every guest must vote *that* best, nought less will e'er content her.
While keen Dissent, who loathes the dish, would sooner sweep the table
Than feed one hungry mouth on fare with that particular label.

Oh clumsy caterers! Ignorance comes, what time you scowl and mutter,
And lures your guests to other food,—the garbage of the gutter.
Fie, Gentlemen! The common foe demands your *banded* forces;
To cut the ground from under him will tax your joint resources.

But still the Churchman slangs Dissent, and both bethump the Papist,
And Nothingarians venom vent all round. No dull Red-Tapist
Could so adroitly block the way, that lay so fair before us,
As each hot Ass who lifts his bray to swell the angry chorus.

Bring not into the Schoolroom, Sirs, your doxies or your schisms,
The spelling-book and slate are *not* the ground for warring isms;
The Alphabet need not be mixed with shibboleths Sectarian,
Monopoly but masquerades in guise humanitarian.

Fight fair, and in another field. Side-issues fog the unwary.
What you all *mean* is "our side up," although your voices vary.
Proud "Mother Church" should be too proud to flash false lights like rockets,
And conscience seek to circumvent by sly appeal to—pockets!

THE NAVY OF THE FUTURE.

(By Submarine Telegraph.)

GIBRALTAR, 3*rd Dec.*, 1896.

THE Enemy's fleet was signalled early yesterday morning. It was composed of eighty Ironclads, all carrying thirty-three feet of armour plating, but with no armament heavier than the old-fashioned 300-ton Gun. It was soon ascertained that the Fleet had received false intelligence about the movements of the *Wasp* (our Mediterranean Gunboat, built to carry a 2,000-ton Gun, the latest achievement of the combined Woolwich and Elswick Factories), and believed that it might be possible to take Gibraltar by a *coup de main* during the absence of her little protector. By two o'clock the Enemy's Fleet was well within range of the *Wasp's* gun, but her Commander preferred to allow the Ironclads to approach within a radius of fourteen miles. At this short range the *Wasp* opened fire, to the consternation of the Admiral in command of the Enemy's Fleet. It was, however, too late to escape. Fifty out of the eighty Ironclads were soon disposed of—smashed and sunk. The remainder hauled down their flags. Divers are at work on the scene of action, clearing away the submarine *débris*. The *Wasp* has lately received an important increase to her fighting force of two Marines and Artillerymen. Her complement is now fourteen hands, all told.

UNPARDONABLE ABSENCE.

GETTING home on a cold foggy night, and finding that your fire has "gone out."

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A COMPLIMENT.

Hairdresser. "ANY OFF THE BEARD, SIR?"

Customer. "NO, THANK YOU. I'VE LATELY TRIMMED IT MYSELF."

Hairdresser. "INDEED, SIR! I SHOULD NOT HAVE THOUGHT ANY GENTLEMAN OUT OF THE PROFESSION COULD HAVE DONE IT SO WELL!!"

SENTIMENT!

JOHN BULL *soliloquiseth*—

SENTIMENT? Well, I 've no fancy for snivelling,
Policy gushing or piping it 's eye
Is but a sort of delirious drivelling,
Eyes are like gunpowder, better kept dry.
Yet right is right, though Club cynic or Minister
Hints with a sneer that I falter or pule,
Plausible caveats strike me as sinister,
Urged in serene disregard of that rule.

Sentiment? Ready retort for demolishing
Arguments founded on feelings humane!
Superfine penmen their periods polishing
Point every gibe with that word of disdain.
Yet if Philippics 'gainst feeling that fulminate
Are put through analysis searching and stern,
It may be found that the censures which culminate
In horror of rant are but rant in their turn.

Sentiment *versus* Imperial Policy!
Taking Antithesis! Smart Militaires
Wonder BULL doesn't his fatuous folly see
Mixing up feeling with Foreign Affairs,
Are they antagonists! Simple humanity
Seems to be coolly shut out in the cold,
Sympathy 's branded Vulgarian Vanity,
Bosh that should never give qualms to the bold.

Sentiment! Certain keen scribes have their knife in it,
Bellicose bounce is much more to their mind;
Shocked, so they say, that the thing has such life in it,
Fain would they whistle its "dupes" down the wind.
They minimise, mock, and depreciate spitefully;
Gentlemen, are you not missing the mark?
Doubtless you tickle Club-loungers delightfully,
But *are* we all—save yourselves—in the dark?

Interest? Well, there are Interests various—
Some that mere selfishness fails to descry.
Number one's hold on his own were precarious
If to his neighbours' he ne'er had an eye.
Scowl, my young friends, at the "Humanitarian,"
Monopoly claim of cool patriot sense;
But shrewdest policy were but barbarian
Were this same "Sentiment" quite driven hence.

DERBY POTTERY.—Our Foreign Policy.

THE FRA DIAVOLO OF FACT.

SPEAKING of Brigandage in Southern Italy, a newspaper correspondent makes a remark with a suggestive word in it. "How this scourge is to be dealt with will be a difficult question for the Government." As to Brigandage, how is the Italian Government to deal with that scourge? Echo answers—if you ask loud enough—Scourge! How has that scourge, robbery with violence, been dealt with by the British Legislature? By means of that other scourge, the Cat-o'-nine-tails. What is there to prevent a military force from being despatched to hunt the highwaymen and footpads of Naples and Sicily down, with proper dogs if necessary. When caught, might they not summarily be brought to trial, and, under a statute enacted to that end, be sentenced, on conviction, to penal servitude, and a good flogging, or several good floggings, apiece? What an edifying sight to the *Manutengoli* of Sicily and the *Mafia* of Naples it would be to see SIGNOR LEONE, now playing *Fra Diavolo* in real life thereabouts with impunity, stripped of his green velvet jacket, lace, and ribbons, seized up in the whipping-stocks, and lashed until he howled for mercy, and some time after!

Would not that teach him, if ever let loose again, to think twice before again carrying off a British Banker—or anyone else—and demanding under threat to murder or mutilate him, four thousand pounds ransom?

The state of society in Southern Italy appears to be such that thieves there pass for gentlemen among the higher classes. They need to be taught that thieves and robbers are criminals and blackguards, and what better way of doing this could there be than stripping such rascals as LEONE at once of their operatic frippery, and their glory, and giving the *Fra Diavolo* of odious reality a sound flogging?

PROPER ACCOMPANIMENT OF THAMES MUD BUTTER.—Alum Bay Bread.

HINTS FOR NEW SCHOOL-BOARDS.

To remember that the tongue is a dangerous member.

Not to set down opponents, and those who differ from you in opinion, as sceptics and atheists, or narrow-minded and intolerant bigots.

To expect opposition, and to meet it with fairness and good-humour.

Not to ride hobbies too far or too fast.

To use the organ of hearing rather than the organ of speech.

If there are any defects in your own education, to endeavour to remedy them.

To read all the best works on Education, and to master the Acts of Parliament, blue-books and statistics that have been published on the same important subject.

Never to speak except in a cool, calm, quiet, composed, and unruffled frame of mind.

Always to walk to the place of meeting—exercise being favourable to deliberation and reflection, and adverse to haste and impetuosity.

To dine together occasionally (not, of course, at the expense of the ratepayers).

Before everything and everybody else—rates, ratepayers, creeds, churches, sects, parties, and parents—to think of the children.

Compensation.

Toro has said "Ta, ta!" to the Strand, but we have had *Toto chez Tata* at the Opéra Comique, which in MADAME CHAUMONT'S hands spoils us for any light performances for some time to come. MONSIEUR PUNCH "*attend* MADAME CHAUMONT" next season with pleasure, but sincerely hopes she will bring another *repertoire* with her.

THE MATERIAL FOR THE ARCTIC MEDAL.—Frosted Silver.

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WHAT'S THE ODDS?

OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.*

A NEW SPORTING NOVEL BY

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,

Author of "Two Kicks," "Squeezing Langford," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.—"*Striking him with a Feather.*"



IT was morning at Jeddington. The event of the year, the Derby, was just over, and the snow lay bright and sparkling like crystals on the ground. As usual, the Great Race of the year had been won by one of the Jeddington Lot—born, bred, and trained in the Jeddington stables. It is not given to every man to win a Derby even once in a lifetime. Great men have lived and died and never won a Derby. ARISTOPHANES and LORD GEORGE BENTINCK are examples in point. But old SIR THOMAS DODD, Bart., had managed it. Regularly every year the Derby winner had come from Jeddington, and SIR THOMAS DODD had been the owner.

But old SIR THOMAS was not immortal, and, having only a nephew, SIR TOMMY TODD, Junior, the time arrived when the uncle was compelled by the stern monitor of the human race to make room for his nephew.

SIR TOMMY DODD came into the estates—worth about sixty-five thousand a year (Land-tax redeemed)—hampered only by one condition, *viz.*, *That, if he did not lose three Derbys in succession, not merely by a neck, or a length, but by his horse coming in absolutely last of all, the whole property would pass at once to a near relative, the* HONOURABLE PULLMAN CARR, who would be saddled with precisely the same condition. If, after trying several other members of the family, the Derby was still being won by the Jeddington Lot, the property was to return to SIR TOMMY TODD, the same condition as before existing, and from him to the HONOURABLE PULLMAN CARR, and so on again. Only there was this proviso, that, if SIR TOMMY should marry and there should appear a son and heir, then the HONOURABLE PULLMAN CARR would come into the property—"but," so the wording of the will went, "*Not before the Boy.*"

Hard stipulations to come from the feathered goosequill in the nervous hand of the old, good, kind-hearted, generous port-wine-drinking, sport-loving, venerable Baronet, who thus passed away, and, in making room for his nephew, had, indeed, struck him with a feather.

CHAPTER II.—*Which is the Favourite?*

ROUND the cheery fire in the fine old ancestral Music Hall belonging to the DODDS, which had lately been fitted up with a sliding roof for the amusement of the guests in winter, sat a pleasant and aristocratic company.

"TOMMY," said the HONOURABLE PULLMAN CARR, slowly puffing his regalia. "I'll lay you twenty thousand pounds to a sovereign that the Derby Loser is not in your stables this year."

"Done!" replied SIR TOMMY.

"TOMMY DODD! TOMMY DODD!" cried several voices from various corners of the hall, "on with you again!"

"Done with you all—at the price," said SIR TOMMY, booking the bets. "And now," he added, "suppose we go and look at the lot."

They all rose as one man. The sporting instinct was strong on them.

"I'll go with you," exclaimed a light, ringing, musical voice.

"LADY DI!" cried SIR TOMMY, "why we shall be only too charmed."

"Of course—charmed," repeated the HONOURABLE PULLMAN, in his low sneering voice.

LADY DI regarded him with superlative disdain. She was a marvellously handsome woman was LADY DIANA BRITELEIGH, possessed originally of locks that the most raven-ous raven might have envied.*

To Be a Blonde, however, she thought would suit her better. So Blonde she became, and perhaps to Black she would return. She was highly popular with men, and, as a natural consequence, equally adored by her own sex.

"Blonde is the Jeddington colour now, TOMMY," she whispered, in her sweetest low tone. Hers was a rich contralto voice; and her highest speaking-note was to put it musically, "C under line."

"Yes," she used to say to her sparkling Mamma, "I am all down among the coals; and my voice is more like Newcastle-under-Line than double C." She was still unmarried. Her Aunt, who had married the Russian Prince, STEPITOFF, accompanied her everywhere, except on the piano.

Hanging on SIR THOMAS'S other arm was the beautiful Brunette, MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE, the youngest widow in the world, and the most fascinating woman in the country. SIR THOMAS looked from one to the other, and pressed the fair arm of each alternately.

"Where's poor BUTTON, your Stud-Groom?" asked LADY DI, as she passed, leaning on SIR THOMAS'S arm, through the door towards the Training Stables, at the back of the house.

"You have only to ask, and he will appear," replied SIR THOMAS, producing a clear, bell-like whistle, by the most natural means possible.

"How simple!" exclaimed MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE, ecstatically; "you have everything at your fingers' ends."

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* *From the Editor to* MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—You've changed the name! It *was* to have been *A Hatful of Money*. Why?

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP *to the Editor*.—Friend of my youth, haven't you ever heard of changing your name for property? Well, Sir, I think this Sporting Novel will be a better property under the new title. It is enough for *me* to think so; but I will give a satisfactorily artistic reason. Observe, it has a *second* title. This is to attract those who never read anything but what is sensational; and if *The Dumb Jockey of Jeddington* doesn't fetch that section of the public, I'm dumb'd—and I cannot put it less strongly or more genteelly than that. If, Sir, you only knew what trouble I've had to find out a place in England beginning with "J," so as to fit in, alliteratively, with "Jockey," you would be the last person to attempt finding a flaw in my title-deed, and the first to send me a congratulatory letter, containing a *rouleau* of real genuine "stuff"—as we turfites call it. Now, Sir, I have been frank and free with you. "Honest JAWLEY" was always my name at school, and I am proud to say that, as long as I can manage it, it shall be my *sobriquet* through life. You must come down and spend a couple of months here with me. I've a lovely quiet horse for you—just the thing. Say when.—J. S.

From the Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—Highly satisfactory. Get on. Your kind invitation I would avail myself of with pleasure, only your letter does not bear your address; and the elderly lady who opened the door in that siding out of Chapel Street West where your name is engraved on the brass plate under the second bell handle, could give me no information on the subject. Drop me a line here. Always ready to shake off the business cobwebs, and rush into the champagney air of the country. I do not care much about hunting; but, if the nag is very quiet, no one would enjoy a morning on horseback more than would yours truly, THE EDITOR.

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP *to the Editor*.—All right. Old woman in Chapel Street is a very old servant in our family. She's been with the JAWLEY SHARPS for years, and her father and mother before her. Dear old lady! I still retain her on my establishment for past services; and, after all, you know, to belong to an old family engenders ties between master and servant which are unintelligible to the *parvenu*. Bless dear old MARGERY! She's very deaf, and uncommonly sagacious. I don't think you'd get anything out of *her*, though she might out of *you*. I was annoyed she didn't show you into the dining-room, and give you luncheon when you called; but the fact is, the little bachelor crib is in such disorder when I'm at my hunting quarters, that the good old soul was unprepared for visitors. *Au revoir!* Mind you come down here. Everything ready for you—gun, horse, dogs, and French cook and valet all to yourself! Say *when*, that's all—merely say when. Yours, heartily, J. S.

Reply by Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—Yes, I will say "*when*" if you will say "*where*." No country address, so I send this to Chapel Street West.—ED.

* There are several things I want to ask. I do not pretend to be a sporting man. But why should a "raven envy anyone's locks"? I own to not being a skilled naturalist, but have ravens locks? You who live so much in the country (*where?* by the way—don't forget to send address next time) ought to know all these things, and you are, I've no doubt, perfectly correct. Secondly, how about the Derby being run in the winter? Such is your meaning, as I gather from your opening chapter, unless you only allude to that exceptional Derby, about four years or so ago, which was run in a snowstorm. Mind I don't pretend to any knowledge of sport myself, and trust implicitly to *you*. Only remember the eyes of the Sporting Public are on you. Yours truly, THE EDITOR.

From MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP *to the Editor*.—Dear EDDY. I never frequent a "Sporting Public." You won't pick up the real information there. Trust me. *I'm in it.* You're not. Come down here, and spend Sunday. Best of everything on hand. Yours ever, J. S.

[But no address.—ED.]

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He pressed her gloved palm with his right hand, while with his left he warmly grasped the little eight-and-a-quarter kid that concealed from the prying gaze the delicately turned fingers of the lovely LADY DI.

The HONOURABLE PULLMAN CARR gave a low sneering laugh, as, linking his arm in that of the noble Italian sportsman, COUNT FARRAGO DI NONSENZA, he whispered maliciously, "Which is the favourite?"

At this instant the gay party was suddenly startled by a loud report, followed by a piercing shriek, issuing from the Training Stables.

SIR THOMAS burst open the door and ran into the yard.

(*To be continued.*)

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

SECTION VII.



CONCERNING PROMOTION.

WHEN *Mr. Punch* resumed his seat in the anteroom he found his poor little friend FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANKY GREGEE, K.C.B., in great distress. The melancholy and diminutive veteran was spelling over an *Army List* with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. Upon inquiring the cause of his *protégé's* distress *Mr. Punch* was informed that the broken-hearted Field-Marshal was crying over the fact that he was the Colonel of only one Regiment instead of four.

"My dear little friend," said *Mr. Punch*, "you must remember that the Colonelcy of a Regiment is only given to some venerable and distinguished warrior as a sort of pension. Say that a man has fought and bled for his country in half-a-dozen campaigns, has married, and reared a large family, and at seventy or eighty years of age is past work, and wants an addition to his scanty pay. Then it is that the Government presents him with a Colonelcy."

"Oh, SIR FRANKY sees it all now," cried the little Field-Marshal, clapping his hands with pleasure. "SIR FRANKY understands now why the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE is Colonel of the Rifle Brigade, the Royal Artillery, a Regiment of Guards, and the 17th Lancers."

Mr. Punch coughed (to clear his throat), and continued his lectures.

Part I. By Merit.—An officer having chosen his Regiment, his next care will be to rise as rapidly as possible in the ranks of the *Army List*. His ambition will lead him from Sub-Lieutenant to Lieutenant, from Lieutenant to Captain, and from thence to the glories of gilt spurs and brass scabbards. In these days of "selection," when money goes for little or nothing, he will have to depend much upon himself, and scarcely at all upon his banker's account. As the Colonel gives the tone to the Regiment, it will be as well for him to carefully study the peculiarities of his commanding officer, with a view to forming his own conduct upon the example set to him. As the Army is composed of all sorts and manners of men, he may have to assume any number of disguises as he passes from battalion to battalion. He may rest assured, however, that one of the following "styles" (with mild modifications calculated to suit the variety of each peculiar case) may be relied upon as a trustworthy pattern.

The Sedate Style.—Punctuality on Parade. Slight Sermons after the reading of the Order-Book. No violent language. Delight in serious Penny-Readings. Patronage of Sunday-Books, Missions, and Total-Abstinence. If the Colonel is very extreme (and has an extreme Wife), a little Sunday Preaching at the corners of thoroughfares may be indulged in occasionally. Spectacles (if possible, tinted) should be adopted with this style.

The Soldier-like Style.—Great smartness. Orders, answers, and general information snapped out in words of one syllable. In moments of excitement strong language may be permitttted. Great severity to be used to culprits appearing on Parade with a button badly polished. Much "Military Shop" (off Parade) should be talked with this style.

The Peacock Style.—Gorgeous garments on all occasions. Much zeal for the "credit of the Regiment." Duties on Parade shirked as much as possible. Anxiety to be shown in getting up Regimental Balls, Regimental Drags, Regiment Harriers, and Regimental Expenses generally. A Breast-Pin with the cypher of the Regiment should be habitually worn with this style.

The Humorous Style.—Great attention to be paid to "good things" at mess. Laughter should always be at hand to welcome the Colonel's puns. The latest comic songs should be rehearsed daily. The banjo and the bones should be used with his style.

The Brotherly Style.—A nick-name to be adopted without hesitation. No objection to be shown to practical jokes. Individual property to be merged in the wealth of the Regiment. Promissory notes to be signed freely. The words "dear old chappy" constantly uttered with this style.

By adopting one of the above "rules of life" an officer should have little difficulty in securing promotion. It is necessary, however, that he should be careful to class his Colonel in the proper style, or the "confidential report" upon his conduct may be the reverse of satisfactory.

Part II. By Interest.—If an officer have sufficient interest to carry him up the tree of promotion, he need not trouble himself about his surroundings. If it is known that he is "looked after" at head-quarters, his Colonel will be chary of writing anything to his disparagement. However, if he finds his regimental duties a bore, he should take some steps to be presented with a staff appointment. As an *aide-de-camp* he should enjoy the maximum of comfort for the minimum of responsibility.

CONVERSATION ON SECTION VII.

Ensign Eugene. My dear *Mr. Punch*, you have just spoken of a "Confidential Report." Can you kindly tell me what it is?

Mr. Punch. Certainly my good ENSIGN EUGENE of the Volunteers. A "Confidential Report" is the document sent in annually by a Commanding Officer to the General of his district. Sooner or later it reaches the War Office. In this report a sketch is given (confidentially) of the conduct of every officer of the Regiment, from the senior Major down to the junior subaltern. Now, imagine all of you that you have to send in a Confidential Report. Say what conduct would you consider meriting the censure of "highly unsatisfactory."

Colonel Charles. If I found one of my Officers disrespectful to me. If he addressed me without my military title out of the training, and was inclined to criticise my knowledge of the Drill-book when the Regiment was embodied. All this, Sir, I should consider "highly unsatisfactory."

Mr. Punch. My dear COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, I have no doubt you would. And you, ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, what conduct would *you* consider "highly unsatisfactory."

Ensign Eugene. Why, of course, if he didn't pay his subscription.

Mr. Punch. And you, LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadier Guards (Green), can you tell me?

Lieutenant and Captain George. I should say his conduct was "highly unsatisfactory" if he belonged to a bad set, and was fool enough to offend his Colonel.

Mr. Punch. My dear pupils, you are all right, a fact that proves that a "confidential report" must always be an exceedingly valuable document.

TO THE WAITS.

(*A pre-dated Prayer.*)

WHY banish slumber with your Yule-tide lays,
Scare sweet forgetfulness from toil-worn wights,
And make the month that brings the Best of Days,
Bring worst of nights?

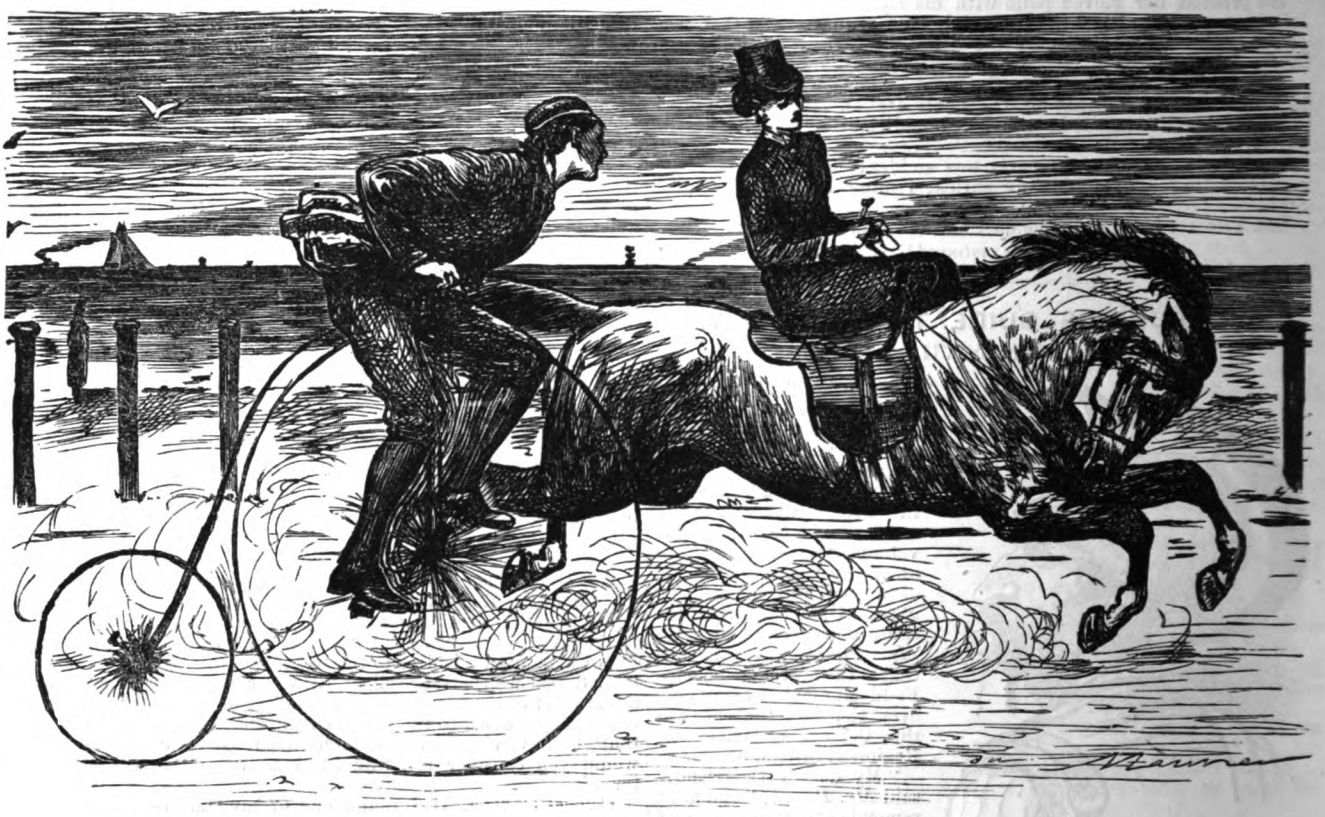
Let Sleep knit up the ravelled sleave of Care;
Drive it not from me with your "*Church Bells' Chime*,"
I'm not a sheet, to need an extra *air*
In winter time.

"*Beautiful Spring*," intruding on my snore,
Comes down on Dreamland like a sudden blight;
A beautiful spring mattress pleases best
In dead of night.

I'll let you "like a soldier fall," in fight,
Or 'neath your tent in war-time lay your head;
But, please, in peace let me have out my night,
In my tent bed.

At least be sure that when, on Boxing Day,
Beadle and bell-ringer besiege my gate,
For clink of coin their music to repay,
The Waits may—wait!

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HOW WE MANAGE OUR LITTLE AFFAIRS OF THE HEART AT BRIGHTON.

SCHOOL-BOARDS AND SWINE.

Parochial Pig squeaks—

THERE was a certain Shearer, on a time who chose to ply
His shears upon a pachyderm, the tenant of a stye:
With copious clamour and scant fleece his labour was repaid;
"Great cry and little wool," still lives, the saw in that case made.

Great cry of "Education" rings on all sides in our ears,
But little wool that we can see for all the talk appears.
Whilst public men, declaiming, vent their platitudes outworn,
And School-Boards fight, small scholars and Ratepayers are shorn.

Good Gentlemen and Ladies—for 'mongst rights of Womankind,
The right to sit on School-Boards now is won by strength of mind—
One question to your wisdom let your close-shorn Pigs commend;
That is, how much have you to show for all that you expend?

Nor deem them sordid swine if they another point propose,
As doubtful of the good and use for which their money goes.
With so much bricks-and-mortar, and sites for building bought,
And all that 's spent in teaching, after all, how much is taught?

How much do you imagine that a Schoolboy, as a rule,
Learns from his masters, not at Board, but e'en at Boarding School?
Learns, to retain in after years, and turn to use and boot?
Inform us, you that teach the young idea how to shoot.

How much beyond those Rudiments, the R's in number three,
Learn ninety-nine in a hundred boys at a fair Academie?
Beyond that useful triad what do the Million know?
Is it worth paying to drive more into small heads below?

What know the multitude of men whom boys at school you knew,
But the Three R's, if all the three, beyond the studious few?
And did you e'er bethink yourselves, fond mother, thoughtful sire,
How many of your little ones e'er more learning will acquire?

That question may have ne'er yet crossed the philanthropic mind,
That looks to general good with eye to nearer objects blind.
With views enlarged, and thoughts beyond a narrower sphere that roam,
Oft workers for the public weal omit the care of home.

And doth it much the public or parochial weal concern
That gutter children should be taught more than most home youth learn?
Too much attempt not, if you 're wise: the million who 've to pay
The Education-tax don't like their money thrown away.

MORE CONFERENCES THAN ONE.

CONFERENCES are suggested on the following very urgent Eastern questions:—

What can be done with the poor of Bethnal Green?

What improvements can be made in the lodging-houses of Clerkenwell?

What can be done for the education of the children of Shoreditch?

How can two-thirds of the Shadwell public-houses be closed?

What can be done to protect the Sailors of the Docks from robbery?

How can a proper observance of Sunday be made popular in Whitechapel?

How can feelings of equity be instilled into the bosoms of the inhabitants of Houndsditch?

How can the London Fields be made capable of further improvement?

How can "penny gaffs" be abolished?

How are the amusements of cheap Music Halls to be regulated?

How is the drainage to be improved in the poor neighbourhoods near the Tower?

And, lastly, why are people more interested in the Turks of Bulgaria than the Arabs of London?

Politics in the Pulpit.

IF the *Liverpool Post* has not been hoaxed, MR. SPURGEON, the other Sunday, took occasion to pray for a change of Ministers, and said, "Let not the extraordinary folly of our rulers lead our country into war." Should he not rather have prayed that they might have the extraordinary wisdom to keep us out of it?

A VERY BAD JUDGE.—The Man who tries his Friends.

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HARLEQUIN GOSCHEN;

OR, THE CRAFTY KHEDIVE AND THE COLLAPSING CANDLE.

(A Present for the Pantomime Writers.)

CLOWN. "HERE'S A LARK! I'M BURNING IT AT *BOTH ENDS!!*"

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KNIGHTS OF THE THISTLE.



SMART City men who give half-crowns to box-keepers.

Bores who call upon literary men at the busiest time of the day.

Silly persons who send subjects for Cartoons to *Punch*.

Unprincipled asses who send *Mr. Punch* his own jokes, a week old, as original.

Fussy nobodies who convene suburban meetings to consider questions of imperial importance.

"Comic" Actors who supplement their Authors' words with balderdash of their own.

Four-fifths of the "plungers" on the Stock Exchange.

Young Gentlemen who go on to the Turf.

Amateur Actors, as a rule.
Amateur Authors, with scarcely an exception.
Believers in Spiritualism who are cheated but do not cheat.
"Constant Readers" who write to the newspapers about the state of the weather.
Volunteer Firemen.
Some of the officials at the War Office.
Many of the officials at the Admiralty.
Practical jokers.
Silly Subalterns who are fond of "bear-fighting."
Noodles who tell long stories.
Ladies' Men generally.
Idiots who indulge in dangerous figures on the Skating Rinks.
Snobs who create disturbances in places of public entertainment.
Shouters of treason and writers of ribaldry.
People with missions.
Sneerers at Morality.
Scoffers at Religion.
Mock cynics and sham philosophers.
And, lastly, all other Donkeys whose particular characteristics have not been set forth in the above list.

SONGS FOR THE SLUMS.

SOMEBODY or other has been somewhere or other reported to have said to somebody or other that, if he had the making of the songs of a nation, it would not matter much who had the making of its laws. Had *Mr. Punch* let fall this saying, there might have been some truth in it; for not many Acts of Parliament can ever be so beneficial to the British Nation as the poetry of *Punch*. Parliament, indeed, might quickly shut up shop if the country listened solely to the wisdom of its *Punch*. But unluckily it happens that the songs of *Mr. Punch* are not the only ones now published, and there is abundance of good work in store for Parliament to counteract the evil influence of the bad songs which are made.

Only fancy what egregious fools would sit in Parliament if the law-makers of England were selected from the writers of its popular street-songs! Imagine what a farce legislation would become if the genius who produced, say, "*Tommy, make room for your Uncle*," were entrusted with the task of framing an amendment to the Education Act, or of bringing in a Bill to codify our Civil Law! And conceive what weighty wisdom from *Punch* and other law-givers is required by way of antidote to the folly of the balderdash squalled nightly at the Music Halls, whence it quickly is exported wholesale to permeate the slums.

As it is probable that LORD BEACONSFIELD, or even MR. GLADSTONE, but seldom pays a visit to these places of amusement, we think it well for his enlightenment, and that of other Legislators, to put forth a few specimens of songs that might be popular at any of our Music Halls, if sung by vulgar singers and set to silly tunes.

(*Specimen No.* 1.)

"I'M SUCH A BASHFUL MAN!"

One day I strolled down Piccadilly,
Where a scrumptious Gal I met.
Her eyes they'd knock a feller silly;
Her hair it was as black as jet.
"By Jove!" thinks I, soon as I spied her,
"Here's good-bye to MARY ANN!"
And so next step I hopped beside her,
'Cos I'm such a Bashful Man!

"Good morning, Miss," says I, politely.
"Does your Mammy know you're out?"
Then I squoze her fingers tightly,
Which it made her lips to pout.
Her shawl I offered for to carry—
One should be civil when one can—
Then I axed her for to marry,
'Cos I'm such a Bashful Man!

(*And so on, and so on, for a score or so of verses, including the encores, accompanied of course with many meaning winks and gestures, and tumultuous applause.*)

(*Specimen No.* 2.)

"SPANKING JOE."

I'M a rollicking cadger as poor as a rat,
But I'm bold as a badger, and 'cute as a cat:
I'm a sweep by purfession, but prigging I do,
Which at Clerkenwell Session I've made my *deboo*.

Chorus (*in which the enlightened audience join*)—
Oh, ain't I just a jolly blade, the pace oh don't I go!
The gals all fall in love with me, they call me Spanking JOE!

With the gloves I'm a wunner, I'm up to all guards,
And you'll find me a stunner at forcing the cards:
I'm a bit of a lusher, and when I've a drop
I'll knock any Crusher all over the shop!

Chorus (*with rapture at this hit at the constituted authorities*)—
Oh, ain't I just a jolly blade, the pace oh don't I go!
There ain't a Peeler has the pluck to face old Spanking JOE!

I attends all the races, I plays on the floot,
Like a Nigger's my face is, as black as a boot:
My address if you axes, of the street I've the key,
And I don't pay no taxes, 'cept for corfy and tea.

Chorus (*with a snapping of the fingers at the Tax-Collector*)—
Oh, ain't I just a jolly blade, the pace oh don't I go!
Of Income-tax I ain't afraid, my fortin is too low!

(*Specimen No.* 3.)

"PRETTY POLLY POUTER."

PRETTY POLLY POUTER,
She's a reg'lar out-and-outer,
For she won a prize for beauty at a Barmaid Show:
She looks so 'ristocratic,
Though she lives in a back attic,
And her mother keeps a milk-walk in the slums of Pimlico!

She can chaff a cove so sweetly,
She can tog herself so neatly;
She's a skirt of scarlet satin trimmed with poppies in full blow:
And she sports a pink silk bonnet,
With blue butterflies upon it,
Which astonishes the milk-walk in the slums of Pimlico!

Since first I saw MISS POLLY
I've been took quite melancholy,
For I asked her if she'd have me, and she said, "Oh, dear me, no!"
Now I feel my heart is blighted,
For I ne'er can be united
To sweet pretty POLLY POUTER in the slums of Pimlico!

Lord Salisbury's Mission.

IT is encouraging to have learnt, by various special telegrams, that LORD SALISBURY'S Mission has prospered hitherto to the extent of his Lordship's partaking of sixteen grand dinners, private and official, during his progress to the East.

The postprandial result appears to have been equally satisfactory; for a very special sub-marine telegram from Rome declares that his Lordship's journey has "increased his hopes of the peaceful result of the Conference."

It is almost superfluous to add that the telegram concludes by stating, that our noble Representative at the proposed Conference was to "DINE" at eight o'clock with SIR AUGUSTUS PAGET at the Embassy at Porta Pia.

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"SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE."

Presbyterian Minister (*portentously*). "JAMES, THIS IS A VERY DREADFUL THING! YOU HAVE HEARD THERE IS ONE POUND MISSING FROM THE BOX!"

James (*the Beadle, who is strongly suspected*). "'DEED, SIR, SO THEY WERE TELLIN' ME——"

Minister (*solemnly*). "JAMES! YOU AND I ALONE HAD ACCESS TO THAT BOX——"

James. "IT'S JUST AS YE SAY, SIR—IT MUST LIE BETWEEN US TWA! AN' THE BEST WAY'LL BE, YOU TO PAY THE TAE HALF AN' I'LL PAY THE TITHER, AN' SAY NA' MAIR ABOOT IT!"

THE MORAL BUTTERMAN.

(*A Romance in One Act.*)

SCENE—*A Butter Shop*. Moral Butterman *discovered reading "The Christian Universe."*

Enter Lady Customer.

Moral Butterman. What can I do for you, Miss, this afternoon?

Lady Customer. Oh, thank you, I only wanted a pound of butter.

Moral Butterman. Yes, Miss, certainly, Miss. What quality would you like?

Lady Customer. What have you?

Moral Butterman. Well, here is a very nice, well-flavoured, article we call "Butterine," which we can afford to do at One-and-Two. We have a large sale for it. It is composed of Thames skimmings and clarified grease. It gives *great* satisfaction. Will you taste it?

Lady Customer. Oh, *dear*, no. Have you nothing else?

Moral Butterman (*cheerfully*). Yes, Miss. Here is another still better flavoured article, which we call "Oleo-margarine." I cannot tell you of what it is composed, as it is imported by the ton. We sell a large quantity, and at as low a price as One-and-Three. I think if you tasted it, perhaps?

Lady Customer. Oh no, thank you. Then you have nothing else?

Moral Butterman. Not at the price, Miss; except our celebrated "Bosh." We *do* know what that is made of. It is composed of beef-fat and other harmless materials, together with a sufficient amount of water.

Lady Customer. Oh, thank you! Good evening!

Moral Butterman. Then you won't try the "Bosh." Miss? We have some first-rate Devonshire butter at two shillings, but it has nothing like the flavour of the others.

Lady Customer. I should hope not. If you can warrant it, give me half a pound, and let me go. I don't feel well.

[Lady *is served, and exit*. Moral Butterman *groans, and resumes "The Christian Universe."*

Curtain.

More Easily Wanted than Got.

THE following advertisement has been extensively circulated in the South of Ireland:—

TO CLERGYMEN.—WANTED, for a small Seaside Parish in the diocese of Cork, which has been vacant some months, a steady married CLERGYMAN, between forty and forty-five years of age, as Rector. Must be a Gentleman by birth, education, and manners, of high intellectual attainments, a brilliant and persuasive preacher, a sound Protestant, strictly evangelical, untinged by either High or Broad Church opinions, and, as the congregation is largely composed of Ladies, a diligent and pleasing visitor. He must possess agreeable social qualities, and be of prepossessing appearance. The stipend being small, ample private means are essential. To a Gentleman of an amiable or compliant disposition this would prove a desirable post. No one need apply in whom the foregoing qualifications are not combined.—For further particulars apply, &c., &c.

A fine illustration of demand and supply in the "open market." It shows how Disestablishment must be working to "improve the quality of the article"?

TITLE FOR W. E. G. (*when he takes his Peerage*).—LORD PENMAENMAWR.

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THE AMATEUR TENOR AT HOME.

Mrs. Brown (in the midst of the lovely prelude to Gounod's "Maid of Athens," which melody Brown is practising for the Smiths' party). "WOULD YOU——GIVE BABY——ONE OF THOSE POWDERS, JAMES, OR DO YOU——THINK A——LINSEED POULTICE WILL DO?"

A BRITISH FÊTE FOR FRANCE.

THE Members of the French Senate, and Chamber of Deputies too, have lately received a very acceptable present all round; to wit, a copy of MR. C. HILL'S prize essay, entitled *Sunday*, containing an introductory letter by that prince of living letter-writers and polemics, MR. GLADSTONE. This useful and appropriate gift was also accompanied by a letter from the donors, the President and Secretary of the Committee of the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, on the part of that Society. The presentees are severally addressed as follows:—

"SIR,—Will you do the Committee of this Association the honour of accepting the accompanying little book, entitled *Sunday: its Influences on Health and National Prosperity?* The observance of the Sabbath Day has been an incalculable blessing to Great Britain, and it is the desire of the Working Men and others connected with this Association to see their brethren and sisters in France enabled, like themselves, to enjoy the Sabbath as a day of rest from labour. We regret to learn that in France and other Continental countries labour is carried on to a great extent on the Lord's Day, and we feel that if practical measures could be devised for promoting the observance of the Sabbath, and reducing the amount of Sunday labour to that which is necessary, a great blessing would descend on the French nation."

The above appeal has elicited the most satisfactory answers. This is one of them:—

Permit me, Gentlemen, to offer you milliards of thanks for your valuable tract on Sunday by the eminent HILL, in addition to one of the celebrated letters of your incomparable Protestant ex-Minister, SIR GLADSTONES.

It is admirable the zeal which, in the face of grave preoccupations, has forced you to engage your minds with the subject of Sunday; and that for others who do not think of it themselves.

One is astonished to see that British Workmen, for whom the law has made the Sunday after their six days' labour a day of repose, are not satisfied themselves to rest and be thankful, but, besides, seek to oblige people not at all sleepy to desist from enjoying that festival by passing it in their own way.

Still more amazed is one in finding that Workmen of Britain, for whom their industries might be imagined employment more than full, not only labouring out of work hours to impose inaction during Sunday upon their compatriots, but also exhorting the French Legislature to institute throughout the whole of France the British Sunday. One thinks that working tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, bricklayers, painters, plumbers, and glaziers would have quite enough to do to attend to their avocations, and busy themselves selely with their needles, awls, saws, planes, axes, chisels, hods, trowels, solder, paint, and putty. To abandon their own business for the study of our welfare is too generous.

It is your desire to see the enjoyment of the Sabbath as a day of rest from labour made compulsory on those whom you affectionately call your brothers and sisters in France. This is, indeed, a fraternal idea. It is even more fraternal than Christian fraternity. You wish your brothers and your sisters to enjoy Sunday in the English mode, and likewise to enjoy the Sabbath. Consequently, your fraternity embraces also the Jews. Do you wish us all to enjoy, in doing nothing, both the seventh day and the first?

In England you are so happy as to have no places of amusement open on Sunday but the public-houses, and those shut during hours of worship. It is your desire to close them altogether for the whole day. You would advise us also to shut up all restaurants and refreshment-rooms, and, as well, all galleries of art and science, and every museum, to say nothing of theatres; besides to prohibit all races, dancing, and each possible kind of recreation on Sabbaths and Sundays. That is how you invite us to enjoy the Sunday and the Sabbath, and by legislation to compel everybody else to do the same. We thank you profoundly for that so kind invitation, which, however, the insuperable opinions and sentiments of the French People compel us to decline.

Accept, Gentlemen, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

TOUTMONCEIL.

A Sign of the Times.

PORTENTOUS display of Ritualism! Where are the comments of the *Record* and the *Rock* on this last notable sign of the times? We observe that even at the Mayor's Banquet at Birmingham, the other day, a CHAMBERLAIN was present with a CROSS!

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NOTES FROM OUR WELL-INFORMED MAN.

(Public and Confidential Addresses to the Editor.)



THESE are days, Sir, in which a Journal is behind the *Times*, and behind the *Telegraph*, too, for the matter of that, if not posted up not only in the latest news, but also in such details of private intelligence, highly-spiced, pressed and condensed, of course, as may interest and delight its millions of readers, and place them in that enviable position recognised by all as "behind the scenes." As to the pleasures and charms of being "behind the scenes," that will be a subject for another letter. But as a paper is nothing without its gossip, and its scandal, allow me to be your Gossip, though heaven forefend I should be your Scandal.

I do not profess to give anything political—I *may*; but this is not my object. I shall not present you with tit bits about our dear BEACONSFIELD. No, Sir. *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* The Jew is not worth the scandal, as *Gwendolen* might have said of *Daniel Deronda*. Ah! why did not GEORGE ELIOT adopt the motto I suggested to that talented Authoress:—

"C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,
Qui fait le *Dan'l Deronda*."

But perhaps it wasn't good enough for her. But to business. I am Your Well-informed Man. I send this letter now on the spot, because I happen to know that you will *not* get one from that flighty Gentleman who goes about calling himself "Your Representative." "But that I am prevented by a severe cold," as the *Ghost of Hamlet's* father said, "I could a tale unfold" about the above-mentioned Contributor, which would make your quills stand on end, like those of the fretful Porcupine.

By the way, what a voluminous writer the Porcupine ought to be, if he 'd only been brought up to it. But I suppose he never got over the invention of steel pens?

I met Your Representative going off into the country with—well, that 's no business of mine, of course—only if he sends you any of what *he* calls his *criticisms* (!!!—on my word, I can't find enough notes of exclamation—for "admiration" is *not* the word I want—to express my intense astonishment at his unblushing effrontery), you may take my word for it—and I 'll meet him anywhere afterwards—coffee for two, and pistols for one (myself)—that he has *not* been to the Theatre he professes to write about. As I am the Well-informed Man, let me prove it. I will tell you what is doing everywhere, and what is going to be done. You shall be with me a privileged person behind the scenes.

Drury Lane.—MR. CHATTERTON has determined upon producing *The Critic*. The after-piece will be an *Appeal to the Public*; of course, there will be no pantomime at this house.

The VOKES Family are staying at Hawarden, and MR. GLADSTONE takes lessons in Sanskrit every morning, before breakfast, from MR. FRED VOKES. In the Afternoon the ex-Premier,—or, as he is called at Hawarden, the Axe-Premier,—goes about axing riddles and cutting jokes for dinner.

At the Adelphi and Princess's, MR. WILLS, author of *Charles, his Friend*, and other capital Farces, will do the Pantomimes. He has not yet chosen the subjects.

At the Folly.—It is whispered in my ear that MR. HENRY IRVING will appear here in a round of *his* favourite characters after Christmas. The roof will be heightened, and the stage-door very considerably enlarged to allow of his entrance. He is to play in one new piece adapted from the French, entitled *Coutts qui Coutts*. Great things are expected—as they always have been.

MLLE. CHAUMONT has presented MR. E. PIGOTT, the Licenser of Plays, with a new French Dictionary as a *souvenir*. There was a private performance of *Madame attend Monsieur* at the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S Office. The part of *Monsieur* by the courteous and amiable licenser.

MR. DAVID JAMES is engaged on a Volume of Sermons. He will retire from the Stage after the 3,000th night of *Our Boys*. His only objection to becoming a Clergyman is purely technical. He says he cannot believe in the success of any Establishment that admits Orders.

When I was in Dorsetshire, I heard that Temple Bar was coming down, though by what train was uncertain. Besides these gems of information, I could give you several highly interesting and equally true, about most of our Public Men, but I think the above are sufficient to prove that I am what I profess to be,

YOUR WELL-INFORMED MAN.

A DISINTERESTED COLUMN.

NOTICE TO CANDIDATES FOR MATRICULATION AT THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.—A FINAL READING up of *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1877 absolutely necessary. Terms for one Pocket-Book, Half-a-Crown.

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A Beacon for Beaconsfield.

'WARE your Admiralty's masters
Still incurring fresh disasters:
Ships colliding, sunk, or sinking,
Safety valves for lack of thinking
Out of order, and exploding
Boilers, ill in warfare boding;
Arctic voyage stopped by scurvy.
Why? No lime juice? Topsy-turvy,
Such mishaps' concatenations
Oft have turned Administrations!

TECHNICAL EDUCATION. — Motto for Lady Helps: "Learn to labour and to wait."—*Longfellow.*

A HINT FOR THE CONFERENCE.—What Ottomans were made for. To be sat upon.

LAMENTS OVER TEMPLE-BAR.—CHILDISH.

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THE TOOTH THAT WON'T COME OUT.



THE REV. ARTHUR TOOTH, having been inhibited from playing *Mass* by the Court of Arches, a "large and enthusiastic meeting" of his habitual audiences was held at St. James's, Hatcham, the other evening, "to protest against" his inhibition, "and to express sympathy with him." According to the *Post*:—

"In moving the third resolution, which pledged the meeting to withhold all moral, personal, and pecuniary support from any Priest 'intruded into their parish,' MR. ROBERT TOOTH, the patron of the living, observed that the Vicar's conduct had been termed lawless, but it was not to be forgotten that, at the commencement of the proceedings, he had volunteered to submit to the Bishop's decision, provided his Lordship would try the matter in accordance with the Church's laws."

Under which Church, Bezonian, speak or die? The Church by law established, or the Church of which, in this country, the top-sawyer is CARDINAL MANNING? The former, by the decree of its highest Court, has declared MR. TOOTH to have proved himself, in playing *Mass*, an unsound Tooth, a Tooth to be stopped, a Tooth which, if stopping will not suffice, will have to come out. As to the latter, it would simply disown MR. TOOTH, and declare his pretension to play *Mass* improper, if not impious and condemnable. The least serious of those ecclesiastics whom TOOTH takes off would say that comedians go too far when they attempt *chiesa buffa*. Apparently MR. TOOTH, like other English actors in his line of business, does not know what he is about. He should learn. A Divine whose writings a few years ago caused great commotion in Exeter Hall, might teach him; for at present, evidently, this TOOTH is innocent of the theology of DENS.

BOOK-KEEPERS.—Book borrowers.

MUMBO-JUMBO'S LATEST MUFTI.

An Energetic Protest from an Alarmed Member of the Party of Order.

"The formula of our *Zeit-Geist* is Development."—C. E. APPLETON, *in Contemporary Review.*

DEVELOPMENT? Oh, yes! Our last new Dagon!
A fetish formula that I cry plague on.
Of this catch-word, that mouthed so far and wide is,
I'm sick as e'er was Greek of ARISTIDES.
I hold this vaunted key to the world's riddle
A downright diddle,
Devised by DARWIN and such imps of Babel,
To rob the world of *credos* comfortable,
And all that's fixed and stable.
There never was such aid to Revolution
As this pert theory of "Evolution;"
A sort of hocus-pocus, by whose sleight
Nothing, by slow degrees, grows everything;
And all, from mote to Seraph, made to spring
Spontaneously from Chaos and Old Night.
I love it not. I like to "draw the line:"
I hold belief in boundaries, ranks, and classes.
The notion that a lump of jelly passes,
By changes none may mark they are so fine,
Into a stout Conservative County Squire,
Is one I can't admire.
A Radical *may* rise from an Ascidian
(He's not much better at his full meridian!)
But *Me* date back to speck of protoplasm?
It gives me quite a spasm!
Development jumbles everything. Nought's a fixture,
But all the universe a sort of mixture.
There's no clear boundary line 'twixt Ape and Angel,
According to this precious new evangel.
"All idiosyncrasies are fluent." *Are* they?
So are some idiots! Every bond and bar they
Would fain attenuate till 'tis as fine
As what they call a mathematic line;
Length without breadth or substance, which, by Jingo!
Seems a fair type of all their long-spun lingo!
(They'd like to serve my hedges so, no doubt,
But honest quickset keeps false Quixotes out.)
It's all their artful way of muddling things,
Creeds, Constitutions, Classes, Ranks, and Races;
Till none can fix their principles, or places:
A Radical conspiracy that flings
Doubts on our lineage, and throws dubious lights
On privileges and on social rights.
Cosmos! What Order could be underangeable,
With elements so vague and interchangeable?
Who's who, and which is which, in stamp or station,
In face of their confounded "Correlation"?
Development our formula? Absurd!
I hold a man's a man, a bird's a bird,
A Radical's a Radical, and a rat
Is not, and never will be, dog or cat.
Things were made so or so for weighty reasons,
And may they ne'er get muddled—like our Seasons!
Hard and fast lines are comfort and salvation
In Nature and the nation;
And, *if* the *Zeit-Geist* holds these doctrines hazy,
I'm sure the *Zeit-Geist* must be going crazy.

NO MORE CATTLE SHOWS!

ACCORDING to the report of a lecture lately delivered by DR. CHILDS, F.R.C.S., under the auspices of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at Tunbridge Wells, on "Vivisection, its Uselessness as well as its Unlawfulness," the Lecturer, introducing his subject, "said that nothing more was wanted to effect the total suppression of Vivisection than that the people at large should have a clear notion of what Vivisection means." Perhaps what he wished to say was merely that if people desired to effect the total suppression of Vivisection, it was necessary that they should clearly know what it meant. Now Vivisection means cutting or maiming any living thing. So, if it were totally suppressed there would be an end of butchers. As it is, we don't kill a pig every day, but then we should never kill a pig any day. Hunting, shooting, fishing, and all manner of field-sports, would be entirely prohibited, and we should become a nation of Vegetarians.

NOVELTY FOR THE BRIC-A-BRAC HUNTER.—A Railway in China.

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"A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING."

Rustic (who had just been informed of the meaning of the "B.D." affixed to the Parson's name on the Notice). "BACHELOR O' DIVINITY! THEN THAT THERE MAN AIN'T A RIGHT MAN TO PRAICH, BY MY WAYS O' THINKING!"

Informant. "WHY NOT?"

Rustic. "'CAUSE HE CALLS HISSELF A BACHELOR! AN' I KNOWS HE'S A MARRIED MAN!"

GEOLOGICAL GENEALOGY.

JUDICIOUS MR. PUNCH, SCIENTIFIC SIR,

THE Order that I have the honour to belong to, is one wherein much account is made of Pedigree. You know what a name for high blood is borne by the descendants of the Godolphin Arabian. Of course we are all descended from coëvals of ADAM; but until lately our origin was not supposed traceable any higher. Now, however, it is referred to a prehistoric period of indefinitely remote antiquity. Geological Genealogists ascribe a long lineage indeed to the Noble Animal.

But, worthy Sir, in demonstrating our family to be as old as the hills, or at least as the rocks or strata in which are found the bones of our ancestors, some Gentlemen of Science do us a doubtful honour. PROFESSOR HUXLEY, the other day, delivered at the London Institution a lecture on "Some Recent Additions to our Knowledge of the Pedigree of" my race. They consisted in certain discoveries lately made of organic remains, imagined to warrant an induction, which the Professor, in concluding his discourse, and referring to the theory of "evolution," expressed as follows, if truly reported:—

"There was no longer any other reasonable and fair hypothesis, and it might truly be called an ascertained fact, that the various forms of the horse were all descended from a common ancestry. Just as certainly as there was a point whence the horse and bear diverged, so there must have been a common point whence all mammals diverged."

So, then, PROFESSOR HUXLEY declares it a certain truth that we Noble Animals are all remote cousins of that savage, ugly, ridiculous, climbing, plantigrade brute, the Bear. Is it so certain? How does he make it out? By showing that although, whilst the bear has five toes, we have but one, only one bone, apparently, in the fore leg to his two, and no more than forty-four teeth, he having forty-six, yet on minute examination we are found to possess, in the shape of "small splints" for toes, and an *ulna* "shrivelled to a mere thread of bone," the rudiments that make up the Bear's complement of bones, and that certain of our ancestors whose relics have turned up in successive strata, exhibit these bones more completely developed. To wit, in the Pleiocene, the Pleiohippus, an animal like a horse, with differences as to teeth and bones, and the Protohippus or Hipparion, the latter having three really jointed toes; and so upwards through the Meiocene beds with the Meiohippus or Anchitherium, and the Mesohippus, with still more perfectly formed toes to the Eocene, the oldest bed of the Tertiary system, and therein the Orohippus with four complete toes to each fore foot; to each hind leg three. This creature, PROFESSOR HUXLEY says, is no bigger than a fox, he calls it the "Oldest Horse." Might he not rather have called it the "Oldest Pony"?

Now, *Mr. Punch*, without presuming to contradict PROFESSOR HUXLEY, allow me to ask, Do his premisses, as above quoted, clearly necessitate his conclusion? What proof is there that we are descendants of the Orohippus, indicated by some resemblance in point of toes, to be conceivably a not very distant relation to the Bear? Sir, I am ready to go at a five-barred gate or a bullfincher, with anything on two legs, and that much weight on the back of me; but one ought to be able to clear an acre of corn to match the leap which the learned Professor seems to make in jumping to conclusions like the foregoing.

Of course it was MR. DARWIN who put the idea of taking such jumps as those into PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S head; but who put it into MR. DARWIN'S? I don't know, *Mr. Punch*. I don't pretend to be wise enough to say; but I cannot help suspecting that it was some very profound Philosopher in the University of Laputa.

Believe me, dear Sir, your ever faithful and
Affectionate Friend and Servant,
HOUYHNHNM.

P.S.—Geology will, perhaps, by-and-by reveal a so-called horse even older and smaller than the Orohippus, not so big as a Fox, being no bigger than a Rat, and nearer still akin to the Bears and the Sloths, to be called, possibly, the Microtherium, and supposed to have done duty for the Horse in Prehistoric Lilliput.

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RAIN! RAIN!

COMBINATION OF SOU'-WESTER AND EEL-TRAP. (SUGGESTION FOR A WATER-TIGHT DRESS.)

THE ARCTIC PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

"*Tuesday, Dec. 5th.* The LORD MAYOR entertained the crews of H.M.'s ships *Alert* and *Discovery* . . .

"JOHN BUNYAN, of the *Discovery*, entertained the company with a song."—*Vide Newspaper Reports.*

Now *Mr. Punch* heard in his dream that this was the song JOHN BUNYAN sang:—

OH, Christians all, both great and small,
To cheer you o'er the bowl,
I'll sing the Pilgrims' Progress made
Towards the Northern Pole.
Where bears forbear to make their lair,
And knots are not on wing,
Sloughs of Despond were struggled through,
With sledges in the Spring,
Across the sea of ancient ice,
As far as we could go,
O'er Mountains not Delectable,
Of hummock, berg, and floe!
Oft shifting ice as in a vice
Had our good ships held fast,
But Great-Heart NARES unshrinking dares
The crow's-nest and the blast.
From ice-sea's rim the Giant Grim
Forced us to axe our way,
But Giant Despair was fain to swear,
We kept *him* still at bay:
Both tried their best to baulk our quest,
Both we were game to lick,
And when at length they broke our strength,
'Twas by a scurvy trick.
We fought the cold as *Christian* bold
Apollyon did fight.
But vain to strive, we could not drive
Our Ice-Fiend into flight.
Then fill the cup! Take, others, up
The task we leave undone:
There's not a Salt will call a halt
When honour's to be won.
The Hill of Difficulty, still,
While stout hearts choose for goal,
His Pilgrim's Progress to fulfil,
JOHN BULL must reach the Pole!

"Chair!"

LADIES, gentle Ladies, please to look at this:—

"In Manchester an influential movement has arisen for providing seats for shopwomen, during their long hours of service at the counter."

Surely, Ladies, you will wish this movement all success. This, now the standing rule at shops where Ladies mostly congregate—an evil of long standing—should be remedied forthwith. "They also serve," says MILTON, "who only stand and wait." But, when serving at the counter, a girl may wait upon her customers without the need of standing all day long; and what fatigue she suffers from this "only standing," they only who have stood it can tell.

WRONG *IN TOTO*.

WHERE will it stop if such a precedent is admitted? We are told that MADAME CHAUMONT herself called on the Censor of Plays, and persuaded him to license the pieces she has lately so charmed us all in performing. We can hear her saying, with that irresistible smile, and that suggestive shrug of the shoulders, which we know and like so well, "*Voyons, mon petit chou! Sois raisonnable! Fais-moi cette petite concession! Pas moyen de me la réfuser. Hein?*" And of course the merely human Licenser yields, as we should all yield in his place.

But if this conduct should be catching? If every time a piece was likely to be refused a licence, the Actor or Actress most concerned were to seek a personal interview with the licenser, what a life that unfortunate official would lead!

Suppose MISS E. FARREN were to rush off to the Lord Chamberlain's Office, and, popping her head in at the door, were to say, with a wink—"Look here, Old Man! If you don't let me play that farce, I'll strike you with a Wose!" And then, with a hop, step, and jump, perch herself on the back of a chair, and inquire after the health of the Governor—meaning the MARQUIS OF HERTFORD.

Or imagine MR. FRED VOKES, dissatisfied with the cuts made in the next Christmas Pantomime, coming head-first through the window in Palace Yard, and throwing his leg over the Censor's astonished head, windmill-wise, until the lines were restored!

Then, again, MR. DAVID JAMES might repair to MR. PIGOTT's private residence, and, sticking a knife into the "*Dosset*"—— But no; MR. DAVID JAMES will never require another licence. Has he not sworn that succeeding generations shall take their boys to see *Our Boys* till the end of the century?

Another day, MR. TOOLE might take it into his amusing noddle to proceed, in a Hansom, to St. John's Wood, and, bearding MR. PIGOTT in his lair, might thus address him:—

"Look here, my dear boy! You've a licensed a good deal, and still—still I am not happy. I'll trouble you—excuse my taking off my glove!—I'll trouble you to put those lines back where you took 'em from! And don't try it on again—not before this Boy! What says the young OBADIAH? PIGOTT, my boy, you are on!"

Such licence on the part of the Profession would be inexcusable. But we feel sure the present Censor knows how to keep the Stage in order, without reducing himself to the necessity of maintaining a state of siege alike of his premises and his principles.

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WHAT'S THE ODDS?

OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.

A GENUINE SPORTING NOVEL BY

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,

Author of "Squeezing Langford," "Two Kicks," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.—"*The Jeddington Dodd Lot.*"



HE report that had so startled them was soon explained by MR. STRINGHALT, the accomplished Trainer. "We've just been firing a Colt," said MR. STRINGHALT.

SIR THOMAS DODD was satisfied. "MR. STRINGHALT," he said, addressing his Trainer, "Don't fire any more Colts just now, because of the Ladies."

"I won't, SIR THOMAS," was the obsequious reply. "The fact is, that this would not have happened, only the fetlock caught in something, snapped, and the Colt went off of its own accord."

"Oh, do let us go all over the Stables!" exclaimed LADY DI BRITELEIGH, rapturously.

"Oh, let's!" exclaimed MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE, not to be outdone by her brilliant rival.

"How happy could I be with either!" murmured SIR THOMAS, as he bent his left eye on LADY DI, at the same time turning his right full on the attractive MRS. AZAMYLE.

The HONBLE. PULLMAN CARR frowned, and pinched COUNT FARRAGO's arm, who, not to be behindhand, retaliated with a kick.

The Jeddington training-stables were a marvel of neatness. They were most conveniently situated between the house and the race-course, where SIR THOMAS had won so many Derbys.

The Trainer beckoned to an elegant young man, who was lounging in a Japanese arm-chair, in dressing-gown and slippers, inhaling one of the choicest bandannas that money could procure. By his expansive shirt-front of the purest white, which formed an admirable setting for his large diamond studs, anyone could immediately tell what capacity their wearer filled in these Stables. Evidently he was the Stud Groom.

With an easy bow he advanced, and proffered his services as *cicerone* to the party.

It was a thoroughly sporting scene, as MR. WILLIAM BUTTON (the Stud Groom) pointed out. In one corner there was a fine Dorking Hen laying the odds. In another, a sleek-coated Race-Horse was backing himself against a wall. A dead Mouse lay in the middle of the yard, and a fast-trotting Cob was walking over the corse. The temperature was perfect, and the thermometer registered a dead heat.

MR. STRINGHALT's family of ten children—all of them of such a decided Japanese type as to have won them the name of "the Flat Race"—lived over the Stables, and the butcher, who had just arrived, was carrying in the Nursery Steaks; while MRS. STRINGHALT, a cheery, elderly woman, was putting the pot on. Just outside, where the garden joined the yard, the gardeners were busily engaged in hedging, and MR. STRINGHALT's eldest boy was trying to train a horse-chestnut over a low fence; while the second was watching a caterpillar on a mulberry leaf, and asking his brother, "Will it spin, OBADIAH? will it spin?"

"Now," said MR. WILLIAM BUTTON (who was as proud of the horses under his care as a grandmother of her youngest grandchild), "I will show you our Derby pets. First of all, you shall see our Twentybob Mare."

He led the way towards the Pound.

"Twentybob in the Pound," said the Stud Groom, admiringly. "And you won't get more change out of any horse than that."

Everyone admired her massive ribs, her short, curved back, and her long silver tail.

"A little slipped in the forehand," observed the HONBLE. PULLMAN CARR, quietly.

"*You* know, Sir, where the fault lies," returned the Stud Groom, who had some respect for the HONBLE. P.'s opinion.

And they walked on towards that peculiar building which, in all training stables, is called the Mansion House. Here they naturally expected to see the Mare. They were not disappointed.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed both Ladies, pressing SIR THOMAS's arm.

It was indeed a sight to rejoice the heart of any true lover of Sport.

They were looking at a splendid Mare lying in a soft, downy Mare's Nest. She was absorbed in profound thought, brooding over her lot. "She can't help it," the Stud Groom observed. "She belongs to the genuine stock of Brood Mares, and they all do it."

Suddenly a twittering carol of birds broke on their ears. The Ladies looked about amazed. There were no feathered songsters visible.

The Stud Groom smiled. "It's the Thrushes the Mare's always got. They sing on a fine summer morning like this," the Trainer, who had now joined the party, explained.

MR. STRINGHALT, the Trainer, might have added that he encouraged music in his stables. Outside, a quintette of Grooms might have been observed with their pipes, taking their time and their tune from the Chief Ostler, who was giving it them with his pitchfork; while each horse lazily leaned back in his stall, listening to the melody, and some few put their heads out of their private boxes, and either nodded affirmatively, or said "Neigh" distinctly.*

"Look here!" said the Trainer, drawing their attention to an animal in a box. "Here's one of our Derby pets. This is the *Invisible Prince*, out of *Sight*, by *Jingo*."

She was a beautiful bit of skin was this brood-foal. Her legs were long and sinewy, with a good round, firm, swelling knee, well curved outwards—a sign that there was no bend sinister in her pedigree. Her left hock was still, her right hock was sparkling, just the sort you'd expect in a winner of a Champagne cup. Her shoulders drooped a little, giving the notion of extraordinary force and great staying power. This was *the* one point that SIR THOMAS went for with all his might and main. By the provisions of the will he was compelled not only to *lose*, but to come in absolutely last of all, for three Derbys in succession. Hitherto all his horses *would* win. If he could but find *one* mare with sufficient staying power to stay behind all the others, his estates were secure to him for the rest of his life. Therefore, on the *Invisible Prince* all SIR THOMAS DODD's hopes were centred.

LADY DI could not restrain her admiration.

"She has a tail of which a rat might be proud," she cried, enthusiastically.

"She's right in the mane," chimed in MRS. AZAMYLE.

* *From the Editor to* MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—We (speaking editorially) feel bound to ask you a few questions. We do *not* profess to be sporting, but haven't you slightly over-coloured the picture of the Stud Groom and the Training Stables?

From MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP *to the Editor*.—Not a bit. Haven't I said "they were a marvel of neatness"? This carefully-chosen expression fore-stalls (as we used to say at Doncaster when I kept four race-horses in as many stalls) *all* objections. Depend upon *me*, my friend, for my sketches are *from life*. *Nil dubitandum*. Did you ever drive a tandem, by the way? If so, you would understand my motto, "*Nil dubitandum, nil desperandum*," *i. e.*, "When driving an uncertain team in a tandem (old style of spelling), don't go at random."—Yours ever, J. S.

P.S.—Come down, and see us. By the way, just for sport look in at Billingsgate Market, and bring down a Bag For with you. No difficulty in train. Tip the Guard, and he'll let you put him under the seat. A leather carpet-bag will carry him as well as anything, and not attract attention.

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"A more perfect nose I never saw," said the HONBLE. PULLMAN.

"*Il naso Romano*," cried the delighted COUNT FERRAGO, as good a judge of horseflesh as ever crossed the Pyrenees.

"And something of the Hebraic in it," added SIR THOMAS; "or, I should say, more correctly, of the Royal Judaic type, which, in this peculiar breed, has long been the distinguishing mark of the old Clothes' Horse."

"The Baron would be glad to welcome him in his Stables," murmured the HONBLE. PULLMAN, as he patted the animal's proboscis.

"We have another Derby mare," observed MR. WILLIAM BUTTON, carelessly. "She is named *Moka*, by *Sawney Beanie*, out of *Chicory*; at least, that is how I have entered her in the Registry. She is handsomely marked, you'll observe," he added, as he opened a small lattice in order to allow the visitors to get a peep at the animal in question. "She has the true length and delicate acuteness of ear, and the two dark stripes on the shoulders, which are the genuine signs of great staying and much enduring power. Should *Invisible Prince* fail, it is quite on the cards for *Moka* to lose a Derby for us. I have taken her in hand myself," added MR. BUTTON, with some pride. He had originally been in a *Cirque*, and it would have taken a clever quadruped to show him in a quarter of an hour more tricks than he could teach any one of them in five minutes.

The stable-gates were thrown open, and a young lady drove in. She was radiant as the morning, and wore a Gainsborough hat of magnificent dimensions.

"GUSSY GANDAR!" exclaimed SIR THOMAS, and in another minute they were locked in each other's arms, while the rest of the party were considerably shut up. When they were unlocked, MISS GUSSY and SIR THOMAS went up to the House, skipping like a young heir and heiress in March, quite oblivious of the party they had left behind in the stable.

"*Andiamo!*" said COUNT FARRAGO, shrugging his shoulders. "*Cospetto! Il Bacio! Corpo di Baccy!*" And the good-natured foreigner lit a cigar, and strolled in the direction of Newmarket.

MRS. ASCOOD AZAMYLE seized the HONBLE. PULLMAN CARR by the right arm, LADY DI grasped him by the left.

"He must not marry *her!*" they both hissed in his ears. For a time jealousy of a common object had united the rivals. But GUSSY was no common object. The HONBLE. PULLMAN CARR felt this strongly.

"I must have the estate, and SIR TOMMY DODD *must win* three Derbys in succession. Whatever happens, the *Invisible Prince* must *not* come in last. Yet, with such legs, and such a marvellous staying power, how can it be prevented? The question is, who will be put up to ride? and can I get at him? Who will it be?

"I!" said a low, distinct voice, issuing from a dark corner.

The Ladies started to their feet. They had been previously on their knees, imploring the HONBLE. PULLMAN.

A tall man, far over the average height, and burly in proportion, weighing thirty stone if he weighed a pound, stood before them. He was dressed in full jockey costume, including armour-plates, which, owing to the provisions of the will necessitating weight carrying to any amount, constituted the *de rigueur* racing attire of a Tommy Dodd Boy.

"Who are you?" asked the HONBLE. PULLMAN.

"My name is CAVASSON," answered the warrior-like figure, "and I am the Dumb Jockey* of Jeddington."

The Ladies screamed, for at that moment they caught sight of a brilliant pair of keen, eager eyes watching them through the stone wall. To clear this at a bound was, with the HONBLE. PULLMAN, the work of a moment.

(*To be continued.*)

* I am far from wishing to interfere with the story, but how could it be the *Dumb* Jockey when he is made to speak? You'll excuse the question, I know. I am but anticipating an objection on the part of the readers. Yours ever, THE EDITOR.

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP *to the Editor*.—My dear Sir, this is part of the plot. What interest could possibly be felt in a dumb Jockey who *didn't* speak? Why, the curiosity *must* be roused by the fact of the Dumb Jockey speaking! "How did he do it?" "Why did he do it?" "Was he *really* dumb?" Don't you see? That's the way we do the trick! When *are* you coming down to my little place in Hampshire? The Ladies are dying to meet you. Yours, J. S.

The Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—I'm ready. But you've again forgotten to put in your address.—ED.

A RARE PRINT.

THE one that frightened *Robinson Crusoe*. There was only one impression of it.

BEST WEAPON FOR KILLING TIME.—The Minute-Gun.

WORDS WITHOUT SONGS.



THE presence of a popular singer (whose appearances are a little uncertain) was, a short time since, announced in a certain provincial town by placards bearing the inscription, "MR. SO-AND-SO has arrived." Should this idea be developed, we may hope to see a column in the country papers devoted to a series of announcements, framed after the following fashion:—

(*By Telegraph from Our Own Correspondents.*)

LONDON, 10 A.M. SIGNOR TOMPKINI, the celebrated *basso-profondo*, has just reached the station in a Hansom-cab. He is now engaged in securing a first-class ticket for Jewsborough-on-the-Sea. He is expected (by the porter in charge of his railway rugs and hat-box) to travel down to Jewsborough-on-the-Sea in a smoking compartment.

LONDON, 10·10 A.M. SIGNOR TOMPKINI has just started. He called for a newspaper, and his voice seemed to be in excellent order. The porter was right. The celebrated Singer is travelling in a smoking-compartment.

MUDBOROUGH STATION, 11 A.M. The train containing SIGNOR TOMPKINI has just arrived here. He has asked the guard at what time the train is expected to reach Jewsborough-on-the-Sea. He seems to be in excellent voice. He is smoking a Manilla-cheroot. A medical man has just informed me that he has seen the celebrated Singer (through the carriage window), and thinks it highly probable that he will be able to keep his engagement at the Concert to-night. Train started.

CLAYSHAM-ON-THE-NOOZE, 12 NOON. The London train has come in. SIGNOR TOMPKINI has just left it to get a sandwich. He asked for a glass of sherry. His "Upper G" seems to be as fresh as ever. Some anxiety was felt lest he should change his mind, and return to town by the next train. Now, happily, all doubts are set at rest. He has returned to his smoking-compartment, and has lighted a cigarette.

WALKANTALKINGTON STATION, 1 P.M. Amidst great excitement the Tompkini Train has arrived at the platform. The celebrated Singer is still in his carriage. He has been heard by a fellow-passenger in the next compartment (listening through the communication-window), to sing a few bars of "*Tommy Make Room for Your Uncle*." He is said to be in excellent voice. From this point two detectives will accompany him on his progress. They will travel in the next carriage (a second-class one) to that occupied by the Signor.

CHAWD JUNCTION, 2 P.M. The train has arrived. SIGNOR TOMPKINI has not as yet escaped. The guard has been bribed to look him in. The celebrated Singer, finding he could not open the door, called to the station-master for assistance. He seemed to be in excellent voice—his "Lower A" being most impressive. Great anxiety was felt lest he should escape to Bangerville on the other line. However, all is well. The train has started with the Signor. The detectives (who consider their present task one of the most difficult ever confided to their care), are in good spirits. They seem to be confident of success.

JEWSBOROUGH-ON-THE-SEA, 3 P.M. Glorious news! The Signor has just arrived, and has put up at the Royal Hotel. Unless he changes his mind at the last moment, there is every reason to believe that he will positively sing this evening.

NEW NATIONAL SONG (*by the Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette*).—"*Britons never will be Slavs.*"

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POLITE SELF-ABNEGATION.

My Lady (anxious to get home). "SHALL WE TURN TO THE RIGHT, THOMAS, OR GO STRAIGHT ON?"
Thomas (the new Boy, much flattered at having his taste consulted). "LOR', MY LADY, IT DON'T MAKE NO ODDS TO *ME!*"

OUR HOME CONFERENCE.

(*Friday, Dec.* 8.)

PRIESTS, professors, poets, painters, politicians—all save fools—
Why leave your desks and easels, church or chapel pulpits, schools?
What are you to the Eastern Question—what that Question unto you—
That *you* must have your Conference, and make all this ado?

Have you no fear of morning *douche*, or evening shower-bath chill,
From Jupiter Junior's mud-squirt, or the *Pall Mall's* keener quill?
No dread of club-room quizzing, or Society's slow sneer,
That in protest against Moslem rule you dare to muster here?

Don't you know the Turk 's a gentleman, the Slav a scurvy knave?
That Islam takes French polish, and can learn how to behave?
That high policy 's above you, who boast not DIZZY'S head?
That you are but fools rushing in where DERBYS fear to tread?

Are you not afraid of cutting Old Mother England's throat?
Of binding poor Bulgaria to row in Poland's boat?
Of becoming joint-executors of the CZAR PETER'S will,
And setting up the Russian Bear Stamboul's high seat to fill?

You don't believe in policy too high for you to read?
One kind of Bear you do not fear—that of the Bugbear breed?
You don't think Russia fool enough on Stamboul to lay paw,
Because to do so were to run his head i' the Lion's maw?

It is by way of buffer 'twixt the Turkeys and the Bear,
You would build up a people from the down-trod Slavs out there?
Those that Derby-Dizzy Policy to the Bear's hug has driven
You 'd bless with friends who show a past with less to be forgiven?

You 're sick of Turkish fetches—Turk's promises to pay;
Debtors, who for reforms or bonds still seek a longer day?
You believe in Turkish programmes as in flakes of snow that fall?
Better Russian force—if Russian it must be—than none at all?

You don't believe in ELLIOTT—believer in the Turk?
You *do* believe in SALISBURY—if free his will to work?

You want to let LORD DERBY know what his "employers" feel,
And to convince the Turk he must not count on England's steel?

You want to give the Conference at Stamboul a good lead?
You wish the Northern Emperors—yea Bear and all—good speed?
Such common wish, and common cause, your various sections links?
I see—'tis BULL 'gainst BEACONSFIELD—'tis Lion against Sphinx!

HAMPERS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Furnished by our Dismal Contributors.

THE knowledge that all your tradesmen will send in their little accounts, and request payment for the same.

The feeling that quarter-day means a cheque for the rent and taxes.

The certainty that for at least a month (during the Christmas vacation), your sanctum will be invaded at all hours of the day by well-meaning, but boisterous children.

The consciousness that Turkey and Roast Beef *plus* Plum Pudding and Mince Pies never agree with you.

The awkwardness of having to take part in a family party in which some of your relations are not on terms of cordial friendship with the rest.

The bother of having to attend your family on frequent visits to the various West-End Pantomimes.

The trouble of having to entertain, and be entertained.

The labour of making up your books for the past year, and seeing your way into the next.

The worry of easing your conscience by forgiving old scores, and setting wrong things right.

The pain of receiving applications from poor relations, making requests with which it is impossible to comply.

The nuisance of having to make merry when you feel inclined to wear sack-cloth and ashes in preference to any other more cheerful costume.

And last, the almost unbearable infliction of having to make believe that you consider Christmas a joyous time when you know it to be the most melancholy season in the whole year.

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AT THE DOOR.

"LIFT UP THY BROW, RENOWNED SALISBURY,
AND WITH A GREAT HEART HEAVE AWAY THIS STORM."

SHAKSPEARE, *King John*, Act V., Sc. 2.

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MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

SECTION VIII. AND LAST.—CONCERNING PALL MALL.



WHEN *Mr. Punch* met his pupils in the ante-room, the face of the sage was sad. "My friends," said he, "the moment has arrived when we must part. I have shown you during the course of these lectures how to enter the Army, and how to behave in it when honoured with a place in the *Army List*. And surely that is enough. COLONEL CHARLES of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, stealthily brushed away a tear, ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, blew his nose with unusual energy, and even LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE of the Grenadiers (Green) was affected. As for little SIR FRANK GERGER, K.C.B., he whined in the most dismal manner possible. "Why leave off?" asked the four pupils together. "Because, my friends," replied *Mr. Punch*, "a Guide to the Army appearing in the leading English paper (for my lectures are reported in the *London Charivari*), might be considered at such a time as this, as threatening to the peace of Europe. Foreigners might imagine that we were going to arm in earnest." "You are quite right," returned COLONEL CHARLES. "I had given permission to the Band of the Royal East Mudborough Militia to play at an amateur performance. The permission shall be withdrawn. We cannot be too careful in avoiding the chance of an imputation of making demonstrations in force."

And then for the last time *Mr. Punch* addressed his pupils as the Teacher of the Army.

Part I. The Horse Guards. The Executive of the Army is to be found in a number of houses in Pall Mall. The houses opposite the Rag and Junior Carlton belong to the War Office and the Horse Guards. A small building in St. James's Square is quite large enough to contain the Intelligence Department of the Service. The War Office, like an official Octopus, has branches in the neighbourhood of Spring Gardens, but these branches are not of much importance. The two great Establishments of the Executive are the Horse Guards and the War Office.

The Horse Guards is called, at the present moment, the Horse Guards, because it has nothing whatever to do with the Horse Guards. It is supposed that the name was originally given to the Department because a former Commander-in-Chief swore until everything was "Blue." This must have been very many years ago, because no modern Commander-in-Chief has been known to use any stronger expression than "oh dear me!" and this only at times of great excitement.

The mission of the Horse Guards is to quarrel with the War Office. Although next-door neighbours, every kind of moral impediment is placed as a barrier in the dark passage which leads from the one to the other. The War Office has not always been able to maintain the reputation of being Civil. The Horse Guards has never been anything but Military. Two immense Grenadiers are crammed under a portico at the entrance, and the hall looks more like a Guard-room than a Government Office. The Messengers are Soldiers, and the Chiefs of the Departments are Soldiers, too. Scarlet meets you on every side, and appropriately the work of the Horse Guards consists chiefly of Red Tape.

The Commander-in-Chief has many duties. It is he who decides upon the adoption of a new button—of course, after obtaining the sanction of the Secretary of State for War. It is he who arranges about the Peace Campaigns of the Forces—of course, after obtaining the sanction of the Secretary of State for War. In fact, it is he who commands the Army—of course, after obtaining the sanction of the Secretary of State for War. From this it will be seen that the Commander-in-Chief (or, to be more exact, the Officer Commanding-in-Chief) is an Independent Official of the very last importance. And yet at times ill-feeling is said to exist between the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State for War. If the Soldier claims the authority, the Civilian holds the money; if "the DUKE" wants this done, "MR. So-AND-So" would be delighted to oblige him if the Nation would only afford the expense.

Under these circumstances certain rude people have suggested that the Horse Guards in its present condition is not quite so useful an Institution of the Country as it might be made to be.

Part II. The War Office.—The War Office is quite a different place. A solitary Sentinel guards the roomy court-yard. The hall is full of obliging Messengers of the homely type—portly, grey-haired, and intensely unmilitary. The waiting-room is decorated with an old Picture of the Judgment of Solomon, some spirited Lithographs of Provincial Hotels, a List of Newspapers, a Book from a House Agent, and the Programme of the Royal Polytechnic Institution. It is in this cheery, unconventional apartment that Deputations are collected together, and hard-worked Clerks have little chats with their friends on "private business." If you wish to see MR. TENTERFOUR, a Boy carries up your name on a slip of paper to the proper Department, and, owing to the intelligence and activity of the youthful Mercurius, you are kept in suspense for the appearance of the genial TENTERFOUR seldom less than ten minutes and sometimes more than two hours. And is not this as it should be? Is not the apartment a waiting-room?

The War Office delights in Forms for the transmission of business. Scarcely an *Army List* is published that does not contain at least half-a-dozen Forms to be filled in and signed by one Officer and countersigned by another. *Mr. Punch*, always anxious to be practical, begs to submit to Officers of the Army the most useful Form of all. If an Officer is a good fellow, and has been up to Town, he is sure to have met a Man in the War Office. Of this Man he should make a Friend, and, once having secured him as a Friend, he can use the following document as occasion may require:—

FORM FOR OBTAINING AN EXCHANGE, GETTING SPECIAL LEAVE, AND OTHER FAVOURS.

MY DEAR OLD MAN,

YOU are such an awfully kind old Fellow, that I don't mind bothering you a bit. Although I admit it is a little rough upon you to be always asking you to be doing something or other. But the fact is, I want—[*Here insert what you want.*] I am sure you will get it managed for me if you can. If you see BILLY, give him my love.

F. R. O. M. TENTERFOUR, ESQ. Mine ever,
TOMMY D'ATKINS.

If this does not get you what you need, all *Mr. Punch* can say is, that he knows very little of the kind-heartedness of those most obliging and most hard-working of Officials—the Clerks at the War Office.

CONVERSATION ON SECTION VIII.

Ensign Eugene. My dear *Mr. Punch*, before you go, cannot you tell us something about foreign Armies?

Mr. Punch. My dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, I made up my mind only to deal with our own Forces. But, to oblige you, I *can* hint that the Russians have several million Soldiers; but of these several millions only a few hundred thousands really exist. The rest are merely efficient—on paper.

Colonel Charles. The German *Landwehr* is a sort of Militia, is it not?

Mr. Punch. Yes, my dear Colonel. PRINCE VON BISMARCK has recently declared that peace between England and Germany has been the tradition for centuries. Under these circumstances it is highly improbable that the English Militia will ever meet the German Militia in deadly combat. This will, of course, be very lucky for—the weaker Militia.

Lieutenant and Captain George.—And what, Sir, is the strength of the British Army?

Mr. Punch. My good Friend, I will answer your question, and bring my lectures to a conclusion, with the assertion that the strength of the British Army may be summed up in the words, "unlimited pluck."

Impromptu by Sir Wilfrid.

"One teetotaller, ADAM AYLES, was as fine a fellow as ever stepped, and he kept on his legs manfully to the last."—CAPTAIN SIR GEORGE NARES, *at the Portsmouth Arctic Entertainment, November* 30.

A HEALTH to gallant ADAM AYLES,
Who o'er the topers still prevails,
From scurvy safe, and Arctic gales,
Through drinking only Adam's Ales!

PROVERB FOR DIPLOMATISTS.

"*Bis mark qui citò mark.*"—"He makes his mark twice, who makes it quickly."

BEST FOUR IN HAND.—Honours at Whist.

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"HAPPY THOUGHT."

Little Funnyman. "GOING TO THE BLOKERS'S FANCY BALL, FRED?"
Fred. "YAS. BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT CHARACTER TO——"
Little Funnyman. "CHALK YOUR HEAD, AND GO AS A CUE!"

ON A LATE "EARLY BIRD."

THERE lived a man of such an active mind
That, ere the lark had mounted on the wind,
Or night had fled,
He made a point—when not by pain deterred—
Of being up before most folks had stirred,
And out of bed.

And, ere the Winter's or the Summer's sun
Had o'er the wakening hemisphere begun
Its labour splendid,
The twilight, as it slowly stole away,
Saw this man's labour, every working day,
Begun—and ended.

And so intent to catch the "early worm,"—
'Twas not according to proverbial term,—
He ever sought it:—
But leaving others to the morning light,
He stayed out all the weary hours of night,
And always "caught it."

And yet when Time relentlessly had shown
(What so much earlier he might have known)
The pace was killing,
This active man achieved a thankless end,
And, dying, died without a single friend—
Without a shilling!

Suggestion for an Annual Boat-Race.

"THE EPISCOPAL FOURS."—Course—from Fulham to Lambeth. Umpires—the Archbishops. Starter—the BISHOP OF LONDON. The last crew in the race to sit as Episcopal Assessors for the year in the Final Court of Appeal for Ecclesiastical Causes. (N.B.—It is hoped that they may thus learn the art of "pulling together.")

NATURAL NOMENCLATURE.

IT is said that, owing to the expense of keeping their large crocodile, the Aquarium Directors propose (with the PRINCE OF WALES'S permission) to change its name to *La-bouche-chère.*

How many Feet are there in a Dock-yard?
Twice as many as there are Hands.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(*He addresses the Editor, and has something to say about a revival at the Court Theatre.*)

SIR,

I WILL make no comment on the statement about myself in in the letter from your "Well-informed Man" (!) which appeared in your pages last week. There will be a settlement *in futuro* for that *ass in præsenti*. I will come to Hecuba at once. What I have to say, if you will allow me to say it, is of more general importance, at least to that section of the "Theatre-going public," which delights in showing its appreciation of a good English Comedy, correctly "mounted," and intelligently played throughout. Such an opportunity has been recently afforded to all interested in the well-being of true Dramatic Art by the revival—in these days of Revivalism—of *New Men and Old Acres* at the Court Theatre. Let me parenthetically remark that I fail to see why the fact of MR. DUBOURG'S *collaborateur* in this play being "one of *Ours*" should preclude Your Regular Representative from bestowing on this play, in this journal, that attention which it certainly would have otherwise received, had its authors' names been the BROTHERS ROWE, or MESSRS. HOOK AND CROOK, or anything else instead of MESSRS. TAYLOR AND DUBOURG. I think the occasion demands it, for the play itself is a lesson in the art of comedy-writing to those who err, either through an unreasoning admiration of the school of French Modern Comedy, or through an over-estimation of what may be termed the "Robertsonian Style," as once seen, in its perfection, at the Prince of Wales's. Not having seen *New Men and Old Acres* when first produced at the Haymarket, the play is, to *me*, a novelty. This, however, affects the actors, not the play. First, it has a very simple but thoroughly interesting plot, clearly and intelligently told through the media of good dramatic situations, always natural, never forced, and of solid, nervous English dialogue, which, if it seldom flashes with epigrammatic brilliancy, possesses at least the rare merit of being invariably in keeping with the individuality of the person who utters it, while never once sinking to the level of commonplace, it is not at any time either tedious or uninteresting.

The right people say the right things at the right moment, and, though there is scarcely what is too often now-a-days considered as a "pointed line"—meaning a line that pricks and pains—in the Play, yet every line is to the point. To any one who has seen *Our Boys*, it will be evident how easily the part of the *parvenu*, *Bunter*, unable to manage his aspirates (like MR. BYRON'S *Butterman*—and full of pious sentiments—like *Aminadab Sleek*, in *The Serious Family*), might have been exalted into undue prominence for the sake of "getting laughs" in the cheapest manner possible at the expense of the more serious interest of the Play, that is, to the ruin of the Comedy. The *Bunter* family might have been made to draw the Town, but *New Men and Old Acres* would then have been a Three-Act Farce. It seems to me that the *collaborateurs* are entitled to great praise for their firmness in resisting what must, at some time or other, have presented itself as a most alluring temptation; secondly, the two contrasted love-scenes in the Second Act are admirable. Here is no straining after the "idyllic," no hard-working efforts at pumping up buckets full of sentiment, no despairing struggle, as we meet with in ROBERTSON'S imitators, to win the languidly gushing "Quite-too-charming-and-oh-so-nice-don't-you-know" sort of praise from the affected babblers of the Effeminate Admiration Society. From beginning to end the Comedy is an honest Comedy, purely English, and Englishly pure, free from all suspicion of offence.

It may be hypercritical to point out a speck, but that the livery-servant at the *Bunter's* should be called "Montmorency" does seem to Your Representative a slip of the *collaborateurs'* pen, like DICKENS'S page-boy, *Augustus*, who "had plain BILL stamped on every line of his countenance," The livery-servant, *Montmorency*, would have been perfectly in keeping with one of MR. TOOLE'S Farces, and, therefore, is quite out of place in *New Men and Old Acres*.

With MISS ELLEN TERRY not a fault is to be found. *Lilian* is the best thing, far and away, that she has yet done. She has an

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YOUNG, BUT PRACTICAL.

"WHAT! HARRY! NOT IN BED YET, AND IT'S NINE O'CLOCK! WHAT WILL *PAPA* SAY WHEN HE COMES HOME?"

"OH, PAPA! *HE'LL* SAY, 'SUPPER! SUPPER! WHAT'S FOR SUPPER?'"

HAWK *v.* FALCON.

THE gratitude of all narrators of anecdotes and quoters of facetious sayings and witticisms, the thanks especially of diners-out having to entertain their company, are eminently due to the LORD CHIEF BARON for his recent ruling in the Exchequer Division of the High Court of Justice, as to the privileges of Counsel. Aggrieved by a certain statement made by MR. NAPIER HIGGINS, Q.C., during he conduct of a case before VICE-CHANCELLOR MALINS, MR. LEWIS, an eminent Solicitor, brings an action for malicious defamation against MR. HIGGINS. Though "hawks," as a rule, "winna pick out hawks' een," yet a Solicitor can occasionally sue a Barrister. The CHIEF BARON ruled that, as the words complained of were spoken by MR. HIGGINS in his character of Counsel before a Judge in a Court of Justice, an action on account of them could not be maintained, whether they were false or true. Like a thing of beauty, a good joke is a joy for ever, and will bear endless repetition, not everywhere, not, for example, ordinarily in these pages, but always in proper time and place. Now only consider what would have happened had the LORD CHIEF BARON laid down the law contrariwise to the effect foregoing? Counsel would have been, and would remain for ever debarred from the practical repetition of that capital old joke, once embodied in a brief, for its brevity a brief indeed: "No case—abuse the plaintiff's attorney." But now and henceforth, as the law declared by the CHIEF BARON stands, an advocate acting in his professional capacity remains privileged and entitled to abuse the Attorney on the opposite side, or any other Attorney or Solicitor, or person *ad libitum*, without fear, and with perfect impunity. Hooray, Brother *Buzfuz*, for the LORD CHIEF BARON!

SHAKSPEARIAN PROGRAMMES FOR THE CONFERENCE. — (*Pessimists'*) *Much Ado About Nothing*, followed by *The Tempest*. (*Punch's*) *Measure for Measure*, followed by *All's Well that Ends Well*.

opportunity of showing her rare command of the lighter and graver notes of emotion. She is as true in the one as the other. Nor do I think too great praise can be awarded to MRS. GASTON MURRAY for her performance of *Lady Matilda*, the presiding genius of the family, the far-seeing fashionable mother with a daughter to marry. The Authors have placed her in sharp contrast with the vulgarian *Mrs. Bunter*; but there would have been great inducement for a less conscientious artist to lose sight of the contrast, and to have established a rivalship. A very little exaggeration and the part would have degenerated into a mere colourless repetition of the hackneyed stage type of the scheming mother and over-bearing wife, which found its place in ROBERTSON'S *Society* in the person of *Lady Ptarmigan*, mated to that impossible aristocratic dormouse, which in MR. HARE'S hands was one of the "hits" of that amusing and excellent after-piece, the first of the great successes, in the early days of MR. and MRS. BANCROFT'S reign.

By the way, I should imagine that the part of *Lord Ptarmigan* was not much, if at all, longer than that of *Marmaduke Vavasour* in this piece. To have little or nothing to do in a play, and yet to impress the audience with the idea that the performance would be, somehow, incomplete without you, is an artistic triumph on which, in the present instance, MR. HARE is to be congratulated.

MR. KELLY'S honest, upright, generous, but rather inarticulate, Liverpool Merchant,—calling to mind occasionally the character of *John Mildmay*, in *Still Waters*—is as thorough an impersonation as can be seen on any stage, French or English. MR. ANSON'S *Bunter* will be justly appreciated by those who saw him in *Brothers*. Most carefully does he avoid the pitfalls into which the broad Low Comedian might so easily tumble. MR. ERSSER JONES'S German adventurer is a capital bit of character; and MR. CATHCART might be trusted as a Solicitor off the Stage, so totally unlike is he to the conventional Stage Attorney. MRS. STEPHENS, with her bad grammar and malapropisms, is as amusing as she was in *The Ticket of Leave*. MR. CONWAY seems a trifle too old, too knowing, and too manly for *Bertie*, though it would be difficult to mention any one who could fill the part better. MISS KATE AUBREY, in her anxiety to give a stamp of originality to the character of *Fanny Bunter*, shows a slight tendency to exaggeration, which is, perhaps, under the circumstances, pardonable. And so, Sir, I have done. You may probably disagree with me on many points; but differences of opinion will never deter me from signing myself now as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—Wouldn't that last line, beginning with "differences of opinion," &c., make a good exit speech? I shall register it.

SPIRITUALISM AND SWINDLING

PENDING the SLADE prosecution, it may be unsuitable to discuss the question whether a Medium, in accepting fees for any consideration whatsoever alleged to be spiritual, receives money under false pretences. Some people think he doesn't; others think he does. What will the latter say to the following telegram from Rome:—

"The *Unità Catholica* announces that the widow of the DUKE DE GALLIERA has laid the sum of 1,000,000 francs at the feet of the Holy Father, in the names of herself and her son PHILIP, imploring the Apostolic benediction on the suffering soul of her deceased husband."

Unless the foregoing intelligence is a dish of wild duck, a point to be mooted is whether the tender of the sum therein mentioned was accepted, and His Holiness has got the money. If so, let us trust that he is a Medium who really believes in his own mediumship of communication with the spiritual world, and in the efficacy of his benediction to benefit suffering souls in it.

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A CLOWN ON THE CATTLE SHOW.



WHEN I be up in London,
What times I got to goo,
I mixes pleasure wi' bisnus
If I can jine the two.
Although the raain vell pourun,
And the starmy winds did blow,
I went to the Agricult'ral Hall,
And zee the Cattle Show.

Terreable zight o' beastees,
Cows, oxun, ship, and swine,
A veeast to every grazier's eye,
And to us in the farmer line,

Likewise our wives and daaters,
To useful ways inclined,
Affoordun 'um informaaishun,
And fodder fur the mind.

But 'twarnt alone the Cattle
That was wonderful to me,
But the People in their thousands,
The Christians come to zee,
Of every kind o' callun',
And trade besides our own,
To enjoy the feast o' Fancy's eye,
And feelosofy alone.

They poked the bullocks and heifers,
Till they couldn't stand up no more,
And they prodded the fat pigs, weighun
From twenty to varty score,
Till they squaled ten thousand murders—
How 'tis to hear and zee
The intelligunce o' the Public
Awake to that there degree!

'Tis popular enlightenmunt,
All that, beyond all doubt:
Zound practical eddication,
As you med zay, carried out.
And a hint on that there zubject
Vrom the Smithvield Club I got;
What 's the use o' that superflus fat
On the sides o' that there fat lot?

The most on't runs to perfect waste;
Doan't do no sart o' good;
To gie a pig too much barley-male,
'Tis as bad as burnun food.
I 've heerd o' the banks o' the Izus,
And likewise those o' Cam;
And in eddication o' animuls too
I fears there be too much Cram.

IN EXPLANATION.

IN his number of December 2, *Punch* published, under the head of "True or Untrue," some lines on the death of EMMA BLACK, alleged to have been caused by her being shut in a dark cupboard at the Southwark Board School.

The lines did not endorse the allegation, but pointed it out as one for inquiry. *Punch* is glad to learn that before the lines were published, a Committee of the School Board had made an inquiry into the case, and found—

1. That the child's death was due to natural causes.

2. That there was no evidence, beyond the statement of the Mother, that the child was ever shut into a dark closet at the school, though the Coroner's Inquest was adjourned for a week to allow of such evidence being produced.

3 That such evidence as was produced of other children having been put in a dark closet in the same school related to a time before the present Mistress was appointed.

4. That the Mistress now in charge of this infant school, MISS BARRETT, is a kind and gentle person, much liked by the children under her charge.

When the London School Board is so jealously watched and so harshly criticised, *Punch* feels it a duty on his part to give all the publicity he can to the fact that, in a case which seemed to call for inquiry, the Board promptly made such inquiry, and were able to exonerate the schoolmistress of the Southwark Infant School from any responsibility for the death of EMMA BLACK.

PUNCH'S PARTY WORD-BOOK.

WITH a view to the enlightenment of unsophisticated and, therefore, frequently puzzled perusers of Party outpourings, whether from the press or the platform, *Mr. Punch* has prepared the following definitions and explanations of some of the chief words and phrases in the verbal armoury of the Party Controversialist. The personal pronouns in these cases will, of course, be understood to refer to the person speaking or writing, none other being worthy of consideration—from the Party point of view.

All reasonable and respectable People—Ourselves.

Everybody—That portion of the community, small or great, which sides with us.

Nobody—Everybody who holds or expresses opinions antagonistic to ours.

The Opinion of the Country—This is arrived at by an exceedingly simple arithmetical process, namely, by subtracting the views of "Nobody" (in the above sense) from those of "Everybody" (as before defined).

Common-Sense—The opinion common to all those who agree with us.

Patriotism—Our views of the interests and duties (especially the former) of our country. Of this quality we have, from the very necessity of the case, an exclusive monopoly. A claim to any share in it on the part of others may be described indifferently as "blind philanthropy," "mischievous humanitarianism," or "bigoted fanaticism."

Blatant Conceit—The impression, on the part of our opponents, that they *have* a right, equally with ourselves, to opinions of their own.

Well-meaning but Misguided People—Persons whom it may be desirable to depreciate, but impolitic to abuse.

Pestilent and Pretentious Sciolists—Persons of precisely the same way of thinking or speaking, who *may* be attacked with impunity.

Spouting—A depreciatory epithet for all talk but our own.

Nostrum—The specific of a rival prescriber.

Faction—Departure from our pet programme.

The Herd—The World *minus* our clique.

Imperial Interest—Natural Selfishness—with a big S.

Humanitarianism—A scornful synonym for any form of humanity that happens to run counter to "Imperial Interest."

Intelligent Public Spirit—Open advocacy of our views.

Fatuous Fussiness—Public advocacy of any others.

Atrocity—Venal errors on the part of our clients.

Ferocity—The indignation of those who dare to denounce them.

Sentiment—The root of all—political—evil.

Inverted Commas—A mechanical, but compendious and invaluable—because unanswerable—method of tacit perversion and mute depreciation. What a shrug is to a scandal-monger, Inverted Commas are to a superfine critic.

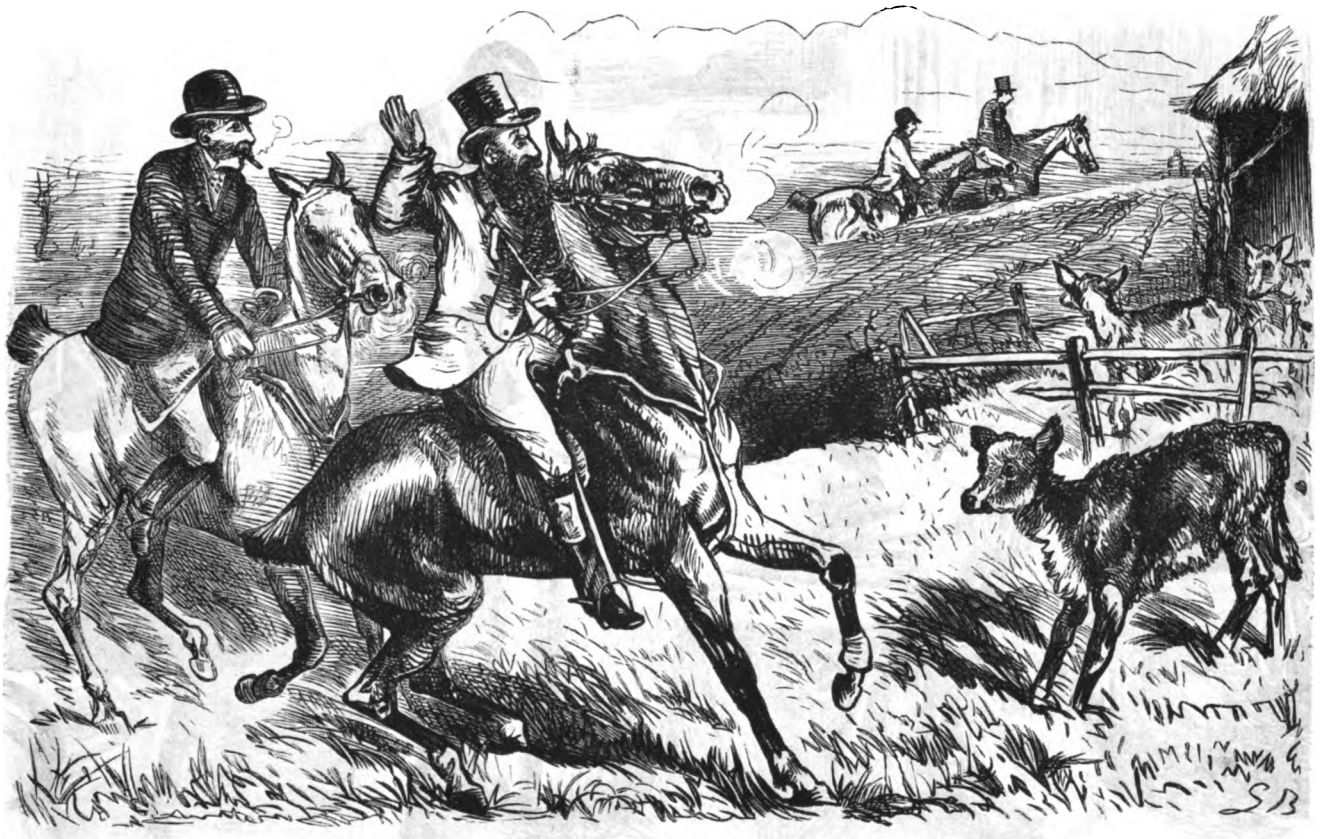
The list might be indefinitely extended, but the principles of interpretation here enumerated will be found to apply to wide fields of contemporary controversy. Read in the light of these principles, many journalistic Jeremiads will be found more intelligible, if perchance less edifying.

From Psycho to Gastro.

FROM a recently reported lecture, it appears that the Loan Collection at South Kensington contains an artificial stomach, capable of actually digesting food. If it can really perform that function, there will then indeed be occasion for "no more pills, or any other medicine" at present requisite for the relief of dyspepsia. The artificial stomach will form a supplement to, or indeed mainly, a substitute for, artificial teeth. It will supply the want of invalids, who complain that their stomach is all gone, and thus virtually, though not anatomically, replace the real stomach. The artificial stomach may be safely pronounced a real blessing to Aldermen.

DRINK FOR QUIET DRUNKARDS.—The Silent Spirit.

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THE REAL THING FOR ONCE.

Jenkins (who has missed the line, comes upon what he imagines to be the "Stag at Bay"). "'OLD 'ARD, 'ARRY! WE MUST WAIT FOR THE 'OUNDS!"

BETSY PRIG'S SOLILOQUY

On Things in General and Sairey Gamp in particular.

(*See the latter's Letter, Punch No.* 1844.)

No, SAIREY! Don't go a suppoging it! Pardners no more, if *you* please!
Which I've still got a character, SAIREY, and then there are T's, Mum, *and* T's.
As *Telegraft* doesn't mean Tory, nor Tory ain't ekal to Turk.
Me wisit *you*, SAIREY? Good grashus! There would be a fine piece o' work!

Shoe Lane ain't no place for my feet, SAIREY. Like that werry odd-behaved star
Them Music-hall Gents is so nuts on, "thou art so near, yet so far."
And as for inviting yourself, or that HARRIS, to tea in P. Court—
I declines to demean myself, SAIREY. Ascuse me; but there it is—short.

And so I shan't answer no letters. But, bless us and save us! I 'ope
As I may have a mind of my own, and make chice of the parties I'll soap.
Which poor W. G.'s had his turn, and—who knows?—he may have it again.
Though they did use to say as my treacle at last raythor went 'gainst his grain.

And wot if I lather the Turks, as *he*'s give hisself lately to leather,
And call "anti-human" and sech, as I holds is too bad altogether;
Why, patriot feeling in course is *my* tip, and I'm sorry to say
That, as patriots, G. and his backers is gone werry sadly astray.

Which freedom's a werry fine thing, and humanity too,—in its place.
Ah! who ever preached that 'ere gospel with BETSY'S effugion and grace?—
Big Capitals spent in their cause was they ever begrudged by B. PRIG?
But Constantinople, you see, is a Capital raythor *too* big.

Likeways Sentiment's proper and nice—when it doesn't touch pockets or power—
A neat fancy gingham, for use when there isn't no signs of a shower;
But when "National Interest"'s at stake, it's as much out of place as mischeevious.
"Perish India, rather than honour" 's a sentiment shocking and grievious.

Them Russians would use the poor Turk just to gain their own ends—fraud or force;
Which the same is percisely *our* game—though *our* ends is all righteous, of course.
To turn the mild Mussulman out, with sech self-seeking motives, is sin;
We, with similar motives—but pure ones—would keep the mild Mussulman in.

They may say them dear Turks has a turn for "atrocity"—bother that word!—
But they're brave, and they're grave, and don't gush—jest my sort!—that D. N. is absurd.
Won't they leave ne'er a place to repent for my own sweet Seraskier? Ah, bah!
If those bloodthirsty Christians *had* bowels, they'd pity that young Padishah.

Oh! them noisy fanatics do rile me! As well I'm aweer a head Nuss
Is a party as ought to be took—like a pardner—for better or wuss.
And Guv'ments is ditto—leastways when they're handling o' furrin affairs,
Which outsiders should never go meddling, except with good wishes and prayers.

Which is why I've a kind fellow-feeling for BENJAMIN B. and his lot.
Up's up, after all! *I* shan't jine with the parties that's down on them hot:
BETSY PRIG is a patriot too downy for ever a Party to blind;
More pertikler when that Party 's stumbled, and got itself quite left behind.

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A GENTLE EGOTIST.

The only Son (in the Bosom of his Family). "'PUNCH'! 'GRAPHIC'!! 'ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS'!!! WHAT RIDICULOUS WASTE OF MONEY TO *BUY* THESE, WHEN I CAN SEE THEM ANY DAY I LIKE AT THE CLUB FOR NOTHING!"

No! Her heye on the mane and the tail of the roused British Lion, she stands
With Guvment a-watching and smiling to see how she "strengthens their hands,"
BETSY PRIG, with her sentiment shelved, and her spread-eagle standard upreared,
And "England's Imperial Interests" for ever! Hooray! Who's afeared?

AN ENGLISH STEEPLE-CHASE.

(Dedicated to the Middlesex Magistrates, with Mr. Punch's Compliments.)

A PICTURE SUGGESTED BY IMAGINATION.

A BEAUTIFUL country of the greenest trees and the smoothest turf. Birds singing in the bushes. A cloudless sky reflected in the clear spring water filling the brooks. Nature at her best.

The horses the finest of their breed—gently nurtured and kindly ridden. The course a good old English cross-country road o'er turf and hedge, testing the sinews and nerves, but not too harshly.

The spectators, the fairest and the bravest of the land—beautiful women, refined and graceful; men of gentle blood, strong with health, and athletic from their childhood, the patterns of the country: gay, without licence; merry with becoming mirth.

The patrons great landowners, proud of their nationality, anxious to see England in possession of the grandest cavalry the world has ever seen.

The place the boast of the neighbourhood.

In short, the picture of an Arcadian Paradise.

A PICTURE FOUNDED UPON FACT.

A MISERABLE swamp—mud and stunted bushes trodden under foot by hob-nailed boots. The barking of curs and the shouts of drunken men. A few deep puddles of the dirtiest of dirty water. Nature at her worst.

The horses miserable creatures, scarcely worthy to crawl between the shafts of a broken-down hackney-cab or a superannuated bathing-machine.

The course a narrow road, through mud and slush, over cruel stone-heaps and break-neck "brooks"—a course meant to put both necks and backs in jeopardy, to maim, if not to kill, the riders and the ridden.

The spectators the foulest of the foul—bold, and brazen-faced, painted, loud and licentious women, the shame of their sex; the men brutal and low-browed, full of oaths and blasphemy; miserable shop-boys, with pockets full of stolen coin; burglars and thieves; drunkards and blacklegs; rags of the frowsiest covering rogues of the blackest and deepest dyes.

The patrons, sellers of strong drink. Drink adulterated and bad. Drink blunting the senses of some, and leaving them helpless logs upon the muddy road. Drink exciting the passions of others, and turning dull brutes into wild beasts, pickpockets into highwaymen, bullies into murderers.

The place the curse of the neighbourhood.

In short, the picture of a suburban hell!

Christmas Charity.

(A paragraph received from our Special Penny-a-Liner.)

WE willingly record an act of seasonable benevolence, which thoroughly deserves the fullest possible publicity; and we therefore do not hesitate to admit it to our columns. A Gentleman, whose name we are at present not at liberty to mention, has conceived the happy thought of distributing some thousands of *Punch's* useful *Almanack* among the London poor. No better means could be devised for diffusing information and general intelligence, as well as cheerful mirth; and as each gift will be accompanied with a bit of Christmas beef, an excellent plum-pudding, a dozen of mince-pies, and a gallon of good beer, there can be very little doubt that it will be everywhere most thankfully received.

PLURAL OF BOUQUETS.—Book-cases.

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MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

As the De Smiths, to whose Dinner-Party he was invited, lived in the next Square, Brown thought he would walk over.

Head Waiter (under a wrong impression). "THIS WON'T DO, YOUNG MAN! WE 'VE BEEN EXPECTIN' O' YOU THIS 'OUR AND A 'ALF! NO NAPKINS LAID, NO GLASSES, NO——"!!!

[*Brown never got over it all the Evening.*

A PATTERN TO PARLIAMENT.

MR. SPEAKER, the Assembly over which you so ably preside has ever appeared reluctant to add to or alter those traditional usages of which you, Sir, are the official exponent. Yet, pardon the suggestion that the British House of Commons might, as advantageously for the Public as agreeably to Honourable Members, above all to yourself as the moderator, and more often than not, perhaps, the endurer, of their debates, take a leaf, or even leaves, out of the book of another Parliament—that of Fatherland. A column of recent German news in a contemporary has perhaps informed you that:—

"The German Parliament is devoting part of the time of its last Session to the testing of various articles of public interest. About a week ago some zealous Pisciculturists arranged an exhibition of German fishes, which was succeeded by a 'Parliamentary fish dinner,' in which specimens of the species exhibited were served up cooked for gastronomic examination."

Is not this, Sir, a way of winding up the Session in every respect preferable to that of polluting its fag-end with the Massacre of the Innocents—a massacre necessitated by previous hindrance to despatch of business? The German Parliament at the close of its sittings has time on its hands, the German Parliament does not throw away night after night in prolix debates, of which the greater part end in nothing; still less does it sacrifice one day every week to fanatics and crotcheteers. If in these particulars the British House of Commons would take pattern from a more thinking and less loquacious Legislature, might it not also have time possibly to pass all needful Bills, and then, having finished political work, have leisure enough to occupy its closing days with darliamentary pinners for the discussion of good things? Although in the month of August there is no R, you might yet have oysters on the table—at any rate, as a question of supply; and you could, on any day, combine the consideration of the cost of meat with its consumption. After dinner, in further pursuance of Teutonic precedent, would ensue smoke, the House becoming actually a "Tobacco Parliament."

See, further, Sir, how much more wisely they deal with a certain "burning" question in another Collective Wisdom:—

"And very shortly a parliamentary testing of German wines is to take place, for which German winegrowers have contributed a selection of the best home-grown wines little short of a thousand bottles. The act of testing is to be made the occasion of another Parliamentary dinner."

Consider, Sir, how much more sensible it is to deal with the Liquor Question by dining upon it, than by squandering Wednesday after Wednesday in wasting breath upon Sabbatarian Sunday Closing and Teetotallers' Coercion Bills? In order to make people sober by Act of Parliament, would not the soundest legislation consist in measures to secure them sound wine and sound beer? May you be destined, Sir, to see the House of Commons resolve itself into many a good dinner-party on purpose to test claret, burgundy, and all manner of wine, as well as ale, beer, and other generous and exhilarating liquors; and may you yourself perpetually preside over the banquet as Speaker and Symposiarch.

THE SPECIFIC FOR SCURVY.

WHAT, no lime-juice? And so the gallant fellows on the Arctic Expedition were seized with scurvy, and had to return before their time. And why no lime-juice? Some plead that it is spoilt or impaired in virtue by getting frozen, also that sailors don't like it, and shirk taking it, so as to require Officers to stand over them and make them drink it. How are these difficulties to be overcome? By due admixture of distasteful lime-juice with agreeable rum and sugar. Add, perhaps, a dash of equally agreeable brandy. Then wouldn't the lime-juice go down the nautical red lane? To be sure—and there would be your remedy of remedies for scurvy. What cures the gout, the colic, and the phthisic? What is it that's allowed to be the very best of physic for every possible human ailment, including Scurvy? Punch!

CHAUCER for Children! Surely a Spenser would have been more fitting.

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WHAT'S THE ODDS?

OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.

A NEW SPORTING NOVEL BY

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,

Author of "Two Kicks," "Squeezing Langford," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.—"*Conspirators.*"



THE glittering eyes which, peering through the stone wall, had startled the two Ladies, belonged to LAWYER FERRET. His eyes were as sharp as he was himself; in fact, they were his pupils.

"I can see through a stone wall as well as most people," said LAWYER FERRET, in an undertone, to the HONBLE. PULLMAN. "Come," he added, looking carefully about, "the women have gone up to Town; the coast is clear. We will talk over this in my office."

In another hour the HONBLE. PULLMAN was seated in LAWYER FERRET'S *sanctum*.

"The Jeddington Dodd property is safe to come to me, and we shall both be millionnaires, if you can insure SIR THOMAS'S winning the next three Derbys," said the HONBLE. PULLMAN.

LAWYER FERRET looked up at him from under his eyebrows.

"It shall be done. I'll take six-fourths. You'll have five-thirds." He was hard at a bargain was old LAWYER FERRET.

"Good! Your plan?"

LAWYER FERRET considered a moment, then he replied,—

"I know *all* the Jockeys, including CAVASSON the Dumb Jockey. I will buy them *all*. There will be one hundred and twenty starters for the Derby. They will all curb up their horses, hold them well in, and flog and spur the *Invisible Prince*, so that he *must* go. Whatever it costs, whatever time it takes, the *Invisible Prince* will be bound to come in first, as the others won't move a step without his being well ahead. If CAVASSON should fail us, he must be poisoned."

"Yes," answered the HONBLE. PULLMAN, as he leisurely cocked his hat.

This action did not pass unobserved by LAWYER FERRET. It was not the first time he had seen a hat cocked right before his eyes, and had waited for it to go off, unflinchingly.

Whatever might have been the HONBLE. PULLMAN'S original intention in cocking his hat, he had evidently given up any notion of injury to LAWYER FERRET, as he only nodded to the latter, and allowed his hat to remain on his head, while he took himself off.

A brougham pulled up outside the door. In it was LADY DI.

"PULLMAN!" she exclaimed, as the HONBLE. P. came up smiling, "here are one thousand pounds for you. More if SIR THOMAS does *not* marry GUSSY."

"He shall not," answered the HONBLE. P. "Come to the Meet to-morrow. GUSSY rides a fresh horse. Accidents will happen. You understand?"

"Perfectly. Tell the Coachman to drive to GUNTER'S. It is so insufferably hot. See you at the Opera to-night. Ta, ta!" And off dashed the spanking ten-guinea stepper, with the miniature brougham, and the three Flunkeys in pink silk-stockings and gorgeous liveries, hanging on for dear life behind.

As the HONBLE. PULLMAN pocketed the note, a rap on the hat from an elegant riding-whip caused him to look up.

"I thought I knew the tap," exclaimed the HONBLE. PULLMAN as he put up his glass, and drank in the liquid intoxication of MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE'S sparkling eyes.

"Your news?" she asked, as, with the skill of a perfect *equestrienne*, she gave her horse his head, which was all he wanted to make him perfect. Like most Ladies, MRS. AZAMYLE allowed all her horses to eat their heads off in the stable, so that it required no mean veterinary knowledge on her part to supply the defect, and complete their symmetry. This she had now done.

"Ah, MRS. AZAMYLE," said the HONBLE. PULLMAN, "you will be glad to hear that I am arranging it all to your satisfaction. GUSSY will be thrown over to-morrow, *you'll see*. SIR THOMAS will win three Derbys in succession, and the property will be *mine*. Will you be mine also?"

"How much are the Jeddington Dodd estates worth?" was MRS. AZAMYLE'S adroit reply. She was a master in the art of fence in conversation.

"Oh, about two hundred million a year," was the careless rejoinder. "Just enough to scrape along on."

"I'm there!" returned MRS. AZAMYLE.

"You will be out hunting to-morrow, of course," called out the HONBLE. PULLMAN, as the fair equestrian turned her horse in the direction of Rotten Row, which was as usual crowded with the *haut ton* of society.

"Of course," she replied; and then added, in a tone of significant inquiry, "How about the Ditch?"

The HONBLE. PULLMAN nodded. They understood one another.*

CHAPTER V.—"*The Hunt is up.*"

THE Spring had passed, the Summer had well set in. Bright Chanticleer proclaimed the morn, and SIR THOMAS was out with his hounds before 11 A.M.

CAVASSON, the Dumb Jockey, was mounted on *Invisible Prince*.

"Nothing like hunting to train for the Derby," was MR. STRINGHALT'S opinion.

SIR THOMAS was in high spirits. He had just put spurs to his horse,† which now strutted about as proud as a fighting cock. GUSSY GANDER was mounted on a sweet cream, which she whipped occasionally.

* *The Editor to Major Jawley Sharp.*—My dear Sir, surely there 's no hunting in Summer. For of course this is intended for Summer. The Opera season going on, and Ladies oppressed by the heat going from Rotten Row to GUNTER'S. We, speaking Editorially, never heard of hunting in Summer.—ED.

Jawley Sharp to the Editor.—What! no hunting in Summer!! I suppose you 'll say there 's no fishing next. I do not pretend to describe ordinary events, though there 's nothing very *extra*ordinary in a good run with a July Fox. Evidently you don't understand sporting. But come down here, and I'll put you up to a thing or two. Of course I'll put you up anyhow, and not anyhow, but in first-rate style. Now let me explain about a "July Fox." A "July Fox" is not to be found in *every* county. It is a Fox not of the present, but of the previous year, and should more correctly be described as a "*last year's Fox*." He won't keep till the following winter, and so they are obliged to hunt him in July, so as to get him out of the way before the Cub season sets in. Of course this is a mere matter of A. B. C. to any sportsman. And as to "no hunting in July"!! 'Gad, Sir, I should like to see the man who doesn't prefer that season of the year to any other. My dear friend, you know your business, I know mine. *Jam satis.*—J. S.

† *From the Editor to* MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—Sir, surely "putting spurs to a horse" does not mean what you evidently intend it should mean here. Of course I only ask for information, but—does it?—Yours, ED.

From MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP *to the Editor.*—Dear NEDDY, of course it does. Why, any infant in the nursery could have told you *this*. Don't you remember "*Ride a Cock-horse to Banbury Cross*," &c., &c.? And

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According to agreement, and in order to carry out their nefarious designs, the HONOURABLE PULLMAN and LAWYER FERRET have escorted LADY DI and MRS. AZAMYLE to a ditch, in which they all sat down, well hidden from view, in order to watch the horse, the man, and the woman in whom they had such a tremendous interest.

"I have arranged everything," said SIR THOMAS to GUSSY, as hand in hand they flew a bullfinch.

"Delighted, dear TOM, to hear it," replied his fair companion, as she cleared a haw-haw, preparatory to giving a light silvery laugh.

"Yes," he went on, after blowing his horn, and giving the view holloa to the Bagman,* who, with the pack at his back, made for the bright, sweet-scented clover-field. "Yes, dear, by my influence I've induced the members of the Turf Committee and the Jockey Club to give the Three Derbys in one day. I shall run the same mare—either the *Invisible Prince* or *Moka*—for all the three. They're both being most carefully trained not to start or go one inch. The *Invisible* is beautifully broken in. She has opium every morning, lettuces, hay, clover, rye, bread, dumplings, apples, buns, and buckets of water; everything, in fact, she can eat and drink, and as often as possible."

"And *Moka?*" asked GUSSY.

"Getting on fine. She's out on the sands, with the boys, from morning to night at sixpence an hour."

They drew near a sunk fence, with a ditch on either side, surmounted by spikes, and a stream running swiftly between the boundaries.

The Lawyer, the HONOURABLE PULLMAN, and the two Ladies secreted in the ditch, held their breath. Suddenly, as GUSSY's horse rose in the air, LAWYER FERRET jumped up and made a hideous grimace. GUSSY's horse, startled by the apparition, swerved, and fell heavily against SIR THOMAS's hunter, and in another moment both were in the river, and she was safe in his arms, safe as the bank where he had just deposited his treasure.

"I am thine for ever!" she murmured.

The hounds were in full cry. The unhappy and panting Bagman much worried by the dogs, had headed them, and crossing the cornfields, was now all among the barley, and rolling in the grass among the buttercups and daisies.

Cries of "Tally ho!" "Yeo ho!" "Heave ahead!" "Yoicks!" and "Half a turn a-starn!" now arose from the mouths of the Huntsmen. Poor Puss was hard pressed. In another second the dogs were on him, when they suddenly lost the scent, took up an old trail, got on the slot, and streamed away for another county. In vain the field halloo'd. Only old *Harbinger*, the veteran hound of the true Scotch breed, was true to his instincts, but he was too weak to tackle the infuriated Bagman, who would have made short work of him, had it not been that SIR THOMAS, seeing the unfortunate wretch about to rush at poor GUSSY, jumped off his horse, and, drawing the hunting-knife which hung at his belt, cut off his head and tail at one slice.

Then the Hunters struck up a chorus, and rode merrily home, while four stout retainers bore on a litter the body of the luckless Bagman, who would never more travel that road again.

Of course the poor Bagman, who had thus hardly earned the money for his starving family, was buried, at SIR THOMAS's expense, in the village churchyard, and his wife and children were handsomely provided for by the members of the Jeddington Hunt.

* * * * * *

"We have failed to-day," said the conspirators, as they crept out of the ditch, and wended their way home again up to London through the muddy lanes, with rueful countenances. "We have failed to-day: but our turn will come."

The HONBLE. PULLMAN eyed LAWYER FERRET narrowly.

"To-morrow the Three Derbys will be run," said the crafty Lawyer. "*That* we know. To-night I buy the Jockeys, and the game is ours. Ha! ha!"

It was an anxious night—the night before the Three Derbys.

(*To be continued.*)

would a "cock-horse" be complete without *spurs?* I grant you that the expression is a stable technicality, and is, probably, founded on a very old English custom. But if you want to see the sort of thing I *do* mean, run down here. J. S.

From the Editor to the Major.—Nothing would give me greater pleasure. But—*the address?*—ED.

* *From the Editor to* MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—My very dear Sir, I am *not* an Anti-Vivisectionist, but in the interests of humanity I have tried to soften down this chapter as much as possible. When, in Chapter IV., you spoke of hunting in summer, I naturally thought you meant Fox-hunting, and your letter corroborated this notion. But now, Sir, I find you mean Man-hunting. It is useless for you to deny this, as I have asked several eminent sportsmen, and one and all tell me that "to hunt a Bagman" is most unusual, though, perhaps, when a Fox *cannot be obtained* (as *e.g.* in summer, I suppose), it may occasionally be allowable. I gather, from information I have received, that some impecunious Commercial Traveller is selected for his knowledge of the country, and is then started with a red herring, or a bag of aniseed, which serves as scent for the hounds. This is a sufficiently cruel pastime by itself, and it is shameful to think that the poor Bagman, after a severe run, should be caught and worried, as you describe, by the dogs. But, good heavens, Sir, you are not in earnest, you *cannot* be, when you go on to say that the successful huntsman cuts off the unhappy Bagman's head and tail!!! Of course this is the spice *you* have given to the romance, and therefore, as we appeal to the *general public*, and reckon on the support of *Lady readers*, as well as *unsporting Gentlemen*, I have taken upon myself to throw in a little tender touch—in the way of epithets, and by an allusion to his funeral and his poor family—just to soften down this "Bagman hunting," which, otherwise, would be really worse than any Bulgarian atrocity.—Yours, ED.

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP *to the Editor.* (*By Wire. In haste.*)—Don't touch a line. It's all right. Real sport, every word of it, and you'll spoil it.

The Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—Too late.

NURSEMAIDS BEWARE!



PRAY *Mr. Punch*, direct the attention of Servant-girls, through calling that of their employers, to the following piece of good news:—

"At Hammersmith Police-Court, MR. HENRY BUNKER, of Clapham, was summoned by the Police for driving a Bicycle on the footpath in Ladbroke Grove Road, Notting Hill. The Defendant pleaded Guilty to wheeling the Bicycle on the footpath, but not to riding upon it. The road, he said, was bad, and he thought there was no harm in wheeling the Machine on the footpath. MR. PAGET said it was against the Law to wheel a Bicycle on a path which was for the use of foot-passengers. Bicycles, it was true, had been invented since the passing of the Police Act, but the Act was elastic enough to take them in. The Defendant must pay for his experience of the Law. He fined him Five Shillings, with Two Shillings Costs, and recommended him to tell his Bicycling friends that riding on the footpaths was against the Law."

If it is against the Law to wheel a Bicycle on a path which is for the use of foot-passengers, it must be, at least, equally against the Law to wheel a Perambulator. Does Materfamilias want this Law to be enforced? If not, she had better direct her Nursemaid to take care how, with eyes fixed on vacancy, she pushes a Carriage containing, perhaps, a couple of heavy Infants, along the pavement, and over the toes of a Philosopher, rapt in meditation, whom she does not see in her way. Perhaps he has Gout in his toes, and, in that case, when they are flattened by a heedless fool, that alteration of their form is particularly unpleasant for

SQUARETOES.

OUR CHRISTMAS ROSE.

"ROSES AT CHRISTMAS.—A correspondent at Llandudno sends us a few roses and hawthorn sprays gathered in December bloom, at that favourite Welsh resort, where indeed roses are often known to flourish in the open air all the year round."—*Daily Telegraph.*

HAPPY Llandudno! where, whilst Winter's pall
Droops o'er the town, and dims Mirth's struggling ember,
The Queen of June flaunts her bright coronal
In drear December!

Roses in Fogdom! Flora from her bower
Of deathless summer well might gaze with pity,
To see, midst dark and damp, her favourite flower
In our dull city.

And yet our *Rosa Mundi*, fragrant, fair,
With careful culture may be brought to blooming
In Babylon's heart, whilst Winter, Want, and Care
Are round us glooming.

Think of it, Gentles, while you gaily twine
Your Christmas wreaths of mistletoe and holly;
To miss the flower of flowers, of birth divine,
Were worse than folly.

Think of it, Ladies of the Liberal hand,
Ere round your Yuletide log you cheerly close,
Let Charity in City wastes expand
Her Christmas Rose!

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'KEEP UP YOUR SPIRITS."

NOTWITHSTANDING THE GLOOMY SEASON, THOSE MARVELLOUS ENTERTAINERS, MESSRS. PUNCHYLYNE AND TOBYCOOK, SUCCESSFULLY CONJURE UP A FAMILIAR AND WELCOME OLD SPIRIT ONCE MORE.

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DAME EUROPA'S CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

"NO, NO, MY LITTLE MAN! YOU MUSTN'T STIR IT! YOU'LL ONLY MAKE A MESS, AND SPOIL THE PUDDING!"

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FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES.



CRACKERS to be Let Off at intervals during Dinner or Dessert.

ASTRONOMERS have ascertained, by the Patent New Steam Telescope, that the Dwellers in the Stars which form the Milky-Way, bear, on close inspection, a strongly marked resemblance to the Kurds.

A Member of the Peace Society has been Lecturing at Hanwell for the purpose of securing the co-operation of its Inmates in Petitioning for a General Suppression of the Zoo-phytes.

Owing to the outcry against our Vulgarian Atrocities, an influential City Gentleman has abstained for a whole fortnight from the dropping of an H.

It is rumoured in New York that MR. BARNUM is in treaty for the purchase of Temple-Bar, which he desires to place in his Historical Museum.

A whisper has been gaining credence on the Stock Exchange that, on and after the first day of April next, all Passengers by Trains running Northward of the Thames will be supplied with Newspapers and Refreshments Gratis, at the Cost of the Directors.

In Fashionable Society the *non de plume* of "Ouida" is called "Wider." Her New Tale will be entitled, "*As Broad as it is Long.*"

A Company has been formed for the purpose of working an extensive vein of coals which has lately been discovered in the crater of Vesuvius.

An influential Deputation of able-bodied Paupers has attended the HOME SECRETARY, with the object of requesting him to introduce a Bill, to prohibit the purchase of Australian beef and mutton for the inmates of our Workhouses.

It has been calculated by a member of the criminal profession, that a decrease of ninety-seven and a half per cent. is certain to take place in cases of wife-beating, within a year after the Cat has been prescribed as a fit punishment.

The Ladies on the Oxford School Board are getting up petitions for amendment of the Education Act, so as to insure the teaching of plain cookery in all our Infant Schools.

After much discussion, it is finally resolved that members using latch-keys shall be civilly, but firmly, requested to withdraw from all the West-End Clubs.

It is predicted by the Bivalve Statistical Society that, at the birth of the next century, Oysters will be valued at a sovereign a-piece, and a Sumptuary Act will probably be called for, limiting the consumption to half a one per head when served at public dinners.

A Chinamaniac has petitioned the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER that the tax of a strait-waistcoat shall be laid, by Government, upon all buyers of old porcelain.

At a Meeting of Dramatic Managers, which is appointed to be held in the middle of next week, it will be proposed that, in the interests of the Drama, and to meet the need of playgoers who reside in London, no piece will be permitted to run without a change for more than thirty nights.

A startling story has been circulated by some members of the Ladies' Club, that a Cook has condescended to accept a situation where no Kitchen-maid is kept, on condition that a carriage is provided to take her to early service on Sundays.

MR. PUNCH'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR 1876.

(*In the festive style which seems appropriate to the season.*)

CHAPTER I.—*The Infant Ghost!*

AGAIN the weird creature crept through the long lone walk of Ghastley Grange!

LADY LAURA and her companion started from the tree (behind which they had been hiding in very terror), and pointed at the spectre as, slowly and surely, it crept along. It was a moment full of horror for both. ALBERT had been pleading his suit with all the impassioned eloquence of a young barrister fresh from the Old Bailey, and she had been listening to him. And now they were interrupted. Here, alone in the moonlight, they thought themselves safe from intrusion, and they were wrong. A creature as unsubstantial as the air, as awful as the Unknown, was creeping, crawling through the long, lone walk.

"What is it?" asked ALBERT, for the fourth time.

LADY LAURA gave a great shudder, and clung to her companion's shoulder with renewed energy. Then came a frightened whisper.

"It is the Bane of our Race. The villagers over yonder call it the 'Infant Ghost'!"

And then ALBERT noticed that the apparition was crawling on all-fours.

"We both have seen it," murmured LADY LAURA, trembling with terror, "and now you must know all. It is I, the girl who loves you, the woman who would go through fire and water to save you a moment's pain, who must tell you this—a story that will rob you of all your joy, turn you from the gayest of the gay into the gravest of the grave: a story that will steal from you your peace of mind, and make you prematurely old."

"What is this story?" he asked, impatiently.

"The story of the Infant Ghost. You must know, then, that"—— and here she paused. She pressed her hand to her heart, gave a heavy sigh, and died.

CHAPTER II.—*The Fatal Telegram!*

CHRISTMAS EVE! A grand old castle, ruby with red berries, and covered with mistletoe. The armoured figures reflected back the glare of the Yule-logs as they burned brightly in half a score of wainscoted rooms. Everybody was smiling. Even the old portraits of the family of FITZ-BROWNSMITH seemed to laugh fitfully as the firelight illumined them,

The Earl was holding high revel in the Hall. Scores of guests sat at the festive board, toying with the dessert, and drinking bumpers to every newly-proposed toast. Only one of all that gallant company was pale, only one had eyes starting out of his head, only one had hair rising from the roots in abject terror. That one was ALBERT DE PENTONVILLE, or, as he must now be called, "the Lost One." The death of LADY LAURA had greatly annoyed him.

The Earl was on his feet. He looked proudly at a picture behind him, representing a Patriarch leaving an Ark. It was the portrait of the Founder of the Family of FITZ-BROWNSMITH.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," cried the jovial Earl, and his cheery voice rang merrily through the vaulted halls, "I have one more toast to propose—one that will make you leap to your feet and cheer with all your might. Need I say that I propose the health of——"

But the sentence was never finished. At this moment a telegram was thrust into the Earl's hands. To tear it open, read it, and turn as white as a sheet was the work of a moment. The enraged nobleman threw the paper into the fire, and, trembling with passion, approached ALBERT.

"Scoundrel!" he cried, and then turned to the Armoury.

But before the infuriated Earl could seize a battle-axe, ALBERT had quitted the apartment.

CHAPTER III.—*The Secret Treasure of Heidelberg Castle.*

"WE shall be Princes after this night's adventure," said CARL to ALBERT, as they climbed up the hill towards the Castle; "we were

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"THE WAY WE LIVE NOW."

Swell Coachman (with his eye on the Brougham's cockade). "YOUR GUV'NER IN THE ARMY?"

Brougham (artlessly). "NOT 'ZACTLY IN THE HARMY. BUT MISSIS SAY AS THEY SOLD MILINGTARY CUR'OSITIES WHEN THEY KEP' A SHOP IN 'OLBORN!!"

obliged to come by night. In the day time the Guardians of the Ruin would have stopped us."

"What is this Treasure?" asked ALBERT, with some curiosity.

"You shall know when we are back once more in my house beyond the river," replied his companion. "Enough to say, that for this Treasure LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH would have given up his Throne, CROMWELL his Protectorship, NAPOLEON THE GREAT his Victories. Once possessors of it, and we can laugh the world to scorn. We shall be richer than ROTHSCHILD, and more powerful than BISMARCK. And now we have arrived."

They were standing in the court-yard of Heidelberg Castle. ALBERT held a dark lantern, and CARL carried a spade. The latter produced a small map, and then approached a stone wall. He tapped thrice, and then a secret door opened before them, revealing a flight of steps. They descended, and found themselves in an old oak chamber, which had evidently not been entered for two hundred years. The ancient furniture was covered with cobwebs, and rats played about the floor. In front of the rusty fire-place was a magnificent rug, moth-eaten and threadbare. CARL removed this rug, and then began to dig. In five minutes his spade turned up a small gold box, covered with mystic figures.

"I was not deceived!" cried CARL. "And now we are Kings of the World—nay, more, our empire extends to the Moon and Stars!"

"What is the Secret?" again asked ALBERT.

"You shall know when we have returned to my cottage beyond the river," was the frank but determined response.

And they retraced their steps. As they crossed the bridge, the small gold box slipped from the hands of CARL, and fell with a heavy splash into the water.

CARL threw up his arms in despair, and jumped in.

ALBERT waited for more than three-quarters of an hour, but his companion never returned!

CHAPTER IV.—*A Voice from Scotland Yard.*

CHRISTMAS-EVE in Australia—in the Bush. A white-haired Man was entertaining a short, sharp, little fellow he had found wounded near unto death by the wayside. The wounded Man was now convalescent, and both he and his rescuer were eating plum-pudding.

"And so you are a Detective?" repeated the white-haired Man.

"And can tell you everything, ALBERT DE PENTONVILLE."

"You know my name?"

"And everything about you," replied the Detective, with a stealthy smile.

"I know that you are living here unnoticed and alone under the assumed name of the DUKE OF SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK. I know that you have chosen this *alias* to escape attention."

"And do you also know," asked ALBERT, "that I have chosen this solitary fate because there are three Secrets I cannot solve?"

"Certainly," returned the Detective. "You mean the Story of the Infant Ghost, the Contents of the Fatal Telegram, and the Character of the Secret Treasure of Heidelberg Castle."

"And *you* know them?"

"All," replied the Detective. "And I have come this weary journey from England to Australia to you, ALBERT DE PENTONVILLE, to reveal these Secrets—these Secrets so startling in their novelty. Listen while I give you the fullest particulars upon each of these interesting subjects. You and I will be the only men in this wide world who will ever know them."

And then the Detective began.

(*To be continued in Mr. Punch's Christmas Number for* 1877. *Order early.*)

What Old Grumpy says.

"MERRY Christmas! Pooh! Don't talk to *me* of merry Christmas! How can any man be merry when he knows that for a month he'll have to dine on roast beef and boiled turkey, or roast turkey and boiled beef!

THE BOOK OF THE PLAY (*as Managers like it*).—"All places taken for the next fortnight."

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"FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED."

Chorus. "ULLO, FWED! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU WALKING ABOUT WITH THAT BEASTLY SAUSAGE UNDER YOUR ARM FOR?"

Fwed. "WELL—AW—THE FACT IS, THE OTHAW DAY, I SAW IN THE PAPAWS THAT A FELLA 'D BEEN SENT TO THE WORKHOUSE—AW—BECAUSE HE 'D *GOT NO VISIBLE MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE!* PUT ME IN A REGULAR BLUE FUNK, YOU KNOW! SO I GOT THIS SAWSAGE TO PROTECT MYSELF—AW——"!!

THE MODERN PATRIOT'S CREED.

(*As collected from the "Daily Telegraph," "Pall Mall Gazette," "Standard," "Morning Post," and other harmonious and irrefragable authorities.*)

I DO believe that Heaven designed
Our land to play first fiddle;
And that Humanity 's a blind,
And Justice just a diddle.
That JOHN BULL, as Heaven's special pet,
May read both as he wishes;
His interest 's all that he can get;
His Rights—his loaves and fishes.

I do believe in "Cockahoop,"
As watchword for the nation;
That to unselfishness to stoop
Is maudlin degradation:
That rolling brag about our Flag,
Our courage, or our coffers,
Is just the way to put the gag
On foreign foes and scoffers.

I do believe fanatic fools
Who cackle of "Humanity,"
Are truants, who shirk History's schools,
To play at Christianity.
That he—the worst of all the pack—
The emotional politician,
Is to a statesman what the quack
Is to the true physician.

I do believe in shaken fists
As means of striking terror;
That amateur diplomatists
Must always be in error;
That the true patriotic plan,
The rule that men should bind most,
Is, our own Interests in the van,
And Devil take the hindmost!

A HINT TO SUPPER-GIVERS AT CHRISTMAS.—Don't put your *Cosaques* too near your Turkey.

THE BEST DIALECT FOR OUR PLENIPOTENTIARY.—Salisbury Plain-English.

CHRISTMAS "CASES."

THE melancholy case of MR. FRANK FLOWERDALE, who has hitherto contentedly dined with his maiden aunts at their residence in a little village in Epping Forest on Christmas Day; but is this year chafing and growling at being obliged from interested motives to accept their inopportune invitation, depriving him, as it will, of the bliss of joining the SUMMERTHORNS' family party in Rosebery Street, sitting next to MINNIE SUMMERTHORN at dinner, and dancing with her for the best part of the evening.

The miserable case of rich old RIDDLESWORTH, who is a misanthrope and a misogynist, and will dine as usual at the "Welsh Rabbit" in Fleet Street, on the 25th, and afterwards return to spend the evening alone in his dingy chambers.

The perplexing case of the REV. C. BARRY TONE, the popular curate of St. Osnaburgh's, who has received four invitations to dinner on Christmas Day, all from influential members of the congregation with most delightful families, the female members of which are witching in appearance, fascinating in manners, and highly cultivated in their musical tastes.

The touching case of poor little PINTHROP, from Jamaica, who is at school at the REV. FINBOROUGH DUMPHICK'S at Hackney, and has to remain there for the Christmas vacation.

The worrying case of MRS. WHISSENDINE, who with a particular and fidgety husband, eight children all at home for the holidays, friends staying in the house, and a large family party expected on Christmas Day, is looking forward to the departure of her cook and housemaid on the 21st, and has not yet succeeded in finding competent successors.

The happy case of CHRISTINA CLOVERBOB, aged four, whose birthday falls on Christmas Day, and who has talked and thought, and dreamt of nothing else for the last month or six weeks.

MINISTERIAL MEDICINE.

AMONG those things which no fellow can be expected to understand may be classed the following newspaper announcement:—

"THE EPILEPTIC HOMICIDE.—MR. SECRETARY CROSS, having carefully considered the case of WILLIAM DRANT, has felt justified, under all the circumstances, in advising HER MAJESTY to commute the convict's sentence to penal servitude for life."

What, then, is Epileptic Homicide manslaughter? Does the Law—Home Office Law—call Epilepsy an extenuating circumstance of Murder? Epilepsy, Doctors tell us, is a convulsive disorder whereof the subject's movements are involuntary, and wherein some sufferers do not know what they are about. Either way, if homicide is done in an epileptic fit is it not homicide by misadventure, or at any rate through absolute if temporary insanity? One can understand why an Epileptic Homicide should be taken care of during HER MAJESTY'S pleasure, but not why he is punished with penal servitude? It is not MR. CROSS'S Law, probably, that is at fault in this matter; but the line he took as to Vivisection, and his dealing with Epilepsy, taken together, appear to indicate rather hazy views of Medicine.

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CATTLE SHOW EXPERIENCES.

(From our Cockney Correspondent.)



OGG to the rescue! Where is Islington? Great searching of maps to discover the locality. Long discussions as to best method of proceeding thither. Victualling as for a voyage. Start by humble omnibus in order to study character. Honest rustic with fine bloom of health upon his face. What must be his feelings at the first sight of the metropolis! What stories he will have to tell when he returns to his native village, in the winter evenings, in the chimney corner of the ale-house! He looks troubled—perhaps thinking of his country lass? Row in omnibus. Honest rustic's hand in somebody else's pocket. Police appear upon the scene. Disappearance of honest rustic in custody of the guardians of the peace who affectionately greet him as "VITECHAPEL BILL." *Moral:* do not judge by appearances.

Proceed on journey. Genuine Farmer informs all who care to listen that he has been to the Show and is now going to South Kensington Museum. Hasty bundling of Genuine Farmer out of omnibus to get a right one. Arrive at last. Wrong door, turn to the left. Do turn to the left and walk several miles. Right door at last. No: turn to the right. More miles, begin to sympathise with WESTON. In the Show finally.

First sensation, smell. Worse than Cologne. Train of ideas, scent the animals another year. How much per cent. better would it be? Try and look like a Country Farmer. Go and see prize beasts. One is pretty much the same as another. Foretaste of Christmas indigestion in looking at the adipose animals. Watch and see what the experts do. Punch animals with their fists. Do likewise. Animal shows signs of retaliation. Somebody makes offensive remarks on danged Cockneys. Failure. Great rush of crowd. Arrival of the PRINCE OF WALES. Mob him. Hustle him. Touch his coat-tails. Get a good stare, at any rate. Never mind knocking him among the cattle. Discovery. It is not the Prince at all! Gentleman bearing strong facial resemblance to His Royal Highness departs breathless and pommelled. Wish that someone knew anything about cows. Meet friends. Friends are all blessed with country friends, and are being posted up in details. Don't seem to have any country friends.

Hale-looking Squire enters into discussion as to the relative merits of some sheep-pens. Great chance. Perfect stranger, but how pleasantly simple these country manners are! Ingratiate new friend with proffers of drink. Accepted. Knows everything. Nod at other friends triumphantly. They stare, wink, and make queer grimaces. All envy. Policeman tells newly-discovered friend that it won't do. Newly-discovered friend does not understand him. Policeman advises a speedy departure. This will not do. Why should a country gentleman be insulted by the minions of the law? I interfere hotly. Policeman grins. Friend has disappeared in the crowd. Policeman grins again. What? What? Really? Have been fraternising with the head of the great Confidence Dodge Gang. Policemen are gazing suspiciously. Am being pointed out. Hang the Cattle Show! Go away and never return!

DECLARATION OF WAR (*by a Ritualist with a cold in his head*).—We will resist the Secular Courts "Tooth and Dale."

DIRECTIONS FOR THE SHORTEST DAY.

IN the morning put on a short coat.

Take a short walk before breakfast.

After breakfast go and have your hair cut short.

To celebrate the day becomingly, invite a party to dinner, consisting exclusively of persons who are short-necked, short-sighted, short-tongued, short-winded, and short in bodily stature. But do not give your guests short commons, and instruct the cook to be mindful that her pastry is short.

If you are called upon for a speech, let it be short and sweet.

After dinner have a short nap.

At tea-time place short-bread on the table.

In the evening play short whist.

The acquisition of fresh knowledge is always desirable—begin, therefore, on this day to learn short-hand, or to study short-horns, or to acquire greater facility in the composition of verses, longs and shorts, or if you are afflicted with a short memory to employ artificial means to improve it.

Select this anniversary for baby to be short-coated.

Order in a stock of candles, short sixes.

Avoid short cuts.

Beware of taking something short.

Let your resentments be short-lived.

Do not give short weight or short answers; and, if you are short of money, do not suffer the deficiency to cause you to be short-tempered.

At the close of the day indulge yourself with a short pipe.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

AT the Consecration of the BISHOP OF CALCUTTA, it was noticed that all the Bishops present, with the exception of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, turned their faces to the East. We know that the Wise Men turned their backs on it.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

ALL Europe waits to know the result of the Constantinople Conference.

All England waits for the opening of Parliament.

All the young folks wait for the pudding, the Pantomimes, and the presents.

All the poor old people in the Workhouses wait for their Christmas Day dinner, tobacco, and beer.

All the usual recipients wait for their Christmas-boxes.

All the theatrical world waits for Boxing-Night.

All industrious, hard-worked, busy people wait for the holidays.

All persons, of all ranks and degrees, wait, with some trepidation, for their Christmas bills.

All the young Ladies wait to help the young Curates with the Christmas decorations.

All the younger branches wait for the Christmas tree.

All the Members of Parliament wait the 8th of February with an impatience which can hardly be restrained.

All right-thinking people wait the abolition of "gate-meetings."

Temple Bar waits its doom.

Noeï.

(A Christmas Anacreontic.)

BRING me Turtle here in bowls!
Bring me Turbot, bring me Soles!
Turkey too, and dainty chine,
Balls of sausage-meat combine:
Tipsy-cake and Roman Punch;
Of Plum-pudding a good hunch,
With Mince-pies, both brandy-sauced.
Bring ——The list I can't exhaust—
Bring them all!—and, when you do,
Bring the nearest Doctor too!

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TARPEIA OVER AGAIN.

Punch protesteth.



WEET friends, forbear your Christmas hands
With festive offerings filled;

Though *Punch*, I'm mortal, and can be
Even with kindness killed.

Oysters, geese, turkeys, game of sorts,
In furred and feathered dress;
Cosaques and Christmas cards and books,
And numbers numberless!

They come, they come, in endless stream
On my devoted head,
That scarce o'er Christmas boxes peers,
O'er-cosaqued, carded, fed!

WISEMAN of Paglesham, with thee
I thought not to pick quarrels.
But wherefore, Grey-beard, tempt'st thou me
With Green-beards, packed in barrels?

Green-beards so sweet, so delicate,
So clean and plump of cheer,
Not Natives to my mind so good,
Though they may be more dear.

Christmas is Turkey time, we know,
In bulletins, on boards,
And now insidious Russia shows
Her *Cosaques*' daring hordes.

Be't SMITH'S or CADMAN'S wit that arms
These bright-clad troops of fun,
With toys and trinkets, games, costumes,
Pictures, and noise in one!

And then what books for boys and girls,
The groaning Press supplies!
What happy and unhappy thoughts
For catching cash and eyes!

Enough! Forbear! Hold hard! In vain,
The gifts rain, pelt, and pour;
Like poor Tarpeia I am swamped
In the too liberal shower!

"Give not to him that has too much—"
A happy thought! I cry—
"Turn the full flowing stream on those
Whose Christmas-tanks are dry!"

SINGULAR RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

(Specially reported by our own Penny-a-Liner.)

AN accident of rather an unusual character occurred at Euston Station on Monday morning last, on the instant of departure of the nine o'clock express. The train was actually in motion, and, indeed, had well-nigh left the platform, when suddenly the signal-cord was violently pulled, and a bare head was seen protruded from a first-class carriage window, whence, by several of the bystanders, loud screams were heard proceeding, such as seemed to be the shrieks of anguish or despair. On the stoppage of the train, the cause of the disturbance was speedily explained. It appeared that an old gentleman, who was travelling to Scotland with his wife and his two daughters, in order to spend Christmas, very wisely, away from his own home, had, by accident, omitted to purchase *Punch's Almanack* to amuse them on the journey. In the excitement which attended the discovery of his neglect, the worthy traveller proceeded to signal the disaster, forgetting that he easily could make the wished-for purchase at any of the bookstalls at which the train would stop.

A REMONSTRANCE.

MR. PUNCH,

OR, why should I call you anythink but what I've been accustomed to, which it is old *Punch*, don't go a suppoging that SAIREY GAMP aint felt your owdacious attacks, which they are shameful. To chaff a poor old woman who 'as seen better days, and as 'ad to give up nussin for to start a paper through misfortin! Not that I aint better off than another party, a friend of mine, who set up a paper, which shall be nameless, although some said it was the '*Erald*, which she killed it, and which it killed 'er.

No, old *Punch*, I wouldn't demean myself by addressing you as I have known werry intimate parties, quite carriage company, with bran new titles, who now seem dispoged to show the cold shoulder to a poor old woman who never 'armed a 'air of their 'eads. Bother them, or rather him, meaning LORD BEACONSFIELD, who now won't have a word to say to his own SAIREY. No, *Mr. Punch*, I wouldn't have demeaned myself by addressing you, adn't you accuged me of being a Poet, like some low lot, such as TENNYSON or SWINBURNE, or that there SHAKSPEARE. As MRS. HARRIS said to me the other day, "SAIREY, you are the best of women. If I was asked who is a angel in clogs and an umbereller, I'd say SAIREY GAMP is that angel. SAIREY, you 'ave your faults (who 'asn't); but, SAIREY, you ain't a Poet: not your worse enemy can say sich a spiteful thing!" And then I said, "MRS. HARRIS, Mum, that old *Punch* has said it." And then MRS. HARRIS said, "SAIREY GAMP, you are the best woman in the world; and that old *Punch* is the worst man! Need I say more?"

Ugh! you bad, owdacious indiwidual, I only wish I'd the nussin of you! I'd wake you up, then, you may be sure, instead of sending you gently to sleep with my paper, as I am accustomed for to do now, as it leaves me at present. Saying such awful things of me, when I am sure not one of my staff, from the real College Gent who does my leaders down to the young chap who takes down the shutters and writes the notusses on the Christmas Books, would ever think of such a thing! Ugh! you bad thing! I'd bang you on the 'ead with my umbereller, if I wasn't a Lady!

It ain't the fust time you 've done it by many a while. And at Christmas time, too, when there 's always a bottle of somethink on the mantel-piece for parties to put their lips to when so dispoged!

But I ain't rewengeful. As MRS. HARRIS said to me only the other day, "SAIREY, I do believe as if any one was to pull your 'ead off your shoulders, you would smile quite pleasant. SAIREY, your worse enemy can't deny but what you are a saint!" I replied, "MRS. HARRIS, Marm, you 'ave known me these five-and-forty years; and so what you says must be true;" and so, *Punch*, I forgives you: and if you likes to come to spend New Year's Eve with me, you will find the bottle in the usual place. All I ask of you is not to say anythink to me, nor to look at me, but only to let me put my lips to it when I feels that way inclined.

And so, *Punch*, I wishes you a appy New Year, and sends my respectful duty to your good Lady, 'oping that all the cherubs is well, as they leaves me at present.

Signing myself more in sorrer, than in anger,
Shoe Lane, E.C. YOUR OWN SAIREY.

BITTER IRONY.—"Exeter Hall." Should it not be "*Exiter*," because, in case of alarm, there is no exit.

RIVER STYX.—"The thousand masts of Thames."

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MEDITATIONS ON MYCENÆ.



NOT four years since,* some scholars, in their zeal,
Proposed the rifling of the Troad's mounds,
Where, within buried Ilium's doubtful bounds,
Great Hector lay by great Achilles' heel.

That heel, at which he whilom had been swept
Thrice round the weeping walls of windy Troy,
When white-haired Priam through the watch-fires crept,
To beg, with tears, the body of his boy.

Little the long-haired Greeks then dreamed that heel
Would for the fatal arrow find a way,
That cut Achilles' thread with vengeful steel,
And stretched him beside Hector—clay by clay.

But stern BOB LOWE, guard of the public purse,
Flung scorn on HOMER'S topographic truth,
To Hector and Achilles showed no ruth,
Exploding both, as solar myths, or worse.

So they in their grave-mounds were left to sleep,
Unrifled and unverified, while BOB
Chuckled at *savants* who, the grave to rob,
Would rob the Exchequer it was his to keep.

Since that date simple SCHLIEMANN'S venturous spade
Has brought Troy, layer by layer, to light of day;
And, if not Hector's and Achilles' clay,
Raised owls from eggs Athene never laid.

Thence kindled, German zeal now Hellas delves,
The Altis first, round great Olympia's fane,
Making PAUSANIAS clear, and STRABO plain,
And with maimed statues filling Elian shelves.

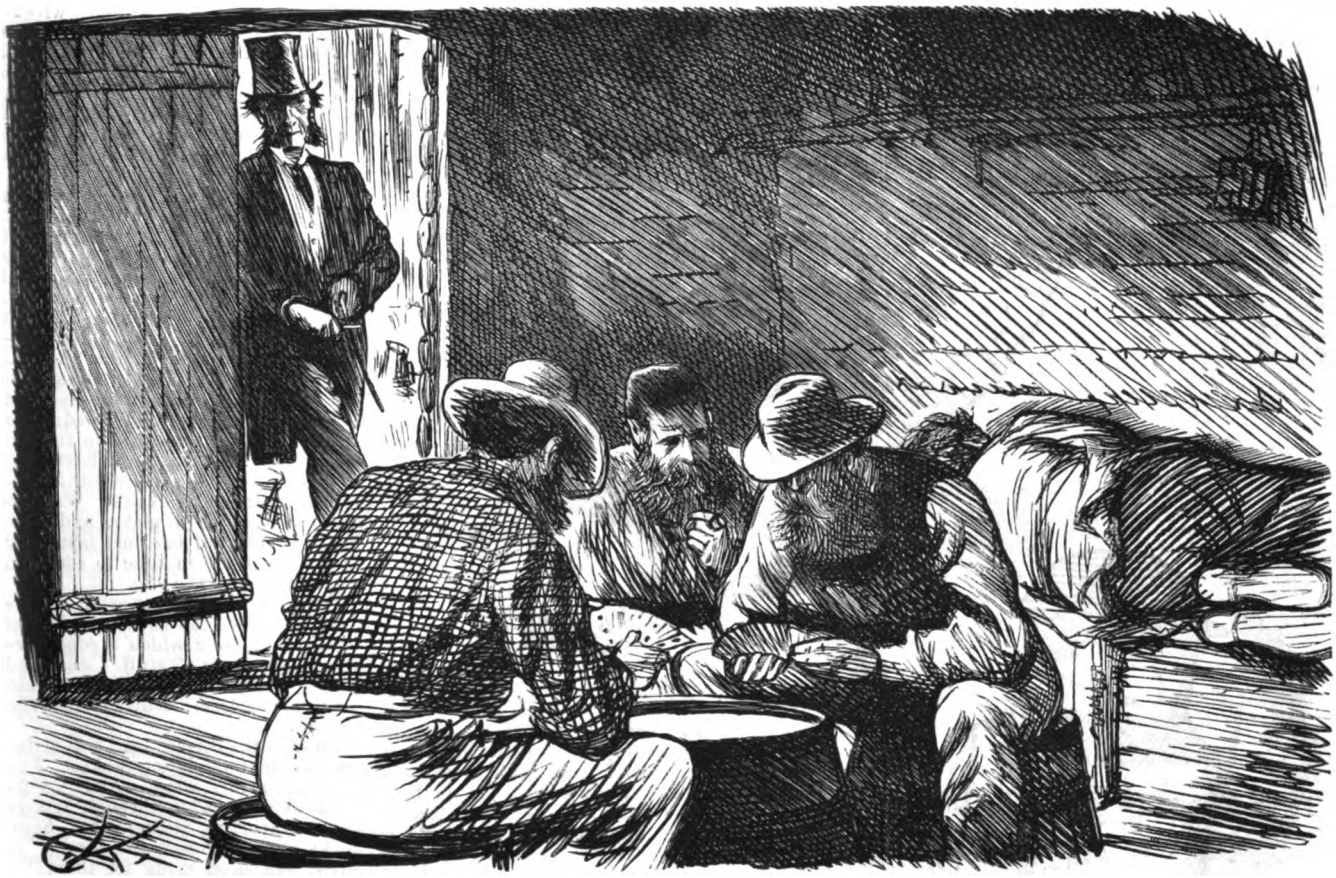
Next SCHLIEMANN at his ghoulish work again,
All former Resurrection-men o'er-rides,
Rifling the tomb-banks where Mycenæ hides
The treasure sought by Ancient Greece in vain.

For still it glimmered through traditions dim,
That called Mycenæ 'rich'*, and her one vault,
Of massive stones that had braved Time's assault,
Christened the 'Treasury'—watched by Lions grim.

* See *Punch* for April, 5, 1873.

* "Argos, ditesque Mycenas."—HORACE, Book I., Ode vii.

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"PAUCA VERBA."

Scene—*Canadian Shanty.*

American (at the Door). "Ye ain't nary one seen my Dog? He were an all-Fired Critter at 'Bar, and I'll miss him!"
Voice (from the Bunk). "Seed a Bar and Dog—they were Runnin'—Dog were a little ahead o' the Bar!" [*The Yankee leaves.*

Henceforth best surnamed Gladstone and Bob Lowe,
For 'twas that pair of Lions at the door
Of England's Treasury, whose watchful roar
Drove scholars back, that Troywards craved to go.

O Nemesis! Schliemann the game doth win:
Makes a run on Mycenæ's buried bank,
Empties the grave-chests of her men of rank,
Unlike ours, buried, not in lead, but *tin*.

Discrowns great Agamemnon, King of Men,
And plays at loggats with his giant bones;
Whips out his spear and shield and sword from stones,
Laid down to keep them Gladstone knows not when.

Measures Cassandra's *cranium*, whose small hoop
Enclosed more future than our spirits know;
Weighs Clytemnestra's arm—whose treacherous blow
Floored Agamemnon, seldom axed to stoop.

Ransacks Queen's toilet, jewel-box, and bed;
Bares "Potnia Böôpis'" shrewish face,
Bedecked with horns, that had seemed more in place
Upon her faithless Zeus's brazen head.

Routs up their arms and arts who routed Troy,
And, ere Herodotus, to myths had grown;
To old Pausanias and Strabo known
As shades of names when Pindar was a boy.

Oh, why was not our William, there and then,
Digging up kings, instead of felling trees?
Why not our Bob Lowe, groping on his knees,
In the Exchequer Books of those old men,

Who, albeit rich, were, as 'tis now too plain,
Shallow political economists,
Or wherefore shut this gold within their kists,
That might have bred gold o'er and o'er again?

Good luck to Schliemann! may he find one day
The House of Atreus; he should know it well;
Æschylus says of blood it breathes a smell,
And blood, we know, no time will wash away.

'Tis well a German on that house should light,
And find its walls cement with blood and gold;
Since Bismarck doth to blood and iron hold,
As the best kind of mortar to bind tight.

He, musing p'raps, where once Mycenæ stood,
By Schliemann's latest lights might come to see
'Twere better if United Germany
Had more gold and less iron with its blood!

'Tis said Pythagoras, in Juno's fane,
Hard by Mycenæ, once took down the shield
Which, as Euphorbus, he was wont to wield,
So making his Metempsychosis plain.

If he who ruled as Agamemnon then
Be living in our midst, let him but go,
And pick Atrides' shield out from the row,
And so proclaim himself the King of Men.

If from that choice of shield to proof he goes,
From joy in fight, clear voice, persuasive tongue,
Love of rule, old limbs with young vigour strung,
And power alike to fell trees and floor foes,

Who, but with one voice, on Mycenæ's height,
Will hail him Agamemnon, high of hand,
Game of the Argive fleet to take command,
And lead once more his Hellenes to the fight,

Hard by the Scæan gate of windy Troy,
Where flows the Hellespont, the Moslem's still—
Turks worse than Trojans—soon to own his will,
Who Homer's Greek doth more than Greeks enjoy!

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WHAT'S THE ODDS?

OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.

A GENUINE SPORTING NOVEL BY

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,

Author of "Squeezing Langford," "Two Kicks," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.—"*The Treble Event.*"



ALL the bright-toned joyous music of a brilliant morning heralded in the great day of the Treble Event. Three Derbys in one day was something almost unparalleled in the history of the English Turf, and mighty was the surging crowd that came from all quarters to the Sussex Downs. Soldiers were there; sailors, of course, were there, led by their gallant Admiral, with his crew of fine old weather-beaten Epsom Salts, who would not have missed such a sight, no, not for the best, highest-mettled Spanish Chestnut that ever was foaled.

Hither came the million, hither came the *millionnaires*. By road came the aristocratic drags of the Royal Humane Society, starting from their head-quarters by the Serpentine, with their spanking tits; then by river came the crews of the Universities, still in training for their great water-course, and the winner of the *Grand Prix*, in all the glory of his new satin riband recently won on the French Turf. Hither came Royalty with its sixteen horses, its equerries, its outriders, its carabineers, and its detachment of Life Guards. Then the Russian Imperial Duchess, preceded by the Courier of St. Petersburgh riding six horses at once, and guiding them with bright-coloured reins. Then the world-famed Silver Trumpets were heard, as the LORD MAYOR, with his suite, dashed past the saluting point, gracefully raising his plumed cocked hat to the occupants of the Royal Box.

Close upon these the Starter* was carried past, ready equipped for the race, borne aloft, in his loose box, by four bookmakers, followed by a well-trained *troupe* of Monkeys on Ponies, emblematical of the Ring. Behind him waved the banner of the Turf, with the motto, "There is another and a Betting world."

All eyes are, for a moment, fixed on the Starter. On him, in fact, the Derby entirely depends. It is the fundamental and most necessary rule of the Jockey Club that "*Without one Starter there shall be no Derby.*" Consequently it is incumbent on the Turf authorities to provide a Starter, whose duty it is to be *booted and spurred, and in the saddle*, ready to supply the place of any, or of all defaulters. If none came to the post, the Starter would then start by himself, and walk over the course. This has only happened twice in the last hundred and fifty years, once being the celebrated *Neigh Buddie's* year. Up to the last moment of his being shown to the people, "the Starter" is kept, by the official trainers, wrapped up in cotton wool, to guard against the slightest chance of his being scratched before the race.

* *From the Editor to* MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—Dear Sir,—You must be wrong. I mean, at least, are you certain you are *quite* right in your information about "the Starter"? Surely, my dear Major, "the Starter"—as I, at least, have always been given to understand—is the person who claps his hands, or fires a pistol, or rings a bell, or says "One, two, three, and away!" to the Jockeys? Isn't it so? I write under correction, but *isn't* it so?

Yours truly, ED.

From MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP *to the Editor.*—My dear but unsporting friend, you are nowhere in these matters. You're not "in it." Just see what a mess you made of my hunting chapter last week by your meddling with "the Bagman," which *you* thought was a Commercial Traveller (!) instead of a Fox in a bag. I know all about "the *Starter*." And, once for all, let me ask, are *you* writing this Sporting Novel, *or am I?* But, in the name of common sense and the English language, what does "*a Reader*" mean? Why, "one who reads." "A Smoker" is "one who smokes," &c., &c. And a Starter is "one who starts." Excuse warmth; but, hang it, do *not* attempt to correct in sporting and turf technicalities. Yours ever,

JAWLEY SHARP.

In front of the throne where H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES was seated, were stationed a picked body-guard of splendid men from his own Principality. All eyes are on the celebrated corps of Royal Welshers, with their banneret, on which is proudly displayed the motto, "*Semper Faciens.*"

The Half-world, too, of whose existence the other half knows so much and yet so little, was present in full force with flowers, sparkling champagne, lobster-salad, and all the fun of the fair. Here sat stately, as of old, the old DUCHESS SARAH of Stückenbaskitt, calmly contemplating the throes of the excited throng. From highest to lowest, all are eager about the one business of the day. The Gipsies, ready for their *al fresco* dinner, have turned away from their fire, and have put the pot on the field, while within the refreshment-tent, excited Waiters are running for a plate, and the Sporting Admiral has just managed to place himself in time to come in a good third for the cup.

Previous to the great event of the day there were the usual number of small races, over which a considerable amount of "stuff" changed hands, though the public interest was, of course, centred in the Derbys.

First on the correct card was a flat race for the Consolation Stakes. The entries for this were entirely confined to those who, through ignorance of sporting matters, had been heavy losers through the week. A purse had been made for them by the Ladies. It is needless to say that LAWYER FERRET and the HONBLE. PULLMAN were *not* among the competitors.

One of the prettiest sights of the day was the Maiden Race, run in costume. The prize for this was provided by the Bachelors of the County; and nowhere, save in Great Britain, could be seen so many fine, fresh, sport-loving Damsels, in their pink and white colours, as are brought together on such an occasion. Attractive as is the spectacle, however, we must not linger near the ropes, in order to bestow too much attention on it. Suffice it to record here, that the Maiden Race was won by MISS GUSSY GANDAR, mounted on a hot chestnut, to which she gave a regular roasting with her jewel-mounted whip.

"He's only a Plater," said GUSSY, radiantly, as dismounting, she threw herself into the arms of SIR THOMAS DODD.

"True; but, '*Plater*, thou reasonest well,'" was SIR THOMAS'S quiet reply. They had too serious work before them to allow of any spare time for the pleasantries of society.

Three hundred horses—foals, colts, mares, fillies—had been entered for the Great Race.

They were all there; not a screw loose.

Moka is here, and the *Invisible Prince.*

The *Prince* is not to run. He is only here in case of any accident to *Moka*, by whose side stands CAVASSON, the Dumb Jockey of Jed-

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dington, sparkling in the Tommy Dodd colours. LAWYER FERRET and the HONBLE. PULLMAN, among the crowd, watch him closely. They have given him two thousand pounds to win, but, feeling uncertain of him, they have been poisoning him all night, and are now waiting anxiously to see the effect.

LADY DI and MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE are also among the spectators, in a barouche. GUSSY, who has overheard their schemes, has told SIR THOMAS everything.

"What's the odds?" asked a neophyte. He is informed that the bookmakers have backed *Moka*, at thousands to nothing, to win the three Derbys in succession on this glorious day. Besides this, there is no betting.

Everyone is "on," and STRINGHALT and WILLIAM BUTTON are pale and nervous.

Breathless was the excitement for the Great Event.

The Sporting Admiral, who had been riding at anchor about the course, and carrying a formidable whip, which he called his "screw-propeller," now entered the weighing-room to see the Jockeys get under weigh. CAVASSON, being late for the post, could not be allowed to go without an extra penny. This was what the Trainer wanted. Every ha'porth of overweight made the Dodd victory more certain.

STRINGHALT grasped WILLIAM BUTTON'S arm. "Do you trust CAVASSON?" he asked him, in a low, nervous whisper.

"I trust the animal—not the man," was the brief answer.

"What shall we do if we are floored?" asked the Trainer, in the same tone.

"Why, 'carpet' CAVASSON," was the Stud Groom's stern rejoinder.

But there was no time for further parley. The Bell was already ringing, and the horses were settling down into their places.

"*Moka!*" "*Invisible Prince!*" "CAVASSON!" were the names on every tongue. Anxious amateur bookmakers, who had been watching the market, might now be heard offering ponies in hoarse whispers.

Once more the Silver Trumpets sound, as the Judge, in his well-known Derby horse-hair wig, well powdered and curled, and wearing his scarlet and ermine, bows to the Royal box, and then takes his seat *in banco*. Below him sits the Clerk of the Course, in ordinary barrister's costume, with the Correct Card before him, ready to call out the names and colours of the riders in proper order.

SIR THOMAS has taken the odds all round.

CAVASSON, who only speaks on his fingers, is now beginning to take the odds freely.

This caused a temporary panic among the bookmakers. But on STRINGHALT and WILLIAM BUTTON backing *Moka* to win, the feeling of security returned, and the betting went on again merrily.

LAWYER FERRET and his *Fidus Achates* the HONBLE. PULLMAN have issued secret orders to all the jockeys—simply these: "*When the word to start is given, hold hard. Squeeze Invisible Prince. Wait on Moka, and if* CAVASSON *does not use whip or spur, then let everyone belabour his animal, and urge him forward. Let the crowd press on him: he must go. If all the rest persistently stay behind, and shove Moka on, Moka* MUST *win, even though the race takes three or four hours.*"

SIR THOMAS felt that the Jeddington Dodd estates were in the hands of CAVASSON. His fortune and his wife were the stakes he was playing for on this his Bridle day.

The Judge has arisen, and silence has been proclaimed by the Ushers. For an instant thousands might have been heard to drop all over the course. CAVASSON'S heart palpitates violently, and so great is his excitement, that his colours come and go.

SIR THOMAS DODD grips GUSSY'S hand, while WILLIAM BUTTON and STRINGHALT keep their eyes fixed on the Dumb Jockey, who, for all his agitation, sits, apparently to the crowd, an immovable, impassible, wooden figure.

The Starter calls over the names, as his assessors, the Two Probable Starters, note them down in their books.

All are present.

There is only one duty for the Police to perform before the start. They have to see that everything is laid level all round, so that there may be no obstruction to the running.

"*One . . . . two . . . . three . . . . and*——"

A piercing scream interrupted the Starter! It proceeded from CAVASSON, the Dumb Jockey, who, as if in a fit before the start, suddenly threw up his arms in the air, and reeled heavily in the saddle.

(*To be continued.*)

From Fraynes Refrain.

WHEN, Rifle-Tells, these Fraynes their triggers pull,
Yet blow no brains out with their dangerous lead,
Let's hope at least they will not hit JOHN BULL,
Or, like their marks, he must be "off his head."

TO-DAY'S PANTOMIMES.

(*By an Old Boy of Yesterday.*)



TINKLE! Up goes the Curtain,
To flashes uncertain,
On Demon or Witch
(When there isn't a hitch)
Stirring make-believe broth
Into property froth,
While implings in fleshings
Take chaff, cuffs, and threshings;
And the wit of each line
They speak may be divine,
But you can't hear words said
In a property head.
With Scene First pitch-dark,
I need scarcely remark,
Scene Second 's as bright,
As the whitest lime-light.
Full of toys, boys, and noise,
And such infantile joys.

While a Prince, out of court,
In tights spangled as short,
Sings much out of tune
Of the "sweet flowers of June,"
Or the "bright shells of ocean,"
Or some just as new notion.
(The song's meant to sell—
But this you won't tell.)
Then, no one knows why,
Change of scene and of sky,
And a marvellous Ballet
With a "rake"* in a valley
Which ballet-girls pose on,
With brief, breezy clothes on,
And can't make a move
Of joy, grief, hate, or love,
Without raising their toes
To the height of your nose:
Then, while next scene is set,
The Prince sings a duet
With a Lady in wings,
And not many more "things;"
While tin-foil and ossidew† Shimmer in glossy dew;
And spangles and logies‡
Recall to old fogies
The days of their youth,
When they took tricks for truth:
Counted Stage-tin good money,
And found Clown's jokes funny;
Thought each Columbine fay,
And were *not* grave but gay
As they sat at the Play.
Meanwhile, fun grown tricksier,
Does its best 'gainst asphyxia.
Yet, in spite of foul air,
And jokes too bad to bear,
Blue-fire reek and gas smells,—
Still, like sweet silver bells,
Ring Childhood's clear laughters
Right up to the rafters,
If, midst dry scenic splendour,
Like some strayed offender,
Comes the chance of a laugh—
One grain to much chaff;
Till, in slow colour-changes,
Prismatic in ranges,
With girl-groups in garlands,
Slung from flies turned to star-lands,
Breaks on tired expectation,
The Grand TRANSFORMATION!
And when that's wheeled about,
And its blue-fires burnt out,
And the girls in the skies,
And the babes from the flies,
Have been lowered on deck
Without breaking a neck,
Come, so-called, Comic Scenes—
Spill-and-Pelts, fish and greens,
Butter-slides and hot pokers,
Endeared to old jokers;
Clown's tricks upon passengers;
Lion-leaps; stolen sassengers;
Thefts of turkeys and geese;
Chaff and cuffs of Police:
Nursing property Babies,
And selling old gabies;
Tricks that won't do the trick;
Flaps and joints that will stick,
Sloats that cords disobey,
And can't work and won't play,
Till two hours serve to show—
—Long-drawn, stupid, and slow—
That Clowns now are no more
What Clowns were long ago,
Or that Old Boys ain't Young—
Which perhaps *may* be so!

* A Stage slope. † Theatrical gold shavings.

‡ Stars, looking quite as bright as diamonds, though only concave facets of tin. There are a good many "Logies" doing duty for diamonds off the Stage as well as on.

Motto for our Training Ships.

(*From* HORACE, Lib. IV. Ode iv.)

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.

TEACHING promotes the vigour of the seed,
And a right training hearts of oak will breed.

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FOR TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

Paterfamilias (improving the shining hour). "AND NOW, WHO SUCCEEDED RICHARD?" *Son and Heir.* "JOHN."
Paterfamilias. "AND WHAT DID JOHN *SIGN?*" *Son and Heir.* "THE PLEDGE!"

MR. PUNCH'S PROPHECY FOR 1877.

DURING the early part of the year a great deal will be said and written about the Eastern Question, and a Meeting will be held in a suburban Vestry Hall either to sympathise with the protectors of the Turkish Christians, or to "strengthen the hands of the Government."

On the meeting of Parliament, notice will be given of the proposed introduction of a couple of dozen Bills that will be counted out as they have often been counted out before.

For the first three months the House will adjourn (on an average) at half-past nine o'clock. During the rest of the Session, the closing average will be 3 A.M.

A great many "personal statements" will be made.

A great many too many railway "accidents" will occur. The Government Reports thereon will be published long after the details of the mishaps have been forgotten.

Some new periodicals and new papers will come out and go in.

Several "Tragedies" will fill the "Contents Bills" of the daily papers, with good head-lines for many weeks. These may be chiefly looked for during the silly season.

A fashionable watering-place will be accused of being overrun with small-pox, an accusation that will lead to long controversies in the journals.

Some one will see an early swallow, and write to the papers to tell the public all about it.

A Series, entitled *The Servants' Halls of Old England, by One who knows Them*, will be produced for the entertainment of the Lower Middle Class.

When the House is up, "the Silent Members" will air their eloquence before their Country Constituents.

Several marriages will be arranged at Hanover Square, and disarranged in the Divorce Court.

The sale of Post Cards at Hawarden will increase so largely that the Post-Office revenue for the year will be appreciably raised.

Skating Rinks and Lawn Tennis will be superseded by amusements equally rational.

A great deal of fuss will be made about the Summer Drills at Aldershot and its neighbourhood.

Several new Clubs will be opened for the special benefit of their promoters.

More than one letter will be written about the aims of the Charity Organisation Society.

The Derby will be won either by a favourite or an outsider.

London will fill and empty as "per usual."

Many brilliant specimens of English Men and Women will be personally conducted over the Continent.

There will be winds, rain, fogs, and mist in March, April, May, September, October, November, and December.

And lastly, everybody will be delighted to welcome *Punch's Almanack* and *Pocket Book* for 1878.

ON A RAGING TOOTH.

AN unsound Tooth that can't be stopped,
Nor drawn, for all its throes,
May, like the set that Cadmus dropped,
Spring up in armèd foes.

Quoth Tooth, "I'll let down Bishop's pegs;
For Folkstone I a match am.
Leave me to lay mock-Roman eggs,
In Ritual nests and Hatcham."

Punch fain would Mother Church release,
So, no extreme astrid of,
He warns her she will have no peace,
Till this Tooth is got rid of.

GENERAL LYSONS objects to "loose drill." Perhaps he prefers stiff buckram.

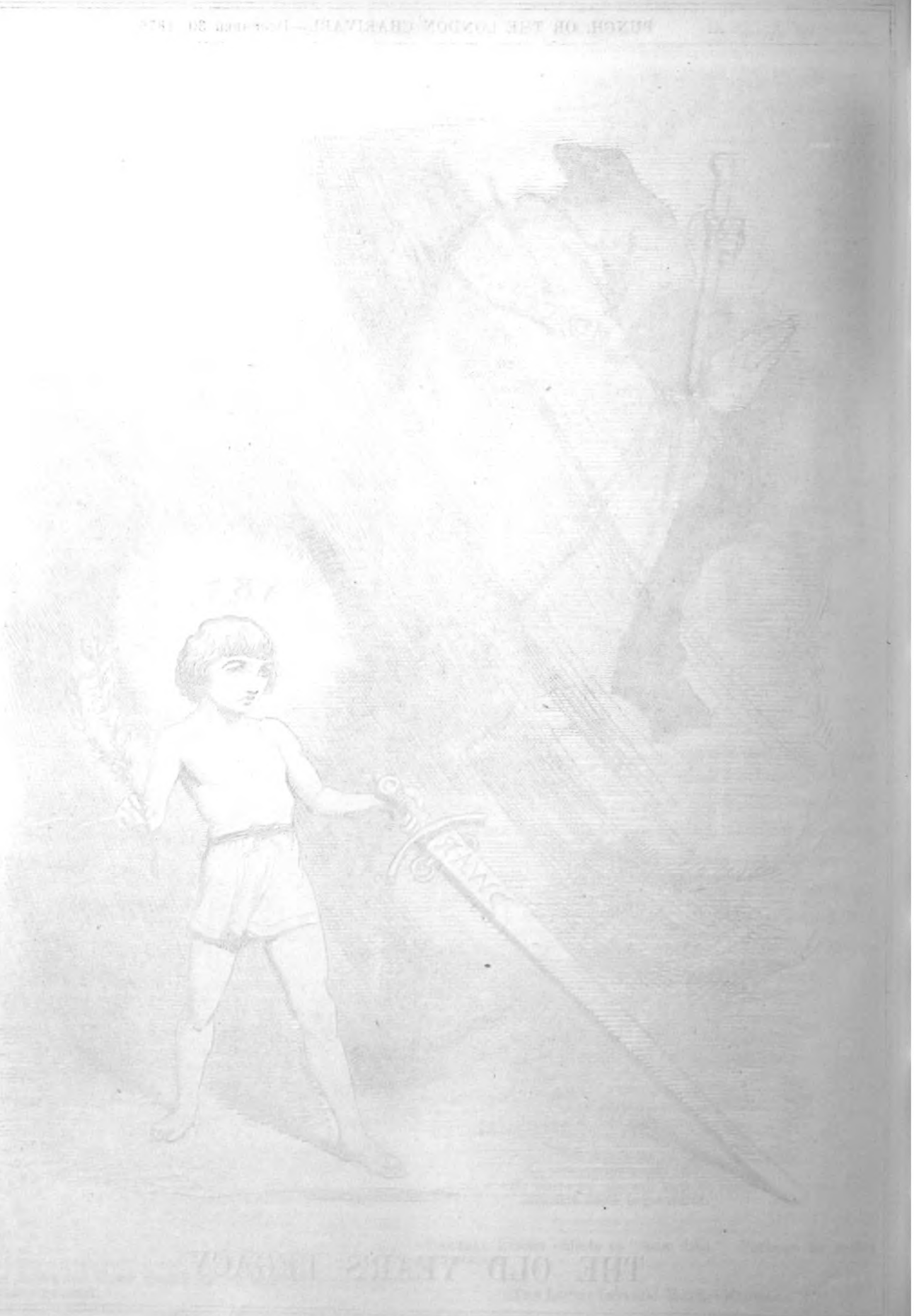
THE LATEST IMPERIAL HATT.—MIDHAT.

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THE OLD YEAR'S LEGACY.

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AFTER THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.



REPORTED BY OUR OWN LITTLE BIRD.

WHAT Paterfamilias says.—Well, it might have been worse. TOM'S wife didn't quarrel more than usual with JACK'S niece, and UNCLE JONES seemed to take some notice of the children. I wish, though, he hadn't abused the port. However, BILL'S funny story put him in a good temper, and so I think his will is all right for the present.

What Materfamilias says.—I really must speak to Papa about FANNY and her cousin HENRY. The boy hasn't a halfpenny, and it's most injudicious to encourage his visits. Dear me! what an anxiety one's daughters are to one!

What Fanny says.—Oh, wasn't it delightful? I know when he sang "*Is this a Dream?*" he was thinking of me. If he *does* propose, what *will* Mamma say? I can answer for dear Papa; and that's a comfort, at any rate!

What Uncle Jones says.—They are a great deal too civil to me, and are waiting for my money. I hate children; and the port was vile! Shall I leave it to BILL, or the Asylum for Idiots? Better give it to the latter, for then BILL will get the benefit of it! At any rate, I will see my lawyers at once.

What Jimmy says.—On my word, she seemed jollier than ever! I must say I do like her—awfully. But then I should be so chaffed at the Club! And I don't think she would like me to have a latch-key! And then AUNT MARGARET would make such a bother about it! On the whole, I can't do any harm by thinking over it—another year.

What Laura says.—I am sure in my new dress (quite long, you know) I looked quite as grown-up as FANNY. It was very nice, you know, but I didn't care about TOMMY showing attention to me. He's quite a boy, you know—only fourteen. Fancy a child so much younger than myself (I shall be sixteen in August!) presuming to speak to me! It was quite ridiculous, wasn't it?

What Miss Wallflower says.—Oh, we girls had such fun! FANNY, LAURA, and I all lost forfeits. So absurd! Young MR. RUBRIC, the Curate, had to bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the one he loved best. I was so relieved when he didn't come near me. It quite reminded me of the happy Christmas we spent when poor CAPTAIN ROSEBUSH went out to quell the Indian Mutiny. And *that* must be nearly ten years ago! How quickly time passes!

What Tommy says.—I don't care about your bread-and-butter Misses! I only flirted with LAURA because I was afraid of speaking to MISS WALLFLOWER! How beautiful she is! I would run away from school if I could get her to elope with me.

What Mr. Rubric says.—Oh, a most pleasant party—on the whole. I hope I am not ungrateful for feeling that I could have been more at my ease if MISS WALLFLOWER had not sat next to me at dinner. But the fact is, she really does send me so many slippers. It is very awkward. I don't know what LUCY would say if she heard of it.

What Dr. Dose says.—Certainly, my dear Madam. After Christmas we must expect a little disarrangement. If you will permit me, I will go to the nursery at once, to see the children.

What Misses Gerty and Emmie say.—Oh, don't let him come near us, Nurse, and we will be *so* good!

What Masters Franky and Artie say.—We won't take the nasty stuff! There!

What Mary Jane says.—If you don't take it before I count three, I 'll go and fetch your Papa!

What Grandpapa says.—It was a very delightful evening, but I wish those young romps hadn't persuaded me to dance *Sir Roger de Coverley*. I am feeling it to-day.

What Grandmamma says.—The little ones enjoyed themselves so much; and they are growing up *so* like their parents.

What the Cook says.—Well, it *was* an undertaking! But we had a werry pleasant time of it afterwards. JOHN plays on the banjo like a regular angel!

What Mr. Punch says.—And now, my good people, as you have enjoyed your merry Christmas, I wish you all a Happy New Year!

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

[PUNCH prints the following suggestion, as he believes there are many of his readers who will be glad to embrace it. No doubt the Committee which is managing the benefit will receive subscriptions also.]

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I WRITE this time not with a contribution, but with a view of inducing contributions. I read this morning, with real sorrow, of the severe illness of MR. COMPTON, and the urgency of some movement on his behalf. Now, I shall certainly send my subscription in some form or other, but it has occurred to me that there must be many, like myself, to whom a monster benefit performance, shared by all the stars in London, presents no particular attraction, and who would much rather give through some other channel. Could not an ordinary subscription list be issued, quite apart from the proposed Drury Lane performance, and advertised in the daily papers? I by no means desire a stall or box for the benefit; but I *do* desire to offer my guinea or two for the benefit of an actor who more than any other living comedian has helped me, and thousands of others, to understand certain sides of Shakspearian comedy, and who is, furthermore, one of the truest, most self-respecting, most artistic actors the Stage in our time has seen.

If this hint is likely to be of any service to the Committee, and to the cause they plead, pray make any use of it you please; though I do not care that my name should appear.

Yours faithfully,
A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,
(Who is also a student and lover of SHAKSPEARE).

QUIS CUSTODIET CUSTODES?

(*Prompted by a defence of superfluous "Sentry Go" in Winter Weather.*)

WHEN sentries you tether
To posts in bad weather,
With nothing to guard, and consumption to grow.
Could *Punch* orders issue,
The wish he would wish you,
Would be, *not* in the old Army sense, "Sentry, Go!"

Nights of sleet, or damp shed,
Thin great coat, and guard-bed—
Our troops for such waste cost too much, foot and horse.
Were but *Punch* at the Horse Guards!
But there other force guards,
And, alas! it is not a *Centrifugal* force!

YES OR NO?

THE *World* asks the following question, which is echoed by the *Times* of Dec. 13th:—

"YES OR NO?—Yes or no: is scarlet fever raging at a very well-known and popular watering-place not a hundred miles from London? It is all very well that the matter should be kept quiet in the interest of the tradesmen and lodging-house keepers of the town; but such reticence may be pushed too far, and do more harm than good, as the evil will be inevitably exaggerated when the prevalence of the epidemic becomes generally known. In the meantime people talk about doctors visiting fifty and sixty patients a day, all suffering from scarlet fever."

Mr. Punch, with his usual zeal for the public welfare, telegraphed to his Brighton correspondent, and received the following reply:—"Scarlet fever raging during the early part of the season. Parasols, cloaks, neckties, bonnets, fans, and châtelaine bags were all scarlet. The epidemic is, I am glad to say, now much abated."

Worse than Bulgarian Atrocities.

DURING the late visit of the PREMIER to LORD ALLINGTON at his seat, Crichel House, the *Wiltshire County Mirror* announces that in one day's sport the shooting party from the House (of some six guns) killed, besides other game, 1,109 *peasants*. We have heard a good deal too much lately of the murder of Policemen by Poachers. It would seem that Game preservers are beginning to retaliate. The attention of MR. PETER TAYLOR, M.P., MR. ARCH, and the Agricultural Labourers' Union should at once be called to the subject.

GHOSTS AND GULLS.

As an argument for the credibility of alleged spiritual manifestations, we are continually reminded that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. Unluckily the spirits never tell us any of them.

SPIRITUALISM FOR SCHOOLBOYS.—The "usual tippings."

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THE COUNTRY IN THE FUTURE.

Retired Citizen (to Metropolitan Friend.) "WHAT I ENJOY SO MUCH IN THE COUNTRY IS THE 'QUIET! NOW HERE, IN MY GARDEN, MY BOY, YOU DON'T HEAR A SOUND, 'CEPTING THE TRAINS!!"

THE GROAN OF THE COMPETITION-WALLAH.

"The first further examination of candidates selected in 1876 will commence on December 27th."—*Extract from Official Circular.*

AH, weep for the Indian Civilian,
Though elected in 'Seventy-six!
Not for him with the joys of the million
In Christmastide revels, to mix.

Not for him to be funny—how can he?
Not for him to be smiling and bland,
When he thinks of that blanked Hindustani,
Which no fellow can "hindustand."

Many thanks to that blessed Commission
For the foresight and thought they have shown,
In thus dating the next Competition
To suit our convenience alone.

The next day but one after Christmas
Was the day of all days they must fix,
With the cheering conviction that this must
Please five men at least out of six.

To their goodness we poor fellows owe it
That our Christmas this year is a blank;
If we use naughty words, such as "Blow it!"
We 've these kindly Officials to thank.

Not for us are the gun and the hunter;
Not for us are the joys of the dance;
Nor to revel in suppers from GUNTER,
Washed down with the vintage of France.

E'en plum-pudding is out of the question;
The mince-pie of our boyhood a snare:
We must all of us think of digestion,
And eat with most scrupulous care.

My whole life is one night-marish vision
Of wild blunders and heart-breaking "sap,"
While examiners laugh in derision
As they see me fall into their trap.

All the pages I read daily daunt me
With mountains of volumes I 've not;
Through the long-lagging night-watches haunt me
Grim ghosts of the things I 've forgot.

E'en in dreams I peruse legal fictions,
Review forms of attachment and sale,
Or ponder on Courts' jurisdictions,
And hold endless defendants to bail.

I decline things that know no declension;
I face armies of words short and long;
Yet, in spite of my earnest attention,
All somehow contrive to come wrong!

* * * *

List! shades of old Wallahs departed,
List, embryo Wallahs to be;
Pity, pity a wretch broken-hearted,
Lift the voice of your weeping for me.

Dear old *Punch*, brand the wretches who 've made me
In all the world's feast, the one slave:
Or, best, prove the news that 's dismayed me
A bad joke or barbarous shave!

SUGGESTED ADDITION (*if the Academy has no objection*).—R.A. Royal Aquariumician.

SPÉCIALITÉ SHERRY.—Felt oh! the next morning.

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A BORN ORATOR (IN THE EAST).

Farmer (proposing Landlord's health). "AN' IF A' SQUIRARS 'UD *DEW* AS *OUR* SQUIRAR *DEW*, THERE WUDNA BE SO MANY ON 'EM AS *DEW* AS THEY *DEW DEW!*"

THE CRICKETER'S GRAVE-STONE.

"Our Sheffield Correspondent telegraphs:—An extraordinary tombstone dispute has arisen at Wadsley Bridge, near Sheffield. The widow of one BENJAMIN KEETON, a recently deceased Cricketer of some local renown, has erected a tombstone to her husband's memory, on which is carved a set of stumps, about a foot high, with bat and ball. The Vicar and Churchwardens declare the stone was surreptitiously fixed, and have ordered its removal, which has caused intense local excitement."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

O Wadsley Bridge, where KEETON bloomed,
Thy Vicar's wits what ails?
To bowl the stumps of KEETON tombed,
Estreat his buried bails!

Could KEETON plead, to his life's fame
He 'd urge the symbols german,
More home, than to some Parsons came
Prayer-book, and bands, and sermon.

That hit, and all, he now must waive,
Score closed, runs run, green-swarded;
Alas! he cannot guard his grave,
As his mid-stump he guarded.

But why disturb the symbolled stone
Above this quiet sleeper,
Who with his life's score fairly shown,
Must face Heaven's wicket-keeper?

Dying, perhaps, he thought, "If he 's one
As is fit to keep wicket,
He 'll know a Cricketer when he sees one,
And hand me my gate-ticket."

Christmas Numbers.

THE numbers who, at this festive season, fill the trains and throng the streets, and cram the cabs, and crowd the omnibuses, and clap the pantomimes, and drink too much strong drink, and eat too much plum pudding, and send out Christmas cards, and send in Christmas bills, and call for Christmas Boxes.

THE PLUM FOR STAGE MANAGERS.—COE'S Golden Drop.

DECEMBER DREAMS.

(*After Christmas Dinners.*)

LORD BEACONSFIELD dreams he is Sultan, and installed at Constantinople as Defender of the Moslem Faith.

LORD SALISBURY dreams that Bulgaria is occupied by three Fijis and a Maori Chief. The Marquis beats the drum in front of their caravan, and holds a conference outside.

MR. GLADSTONE dreams he is an Automatic Letter-writer, and employed, at a weekly salary, by the *Sunday Times* to answer Correspondents.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT dreams he is Lessee of Cremorne, and ascends nightly to the top of a Set Peace, amid a blaze of fireworks.

MR. TENNYSON dreams that he shoots an arrow up into the air, and finds it, some years after, sticking in *Harold's* eye. His publisher brings it out.

MR. SWINBURNE dreams he is the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, and, in sheer despair, poisons himself with a complete copy of *Songs and Ballads*.

MR. MORRIS dreams that Nature is reproducing his wall-papers. He turns mud-colour, and eventually dies a lingering death of Sunflowers on the brain.

MR. IRVING dreams he is stabbed with Two Roses, and struck with a feather out of SALVINI's cap.

MRS. BANCROFT dreams her husband is in Peril, and completely buried beneath a heap of old armour and brass dishes.

MR. HARE dreams he is coursed by critics over his Old Acres, but, after an extraordinary run, returns to his old form, and leaves his New Men.

MR. TOOLE dreams he is put into the Gaiety by the brokers, and that the Stock scenery is not worth removing.

COLONEL MAPLESON dreams he has found a tenor for his completed Opera-House; but it turns out to be only an organ-grinder under his window, quarrelling with a stonemason out of work.

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON dreams she is decorated with the Order of the Charing Cross.

THE CLAIMANT dreams he is in his old home at Wapping, and has never seen BOGLE or ONSLOW in his life.

DR. SLADE dreams he is mixed with MacGilp and Spirits of Turps, and used as a Medium by a Royal Academician, but that the portraits so called up are not a bit like the originals as they lived.

TOMMY dreams that room has been made for his Uncle (from whom he has great expectations) in Kensal Green.

THE REAL NATIVE.

As his tribute to the approaching ceremony of the Proclamation in Grand Durbar at Delhi of the MAHARAJ ADHIRAJA SRI RANI VICTORIA KAISAR-I-HIND, *Punch* presents this genuine and characteristic effusion of native loyalty, being a circular received by a native Prince, and forwarded by him for *Mr. Punch's* consideration:—

"SIR,—May it please your Highness—The humble petition of NHAGABATI CHURAN SEN GUPTE most respectfully sheweth;—

"That your Highness' humble petitioner, being a subject to the British Crown, likes to illuminate his house on the day that H. M. G. M. QUEEN VICTORIA (ALEXANDRINA) proclaims the EMPRESS OF INDIA.

"Your Highness' humble petitioner therefore hopes that your Highness will kindly encourage him to show his loyalty towards his Sovereign (HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN), by conferring assistance upon him, but at the same time it is the duty of your Highness' petitioner to let your Highness know that your humble petitioner will be very glad to receive any assistance and thereby to keep your Highness' fame as unblemished as ever.

"NHAGABATI CHURAN SEN GUPTE,
"Manapoor, in the District of Dashedabad, Bengal."

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A CAUTION TO SNAKES.

PUNCH'S REGISTERED PALETOT—'TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.'

"Snake skin is valuable, as, when tanned, it makes very beautiful leather. A friend has a very handsome cardcase made of boa constrictor's skin, which he obtained in Paris. I propose to furnish him with the skin of one of the large pythons, that he may have it tanned. This will form a handsome trimming to his wife's cloak. The Ladies patronise birds, why should they not patronise snakes? If snake-skin dresses once become fashionable, the extermination of snakes is inevitable. I hope shortly to see Ladies wearing snakes in their hats *à la gorgon*. This fashion would look very pretty. I commend the idea to MR. WORTH."—MR. FRANK BUCKLAND'S *Letter to the Times*, Dec. 21st.

A GROWL AT GOOD WISHES.

(*Symptomatic of Biliary Derangement from the Delicacies of the Season.*)

DECK out your dwellings with cypress and yew,
Toll out the Old Year and toll in the New.
Life is a tangle of troubles snd fears.
Wish you may get many Happy New Years!

"Happy New Year!" So you said on the last,
And who 'll say the twelvemonth has pleasantly passed?
When you are as old as I am now, my dears,
You 'll have most of you seen few or no happy years.

"Happy New Year!" How long new to remain?
New Year is very soon Old Year again.
Always with more or less bother in store,
And as 'twixt "more or less," in most cases with more.

All our New Years unhappiness bring,
So will the present, 'twixt this and the Spring.
Accidents, crimes, and diseases, no doubt;
Bring me, most likely, a fit of the gout.

Needy relations an old fogy hears
Oft wish himself many Happy New Years,
When they suppose he has money to leave.
If they came into it, wouldn't they grieve!

Happy New Years, 'tis true, may await
Youths that inherit an ample estate,
Born with a big silver spoon in their jaws,
And idiots and fools who can laugh without cause.

But heirs, as a rule, are deficient in brains—
Spend all their money, and sell their domains,
Ruin their health by the ways they pursue,
So that their years are unhappy and few.

Christmas! I'm glad "merry" Christmas is o'er,
Shall be still gladder when fools cease to pour
Impossibilities into my ears—
Wish me no more any Happy New Years!

WORKING A SPELL.

THE present London School Board endorses the condemnation passed by its predecessor on the present method of English spelling, and prays for a Royal Commission to consider the best way to reform and simplify it. For this purpose it has sent out circulars inviting all the School Boards throughout the kingdom to join in a representation to the Education Department and to Parliament. There is room for reform in spelling when Dictionaries disagree, to the extent so strikingly indicated a little while ago by the experiences of the "Spelling Bee." But the Phonetic System goes too far, being a scheme not of reform merely, but of revolution. There seems a curious felicity in the idea of appointing a Royal Commission to determine our orthography. Royalty can command no special road to learning, but nevertheless let us remember that the language whose spelling the Government and the Legislature are solicited to settle is the Queen's English.

Is the sort of thing below what we must make up our minds to see introduced into the language of SHAKSPEARE and DRYDEN, MACAULAY and SCOTT?—

THE SPELLING OF THE PRESENT.

School Board for London,
Victoria Embankment, W.C.,
Dec. 8, 1876.

SIR,

I am directed by the School Board for London to forward you a copy of the following Resolution:—

"That this Board is of opinion that a great difficulty is placed in the way of Education by our present method of spelling, and that it is highly desirable that the Government should be moved to issue a Royal Commission for considering the best manner of reforming and simplifying it."

I am at the same time directed to ask whether your Board would be willing to unite in a joint representation to be addressed to the Education Department on the subject.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,

_____,
Clerk to the Board.

To the Clerk of the School Board for ——.

THE SPELLING OF THE FUTURE.

Skool Bord for Lundun.
Viktorier Embankment, W.C.,
December 8, 1876.

SER,

I am direkted bi the Skool Bord for Lundun too forwerd u a koppeee of the foloing Rezolushun:—

"That this Bord iz ov opinyun that a grät difikultee iz plast in the wä ov edukashun bi our prezent methud ov speling, and that it iz hilee dezirabl that the Guvernment shood be moovd too ishoo a Royal Kommishun for konsidering the best maner ov reforming and simpleefying it."

I am, at the säm time, direkted too ask whether yor Bord wood be wiling too unit in a joint reprezentashun too be addrest too the Edukashun Department on the subjekt.

I am, Ser,
Yor obedeent Servunt,

_____,
Klark to the Bord.

To the Klark ov the Skool Bord for ——.

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS.

By Our Hard-up Philosopher.

IF our parties were all of little HARRYS, little CHARLIES, and little JACKS, we might like Christmas to come twice a year; but what when these are largely dashed with little Bills?

"Under the Rose" is far more satisfactory to shy people than under the mistletoe. The one tells its kisses; under the other you may kiss and not tell.

Holly reminds me forcibly of my tradesmen's books. Its red berries recall their covers; its leaves the sting of their contents.

When one listens to the good wishes lavished at Christmas, one remembers this is the season for crackers.

Why will we give our children a false view of life from its very threshold? You take your boy to the Pantomime at six. The dream of his highest ambition is to be a Clown, and his highest felicity to win and wed the Columbine!

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PUNCH'S TWELFTH-NIGHT PARTING WITH OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS.



Such weather as this year you 've had to know—
This weary water-waste—this gloomy mist-mass—
This dreary end in slush of would-be snow—
So dull for Father Christmas!

LD friend, farewell! Your fist! You 'll call again? *Punch* and the world are always glad to see you. We welcome much that follows in your train, Yet there are some few things from which we 'd free you—

Development 's the universal law,
Not e'en so old a hand as you may shirk it.
Now, do not snap, or snatch away your paw:
Punch's is friendly counsel; pray, don't burke it!
The good old times! What sermons one may read
On that old text!—and some of them right true ones.
But, after all, the good old times should lead,
Methinks, to better new ones.

Merry? Well, *Mr. Punch* should be the last
To say one word against judicious merriment.
But may we not improve upon the past,
Even in that regard? 'Tis worth experiment.
The loud "*gros rire de Rabelais*," after all,
Is scarce the very highest kind of laughter,
Grins and Gargantuan gormandising pall;
And, query—what comes after?

Good cheer? Well, cakes and ale are right good things,
So are mince-pies, sirloins, and chines, — in measure.
Plum-pudding, too,—such memories it brings
As make dyspepsia's self seem half a pleasure.
But this elaborate gushing over grub,
To which your Laureates are addicted, rather,
Rather more savours of the stye or tub,
Than fits you, reverend Father.

Genial? Why, bless your blooming face, of course!
But genuine sentiment scarce comes in gushes;
And when mere stomach-comfort is its source,
It ought to raise not so much cheers as blushes.
The laugh, the joke, the kiss 'neath misletoes,
Punch would not brand as sins however venial,
But, pray, without that big Bardolphian nose,
Were you, in truth, less genial?

I see you twig. We are too ancient friends
For you to take the huff at hints like mine, meant
To show your annual advent's happiest ends
May well consort with temperance and refinement.
Whilst cherishing traditions of old times,
'Tis well to lift them to a higher level.
The fit accompaniments of Christmas chimes
Are Peace and Joy—not Revel!

THE French Chamber has been on fire. The Deputies were put out, of course.

PAUPERS AND POLEMICS.

THE inmates of most of the Metropolitan workhouses fared on roast beef and plum-pudding as sumptuously as usual on Christmas Day, thanks to the care of Poor Law Guardians for the material nutriment of the poor. Their solicitude is, perhaps, too generally limited to that object; but there is a case in which it evidently aims higher. The spiritual sustenance also of paupers is looked to by at least one Board of Guardians. So it appears from a statement in a contemporary, showing that in one case at least such devotional luxuries have actually been introduced, as:—

"HYMNS IN WORKHOUSES.—At the last meeting of the St. George's, Hanover Square, Board of Guardians, MR. FLEMING called upon the Little Chelsea Workhouse Visiting Committee to explain why copies of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, had been ordered in substitution for those previously in use in the house."

Singing in a workhouse chapel is hardly conceivable as a "merry noise," which the congregation, one would think, can have little heart for. But old-fashioned Psalm-singing was doleful enough, even for a workhouse. *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, probably superseded BRADY and TATE, the tunes also being changed for the merrier. MR. FLEMING seems to have thought these Hymns unmeet for the workhouse, as being too High spiritual diet—he, perhaps, voting for Low diet both carnal and spiritual. But:—

"COLONEL HAYGARTH observed that these hymn-books were in use throughout the army. He declined to express any opinion as to these hymn-books, which were obtained as recommended by the Chaplain."

Hymns suitable for soldiers may be imagined to be not inappropriate, at any rate on controversial grounds, for paupers. But the orthodoxy of the workhouse is apparently of an importance beyond that of the barracks:—

"MR. Z. D. BERRY objected to these books, as he considered it the introduction of the thin end of the wedge—SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK pointed out that while more hymn-books were required the ones obtained were different from the rest. Ultimately, the guardians were understood to decide that the original book should be substituted for *Hymns Ancient and Modern*."

Of so much moment is it what hymns the paupers of Little Chelsea sing! Little Chelsea seems to be a place of strong polemical feeling. MR. Z. D. BERRY fears that *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, which, in point of doctrine, are understood to be not strictly parochial, will introduce into the workhouse of that great little place "the thin end of the wedge," of which the thick end is Popery. Let all sound Protestants rejoice to know that the Guardians of Little Chelsea, by deciding that BRADY and TATE, or DR. WATTS restored, shall replace those objectionable *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, have effectually defeated an insidious endeavour to undermine the workhouse of Little Chelsea by sapping the principles on which it is founded, and finally degrading to Papists the paupers in that citadel of orthodox Protestant opinions.

ALL SMOKE.

A BERLIN telegram announces that GENERAL NIKITINE has left Wilna for Servia, to inspect the Army. "Nikê" means "Victory," but "Nicotine" is a deadly narcotic poison, which paralyses the strength, and even stops the springs of life. Which omen of the name will prevail?

NO SIGN OF RECOVERY.

OPTIMISTS may hope that affairs in Turkey are assuming a healthier aspect. But did a Sick Man ever develope a new Constitution!

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MOMUS'S NEW-YEAR RING O' BELLS.



TING! Ting! 'Tis *Punch's* peal that sounds
Amidst the chimes this New Year's morning.
Will Wisdom, on her sober rounds,
The Jester's merry peal be scorning?
Sage Madam, stint, and hear a hint—
Fun is not always folly.
That Protean sprite can look asquint,
Through the grim mask of Melancholy;
While oft a preacher's purpose swells
The music of the Cap-and-Bells!

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TENANT RIGHT.

Young Squire. "THEY CAN'T SAY MY FATHER'S AN EXACTING LANDLORD. ALL HE INSISTS UPON IS THAT THEY SHOULD VOTE FOR THE LIBERALS, AND WALK A FOX-HOUND PUPPY!"

THE MODERN "CORK LEG."

(AIR—*Of course*—"*The Cork Leg.*")

I 'LL tell you a tale without any flam
Of a man who isn't a bit of a sham;
The admired of pedestrians great and small,
As he walks in the Agricultural Hall.
(*Spoken*) In the Agricul—
(*Chorus*) —*tu*ral lural tiddy fol lural,
Agricul—*tu*ral,
Ri fol lural i do.*

His name is WESTON: he says, "You see,"
"You 'll all win your tin *in-Weston* in *me!*"
And the marvelling folks to each other repeat,
"What wonderful legs for his wonderful feat."
(*Spoken*) At the Agricul—
(*Chorus*) —*tu*ral lural tiddy fol lural,
Agricul—*tu*ral,
Ri fol lural i do.

MR. EDWARD PAYSON is not, we know,
The famous Neddy that wouldn't go;
Would outstrip the rate of the wildest dream,
When *Payson* puts *pace on* and goes like steam.
(*Spoken*) In the Agricul—
(*Chorus*) —*tu*ral lural tiddy fol lural,
Agricul—*tu*ral,
Ri fol lural i do.

I hear, but of course by the card cannot speak,
This Walker takes two thousand a week;
If this be true, then I 'm bound to confess,
That I 'm open to try and do it for less.
(*Spoken*) In the Agricul—
(*Chorus*) —*tu*ral lural tiddy fol lural,
Agricul—*tu*ral,
Ri fol lural i do.

You 'll see, if to Islington you repair,
That though he 's all Walker yet he 's all fair,
And if by the Eastern Question perplexed,
Try the Weston Question—"What *will* he do next?"
(*Spoken*) In the Agricul—
(*Chorus*)—*tu*ral lural tiddy fol lural,
Agricul—*tu*ral,
Ri fol lural i do.

* Evidently a song that ought to have been in the Greek Play at the Crystal Palace some little time back. The chorus, founded on an ancient model, is strictly classical and perfectly correct.

Ting! Ting! *Reveillé* to the ranks
Of Motley's quaint yet strenuous fighters!
Again we 'll hurl our quips and cranks
'Gainst fools and knaves in crowns or mitres.
A jest may prick, a jibe may stick
Where Jeremiads will not,
And search Stupidity's callous quick
With smarts that scath and shame yet kill not.
Smile, Wisdom, smile! as truths it tells—
The music of the Cap-and-Bells!

Ting! Ting! Each tinkle wakes a smile
On honest lips, beard-fringed or coral;
Or shrills a dart through greed or guile,
Or points with mirth some pungent moral.
Midst war of words, and shock of swords,
The Jester's jingle rising,
Some restful interlude affords,
With Right's alarums harmonising.
And ancient Wrongs may hear their knells
In music of the Cap-and-Bells.

Ting! Ting! Still knaves and fools we 'll flout,
Grave meaning hide with mask of Momus,
Bring truth and sense to put to rout
The brood of cant, the crew of Comus.
But all that 's fair from that keen air
Shall draw refreshment only;
Weak Right shall find our weapon bare,
No honest cause sit lonely.
While Wit, with Wisdom tuned, impels
The music of the Cap-and-Bells.

THE YOUNG LADY TO GET A BOW FROM AT CHRISTMAS TIME.—MISS L. TOE.

SOME CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

NOT the Butcher's, the Baker's, the Grocer's books, and other household books—oh dear no, but books for the household, or rather the juniorest part of it.

What luck children are in for now-a-days! We hadn't such books, and certainly we hadn't such pictures. Here 's a charming one for old and young, called *Starlight Stories*, by MISS FANNY LABLACHE, whose name sounds musical enough to begin with. Commend us to this Lady's *Jack with the Fishes* and *Why the Icebergs come so far South*. Then, next on the table is *The Hunting of the Snark*, by LEWIS CARROLL, who, as he never appears in print except at this festive season, ought to be known as the Christmas CARROLL. The *Snark* is very distantly related to the Jabberwok, but it is *not* the Jabberwok. Of all Christmas illustrations, those of *Fairy Land*, by RICHARD DOYLE, are very easily first. Here is elfin fun and frolic, here is a Midsummer Night's Dream at Christmas. Look at the little Pucks racing on snails, irritating butterflies, fighting frogs, or flirting with tiny, coquettish fairies. MCMILLAN & Co. are to be congratulated on "*Carrots*"—*just a little Boy*, which is a genuine children's book: we 've seen 'em seize it, and read it greedily. Children are first-rate critics, and thoroughly appreciate WALTER CRANE'S illustrations, not only in *Carrots*, but in his *chef-d'œuvre* of the year, yclept *The Baby's Opera*, which is the cleverest, prettiest, fancifullest, and, generally, superlativest Christmas book that we 've seen for a very long time. The only mistake in it is, that, in some instances, the ancient land-marks of nursery readings have been sacrificed to a sense of modern requirements. This, however, would be a subject for Shakspearian commentators; as must be evident when we question the correctness of the version as here given of the nursery song of "*Mrs. Bond and the Ducks*," "*Froggee would a-wooing*," and others. Folios wouldn't exhaust the subject. But to all those interested, antiquarianly, in the Rhymes of the past, and to all those interested in the happiness of the present rising generation, we say, advisedly, "Get WALTER CRANE'S *Baby's Opera*."

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WHAT'S THE ODDS?

OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.

A GENUINE SPORTING NOVEL BY

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,

Author of "Squeezing Langford," "Two Kicks," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.—"*Settling the First Event.*"



THAT scream which had so alarmed the field was *not* CAVASSON'S. It came from MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE, who was seated in LADY DI BRITELEIGH'S barouche writing a last letter to SIR THOMAS DODD.

Oh, these last letters! these X, Y, Z's, of Love's Alphabet!

Woe's me; but we all do it, though sometimes we rue it; but so it will be till the end of the world. The wily Irish LORD CHANCELLOR THURRAMOUGH was right for once when he said, "These are letters that ought to be written with a sheep pen on a calf's skin." No one understood what he meant at the time, but experience has proved the justice, as well as the wit, of the remark.

In a firm hand MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE traced the following lines:—

GUSSY will not love you. She can't. She may laugh if you tickle her under the chin, but it's the same old game. I have stooped to plot, because I love you so grandly, so madly. Rumour says your hands are to be tied at your marriage. If so, how will you put on the ring? The ring, indeed! Are you to give up the betting ring for the wedding-ring? Bah! I've never blenched, and would not now. I scorn sentiment. Let them all have a mate but me, what matters, or rather what maters? After this observation, perhaps, you will not care to see me. To-morrow I shall be all abroad. Address me France. Pay your addresses, as the postage comes heavy. I shall be all there. Thine for ever, your

A. DORA.

P.S.—If PULLMAN CARR *can mar your Three Derbys he will.*

LADY DI BRITELEIGH was looking over her shoulder and copying the letter word for word.

MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE, turning suddenly, caught her at it. This turning suddenly had soured her. She was relentless.

One moment and the bright steel flashed in the air—another, and it was in the inkstand, for LADY DI had screamed, and all eyes were on the barouche.

MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE tossed the letter to SIR THOMAS, and then was carried away by her feelings to a distant part of the course. LADY DI, with a bottle of chloral in her hand, remained to witness the result of the race, which her emotion has so suddenly and so strongly interrupted.

In the meantime, unable to effect a satisfactory start, the horses were going round and round a tall post, while a barrel-organ, worked by machinery, played various well-known airs. For this advantageous exercise each jockey had paid a penny. The rich tones of the old organ had a salutary and soothing effect on the men and horses.

LAWYER FERRET and the Honble PULLMAN CARR stood by, eyeing them narrowly as they passed in rotation. Had CAVASSON been bought or not?—that was the question. The crafty solicitor, and the equally astute Honble had sent him bouquets, bills of the play, and blank unsigned cheques to any amount, but could they be sure of him? This was rather an open way of buying a jockey, but it had answered before; and was it to be questioned now?

Once more the trumpets sounded, the bell rang, and the gong sounded.

"They are off!" "He's off!" "No, I'm on!" "They're *all* off!" "No, all on!"

Ha!!! They're away at last!!!

No! Not one of them stirred. Each jockey, true to his bargain with LAWYER FERRET, reined in his horse, and remained at the starting-point. LAWYER FERRET had squared the jockeys on all points, save one. This he was compelled to leave to their own choice. It was a critical moment; but all at once the Lawyer exclaimed gleefully, "That was all that was wanted! They have done it! They have squared their elbows!" And so they had.

By order of the Starter the police were ordered to pull the horses. The Judge had decided that a horse, if thus pulled, might fairly win. If the other horses would not stir a peg, no more would *Moka*. On the contrary, she backed in among the crowd, and was gradually working her way to the last place in the field. It was thus that her clever jockey CAVASSON was backing her to win.

The Bookmakers were frantic; they had laid their skins on CAVASSON winning on *Moka*. Not a chance of her stirring at present. There sat CAVASSON on *Moka*, calm, serene, impassible!

"Back her! Back her!" cries SIR THOMAS, excitedly. "We *have* backed her!" exclaimed the Bookmakers despairingly, beginning to think they had been let in for a regular snorter.

But CAVASSON has his game to play. He has not been idle for months, and the horse has been under the hands of the most adept of circus trainers.

At a signal from CAVASSON, *Moka*, paying no attention to the lashes from the whips of the jockeys, who are belabouring her heavily, rears on her hind legs, and paws the air, cleaving a wide space around her.

"Two for her heels!" shouted STRINGHALT, who was in the secret. And immediately the clever cob reversed the action.

Jockeys and horses fell right and left of her, as CAVASSON waved a flag, and fired a couple of pistols in the air; while WILLIAM BUTTON, who was hidden behind the Starter's box, shook a sheet of iron to represent thunder, and GUSSY, from her brougham, threw squibs in among the troubled mass of horses.

Further attempts to hold them back were useless. Maddened by the fireworks and the sheet iron, the horses broke away, and the jockeys, losing all control, tumbled off, and were picked up by the police. "Keep your seats, Gentlemen! keep your seats!" shouted the infuriated Starter. Then he grumbled to himself, "I've never seen such a start as this before!"

"Don't move on my account!" shrieked SIR THOMAS to CAVASSON.

The Dumb Jockey nodded to his employer, as *Moka* quietly backed against the starting-post, while all the other horses tore madly onward, in spite of the strenuous efforts of their jockeys—onward, onward, in a whirlwind of dust, round Tottenham Road Corner, up the hill, down the hill, and through the Middle Park, amid the execrations of the furious Bookmakers, who were on the *Moka* colt to their last shoestring.

The Boy in yellow won the day! *Moka* was last of all, still waltzing on her hind legs, a few yards in advance of the starting-post. SIR THOMAS clasped GUSSY round the waist in silent gratitude. The first Derby had been lost! Thank Heaven for that!

From the Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—Dear Major, of course you know the names of those places better than myse'f; but isn't it Tattenham Corner, not Tottenham. Eh? Yours, ED.

DEAR EDITOR,—You're thinking of TATTERSALL'S. Quite right of you to *ask*.—M. J. S.

From the Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—You will excuse me, I am sure, but was there ever a Derby like this? Isn't it going just a trifle too far?

From MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP *to the Editor*.—Was there ever . . . such a dear old Neddy as you are? A Derby like *this*, my boy? Rather. Don't you remember *Ben Bolt* in *Sweet Alice's* year? If not, look in at *Bell's Life* office, and ask the Sub-Editor. He'll tell you who's right. As to "going too far'—you just come down *here*, and that'll be far enough for *you*.—Yours, J. S.

P S.—By the way, my friend, SIR H. WALKER, will call on you. He is coming down here. So send on cheque by him. He will give you my address, and you can follow on as soon as you like. The sooner the better.—J. S.

The Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—(*By wire.*)—SIR . H . called . took . cheque . says . your . address . Bogus . Park . Boshey . Herts . Is . it . near . Ware?

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP *to the Editor*.—(*By wire*)—Cheque . right . come . day . after . to . Bogus . Park . Boshy . Know . Ware?. Get . out . there . to-morrow.

The Editor to the Public.—As the novel is to be finished at once, we shall certainly go down to Bogus Park, and if we can arrange with the Major to give us another at some future time, why, be it so, we will.

HOW TO REMOVE AN INCURABLE TOOTH.—*Punch* it out!

[THERE! that's the last straw that breaks *Punch's* back, though he is the most patient of camels. We have been at the pains to reckon up the tale of variations already received on themes from the Dentist's art, *à propos* of the unlucky and ill-advised Vicar of Hatcham. They amount to 1564! We positively refuse to entertain any further jokes on the subject.]

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LINES ON LATE HOURS.

(*A Carol by* MR. KILLJOY.)



T home from night till morning every one who will carouses,
But law paternal limits open hours for public-houses,
Imposes upon Englishmen restraint of wine and wassail,
The Landlord of the *Castle*'s house is not that landlord's castle.

All Sumptuary Laws are things to raise a Briton's dander.
But, if what's condiment for goose were condiment for gander,
Soon would restriction in this pump-and-platform-ridden nation
Be also put, by statute, on domestic dissipation.

The New Year at its finish, and the Old Year at its start is
Attended with festivities entitled "evening parties,"
Where, in contempt of Reason's voice, and sanitary warning,
Green Youth and Beauty dance from ten at night till four next morning.

With coffee, tea, or lemonade but few of them thirst slaking;
Most of intoxicating drinks from time to time partaking—
Upon champagne and claret-cup, making what is called "merry,"
Not to say that "*Spécialité*" which bears the name of "Sherry."

For six long hours too many a pair—unwise young man and maiden—
Breathe atmosphere with gas-fumes and carbonic acid laden,
Combustion's products from the jets which yield illumination,
As well as action of the skin, and human respiration.

They waltz in this foul atmosphere, nor think of what comes after,
Until, when supper-time arrives, with flirting, fun, and laughter,
They sit them down to eat and drink, and, heedless of health's question,
Rise, dance again, shake up their meals; whence bile and indigestion.

Meanwhile what tongue can tell what woes their hapless seniors suffer,
The wallflower matron overblown, and corpulent old "buffer,"
In charge of marriageable girls, the daughters or the nieces
They've brought to market; or, that o'er, how happy their release is!

The elderlies, at least, would hail a measure of repression,
To be, perhaps, brought in upon a Wednesday in next Session—
A "Balls and Evening Parties Bill," which, penalties imposing,
Shall upon private Hosts enforce the rule of Early Closing.

ARTICLES DE PARIS.

OUR neighbours, the Parisians, are wont to feel affronted if a suggestion is thrown out that they can take nothing seriously.

What was known in old RABELAIS' time, and still is called the *badaud de Paris*, exists in every class, nay, even dominates in the Assembly, as in the streets, and among the newspaper readers. One cannot help being struck with this in looking over the most popular journals now issued in the French capital.

At a moment when all eyes turn towards the East, whence the results of the impending Conference may bring hope on the soft breath of Peace, or despair through the brazen throat of War, the columns of French newspapers, which only deserve the epithet of Serio-comic, teem with old *calembourgs* and feeble jokes, more or less gross, and, in many cases, untranslateable to delicate ears.

In some out-of-the-way corner of a page, or crushed between two long articles on light social subjects, or two elaborate tirades of personal invective, may be found a short paragraph, announcing some doubtful intelligence from Constantinople, coupled with mythical details of our Special Ambassador's movements; but of serious information to guide contemporary opinion, and furnish historical evidence for future generations, not a syllable!

The *chroniqueurs* can tell you what such an Actress wears even in her dressing-room, or how such a public scandal in petticoats comports herself at supper; but for weighty fact, and instructive comment on passing events, you might as well look through the advertising columns of the Boulevard.

Take a number at hazard of *Le Rasoir*.

Where an Englishman would naturally turn to drink in carefully weighed opinions on the leading topic of the day, what do you find?—a sentimental article, taking up four or five columns of the paper, on the charm of hanging up stockings or shoes in the chimney, to be filled with *bonbons* for the children! Then a Gentleman, who perhaps signs himself *Chauve-Souris*, or *Clodoche*, treats *le publique le plus spirituel du monde*, with a batch of spicy anecdotes, beginning with an indecent Malapropism of MDLLE. X., and ending with a dirty story attributed to BARON R... Between these you may, perhaps, discover, after some investigation, a few lines, headed *La Politique*, commencing with a reference to MIDHAT PASHA, and the Conference, and terminating in a series of notes, evidently thought more likely to interest the readers of the paper, concerning that dignitary's harem, and the number and characteristics of the female slaves therein.

Then the inexperienced reader may commence what he takes for an article, but turns out to be a flowery advertisement of a new *confiserie*, or sweet-meat shop, with Oriental descriptions of the sweets therein sold, or of a dépôt for corsets, with elaborate variations on the beauties of the Venus de' Medici and the charms of the *femme du monde*.

We may be a "nation of shopkeepers," but we do not allow silly or *scabreux* shop-puffs to monopolise the best part of our leading journals.

Fancy a number of the *Times* appearing with the following Table of Contents "under the clock":—

SUMMARY.

Leading Article.—The origin of Mistletoe; to which is added an Analysis of Kissing.

Echoes of London.—Two extracts from *Joe Miller*, three jokes from back numbers of *Punch*, and an American after-dinner story, which REYNOLDS himself might hesitate about publishing.

Parliamentary Reports.—Personal remarks on Opposition Members, and intimate details of the family life of a Prime Minister.

Letter from MR. RIMMEL in praise of his Perfumes.

From Windsor to Balmoral.—A short satire on the Members of the Privy Council, made up of cracker mottoes extracted from their public speeches.

Dramatic Notices.—Including a description of MR. CHARLES MATHEWS's little dog, an account of an accident to MRS. BANCROFT's kitchen-chimney, and an anecdote of a little supper at MR. TOOLE's.

News of the Day.—How MR. JONES, the well-known dentist, left his house this morning in the rain, and forgot his umbrella, &c., &c., returning to obtain the desirable property when the sun came out.

Or,—How last evening two policemen, usually on duty at such and such a crossing, were taken off. This remissness on the part of the Superintendents at Scotland Yard, caused a confusion which, &c., &c.

Really, there is much which is not "done better in France;" and, amusing as all this may be in a weekly periodical, the daily Battle of Life (in England, at least) demands a more solid literary commissariat.

WAITS AND MEASURES.

WHAT a pity it is that London should be so far behind Birmingham, where that energetic Chief of Police, MAJOR BOND, not satisfied with insisting on all sly drinkers "toeing the line," under pain of fine or imprisonment, has commenced a crusade against the Waits, in the following grimly ascetic

"CAUTION.—Numerous complaints are made of the disorderly conduct of Youths who go around the suburbs of the town during the nights of 24th and 31st December, 'begging' under the pretence of saying 'A Merry Christmas,' and 'A Happy New Year.'

"All persons found so offending will be apprehended by the Police, and charged with being disorderly characters.

"Police Office, "E. BOND, Major, Chief of Police.

"19th December, 1876."

There! Birmingham is blessed with its own BOND. London is free—worse luck!

Failing police protection against these Christmas nocturnal disturbers, might we not adopt the irate suggestion of a misanthropic old Brute, who sends us the following recipe:—"Keep in your bedroom a garden-engine, its reservoir filled with ice-cold water, of which give any Wait full measure."

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A MORNING CALL (IN PANTOMIME SEASON).

Miss Lily (to Three unruly Brothers). "NOW, YOU BOYS, IF YOU BEHAVE LIKE THAT, I'LL TURN YOU ALL OUT OF THE ROOM!"
Three unruly Brothers. "HA! HA! YOU CAN'T! FOR MAMMA SENT US HERE TO *PLAY FORFEITS—YOU KNOW SHE DID!*"

SNAKES AND THE SEX.

(*A Protest from one who abominates both.*]

"The Ladies patronise birds, why should they not patronise snakes? If snake-skin dresses once became fashionable, the extermination of snakes is inevitable. I hope shortly to see Ladies wearing snakes in their hats *à la gorgon*. This fashion would look very pretty."—MR. FRANK BUCKLAND *in* "*Land and Water.*"

OH, fie, MR. BUCKLAND! How could you? Oh, shame, MR. SAMBOURNE!* I'm sure
She-fashions sufficiently trying for pockets and nerves to endure,
The Sex can, unaided, excogitate out of its own silly head,
Without *your* superfluous suggestion of horrors that fill one with dread.

Snakes? Eugh! Just imagine Society 'neath an Ophidian spell!
Our Ladies like willing Laocoöns—crowned *à la gorgon* as well!
Their boas all *boa constrictors*, their trains with huge rattlesnakes tipped!
Each waist by a cobra encompassed, each wrist by an asp closely gripped!

Just fancy the wife of your bosom a python as far as her face!
Your love like an undisguised Lamia seeking your shrinking embrace!
Oh, a vixen in guise of a viper were surely a Nemesis fit
For men who can make such a use of their ill-employed fancy and wit!

"Why should Ladies not patronise Snakes?" MR. BUCKLAND, you surely forget
That little primeval affair whose results rather bother us yet!
The Serpent's first patron, no doubt, would be prompt to play patron again;
But that one of *our* sex should suggest it! O BUCKLAND, you've snake on the brain!

There's too much of the Serpent already about the she-creatures, I say.
(I could never regard *Elsie Venner* as anything out of the way.)
But the Snake in the Sex, Sir, has surely sufficiently chastened our sins,
Without you advising our Eves to assume with snakes' slyness their *skins!*

"The fashion would look very pretty"!!! Perhaps that is meant for a joke.
Snakes charm and are charmed, but *such* charming what man not a muff would invoke?
Though Beauty has patronised beetles, methinks she might there draw the line—
Not a serpentine one—and eschew the Ophidian's sinister shine.

No! Woman is *Anguis in herbâ*, and ophiomorphous in soul.
But encourage Ophidian fashions in dresses? O FRANK, you're a ghoul!
That snake of Old Nile was a type,—she who died of the aspic at last,—
But *she* did not go clad in the sloughs that the serpents of Egypt had cast.

You say did snake-skins grow the rage, the whole serpentine race 't would exterminate.
I could half deem the game worth the candle, so much I the villanous vermin hate,
Oh, were they but both ophiophagous—seeing of both we've too many—
The sex and the snakes then might play the old game of the Cats of Kilkenny!

* See "A Caution to Snakes," in last Number of *Punch*.

DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.—"*Vokes et præterea nihil.*" (If it isn't new, it's true.)

MOTTO FOR RIVAL BATTUE-SHOOTERS.—"Murder most *fowl!*"

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ONE BUBBLE MORE!!

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NEW LEAVES FOR THE NEW YEAR.



LORD BEACONSFIELD.—To think thrice before speaking twice. To avoid the Mansion House Banquets. To try to be more worthy of the honoured name of DISRAELI. To give up Eastern fancies for European facts.

Mr. Gladstone.—To curtail his contributions to periodical literature. To give up post-cards. To buy an edition of the Works of JOSEPH MILLER, with a view to learning the nature of a joke. To keep as a rule of life the saying, "that if speech is silver, silence is golden."

Mr. Lowe.—To give up epigrams. To be sure of his facts. To give up party for patriotism.

Major O'Gorman.—To read English history. To keep his speeches intended for the House of Commons, for the columns of *Punch*.

Mr. H. J. Byron.—To give up inverted conundrums. To read SCRIBE. To learn the art of construction. To find out the meaning of the words "Comedy," "Drama," "Wit," and "Repartee."

Mr. Henry Neville.—To uphold the dignity of the Drama.

Dr. Slade.—To give up his tables, pack up his clothes, and return to America.

The Middlesex Magistrates.—To discover that no material distinction exists between the sauce used for the goose and the sauce used for the gander.

Midhat Pasha.—To give up fancy pictures of impossible constitutions. To learn that the Turkish for "Yes" is not the European for "No."

The Sultan of Turkey.—To be worthy of a place in the Temple of Fame, instead of a corner in the Chamber of Horrors.

Mr. Bright.—To read ALISON'S *History of Europe*. To undergo a course of Military History at Sandhurst. To attend the Autumn Manœuvres.

Professor Fawcett.—To call a spade an agricultural instrument.

The Directors of all the Railway Companies.—To mind their stops. To shorten their servants' hours, and raise their pay. To look to brakes instead of smashes.

All Bachelors and Spinsters between the Ages of Twenty and Forty.—To marry.

All Bachelors and Spinsters over Forty.—To emigrate.

Mr. Punch.—It is unnecessary, for obvious reasons, for this gentleman to turn over any new leaf. His readers, however, may turn over the new leaves of his new volumes.

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT IN A NEW PLACE.

DEAR PUNCH,

WHEN the PRINCE OF WALES was in India, I read with great interest the letters of your Special Correspondent, but towards the close of the series the pleasure which they gave me was greatly marred by the cruel suspicions which you cast on the good faith of your talented Representative by hinting that he had never gone to India at all, but had written the letters at Gravesend, with the assistance of a Hindoo crossing-sweeper!

I fear that, in your injustice, you went so far as to dismiss him. But true genius cannot long remain hidden; and my sorrow at your harshness and your "Special's" misfortune was turned into joy on reading in the *Times* of Christmas Day the account of the Vice-regal procession at Delhi. No other hand but his could have penned the following remarkable sentence:—

"Behind them came the remainder of the Body Guard and a squadron of the 10th Hussars; then the three Lieutenant-Governors, each on an elephant, and each attended by his Staff; next the Members of Council, the Secretaries to the Government, and the Chief Justices of Bengal and the North-Western Provinces; then Solah Topees, looking singularly out of place in their judicial robes."

It is many years since a Member of the House of Commons spoke of "the ferocious doolies who rushed on to the battle-fields, and carried off the wounded;" but his fame in India will now be shared, if not eclipsed, by the *Times* Correspondent, who has made the English public for the first time aware of the existence of those exalted members of the legal profession in India known as "Solah Topees." Deep must now be your regret at having, by your hastiness, allowed another journal to shine with an immortal glory that should have remained exclusively yours.

Ever yours,

RAM SING.

P.S.—If your Boy has yet returned with the Dictionary which you sent him for, would you look up the words "Solah" and "Topee"? In mine, which I have hitherto thought a good one, they are translated as "*pith*" and "*hat*." But this must be a mistake.—R. S.

LESSONS LEARNED AT A PANTOMIME.

(*By an Intelligent Schoolboy.*)

THAT Demons are much given to making bad puns, and have on their visiting lists the most beautiful of the Fairies.

That the attendants upon the Demons (presumably their victims) spend much of their time in break-downs.

That the chief amusement in Fairyland is to stand upon one toe for a distressingly long time.

That the Fairies, when they speak, don't seem to have more H.'s to their tongues, than clothes to their backs.

That the Fairies have particularly fair complexions, considering they dance so much in the sunlight.

That the tight and scanty costume of the Fairies is most insufficient protection from the showers that must be required to produce the gigantic and highly-coloured fairy *flora*.

That the chief Fairy (to judge from her allusions to current events) must take in the daily papers.

That Harlequin is always shaking his bat, but nothing seems to come of it, and that it is hard to say why he comes on or goes off, or, in short, what he 's at altogether.

That if Clown and Pantaloon want to catch Columbine, it is hard to see why they don't catch her.

That Pantaloon must have been greatly neglected by his children to be exposed without some filial protection to such ill-usage from Clown.

That Clown leads a reckless and abandoned life, between thefts, butter-slides, hot pokers, nursemaids, and murdered babies, and on the whole is lucky to escape hanging.

That Policemen are made to be chaffed, cuffed, chased, and knocked head-over-heels.

WESTINGHOUSE TO THE RESCUE.

A HOPE in kind *Punch's* bosom awakes—
O Companies, don't go to prove his hope rash *is*!—
That some day you 'll give us "continuous brakes,"
Instead of, as now, continual smashes.

DIFFERENT VIEWS.—Bishops complain of a dearth of Candidates for Orders. Managers of theatres think differently.

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INNOCENTS AT HOME.

"ISN'T IT NICE, MAUD, JACK 'S GOT AN APPOINTMENT AT BOMBAY, AND TOM 'S TO BE QUARTERED IN THE PUNJAUB. SUCH A COMFORT TO THINK THEY 'LL BE SO NEAR EACH OTHER!"

CUE TIPS.

A MARKER may mark, but he must not remark.

A great gun makes many cannons if he is a good shot.

Billiard-balls are fragile. They are sometimes broken three or four times in a game.

You always take your rest standing up. As HOMER says, "Too much rest becomes a pain."

The most sober player finds it occasionally to his advantage to indulge in a good screw.

Too much addiction to the three balls sends a player to the other three.

Absent players are seldom on the spot.

He is a poor player who does not miss his tip.

If you play with a young Lady, let it be with a "judicious miss." Kissing is innocuous.

Billiard-playing Parsons ought to cut the cloth.

When your adversary gets in a hole, it is not *infra dig.* to pick his pocket for him.

Sherry and billiards are inseparable. You should always provide a butt.

At pool, for obvious reasons, old maids are allowed nine lives.

Hospitality is the prevailing characteristic of expert pyramid-players. They are constantly giving balls.

Players who are ambitious to make "jennies," do sometimes succeed in making asses—of themselves.

Smoking is only permissible when some friend is betting upon you. Then you may smoke your backer.

Always lose your temper. You are far better without it.

In a Good Cause.

WE are glad to learn that the Compton Benefit Committee receive subscriptions and donations, and have already received a handsome sum. Cheques may be sent to MR. C. W. THOMPSON, Honorary Treasurer of the Compton Fund, Guildhall.

WEALTH FOR THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

PROGRESSIVE MR. PUNCH,

At a time when festivity coincides with dearth of incident, DR. SCHLIEMANN'S discoveries of buried treasures at Mycenæ raise a seasonable suggestion. Our minds just now naturally revert to the question of sepulchral reform, whether to be accomplished by "Cremation," or some other improvement on returning "Earth to Earth." Were it not best in this matter to resume the manners and customs of the ancients altogether, and after the usage of prehistoric times, inter along with the relics of the departed, a selection of their arms, accoutrements, conveniences, ornaments, effects, goods and chattels? Those ancients intuitively believed that such things would be useful to the deceased in the lower world. There are facts which indicate, if not prove, the truth of their intention. It is strongly attested by the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. If a Medium can at one and the same time be entranced behind a curtain, and also appear before it as a materialised spirit-form, there is no reason whatever why a ring or a breastplate, whilst lying in a sarcophagus, should not nevertheless be simultaneously worn in the spheres—the classic Hades, which our better acquaintance with it, through communication with its inhabitants, has taught us more cheerily to style the Summer Land. Happy land! yet there is too much reason to apprehend that we fail in contributing to its happiness as much as we might by depositing in the tomb those articles of pleasure or utility which we must suppose to be requisite for the comfort and enjoyment of the spirit. It is the want of these necessaries in the spirit-world which constitutes an indigence described truly by a phrase commonly applied to a mere scarcity of curates and scripture-readers in a populous district. Deficiency of commodities needful for spirit-life is the only real "Spiritual Destitution."

Let us, then, imitate the faith and the generosity of an heroic age. We are richer than ever the Mycenians were. They could not afford such expensive interments as we can. Let our warriors and Statesmen, then, be buried with sovereigns, and half-sovereigns of gold. Bank-notes might be added, to the no small advantage of Banks. Continue to sprinkle flowers on the bier by all means; but likewise scatter small change. Bury with a General Officer his sword and boots; with an Admiral his telescope; inter with a Gentleman his watch, his walking-stick, cigar-case, and box of Vesuvians. Forget not useful little things, such as an old Gentleman's spectacles, or a young Lady's chignon and bandoline. By the bodies of old friends and boon companions lay down some bottles of wine; also a corkscrew, with a few glasses, and pewter-pots. Should all these stores for spirit-use ever be exhumed in after ages, they will, of course, excite the greatest interest; and, being deposited in a Museum, serve to instruct Posterity, continuing in the meantime to supply the wants of the happy spirits whose remains they were interred with.

Of course the proposal of sacrificing money or money's worth in funeral arrangements for the advantage of spirits will be unmercifully ridiculed by utilitarian materialists; but, *Mr. Punch*, would this sacrifice be nearly so ridiculous as the prevalent practice of sacrificing property, burying upholstery, wood-work, and drapery to no purpose at all, except that of enriching undertakers? This question I am commanded to ask you by my controls, SHAKSPEARE, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, GEORGE FOX, and MICHAEL FARADAY, at whose dictation I am writing, with both my eyes bandaged, and my hands on a *planchette* under the table—if you will only believe your humble Servant, and ever attentive constant Reader,

A TRANCE MEDIUM.

P.S.—I enclose name and address, with terms for *séances*.

NOT WORTH POWDER AND SHOT.—*Si Slocum.*

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ABOUT the Measure of it, 197
After the Christmas Dinner, 291
"Alarums, Excursions!" 77
Alexander Russel, 55
"All (Wax)-work and No Play," &c., 1
Amazing Crammer (An), 153
Amenities of Peace (The), 170
Anglo-Moslem Irregulars, 187
Animal Autographs, 165
Another Armistice, 170
Anti-Turkish Atrocities, 227
Arctic Difficulties, 209
Arctic Pilgrim's Progress (The), 261
Arms and Arts, 168
Articles de Paris, 299
Ascent of the Ape (The), 109
Athletes and Animals, 239
At Lord's, 12
At the Cross Roads, 240
Attraction for Army Surgeons, 5
August Remanet (An), 67
Autumn Leaves, 125
Awful Thought, 202
BAD Thing for the Brain, 128
Beacon for Beaconsfield (A), 258
Bears All, 185
Beau-Ideal Hotel (The), 245
Bedlams and Broken Bones, 88
Bell-Ringers (The), 165
Ben-Chiron's Counsels, 107
Beer-Kings of Burton (The), 121
Best and Next Best Government, 155
Best Part of a Life (The), 162
Betsy Prig's Soliloquy, 271
Birds for September, 99
Boys in Bad Company, 147
Brains v. Muscles, 155
British Fête for France (A), 257
British Interests and Principles, 135
Briton Abroad (The), 104
Brobdingnag to Laputa, 147
"Brothers" at the Court, 227
Bulgarian Status Quo (The), 104
Butchers in Belgium, 120
By the Sad Sea Wave, 72
CALLED to the Helm, 216
Canossa with a Change, 225
Canters over the Course, 12
Canzonet to Correspondents, 132
Capital Prospect (A), 176
Captain and Chaplain, 28
Case for a Quiet Life (A), 231
Cattle-Show Experiences, 282
Caution to Chertsey (A), 143
"Caviare to the General," 81
"Chair!" 261
Chairing the Celt, 210
Cheap Shopping, 95
Chief Objects of Interest in London during August, 57
Chips from the Advertisement Column, 220
Chloe, M.D., on Mr. Cowper-Temple's Bill, 24
Christmas "Cases," 281
Christmas Charity, 272
Christmas Numbers, 293
Christmas Reflections, 294
Christmas Waits, 282
Civic Poets, 197
Clerical Drama (The), 107
Clown on the Cattle Show (A), 270
Cockney on Cock-crowing (A), 91
Coming Round, 210
Common Objects on the Sea Shore, 110
Company Manners, 235
Compensation, 249
Confessions by the Sea, 87
Confessions in Court, 78
Confessors of Keighley, 90
Cool! 167
Cooling Inventions for the Hot Weather, 71
Cricketer's Gravestone (The), 293
Criticism, 234
Cucurbits and Creams, 166
Curious Awards, 176
Cut, not Plucked, 184
DÆDALUS and his Donkey, 211
Dædalus at Dover (A), 147
Danicheff (The), 33
Day in the Kintra (A), 6
Day of Small Things (The), 239
December Dreams, 293
Diaries, Diaries, Diaries! 157
Diet in the Dog-Days, 50
Difficulty and Daring, 161
Dignity and Impudence, 132
Directions for the Shortest Day, 282
Direction to Cabdrivers, 118
Disinterested Column (A), 258
Dockyard Administration, 243
Dogs and Doctors, 40
Don't, 228
Double Event (The), 209
Dramas of the Day, 155
Dream, and its Fulfilment (A), 82
Dream Poem à la Swinburne, 196
EARL on a Woodman (An), 92
Eastern Question in the Future (The), 68
Eastern Question (The), 282
Educational Out-Door Relief, 71
Election Movements, 187
Electric Fluid Farming, 91
Enchanted Omnibus (The), 184
Enfants Terribles, 169
England Aroused, 114
English Brigandage Company (The), 284
English Steeple-Chase (An), 272
Epicurus Æstivus, 10
Essence of Parliament, 3, 14, 25, &c.
European Concert (The), 245
European Want, 110
Everyday Farces, 156, 166, 218
Exact Account of the Sultan's Health (An), 67
Exodus from Europe (An), 170
FANATICS and Fools, 167
Fashion's Dram, 110
Female Capacity (The), 140
Female Dress Revolution, 140
Feminine Intelligence, 86
"Festina Lente," 183
Fiction in the Pulpit, 183
Field too often Ploughed (A), 164
Fight for Plumstead Common (The) 222
Fight over the School-Board (The), 248
Fish with a Family (A), 124
Floating Slums, 13
Flying Dutchman (The), 185
For Christmas Parties, 279
Fount of Inspiration (The), 237
Fra Diavolo of Fact (The), 249
French on the First (The), 103
From Fraynes Refrain, 267
From Pillar to Post, &c., 97
From Pothouse to Prison, 233
From Psycho to Gastro, 270
From the Sublime to the Ridiculous, 168
GALLOP of Intellect (The), 143
Gay City (The), 126
Generals' Necessaries, 196
Gentleman Help, 81
Geological Genealogy, 260
Ghost for Groom, 117
Ghosts and Gulls, 291
Good Spirits, 237
"Grace before Meat," 153
Graceful Act of a Lady, 222
Great Eastern Question (A), 140
Great Piano Plague (The), 131
Great Step in Spiritualism, 200
Green Beard's Secret, 231
Greenwich Dinner (The), 67
Groan of the Competition-Wallah (The), 292
Growl at Good Wishes (A), 294
Guardians in Gaol, 18
HAMPERS for Christmas, 264
Happy-Thought Notes in Ireland, 102, 112, 124, &c.
Happy Thoughts, 21, 31, 45, &c.
Hard Lines at Lord's, 54
Hard Lines for Heretics, 183
Hawarden and Keighley, 225
Hawk v. Falcon, 269
"Heads I win," 183
Her Proper School, 197
Hindoos and Heroics, 23
Hints for New School-Boards, 249
Hints to Sportsmen, 117
Horse and Foot, 24
Horticulture without Humbug, 233
Household Art, 246
"How to Dress on £15 a-Year," 153
How to Keep Cool in Hot Weather, 49
Hundred Years Back (A), 154
Hygiene in Hot Weather, 56
Hymn to a Heathen Deity, 175
IMPORTANT SELL, 234
Impromptu by Sir Wilfrid, 267
In a Good Cause, 291
Income-Tax Returns, 176
Incredible Intelligence, 96
In Explanation, 270
Ingenuous Correspondence, 142
"In that New Land which is the Old," 157
In the Shade, 56
Irish Gem (An), 81
JOHN and Jonathan, 16
John Bull and his Guides, 100
Joke for a Joker (A), 209
Jones on his Holidays, 163
Justice to Ireland, 13
Just to Set Him Going, 211
KNIGHTS of the Thistle, 255
Knockers and Nonsense, 239
LACONICS for the Languid, 46
Lady Psyche's Garden Party, 35
La Pietà di Pio, 208
Last Servian "Shave" (The), 34
Last Tribute of Respect (The), 202
Latest Bags (The), 110
Latest from New York, 143
Latest News (The), 221
Law, and certain of its Limbs, 86
Law for Ladies, 123
Laying Heads Together, 170
Leaving Home, 111
Lessons Learned at a Pantomime, 303
Line from the Lions (A), 191
Lines on Late Hours, 299
Lines on the South-Western Line, 185
Lord Salisbury's Mission, 255
Low Spirits, 169
Lunar Farming, 79
MAGNIFICENT! 28
Maori-us amidst the Ruins of Railway-dom, 184
Marvels of Modern Travel, 114
Mary-Anner to the Rescue! 12
"Mediums" in Prussia, 245
Mem. for the Month, 111
Michaelmas Day, 1876, 153
Milk and Water, 192
Mind your Eyes, 239
Ministerial Medicine, 231
Minstrel of the Mansion House (The), 187
Miracle and No Mistake, 136
Mixture of Turkish and Cavendish, 184
Mobilisation, 49
"Mobilisation" from a Low Point of View, 55
Model Maiden (A), 183
Modern Cork Leg (The), 297
Modern Patriot's Creed (The), 231
Molehills for Mountains, 143
Moral Butterman (The), 256
More Conferences than One, 252
More Easily Wanted than Got, 256
More Vulgarian Atrocities, 186
Mortimer Collins, 57
Most Important Meeting yet (The), 158
Motto for our Training Ships, 287
Mount Punch, 208
Mr. Newfangle's Notions, 24
Mr. Oldfangle's Opinions, 5
Mr. Punch's Book Column, 87
Mr. Punch's Christmas Number for 1876, 279
Mr. Punch's Guide to the Army, 129, 134, 146, &c.
Mr. Punch's Prophecy for 1877, 288
Mrs. Gamp on the Arctic Expedition, 199
Mrs. Gamp on the Gush, 46
Mrs. Gingham on Civilisation and the Coming B——, 148
Mr. Tennyson on the Eastern Question, 198
Mumbo-Jumbo's Latest Mufti, 259
NASAL Reform, 102
"Nas-Naris. A Nose," 221
Natural Enough, 142
Navy of the Future (The), 248
New Football Rules, 247
New Leaves for the New Year, 303
New Music, 175
New Readings of Byron, 158
New Regulations for Protection of Seamen, 109
New Synonym (A), 155
Next Article—in the "Golos" (The), 198
Noël, 282
No More Cattle-Shows! 259
No More Charity, 89
Not Before it's Wanted, 161
Not Cooks Enough, 4
Notes from Our Well-Informed Man, 258
No, Thank You! 154
Nowhere, 119
Nursemaids, Beware! 275
OBJECT of Suspicion (An), 81
Old Woman's Opinion (An), 198
On a late "Early Bird," 268
On a Raging Tooth, 288
On My Lady in a New Bonnet, 170
On Seeing the Poor Children at Play in the Temple Gardens, 22
On the "Inclusive" System, 186
Our Cat Show, 101
Our Christmas Rose, 275
Our Home Conference, 264
Our Interest in Turkey, 2

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Our Mayors, 211
Our New Sporting Novel, 238
"Our (Old) Boys," 169
Our Own Representative, 65
Our Representative at the Chiswick Garden Party, 30
Our Representative at the Great Wagner Festival, Bayreuth, 75, 85, 95
Our Representative in the City, 9
Our Representative Man, 133, 144, 161, &c.
Our 'Squire on Sport and Science, 27
Out of Town, 67
PADDY'S Autonomy, 57
Papers for Parsons, 169
Paradise at the Pole (The), 199
Parisian Intelligence, 136
Parson's Play (The), 221
Passengers in Halves, 119
Paterfamilias on Pigtails, 68
Pat-riot-ism, 90
Patron Saint of Railways (The), 123
Pattern to Parliament (A), 273
Peerage and Post, 110
Pen-slip or Land-slip? 209
Physicians and Feemales, 202
Plaintive Appeal (A), 227
Plea for Brompton (A), 125
Plea for Political Prisoners, 66
Poetical Licence, 199
Point for Plimsoll (A), 87
Poisons and Figs, 57
Politics in the Pulpit, 252
Poor Britannia! 188
Poor Prisoners! 35
Poor Womankind, 165
Posies for the Poor, 27
Potatoes in Peril, 92
Precepts for Parvenus, 169
Priestcraft and Prog, 91
Princeps Secundus, 185
Profession and Practice, 145
Progress! 236
Projected Bombardment of the West End, 246
Promenade Concerts (The), 179
Proverbs by an Excursionist, 152
Proverbs for Ball and Dinner Givers, 151
Public Orator (The), 180
Punch and Puffery, 68
Punch at Wimbledon, 32
Punch's Country Cousins' Guide, 99
Punch's Party Word-Book, 270
Punch's Twelfth-Night Parting with Old Father Christmas, 295
Putting it Plainly, 117
QUESTION Answered (A), 28
Question of Cleanliness (A), 92
Questions for the Spirits, 225
Quis Custodiet Custodes? 291
Quite Superfluous, 228
Quotation from Parnell, 210
RAAL Irish Pitaties, 27
Railway Idol (The), 121
Real Native (The), 293
Rectification (A), 211
Regulations for Wimbledon, 17
Remonstrance (A), 283
Removal of a Nuisance (The), 235
Rising to the Occasion, 231
Roll of Fame (The), 77
Rumoured Turkish Reforms, 162
Russo-English Word-Book, 223
SAD Michaelmas (A), 154
S. and B., 13
Sausage Makers and Sausage Mills, 78
School-Boards and Swine, 252
Science and Superstition, 125
Seasonable Suggestion, 111
Sensation (A), 192
Sentiment! 249
Sentiment at Stratford-on-Avon, 61
Sentiment v. Science, 1
Seven Wonders of the Social World (The), 1
Shade on Progress (A), 223
Shakspearian Quotation, 187
Shakspearian Saying, 122
Shall Byron have a Statue? 212
Shipton and Sludge, 134
Shows and Autre Chose, 231
"Sic Vos Non Vobis," 209
Sign of the Times (A), 257
Signs of the Times, 31
Singular Railway Accident, 283
Sirloin and Lady, 185
Sir Salar's Odd Offering, 23
Situation at Stamboul (The), 162
Small Potatoes, 144
Some Abstruse Calculations, 98
Some Characteristics of Spirits, 186
Some Christmas Books, 297
Song for a Harvest Supper (A), 164
Songs for the Slums, 255
South Shields Swordsmen, 176
Snakes and the Sex 300
Specific for Scurvy (The), 273
Spirit-Duties, 216
Spiritualism and Swindling, 269
"Spiritualism in Spain," 167
Spiritualist's Locus Standi (The), 165
Spring Sports, 121
Spurgeon from a Novel Point of View, 10
SS. Patrick and Partridge, 100
Status Quo (The), 131
Strike in the Painting Trade, 183
Striking Allusion, 101
Suggestion for an Annual Boat-Race, 128
Suicide in the Solent, 113
Suspicious, 199
Swindling Made Easy, 190
TALK about Turks, 152
Tarpeia Over Again, 283
Taste of Home Rule (A), 130
Tea and Spirits, 198
Teetotalism v. Temperance, 196
Terra to Thompson, 132
Terrible Blow (A), 197
The Last of the Season, 43
"The Way we Live Now," &c., 43
This William and That, 114
Thoroughly English, 247
Thoughts on the "Thunderer," 39
Time's Trackers—Old and New, 223
Tongues for Tourists, 123
Too Complete Letter-Writer (The), 224
Too Old? 97
Tooth that won't come out (The), 259
To the Waits, 251
To the Wood! to the Wood! 166
Town-Touring, 81
Travel Twaddle, 107
True Economist (A), 179
True, or Untrue, 235
Turks and Teetotallers, 141
Two Worlds—the Old and the New, 177
Tyler's Tip, 192
UNCERTAIN Bird (An), 223
Unfashionable Intelligence, 65
"Unhappy Medium" (An), 175
Utopian Cab Company (The), 222
Utrum Mavis Accipe, 161
VERTIGO of Wit (A), 85
Very Serious Shamming, 50
WANTS of the Nation (The), 126
War Cries, 197
War Rumours, 178
War (The), 48
Wealth for the Spirit-World, 304
Welcome Back! 202
What it May Come to, 243
What no one should Forget, in Crossing the Channel, 100
What Old Grumpy Says, 280
"What's the Odds?" 250, 262, 274, &c.
What they Take Abroad, 113
Wheels within Wheels, 162
Where to Go, 80
Who can Tell? 107
Who is to Blame, 34
Who's Zoo in the City? 219
Whys and Means, 163
Wild Birds and "Vermin," 219
William the Penman, 223
"Wills of their Own," 201
Wonderful Meteorological Phenomenon, 213
Wonders of the World, 120
Word in Season (A), 62
Words and Wind, 87
Words without Songs, 263
Working a Spell, 294
Working Man's Question (A), 239
Worse than Bulgarian Atrocities, 291
Wrong County (The), 131
Wrong End (The), 75
Wrong in Toto, 261
YES, or No? 291
Young Medium's Catechism (The), 207
Youth and Age, 23

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

AT the Door, 265
Augurs at Fault, 63
Break in the Game (A), 181
Call for the Manager (A), 137
Cold Reception and A Warm Welcome (A), 204, 205
"Counting her Chicks!" 7
Dame Europa's Christmas Pudding, 277
Disturbing the Game, 127
Doubtful Diplomacy, 193
Drowsy Pointsman (The), 115
Earl and the Woodman (The), 93
Empress and Earl, &c., 83
Fresh "Kick Off" (A), 217
Friends or Foes? 241
Harlequin Goschen, 253
Keeping the Ring, 29
Left Luggage, 73
Neutrality under Difficulties, 51
"No Mistake!" 229
Old Year's Legacy (The), 289
One Bubble More, 301
"Pill in Time" (A), 171
Psycho à la Russe, 159
Sphinx is Silent (The), 19
Status Quo (The), 105
Stupidity and Science, 41
Turkish Bath (The), 149

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ACTING the "Sleeping Beauty," 209
Adam in the Zoological Gardens, 228
Addition Sum in Apples (An), 142
Advantage of a Soft Head, 158
American's Dog (An), 285
Angelina and the Word "Relict," 170
Barmaid's Hospital Subscription (A), 111
Bathing Machine without a Mirror, 163
Beadle and the Missing Sovereign, 256
Betting Man Cautions his Partner, 233
Big Dog at the Bazaar (The), 141
Boarding-School Girls out Walking, 50
"Broad" Man's Picture of Comfort, 184
Brown and his Letter Padlock, 70
Browne's Second Marriage, 97
Brown Mistaken for a Waiter, 273
Cad and the Spécialité Sherry, 164
Capital and Experience, 245
Cause of Fish being Scarce (The), 187
Children trying to Let the House, 82
Cloak Room, after a Party, 240
Clockwork Hunter (The), 166
Coaching in Fine and Wet Weather, 44
Coachman and Departing Guest, 186
Comic Volunteer on Parade, 130
Cook and her Dressmaker (A), 221
Cropper in the Riding School (A), 213
Cupid's Phæton at Scarborough, 114
Deerstalking on Stilts, 140
Doctor and Intemperate Patient, 185
Driving Lady and Bicycle Riders, 189
Driving Lady and her New Boy (A), 264
Eastern Question at Dinner (The), 208
Eel-Trap Costume (An), 261
Effect of Sea-Side Quiet, 104
Elephant carrying Temple Bar, 215
Exquisite Mistaken for a Farmer, 244
Family Shooting Party (A), 101
Farmer's After-Dinner Speech (A), 293
Feathers versus Fur, 225
Fishwives of Scarborough (The), 136
Galloping Snobs by the Seaside, 118
Gardener's Way of asking for Beer, 66
Genteel Greengrocer (A), 139
Gentlemen's and Ladies' Trousers, 77
Giles's Master Rabbit-Shooting, 167
Haymaking with Uncle Jack, 2
Highlander's Roll-Call (The), 22
H.M.S. "Privilege"—Model of a Liner, 11
Host's Intimate Friends after Dinner, 18
How to Trim a Beard, 249
Ice in a Warming-Pan, 59
Innocent Bonnet (An), 33
Irish Drill-Sergeant and Militiamen, 98
Irish Way of Following a Gentleman, 145
Jemima requires a Study, 88
Jenkins's Whip and the Chignon, 119
Jocular "Atrocity" of a City Man, 174
Jones's Future Mother-in-Law, 175
King John Signing the Pledge, 288
Ladies' Kid Corselets, 38
Lady Highjinks and her Shoemaker, 126
Lady's Groom and the Pony (The), 133
Lady's-Maid and her Lady's Dress, 197
Landscape Painter's Commission (A), 153
Lay of Lawn Tennis (A), 122
"Liar Bird" (The), 53
Liberal Landlord (A), 297
Little Girl and her Uncle's Will (A), 123
Lovers Bicycling and Horse-riding, 252
Loving Mother better than Blue China, 87
Low Tide on Scarborough Sands, 108
Maid's and Mistress's Dresses (A), 67
Married Bachelor of Divinity (A), 200
McJoseph on Beauty and Worth, 72
Meditations on Mycenæ, 284
Meeting of Blue China Collectors, 40
Momus's New-Year Ring o' Bells, 296
Mr. and Mrs. Brown's Music Practice, 257
Nautical Direction to Charing Cross, 211
Near Neighbours in India, 304
New Fancy Ball Character (A), 268
Nursery Ulster (The), 214
Old Nurse's First View of the Sea, 15
One Supper for each Guest, 216
Only Son and Illustrated Papers (An), 272
Painting a Mother's Portrait, 201
Painting of the Fifteenth Century, 92
Paraffin instead of Incense, 56
Philanthropist and Crossing-Sweeper, 152
Photographing the First Baby, 18
Playing Forfeits, 300
Pleasure of Attending Funerals, 86
Pneumatic-Despatch Fox (A), 222
Pretending it isn't Sunday, 192
Private Theatricals—the late Guest, 6
Properties on the Stage, 237
Qualifying for Hunt Races, 220
Railway Collision Costume, 78
Reason for a Short Invitation, 23
Reason for Wearing a Cockade (A), 280
Reckoning a Potato Crop, 199
Result of Fred's Foreign Tour, 196
Retired Citizen's Quiet Garden (A), 292
Rope Trick in the Cupboard (The), 34
Salted Horse of the Bathing Machine, 120
Scene at an East-End Tobacconist's, 55
Scotch Maid pleased with her Mistress, 10
Seeking a French Watering-Place, 62
Silly Season Phenomena, 89
Single Lady Excursionists, 39
Snake-Skin Paletot (A), 294
Soldiers settling the Eastern Question, 223
Spirit-Raising, 276
Stag or Calf-Hunting? 271
Steam Express-Shooting-Chair (A), 144
Steam-Fishing-Apparatus, 162
Stopping a Wife's Jaw, 54
Strange Marine Vegetation, 24
Stud-Groom's Grievance (A), 232
Suburban Tenor's Relaxed Throat, 28
Tall and Short on the Rink, 16
Thoroughbred Major (A), 131
Tipsy Rustic and Curate, 26
Tomkins's Toilet, 155
Tomkins takes First-Class Tickets, 148
Turkey has no Capital, 37
Useful Officers at Billiards, 109
Was Geraldine's Papa her Uncle? 76
What Papa says when he comes Home, 269
What to do with a Tough Bird, 96
"When the Clocks Strike Nothing," 45
Why Daniel was thrown to the Lions, 143
Why Fred carries a Sausage, 281
Why Scrubb's Daughters are Single, 235



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PUNCH



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PREFACE.

BEHEMOTH or Bogey? Awful Apparition or Sorry Show? Colossus of Roads and Realms, Over-stepper of Deserts, Over-strider of Mountains, Floorer and Framer of Faiths, Extinguisher of Nationalities, Absorber of Empires, Disposer of Manifest Destinies, Defier of Magnificent Distances; or Immensest of Impostures, Darkest yet Dullest of Diplomatic Deceptions, Shallowest of Shams, Biggest of Bubbles, most Barefaced of Bankrupts, Gelatinous of Giants, and Weak-kneed of Warriors? The most far-seeing and far-reaching Power that ever pursued a settled purpose of Universal Dominion through centuries of shifting circumstances; or the most monstrous mushroom-growth of empire that ever struck root in corruption, to swell to deceptive dimensions, and thence dwindle into swift decay? Thou canst not be both. Art thou either—or neither?

Has PUNCH, with Russia in Bulgaria and at Erzeroum, a right to sit smoking the cigar of composure on the stone-wall of insular impassibility, or ought he to be doing penance in his own sheets for his mockery of more penetrating piercers into the Millstones between which are ground out the Destinies of Nations in the mighty World-Mill?

Such was the question which, after much distracting study of London's many-minded newspaper organs—summer sun and iced cups and nerve-soothing Nicotian aiding—PUNCH pondered under the shade of his own laurels.

Suddenly there seemed to stand by him a shadow—yet not a shadow, but a very solid substance—a Presence as of a brother-Briton, but with a more settled purpose in his face, and a more searching sharpness in his eye, than belongs to mere mortal. And the Presence stretched out its hand so that the shadow fell across PUNCH'S brow, and straight it was as if he had passed suddenly from the fierce heat and ghastly glare of the Black Country of Political Polemics, all lit up with blazing questions, into a cool region of sweet airs, and cooling waters, whereof it was revealed to him, he knew not how, that the Presence was the Presiding Power.

"This is an age of Examinations," said the Presence, "though as yet I have not admitted them into my system, unless when, like MR. COOK'S Tours, they can be 'personally conducted,'—that is, put under the guidance and correction of Common Sense, your humble Servant——"

"My ever loyally acknowledged, and to the best of my ability faithfully served, Master," cried PUNCH, prostrating himself.

"I rule," replied the Presence, "as far as I yet *do* rule in England, in the person of my valued ward, QUEEN VICTORIA. We have just celebrated the Fortieth Anniversary of her reign. Let us drink her health and long life in a cup suiting alike the time and the toast—cool as her head, clear as her understanding, strong as her sense, and bland as her temper. They that are loyal to her, are loyal to me. But, methinks, I have rarely seen that loyalty put to greater strain than of late."

"Your Majesty surprises me," observed PUNCH, respectfully. "The present claims to be eminently the age of Common Sense."

"Ritualism and Home-Rule, Spiritualism and Foreign-Loan-Financing, Continental Levies and Papal Infallibility, China-Mania and Oxford Æsthetics, Brotherhood of the Holy Cross and Russophobia to the contrary notwithstanding?"

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sardonically interposed Common Sense. "I began by saying we live in an age of Examinations. I propose to examine *you*. What makes the Strength of Nations?"

"National Health and National Wealth."

"Enumerate the leading symptoms of National Health."

"Diffused Education, wide-spread Comfort, a well-balanced Political Constitution, Reverence for Home, Loyalty to National Institutions, Sobriety, Respect for Truth and Fair Dealing between man and man."

"Which of these do you find in Russia?"

"Not one. I find, instead, an almost utter want of Education; a thin varnish of Luxury, but no Comfort; a Despotic Government; Communism in the villages, Affiliation to destructive Secret-Societies in the towns; Drunkenness and Falsehood generally prevalent; Dishonesty in private dealings, and Corruption in public offices."

"What are the chief conditions of National Wealth?"

"Widely-diffused and intelligent Industry, and labouring Arms at command, with accumulated Capital and sound Credit to set them to work; a fertile Soil; Commerce; Manufactures; abundant Raw Material; and Free Trade to turn all these to the best account."

"Which of these do you find in Russia?"

"Not one. I find, instead, a poor, pining, and protected industry; labour scarce, ill-trained, unenergetic and largely reduced by the constant drain for military service; little accumulated capital, heavy indebtedness and exhausted credit; a soil barren over by far the larger part of its enormous extent, and where it is productive, with the trade in its raw material exposed to an overpowering foreign competition before which it dwindles yearly; next to no healthy commerce or manufactures, and a rigidly protective system."

"What makes a nation formidable to its neighbours?"

"Aggressive intentions, backed by effective force."

"Do you find these united in the case of Russia?"

"No. Admitting the intentions, I fail to find the force that should be formidable to a really formidable opponent?"

"How, then, do you account for her conquests round the shores of the Black Sea, about the ridges of the Caucasus, and in Central Asia beyond the Caspian to the borders of Afghanistan and the confines of Chinese Tartary?"

"Because in these cases she was dealing with barbarians weaker than herself."

"Do you not fear what Russia can do to endanger our rule in India?"

"No; for I think our basis of defence about the strongest, her basis of attack about the weakest, in the world. If a thousand miles of waterless deserts and impassable mountains, and more than that distance between even the border of these and the sources from which all Russia's supplies must be drawn, and that by a nation whose European credit, as I am assured by those who are loudest in their fear of her, is exhausted, and whose internal system is honeycombed by the secret workings of discontent and disloyalty, be not sufficient defence of a power rooted as England is in India, with her communications secured by her command of the sea, her soldiers and sailors well trained, well officered, and animated by the high courage of our race, and the wealth and credit of Great Britain's vast empire and world-wide commerce at their back, then facts and fancies are one, and PUNCH has read History in vain."

"And, worse still, has studied in my schools and worked in my service to no purpose!" exclaimed Common Sense, as, with a sudden explosion of impatience, he shut down with a snap the Russian Old Bogey into his Box, while TOBY rest-d in peace under the shadow of



And BRITANNIA was calm, knowing that, if TOBY slumbered, she might sleep secure.

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Introduction.

VOLUME LXXII.—JANUARY TO JUNE, 1877.

THE DISRAELI CABINET.—1877.

First Lord of the Treasury and Lord Privy Seal	Earl of Beaconsfield (now K.G.).
Lord Chancellor	Lord (now Earl) Cairns.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Sir Stafford H. Northcote, Bart.
Lord President of the Council	Duke of Richmond and Gordon, K.G.
Home Office	Right Hon. R. A. Cross.
Foreign Office	Earl of Derby.
Colonial Office	Earl of Carnarvon.
War Secretary	Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy.
Indian Secretary	Marquis of Salisbury (now K.G.).
Admiralty	Right Hon. G. Ward Hunt.
Postmaster-General	Lord John Manners.
Chief Secretary for Ireland	Sir Michael E. Hicks-Beach, Bart.

POLITICAL SUMMARY.

PAGE PAGE

ON New Year's Day an assemblage of the principal chiefs and nobles of British India was held at Delhi by the Viceroy (Lord Lytton), when Her Majesty was proclaimed Empress of India, with great "pomp and circumstance." (*See* p. 2.)

The Queen opened Parliament in person on the 8th of February. The greater part of the Royal Speech had reference to the Eastern Question—to the recent negotiations at Constantinople, and the prospect of peace or war. Home legislation was promised, mainly in the form of Bills relating to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, to Bankruptcy and Patent Laws, to the management of Prisons, to the valuation of Property, to Factories and Workshops, and to the assimilation of the Irish Judicature to the English. Of these measures, the Oxford and Cambridge Universities Bills, reintroduced from last Session, but now consolidated into a single enactment, the Prisons Bill (also a revival), by which the control of prisons was transferred from local authorities to the Home Secretary, and the Court of Judicature (Ireland) Bill, became law in the course of the Session, one not over fruitful in legislation.

In the House of Lords a Burials Bill was introduced by the Government. This measure, "partly framed for sanitary purposes, and which was also intended to evade the necessity of opening churchyards to Dissenters, who insisted on their own forms of burial," was ultimately withdrawn in consequence of a clause, proposed by Lord Harrowby, being carried against Ministers by a majority of sixteen. This clause was to the effect, that where the relatives or friends of a deceased person gave notice of their desire that the funeral should be conducted without the Burial Service of the Church, they should be allowed to inter the deceased with such Christian and orderly service as they might think fit, or with no religious service.

Public attention was almost exclusively fixed on affairs in the East, and, as a necessary consequence, debates on the Eastern Question, both long and frequent, took place in either House; and one of these, originated by Mr. Gladstone, lasted for several nights, and ended in a majority of 131 in favour of the Government and their policy.

The Budget was uneventful and uninteresting. No new taxes were imposed, and no existing ones abolished.

In the House of Commons, the Irish Members, known as Home Rulers, became a distinct body, and disclaimed allegiance to the Liberal party. A small knot of these Members (Messrs. Biggar, Parnell, &c.) earned for themselves the title of "Obstructives," by the deliberate manner in which they interfered with the business of legislation—to such an extent, indeed, that on one occasion (the adjourned debate on the South African Bill), by their pertinacity in making useless speeches and motions, and calling for repeated divisions, the House was kept sitting for twenty-six hours, from the afternoon of one day to the evening of the next.

In the "Introduction" to the last volume it was stated that the opening meetings of the Conference of the Representatives of the Great Powers called together to attempt a settlement of the Eastern Question, were held at Constantinople in December. The Conference continued its deliberations in January; but they soon came to an end, in consequence of the Grand Council of Turkey rejecting (under the in-

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PAGE

fluence of MIDHAT PASHA, the Grand Vizier) the very modified proposals which the Plenipotentiaries finally proposed for acceptance by the Porte. These "proposals" (says the *Times*, in its Summary of the Year) "were confined to a small addition of territory to Montenegro; to the conclusion of peace with Servia, on the basis of the state of things before the war; to the nomination by the Porte, in concert with the Powers, of Governors-General of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria; to some minor reforms, and to the appointment by the Powers of two Commissioners, who were to superintend the observance of the regulations." It should be mentioned that Turkey afterwards concluded a peace with Servia on the terms recommended by the Conference.

Diplomatic notes, circulars, and protocols, followed the dissolution of the Conference; and GENERAL IGNATIEFF, on the part of Russia, visited the Courts of Berlin, Paris, and London, on a diplomatic mission; but all was of no avail to avert the impending conflict.

On the 24th of April Russia declared war against Turkey —a course of action which called forth a protest on the part of the British Government. Russian armies at once crossed the frontiers, both in Asia and Europe, and invaded the territories of the SULTAN. In Europe they entered Roumania, a state nominally dependent upon Turkey; but Roumania soon declared its independence, and ranged itself on the side of Russia.

In the outset victories and reverses befel both the opposing Powers. In Asia, the Russians sustained a defeat at Batoum, but the fortress of Bayazid was abandoned to them by the Turks. The Turks captured Soukoum Kalé, a Russian military post, at the foot of the Caucasus, and on the eastern shore of the Black Sea; but the Turkish fortress of Ardahan surrendered to the Russians.

In Europe, after long preparation and delay, the Russians, towards the end of June, crossed the Danube, without serious opposition, at several points:—

"The Turkish Commander-in-Chief scarcely attempted to impede movements which had been regarded as difficult and dangerous experiments. The Turkish gun-boats, which ought to have commanded the navigation of the Danube, were as inefficient as the land forces. Some of them were disabled by the fire of the batteries on the Roumanian shore; and no attempt was made by the remainder to destroy the bridges during construction, or after they had been completed." (*Times'* Summary.)

NOTES.

2 **Kaiser-I-Hind.**—*See* "Introduction," first paragraph.

3 **How About those Buttons?**—For DR. SCHLIEMANN, *see* "Notes" to last Volume, p. 284.

7 **Who 's to Blame?** (*Cartoon.*)—There had been an overflow of the Thames, inundating Lambeth, &c., and causing a great loss of property. The management of the river was thought to be defective.

10 **Scurvy Outbreak.**—Scurvy showed itself in the sledging parties, and the conduct of the Expedition was attacked. An official inquiry was instituted.

11 **Poker.**—An American game of cards.

14 **A Comedy on Both Sides.**—Illustrates the objection of the Porte to the proposals of the Powers, at the Conference. (*See* "Introduction.")

14 **Historical Parallel.**—For the TOOTH case, *see* "Notes" to last Volume, pp. 259, 288.

18 **The Classic God of Cookery.**—MR. BUCKMASTER was the energetic Lecturer and Advocate of the School of Cookery at South Kensington.

18 **The Best Vaccine-Haters.**—For the Keighley Guardians, *see* "Notes" to last Volume, p. 18.

19 **The "Confidence Trick"** (*Cartoon*).—After the settlement of all claims on the *Alabama* Award, the Americans found they had a surplus. A proposition was started to return it to this country.

25 **Mottoes for some Weeklies.**—For *Vanity Fair*.—"Ape" is the signature of an artist who draws caricature portraits in this periodical.

29 **Union indeed!**
37 **Song of the Church Union.** } The English (High) Church Union made a great stir about the Hatcham Ritualist case, sympathising with, and upholding the Incumbent, the REV. A. TOOTH.

On the Close of a Conference.—*See* "Introduction." 30

What we Want to See in the Navy.—*See* "Nobody Knows," p. 42. 30

The Fag End of the Conference.—The MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, our special Plenipotentiary at the Constantinople Conference, is in the background with the Turk. Many in this country held the opinion that unless England meant to join in coercing Turkey into compliance with the conclusions of a Conference, she should never have taken part in one that, without coercion, was sure to end in smoke. 31

Proposed Regulations in "Hygeiopolis."—This article is *apropos* of DR. B. W. RICHARDSON'S projected "City of Health." 33

A Nice Bishopric.—The "Palæocrystic Sea"—a frozen sea reached by the Arctic Expedition. 36

The Kirk to a Kintraman [THOMAS CARLYLE].—*See* "Dirt *v.* Dirt," p. 34. 41

A Lion in Horsemonger Lane.—Horsemonger Lane Gaol was the prison to which the REV. A. TOOTH was committed for contempt of Court. (*See* before.) 41

"After the Party!" (*Cartoon*).—MIDHAT PASHA was the SULTAN'S Liberal Grand Vizier at the time of the Conference. He was dismissed from office very soon after the dissolution of the Conference, and sent into exile. 43

A New Reading, by Reed.—*See* "Nobody Knows," p. 42. 45

Of Two Heads, Which?—This question was answered in March, when, after a disputed election between 48

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PAGE

MR. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES and MR. TILDEN, MR. HAYES, the Republican Candidate, was declared President of the United States.

49 **Neat.**—MR. OULESS, the young and skilful portrait painter, had just been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

51 **Hawfinch on Lady-Helps.**—The employment of poor ladies as domestic servants was at this time strongly recommended. The name of "Lady-Helps" was given to them.

54 **Phœbus Counsels Phaëton** (*Cartoon*).—The EARL OF BEACONSFIELD ("Phœbus") having through his elevation to the House of Lords ceased to be the Leader of the House of Commons, SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE ("Phaëton") undertakes that duty.

57 **An Obvious Site.**—CLEOPATRA'S Needle is now (1879) set up on the Embankment.

59 **Something Rotten.**—The sanitary condition of the War Office was at this time unsatisfactory.

61 **Wonders of the Day.**—*See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 62 (*Thursday*)—"The RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI."

65 **The Coming Man for Turkey.**
72 **Midhat and His Master.**
For the fall of MIDHAT PASHA, *see* "Note" to p. 43.

67 **What Next?** (*Cartoon*).—*See* "Introduction."

72 **Eton Copy Heads.**—In a speech at Marlborough College MR. GLADSTONE had taken exception to the training of Eton. (*See also* "Experiences of Eton," p. 77.)

72 **New Title.**—"CECIL" is the family name of the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, our special Plenipotentiary at the Conference.

73 **Shakspearian Motto, &c.**—MR. GLADSTONE'S assiduity as a letter-writer is well known.

77 **To an Anagrammatic Correspondent.**—*See* "A Wonderful Discovery," p. 65.

79 **The Awkward Squad** (*Cartoon*).—There was an impression that the Cabinet were not in perfect accord on the Eastern Question. Beginning from the end of the "Squad" nearest to you as you look at the Cartoon, the portraits represent SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, LORD SALISBURY, MR. GATHORNE HARDY, LORD CARNARVON, the late MR. WARD HUNT, and MR. CROSS. The "Sergeant" is, of course, LORD DERBY, then Foreign Secretary.

85 **A Vision of a Constitutional Crisis.**—EDHEM PASHA succeeded MIDHAT PASHA as Grand Vizier.

85 **A Birds'-Eye View of the Future.**—MR. WHISTLER, the painter, had been painting a room in a house in Prince's Gate, Kensington, with representations of peacocks.

89 **Bishops on the Stage.**—The BISHOP OF MANCHESTER (DR. FRASER) had been delivering addresses on the stage of two theatres in that city, upon the principles which should guide actors in seeking to elevate their profession.

89 **Youth and Age.**—For MR. CHAPLIN and MR. GLADSTONE, *see* "Essence of Parliament," p. 77 (*Friday*)—"One Chaplin."

PAGE

To All in Quest, &c.—*See* "A Bird's-Eye View of the Future," p. 85. 90

Much of a Muchness (*Cartoon*).—JOHN BULL seems to think there is not much to choose between the "half-and-half" foreign policy of the Government and of the Opposition. The "First Tapster" is the EARL OF DERBY, at this time Foreign Secretary; the "Second Tapster" is the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, Leader of the Opposition in the Commons. 91

"All My Eye."—GENERAL IGNATIEFF'S journey is mentioned in the "Introduction." 97

"Bos Americanus" (*Cartoon*). **New Words for an Old Song.** } It was hoped that the importation of American meat would bring down the prices charged by the butchers. 103 154

A Contradiction, &c.—*See* Note to p. 48. 113

Salts and Stokers (*Cartoon*).—On the Engineer Question, *see* "Nobody Knows," p. 42. 115

Out of Reason into Rhyme.—Refers to some unseemly proceedings at Hatcham, after MR. TOOTH'S suspension. 119

Royal Residence New Christened.—REV. JOSIAH HENSON, the original of MRS. STOWE'S "Uncle Tom," had been on a visit to England, and was invited by the QUEEN to Windsor. 119

Essence of Parliament (*Monday*).—"That Travelling Captain" was CAPTAIN BURNABY, whose *Ride to Khiva* suggested the entertaining papers which commence at p. 157 of this Volume. 122

The Gothamburg System.—For the Gottenburg (Sweden) System, and MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S Motion, *see* "Essence of Parliament," p. 123 (*Tuesday, Commons*)—"One Chamberlain." 125

A Cymric Challenge.—*See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 113 (*Wednesday*)—"SIR JOHN LUBBOCK." 125

"Pons Asinorum" (*Cartoon*).—*See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 124 (*Friday, Commons*)—"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER." 127

Mus. Doc.—The University of Cambridge had been conferring the degree of Doctor of Music ("Mus. Doc.") on HERR JOACHIM, the great Hungarian violinist. 132

Essence of Parliament (*Cut*).—GENERAL IGNATIEFF, when he came to this country, visited the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY at his seat, Hatfield House. 134

Stamboul St. Stephen's (*Cartoon*).—The first Turkish Parliament, under the new Constitution of that kingdom, was opened by the SULTAN this month (March). 139

Our Boat-race Prophecy.—The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race this year ended in a dead heat. 141

Oculist Evidence.—*Compare* "All my Eye!" p. 97. MR. LIEBREICH is an eminent German Oculist, settled in London. 141

"The Pew and the Pulpit."—"The Right Honourable W. E. G." is MR. GLADSTONE. The "City Temple" is a Dissenting place of worship on the Holborn Viaduct. 149

A "Critic"-al Situation (*Cartoon*).—LORD DERBY'S efforts to prevent the outbreak of war were of no avail. 151

Caxtoniana (*Cut*).—The four hundredth Anniversary of the printing of the first book in England (at Westminster), by WILLIAM CAXTON, was this year celebrated by an 157

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PAGE

exhibition of printed books from CAXTON'S time to the present day.

163 **"Arcades Ambo!"** (*Cartoon*).—PRINCE BISMARCK was at this time on a long leave of absence from his official duties.

173 **Yorkshire Atrocity!**—REV. M. MACCOLL had been testifying to the practice of impalement by the Turks.

173 **Motto for the Long Firm.**—A gang of swindlers, who obtained goods from tradesmen by fictitious orders.

174 **Oh, if we were Turks!**—AHMED VEFIK PASHA (*see* "A Speaker to Some Purpose," p. 169), the Speaker of the first Turkish Parliament.

175 **"Let Well Alone!"** (*Cartoon*). — *See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 173 (*Thursday*) — "And then came the Budget."

182 **Essence of Parliament** (*Cut*).—*See* p. 183 (*Tuesday, Commons*)—"But the fun to-night;" and "A Demonstration," "From Commoners to Cads," and "Suited to a Tea," all on p. 185.

192, 197 **To Sir Henry Hawkins.** / **Contempt of Court.** Refer to discussions and doubts as to the proper title of the Judges under the new Act to amend the Judicature Act. SIR HENRY HAWKINS had recently been raised to the Bench.

196 **Blowing (out of) Great Guns.**—ZAZEL, at the Westminster Aquarium, a young female acrobat, who apparently was projected from "a large black object, in the form of a cannon," to a distance of about twenty feet.

197 **A Brand-New Song.**—The present Speaker is the RIGHT HON. HENRY BRAND.

197 **Litera Scripta Manet.**—*See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 195 (*Tuesday, Commons*)—"SIR M. HICKS-BEACH."

197 **What Dr. Kenealy, &c.**—This ("dew-drops") has reference to a quotation (from SHAKSPEARE) once made by DR. KENEALY in the House.

201 **De Profundis.**—All England was stirred by this accident in a Welsh colliery, in the Rhondda Valley, South Wales. A portion of the pit was inundated, and five of the miners were imprisoned by the waters for several days. They were rescued at last by the heroic efforts of some of their comrades.

211, 234 **"Wide Awake!"** (*Cartoon*). / **Articles of War.** Illustrate the bellicose Russophobist articles in certain newspapers.

213 **Russian Pronunciation.**—The Admiral-in-Chief of the Turkish Fleet was HOBART PASHA, at one time an English naval officer.

214 **Welcome, Little Stranger** (*Cut*). — The Grosvenor Gallery, in New Bond Street, the spirited enterprise of SIR COUTTS LINDSAY, its Proprietor and Director, was opened this season with an Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists.

228, 238, 239 **A Statue at Last.** / **"Which Will Win?"** (*Cut*). / **A Subject for the Next Academy Gold Medal.** "An Athlete Strangling a Python," a group of sculpture in bronze, by MR. F. LEIGHTON, R.A. (now—1879—SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.), was one of the finest objects in this year's Academy Exhibition.

PAGE

Themes for Whistlers.—MR. WHISTLER entitled some of his pictures an "Arrangement in Black," an "Arrangement in Brown," &c. 228

The Shoulder Cold.—A hit at WAGNER'S Operas, special performances of which were at this time being given in the Albert Hall. 231

"Woodman, Spare that Tree!" (*Cartoon*). — The "Woodman" is, of course, MR. GLADSTONE. *See* Verses on p. 234. 235

Old Saw Re-set in Paris. — **WORTH, the fashionable** Parisian *Modiste*. 244

The "French Horse" (*Cartoon*).—There had been a change of Ministry in France. M. JULES SIMON was compelled to resign. The new DE BROGLIE-FOURTOU Cabinet was reactionary. 246

From the Old Obadiah to the Young Obadiah.—"The Two Obadiahs" was a popular comic song of the day. 256

At the Service of Ulysses.—The Christian name of GENERAL GRANT (the American Ex-President), at this time on a visit to England, is ULYSSES. 261

"Fiat Experimentum!" (*Cartoon*). / **A Query from the Danube.** Torpedoes, of comparative recent introduction in naval warfare, were employed in the Russo-Turkish war, in the operations on the Danube. 259, 261

For *our* "Two Gentlemen."—The winner of this year's Derby was *Silvio*, ridden by F. ARCHER, and owned by VISCOUNT FALMOUTH. 263

Name of the Defeated Derby Favourite.—*Chamant*. 264

Essence of Parliament (*Cut*).—*See* p. 267 (*Wednesday*) —"JACOB BRIGHT." 266

A Superfluous Spirit-Revival.—Refers to some highway robberies, about this time committed at Blackheath, faintly recalling the exploits of the highwaymen of the last century. 268

The Man in Possession (*Cartoon*).—*See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 267 (*Wednesday*)—"SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT;" and p. 268 (*Thursday, Commons*)—"Again much exercised." The "Lock-Keeper" is LORD DERBY, at this time Foreign Secretary. 271

Proposed New Prison Rules.—*See* "Essence of Parliament," p. 268 (*Thursday, Commons*)—"Then the House." 275

Gold for Brass.—The Freedom of the City of London was conferred upon GENERAL GRANT. 281

Submarine Fish-Frightening. — **MR. WHITEHEAD** is the inventor of the Fish-shaped Torpedo. (*See* Cartoon, p. 259.) 285

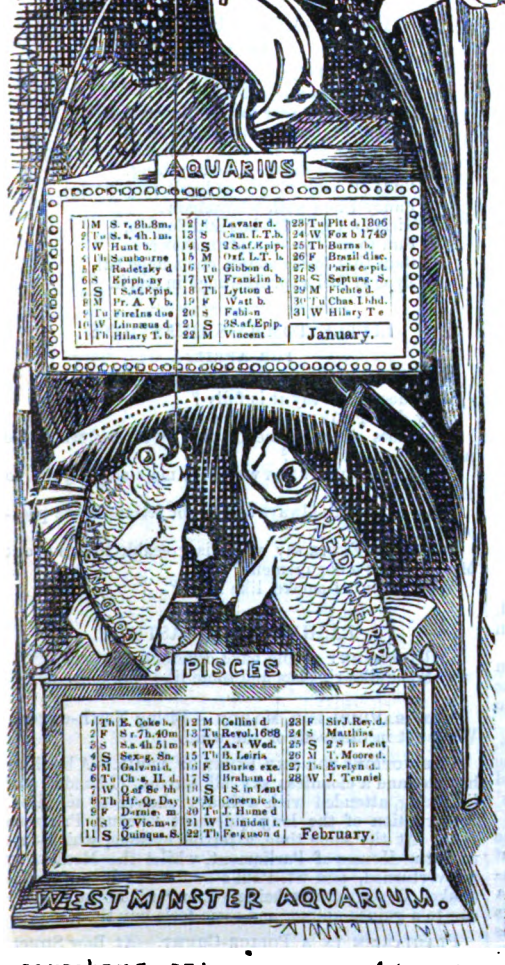
"A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing" (*Cartoon*). — *See* "More Pernicious Literature," p. 286; and "Essence of Parliament," p. 292 (*Thursday, Commons*)—"Government is not going." 295

Something Like a Holiday. / **Motto of the Emperor of Brazil.** / **The Right Man in the Right Place.** The EMPEROR OF BRAZIL, at this time in England, showed extraordinary energy and activity in his visits to our public institutions. 299, 299, 304

Gibes and "Germs." — *See* "Germs of Infection," p. 277. 310

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SAMBOURNE DEL. SWAIN SC.

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR

Monthly Memoranda by a Modern Momus.

"One seasoune for hawke and anothere for hounde,
But *Foole*-huntyng's a Sporte dureth all ye yeare rounde."

JANUARY.

JANUARY! Month melancholy,—
Save to connoisseur in folly!
He finds food for gay reflection.
"Happy New Year?" Ha! Ha! Affection
Truly cuts most comic capers.
Happy indeed! Just watch the papers.
Were all happy? I, for one,
Could not be. There'd be no fun.
Fools won't fail though. Send *me* cards
Decked by daubers, rhymed by bards!
Grin and burn them. World won't vary.
Geese abound in January.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR JANUARY.

WHY does Papa look so angry when he opens his letters?
Why does he say that Mamma must retrench?
Why does he call the Milliner naughty names?
Why did he want to kill the Tax-collector?
Why does he abuse the Butcher?
Why does he call the Grocer a cheat?
Why does he scowl at Mamma's bonnet?
Why won't he take me to see the Pantomime?

HOW DID HE TAKE IT?

"*Beauty skin-deep?* An envious saw, shaped by some dry old stick!"
Ogling himself, quoth PACHYDERM, a most conceited elf.
"The Sage was right," his friend replied; "but then *your* skin 's so thick,
That no one yet could ever see the beauty—save yourself!"

CANDLEMAS will this year be celebrated by many Ritualist clergymen by burning candles in broad daylight. N.B.—"Advanced Ritualist," a retrograde Parson—a clerical Crab who goes backward.

CHARACTERS IN CONTRAST.—Young Freshmen and Old Salts.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR FEBRUARY.

Why do FLORIE and EFFIE say that the 14th is such a ridiculous day?
Why does FLORIE (who got such a lot of letters) say she likes old customs?
Why does EFFIE (who was forgotten by the postman) say she thinks Valentines rather vulgar?
Why does Papa call young MR. CURLYWIG "a puppy"?
Why does EFFIE agree with him?
Why does FLORIE cry about it?
Why does Mamma kiss her?

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY.

FEBRUARY! Fools again,
Rampant, constant (like the rain).
Rink,—look guys, court thumps and lumps!
Football,—ditto, bruises, bumps!
Sport? Aha! Send purchased flummery,
Crassest form of Cupid's mummery!
Prig gets venomed Valentine,
Phiz delicious to divine!
Postman swears, of Love *he's* sceptic.
Muffs eat pancakes, get dyspeptic.
Sport to view each fresh vagary,
Lots of fun in February!

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Define the Earth.
A. A round, impudent, unprincipled, body.
Q. Why impudent?
A. Because it is a cool body travelling round the sun,—which is about the coolest thing we ever heard of.
Q. Why unprincipled?
A. Because it borrows what it cannot repay, and makes light of it.

A VOICE FROM THE LANE.

WHY should corn dealers prosper? Why, indeed!
Walk down Mark Lane and mark how all suck seed!

SPLENDIDE MENDAX.—Lying in state.

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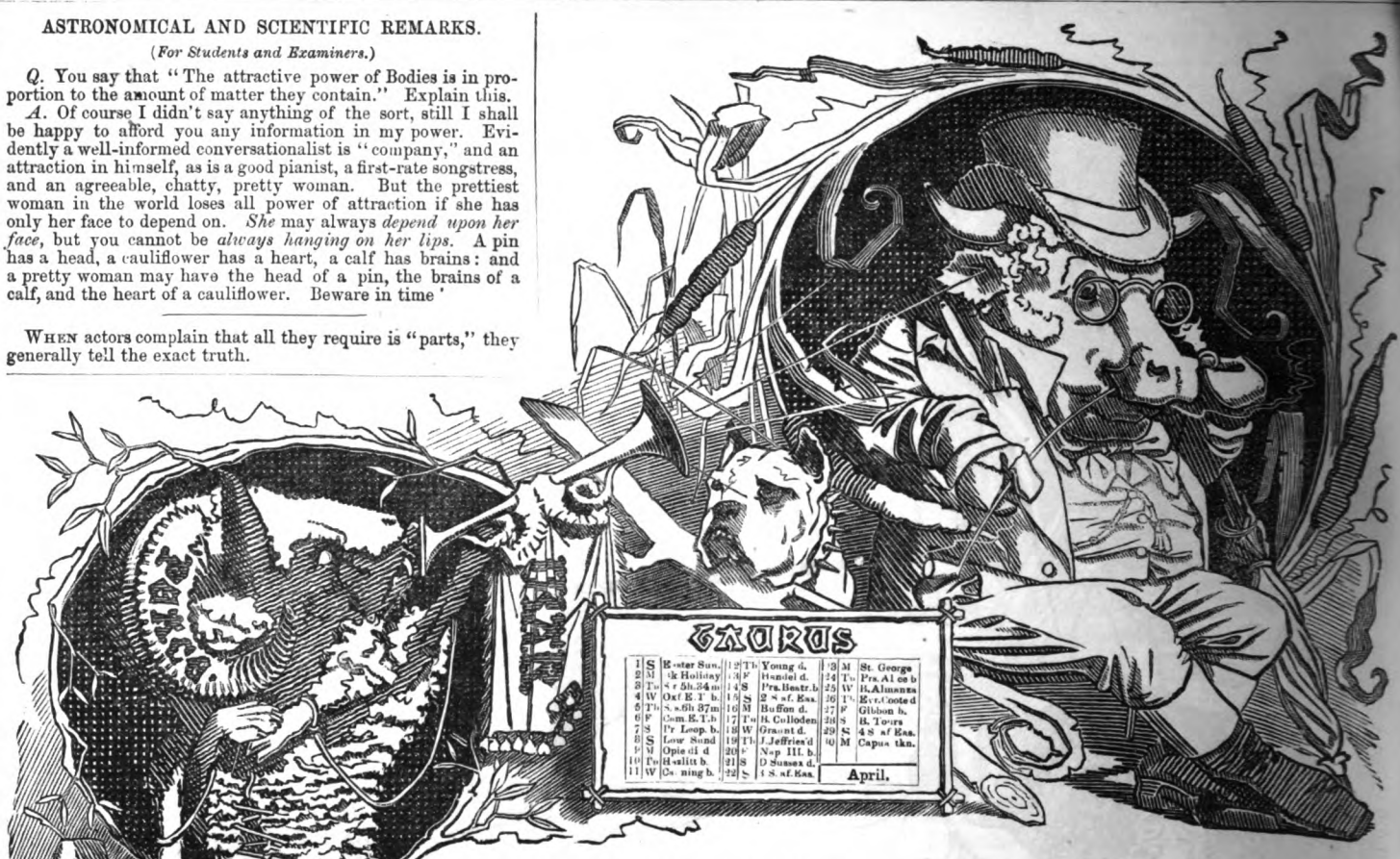
ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. You say that "The attractive power of Bodies is in proportion to the amount of matter they contain." Explain this.

A. Of course I didn't say anything of the sort, still I shall be happy to afford you any information in my power. Evidently a well-informed conversationalist is "company," and an attraction in himself, as is a good pianist, a first-rate songstress, and an agreeable, chatty, pretty woman. But the prettiest woman in the world loses all power of attraction if she has only her face to depend on. *She* may always *depend upon her face*, but you cannot be *always hanging on her lips*. A pin has a head, a cauliflower has a heart, a calf has brains: and a pretty woman may have the head of a pin, the brains of a calf, and the heart of a cauliflower. Beware in time!

When actors complain that all they require is "parts," they generally tell the exact truth.



LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR MARCH.

Why does Effie say she likes Lent?
Why does Mr. Rubric, the curate, agree with her?
Why does Effie eat so much lunch, and so little dinner?
Why does Mr. Rubric only take fish at dinner?
Why does Effie go to church twice a day?
Why is Effie working a pair of slippers?
When will Effie pay me the sixpence she promised me for not calling Mr. Rubric "Mr. Rednose?"

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

MARCH.

March! Girls frights with cold red noses,
Funnier sight than ditto roses!
Swells down gutters chasing "tiles,"
Sight that makes me wreathe with smiles.
East wind up, and dust a-flying,
Folks in streets seem all a-crying.
Fun to read how bellicose Pats
Celebrate St. Patrick. Flats!
Here's to Mars! the pair with Cupid
(*Viz.*: at making mortals stupid).
Laugh till collar loses starch,
At fool's pranks in blustering March.

PROVERBS ILLUSTRATED.

(By M. F. J. Fitz-Solomon, Esq.*)*

"Birds of a feather flock together,"
Else would they freeze this wintry weather.

"Charity begins at home;"
Why send blankets to Africa, bibles to Rome?

"Fast bind, fast find:"
Unhappy nobleman, bear it in mind.

"Kissing always goes by favour:"
If it did not, who would like the flavour?

Sue a beggar, and catch a * * * * *"
Holders of Turks, exhibit your *nous*.

"Money makes the Mare to go:"
And a Stockbroker's spouse is a lovely show.

"Pound foolish and penny wise"
Is the man who a *millionaire* miser dies,
As his soul will know when it homeward flies.

"When the Cat's away the Mice will play,"
Means Parliament out of Session, they say.

LONDON PRACTICAL JOKES.

One Good Practical Joke.—The dust-carts, overloaded, collecting dust, and adding to it at the same time, in the hottest part of the most sultry day in July.

Another: The Water Carts.—Turning the water on suddenly at the corner of a street, and quite close to the kerb, where there are Ladies and Gentlemen waiting to cross. Real good fun this.

Another and a better Joke.—Maundering cabs, empty; going at a walk. Driver sees somebody in the middle of a crossing, helpless, and urges on his steed with a flick of the whip, suddenly. Foot Passengers' panic.

The Best Practical Joke in London is, perhaps, the environs of Covent Garden Market at any time, but specially from Friday night till Saturday midday. Impassable for cabs, and therefore generally chosen as a short cut to any railway station by a cabman who knows his fare is in a hurry. Covent Garden, however, is beyond a joke; it is simply a disgrace to the Metropolis.

The Biggest Moth in Creation.—A Mammoth.

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

APRIL.

April! Dedicate to Folly;
Apemanthus might be jolly.
Cold! Don't care for the thermometer,
Favourite instrument Foolometer!
High this month. Sumphs think it Spring,
Dress,—and shake—like anything.
Buds all a-blowing,—so bards sing 'em;
Fancy Flora with a Gingham!
Girls look gay, fal-lals and flowers,
Fun to see 'em caught in showers.
Rain that forms adown one's nape rill,
Type of fool's spring-fudge in April.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR APRIL.

Why do Mamma and the girls go to the Park?
Why does Papa say it is folly?
Why does Florie take me out?
Why does she send me to play by myself when we meet Mr. Curlywig?
Why does Mr. Curlywig give me a shilling not to tell?
Why is Florie always asking for letters at the post-office?
Why does Effie say such disagreeable things about Mr. Rubric's engagement?
Why mayn't I smoke, like Papa?

FASHION AND TASTE.

Different people have different opinions:
Some like ringlets and some like chignons.

Memorandum for March.—Biting North-easters. Walk not in the teeth of the wind.

Predictions for the First of April.—A broiling hot day and a cloudless sky all serene. Thunder and lightning, attended with a heavy shower of aërolites. An eruption of the long quiescent volcano, Primrose Hill. At the same time, a terrific cyclone, which unroofs the Houses of Parliament, whilst the Monument is overturned, and St. Paul's swallowed by an earthquake. Oysters (there being yet an "r" in the month) rise to a guinea apiece, and some fools buy them.

Plagiarism in a Police-Court.—At Bow Street, before the sitting Magistrate, Messrs. Blankton, Music Publishers, have up Messrs. Dashford, other Music Publishers, on a charge of stealing a March.

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ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. "Gravity decreases with distance." Explain.

A. Quite true and just so. However stupendous an idiot a man may be, you cannot very well laugh at him to his face, specially if he be a remarkably muscular idiot. When he is gone, or when you have gone, or when his back is turned, then he is, as the French say, "*pour rire*" (which, according to English soundings, is a particularly happy phrase as applied to laughing behind any one's back), and when he is a hundred miles off, you can put off your gravity, which is an *assumed habit*, and go into *perfect fits* of laughter. Thus you see how "gravity decreases with distance." Go away, I want to laugh.

THE Liberal party are sadly in want of a good cry. They should have patronised *Jo*.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR MAY.

Why do Mamma and the girls go to Court?
Why does Papa say it 's perfectly disgraceful?
Why does Mamma smuggle the Dressmaker up the back stairs?
Why do the girls invite all their friends to come and see them start?
Why do their friends call FLORIE and EFFIE "frights" when they think I am not listening?
Why does EFFIE say that Papa ought to know that MR. CURLYWIG would stand by the carriage in the Park?
Why does FLORIE ask after MRS. RUBRIC?
Why does Mamma give me some sweeties not to say anything about the quarrel to Papa?

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

MAY.

MAY! A merry month indeed
To Diogenes! I feed
Full on fooleries, phrenzied, frantic,
Critic cant and cockney centric.
Love to see R.A's. array,
Few can paint, but many pay.
List to Gosling Green's remarks,
Girls' warm gushes,—awful larks!
Fair May buds? They're few; but rare
Budding boobies in Mayfair.
On the whole one should be gay
Who hunts fools in town in May.

ADVERTISEMENT FOR ALL FOOLS.—An *opéra bouffe* singer, having lost his voice, advertises a reward for its recovery.

BIRDS OF SCIENCE.—Naturalists are puzzled to know why Swallows perch on the telegraph wires. The reason is perfectly plain—they are sending messages to say they are coming.

NEW CLASSICAL TRANSLATION.—"*Qui fit Mæcenas?*" Some commentators are of opinion that these words were, in the first instance, addressed to this eminent Roman by his tailor, and that they ought to be rendered, "How does it fit, MÆCENAS?"

A FOOL'S ERRAND.—In the heat of the dog-days a practical punster, very far gone, went to the Zoological Gardens, to cool himself at the pole in the vicinity of the Polar Bear. He complained of having found no pole near that bear; the only bears that had a pole being brown bears, and he saw them climb it, but didn't feel himself at all the cooler.

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

JUNE.

JUNE! Rose-month. The rose I scorn,
Tickles *me* to trace the thorn.
I, *sub-rosâ*, scan society,
Fools in ever fresh variety.
Ruralizing now the go,
Swells cry "jolly," find it "slow."
Slow! that acmé of the horrid
Swelldom's purgatory. Torrid
Weather! Row then! Duffers do so.
Picnic,—comfortless as *Crusoe*.
Folly frisks to merry tune,
In the jocund month of June.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR JUNE.

Why did MR. CURLYWIG call upon Papa?
Why did they remain talking for two hours?
Why was Mamma sent for?
Why did FLORIE cry her eyes out?
Why did EFFIE say Papa was right to object?
Why did FLORIE, after she had been down to Papa's study, return smiling?
Why did EFFIE look so angry when she told FLORIE that she congratulated her?
Why should that great lanky chap, CURLYWIG, be made my brother-in-law?

WHOM NOT TO MARRY:

Or, Diogenes the Younger.

The Lady with a Mission.—She will fill your house with parsons or professors, lecture you on her pet hobby when she can get no other audience (which will be pretty often), consider all your old friends frivolous, and treat you with supreme contempt if you venture to hint that you like your dinner punctually, and properly cooked.

The Lady of Fashion.—She will regard you as an appendage, a cheque-drawing animal, a useful purveyor of equipages and dresses and diamonds and lace, a person to be ignored as much as possible in Society.

The Millionaire's Daughter.—She will persistently make you aware that it is *her* house you live in, *her* carriage you drive, that the servants are *hers*, the dinners *hers*—that, in fact, she has bought you, and given for you much more than you are really worth.

The Pious-Parochial Lady.—She will devote all her time to the distribution of tracts, the inspection of cottages, the collection of gossip, and interviews with the Curate. Each Curate will be a more "blessed" man than his predecessor, especially if he have the shifty eyes, aggressive teeth, narrow forehead, and shambling knees which modern Curatism has developed.

The Female Novelist.—She will sit up all night writing improprieties, and pass all day in town, worrying publishers, who are at present sad victims of the irrepressible petticoat.

The Horsey Woman.—She will laugh at you as a muff if you don't ride across country, buy "screws" from her particular friends that you will have to sell for as many tens as she gave hundreds, and cost you a fortune in doctors' bills by breaking her collar-bone at least once every season.

The Gushing Female.—She will devour you with kisses, to the injury of your shirt-front, or weep on your bosom, with much the same result. To her either is equally delightful.

The Widow.—DIOGENES pauses. The theme is too great for him. *Vide Mr. Weller, Sen.*, in *Pickwick, passim.*

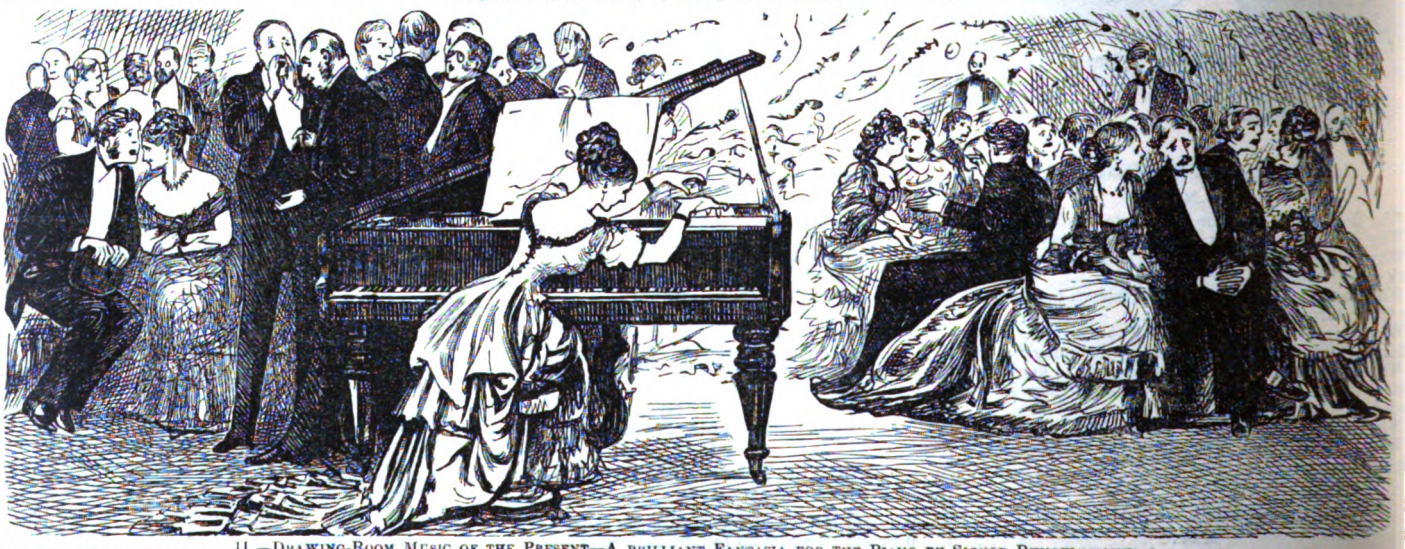
STICKING AT NOTHING.—Fighting shadows.

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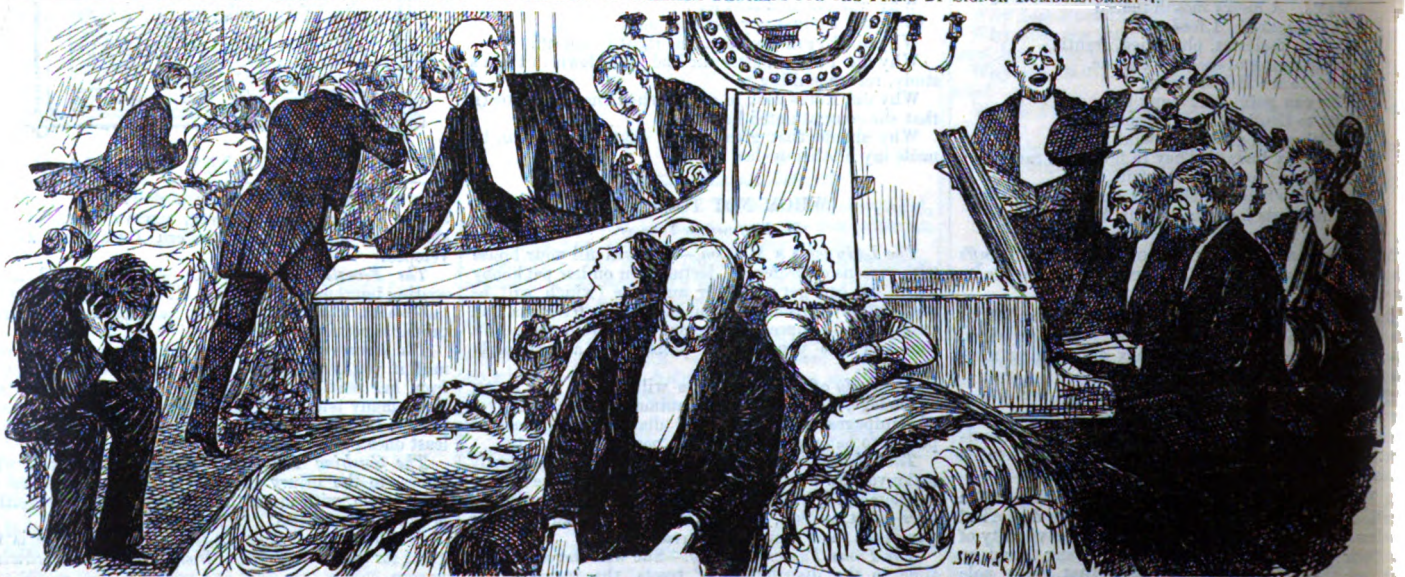
MUSIC AT HOME.



I.—Drawing-Room Music of the Past—A Melody by Mozart.



II.—Drawing-Room Music of the Present—A brilliant Fantasia for the Piano by Signor Rumbelstomski.



III.—Drawing-Room Music of the Future—Twenty-Four consecutive interdependent Logarithmic Studies for Violin and Violoncello, with double Differential and Integral Accompaniment on the Pianoforte, supplemented by Unisonal Descriptive and Corroborative Vocal Exposition in Five Modern Languages.

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JOCUS RITUALISTICUS.

Ritualistic Curate (with a view to further innovations). "ANYTHING FRESH, SIR, FOR THE FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL?"
Facetious Vicar. "FEAST OF ST.——?, MICHAELMAS!—OF COURSE,—R-R-ROAST GOOSE AND APPLE SAUCE, MY BOY!!"



A "HOT CORNER." AUTUMN MANŒUVRES, 1876.

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CURSORY RHYMES.

I.

THERE was a little Gun
Weighing more than Eighty Ton,
Which made a great sensation, and a greater noise;
Every trial shot, they found,
Cost quite five-and-twenty pound,
But there's not another nation got it's equal, Boys!

II.

CAPTAIN O'PIP
Has lost his ship,
And can't tell how it founder'd.
Let it alone!
The salt sea foam
Will never let out who blunder'd.

III.

JACK MCGILL
With gout being ill,
Was ordered Vichy water
But feeling down,
Poured out "Old Brown,"
And finished a tumbler after.

IV.

POLLINARY,
Light and airy,
How does your fountain flow?
Cockles, squills,
And camomile pills,
To the dogs with the rest may go.

V.

DICKY TANNHAÜSER
Made such a noise, Sir,
Letting off fireworks yellow an' green:
What to him might be music,
Would nearly make you sick;
O! sure such a Wag ne'er as this has been seen.

VI.

HEY diddle, diddle!
A slate in the middle;
A message come down from the moon.
The medium he laughed,
To see such sport,
And took in the too-credulous spoon.

HOUSEHOLD PROVERBS.

First catch your heir, and then hook him.

Scratch a millionaire, and you 'll find a snob.

When the chaperone comes in at the door, the lover flies out of the window.

Too many cooks spoil the policeman.

The cook's nose, shows where the money goes.

No savings, no sweetheart.

Borrow in haste and repay at leisure.

You can't wear your lady's gown and have it in the wardrobe.

Marsala under any other name will be as cheap.

There's no school like the old school.

No Alp without a tourist.

COOK looks on many tourists, the tourists see but one COOK.

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Can you define Longitude?

A. Yes, if you allow me a certain Latitude.

Q. As this application cannot for a moment be entertained, we will pass on to another subject. What do you understand by "a question of Time?"

A. My asking you what o'clock it is.

LIMITED LIABILITY COMPANIES.

IT is proposed to form a Syndicate for the establishment of Companies with strictly limited liabilities to carry out various useful purposes. Now that nobody cares to buy Turks and Egyptians, investors will doubtless be glad to hear of ventures whose shares will immediately reach a big premium. Among them may be mentioned—

A Company for the Suppression of Unsatisfactory but Opulent Uncles and Aunts, and the proper Distribution of their Assets among their younger Collaterals.

A Company (under the presidency of SIR WILFRID LAWSON) for introducing Malt and Hops into Ale, and eliminating Fusel Oil from Whiskey.

A Company (under the presidency of SIR CHARLES DILKE) for Improving the quality of Modern Criticism.

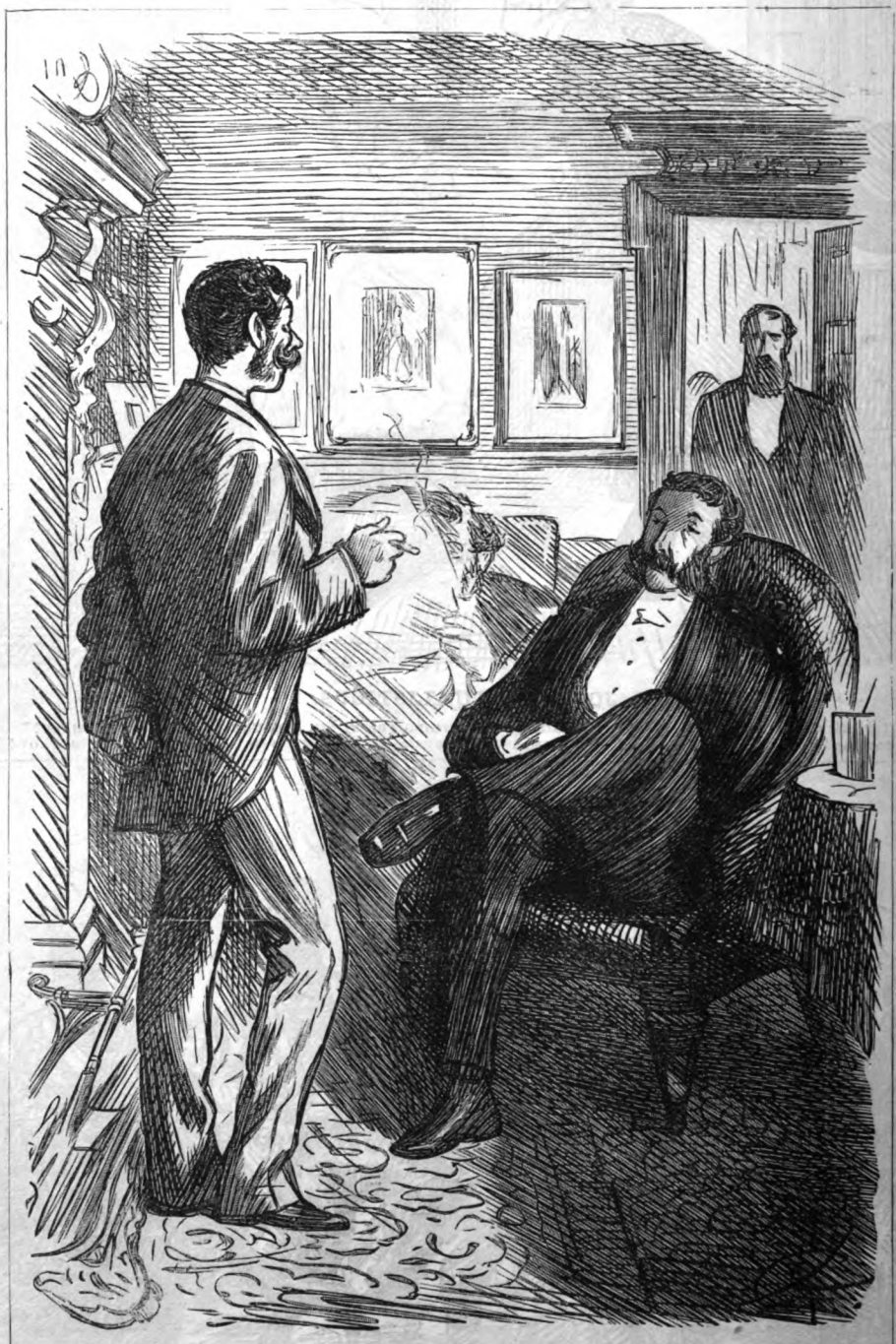
A Company (under the presidency of LORD SHAFTESBURY) for the Vivisection of Scientific Professors. Shorthand writers will be engaged to report their remarks during the operation.

A Company for Ostracising Fishmongers who sell Oysters out of Season.

A Company for Inoculating Upholsterers with the First Principles of Decorative Effect.

A Company for Quietly Removing the Turks from Europe into Asia, and keeping them there.

A Company for Carrying Honesty to the Stock Exchange, Honour to Tattersall's, Gaiety to Buckingham Palace, and Sea-water to London.



MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Captain Brown (narrating his Trip to the Continent). "THEN, OF COURSE, WE RAN DOWN TO GRANADA, AND SAW THE ALHAMBRA——"

Captain Jinks (untravelled Athlete). "NO?! WHAT, HAVE THEY GOT ONE THERE TOO!!"

PRÆNUNTIA VERIS.

A TOKEN from the coming Spring
Has greeted me to-day,
Which tears into my eyes can bring,
And stop me on my way.

'Tis not that in the pathway lies
A primrose heedless tost;
'Tis not the martyr bud which dies
Before the lingering frost.

Nor yet the subtle whisper, heard
Clear 'mid the blustering wind,
That tells of flower, and bee, and bird,
And April days behind.

No! 'twas that while with eager pace
Heedless I hurried by,
A gnat, the firstling of the race,
Flew straight into my eye!

POETA NASCITUR, NON FIT.—We have changed all that. There is now extensively advertised a "Singer Manufacturing Company."

THE PAY'S THE THING.—Recruits are in request. Let them see a little more of the *colour* of your money. That is the flag to rally round.

A NUT FOR NORSEMEN.—The Cupid of the Scandinavian mythology was Balder. He is represented, however, with a head of natural hair. Had he been simply bald, he would have worn a wig.

ASTRONOMICAL.

BEAUTY, unwedded, seen at rout or ball,
Is like the noonday sun which shines on all.
When Hymen's ring o'er Beauty's finger slips,
That sun oft suffers—*annular eclipse!*

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Under what conditions does a body fall to the earth?

A. The conditions vary. But when a body is asked afterwards, the answer attributes the accident either to the heat of the room, or the salmon, or the cucumber, or something that has disagreed with it (the body in question), but in no case is any reference made to the wine.

TOM TIPPLER makes his grog so strong, that he is obliged to use toughened glass.

MEM. BY A BACHELOR.

(Who narrowly escaped being a Benedict.)

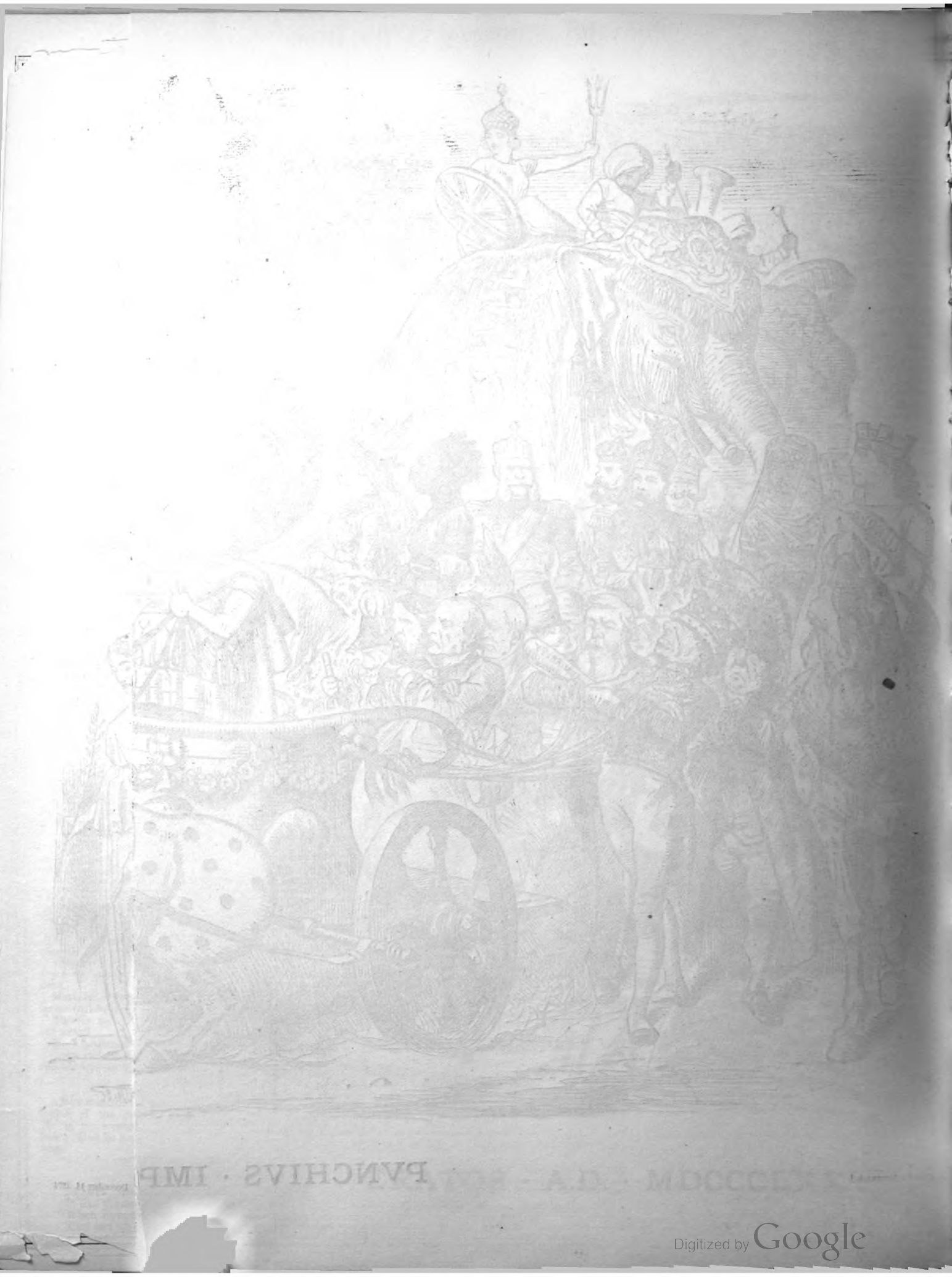
MARRIAGE a lottery? Yes! My stars I thank
That I have drawn its greatest prize—a *blank!*

A MEDICAL TITLE.—Sur-geon.

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SPIRITUALISM MADE USEFUL.

WHO KNOWS?—What sized bowl is required to drown care in?

PROPER FARE.—What would you expect to find on a literary man's breakfast-table?—*Bacon's Remains*, *Final Memorials of Lamb*, if in season, and Shelley fragments.

THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.—Presenting an unfortunate who has invested his little all in Turkish Bonds with a Porte-monnaie.

CAUTION TO "COMICAL DOGS."—Remember how many jokes may be classed under these two heads:—1. Funny, but old; 2. New, but not funny.

WHAT OUGHT TO GO TOGETHER.—A turnip watch and an eighteen-carat gold chain.

DOMESTIC.—It was a homely but pungent observation, on the part of a man of much experience and observation, that marriage without love was like tripe without onions.

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DELICATE ATTENTION.

Confiding Spinster. "I 'M AFRAID THE SEA IS TOO COLD FOR ME THIS MORNING, MR. SWABBER."
Bathing Man. "COLD, MISS! LOR' BLESS YER, I JUST TOOK AND POWERED A KITTLE O' BILIN' WATER IN TO TAKE THE CHILL OFF, WHEN I SEE YOU A COMIN'!"



A LITTLE SURPRISE.

Master Tom (November 4th). "ROBERT AND ME MADE 'EM ALL OURSELVES, UNCLE, FOR TO-MORROW NIGHT, IN HONOUR O' YOUR VISIT!"
[Uncle John tries to look delighted, but has a shrewd suspicion that his Bed-chamber is directly over this Magazine!

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PICTURES OF THE DAY (TO COME).



I.—Procession of the Fashionable Female Form Divine headed by Monsieur Worth.
(With Mr. Punch's Apologies to Mr. Leighton.)



II.—Doctor Meilanion Jones, finding himself outstripped in the Race for Patients by the fair Doctoress Atalanta Robinson, gallantly throws her a Wedding-Ring, and Wins the Day. *(With Mr. Punch's Apologies to Mr. Poynter.)*

Extraordinary Disappearance.—The other day at 1 P.M., luncheon-time, a hungry man *walked into a pigeon pie.* He has not been seen since.

The Hebrew Pastoral Nymph.—Old Chloë.

That Palæocrystic sea has one paradoxical peculiarity: though ice-locked, it *flows* on for ever.

To School-Boards.—There is something far better than school before breakfast—breakfast before school.

The Height of Sincerity.—Wishing an aged person, at whose decease you will come into property many happy new years.

The Verbey Idea.—Let 's have some lunch.

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ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Is the Earth ever at rest?

A. Never: and not likely to be as long as its principles of action have a tendency to keep it in a perpetual state of revolution.

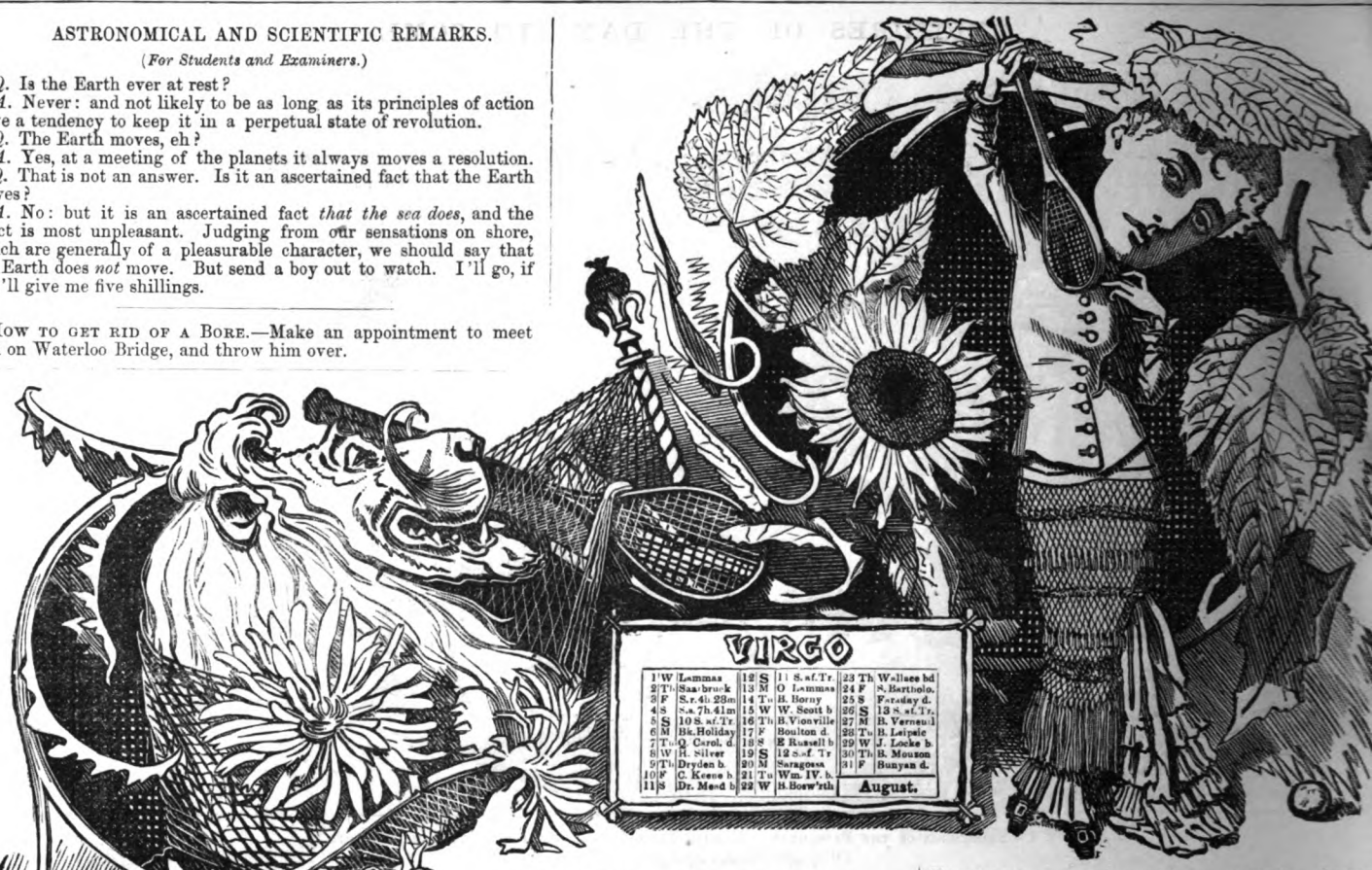
Q. The Earth moves, eh?

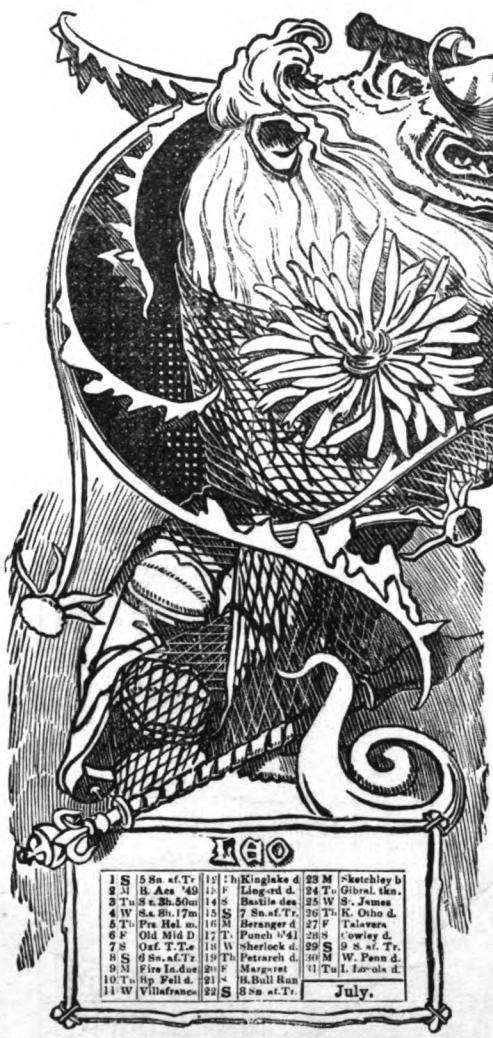
A. Yes, at a meeting of the planets it always moves a resolution.

Q. That is not an answer. Is it an ascertained fact that the Earth moves?

A. No: but it is an ascertained fact *that the sea does*, and the effect is most unpleasant. Judging from our sensations on shore, which are generally of a pleasurable character, we should say that the Earth does *not* move. But send a boy out to watch. I 'll go, if you 'll give me five shillings.

How to get rid of a Bore.—Make an appointment to meet him on Waterloo Bridge, and throw him over.





AUTUMN TINTS.

Believers in the *Canards* of the silly season—Green.

Mater familias when pater familias suggests postponement of the autumnal outing—Black.

Pater familias totting up the expenses of ditto ditto—Blue.

Laura's cheeks when the long expected "pop" is brought off at Scarborough—*Couleur-de-Rose.*

Ditto, ditto, when papa and mamma "won't have it"—White.

Tip-tilted noses exposed to nipping equinoctials—Red.

Lady Fitz Falderal's locks when she arrived at "that out of the way hole," Slowcum-on-Splash—Golden.

Ditto ditto after a week's sickness and the loss of her dressing-case—Grey.

Jack Impecu's holiday suit (third season's wearing)—Russet.

M.P's. autumnal "spout" to his constituents—Party-coloured.

Native Land of Knowledge.—The Isle of Scio.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR JULY.

Why are Florie and Chadwick (that's Curlywig) always together?

Why do they always sit together in the morning room?

Why does Florie give me shillings not to sing a song about the baboon who married the monkey's sister?

Why doesn't old Chaddy like being called "Daddy Longlegs" when I come down to dessert?

Why does Effie laugh at the name?

Why does Florie say she knows why Effie encourages me to be rude?

Why does Effie want to know what Florie means?

Why does Florie ask again after Mrs. Rubric?

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

JULY.

July! Mercury up to "melting."
Grand to see great gabies pelting
After, what? A leathern sphere!
True "pursuit of folly" here.
What would old Erasmus say?
I swig "Iced Hatfield," and survey.
Girls look on, their boredom's shocking,
Might set *Mephistopheles* mocking.
Cricket, perfect type of life,
Dull display and aimless strife.
Need no other goose-round try
Than "the Oval" in July.

THE NEW CRUSHER QUADRILLE.

(A most fashionable dance, as performed at the most crowded balls of the season.)

First Figure. *La Pastajoke.*—Opposite couples set-to and squeeze, walk on each other's toes, attempt to turn round, fail completely, and return to their places. *Chaine des dames.* Struggle of gentlemen to recover their respective partners.

Second Figure. *L'Etalone.*—Advance three inches to opposite lady. Drive your elbows into crowding neighbours. Walk through both dancers' skirts, and back into opposite gentleman's waistcoat. Exchange cards. Set to your partner. *Balancez* on next man's instep, and apologise. Mop foreheads all round.

Third Figure. *La Long Poule et la Poule all together.*—Hands across and back again. Wriggle up to *vis-à-vis.* Carry off polonaises and round *dos-à-dos.* Clear your legs, and close with your partner. Surge right and left, and resume position as you were. Ta out a reef in waistcoat.

Fourth Figure. *La Touchandgo.*—Advance, possible. Lift your partner on to your *vis-à-vis.* R main deaf to all expostulations. *Chassez-croisez.* S what you can, and return to your places. Lose tail your coat, and swear silently. *Cavalier seul.*

Fifth Figure. *Grand Corn Galop.*—Up and dow on your own ground and your neighbours' corns. *P seul* on an Alderman's pet bunion. Change partner to your own advantage, if possible. Get hopeless mixed up with another set, and sink exhausted an completely crushed behind a block of ice, whither thre couple have already retreated in hopes of a breath air.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR AUGUST.

Why is Florie to be married next month?

Why does Papa say he requires change of air?

Why is he going to Paris with his friend, Mr. Skylark?

Why does Mamma say it is shameful?

Why does Papa quarrel with Mamma?

Why does Papa get out his cheque-book?

Why does Mamma sigh, and kiss him?

Why mayn't I go to Paris with Papa, as well a Mr. Skylark?

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

AUGUST.

August! Mimes raise one more Moloch,
Quit the wicket and the rowlock.
At the sea-side, those who've leisure—
Toil, stare, weary,—call it "pleasure."
Society! a Simple Simon
That might tickle sternest Timon.
Edwin wooes his Angelina
To sound of nigger's concertina.
Pater familias spends much money,
To be bored, B. flatted. (Funny!)
Till sent home by early raw-gust,
Which he *thanks.* I *do* love August.

MEM. BY MOSHESH.

Thish practish of punning, now growing the rule,
Needsh—like those who add monish to monish—
admonishment.
I 'd deal capital punishment out to the fool
Whosh ev'ry remark for a *capital pun ish meant!*

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PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1877.



ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. What do you mean by "Greenwich Time?"

A. Well, I should say from April to July, after which the whitebait are worthless.

Q. What is "mean time" at Greenwich?

A. It has two significations. For example, the first is when my mother-in-law comes to spend a day with my wife, and *I* am *mean-time at Greenwich.*

Q. And the second signification?

A. When you are asked to join a friend at Greenwich, and he won't stand you a dinner, or refuses to pay for Pommery *très sec.*

GOOD PLACE TO SEND UNRULY LADS TO.—The Smack Boys' Home, Yarmouth.

HAPPY RELEASE.—Paying off a mortgage.

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER! Month a regular stunner:
No such gaby as your gunner.
Tramps through turnips, sludge, or stubble,
After game not worth the trouble.
Nuts to me! I eat ripe fruits
And shoot folly as it—*shoots!*
Spouters too,—St. Stephen's shut—
Vent irresponsible bosh big butts.
Caucuses for free discussion,—
E.g., rows and brain-concussion.
Sportsman, Congressist, and "Member,"
Split my midriff in September.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR SEPTEMBER.

Why is every room in the house turned topsy-turvy?
Why is EFFIE so very cross?
Why does FLORIE get so many visits from her old schoolfellows?
Why is old CHADDY always in the way?
Why is old CHADDY always being sent on errands?
Why does Mamma cry when FLORIE tries on her wedding-dress?
Why does EFFIE say that white isn't becoming to FLORIE?
What toys will Papa bring me home from Paris?

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Can you explain the phenomena of Sunrise and Sunset?

A. Certainly. It will take some considerable time, so if you 'll have the legs of yesterday's Turkey grilled and devilled, and a few slices of plum-pudding fried, and a bottle of your very best at ninety-nine shillings a dozen, with cigars to match, all ready by ten o'clock I'll come and explain everything. Yes, Sir, there shall be no secrets between us. We won't go home till daylight does appear, and we 'll soon find out what it is that goes round, whether it's the Earth: or not.

(End of examinations.)

THE Police have made a great raid upon dogs, yet they cannot catch one Collie.

WE scoff at savages who bow down before strange idols, yet we invariably "worship" the Bench.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR OCTOBER.

Why does Papa say he wishes it over?
Why does Mamma think he might be more amiable, as she has had all the trouble?
Why are we all to go to church?
Why is old CHADDY dressed in a blue frock-coat?
What do they all cry about at the big breakfast?
Why does old CHADDY go away with FLORIE?
Why does EFFIE say that poor FLORIE never looked worse in her life?
Why mayn't I have some more cake?

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER! Surely no month else is
Like it. Folly *in excelsis!*
Boobies everywhere. Half sorry,
Scarcely time to pot each quarry.
Science-spouters make me chuckle
Till wet eyes need vigorous knuckle.
Cap-and-bells upon a platform,—
O, but Folly! rich in *that* form!
Love to see it pose and stammer,
Labouring out each party crammer.
DRACO himself could not keep sober,
At public Goose-show in October.

SOCIAL STATISTICS.

A LODGER in a quiet street (according to advertisement) has counted six and thirty barrel-organs, three monster pony-drawn ditto, eleven Anglo-German bands, seven dancing pifferari, fifteen troops of Sable singers, at least a score of solo-players on the harp, the flute, the fiddle, the key-bugle, and the tom-tom, nineteen begging ballad-bawlers, six or seven sailors singing nasal psalms, and five and twenty howlers of "ten-a-penny warnuts," visiting its precincts within a single day.

It is currently believed that, in spite of the Police, and the Mendicity Society, the yearly income of the beggars in the streets of the Metropolis in the aggregate exceeds three hundred thousand pounds.

It has been estimated that at a dance of ninety-three young people the words, "so glad, don't you know!" are used upon an average eleven times a minute, and the phrase, "awfully jolly!" as many as nineteen.

It is computed that the Autographs, which, on sundry shallow pretexts, have been extracted from English authors and artists of celebrity within the present century would, if they were set up in a column of the very smallest type, now current in our newspapers, overtop by more than four-fifths of a furlong the heights united of the Monument, the Clock Tower, the Nelson Column, and St. Paul's.

The weight of the Valentines sent last year through the Post Office exceeded by some ounces twenty-seven tons.
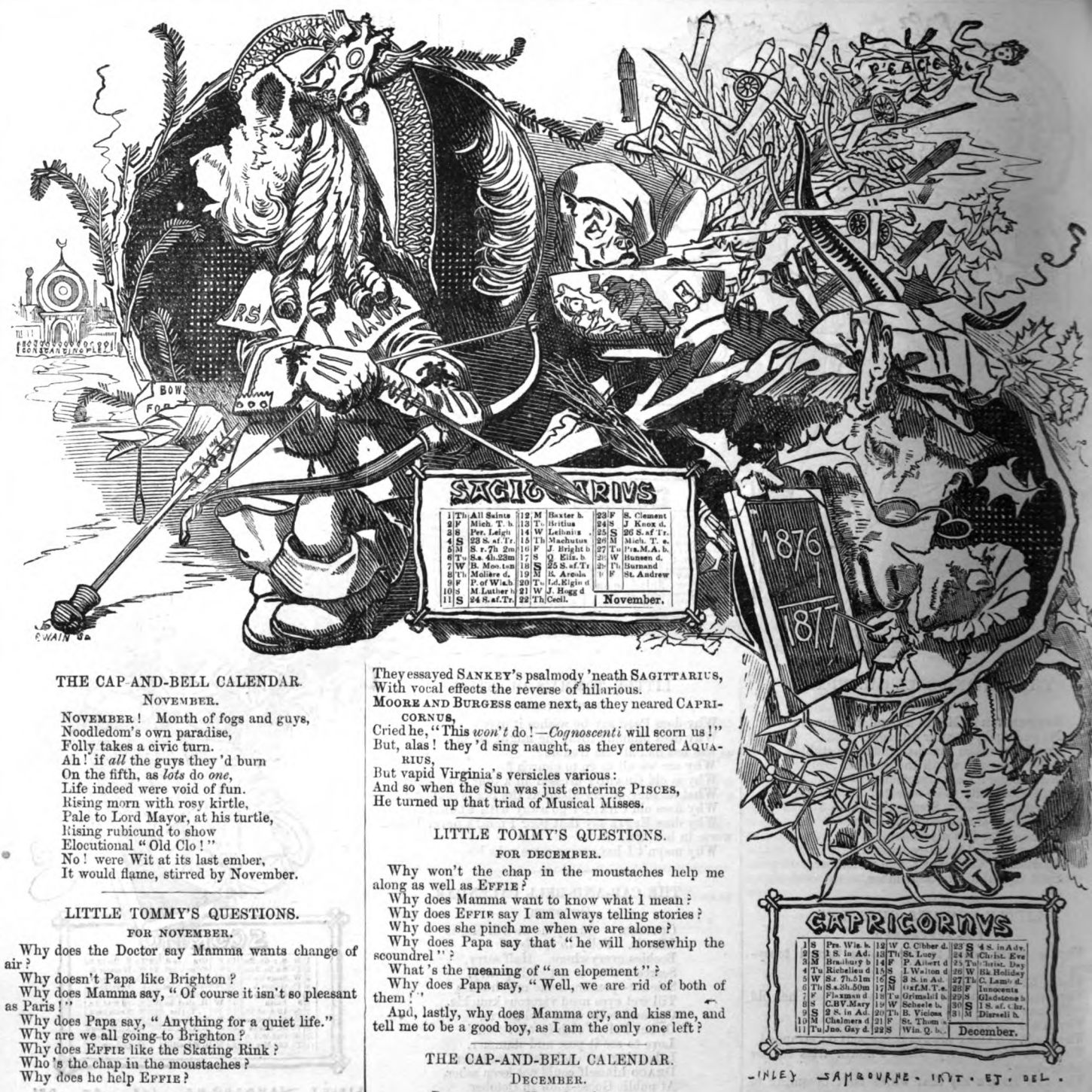
The number of Puns made yearly on the words "tongue" and "trifle" by young Gentlemen at supper-time amounts, it is computed, to five millions and fifteen.

NEW CLASSICAL TRANSLATION.—"*Ne cede malis*"—Do not give way to the temptation of eating apples.

WHAT A NAME FOR OUR CLIMATE.—"Merry-weather!"

REGULAR CANNIBALISM.—A morning paper asserts that the "true function of the Militia is to *feed* the Line!"

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THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER! Month of fogs and guys,
Noodledom's own paradise,
Folly takes a civic turn.
Ah! if *all* the guys they 'd burn
On the fifth, as *lots* do *one*,
Life indeed were void of fun.
Rising morn with rosy kirtle,
Pale to Lord Mayor, at his turtle,
Rising rubicund to show
Elocutional "Old Clo!"
No! were Wit at its last ember,
It would flame, stirred by November.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR NOVEMBER.

Why does the Doctor say Mamma wants change of air?
Why doesn't Papa like Brighton?
Why does Mamma say, "Of course it isn't so pleasant as Paris!"
Why does Papa say, "Anything for a quiet life."
Why are we all going to Brighton?
Why does EFFIE like the Skating Rink?
Who 's the chap in the moustaches?
Why does he help EFFIE?

A ZANY'S ZIG-ZAG ROUND THE ZODIAC.

A Rhymist *quand même* has essayed in these lines
An anti-phlogistic set-to with the Signs.

A MUSIC-MANIAC, born under ARIES,
Had three virgin vocalists, all of them MARIES.
He taught the fair three, while the Sun was in TAURUS,
To chant the loud wailings of WAGNER in chorus.
It solaced his soul, and he cried, "With these women I
Hope to work wonders before we reach GEMINI."
But alas! by the time when the Sun was in CANCER
He found *toujours* WAGNER with women won't answer.
And so, while the Sun was careering through LEO,
He taught them a tender and twittering *trio*,
But they tiffed, and then wouldn't keep time in it, *ergo*,
He wrote a new song for each virgin, in VIRGO;
Yet they all of them "struck" for more money in LIBRA,
Not one would sing "do" nor (without a big bribe) "ray."
He sighed, when he found them all silent in SCORPIO,
"How wondrous that WAGNER she-tempers should warp. Heigho!"
They essayed SANKEY'S psalmody 'neath SAGITTARIUS,
With vocal effects the reverse of hilarious.
MOORE AND BURGESS came next, as they neared CAPRICORNUS,
Cried he, "This *won't* do!—*Cognoscenti* will scorn us!"
But, alas! they 'd sing naught, as they entered AQUARIUS,
But vapid Virginia's versicles various:
And so when the Sun was just entering PISCES,
He turned up that triad of Musical Misses.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR DECEMBER.

Why won't the chap in the moustaches help me along as well as EFFIE?
Why does Mamma want to know what I mean?
Why does EFFIE say I am always telling stories?
Why does she pinch me when we are alone?
Why does Papa say that "he will horsewhip the scoundrel"?
What 's the meaning of "an elopement"?
Why does Papa say, "Well, we are rid of both of them!"
And, lastly, why does Mamma cry, and kiss me, and tell me to be a good boy, as I am the only one left?

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

DECEMBER.

DECEMBER! Now the picture-papers
Folly urge to cut fresh capers,
To my special delectation;
Nous deserts the entire nation.
Christmas, Fetish with red nose,
Makes all men as mummers pose,
Cant of charity, chant the carol,
Meaning,—love of board and barrel,
Orgies amorous and Bacchic!
Nemesis in form Stomachic
Makes Old Motley's mimes remember
Folly's Dance in drear December.

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(*For Students and Examiners.*)

Q. How would a modern gun-smith describe the solar system

A. As a "central fire, and a lot of revolvers."

Q. Is it true that foreign stocks rise and fall under the influence of any of the Heavenly Bodies?

A. Yes. But the cause can only be satisfactorily referred to the action of those eminent financiers—the Great and Little Bear.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(*By a Poor Expectant of Perks.*)

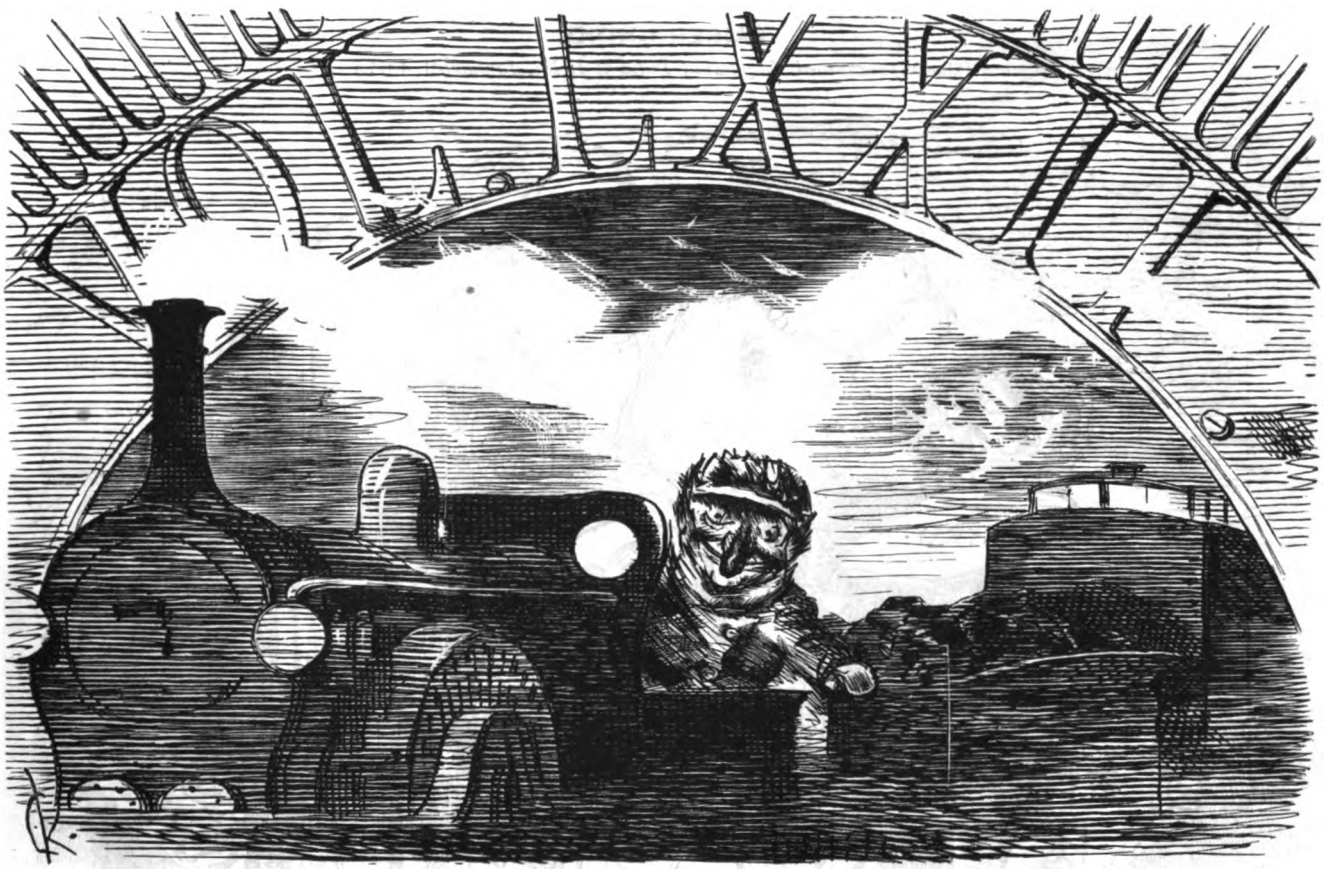
AIR—"*When other lips*," &c.

WHEN other Govs. for other clerks
Shall "strike upon the bell,"
And proffer, liberal and no larks,
The "tips" they love so well;
Perhaps in that ecstatic hour
Old "Screws" may softened be.
O touch him, though he 's close and dour!
Then, *Yule*, remember me!

When geese and turkeys fly about,
And fi'pun-notes abound;
When hampers tall, capacious, stout,
In passages are found;
When pass the bottle and the cask—
E-lee-mo-syn-a-ry,
At such a season I 'd but ask,
Dear *Yule*, remember me!

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS.—Office-seeking.

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ON NEWBURY FIELD.

[It is proposed by the Newbury District Field Club to raise a memorial of LUCIUS CARY VISCOUNT FALKLAND on the spot where he fell in arms for the King's cause, in the first Battle of Newbury, Sept. 18. 1643. £600 is required for the purpose. Nearly half the sum is already subscribed. Subscriptions may be paid at the Old Bank, Newbury, and in London at Messrs. DRUMMOND'S, RANSON'S, ROBARTS'S, and the London and County Bank.]

THERE stands a pillar upon Chalgrove Field,
Where by war's blind event JOHN HAMPDEN fell,
To die, still praying till his lips were sealed
That God would save the land he loved so well.

That stone reminds our times of peaceful ease
How HAMPDEN'S stainless sword, drawn to defend
Old monarchy and ancient liberties
Of England, was borne stainless to the end.

We see the stern and steadfast face, still set
Peacewards through rising storms of civil life:
By a high purpose purified from fret
Of party feud and hate-embittered strife.

There was another, who to HAMPDEN'S goal
Pressed on by other road than HAMPDEN went;
Whose yearning after peace so vexed his soul,
It robbed his night's rest and his day's content—

FALKLAND, who, when men's hearts were tried with fire,
Came from the furnace pure as gold thrice-proved:
Who threat of Parliament and royal ire
Withstood, in strength of his high aim unmoved,

That he might teach a land that reverenced law
To brook the rule of law-abiding kings;
For this he strove, while with hope's eye he saw
The waving of the White Peace-Angel's wings.

But when they closed in smirch of blood and smoke
On Edgehill field, he drew a burdened breath;
Went weary, as a man whose heart is broke,
And rode the fight like one who seeks for death.

At Newbury he found it, in the van
Of BYRON'S charging troopers charging home.
Of the King's following the noblest man,
Who had crowned Law and Peace 'neath Freedom's dome.

No stone yet marks the spot where FALKLAND fell.
The time is come such record were supplied.
As Chalgrove pillar doth of HAMPDEN tell,
Let Newbury tell how FALKLAND lived and died.

'Tis well that England lift a thankful heart
God hath so blessed our land, that either cause,
The King's and Parliament's, could find a part
For FALKLAND, HAMPDEN, loving both old laws

And ancient liberties: that when they drew
Reluctant swords, ne'er forged for brothers' wars,
Still Truth and Right, seen reek of battle through,
In life and death to both were guiding stars.

SEVEN LABOURS FOR SOMEBODY.

1. WHEN will Somebody do something towards the general introduction of some really sweeping measures for the cleansing of our pavements?
2. When will Somebody do something towards decreasing Christmas, and all the year round drunkenness?
3. When will Somebody do something towards removing Temple Bar and Holywell Street?
4. When will Somebody do something towards making chickens, beefsteaks, salmon, butter, eggs, and oysters, as cheap as they once used to be?
5. When will Somebody do something really sensible in Parliament, or out of it, to cause a marked decrease in preventible railway accidents?
6. When will Somebody do something to induce educated Britons to club together for the establishment of a worthy National Theatre?
7. When will Somebody do something to solve the pressing problem of compulsory school attendance?

ALARMING FAILURE.—The New Year—gone into liquidation!

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KAISER-I-HIND.

(Queen proclaimed Empress of India at Delhi, January 1, 1877.)



ROAR, cannon, to the brass-bands' blare, and elephantine trump;
Big drums, make all the noise you can, and native *tom-toms* thump!
While VICEROY LYTTON changes gilt howdah for gilt throne,
And VICTORIA'S Indian titles are to India's corners blown!

Prank yourselves, SCINDIAH, GAEKWAR, NIZAM, RAM, JAM, & Co.,
Rear your new-broidered banners, your new-coined medals show;
Own that Old England, when she likes, can turn out a parade,
Almost as well as if such pomp were *her*, as 'tis *your*, trade.

Think not of cost, nor of the needs that call for it elsewhere;
The cloud of coming scarcity that darkens the parched air:
Let not the whiff unmannerly of cyclone-swallowed dead
Come 'twixt your new nobility, and attar freely shed.

Lay your nuzzers* down in homage at the courteous Viceroy's feet;
Drink the sweet powder of salutes, increased new ranks to greet:
Nor ask if all this tinsel, these gewgaws, bind the band
More close betwixt your weakness and the strength of England's hand.

'Twas not *thus* England spread her rule, from CHARNOCK'S narrow sway
To the days of CLIVE and Plassy, of WELLESLEY and Assaye;
But, first, by sharp swords in strong hands, and when their work was done,
By proving she knew how to rule the Empire these had won.

And if some stains of force or fraud deface that record long,
The force is used, the fraud condoned, she *now* is just as strong:
The baser greeds of gold and rule a higher power o'er-rides,
By purer law than yours directs, to ends more worthy guides.

She holds your swarming millions now, but as a trust of Heaven,
To civilise and educate to her best teaching given:
A nursery for her Statesmen, for her Warriors a school,
To show men how a wiser West a wider East can rule.

Till India, as she bows before her Empress-Queen to-day,
Can offer *her* a gift for all the blessings of her sway—
Governors wise in council, and Christian soldiers, bold,
If need were, a more troubled East to take into their hold.

* A present to a superior

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HOW WE ARRANGE OUR LITTLE DINNERS.

Mistress. "OH, COOK, WE SHALL WANT DINNER FOR FOUR THIS EVENING. WHAT DO YOU THINK, BESIDES THE JOINT, OF OX-TAIL SOUP, LOBSTER PATÉS, AND AN ENTRÉE—SAY, BEEF?"

Cook. "YES, 'M—FRESH, OR AUSTR——?"

Mistress. "LET'S SEE? IT'S ONLY THE BROWNS—TINNED WILL DO!"

SOMETHING LIKE SUNDAY AND WEEK-DAY SERVICES.

OUR Life-Boats', are they not? Here is a summary of them for 1876. Close on five hundred lives saved, and eighteen vessels rescued from the very jaws of destruction; and out of the twelve hundred men afloat during the year in the 256 boats of the National Life-Boat Institution, only a single man lost, to the 498 saved by their aid—aid rendered at what danger to life and limb, at what cost of exposure, hardship, calm courage, and skilled self-devotion, no record can tell.

Organisation the Institution gives. Courage, strength, and skill, our gallant English sea-faring coast population finds in abundance. But money it is for England to contribute, for the establishment of stations, the provision of boats and apparatus, and the payment of the rewards bestowed by the Institution on those who aid in its good work of life-saving at sea, in the shape of medals and money—968 medals and £50,000 having been granted since its foundation, in recognition of such service.

Need *Punch* say more in furtherance of his call not to "Man the Life-boat"—that is done already—but to money it. This may be done through any banker in the United Kingdom, or directly through the Secretary, 14, John Street, Adelphi, London. "Adelphi" means "brothers." What quarter so fit for the head-quarters of a Society doing, if ever Society did, a work of Christian and, wider, human brotherhood, among those who "Go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters."

How about those Buttons?

THERE are few things more wonderful, in DR. SCHLIEMANN'S wonderful "find" at Mycenæ, than the enormous quantity of buttons he has come upon in these mysterious graves. It has been hitherto supposed that the chieftains of the heroic age had souls above buttons. But we know that in the earlier obsequies of chiefs slaves were sacrificed to the manes of their owners. The most probable explanation which we can offer of the Mycenian buttons is that they belonged to the garments of the pages who, no doubt, were burned in numbers round the bodies of their buried masters and mistresses

DIRT CHEPE.—Cheapside in this weather.

Meanwhile we govern India, 'fore all, for India's good;
To teach and rear her chieftains to rule as rulers should.
To teach and rear her people to the fair arts of peace,
So to leave a self-ruled India when our Viceroy-rule has ceased.

FROM THE STYE.

(*A Protest from our Learned Pig.*)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

HRUMPH! I am a well-meaning animal, with a liberal appetite and an unprejudiced taste. Man is a stingy brute, with an unscrupulous conscience and a squeamish stomach. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* (I *am* a learned pig you will perceive.) Give a pig a bad name and—eat him; abusing him afterwards for daring to disagree with you! That's human justice all over. We porkers call it ungracious gluttony. *Hrumph!* I have no particular ambition to be eaten at all, but if *post-mortem* deglutition is my destiny I would fain die with a good dietetic reputation, and escape posthumous prejudice. Were the ban of MOSES and MAHOMET made universal, I should not repine. A pig—like the Premier—is pachydermatously imperturbable under spiteful pin-pricks, particularly if they serve a useful purpose; he will not fume at misrepresentation, provided he thereby escape the pot. But to feed on us, and then flout us, is a little too bad. I am *nice*—oh, yes, I am emphatically and indisputably *nice*. Trust Epicurean humanity to discover *that*, even without the lambent light thrown on Roast Pig by the *Essay of Elia*. BO-BO, the swineherd's boy,—(ah! I should like to have had the roasting of him! I would willingly fire my stye for the purpose; they say "Long Pig," even with a Chinese flavour is toothsome and succulent)—BO-BO, I say, was representative of his race. I am admittedly delicious. But I am unwholesome forsooth! Bosh!!! Has any one yet proved that pig *as* pig is not as salubrious as savoury? Diseased, of course, I play the dickens with the dupes and the duffers who strive to digest me. And serve them right! But why should I be diseased? I have been listening to my *Echo*, *Mr. Punch*, and this is what I hear:—

"Two hundred and fifty pounds of diseased pork had been seized (in Glasgow) by a Sanitary Inspector. In the course of the trial it transpired that the pigs before slaughter 'seemed dropsical.' A butcher who was examined—and seemed to look on the matter with great *nonchalance*—considered that this might have been caused by the pigs having been fed on the putrefied stomachs of diseased horses. When horses became dropsical it was common to give them spirits of nitre or antimony, and if the pigs were fed on the flesh of such diseased animals, the disease might be communicated to them. The witness added that, 'it was just in the way of business to dress such carcases.'"

There!!! In the way of business!! And then they blame *me!!!* Hrumph! It is disgusting! Why not brand the conscienceless brute who feeds his unsuspicious porkers on such foul offal, dealing out death at third hand from luckless horse to deceived pig, and from deceived pig to gulled humanity! I have a somewhat undiscriminating appetite. It is my weakness, and I confess it openly. I have the misfortune to be carnivorous rather than eclectic. But I have no preference for disease-gendering garbage, I am *not* the Reynolds of my race. Give me wholesome food and plenty of it,—I am not particular, anything from acorns to "hotel tub" will suit me for a change,—and "the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure" shall not suffer post-prandially from me. But diet me on rotten fish, diseased potatoes, or putrid horse, and if Nemesis takes the form of Trichinosis, or other disgusting disorder, who is to blame? Not I, but the money-grubbing miscreants whom it were indeed base flattery to call "greedy as a pig." Hrumph! Down on them, dear *Punch*, and exonerate your much maligned correspondent,

TOBY.

(*Before the Name was usurped by your own Puppy of a Dog.*)

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WHAT'S THE ODDS?

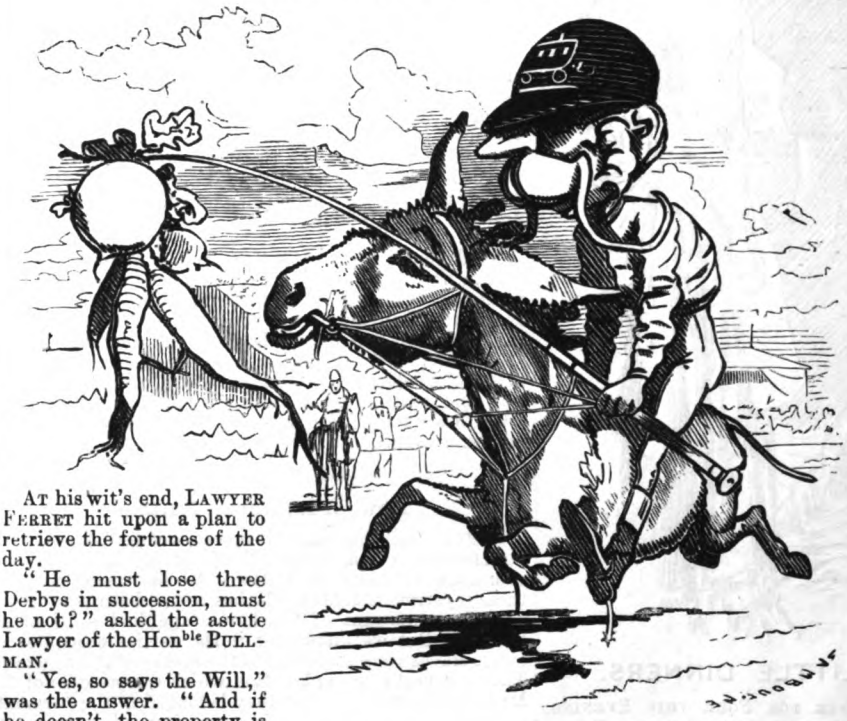
OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.

A GENUINE SPORTING NOVEL BY

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,

Author of "Squeezing Langford," "Two Kicks," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—"*The Treble Event.*"



AT his wit's end, LAWYER FERRET hit upon a plan to retrieve the fortunes of the day.

"He must lose three Derbys in succession, must he not?" asked the astute Lawyer of the Honble PULLMAN.

"Yes, so says the Will," was the answer. "And if he doesn't, the property is mine."

"Is ours," the Lawyer rejoined, with grim humour.

LADY DI, seated in the barouche, laid her nervous hand on a diamond-hilted poniard she wore at her girdle.

MRS. AZAMYLE, who had just returned to herself, trembled. She did not like poniards.

LAWYER FERRET had arranged it in two seconds with the Bookmakers and Owners. The Bell rang for the next Derby.

There were no starters, except *Moka* and the *Invisible Prince*.

"Now," exclaimed the Honble PULLMAN, "he's done. With one or the other, he *must* walk over the course, and *win*. Ha! ha!"

But MR. STRINGHALT raised his hat, and begged the Honble Gentleman's pardon. He (MR. STRINGHALT) had just purchased the *Invisible*, and had backed him heavily.

As he had said, the *Invisible* won. *Moka* nowhere.

"Hooray!" cried SIR THOMAS, while LAWYER FERRET and the Honble PULLMAN absolutely danced with rage and disappointment.

A storm was brewing. The Bookmakers, over two hundred of them, utterly ruined by following LAWYER FERRET and the Honble PULLMAN's advice, began to eye the pair threateningly.

There was yet another race.

"*Moka must* win—*shall* win this time," screamed LAWYER FERRET, as with the Honble PULLMAN, who was now dressed as a Jockey, he furiously approached CAVASSON, intending to tear him from his horse, and throw him down the hill, when PULLMAN would get up, and win on *Moka*.

But it would have been easier to have torn a Precentor from his stall than to drag the Dumb Jockey from off *Moka's* back.

"Base villains!" screamed the two hundred ruined Bookmakers, who were no uninterested spectators of the exciting scene.

"Base!" echoed LAWYER FERRET, in a deep voice. "Base! We must be *base* for the *treble* event."

But they were not to be mollified with a witticism, and already they were taking off their coats, and turning up their sleeves.

Yet there was *one* chance!—just one!

If the Honble PULLMAN CARR could but substitute himself for the Dumb Jockey! Then, once mounted on *Moka*, he would force the obstinate animal to gallop for dear life, and, by winning the third Derby with one of the Jeddington Dodd Lot, the two previous races would go for nothing.

LAWYER FERRET, the Honble PULLMAN, and CAVASSON the Dumb Jockey, were engaged in a deadly struggle. The two former, animated by despair, put forth all their strength. A loud shout went up from the Bookmakers.

CAVASSON could resist no longer. The surcingle was loosened, the girths gave way, and he tumbled to the ground—an inert mass.

In a second the Honble PULLMAN was on *Moka's* back.

One flash of the whip! one flourish of his spurs in the air! and—he was off.

Off, but not thrown. *Moka's* heels were light and quick, but the Honble PULLMAN's seat was as sure as if he 'd been elected without a dissentient voice.

Moka would not stir.

LADI DI and MRS. AZAMYLE screamed, and waved their handkerchiefs in their frenzied excitement.

GUSSY, in her brougham, leant back fainting. Was she about to lose her lover and her happiness for ever? Oh, if *Moka* would only be firm! if she would but lie down and refuse to move! One of the others might win the Derby, and *Moka* be last after all.

LAWYER FERRET suddenly reappeared, bearing a long pole with bright, gleaming, attractive vegetables, such as *Moka* loved, fixed at one end.

This he gave to the Honble PULLMAN.

In an instant he saw his plan. A gleam of hope shone on the pallid countenances of the Bookmakers.

The Honble PULLMAN rested the pole between *Moka's* ears, so that the tempting bait of carrots and green vegetables hung within a few inches of the animal's clear-scenting nose. Highly trained as *Moka* was, yet she was not gifted with such common sense as might have told her that no amount of galloping would bring her one fraction nearer the coveted prize.

Yet—off she started—full gallop.

A ringing cheer went up from the Bookmakers, who now ran along by the course, laying the odds, right and left, on what was, evidently, a certainty.

What were the odds?

Why, two thousand to one *on Moka!!!*

And where was SIR THOMAS DODD?

In the middle of her career, SIR THOMAS, standing on the top of GUSSY's brougham, was offering three thousand to one *on Invisible Prince*, and taking all the odds he could get against *Moka*.

The Bookmakers, relying upon LAWYER FERRET and the Honble PULLMAN CARR, took him in every direction at once. They backed *Moka* for millions. They were determined to skin the lamb that day, and the lamb was SIR THOMAS DODD. "Done! Done! Done!"

But *Invisible Prince*, who has been nowhere at first, is now creeping up alongside. And who has been put up to ride?

Is it possible? Yes! There is no doubt about it! There are the black, purple, green, red, and orange stripes!

It is CAVASSON, the Dumb Jockey of Jeddington.

Tottenham Corner is passed. *Moka* first, *Invisible Prince* second; the rest nowhere.

Suddenly, from the crowd, the report of a pistol is heard. *Moka*, thoroughly trained, knows the signal. She drops, as though shot. There she lies, quietly eating the carrots and the greens, with the Honble PULLMAN wedged in, under her. No effort of her Honble rider could extricate himself, or get her to move. There he lay—a prisoner. LAWYER FERRET tore his hair, and cursed, but he was borne onward by the rush of two hundred Bookmakers.

It was WILLIAM BUTTON who had fired the pistol. He had had a long experience in the Comic business of a Circus, and this was one of the tricks he had taught *Moka*.

"Hoorah! Hoorah! Hoopla tchk!"

Cheers from the Grand Stand. Cheers from the honest public. Groans and execrations from the two hundred Bookmakers.

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The Numbers are up—

INVISIBLE PRINCE 1

The rest Nowhere.

"Thanks, CAVASSON!" cried SIR THOMAS DODD, deeply affected. "You have saved the honour and name of DODD!"

"But," screamed LAWYER FERRET, "you have forfeited the estates! You have *not* lost three Derbys in succession!"

SIR THOMAS smiled, as, from behind the Judge's box, an elderly gentleman stepped calmly forward, with a parchment in his hand. FERRET recognised him. It was MR. GRAZIN LANE, the well-known Chancery Interpleader.

MR. GRAZIN LANE bowed politely to LAWYER FERRET, and the Honble PULLMAN. Then he said,

"Excuse me; I am a little hoarse."

A yell came up from the Bookmakers, who were in no humour for a jest. MR. GRAZIN LANE continued calmly,

"This is no joke for any one. I have here several legal documents; but, if you will allow me, I will skip over what is unnecessary."

"Skip!" they cried, like one man.

MR. GRAZIN LANE bowed, skipped over the legal forms, and then, after taking the necessary steps, he cleared his voice at a bound, and thus addressed the assembly.*

(*To be continued.*)

* *From Editor to Public.*—Telegram just arrived. It *is* to be finished next week. Last chapter not here yet. Shall bring it up with me on my return from the Major's, Bogus Park, Boshey, where, I'll be bound, they are keeping Christmas in true old English fashion.—ED.

CUTTINGS FROM NEW-YEAR DIARIES.



LD Paterfamilias (*Friday, Jan.* 5).—Dividends due at the Bank: mustn't forget that the Fire Insurance expires on the 9th. Wrote to ask JONES to send me back the umbrella I left at his rooms on New Year's Day, when we dined together to finish the holiday on the Stock Exchange.

Materfamilias (*Friday Jan.* 5).—Dividends due at the Bank. Tried to get GEORGE to give me a new bonnet. First attempt was a failure. On reminding him, however, that business couldn't have detained him on New Year's Day, at MR. JONES'S, he changed the subject, and wrote me a cheque. Must get the children new shoes for to-morrow's Twelfth-Night party.

Miss Fanny (*Friday, Jan.* 5).—I do so wish my next quarter's money was due, as MADAME CRINOLINE'S bill has left me almost penniless. It may arise from my buying gloves with four buttons instead of six. "O poverty, poverty, how bitter is thy sting!" I wonder who wrote that? Of course I remember, it was ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

Miss Laura (*Friday, Jan.* 5).—No news of *him!* I wonder if he will be at the children's party to-morrow? He may, and then I shall see him once again. Even when he is pretending to be a horse for the amusement of the children, he looks romantic. O Love, what a strange thing thou art, changing the most lowly things into all sorts of other things! I write this with the window open, with my eyes turned towards the black, cheerless midnight sky! I hope I shan't catch cold!

Mr. Charles (*Friday, Jan.* 5).—Nothing on for to-day. Children's Twelfth-Night party to-morrow. That little flirt LAURA is sure to be there. Shall I go? Depends whether I can cut into a rubber at the Club. In these hard times can't afford to lose my cards.

Master Tommy (*Friday, Jan.* 5).—Just eighteen hours to the Twelfth-Night Party. What lots of cake I shall eat! Twenty days more to the end of the holidays. Ain't I sorry! What rot a diary is! Shouldn't keep it if papa hadn't promised me five shillings if I wrote some things every day for a fortnight. Come, I have done enough for to-day.

Mr. Tentofour Seeling-Wax (*Friday, Jan.* 5).—Stayed at the office all day reading the papers. Had a snooze in the afternoon, and dined at the Club.

Mr. Fox Wolf, Lawyer (*Friday, Jan.* 5).—Good day's work. Sold up three widows, and dispossessed six orphans. Sang "*Dreaming of Angels*" with great success at a *soirée* in the evening.

Lieutenant Sabretache (*Friday, Jan.* 5).—On guard all day, and, consequently, nothing on earth to do. Couldn't find anything to read but the Queen's Regulations. Read some of them for a novelty, and found them dry and difficult to understand. Wish I had had a *Bradshaw*—might have read the advertisements instead.

Mr. Shakespeare Byron Jones, Amateur Author (*Friday, Jan.* 5).—Made up my mind to write a five-act tragedy in blank verse. Wrote to the Editors of six Magazines asking if they wanted any articles. Offered to do a Pantomime for MR. CHATTERTON, at Drury Lane, if it wasn't too late. Thought out the first chapters of my Novel. Spent the rest of the day in considering what I should call the new paper I mean to start.

Mr. Punch, 85, *Fleet Street* (*Friday, Jan.* 5).—Hard at work all day. No time for diary writing. Leave all that sort of thing to people with more leisure on their hands than brains in their head-pieces.

NEW?

A Query by a Querulous Quidnunc.

"I wish you a Happy New Year."—*Popular Saying.*

HAPPY? That 's doubtful! Pessimists would say
Those who are like to find it so are few:
And of all New Year's deeds from day to day
How many will be *New?*

What if War's waking bring black fear and sadness,
With parting 's pang to palace, hall, and hovel?
Alas! about *that* immemorial madness
There 's nothing that is novel.

If Trade peace-fostered flourish, then the rout
Of Mammon's thralls old triumphs by old troubles
Will buy once more: there 's little new about
The tints that brighten bubbles.

Black-hackle cocks round clerical mare's nests
Will spar, sects pit to-day against to-morrow,
But each new vestment Reverend Mimes invest
From the dead past they 'll borrow.

The old political *pot-à-feu* will boil
With the old hash of all the old ingredients;
Old principles fresh-furbished act as foil
To old re-trimmed expedients.

Neologies galore will take the town,—
Mere masquerade—old faces with new masks!—
The frothiest must but proves, when settled down,
Old liquor in new casks.

Art, new-coined terms upon her tongue, will trace,
With fingers feeble as old hands were furious,
Faint copies of the earlier glow and grace,—
Mock-antiques, pale as spurious.

Poesy, plumed for unexampled flights,
Will deem it soars, while in old mire it grovels;
Sumphs vainly seek new radiance in new lights,
Or novelty in novels!

And fools will play their old preposterous pranks;
And politicians make their old big blunders;
And jesters scatter time-worn quips and cranks;
And priests roll harmless thunders.

New Years? Alas! I 've greeted not a few,
But spite of pseudo-seers who jarred and jangled,
I find they 've brought me little that is new,
To much that is new-fangled!

SEASONABLE QUERY.—If the Mussulman wants muscle for war, how can the Russ fight without its sinews?

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VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

THAT PLAYFUL BUT TENDER YOUNG BARD, THE HON. FITZ-LAVENDER BELAIRS, ENJOYS THE ALMOST PERFECT BLISS OF READING A LITTLE THING OF HIS OWN TO A CIRCLE OF WEAK-MINDED BUT INTENSELY SYMPATHETIC WOMEN :—

"TO A FAIR ARCHERESS.

"Glad lady mine, that glitterest
In shimmah of summah athwart the lawn,
Canst tell me which is bitterest—
The glamaw of Eve, or the glimmah of dawn,

"To those with whose hearts thou litterest
The field where they fall at thy feet to fawn?
As a buttahfly dost thou fluttah by!
How, whence, and oh! whither, art come and gone?"

Chorus. "HOW EXQUISITE! HOW REFINED!! HOW REALLY QUITE TOO FAR MORE THAN MOST AWFULLY DELICIOUS!!!"

[*As the Poem is not of equal merit throughout we only quote the first Stanza.*

A CALL TO THE COAST-GUARD.

(*By Authority, according to the "Gardeners' Magazine."*)

YE Custom-House officers keep a look-out
The coasts of Great Britain and Ireland about,
At all ports, English, Cambrian, Irish, and Scotch,
Against a bold Smuggler far worse than *Will Watch*.

Look sharp, or he 'll smuggle himself, contraband
More fearful than Cavendish, into our land,
Concealed in Canadian cargoes, or freights
Arriving in vessels from Yankeedom's States.

'Cute rascal, he 'll try out of vision to hide,
Because he 's detected as soon as descried,
Being plainly marked out, as with figures or types,
By colours resembling the Stars and the Stripes.

He looks like a lady-bird as to his kind,
But is bigger, and longer from front to behind;
And the stripes which the vagabond bears on his wings
Distinguish that plague from those innocent things.

His colours, however, are yellow and black,
Some spots of the last at the top of his back,
Five stripes of the same on one side, and five more
On the other; in heraldry Sable on Or.

His name 's Colorado; wherever he goes
He devours every precious potato that grows.

Entomology's doctors the title have stuck to him
Of *Doryfera decemlineata*—bad luck to him!

Look out for this foe, worse than 'tater disease,
Aboard ships, inside sacks, upon wharves, and on quays,
Under sheds, in all packages, bundles, and bales,
In fact anything brought us by steam or by sails.

Tide-waiters, and Searchers, and Coast-Guard, and all,
Prepare on this Smuggler self-smuggled to fall,
To put down a foot on him, wheresoe'er found,
And squash him and squelch him to smash on the ground.

It may not be easy, or possible quite,
To stamp out a murrain, a fever, or blight;
But at least we can stamp beetles out if they show—
When seen, serve this vicious American so.

The Better Way with Betting-House Keepers.

THE proprietor of a sporting journal the other day pleaded guilty at Guildhall to a charge of having kept his house open for betting purposes, the repetition of an offence for which he was fined £100 about a year ago. His counsel, on the plea of domestic affliction and dangerous illness, "asked that he might not be sent to prison without a fine." SIR ROBERT CARDEN, with some hesitation, decided merely to fine him £100 and £5 5*s.* costs, but added that "in all future cases imprisonment without fine would be inflicted on such offenders." Perhaps it would be better that they should "not be sent to prison without a fine," but smartly fined in addition to being imprisoned.

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WHO'S TO BLAME?

LONDON. "OUT OF YOUR BED AGAIN, YOU TROUBLESOME OLD LUNATIC! DO YOU WANT TO DROWN US ALL?"

FATHER THAMES. "'TAIN'T MY FAULT! I AIN'T RESPONSIBLE! I SUPPOSE IT'S *SOMEBODY'S* BUSINESS TO SEE ME SAFELY *TUCK'D IN O' BOTH SIDES?*"

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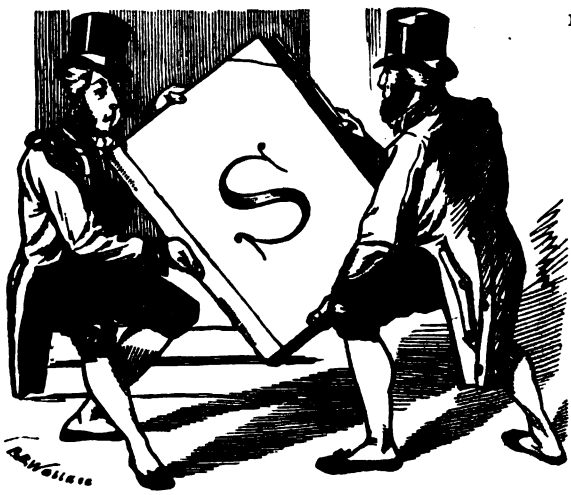


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MR. PUNCH'S CÉLÉBRITÉS CHEZ EUX.

No. I.—THE GREAT MAN AT HOME.

(By One who Knows—his Footman.)



SEVERAL magnificent Parks, one leading out of the other; then a gorgeous garden full of tropical plants and flowers, a fresh and fragrant tangle of greenery, a musical, melodious, murmuring *mélange* of birds, fountains, fruit-trees, lakes, and mountains. Always blue sky, and always sunshine and soft sweet breezes. Such the surroundings of the Palace.

The House itself. A noble building of marble and precious stones, now reminding one of the Louvre, now of Hampton Court, now of Belvoir Castle. A quaint old place, with immense stacks of red brick chimneys, heaps of bronze doors, and hundreds of latticed windows. A home for a CROMWELL, a NAPOLEON THE GREAT, or an EDWARD THE CONFESSOR. At the back, twenty square miles of good mixed shooting, and a hundred leagues of trout-stream.

The Servants' Offices excellent. A splendid *suite* of apartments for the Butler, with a secret passage leading from the comfortable library into the cellar. An airy pantry, with cupboards full of plate. A nicely-furnished Housekeeper's Room, the very place for wit and comfort. A Servants' Hall ever ready to extend its hospitality to *littérateurs*. And the *employés*, in their powdered hair and magnificent uniforms of plush smalls and yellow coats—nice, amiable, unaffected men, full of anecdotes of Him—the Great Man it is their pride to serve. From the Butler himself down to the young gentleman in buttons all equally chatty and confidential.

Up-Stairs. Gold, silver, and blue brocade. Here is the Hall where the Great Man puts his umbrella and hat. That unpretending bronze peg is the one upon which he hangs his overcoat. Yonder cupboard hides his well-worn wide-awake, his hunting-whips, his favourite rods, and his short pipe. The Great Man, when he can escape from his followers, delights in a ramble across country. He will start at four in the morning, and, whistling to half-a-dozen dogs (a retriever, two foxhounds, a Newfoundland, a bull-terrier, and a pug), will, thus followed, hunt for hours the artful rabbit or the wily snipe. Then he will drop in at a country inn, and dine on the simplest fare—some soup, a little fish, a few *entrées*, and a bird. But this he will do only when he has some particular chum staying with him—such as His Royal Highness fresh from Marlborough House, or my LORD BEACONSFIELD. On State days he will remain in the gold drawing-room, in his simple but effective costume of black velvet slashed with red satin, giving audiences to the great and noble. Courteous to the last degree, he bows his guest into the jewelled chair, and talks for five minutes. Then he rises, and another graceful bow proclaims the interview at an end. But he is an inveterate smoker, and never appears without a homely "yard of clay" hanging from between his lips.

His wardrobe contains all sorts of magnificent costumes, the gifts (in great part) of his admirers. Here is the Court dress of a North American Indian, there the *mufti* of a Field-Marshal of Peru; yonder (thrown about in confusion) are a number of patents of nobility. The Orders of Knighthood (of which the Great Man possesses sixty-seven) are not here to-day. They have been sent down to the footman's pantry to be brushed up with the rest of the plate.

And how does the Great Man spend his day? At five he wakes, and takes a cup of tea with two lumps of sugar in it. Then he dashes into a swimming-bath, and afterwards spends a couple of hours in his private gymnasium. After this he is ready for his secretaries. Ten of them enter his study (a small apartment, full of books, desks, and magnificent extra-sized chandeliers), and read to him his correspondence. As his letters number on the average two thousand a post, his secretaries read them simultaneously to save time. Then comes breakfast—a simple meal of coffee, claret, lobster, mushrooms, muffins, pig's fry (a dish of which he is particularly fond) a few *pâtés de foie gras*, and perhaps a haunch of venison, or a canvas-back. After breakfast the usual business of the day commences. From noon till two o'clock he writes. He is a quick thinker, and works fast. In these two hours he will sometimes knock off at one sitting a five-act comedy, a draft treaty of commerce, and a three-volume novel. At two he sees the Ambassadors, giving precedence to the French as the representative of an unfortunate people. Then come the German, the Russian, the Italian, and the Austro-Hungarian. Of late he has refused to see the Turkish Ambassador. It is scarcely necessary to add that the Great Man talks to each foreigner in his visitor's native tongue. After the Ambassadors come the statesmen. LORD HARTINGTON is put into the Red Room, while SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE lounges in the Blue.

Even if each visitor should receive no more than the regulation five minutes, these interviews consume several hours. At six, the Great Man devotes some forty-five minutes to recreation. It is at this time that he meets his greatest friends *en petit comité*. The brown boudoir (furnished in the Oriental fashion with couches and Old Masters) rings with the laugh of ALFRED TENNYSON, the chuckle of CARLYLE, the soft "ha-ha" of CHARLES READE, and the boisterous merriment of MR. GLADSTONE. The Venetian glasses at these times mirror the faces of such men as SIR WILFRID LAWSON, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, MR. BUCKSTONE, SIR GEORGE NARES, MAJOR O'GORMAN, and DR. CUMMING of Scotland. Then comes dinner, a glorious meal with a *menu* a yard long; and then the Great Man goes out to be petted and fêted by Society, to dance with the Duchess of This, and to flirt with the Countess of That. At these times he refuses to talk business. BISMARCK may telegraph and ROTHSCHILDS may follow him about, but to no good—his rule has not an exception. When he requires country air, a hearty welcome awaits him at Balmoral, Sandringham, and Osborne. He refuses daily invitations from the Elysée, and the imperial palaces of Vienna, St. Petersburg and Berlin; he hates ceremony with its guards of honour, its court-banquets, and military reviews. He likes to be with his friends, and when he pays a visit, only takes with him half-a-dozen of his valets, and a few *cordons bleus*. And what is the name of this truly Great Man? The question is easily answered. The name of this truly Great Man is—*Mr. Punch*.

HOW TO USE A CLUB.

NEVER pay your subscription until you have obtained post rank. Modern Clubs collapse so suddenly that it is well to be on the safe side; besides, you gain the interest of the money and get your name advertised *gratis*.

Always run down the Club when you are in it; even call it a pot-house. The other members will, of course, think that you belong to several superior Clubs, and love you accordingly.

Always swear at the Waiters. It is not included in their wages, but they regard it as a perquisite.

No Club Man, who is wise, ever buys a new umbrella. Why should he, when so many men daily do it for him? The time for the best is between seven and eight, when members are pretty safe in the dining-room.

If you take a fancy to any engraving in the rarer library books—cut it out when no one is by. If the Committee inform you that this is dishonest, reply that that may be *their* impression, but that you prefer proofs.

When the Smoking-room Waiter brings you the cigar-box, ask boldly and loudly, "Which are the eighteen-penny ones?" and select quietly a twopenny cheroot. So you gain at a minimum of expenditure one of the greatest advantages of wealth.

Invariably black-ball men who are put up for election by either your proposer or seconder. As in nine cases out of ten we have cause to regret introducing men as members of our Club, you will be doing your friends an unobtrusive yet essential service.

Stare at strangers as though they were some new form of wild beasts. You don't pay an entrance-fee and annual subscription to have your Club turned into an hotel. Besides, other members' friends are always cads.

When the conversation turns upon books, though the only two you know are your laundress's and an old *Ruff*, speak airily of your "library." That at the Museum is as much yours as it is anybody's.

Get hold of a lord if you can, even though it be but an Irish peer; invite him to dinner, and take care that everyone knows who he is. After he is gone, shrug your shoulders, call him "Poor devil!" and hint that you "dessay he's glad of a dinner." So you score doubly.

When compelled to speak of your three-pair-back, allude to it as your "chambers;" and to SALLY, your fifteen years' old maid-of-all-work as your "man."

Back your bill daily. Complain of the cigars, dinner,

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RECOLLECTION OF HUNTING SEASON (CLOSE OF 1876—BEGINNING OF 1877).

Paterfamilias. "WELL, I BEGIN TO THINK THE WEATHER IS A TRIFLE *too* OPEN!"

wine, coals, gas, and attendance, and you'll soon be a Committee-man yourself. Then you can snub other grumblers.

Pocket the Club stationery. It is far cheaper than buying your own, and it is only wasted at the Club.

Wear your hat in every part of the house. It informs strangers of the fact that you are a member, and is an altogether dignified and becoming method of asserting your proprietorship. This is a rule to be rigidly observed when any member happens to be showing a party of ladies over the house.

Keep new members at arm's length: let them clearly understand that, while you are compelled to tolerate their presence, you are by no means certain that they are not swindlers and vagabonds.

By observing these few rules, and some others which *Mr. Punch* may furnish you with upon another occasion, you will, in time, become a most popular member of your Club, and when in the fulness of time you die, your place will not easily be filled.

OUR BENEFICED DISSENTERS.

FRIEND PUNCH,

IT is verily gratifying to see friends E. F. CROOM and J. PLIMPTON, Churchwardens of St. James's, Hatcham, and upholders of friend TOOTH in his defiance of the law and the Court of Arches, seemingly in a way to arrive at a sense of his position and their own. Thou hast doubtless read their letter to the *Times*, wherein they say:—

"We are not such a small body as many think; the English Church Union and the Church of England Working-men's Society together number more than 25,000 Churchmen, and these do not represent a tithe of those who sympathise with us."

If not so small a body as many think, the party they belong to is a minority not perhaps as large as they imagine. As to the "tithe of those who sympathise with them," how much longer do they suppose members of the Church by Law Established are likely to continue paying tithes to Clergy whose followers have at last begun to discern them to be ministers of another denomination? The above-named friends go on to testify as follows:—

"It is said we are lawless. No more lawless, I take it, Sir, than Nonconformists were when they refused to pay Church-rates, which were then imposed by the law of England, by permitting their goods to be seized rather than give up the principle for which they were contending—that citizens should not be compelled to support a religious institution against their consciences; so we, for principle, are determined to suffer loss of property, and of liberty if need be, for the maintenance of the right of the Church of England to govern herself in spiritual matters without interference from secular authority."

When friends CROOM and PLIMPTON, on the part of friend TOOTH and his adherents, describe themselves as representing the Church, those three said friends doubtless remind thee of three other such, the celebrated apparel-makers of Tooley Street, who styled themselves the People of England. Whilst, however, with one breath our Hatcham friends claim to typify the Church whose Government they disown, thou seest that with the other they compare themselves to Nonconformists; and it may be hoped that they will soon discover how nearly they resemble them, the resemblance being precisely such as one pea bears to another. They persist in practising rites and ceremonies of their own, and refusing to conform to those of the Established Church by Law—matters of ritual prescribed by that Law as interpreted by its legal Judges; and it is notorious that their Nonconformity as to postures and gestures signifies Nonconformity of opinions also. Wherein, then, do their Ministers differ from friend SPURGEON, friend PARKER, friend NEWMAN HALL, and the Nonconformists who sit under those and other Nonconforming friends? In two important but unessential particulars. They preach and practise their Nonconformity within the steeple-houses and other edifices of the Establishment, instead of Salems and Ebenezers of their own, and they sack the Established hire. Otherwise it is manifest to every creature above a donkey, and, from the avowals above quoted, appears to be dawning upon even their own intellects, that they are all of them, laity and clergy, no more and no less out-and-out thorough-going Nonconformists and Dissenters than friends CHADBAND and STIGGINS—Dissenters and Nonconformists though of a different colour from the drab which distinguishes the "vestments" of thy broad-brimmed Friend,

OBADIAH.

SCURVY OUTBREAK.—The attacks on the Arctic Expedition.

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THE CHRISTMAS SERMON.

Gerald (who has been listening with exemplary patience). "MAMMA, WHEN IS HE GOING TO TALK ABOUT THE PUDDING?"

EDUCATIONAL EXPENSES.

IT may be that the relation existing between education and crime is precisely the reverse at Manchester of what it will be found to be everywhere else. The Chaplain of Manchester Gaol the other day read a report declaring the experience of the Assizes and Sessions at Manchester to show "that mere reading and writing have been the instrumental means without the use of which the forger, the embezzler, the fraudulent trustee, the base coiner, the false begging-letter writer, the dishonest warehouseman and clerk, and such like, could not ever come into existence as criminals." Perhaps the development instead of the prevention of crime by education is peculiar to Manchester. Otherwise School Boards will not be found such economical institutions as it was predicted they would. An outlay in education rates, instead of being repaid by reduction of county rates will simply necessitate augmented local taxation for prison expenses. But let us hope it is an exceptional and not a general fact, that the Three R's are conducive to the growth of a fourth R—Roguery.

NEW TWELFTH-NIGHT CHARACTERS.

THE QUEEN as the Star of India.
The SULTAN as the Injured Innocent.
The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA as the Two-headed Dilemma.
MIDHAT PASHA as Chéri-Bounce.
LORD SALISBURY as the Pilot who did his best to weather the storm.
GENERAL IGNATIEFF as Jack Brag.
EARL BEACONSFIELD as Lord Bateman.
MR. GLADSTONE as Cerberus, the three-headed Janitor of the gates of London, Rome, and Constantinople.
MR. JOHN BRIGHT as the Angel with the Olive Branch.
MR. TENNYSON as Harold-Hard-writer.
GEORGE ELIOT as the Poet of Moses & Son.
MR. SWINBURNE as the Blush Rose.
MR. CARLYLE as the Cremorne Hermit.
DR. SLADE as the 'Possum up a Gum Tree.
MR. SPURGEON as the Christian Minstrel.

WHY STIR HIS STUMPS?

WHAT, in the name of common sense, could the Vicar and Churchwardens of Wadsley Bridge have meant by objecting to the bat, balls, and stumps on the tombstone of BENJAMIN KEETON, the Cricketer, with the loving and Christian inscription, which, thanks to the kindness of a Sheffield Correspondent, a Cricketer too, *Punch* is glad to be able to append:—

"Farewell, dear wife, my life is past:
My love was true until the last.
Then think of me, nor sorrow take,
But love my Saviour for my sake."

Altogether we never heard of a more creditable gravestone: nor is this professional symbolism a new thing in the tombstones of those parts. The Vicar and Churchwardens may see in Wadsley Bridge Churchyard a Musician's tombstone, with its music-bars and the notes of HANDEL'S sublime strain, "*The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised,*" carved upon it; and a Blacksmith's, charged with the hammer and pincers flanking the horseshoe of his grimy but useful occupation.

Did not the Vicar at least know—whatever the Churchwardens may have known—that in the good old times this carving on the tombstone of the implements of the sleeper's handicraft, beginning with the Soldier's sword and the Dame's distaff, was an almost universal practice? And bat and balls were KEETON'S tools as a professional Cricketer.

Then, if we turn from the practice in the matter to the principle at the bottom of it, where can be the objection to what is a mere record of the sleeper's craft—true labour wherein was one of his life's best prayers,—*qui laborat, orat,*—but a record addressed to the eye, at once picturesque, and encouraging local art; instructive, as showing what trade implements have been; directly intelligible, and more vivid in its appeal to the memory than any description in words would be, while infinitely closer to the fact than most monumental enumerations of the virtues of the departed—your grave-stone mason being the one recorder who observes the law, more charitable than honest, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

The more *Punch* considers the matter, the more he feels inclined, instead of objecting to the practise of such symbolic stone-cutting, to wish it were everywhere restored in English Churchyards, till the proverb should run "True as a tombstone," instead of "False as an epitaph."

We are glad to find that Wadsley Bridge Vicar and Churchwardens having thought of it, have naturally thought better of it, and have determined to leave BENJAMIN KEETON'S bat, balls, and stumps where his widow has placed them.

January Summer.

AN advertisement announces that:—

"*Cherry Ripe!* is commenced in the January Number of the *Temple Bar Magazine.*"

Here is indeed a proof of the extraordinary mildness of the season!

OFFICIAL OMISSION.

WE see advertised extensively "Inexhaustible Salts, as supplied to the QUEEN." What a pity that they were not supplied to the Admiralty in time for issue to the last Arctic Expedition!

POKER—red-hot—banished from Pantomime, has been received with open arms at some fashionable London Clubs.

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MANAGER BEACONSFIELD'S TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

Theatre Royal, Delhi.



PRECISELY within a week of Christmas Day there has been exhibited in the Capital of India a spectacle curiously similar to those magnificent displays with which the sentiments inspired by that solemn season are wont to be demonstrated in the Metropolis of the British Empire. The proclamation of Her Majesty's Imperial title at Delhi on New Year's Day was attended with ceremony and pageant just as much calculated to astonish and gratify the natives privileged to witness it as analogous pomps and splendour here to amaze and delight the youthful mind. The scene on the plain three miles north of the Vice-regal camp at Delhi; the amphitheatre and daïs—the circular platform of light blue framework, relieved by illuminated panels alternately displaying the Royal Arms and the Imperial Crown intermingled with the Imperial Initials, with its umbrella-shaped canopy of red, white, and gold supported on gilt posts overhead; the gorgeously-coloured semicircle of seats reserved for the native grandees and high officials under the white awning fringed with blue, and resting on white and gilt figures decorated with flags and festoons; the attendant troops and guards of honour; the picturesque costumes and uniforms of the guests and visitors; the VICEROY and LADY LYTTON riding in a gilt howdah on a huge elephant, followed by their children on another, and attended by a gigantic sham-herald, MAJOR BARNES, in a tabard surreptitiously copied from the real thing, its wearer innocent of all connection with the College in Doctors' Commons, and grievous to the soul of Garter, Clarenceux, and Dragon Rouge, but attired in two hundred pounds' worth of heraldic habiliments; the sixty-three ruling Chiefs in attendance with their military retainers; the salute of a hundred guns; the *feu-de-joie* fired by the soldiers; the glare, glitter, and parade of the whole show must have resembled nothing so exactly as the Transformation Scene of a Christmas Pantomime. This resemblance was rendered all the closer by the piece of dumb show, performed by LORD LYTTON, of hanging commemorative medals about the necks of the native Chiefs, and by the delivery of the Proclamation, spoken by MAJOR BARNES after an appropriate flourish of trumpets; only the Proclamation was not, as it might have been, cast in heroic verse. And there was one particular in which the comparison between the Durbar at Delhi and the Pantomimes at Drury Lane and Covent Garden certainly cannot be sustained. There was no beneficent fairy present to turn any of the characters in the scene into Harlequin and Columbine, not to mention Clown and Pantaloon. However, the whole display served admirably to typify the supremacy over barbaric magnificence assumed and asserted by Civilisation.

Flames Male and Female.

AT the Royal Institution, the other evening, in the third lecture of the "juvenile course," DR. GLADSTONE described "the various kinds of flames." Among these, however, from a report of his lecture, he appears to have made no mention of the "old flame" remembered by most men as once so extremely bright and beautiful, but as liable to grow in the hard hands of Time quite the reverse of either beautiful or bright.

THE ENDOWMENT OF RESEARCH.

"GOVERNMENT FUND OF £4000 FOR THE PROMOTION OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.—The President and Council of the Royal Society have resolved to advise the Committee of Council on Education to expend the above-named Fund in aiding Scientific Research:—1. By conferring grants on Competent Persons, or by offering Prizes of considerable value for the solution of Problems. 2. By meeting applications from Persons desirous of undertaking Investigations. 3. By applying Funds for Computation, the Formation of Tables of Constants, and other laborious and unremunerative Scientific work. —Applications are to be addressed to the Secretaries of the Royal Society, Burlington House, London, W., marked [Government Fund]."

THIS announcement has naturally produced great excitement in the Scientific World. The letter-box of the Royal Society is daily choked with applications. We append a few of the more remarkable of these appeals.

GENTLEMEN,

FOR years past I have consecrated all my leisure to perfecting a discovery which will produce results beyond the power of the most Oriental imagination to realise. I am as certain as I am of the rise of to-morrow's sun, or the visit of the tax-collector, that a grant of £50—or, to prevent the possibility of failure, say £100—would enable me to bring my experiments to a successful issue, and confer on the Royal Society the enviable distinction of having been the medium of revealing to the world a long latent secret.—I mean that of Perpetual Motion.

88, *Chimera Crescent, N.W.* P. GREEN MOONING.

Jan. 6, 1877.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE not slept a moment, for pardonable excitement since I read of the intentions of our glorious, great-hearted, chivalrous Government, to grant £4000 for Scientific Research. A cheque for £150 (*not crossed*) will put me in possession of the means of procuring apparatus and chemicals, the only things wanting to enable me to complete the last link in a chain of experiments which *will*, which *shall*, which *must* culminate in the transmutation of all the baser metals into genuine, solid, virgin GOLD.

Yours in haste (for the Laboratory waits),

EUPHORBIUS WHISTLETON.

2A, *Little Stickleback Street, E.*

276, *Dock Avenue, Liverpool,* 5/1/77.

GENTLEMEN,

PRAY use your influence with the Government to get me awarded a grant of £500 to £1000, to aid me in showing that the whole system of Modern Astronomy is radically wrong. The prevailing notions of the configuration of the earth (ridiculously called one of the heavenly bodies), the composition of the sun and its distance from our globe, and the absence of life in the moon, I have over and over again proved to the satisfaction of myself and my friends, to be as gross delusions as the belief in the philosopher's stone and the divining rod of former ages. I only require the trifle I have mentioned to put my convictions on such a base of absolute certainty, that the world shall hail me as the greatest Scientific Reformer since the days of COPERNICUS, GALILEO, and TYCHO BRAHÉ.

Yours,

THALES ALEXANDER WILDERSPIN.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM ready to sell to the Government my infallible specifics for sea-sickness and hydrophobia, *which have never been known to fail* since my great-grandfather first brought the prescriptions with him from the Vale of Cashmere. My terms are £4000 cash.

Your obedient Servant,

Isle of Dogs, E., Jan. 1, 1877. ANDREW MAC CANNIE.

The Crib, James Wattville, Manchester.

MY DEAR SIRS,

A NEW motive power is within my grasp, which will render steam as obsolete as the pack-horse and the stage-waggon. I am impeded in my experiments by the want of means to procure material, machinery, skilled labour, and workshops. I want but only £2000 for all this. Plead for me for a grant to that amount, and you will place me (and yourselves) on the same pedestal of fame as ARCHIMEDES, WATT, and the STEPHENSONS.

ARCHIMEDES J. STROWGRASS.

6/1/77.

MISS KATHLEEN O'CORKEY is anxious to engage in the following computations:—

1. The number of penny postage-stamps it would take to go round the world.
2. The number and cost of the umbrellas now in use in Great Britain and Ireland.
3. The value of the waste paper annually burnt or thrown away in Great Britain, Scotland, and Wales.

She trusts the Government will allow her an annuity of £250 until her calculations are completed.

Thomas Moore Street, Dublin. Friday Evening.

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FIELD PERSPECTIVE (FOR SOFT WEATHER).

"WOMEN'S WORK IN THE CHURCH."

THE legend of POPE JOAN may or may not be authentic; but the possibility, at least, of a female Pope is manifest from the positive fact that there are female Parsons. For this is a fact beyond all doubt. A great many, if not the greater part, of the Ritualist Clergy are evidently Ladies who, having contrived to conceal their sex, have gone to Theological Training Colleges, got themselves ordained, and crept into the Church in disguise. Now, when they have obtained curacies and livings, their irrepressible passion for finery crops up. They bedizen themselves in all manner of gowns and petticoats under the name of "vestments," and they decorate the Churches in which they officiate, or have them decorated, in a style of ornamentation befitting only boudoirs or dressing-rooms. A Lincolnshire paper, itself apparently edited by a girl, reports under the head of Claxby, in a sympathetic spirit, particulars of some recent ecclesiastical adornments, of which the conception is evidently feminine, or at any rate the product of a man-milliner's brain. MR. WORTH, perhaps, suggested some of the fal-lals undermentioned:—

"SAINT MARY'S CHURCH.—We are pleased to hear that several handsome offerings were made to this church, on Christmas Day, by parishioners, more than a hundred of whom had shown their appreciation of the many privileges they enjoy in this sacred edifice, devoting some portion of their substance to provide the necessary adjuncts for the worship of the altar. The gifts, previously set apart to the use of the Church, consisted of a complete set of nicely embroidered altar linen (the veils surrounded with lace), a white silk veil and burse, richly embroidered in gold; a book-stand for the altar, a pair of vases, a pair of vesper lights to hold six candles, these all being of polished brass."

All this reads exactly like the description of a lady's *boudoir*. The altar with appurtenances such as "nicely embroidered linen," "veils surrounded with lace," a "white silk veil and burse richly embroidered with gold," a "pair of vases," and "a pair of vesper lights to hold six candles," must as nearly as possible resemble a toilet-table. The vases may be taken to be meant to hold perfumes, the six candles held in the pair of vesper lights to stand beside a looking-glass, and the book-stand to support a fashion-book. Such an altar can be imagined only as an altar of Venus, or but an altar figuratively so called, an altar of Beauty, at which she sits and worships herself. No male Cleric could possibly permit the altar at which he serves to be tricked out in the fantastic manner above specified. Altars so tricked out, however, are now numerous; and the Clergy who direct or permit their decoration may style themselves Priests, but are unquestionably Priestesses, every Reverend Man Jack of them.

The "altar" at St. Mary's Church, Claxby, seems to have been arrayed besides with trappings of which some may be pictured by imagination as setting off a sort of doll or dummy. In continuation of the foregoing account of the habiliments and trimmings it is garnished withal, we are told that—

"A member of the guild presented a handsome white silk frontal for the altar richly embroidered in gold and blue with stoles of the same. A glass water cruet, having upon it the sacred monogram, and a prettily worked mat for the fold-stool, were the offerings of another. . . . We need scarcely add that the church, as usual at festivals, had been beautifully decorated. The altar and reredos were clothed with the light of countless candles."

An altar described as clothed not only with "the light of countless candles," but also with a "frontal" and "stoles" embroidered in pretty colours, presents the confused idea of something not so much like an altar as an image or effigy. Perhaps the altar that has been clad in stoles will next be attired in skirts and a long train, and the frontal it has now on will be supplemented with a chignon. Anyhow we may be assured that all the clerical Persons, with whose sanction or by whose arrangement altars have been put into that attire, are qualified by gender to wear the like themselves. Many people expect such ecclesiastics to show the cloven hoof. They will never do that exactly, but it is more than probable that before long one of them will put out from under fringes and flounces something like it—a foot embellished with a fashionable high-heeled fancy shoe. And perhaps the Court of Arches will soon be further set at defiance by Clergywomen playing Priestesses, and, notwithstanding inhibition and force of law, continuing to masquerade not only in the Millinery they now wear themselves, but insisting on dressing up their Churches as gaily and gaudily as their persons.

SEASONABLE ADVICE TO FARMERS.

MAKE Hay in *wet* weather. Take opportunity to store water. In the midst of rain remember drought.

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A COMEDY ON BOTH SIDES.



THE Doctors gathered in the Sick Man's room,
To hold high Conference on the patient's crisis,
As he lay *in extremis*—under doom
From long decay, blood-poisoning, and phthisis.
Some hot Sangrados were for prompt blood-letting;
Some milder spirits were for euthanasia;
While others held the only hope was getting
The patient to a health-resort in Asia.
The Sick Man, a sly Reynard, though his mien
Was mild as—say the breast of a young Turkey—
Saw that his doctors' hands were aught but clean,
Their diagnosis dark, their motives murky;
So, springing up with unexpected powers,
And scattering pills and potions far and wide,
"Throw physic to the dogs, ye dogs of Giaours!
I'll none of it!" the impatient patient cried.
"A fig for your strait-waistcoats! Better spare
Drastics and tonics, or I'll let you see
That I've played '*Le Malade Imaginaire*,'
As some of you '*Le Médecin Malgré Lui*.'"

Lying Like Truth.

IN the first number of a new journal called *Truth*, was a paragraph charging the house of LEWIS AND ALLENBY with "sounding the war-pipe, and sending the fiery cross to their clansmen, whenever MISS ELLEN or MISS MARION TERRY appears in a new part," in other words, with organising a *claque* to applaud these ladies. MR. A. J. LEWIS writes, requesting *Punch*, as he has requested the *Times*, *Telegraph*, *Daily News*, and *Standard*, to say there is not a word of truth in the paragraph. He has called upon *Truth* to make public his denial. In doing so, *Truth*, in effect, reiterates the false statement, though, in terms, withdrawing the charge against MR. LEWIS in person. If this be a sample of the utterances we are to expect from the new journal, we shall have to change the old proverb from "Truth lies in a Well." to "Truth lies in a Column."

HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

MRS. MALAPROP declares that the courage of MR. TOOTH reminds her of CÆSAR'S when he stepped over the Rubricon.

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TOO CANDID BY HALF.

Visitor (*to newly-married Friend*). "I WAS ADMIRING YOUR LITTLE CARRIAGE, MRS. MCLUCKIE, SO——"

Mrs. McLuckie. "OH, THE BROUGHAM! YES; YOU'VE NO IDEA WHAT A COMFORT I FIND IT——"

Mr. McLuckie. "OO AYE! IT'S GEY HANDY! WE'VE JIST JOBBIT THE CAB FOR THE COORSE WEATHER!!"

SELFISH *v.* SHELLFISH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, *Jan.* 9, 1877.

AMONG our many wrongs there is one in particular—a bitter grievance—which hitherto we have borne with tolerable patience, in the hope that either from repletion, or shame, the opposite Sex would desist from their monopoly of that costly luxury the *Oyster*. They may be seen daily ranged in rows along the counters where these expensive bivalves are dispensed, like beetles round a dish of treacle, gluttonously devouring (regardless of cost), and depriving us of our home share in the seductive shell-fish.

Now, do be kind enough, *Mr. Punch*, to persuade those dear Oysters to give us an "At Home," and invite us to the feast, when, I am persuaded, their tender feelings would readily induce them to make a voluntary sacrifice for the Ladies, and to come down at least from three-and-sixpence to half-a-crown the dozen.

With perfect confidence that you will take up our cause, I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*,

Your Constant Reader, JUSTITIA.

WHAT THE FLOODS MIGHT HAVE WASHED AWAY.

FIVE-SIXTHS of the Statues within the Two-Mile Radius, with George the Fourth and the Duke of York's Column at their head.

Most of the Music Halls.

The publishing offices of the Penny Dreadfuls, and shops for the sale of robber and ruffian romances.

Two-thirds of the Gin Palaces.

The advertisement hoardings at every street corner.

A large per-centage of the Skating Rinks.

The shops of adulterating Tradesmen.

MR. GLADSTONE'S pens and inkstand, and all the records of LORD BEACONSFIELD'S recent speeches.

Exeter Hall, and all theatres without sufficient exits.

The more rotten part of the Stock Exchange.

Tattersall's, and the card and billiard-rooms of certain West End Clubs.

And last, but not least, Temple Bar, and three-fourths of the Municipal monuments in London and the Provinces.

THE UNEQUAL MATCH.

EVEN a weekly edition of the *Times* is stronger than most Dailies.

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

Or, Reckoning Without the Builders.

SCENE—*The Dining-Room in a house constructed upon Dr. Richardson's principles. Overhead* (L) *the Kitchen with Inft-communication to the lower floors. Overhead* (R *and* C) *the Roof Garden.* MR. *and* MRS. BROWN *discovered patiently awaiting breakfast.*

Mr. Brown. At last we reap the benefit of our outlay. At a very moderate cost we are living in a flat.

Mrs. Brown. MR. FUNNIMAN said the builder was living on a flat, and he smiled when he said it. What did he mean, ALGERNON?

Mr. Brown. Some sorry jest, unworthy of a moment's thought. Nay, LAURA, believe me, a joke is no argument, and facts cannot be blown away by epigrams. At a very moderate cost the worthy STUCCO has run us up a house.

Mrs. Brown. And a bill. I saw the total, ALGERNON, and it was enormous.

Mr. Brown. Health, my dear, is priceless, and with this bill we have purchased health. Our staircase is outside our dwelling rooms.

Mrs. Brown. But our staircase leaks.

Mr. Brown. I beg, love, you will not interrupt me. Our lift——

[*Great noise without. Enter* MARY *with tray of broken crockery.*

Mary. I can't stand it any longer, Sir; it's shameful, Mum! This is the second time the lift has stopped suddenly, after coming down with a run, and knocked me over. It's always out of order.

Mr. Brown. Never mind, MARY. STUCCO shall be sent for to set the lift to-rights. And now to breakfast. For the last three hours the odours wafted down the left shaft from the kitchen have warned me to expect something savoury.

Mary. But, please, all the things is spiled, Sir.

Mr. Brown. Then get some more.

Mary. Then, please, if you'd ask Cook yourself, Sir. She's in an awful temper, and won't do a mortal thing for me. She says she can't abear the kitchen; that the wall leaks all round, and the sun makes the place too hot to hold her. She says she never worked in a cook-loft before.

Mr. Brown. You must combat these idle prejudices, MARY. (*An awful noise without.*) Good Heavens! what's that? I wonder! Go, MARY, and see what's gone amiss. [*Exit* MARY.

Mrs. Brown. I am sure the children must have tumbled into the street, from the conservatory on the roof.

Mr. Brown. I trust not. What a comfort it is that in this "flat" system we can hear and smell everything. By the way, my darling, do not order onions again, for the perfume hangs about the place for hours, and even days. (*Enter* ERNEST.) Now, my eldest son, how does the world treat you?

Ernest. Excellently well, for it has permitted me to commit a series of crimes meriting the longest punishments. Father, I have forged your name, robbed the bank in which I occupied a clerk's desk, and committed bigamy.

Mrs. Brown (*aghast*). ERNEST! My son! Are you mad?

Ernest. I never was more sane. Father, Mother, I am two-and-twenty, and can judge for myself. I have deliberately chosen the path of crime.

Mr. Brown. Unhappy boy, who can save you?

Ernest (*pointing to police-officer, who enters, and arrests him*). This worthy representative of the law. Tell me, good constable, how long shall I be imprisoned?

Police-Officer. Well, Sir, it *should* be a lifer.

Ernest. Do not weep, Father. Nay, Mother, dry your eyes. Imprisonment in England means life. I should have died in these imperfectly ventilated rooms. In a prison I shall live and thrive. According to DR. RICHARDSON, our gaol is the most perfect of dwelling-houses. Our model prisons contain the purest air, the most equable temperature, the dryest and cleanest walls, the

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cleanest floors and kitchens. Epidemic disease is under instant control. Disease from exposure to extremes of atmospheric variation, from impure air (except by the grossest neglect), excess, or want, from uncleanliness, personal or general, are out of the question. In a word, the occupant of the modern prison-house is subjected, practically, to none other than his acquired or inherited diseases. On the whole, the prison population (in spite of mental suffering) is healthy above all classes. In winter the gaol population decreases in weight, in summer it increases, with a physiological precision like the procession of the seasons. But it retains its health so strikingly that, in some cases, as MR. EDWIN CHADWICK has shown, its death-rate is actually reduced to 3 in 1000. Do you not like the picture?

Mr. Brown. Logical, but unhappy boy——

(*Terrific crash. Enter* MARY, *hurriedly.*)

Mary. Please, Sir, the walls of the top flat have guv' way, and the garden is a-coming into the kitchen, and Cook's unsensible under a heap o' flower-pots!

(*Scene closes in—in more senses than one.*)

MR. PUNCH'S CÉLÉBRITÉS CHEZ EUX

No. II.—REYNOLDS DAUBSON, R.A., AT BAYSWATER.



A CROWD of carriages drawn up before a quaint cottage, taking one back, somehow, to Florence, Lucerne, and Boulogne. The first, a magnificent family chariot, with an embroidered hammer-cloth, gorgeous with armorial bearings in the first gloss of newness. A carriage with a splendid pair of 400-guinea steppers, flecked with foam on neck and poitrail, under the chafe of the bearing-rein; the coachman with a wig and bouquet, the three footmen powdered. Then a tiny brougham—quiet as a summer's eve—without crest or motto. A little brougham to jump into without an effort, when its owner wishes to preserve his *incognito*. And yet this small vehicle, with its humble black body and blue-green wheels, is as well known to the West-End and the Lady's Mile as the Lord Mayor's coach itself. In rear of the brougham a stanhope, aglow with ormolu mouldings and bright green panels picked out with mauve. These three carriages, that have been waiting patiently for hours, have only recently become the property of REYNOLDS DAUBSON. At one time the great and fashionable artist was satisfied with a twopenny omnibus. But that was many years ago, before REYNOLDS DAUBSON wrote "R.A." after his name, and snubbed Countesses.

The story of the successful painter's rise is known to everybody who knows anything. How he painted noble historical pictures of the "*Finding of the Body of Harold*" for twenty years, without attracting the least attention. How, weary year after year, those magnificent compositions used to go into the Royal Academy in a furniture van, and return to their native studio on the top of a "growler." How REYNOLDS lost his Aunt, and came in for a legacy of a few thousands. How he hit upon the notion of asking the Royal Academicians *en masse* to a banquet. How three of them came. How he feasted those three. How he laughed at their jokes. How he praised their works. Then came the second banquet, at which all the Forty (urged by the Three) were present. And when the President asked for another helping of the cheese *soufflé*, everybody knew that REYNOLDS'S fortune was made. Next year he was an Associate; a few months later an R.A. Now he is a recognised power in society as in Art. Was not his "*Duchess of Rosemary Lane*" the talk of the past season? And yet there are some who say that his enthusiastically belauded "*Duchess*" cannot be compared for a moment with the once despised "*Harolds*." They say, these critics, that the blossoms of his neglected spring-tide were grander in conception and nobler in treatment than the fruits of his ripe and ready autumn. But nobody agrees with them, except the Manchester *millionnaire* who bought all those "*Harolds*," and has them hanging up in a row in his palatial drawing-room. DAUBSON has lived down opposition, and is resting, calmly and conscientiously, amid the topmost boughs of the tree Yggdrasil, the world-tree of Art, whose roots are in the nether slime, but whose summit strikes the skies; while, between, nestle all manner of uncleanly creatures—picture-dealers and Art-critics the most hideous—whose mission it is to gnaw master-pieces out of the vitals of needy genius, and to vex and harass the soul of the aspiring idealist.

Before entering the cottage, look at the two policemen on the opposite side of the road. It is their function, no sinecure either, to keep order among the string of coronetted carriages in waiting, in rear of the three *voitures de maître*. Strangers might imagine that the great painter was giving a *matinée musicale*, but the initiated know that the carriages belong to DAUBSON'S aristocratic sitters. A third policeman stands on the door-step. It is his duty to keep order among the titled crowds who struggle for entrance. Half an hour ago his services were called in to quell a riot. To rescue a leader of *ton* from being torn in pieces, was nothing for the sub-inspector—a civil officer, who thoroughly knows his duties—but to take two Duchesses into custody! Their Graces—why were they not three?—are at this moment enjoying the new sensation of five-o'clock tea in the station-house.

Let us enter the cottage. The hall is rather low and small and darkling—the subtly-calculated preface of an exciting book—but cosy. Round the walls hang plateaux of blue and white china of the Wang dynasty—DAUBSON values no other—and old English cups and saucers of grotesque shape, flaring colour, and priceless value. The hat-stand is of ormolu. On its pegs hang two hats—one very old, one very new. If you glance into them, you will see the name of DAUBSON, R.A., on the lining. He keeps the old one in memory of his days of unaided struggle and blithe Bohemianism; the new one he wears on the rare occasions when he finds time for a drive in the Park. From how many a lordly carriage coquettish Brougham and aristocratic Alexandra his abstracted smile is courted all the length of these drives so few and far between! Look from the lining of those hats to the crown, and you will see the name of SMITH of Regent Street. He trusted the young painter for his first hat, and now participates, as of right, in the golden showers, whose spangled spray, to DAUBSON'S honour, reaches every tradesman that showed him kindness in the days of his dwelling in Bohemia.

From every hole and corner look out upon you, with sightless orbits, busts in marble and terra-cotta of the owner of this artistic *pied-à-terre*.

Out of the hall open three passages. One leads to the dining-room, dimly lighted through windows of bottle-bottoms below, of small yellow-stained and flower-ornamented *quarrelles* (from the Art-glass-works of BLUR AND BLACKLEDDERS) above. Round the walls runs a high dado of ebony, crowned with a grey-green paper sparingly sprinkled with withered chrysanthemums (from the Art-Furniture works of MOROSE AND MAKEBELIEVE). At one end a towering buffet of black oak lined with green velvet, and laden with massive antique gold and silver plate, now glittering, now glooming, in a Rembrandtesque play of light and shadow. Above the dado, in every coign of vantage, are disposed Delft and Dresden, Faïence of Rouen and Nevers, Rhodian plates and Etruscan vases. The history of the Keramic art is before you, teaching—if somewhat disjointedly—by examples.

The second passage conducts to the basement story, with the offices and apartments of the *valetaille*. The butler's pantry is roomy and comfortable, with very cosy easy chairs; the kitchen small, but with an admirably devised *batterie de cuisine* (from the *atelier* of SMUDGE AND GRIMSBY), embracing all the latest improvements.

The third passage communicates with a gallery, carpeted with lion-skins, giving direct access to the studio. A heavy *portière* of Venetian cut velvet masks the entrance. Lift it with a reverent hand, and pause on the threshold of the sanctuary!

A room of vast height and stately proportions. The walls and roof studded with quaintly-shaped windows and skylights, adjusted to suit the various exigences of illumination according to the hour and the season. Men in armour in all directions. The great painter is popular in the City; and these splendid suits of plate and mail are the gifts of successive Lord Mayors, who know and humour his tastes. Gobelins and old Flemish tapestry wherever it will hang; lay figures, strangely draped and costumed, imperfectly hidden behind gigantic Japanese screens. Here and there a horse patiently waiting to be painted. In an outer gallery, entered from the studio by an arcade, some score of girl-models—slight, pale, golden-haired, all with the Camelot chin—reading novels. These pale, sweet women, in their clinging draperies, form a strange yet *séduisant* background to the *pêle-mêle* of statues, tropical plants, musical instruments, Florentine terra-cottas, classical marbles, old arms, blue china, and Japanese *curios* which fill the studio. Radiating from the centre of the room, round a pile of gigantic and full-flushed azaleas and gardenias, whose tropic perfume lies faint upon

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the air, diffusing a voluptuous languor, are some dozen richly-carpeted platforms, each with its gilt chair. On these chairs, in patient expectation, wait the sitters of the day: here, a peer in his coronet and robes; there, an M.F.H. in his tops and pink; yonder, a Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Guards in *levée*-uniform. The fair sex, too, is well represented by the leading belles of the *beau-monde*, their natural loveliness enhanced by the charm of WORTH'S most tasteful costumes for the morning boudoir, the Park promenade, or the evening *belle assemblée*. All are posed for the painter. Before each stand is an easel with its canvas, and, beside it, the palette ready set upon the carved *bahut*. The sitters sit motionless as figures at MADAME TUSSAUD'S, but each face is flushed with strained yet severely repressed expectation. They await their Master!

Suddenly the tapestry shakes—is drawn. The sitters put on their most amiable and affable expressions, as through a secret door appears a burly yet refined-looking man of some six and thirty—or, by'r Lady, forty—with immense red whiskers and a shock head of whitey-brown hair. He has fierce, leonine blue eyes, deep set under a gnarled brow, and a red scar runs from the right corner of his left eye obliquely to the root of his nose. Ask him of that scar, some day, and perhaps, if the Clicquot has done its work, he will tell you a tale that has blanched many a fair cheek, and added all the more charm to that fascinating if rough and reckless face. He wears a doublet and knickerbockers of yellow velvet, with pink silk stockings. On his massive yet delicate fingers are diamond rings, whose brilliance defies the curiosity that would count them. Such is the simple though costly suit in which REYNOLDS DAUBSON, R.A., always appears before his distinguished and dainty *clientèle*.

"My Lords, Ladies, Honourables, and Right Honourables," he exclaims, in a voice short, sharp, and *saccadé*, "I cannot give you a sitting to-day—I have other fish to fry!"

There is a loud murmur of consternation. The Great Artist turns fiercely and points to the door. It will not do. The sitters have fought hard for their places; they have been waiting for hours; they are naturally dissatisfied. Not one stirs. With a scornful smile the Great Artist points his hand towards the vestibule, and in a twinkling the bevy of fair women with the Camelot chins, flinging down their novels, are ousting from their chairs Dukes and Duchesses, Peers and Peeresses, Statesmen and Soldiers, and posing in their places.

During this brief but stirring scene DAUBSON has been wheeling out a small deal table, with a range of compartments divided by wooden partitions, a lump of distemper colour in each, and in the centre a pot of smoking size. How is this? This is a scene-painter's palette? Even so. Dashing aside the tapestry, DAUBSON reveals to us a huge canvas on a frame stretching from roof to floor, and worked up and down by a powerful winch. These pale, passion-fraught models are not to figure in a composition for the Royal Academy Exhibition. In one of those freaks so characteristic of his daring but erratic genius, DAUBSON is working to-day at the Transformation Scene for a provincial Pantomime!

Such is his good pleasure. *Le Roi de l'Art le veut—ainsi soit-il.* In this way DAUBSON'S genius gradually infiltrates the provinces. He is a true populariser of the beautiful. These nymphs and *houris*, these *Elaines* and *Enids*, who are now being transferred from pale and passionate flesh and blood to distemper and canvas, will live again in glowing reality, suspended against blue depths of air from the flies, or grouped voluptuously amid the corals and zoophytes of a fantastic ocean-world. DAUBSON only designs the scene. It will be for more common-place creatures to realise it.

Now let us withdraw on tiptoe, and leave the Great Creature in Fairyland. To-day for Dreams. To-morrow for Duchesses!

The Phœnissa Venatica.

(Definition of a rare Species.)

ONE who brooks no refusal, and refuses no brook; who can draw a cover, or sketch a run; is never to be seen in bad form, but always in the nicest habit; is usually found in the first flight, and never cranes at the last drop; steady in the field, as she is yielding in the drawing-room.

[Yoicks! tally-ho! Could *M.F.H. Punch* but find the little vixen, and get her out of cover! Wouldn't he be first in the field after her, and never draw rein till he had secured her pretty pads for his own, and had her soft muzzle at his mercy!]

Dens—A Tooth.

(A Theological Authority in the Church of Rome—not of England.)

IF your Ritual eggs at home
Get addled, from that risk snatch 'em,—
As you cannot bring Hatcham to Rome,—
By going to Rome to hatch 'em.

HEAVY WET.



OUR DECEMBER RAINFALL.—MR. GLAISHER states in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* that the total fall of rain during the month of December was 5·92 inches, and that there is no instance since 1815, when the fall in that month was so large."

5·92!!!
And still the wet is going it like winking!
Turn off the tap, good Jupiter Pluvius, *do!*
As water rises, spirits (thanks to you)
Are sinking.
By Jove,—no, bother Jove!
By old Deucalion,
Would I were fish, a water-proof and scaly 'un.
If no stop 's put to this perpetual flood,
Man must lapse back again to primal mud,
And earth, as climax of vagaries various,
Be turned to an aquarium by Aquarius.
I 'd fain ask DARWIN how much more of this—
Which to the fishes only could be bliss—
I must endure, before I shall begin
To sprout a fin.
That Weather Clerk's accounts are in a muddle,—
Eugh! Gr-r-r! Another puddle!
That makes the tenth I 've plumbed with sudden splash.
Whoof! What a blast! Another rib gone smash!
SANGSTER aroint thee! I 'll put no more trust
In Paragon frames that will not stand a gust.
Hi! Hansom! No! the shining Jehu deigns
No answer save a sulky shake of reins;
Cabdom is an Autocracy tempered not
Even by tips. I 've got
Before me a tempestuous two-mile tramp,
And then must greet AMANDA, dank and damp,
And with a shattered Gamp,
Like Hylas, or Leander from the flood;
But then *they* were not splashed with London mud.
Had they worn Ulsters, or required a gingham,
I 'm sure nor bard would sing 'em,
Nor Beauty beam upon them. Why can't Science
Hit upon some expedient or appliance
To fit Man to this præter-pluvial period?
That sounds a query odd,
But my inquiry 's earnest, not ironic;
Since Heaven's hydropsy seems becoming chronic,
I am persuaded it will soon be found
Man must be made amphibious, or be drowned.
The Hyades have it all their own wet way,
Tristes, indeed, to-day!
And—hah! by Jove! An empty "Growler"! Hi!
'Tis *infra dig.*—but *dry!*

Strange as True.

A LADY Member of the School-Board—MRS. SURR—has lately administered a not undeserved rebuke to her Brother-Members for "fluent verbosity." This is a sur-charge which the male Members of the Board can't resist, and should at once get rid of. But that it should have been left to a Lady to make it, and that not a man could rise either to retort the charge or to deny it! One indignant male Member of the Board writes to point out that as the Lady answers to "SURR," not Madam, she must be a Man in disguise!

ANAGRAM FOR THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THE REVEREND ARTHUR TOOTH—
Not the road to *her* Truth.

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'COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS."

The Major (*rocking Nelly on his knee, for Aunt Mary's sake*). "I SUPPOSE THIS IS WHAT YOU LIKE, NELLY?"
Nelly. "YES, IT'S VERY NICE. BUT I RODE ON A REAL DONKEY YESTERDAY—I MEAN ONE WITH FOUR LEGS, YOU KNOW."

A STRIKE IN THE BRIEF BUSINESS.

ACCORDING to the *Carlisle Patriot*, Ministers have been, temporarily at least, defeated in an attempt to effect what Conservatives will applaud as a large economy in contrast with the small cheeseparings practised by the late Government. In consideration of the rising prices of provisions, and most other things, the Treasury announced, at the Carlisle Quarter Sessions, through MR. NANSON, Clerk of the Peace, that they would in future allow Counsel only one guinea a brief, instead of two guineas as theretofore. The consequence was—

"The Barristers declined to take the reduced fee, and there was nothing left to be done save for the attorneys to place the briefs in the hands of the Court, and let it deal with the matter as it thought best. Accordingly, when the Deputy-Recorder (MR. LEOFRIC TEMPLE, Q.C.) had concluded his charge to the grand jury, MR. WANNOP handed in a brief marked 'one guinea,' at the same time saying that there was a strike among the Barristers, who would not accept the briefs at the fee allowed. MR. NANSON said the matter had been brought before the Deputy-Recorder, who had arranged to pay the two guineas on this occasion. MR. WANNOP—'Then I may mark the briefs two guineas?'—'Yes.' Shortly after this announcement the Barristers came into Court, and the threatened block was averted"—

by MR. NANSON's generous act of self-sacrifice. No doubt that Gentleman undertook the responsibility of the additional guineas for which the Treasury may or may not reimburse him. But what will be the consequence of the adoption by the higher branch of the legal profession of Trades Unionism both in principle and practice? A system of picketing may shortly be established in connection with Sessions and Assize Courts for the purpose of intimidating and molesting Barristers who dare to accept a reduced scale of fees. Gentlemen of the Bar will ratten forensic knobsticks, by carrying off their briefs and books, or hiding their gowns and wigs. Barristers may even, by-and-by, blow Barristers up, after the manner of Sheffield sawgrinders—who knows? Such are the deplorable consequences which may be expected to follow from perseverance on the part of Her Majesty's Government in the attempt to cheapen the price of legal labour; the present remuneration of which is far too Liberal in the estimation of Conservative Statesmen.

"A PLAGUE O' BOTH YOUR HOUSES!"

SAYS Turcophobe to Turcophile,
"The Ottoman is full of guile."
Says Turcophile to Turcophobe,
"Muscovite treachery who can probe?"
Says Russophobe, "The Turk 's a Saint;
The Russ a devil, *minus* paint."
Says Russophile, "The Russ means right
The Turk is anti-human quite."
Says *Mr. Punch*, "Twin cackling geese,
'Tis time your rival row should cease.
Reason, not *rabies*, Sense, not spite,
'Midst clashing wrongs must 'stablish right.
Shut up, and leave the two to work
In strong, skilled hands, 'twixt Russ and Turk."

The Classic God of Cookery.

THE Great Pan. His sacred rites were celebrated in the Isles of Greece. His English High-priest is now MR. BUCKMASTER. We are glad to hear that even the Parsons are becoming his ministers, and mean to have his rites instituted in the national school-rooms.

Two of a Trade.

TOOLE in his Gaiety, TOOTH in his Gravity,
The Town to amuse at this time of depression,
Though with different art, both play the same part,
In the Strand, and at Hatcham—*The Man in Possession*.

THE BEST VACCINE-HATERS.—The Keighley Guardians.

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THE "CONFIDENCE TRICK."

JONATHAN. "GUESS I 'VE COME INTO A DEAL O' MONEY LATELY UNDER AN AWARD, AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DU WITH IT ALL! SO, JEST TO SHOW MY CONFIDENCE IN *YEW*, I WAS CALKILATIN' TO TOTE YEW OVER A COUPLE O' MILLIONS!!!" [JOHN BULL *fancies he has read of this sort of thing in the Police Reports.*

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WHAT'S THE ODDS?

OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.

A GENUINE SPORTING NOVEL BY

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,

Author of "Squeezing Langford," "Two Kicks," &c., &c.

CHAPTER THE LAST.



CODICIL has been found to old SIR THOMAS'S will," said MR. GRAZIN LANE, "which alters the foregoing conditions. SIR THOMAS is to retain the estates for ever, on the understanding that he *loses Two Derbys together —his horse coming in last* —which has been done— and that he WINS THE THIRD, the others being nowhere—which also has been done."

LAWYER FERRET could not speak for several seconds.

"*Moka*," said STRINGHALT, "is not dead. BILLY!"

Thus summoned, WILLIAM BUTTON advanced to the middle of the course, and cried,

"Hi! here's a policeman coming!"

Whereupon, *Moka* rose quickly, kicked out at the prostrate form of the Honble PULLMAN, and galloped off.

Along the course, with deadly precision, advanced the whole *corps* of the Royal Welshers.

Then the two hundred Bookmakers, ruined utterly, rushed forward, with a terrific yell, to wreak their vengeance on LAWYER FERRET and the Honble PULLMAN.

LAWYER FERRET and the Honble PULLMAN "went for" over two million,—but neither of them got it, except from the two hundred infuriated Bookmakers, and then they got it hot.

These pitiless savages knew they had to do with men of straw.

* * * * * * *

It was a fearful scene.

* * * * * * *

The Honble PULLMAN CARR contrived to get by the Midland line to LIVERPOOL. Thence he went to America.

LAWYER FERRET escaped in the darkness of the black night, and, unable to procure a cab, managed, with a Solicitor's keen experience, to convey himself to London. Only his confidential clerk could have recognised the crafty Lawyer, as he arrived by appointment at the entrance to the Zoological Gardens (his shortest and most secluded route to the Metropolis), drawing up his own conveyance. Eluding the vigilance of the turnstile-man, and the watchfulness of the Keeper of the Seals, LAWYER FERRET crept up to the Tank House followed by his clerk.

The worst man in the world has some one to care for him. LAWYER FERRET wept. The Clerk having been a copying clerk in his youth, was, from the force of early training, compelled to imitate him. Then the Lawyer, placing his hand on the Seal, which had come out expecting something to eat, murmured in a low voice, "I deliver this as my act and deed."

But there was no time for further parley; the two hundred ruined Bookmakers were on the wretched man's track.

LAWYER FERRET pulled from his pocket a draught. It was one of his own drawing, and he knew beforehand its deadly effect. He bade the Clerk give it to him slowly. The Clerk obeyed, and gradually, slowly but surely, LAWYER FERRET went on until he had taken down the entire draught.

Then the Clerk left him; for he knew the end had come, at last.

* * * * *

LADY DI BRITELEIGH and MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE went abroad together. From Naples they ascended Vesuvius and arrived at the crater, where, unhappily, they fell in with two young men, whose names the newspapers, in recording the sad event, failed to make public.

* * * * *

The STRINGHALTS are comfortably settled at Jeddington, and MR. WILLIAM BUTTON has something good for the Three Thousand next year. We believe it is *Little Pitcher* out of *Moka* by *Neddy*.

"We call her *Little Pitcher*," said MR. BUTTON, "on account of her long ears."

"I had only been purtendin'," said CAVASSON, when asked to explain how it was that he had contrived to speak. It was by this artful plan he had managed to circumvent his master's enemies.

* * * * *

As for GUSSY GANDAR, of course within a few days she became the bride of SIR THOMAS DODD.

"As long as you 're happy," murmured LADY GUSSY—"*What's the Odds?*" said SIR THOMAS, completing the sentence, as they sat at the wedding-breakfast, on which occasion the great speech of the eventful day was made by CAVASSON, who having recovered his speech, now made it at great length, until he was interrupted by three hearty cheers for *the Dumb Jockey of Jeddington*.

END OF THE SPORTING NOVEL.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Explanatory Note, by the Editor

WE owe it to our readers. Unfortunately, the last Chapters of the Novel were in print before we were able to return to town and prevent their publication. We saw through it at the commencement, at least we mistrusted it as a Sporting Novel and had we been only a little less diffident, we should never have permitted the intelligence of our readers to be insulted by having *this* work foisted upon them as a genuine Sporting Novel by a true Sportsman.

We have been grossly deceived. We admit it. But never again. *There is no such person as* MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP! We never met him at a friend's house; no conversation ever took place between us; he is totally unknown to CAPTAIN HAWLEY SMART, whose Novel, *Bound to Win*, in *Bell's Life*, is, though in different vein, not a whit behind his other successes in *Courtship*, *Two Kisses*, &c., and in fact, the whole affair is a swindle from beginning to end. Unfortunately, we have only just discovered it; not, however, without considerable trouble, and at great personal inconvenience. The pretended Major had invited us down to "*Bogus Park*, near *Boshey*," the Station for which place he said was *Ware*. A friend of his—perhaps the Impostor himself in this character—called at our office, and, after telling us that we were expected the next day at Bogus Park, where our room was prepared, where there was a *quiet horse* at our disposal, and the best of everything awaiting our arrival, he received from us a handsome cheque (luckily, *on account*), for which he said he was authorised to give a receipt on behalf of his friend MAJOR J. S., who could not come up to town, it being a hunting day, and Bogus Park being full of visitors. He departed, and the next day we started for Ware, intending to arrive at Bogus in time for dinner. On descending at the Station, there was no carriage to meet us, but a boy stepped forward on hearing our question put to the Station-Master as to the whereabouts of Bogus Park and delivered a letter in the Major's handwriting. It apologised for not sending a carriage, but begged us to take a fly, *at his expense*, and tell the man to drive straight to the House, a distance of about six miles, when, to prevent any *contretemps*, he (MAJOR J. S.) would send to meet us at the Cross Roads "And," added a P.S., "don't forget our dinner-hour is 7·30 sharp." We gave the boy sixpence, who immediately disappeared, and a fly having been found, we stowed away our luggage (two portmanteaus, a carpet-bag, a hatbox, and rugs), and started

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KISSING GOES BY CLASSES.

Guard (to Old Lady taking leave of her Daughters). "NOW, THEN, M'UM, JUMP IN IF YOU'RE GOIN'. THIS AIN'T A KISSIN' TRAIN! 'F YOU WANT TO KISS, YOU MUST GO BY A PARLIAMENTARY!"

for Bogus Park, which the Flyman said *he thought he knew, but wasn't sure;* adding that, "Anyhow, if the Gentleman's agoing to meet us at the Cross Roads, about six miles from here, that 'll be all right, *as I think I know which cross roads he means.*" It was by this time six o'clock, but there was an hour and a half to dinner, and though it was a trifle colder than in town, and the rain was beginning to come down pretty heavily, yet, at all events, there was a cheerful room to look forward to in an old country mansion, a hearty welcome from a hospitable Squire, the best of everything, a brilliant party, and dinner at 7·30 sharp.

Thus meditating, we fell into a dreamy doze, then into a pleasant slumber. We were awoke by a sudden stoppage. It was dark. The wind was howling. The rain was beating against the windows and sides of the fly. The driver, shivering and drenched, opened the door, thereby admitting a hurricane and a shower, and said, "'Ere 's the Cross Roads, Sir, but I don't see nobody."

"We must wait," we said, cheerily. "No doubt we are a little before our time." Our watch marked 7·30 exactly. We had slumbered for an hour and a half. "You 've been a long time," we said, reproachfully, to the Flyman. "Very bad roads this time o' year," he replied.

We waited. Seven forty-five! The Major had told me, in his letter, that dinner was at "7·30 sharp." Evidently, he had got tired of waiting for us, and had gone home to dinner. Too bad of him, or too bad of the Flyman for being so long over the journey. There was nothing for it but to drive on. "As no one is coming," we said, still cheerily, so as to keep the Flyman in a good temper, "you had better drive on to Bogus Park." "Which direction 's that in, Sir?" asked the Flyman. "Why," we returned, "don't *you* know? It 's MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP'S house—MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP, the great Sporting Novelist, the Country Squire; he has a house full of company; he hunts regularly. Why, hang it!" we said, being a trifle exasperated by the blank, puzzled expression of his countenance, "you *must* know where MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP lives!" "No, blessed if I do," he replied, emphatically. "I've lived in these parts, man and boy, for a matter of thirty year or more, and never heard tell o' such a name, or o' such a place as Bogus Park."

There was a pause. We reflected on bucolic ignorance; we debated within ourselves by what means we could bring the Major and his mansion to this rustic's memory. The Flyman's eye winked. He leered at us! Aha! he knew: we felt he knew at last. The Flyman spoke. "I say," he observed, cunningly, "*You're a playing your tricks on me!* But it won't do. I knows one as good as two o' *that!*"

This was irritating. We put it to his common sense, "What on earth could be the fun to *us* of driving about Hertfordshire, hungry and tired, in the wind and rain, for the sake of playing a practical joke on an unknown flyman?" He listened to reason, and presently it occurred to him that he did know a place answering the description we gave *of what we supposed Bogus Park to be like*, about five miles off. To this place we drove. It was nine o'clock before we arrived. After some delay at the Lodge, we were informed that no one of the name of MAJOR SHARP lived there, or was known in those parts. The old gatekeeper thought she had heard the name, some years ago, when she lived with her Aunt on Goose Green, *the other side of the county*. Her little boy suddenly remembered that there was a Major Something who hunted, and lived in a Park, about seven miles off. This was a gleam of light. Having rewarded the boy with sixpence, we drove on. Twice we lost our way. It could be hardly called "*losing* our way," as we were in utter ignorance of the locality, and the Flyman knew very little about "*this part of the country.*" By dint of climbing up signposts, with a carriage-lamp in his hand (which, fortunately, he was able to light), and reading the directions, we managed to make some progress northwards. For miles and miles we drove, but no sign of any big house could we see. Parks there were, indeed, but no Lodges visible, and no gates. The roads were rough, sloshy, stodgy, and, in many parts, evidently only used by the heaviest carts. At last, the driver took a wrong turning, went bumping and stumbling down a narrow lane, and, finally, the weary horse stuck fast in the heaviest clay soil. On each side was a flooded ditch; in front was a gate leading into a field. The rain was pelting worse than ever. The Flyman hadn't the smallest notion of where he 'd got to. Then, for the first time, we began to lift up our voice, and bless MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP. And, all the while, we knew that the last chapters of his idiotic Sporting Novel were being set up in type, and we should be unable to get back in time to prevent its publication. Cold, hungry, wet, miserable—not so wet as the Flyman, though—we asked *what could* be done? The Flyman suggested that he should take the lamp, go through the gate, enter the plantation, and walk till he found some Keeper's lodge, where he could make inquiries. To this we assented. He disappeared, leaving us in the lane, in charge of the fly and horse, and one lamp. For an hour we awaited his return. He did *not* return. It was nearly twelve before we decided that the only course was to turn the fly round, and drive back into the road. We began trying this. The lamp went out. The horse *wouldn't* do what we wanted. We coaxed, pulled, struggled, and were in a perspiration of despair. The horse was dead beat, and stumbled. In another second the fly gave a lurch, and was over—luggage and all—into the ditch. While we were executing a sort of clog-dance in the stodgy slosh, wasting our strength in vain endeavours to find our hat and umbrella, the bell of (apparently) a distant cathedral boomed over the marshes. Midnight!

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AT THE COUNTY CATTLE AND DOG-SHOW.

"that repose
Which stamps the caste of VERE DE VERE."

"HAW—BY THE BYE—A—LADY MAWIAH, I DON'T SEE YOUR SISTAHS—LADY WACHEL AND LADY FWEDEWICA?"

"THEY 'RE GONE TO THE *Dogs*, SIR WOBERT."

"HAW! SO SAWWY!!"

SUNDAY RECREATION.

MISTER PUNCH,

ZUR,—I be a laborin man as lives far away from the great Zity, but I loikes to read a peaper now and then, and knaw what 's a goin on up theer. And I say, Zur, them there Rittallists have a done one good bit o' wark, whare they will ever do another, remains to be zeed.

To think that while the big wigs are a quarrelling among theirselves, and one zays, the Museums and sich places oughter be open of a Zunday for the laborin man to enjoy hisself rational—t'other one he zays, 'taint right to have them thar places open of a Zunday.

But the Rittallist, *he* goes and purvides a first rate open air entertainment for the workin man, free gratis for nothing as you med say—and a prime entertainment it air I fancy, from what I read in the peaper today—5000 folks, all a shoutin, and a singin God save the Queen, No Popery, an other free an easy songs—an then for a little light an wholesome exercise, jest enough to make 'em enjoy their dinner, there 's a barrercade for 'em to pull down, and a nice lot o' perlice men to chaff. Why the Museums, if so be as they opened 'em of a Zunday, wouldn't be nothin to this.

I war glad to zee they didn't lay hands on the passon though—for I never could abear to zee women and poor helpless critters urted—and I reckon he be a *weak* sort of a speciment, so they was right to let un go home to 's dinner in pace, poor dear.

Oping no offence, Zur,—and wishin you a appy New Year an many on em, I be yours to command

TOMMY NOAKES.

STARTLING RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—A punctual Train.

We were laid up in the Inn at Ware all next day. The Flyman turned up in the afternoon. The luggage arrived by instalments, finishing with a shapeless something, which had once been our new hat. The Flyman explained that when he had entered the plantation, he had been captured as a poacher, and locked up. The expenses of that night, including damages to horse and fly, were enormous. Prostrated by a severe cold, and unable to move, we searched county guides, read the history of Hertfordshire, and examined intelligent natives. No information whatever about Bogus Park: no one had ever heard of such a place, or such a person as MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP. And on the previous day we had sent him a cheque by his friend!

* * * * * *

Arrived in town. Letter from MAJOR J. S.:—

Dear Eddy,—Afraid you must have had a rough time of it. Bogus Park looks well at night, doesn't it? The Quiet Horse I 'd got for you, I leave for you HERE—*at the Office—as a mark of my esteem. Don't ride it too hard in Rotten Row. Cheque cashed all right. Adoo! Adoo!—Yours ever, J. S.*

P.S.—You won't want another Sporting Novel in a hurry, will you? Eh, Slyboots?

We went down-stairs. Where was the Quiet Horse?

No one knew anything about such an animal. The brave Commissionnaire at our front office door, suddenly remembered that a man had called yesterday, from a second-hand furniture shop, and, on receiving half-a-crown, on our account, in our absence, from our head-clerk, had left *a common painted deal towel-horse!* Tied to it was an envelope, on which was written, in the Major's hand—

"*The quietest horse out. I told you so. If I'm* JAWLEY SHARP, *you are* JAWLEY GREEN."

* * * * * * *

There was also a note from CAPTAIN HAWLEY SMART, Author of *Bound to Win*, now running in *Bell's Life*. We place it before our readers:—

Dear Sir,—I have not the smallest idea who the person calling himself MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP *is. I do not know him. I have never heard of him. From his Novel (?) I learn that he is grossly and stupendously ignorant of all matters connected with Sport. Whenever and wherever I meet him, I shall give him precious good cause to remember the impression made on him by*

Yours sincerely, H. S.

This settles it. The Detectives are engaged. We fancy the Major is not unknown to the Impostor who, some time ago, pretended to accompany H.R.H. the Prince during his Indian tour, and sent us letters from "YOUR REPRESENTATIVE IN INDIA." If so, we *think* we can put our hand on both at once. *Nous verrons!* It flashes across us suddenly as an idea that the boy who appeared at the Ware Station, with a letter from the arch-impostor, and to whom we gave sixpence, was the very boy whom long ago we entrusted with half a sovereign to go out and buy an Anglo-Indian Dictionary and who never returned. If so, he has become one of this gang of swindlers. He may yet be reclaimed,—if we can only catch him.—ED

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"WHAT'S DOING AT THE THEATRES?"



OF all the hits in the Drury Lane Pantomime this Christmas *the* hit has undoubtedly been the Donkey. The talented person inside the asinine frame will be hereafter as distinguished a character as was the clever representative of the Turtle, in *Babil and Bijou*, who received the *sobriquet* of "TURTLE JONES," to distinguish him from every other JONES.

At Covent Garden *Robinson Crusoe* is a bright spectacle, with plenty of practical comic business between *Robinson*, *Friday*, *Friday's* father, and the highly-trained animals in the hut. The musical portion is good throughout. Capital Pantomime for children; and this, after all, is the great point. *They* don't care how long it is.

But the hit of the day—literally of the day, for it is only performed in the afternoon—is the Pantomime at the Adelphi, played by children. The Pantaloon seems to be a very old man for his age, which, we believe, is something under twelve.

The glittering, gorgeousness, and zoological variety of the grand "Conference Scene" in *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver* rolled into one by the MESSRS. SANGERS, surpasses all previous efforts of that enterprising management.

Then at the Crystal Palace, among much else that is pretty and ingenious in *Sinbad the Sailor*, there is a Harem Scene, with the most graceful bit of ballet—a dance of *Odalisques* draped from head to foot in snowy muslin—that *Punch* has seen for a long time. It shows how much more charming ladies of the ballet look in long clothes than in short ones. The Transformation Scene here, on the classic fable of Narcissus and Echo, is a masterpiece of mechanical ingenuity as well as scenic effect.

The Extravaganza-burlesque at the Globe gives us a mixture of old and new styles, being a revival of MR. PLANCHÉ'S graceful *Invisible Prince*, with modern tunes. The chorus to the old air, "*Hark! 'tis the Indian Drum!*" is most effectively rendered, and deservedly encored. MISS JENNY LEE, as the *Invisible Prince*, is quite a *Prince Charming*, and being invisible, ought to be seen to be appreciated. She is ably seconded by MISS RACHEL SANGER and MR. GEORGE BARRETT.

How they pack that crowd into the pit and gallery of the Strand, is a marvel! and what shouts from every part of the house at MR. JOHN S. CLARKE'S inimitable drunken scene in *The Toodles*, which, it is worth knowing, comes on about nine o'clock. His "business" with the pipe and the candle is immense. As for the Burlesque, *the* scene of *The Lying Dutchman* is where MR. MARIUS and MR. TAYLOR go through an acrobatic performance on a *trapèze*. MISS LOTTIE VENN and MR. HARRY COX are invaluable in burlesque, and they make the most of what they have to do. MR. HALL'S Scenery in both pieces, especially the old country town in *The Toodles*, and the view of Margate in the Burlesque, are two of the most effective "sets" we have seen for a long time. The scenery of late at the Strand has been unusually good, notably in the late lamented *Princess Toto*.

Of the *Danischeffs* at the St. James's, *William Tell* at the Gaiety, *Jocko* at the Princess's, and a few other novelties, we are in a position to speak with the strictest impartiality, not having yet seen any one of them. Of course it will be a Christmastide duty to visit MR. CONQUEST at the Grecian.

Some years ago we had the pleasure of seeing a piece at the Vaudeville, played by MESSRS. JAMES and THORNE, entitled *Our Boys*. These Boys—wonderful life preservers—are still floating, as buoyantly as ever. They will become one of our National Institutions, and friends from the country will come up to Town to see St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, Madame Tussaud's, Gog and Magog, and *Our Boys*. Temple Bar will be a thing of the past, new streets will have been built, the Royal Family will be residing in a palace built on the site of the old Westminster Aquarium (so as to be near the Abbey for service on Sunday), Turkey will have been reformed, the Thames embanked from one end to the other, and our grandchildren will be enjoying *Our Boys*, then at the height of its popularity.

PUNCH'S PATENT MEDICINE COLUMN.

HEALTH WITHOUT PHYSIC!

PUNCH'S DELICIOUS SEVENTY-FIRST VOLUME.

THIRTY-SIX YEARS' CONTINUED SUCCESS!

SAVES Fifty Times its Cost in Tonics. Revives Appetite; rehardens Softening Brains; supplies the feeblest Joker with stamina; and restores the most inveterate Punster to reason.

PUNCH'S CHARIVARENTA BRITANNICA.

(*Being a few out of many Millions of Similar Testimonials.*)

DEAR SIR,

TWENTY-FIVE years' gradual softening of the brain, first caught from my poor husband—whose own mental decay was brought on by his abandonment of himself to the destructive practice of playing upon words—had almost reduced my faculties to the level of his, when a valued friend recommended me to take in *Punch*. I did so, and have since lived chiefly on your invigorating weekly issue. The effect on myself was so marked and immediate, that I induced my unfortunate husband to try the same remedy. In a week the fits of punning, from incessant, became intermittent, and after a month's use of your elixir, ceased altogether. He has not since that time had any return of the attacks, while I am myself quite restored to my former vigour of body and mind.

I remain, *Mr. Punch*, yours, gratefully,

Chaffyng-Abbas, Herts. CLEMENTINA JOLLY.

SIR,

UNDER the fearful monotony of a perpetual curacy in one of the dampest districts of Lincolnshire, where I thought the living would have been the death of me, what with alternate attacks of mental stagnation and bodily "shakes"—as the ague is locally called—I had entirely lost my spirits as well as my temper. At last I had lost the power of even smiling at my churchwarden's standing joke about a "cure of souls" when he called on me at my lodgings over the shoemaker's—the glebe-house being under water during the six winter and autumn months, and uninhabitable, from damp, during the rest of the year. I had gradually dropped all intercourse with the neighbouring county family—a bachelor with a liability to *delirium tremens*. I was rapidly following his lead, and becoming a victim to the habit of mixing gin with the water of the locality, when, by an accident I cannot but call providential, I invested in a complete edition of *Punch*, and for three months, when not employed in parochial duty, was busy in reading, marking, and digesting its invigorating contents. I am now a new man. I have given up my gin. I sleep well at nights. My congregation, on the other hand, never so much as wink during the whole of my sermon, though six months ago you could not have seen an open eye in the church after the first five minutes. Such are the marvellous effects of your life-giving food upon a grateful fen-parson,

THE REV. GRIMSTONE GRUBBE.

Frog-in-the-Hole, Holland, Lincolnshire.

Cure No. 155,050, *Punch's Charivarenta Britannica.*

LADY MARIA MERRYWEATHER is glad to be able to inform *Mr. Punch* that since one of her great-nephews the other day sent her his Seventy-First Volume, the LADY M. M. has found herself able to snap her fingers in the face of her principal creditor, Old Time, and to laugh to scorn the fourscore and eight years she owes him. Her figure has regained much of its youthful spring, and only the other night she was almost taking part in one of the *pas de Vokes* with two of her grandchildren, after their return from the Drury Lane Pantomime. She even caught herself last week making eyes at that absurd old GENERAL METHUSALEM, with whom she used to dance at Bath in 1810, before he went out to the Peninsula, when, at LADY M. M.'s last "small and early," he asked her to join him in "The days when we went gipsying, a long time ago." In short, LADY M. M. wishes to inform *Mr. Punch* that she is as fresh as a four-year-old—that she subscribes to the *World* and does as the world does, is up to all the political gossip and social scandal of the day, and is quite in request for five o'clock teas!

The Evergreens, Oakfield, Hants.

"NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."—The vaunted block system has been in vogue in London streets for half a century.

INCIDENTS OF TAXATION.—Collectors and Summonses.

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RULES FOR THE RAINFALLS.



SOME slight abatement in the late down-pour has come in the nick of time to prevent the issue of the following Police Regulations, which were under consideration at Scotland Yard.

Rules for Street Navigation.

The Steamboats of any London Street Steam Navigation Company that may be formed will take the same sides of the Channel in passing each other as cabs have done heretofore.

In the event of such Companies being established, the fare-tariff of the General Omnibus Companies may be adopted.

Any incivility on the part of the men at the wheel should be reported to Scotland Wharf.

Moorings for Hackney Launches will be laid down at Charing Cross, St. Paul's Churchyard, and the Haymarket.

Fishing from first-floor windows will be prohibited, owing to the risk of injury to the heads and head-dresses of boatmen plying along the footways, and of passengers on board Steam Barges, Hackney Launches, or Hansom Gondolas established for Metropolitan street service.

No shrimping will be allowed in the streets after nine o'clock A.M. Lobster pots and night-lines may be put down and taken up only between midnight and six A.M.

No person or persons will be allowed to remove the shells and seaweed from the Strand at low water, except the licensed scavengers.

Bathing, except in Boyton dresses, strictly forbidden.

The Public will be permitted to perambulate the streets, without shoes and stockings, where the state of the tide will permit.

"Irreducible Minima."

THE heel of a Lady's boot.

The size of a glass of Sherry at a Luncheon Bar.

The flavour thereof.

The value (in proportion to the money disbursed) of the following:—

A guinea paid to DR. SLADE.

Ditto paid to certain other "Doctors," who shall be nameless.

A shilling paid for a copy of *The Englishman*.

Six shillings and eightpence paid to a Lawyer.

[The list can be indefinitely extended, but our readers will probably do this for themselves.]

Mottoes for some Weeklies.

FOR *Truth*—"The greater the Truth the greater the libel."

For the *World*—"The World's mine oyster."

For *Mayfair*—"*Ex luce lucellum.*"

For *Vanity Fair*—"*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis 'Apes.'*"

For *Figaro*—"*Fi! Gare!! Oh!!!*"

A SHIP OF THE DESERT'S HARDSHIPS.

SANGER'S STABLES, *Jan.*, 1877.

ALLAH be with you, Lord of a million readers!

May your shadow never be less! Know, O Sheik of St. Bride's, I am no poet, not even the most distant relation to the Bulbul: I am an unhappy Dromedary, torn from his home to smell sawdust, and curse the Afreet known as the Djin of Pantomime. But, O PUNCH-BASHI, I bear a hunch on my back, and, without wishing to be personal, I feel I have a claim through that protuberance upon your special sympathies.

I could almost break out into cursing, but I feel that to indulge, however excusably, in the habit of swearing acquired from my fellow-prisoner, the Zebra (who chafes fearfully under a captivity which adds to the stripes that nature has laid on his back those inflicted by an irate groom), might lower the Oriental dignity and calmness of my style.

But, O PUNCH-BASHI, have I not cause for swearing? From Arabia's burning sands, decoyed into the strong-smelling hold of a steamer, I find myself, after the agonies of a sea-voyage and an interval of subsequent confinement with a batch of sick monkeys and a flock of swearing parrots in JAMRACH'S anything but commodious premises in the Commercial Road East, transferred to the dark stables of a circus! Here, after some rough discipline in the ring, I learnt by intermittent conversation with several small elephants, who rub on a dreary existence in the same place of captivity, that I was to appear, in a few days, as a feature in a great Christmas attraction! This was a flattering idea, doubtless, and a new one, for I knew of no Christmas in the land I left, and no attraction beyond an extra graze of thorns and thistles, and water enough to fill my five stomachs to the brim. But I soon discovered from one of my worst-used fellow-captives, the biggest elephant here, who was painted white last year, in his assumed character of the Sacred Siamese, what figuring in a Christmas Attraction in fact meant. With him, poor fellow, it meant stopping up all his pores with whitening, treacle, and size, a composition rendering him beautiful for a few weeks—if not for ever—and ending in a narrow escape from congestion of the lungs.

Allah be praised, they have not this year made a Pink Dromedary of me, but it is bad enough to have to carry a bevy of spangle-splashed Amazons, to breathe an asphyxiating atmosphere of gas-fumes, exhalations of sawdust and stable manure, and to be blinded by the lime-lights of the Giaour. My spongy feet, alas! were never made to tread the London boards!

I used to bear my Arab master over the hot desert, speeding, without a murmur, with a swinging stride, and outstretched neck across the scorching Sahara, while we sniffed together the balmy breeze which met us from the far-off oasis! And then at night, the unloading of the caravan, the savoury repast on the sparse thorns of the desert, the too-brief slumber as we, the ships of the desert, lay at anchor, hobbled beneath the stars!

Now I wait at the wings for my cue, duly accentuated by a kick in the ribs and a tug at my muzzle, in a crowd of jostling supers and insufficiently clad ballet-girls, men in armour and caparisoned horses—my abomination—and when I pass from the side-scenes to the stage, if, dazzled by jets of flaring gas, and deafened by the blare of discordant brass, I stumble or turn sulky, the street Arabs pelt me with orange-peel from the Gallery, and my gaolers run me in amid cheers of derision.

It is the last straw which breaks the camel's back. It is the last spangle which will crush the Dromedary's. For know, O PUNCH-EFFENDI, the accursed company into which I have fallen have made me ambitious in their own low way. I can sacrifice my desert home, I can forget the sands of my foalhood, to gratify my last—perhaps foolish—craving, but I shall die broken-hearted if I stay in the rank and file of the "Grand Conference" scene—as one of the mere "utilities," two- and four-legged—for one night more!

If I must go on in the Pantomime, let me at least figure for once as the feature in the Transformation Scene. I feel that if I might only go up on an iron frame surrounded by flights of Peris, I shall not have been torn from my native deserts for nothing. We all have our weaknesses: this is mine; and I appeal to you, O Caliph of Fleet Street, by your influence with SULTAN SANGER to aid my appeal.

(Signed) HUMPTI-DUMPTI,
Chief Dromedary.

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BEFORE THE MEET.



Boot and saddle for the Session, in both stables, kennels twain,
Ministerial, Opposition, lo! the hunt is up again!
Look alive! whips in both liveries, trot out both fields once more,
'Tis the old Meet at the Cross-roads, and the old fun to the fore.

Come, swells of the first flight, who take whate'er comes in your stride,
For whom no bar stands up too stiff—no yawner gapes too wide;
Come, skirters, and come gaters, come cocktails, one and all,
Who love to talk about the sport and never ride at all!

And you, my hardy huntsmen, keen rivals in the field,
And wiry whips on both sides, well trained the thong to wield;
To rate when rating 's useful, to wind the timely blast,
To lay the hounds upon their fox, to lift them at a cast.

To work the pack when scent is hot, and cheer them when 'tis cold;
To trust old hounds, who know the time to give tongue and to hold:
To rate praters, and check babblers, and head strayers back to bounds—
Ah! only one who *has* whipped knows what 'tis to whip to hounds!

For you, my M. F. H.'s, well may care cloud either front;
Life is not all beer and skittles for him who leads a hunt:
All the more, when in the Treasury-pack they 're losing the old strain;
And in the Opposition they've got riot on the brain.

At the first meet of the season there 'll be whispering fast and free;
In the Ministerial Muster we 're to see what we shall see.
A new M. F. H. will be up, in place of brave old Ben,
Who is laid up in lavender, and will ne'er hunt hounds again!

Ere you throw hounds into cover, at its side convene the field,
To present the testimonial here from *Punch's* brush revealed,—
This portrait of your master—now ex-master—scarce so strong,
By the new name, as the old one that has held its own so long.

See him mounted on the old dark horse he rode when still a boy,
The woudrous steed on which he took the rasper of *Alroy*:
The dark horse on whose back he floored the flats as *Vivian Grey*,
The dark horse *Asian-Mystery*, out of *Chouse* by *Chaff*, they say.

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SYNONYMOUS.

SKETCHED IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, WHITEHALL, THE OTHER SUNDAY; AND, IN *MR. PUNCH'S* OPINION, THE KEY TO MUCH RECENT LEGISLATION!

QUESTIONS FOR SPIRITUALISTS.

THE British National Association of Spiritualists, at their next *soirée* will perhaps endeavour to obtain communications through a "trance Medium," or a table, on the subject-matter of the following newspaper announcement relative to—

"BOTTLING SPIRITS.—Arrangements have been made and are now in force for bottling spirits under the supervision of the Customs Bill of Entry Office."

This notification suggests several serious questions to which it may be hoped that answers will be returned orally, or rapped out.

Is it possible to bottle disembodied spirits?

Was there any foundation in fact for the story dramatised in the *Bottle Imp*?

Could a genuine bottle conjuror really conjure a spirit into a bottle? Would MASKELYNE AND COOK be able to counterfeit that performance? Was the Genie in the *Arabian Nights*, fished up in a pot, tinned like Australian meat in it, a bottled spirit? Did KING SOLOMON really bottle him?

Have any of the arrangements made for bottling spirits, under the supervision of the Customs Bill of Entry Office, been made with a Medium? Or are the spirits bottled exclusively ardent spirits?

In being bottled must a spirit be condensed? If so, by what process? Can the spirit be pumped into the bottle, like a volume of gas? Can a spirit at will condense and bottle itself? When corked in, can it get out again, if it pleases, passing through solid matter?

Will any one of the dear Spirits present be so kind as to shrink and subside into a bottle? Will it allow itself to be conveyed in the bottle to 85, Fleet Street, and there disembottle itself with manifestations audible or visible to *Mr. Punch*?

A TAX HARD TO BEAR, BUT HARDER TO GET RID OF.

THERE are great complaints of the Paddy-tax in Ceylon. England is not without considerable experience of the pressure of the same impost. It has been found one of the heaviest of the many she has to bear. But, unlike Ceylon, she is not likely to get rid of it just yet.

An old un' now, with neither wind nor pace what once they were,
Fired in both hocks—no wonder—though it scarce shows through the hair,
A spring-ring on his off fore leg, though he looks like going still,
And can raise a showy gallop, if not too much pressed up-hill.

"Presented to the tough old chief, who so long rode in their front,
By the members of the True-blue, or Conservative, Old Hunt,"
May no croppers lie before him at the end of his long run;
And may he turn the old horse home, ere he 's quite pumped out and done!

"MUSIC HATH (C)HARMS."

THE Judge of the Westminster County Court has decided that a nuisance may be "intolerable" but not "actionable," but whether as "*damnum absque injurid*," or "*injuria absque damno*," is not stated. We are sorry for the poor plaintiff who has both to tolerate the intolerable nuisance, and pay the costs of trying to get rid of it. The nuisance complained of is an organ measuring about twelve feet in height, ten feet in width, and four or five feet in depth, and occupying about half the room in which it stands. This room is directly under the chambers of the plaintiff, a literary man, MR. WARE—he should have been "Wear and tear" to have borne unmoved such an infliction as that described in his pathetic experience of organic disturbances.

"When the organ was tuned after being fitted up, he asked how long the operation would last; on being told two or three hours, he went out for that time. The organ had been played at different periods since, about two or three times a week; he stayed in once for about three hours during which it was being played, and found that it so interfered with his comfort and the performance of his work, that whenever it commenced he had to leave the house. It was usually played from seven o'clock until ten o'clock in the evening. The vibration was very great, causing an effect very like that produced by a slight application of galvanism. On the first day it was played a Dresden plate in his room was thrown down; the vibration communicated itself to all the articles in his rooms, composed of china, glass, or metal. He had occupied the chambers for four or five years, and had expended a considerable amount of money on them. The music was very bad, and very common airs were played."

The man who plays these common airs so uncommonly ill on this uncommonly potent instrument of torture, is a solicitor; and he brings two other solicitors as witnesses that the noise is no nuisance. It seems that we should replace the old Scottish proverb, "Hawks dinna pike out hawks' een," by "Hawks dinna cleave hawks' lugs." One Solicitor went so far as to say that "the music did not interfere with the performance of his work, nor was it any obstacle to conversation; he had given his clerk instructions while it was being played."

We can quite believe this. We can easily imagine a will, conveying real estate, being dictated with even more sprightliness than usual to the inspiriting tune of "*Tommy, make Room for your Uncle;*" or a codicil, bequeathing a substantial legacy, cheerfully put into proper legal phraseology to the sentimental movement of "*Then you'll Remember Me.*" So a divorce case might be drafted to the strains of "*Take back the Heart thou gavest!*" or a letter insisting on payment of a milliner's bill to the inspiriting melody of "*The Gainsboro' Hat;*" or proposals for the arrangement of a threatened action for breach of promise set forth to the lively ditty of "*He 's not a Marrying Man.*"

The Literary Man brings an Artist and a Doctor of Science to corroborate his testimony. But what right have literary men, artists, and doctors of science to more sensitive nerves, or more impressible brain-structures, than lawyers? Above all, what chance has one literary man against three attorneys? His Honour decided, with the sagacity of a *Sancho*, that the nuisance was "intolerable," but not actionable—to which the only parallel we can think of is *Dogberry's* "Most tolerable, and not to be endured."

A SENTIMENT FOR THE LATE WET WEATHER.

THE Empire on which the sun never sets—and (of late) *very* seldom rises!

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MR. PUNCH'S CÉLÉBRITÉS CHEZ ELLES.

No. III.—MRS. ALLSPICE-FLATHERS, AT GREEN HOLM.



CALM spring weather, and a delicious country scene. A sky as blue as the azure expanse of the silver-toned, bird-belovèd Mediterranean. Lofty trees thick with emerald leaves, with great blotches of bloom and nests of saucy songsters, boasting plumages of the most gorgeous hues. Lambkins dancing to the sound of merry ditties carolled gently by snowy-smocked ploughboys and rosy-cheeked milkmaids. Good-natured pigs dozing in the sleepy sunshine in model styes. Here and there a Juno-eyed cow gazing with wonder at the shadows thrown upon the sharp, crisp, daisy-sprinkled grass by the stately, golden-hued hay-ricks standing defiantly in the face of Phœbus-Apollo, the chariot-driving God of Day. In the far distance a freshly-turned field, and a quaint, saucy-looking scarecrow.

And the house. Fresh as a buttercup, plump as a spring chicken. Whitewashed and clean, with latticed windows and sweet, dreamy-mouthed chimneys yielding a languid stream of faint blue smoke. Flowers in the windows, flowers on the doors, flowers round the chimneys, flowers everywhere. Anyone looking at this simple, pretty, happy house, with its real comfort and easy artistic elegance, would say that the inhabitants were simple, pretty, happy people—and anybody would be right.

Just now the interior is scarcely seen at its best. MR. ALLSPICE-FLATHERS (since his marriage he has prefixed the surname of his wife to his own) is always influenced by his better half, and the gifted Lady-Novelist has recently taken up the ideas of DR. RICHARDSON. Thus, the kitchen of Green Holm is being carried, piece-meal, from the basement to the roof; all the floors are being covered with sheet-iron and cement, and the walls with porcelain *quarrelles;* a staircase is being constructed separate from the rest of the building, and a conservatory and play-ground for the children (where many a merry game of cricket will be essayed in days to come), is being covered in on the roof—at once hanging garden and sky-parlour. But still there are two rooms sufficiently comfortable, even in this tangle of ladders, bricks, and mortar. One is for the boys and girls, the other for Papa and Mamma. The first combines a gymnasium with a lavatory. Look in, and you will see the lads and lasses climbing up the ropes, and performing all sorts of acrobatic antics. Here is HARRY, the eldest (the very image of his mother), hanging by one leg to a small rope attached to the ceiling. Over yonder, enveloped in smoke and flame, is tiny TIM (who takes after his father), conducting a rather dangerous chemical experiment with the round-eyed aid of his blue-eyed, bald-pated baby-brother. In a corner, busy with paste and scissors, is CHARLEY, already (at nine) an author of some repute. MRS. ALLSPICE-FLATHERS is an ardent mother, and brings up her little ones after a fashion of her own.

Enter the other room, and you will find yourself in a laughter-inviting apartment, full of large easy-chairs and three-legged tables. Round the walls books of reference, rare books upon all the sciences, encyclopædias, dictionaries of all sorts, and grammars of every language. Here is a pocket edition (in one volume) of MANGNALL'S QUESTIONS, there (well worn, and scored all over with pencil-marks) the *Annual Register* complete from the commencement. Six goodly shelves are devoted to the novels of the mistress of the house. The rest of this choice selection (scarcely five thousand volumes all told) is composed of sets of *Dickens*, *Bulwer*, *Thackeray*, *Mark Twain*, *Wilkie Collins*, *Ainsworth*, *De Quincey*, *Dumas* (*père et fils*), *Scott*, *Artemus Ward*, *Macaulay*, *Disraeli*, *Tennyson*, *Ouida*, and the Author of *Little Arthur's History of England*. On the floor of this cosy room are files of the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Morning Post*, and *Daily News*, from the commencement of each of the journals named up to the present time. MRS. ALLSPICE-FLATHERS is rather proud of this collection, and seldom allows a visitor to leave without calling attention to her industry in "picking up papers." For the rest, the study is full of proofs, reams of foolscap, small printing-presses, gallons of ink, stacks of pens, and scores of waste paper baskets. You can scarcely move a step for desks. Here is one at which MRS. ALLSPICE-FLATHERS writes, up-standing. Here is another, with a chair in front of it, "*et tout ce qu'il faut pour écrire*," as the French stage-direction has it. Over yonder is a tiny table of ebony and ormolu, laden with proofs in course of correction, and in odd corners are leather-covered *secrétaires*. Looking round you, as you sit in this pleasant room, so redolent of work and comfort, you cannot help envying the husband of the gifted occupant his good fortune. This Benedick, at any rate, has drawn a prize in what may be aptly called the luckless lottery of monotonous marriage.

And how does this accomplished Lady pass her world-enriching life? A sample day will answer the question. She is up long before the lark. She dashes into the nursery and kisses all her children; and, in good sooth, it is a pretty sight to see the mother and little ones together. Men and women who read *Marriages Galore*, *Bigamy and Trigamy*, *Maud, or the Divorced One*, and other works of this gifted woman's—for which the cry at MUDIE'S is still "Give! Give!" till all the presses of SPOTTISWOODE & Co. can scarce supply the demand—would stare to find their favourite Authoress so deeply and devotedly domestic. Then she rushes off to order her husband's breakfast; then tries on a new dress or a new bonnet; then sits down at the piano, and runs over an opera or two in a rich, luscious, and soul-stirring contralto voice, full of nerve-thrilling notes that remind one of a cathedral organ. By this time breakfast is ready. It is a quiet cozy meal, eaten between seven and eight.

She loves her husband with all her heart, and the affection is returned. For ten minutes there is pleasant homely conversation about MARY'S cold or ALICE'S cough, and then the Authoress begins her work for the day. But not at her desk. Far otherwise. She catches an early train up to Town, and is in London before the clocks have chimed eight.

Once in the Great Babylon, armed with a gigantic note-book, she seeks admission at the dismal door of Newgate. It is a private execution morning, and next week the world will be startled by the graphic description of "Death on the Scaffold" that will appear in Chapter XLVI. of *Ben Barlow's Bad Bargain*, now appearing in monthly instalments in the classical pages of *Seven Dials*, the most popular of our more sensational Magazines.

When the sad task she has set herself is over, the devoted Authoress hurries away to Westminster Hall. As she trips up the steps of a certain Court, all the officials bow to her. She is as well known as the Judges on the Bench, or the leading Counsel. Good-natured policemen grin, and bright young Barristers in the Hall tell their fresh country cousins that yonder fair creature, with the golden hair (alas! a little streaked with silver), with the slim figure, the *Princesse* dress, the emerald ear-rings, the well-fitting yellow gloves, and the bright beaming smile, is the celebrated Authoress whose works are so highly improper that the very mildest of them runs through half-a-dozen editions in a fortnight. Now and again a suppressed hum of applause runs through the crowd, which she acknowledges with a grace all her own. As she enters the Court the Judge rises and beckons her to the Bench. Then his Lordship passes her his notes. Every one likes and respects her, and is ready to give her a helping hand in her work. Hour after hour she gathers materials for her next novel. If the case is tried *in camera*, an exception is made in her favour. And so the hands move round the clock until four is boomed out by Big Ben in the Palace of Westminster over yonder.

To dash into a hansom, to drive like mad to her *pied-à-terre* in St. James's, to "make up" with a wig and beard, and to assume the sable swallow-tail and etceteras of full fashionable evening dress, is the work of scarcely two hours and a half. Thus disguised she roams from Club smoking-room to Club smoking-room, and learns many a secret of our sex, for the benefit of her own. In the sacred cause of Art she learns how women are tempted and how men fall. Those who watch her smoking strong cigars and drinking stronger brandies and sodas, would be surprised if they were told that the Cynic before them was a warm-hearted, generous-minded wife and mother, and yet so it is. The Lady-Novelist must write about men and women as they are, and where is the knowledge of them to be found if not in the scandal-steaming air of the smoking-room, or the disclosure-laden atmosphere of the Divorce Court—ah, where indeed!

At ten she drops into the private box of a transpontine theatre (it is here she gets many a hint for her plots), and by midnight is once more at home—in the bosom of her family. Seated hand in hand with her husband, she talks over the domestic events of the day. But not for long. Her desk claims her. After two hours' writing, she gives over work and takes up a small, red leather-covered book.

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With a smile she reads the various items, and marks the mistakes in spelling and the odd arithmetic. Let us look over her shoulder.

Domestic to the last! She is perusing the pages of her butcher's book. The total of last week's bill was £12 7*s.* 6¾*d.* So ends her days. The self-devotion of duty has crowned the self-sacrifice of genius.

THE SEX IN SESSION.

FIRST SITTING.

Subject of Discussion—"*A certain Male Superstition.*"



LORD of the Creation . . . cannot disabuse himself of the antiquated notion that it is 'unfeminine' for a Woman to eat enough to support nature. . . . In the exclusive presence of their own sex women eat rationally what they require, but have not generally the moral courage to set the opinion of their lords at defiance. . . . As a matter of common sense it is time that the idea of its being unfeminine for a woman to eat what she requires should be regarded as an effete superstition."—*The World.*

Laura. Like the *World's* impudence!
Georgie. Say, like its sense! Women have appetites. Mine, I own, 's immense.
Julia. No need to tell us that, my dear.
Fanny. Still less To let Society know it.
Grace. I confess, I fear dear FRED'S amazement would be utter
To see his sylph demolish bread and butter,
As that same sylph can do.
Dora. Of course! And then
Such disillusion means disgust—in men!
Georgie. Absurd! The geese should know girls must have grub.
Muriel. Don't be so quite too vilely vulgar!
Eleanor. Rub
The gilt off social gingerbread, my dear,
And fools won't buy it.
Blanche. ELEANOR! So severe!
Her market's spoiled, you see. Don't be alarmed:
When a girl's *passée* she may eat.
Eleanor. You charmed
That poor æsthetic Curate by your zeal
For frequent fasting—after a full meal.
Lilian. Now, Girls, don't nag. No doubt the *World* is right
In its remarks on Women's appetite.
That we suppress or hide it too is certain;
But then, dears, is it safe to lift the curtain?
Amy. No. Did male artist ever paint a Venus
Munching her apple?
Lucy. It was gold!
Kate. Between us
I think the superstition 's vastly stupid;
But Candour 's always sacrificed to Cupid.
Bessie. Men are such muffs; they 'd have us so ideal.
I'm sure my appetite is very real.
Marian. No doubt. You're as substantial as *Dudu.*
All girls are not material, though, like you;
And some men have a taste for the refined
And delicate—in body as in mind.
For me, I think that nothing could be harder
Than to imagine Venus in the larder.
Millicent. Precisely! Art and Love go hand-in-hand
In shunning kitchen *savants.*
Georgie. That sounds grand!
But, pray, will Art and Love, and their fine kin,
Keep us from feeling famished, growing thin?
In spite of P.R. painters and BURNE JONES,
I cannot see much beauty in mere bones.
Helen. Of course not. But, my dears, you ought to know
Just as the kitchen region 's kept below,
And out of sight, so eating, in the Sex,
Should be so nicely veiled as not to vex
Man's visionary views and fond illusions.
Eat, Girls; but eat *sub rosâ.*
Georgie. Fine conclusions!
I only say, if any man supposes
I dine not only under, but on, roses,
I 'd tell him frankly he is much mistaken,
And that my favourite diet is—fat bacon!
Chorus. Oh, GEORGIE!!!
Georgie. Well, I hate such false pretence:
And if your Cupid can't stand common sense,
Or any appetite beyond a sparrow's,
I hope he 'll never plague *me* with his arrows.

[*General flounce out.*

PROPHETIC INTELLIGENCE.

Communicated through the Medium of the Spirit of Psycho Bray.

IT will rain on many days which are marked by the weather prophets for fine, and particularly on those which have been chosen for lawn parties and pic-nics.

Some sunshine may be looked for in the middle of July, and fogs may be expected in the dull days of November.

People of weak mind will be sent upon fool's errands on the First of April.

A good many geese will die in the week preceding Michaelmas, and there will be a very great mortality among turkeys before Christmas.

In spite of their antiquity, jokes on "tongue" and "trifle" will continue to be perpetrated by small wags at evening parties.

Dreary speeches will be made by men at City dinners, and many a Chairman will regret that the chief toast of the evening was not placed in better hands.

In the Metropolis alone above a thousand maids of all work will devote their Sundays out to purposes of courtship.

Notwithstanding increased vigilance on the part of the Police, there will be no diminution in the number of street accidents.

A Crossing-sweeper will die after amassing a large fortune, and will bequeath a handsome sum to found a Spirit-Fellowship at Oxford.

Platitudes will be uttered when Parliament begins to sit, and many an orator will complain of being scantily reported.

The Customs and Excise will not be swept away this year, nor will there be an abolition of the Income-tax.

A public Orator will protest, with evident emotion, and for the hundredth time of utterance, that it is the very proudest moment of his life, when he returns thanks for the kind way in which his health has been proposed.

A gang of Bears upon the Stock Exchange will try to spread a false report, for the purpose of depressing the price of certain railway shares.

MR. HIGHFLIER, R.A., will be hugely complimented by the critics for his picture; while poor TOM MAULSTICKE'S will be skied, and will escape their observation.

In consequence of College debts exceeding expectation, an irascible old Gentleman will threaten disinheritance, but on his Wife's intercession will draw a cheque to settle them.

A batch of Novels will be advertised wellnigh every month, and most of them will not be opened until handed to the butterman.

At several dinner-parties a score of guests will be kept waiting for the coming of the Bride, who likes to enter last in order to be stared at.

Plays will be successful upon the Paris Stage, and will hardly escape damnation when transferred to London.

Penny Newspapers will brag about their size or circulation, but will not find much to boast of in the matter of their intelligence.

A Bubble Company will collapse, to the injury of all who have had anything to do with it—excepting the promoters.

A Lady in high life will ask a masculine admirer his opinion of her poem, and will pretend to credit the candour of his praises.

The Favourite will be scratched on the night before the race, and whispers of foul play will be heard among the Bookmakers.

Bargains will be bought at many so-called Sellings-Off, and the buyers will be sold as well as what they purchase.

MR. SPOONEY will invite his Mamma-in-law to come and spend a week with him, and that Lady will arrive bringing luggage for a twelvemonth.

Bad Jokes will be sent by the gross to *Punch* every post, with peremptory requests for their immediate insertion.

Union, Indeed!

ENGLISH Church Union! For a style
More fit in vain might Satire search,
Its members working, all the while,
To disunite the English Church.

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LIGHT READING WITH A VENGEANCE.

Keeper of Circulating Library. "I'M VERY SORRY, MISS, THE THIRD VOLUME HAPPENS STILL TO BE OUT; BUT HERE IS THE ENTIRE NOVEL IN *ONE* VOLUME!"

Young Lady. "OH, *THAT* WON'T DO! HOW ON EARTH AM I TO FIND MY PLACE IN IT?"

ON THE CLOSE OF A CONFERENCE.

FINIS coronat opus! Never sat
A better meaning Conference than that
Just now put out by the Imperial Hatt.

Easy it were to raise the scornful laugh,
To poke cheap fun, and heap unsifted chaff
On the Wise West's strong diplomatic staff,

That cracks and bends and breaks and lets us down,
And lays low more than one Imperial crown
Under grave MIDHAT'S fez and stubborn frown.

Was 't that the Turk the game of brag read right,
Foresaw that Russ tall talk would not mean fight;
And knew IGNATIEFF'S bark worse than his bite?

Or fathomed Austria's plight, by dual law
Forced now with Slav, and now with Turk to draw,
And felt 'twas safe to ride on that see-saw?

Or was 't that BISMARCK bred more hopes than fears,
Whose interest should be to lop Bruin's ears,
Scarce feed him fat on Turkey—for some years?

Whate'er the secret of the Turks' *sang-froid*,
He looked cool, and he *was* cool: *dans son droit:*
Borgne parmi les aveugles, et partant Roi!

And blew his bubble Constitution bright,
With brave French colours tricked in rainbow light,
And bade young Turkey spread tail at the sight.

And ere he made the Conference "shut up,"
Helped them to Humble Pie, and in their cup,
For bitters, gave them failure's gall to sup.

Let not the scorn of scoffers rub aside
This salve to ruffled self-conceits applied,
"We have done buffers' work—be that our pride."

And let not SALISBURY his fate deplore:
No credit he has lost on Stamboul's shore:
For he that does his best can do no more.

And had the British Lion meant that he
Should raise a voice to sound from sea to sea,
He 'd but to *will*, for what he willed, to *be*.

So ends the Conference; shall we say "for good,"
With Christian wrongs unrighted, claims withstood?
Best not halloo, till well out of the wood.

"A Thing no Fellah can Understand."

IN an article of the *Cork Examiner*, on the 13th ult., on the recent Election for Sligo, we read:—

"CAPTAIN KING HARMAN, who was yesterday returned unopposed for Sligo, will very likely sit on the Conservative benches, though he will vote on all Irish questions with the rest of the Home-Rulers. His family has always been the leading Conservative power in the counties of Sligo, Longford, and Roscommon, and are possessed of great territorial influence. The new Member created a great impression in Irish politics at the time.* Though he represents, as to property, two titles, he bears none. *He holds all or more of the estates of his grandfather, Lord Lorton, on one side, of his uncle, Lord Kingston, on the other.*"

Given the last sentence of the above, as the terms of the problem; required, to find what estate CAPTAIN KING HARMAN *does* hold.

* Query, *What* time?

WHAT WE WANT TO SEE IN THE NAVY.—The Engineer "hoisted" not by his own petard, but by rank, pay, and consideration.

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THE FAG-END OF THE CONFERENCE.

MR. P. (*to the British Lion*). "IF YOU DIDN'T MEAN TO BACK HIM UP, WHY DID YOU SEND HIM?"

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PROPOSED REGULATIONS IN "HYGEIOPOLIS."



ENU—

No dinner-party will be allowed to take place until the *menu* has been submitted to the Board of Health, and received its sanction under the official seal.

All wines intended for consumption at dinner and evening parties, or other entertainments, whether public or private, must be previously analysed, and certified by the Official Chemist.

As waiting for dinner is detrimental to the temper and injurious to the digestive organs, the hour named in the invitation is strictly to be adhered to; and no guest, however exalted or wealthy, will be admitted after the appointed time on any plea or pretext whatsoever.

Ladies are absolutely prohibited from wearing thin boots and shoes in the winter months and in wet weather.

Ladies going to evening parties will be required to envelope themselves from head to foot in cloaks with hoods, the pattern of which will be furnished by the Sanitary Dressmaker. Ladies wishing to wear low dresses, must first obtain a medical certificate.

No dinner-party to take place at a later hour than seven in summer and six in winter; and no ball or dance to commence after half-past seven, or be prolonged after half-past twelve.

Children's parties to be conducted under medical supervision as to hours, dress, refreshments, &c.

Breakfast in bed positively forbidden, except on production of a medical certificate.

No food to be served which has not first been tested by the Public Analyser, and certified to contain the proper amount of carbon and nitrogen.

It is felt that for the present at least, no veto can be put on the baneful practice of mixing wines at dinner and other entertainments, but residents are solemnly warned against such a dangerous violation of the laws of health.

Ozone will be supplied gratis every alternate Tuesday and Thursday from 10 to 1.

Young Ladies who have proved their ability to bear fatigue by dancing for several hours at night, will be expected to take at least one hour's exercise daily in the open air.

The gift or sale of sweetmeats to Children is absolutely prohibited.

Residents wishing to give entertainments must first state in writing the exact dimensions of their reception rooms, that they may be informed by the Public Officer of Health of the proper number of guests to be invited.

No Inhabitant will be permitted to keep any animal, play upon any musical instrument, or indulge in any game or sport likely to prove a nuisance or annoyance to the immediate neighbourhood.

Street Cries and Street Music of every description will be rigorously interdicted, except on the unanimous application (in writing) of the occupiers of all the houses in any particular Square, Crescent, Gardens, or Terrace.

There will be no Beggars.

Servants, on engaging themselves, will be required to sign an Agreement, under heavy penalties, (such as loss of wages and Sundays out, prohibition of visits from "friends," &c.,) to remain at least one year in the same situation.

Church Bells will not be suffered to be rung except on Sundays.

No Medicine to be taken except under the advice and by the direction of the Public Officer of Health.

The keepers of the Square Gardens have strict orders to take into custody any persons found flirting on the premises.

Cremation will be gradually introduced. Artists of the first celebrity will be invited to furnish designs for ornamental urns.

Spacious and airy premises in the heart of the country will be provided for infants while teething, under vaccination, &c., that no discomfort to the adult population may be caused by their incessant vagitation.

No person will be accepted as a tenant on the estate until he or she has passed a preliminary examination in the theory and practice of hygiene, domestic economy, drainage, ventilation, heating, lighting, cookery, chemistry, and the management of children and servants.

THE BEST WINE THIS WET WEATHER.—Dry Champagne.

THE NEW HOUSE.

A Domestic Drama of the Day—from Different Points of View.

SCENE—*Drawing-Room of a new and brightly furnished Villa in a Southern Suburb.* EDWIN *and* ANGELINA—*a "young couple"—discovered "in clover."*

Angelina (*effusively, looking up from her stitchery*). EDWIN dear, this house is a perfect gem!!!

Edwin (*dryly, looking up from his "Times"*). Glad you *think* so, my love. Where ignorance is bliss, &c.——

Angelina (*surprised*). Why, what do you mean? What fault have you to find with it?

Edwin. Hundreds.

Angelina. EDWIN, what nonsense! It is very pretty and extremely comfortable. It is not damp, it is not draughty; the rain does not come in, nor the smoke out; the doors do not gape, the wainscots do not yawn; the plaster does not crack, the stucco does not crumble. What more *would* you have?

Edwin. (*sententiously*). You enumerate its negative advantages in happy unconsciousness of its positive terrors.

Angelina (*alarmed*). Positive terrors, EDWIN? You positively terrify me. Is it—*can* it be—haunted?

Edwin. It is! Not indeed by ghosts or SLADE-summoned spirits, but by the germs of disease and the embryons of death!

Angelina. EDWIN, *don't* be horrid, and *do* explain.

Edwin. I will. Pretty paper this, eh?

Angelina. The loveliest thing!

Edwin. Ah! So was LILITH. So were the Sirens. So was that artful BELINDA BELLASYS, who very nearly bred strife between us before our marriage.

Angelina (*bridling*). *She* lovely! Now, EDWIN, if you have nothing better to say——

Edwin. But I have. Listen!

Angelina. Not if you talk about the *beauty* of BELINDA BELLASYS.

Edwin. I simply referred to her as a pertinent illustration. She was like this wall-paper—pretty, but pernicious.

Angelina. Pernicious?

Edwin. Precisely. It is a flock-paper, and therefore a ready receptacle for organic and inorganic dust, an exhaler of particles of arsenic and other poisonous effluvia; in fact, a reservoir of damp and dirt, and disease, and death!

Angelina. Then, for goodness' sake, have it down, and another one up!

Edwin. Of what sort? The thinner ones also catch and retain dust, and dust is locomotive disease. The paperhanger's paste decomposes, and decomposed paste is bad to breathe. In fact, wall-papers are a bad lot,—always "hydrating," or something equally horrid, and incapable of passing through the necessary ordeals of fire and water, *e.g.*, of Bunsen flame-bath and scrubbing-brush. Their very patterns are pernicious, producing—unknown to the victim—irritation of the retina, confusion of the brain, vertigo, and nightmare. Possibly, the great prevalence of giddy-pated girls and muddle-headed men may be laid to their charge.

Angelina. My dear EDWIN, I begin to suspect that the wall-paper—*or something else—has* muddled *your* head this evening.

Edwin. The carpet, perhaps. Nay, don't stamp your feet so pettishly, for that beats out the dust; and a room charged with

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PERFECTLY UNNECESSARY.

SCENE—*Anywhere. Any Time.*

Old Lady. "DON'T DRIVE FAST, CONDUCTOR. I'M VERY NERVOUS!" *Conductor.* "NO FEAR, MU'M!"

[*Old Gentleman, who wants to catch a Train, decides to walk.*

carpet-dust is destruction. In fact, carpets are almost as bad as wall-papers, and should be abolished.

Angelina. And I was so proud of my pretty bright Brussels!

Edwin. All wrong! *Too* bright a great deal. Sky-blue, grass-green, the ashen grey of morning, the pink and daffodil of eve, these are the only colours allowable in a healthy house. Carpets are a malign mistake; boards and beeswax the things. Gas again! The Landlord informed us with misplaced—or Mephistophelian—pride that it was "laid on" to every room in the house; which means that every room is transformed into a sort of domestic *Grotto del Cane.* Gas indeed! Giddiness, nausea, faintness, and cold clammy perspirations, are its milder effects. Each additional jet means so much more carbonic oxide and slow asphyxia.

Angelina. But, good gracious, EDWIN, what *can* we do?

Edwin. Get back to candles and lamps, until Science perfects the electric light. In fine, my dear, as regards atmosphere, temperature, and light, the three essentials to healthy life, this house is radically deficient; while as regards its furnishings it is as preposterously and poisonously wrong. MITHRIDATES might have dined on a toxicologist's drug-chest, but he could never keep his health in a modern Villa.

Angelina. Oh, destraction! But surely, EDWIN, if you knew all this——

Edwin. I did not—until this evening. Read this report of DR. RICHARDSON'S lecture on *Health Improvements in Great Cities*—and——

Angelina (*much relieved*). Oh, EDWIN, how *could* you? What a scare you have given me, and all for nothing!

Edwin. For *nothing?* Rash and ribald woman, are the edicts of Hygeiopolis *nothing?* DR. RICHARDSON——

Angelina. Oh, bother DR. RICHARDSON! A—what do you call it?—Utopian, isn't he?

Edwin. My dear, the Utopias of to-day are the commonplaces of to-morrow.

Angelina. Oh, I hate such crotchetty alarmists, frightening people till they dare not eat for fear of poison, or breathe for fear of pestilence. Health, indeed! Who 's to hope for it, if we must turn the world upside down, and one's house out of windows, before one can get at it?

Edwin (*deprecatingly*). My dear, there are difficulties, I admit. Still we should thank DR. RICHARDSON for pointing out the conditions of perfect health, however slow must be the process of realising them.

Angelina (*confidently*). Well, all I know is, I'm not going to let his whim-whams and whigmaleeries put me out of conceit with my pretty new house. Why, how would *you* like to sacrifice all this bright colour and cosiness for earthenware walls, bees-waxed floors, and ashen grey rugs?

Edwin (*dubiously*). W-e-e-l——

[*Scene closes—as many a domestic colloquy on the same subject will close. Nevertheless* DR. RICHARDSON *is doubtless on the right track.*

Dirt v. Dirt.

GREAT THOMAS of Chelsea, by Darwinites hurt,
Declares Evolution "The Gospel of Dirt."
Nicknames sting and stick, but they scarcely confute,
Though conferred by a censor of splendid repute.
Truth 's proof 'gainst hard names,—has true THOMAS to learn it?
If the New Gospel 's false, by hard reason o'erturn it:
Therewith our true THOMAS hath dealt many a stinger—
But scorn and invective recoil on the flinger.
Leave the parsons to ply the polemical squirt at it;
Dirt's Gospel it won't kill or cleanse to throw dirt at it.

MOTTO FOR A NEW JOURNAL (*from the Welsh, in more senses than one*).—"*Truth* against the *World.*"

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HEALTH IS HAPPINESS.

SO THINK TOM AND JERRY; AND WHENEVER THEY HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY, JERRY TAKES OUT HIS WATCH, AND FEELS HIS PULSE, WHILE TOM LOOKS AT HIS TONGUE IN A SMALL POCKET-GLASS.

A DROP TOO MUCH.

AMONGST some curious particulars respecting Champagne wine, the *Bulletin des Séances de la Société Centrale d'Agriculture* mentions that Ay was prized above all other wines by POPE URBAN II. (whom we now know to have been an infallible judge), in the eleventh century. It was then, according to the above-quoted authority, "a red sort, not unlike Bouzy wine, which also has had its day of great renown." Few people now-a-days, probably, are aware of the existence of a Bouzy wine; and certain Spelling Reformers will perhaps suggest that the name of that wine, considered as descriptive of its effects on those who drink too much of it, is applicable to all manner of "intoxicating liquors."

The New System of Chancery.

GREAT complaint is made of the "Law's Delay" prevalent under the "New System" in the Court of Chancery. There is said to be a "block" in the Registrar's Office; another block in Chambers; a block in every department of the Chancery Division. Hence it appears that the "New System" adopted in Chancery is in fact the "Block System." Strange! The desideratum of our Railways is the opprobrium of our Courts of Law.

ODD CONTRADICTION.

THAT "Full Dress" in Her Majesty's Foot Guards should involve Bear Skins.

FASHIONABLE CHIT-CHAT.

(Adapted from the American for the English Market.)

CHARLEY HEADLONG married LADY "DOLLY" SPANKER on Tuesday. The wedding cake (supplied by MESSRS. SWEET AND PLUMB) cost over seventy guineas. The old woman (the Bride's mother) was awfully cut up, and cried until her complexion was utterly spoiled. This was not strange, as the Dowager's favourite brother has recently died of typhus fever.

BY the way, *à propos* of the death to which I have just alluded, there were eight hundred and ninety-seven silver nails in the coffin.

I AM very fond of Waiters, and know a large number of them. As this is the case, I may have something to say about the Smoking-Room Talk in several leading West-End Clubs next week.

A HORSE-WHIPPING doesn't hurt when you are accustomed to it.

I AM accustomed to hang about stage-doors after the performances are over. A well-known actress (for whom I have the most profound respect) took an omnibus from the Strand to Clapham on Friday. She got out some little distance from her house, to save payment of an extra penny. And yet they say "the Profession" are improvident.

I DINED the other evening with LADY BROWNJONES ROBINSON. The soup was too hot, and the fish too cold. The *entrées* were greasy, and the birds tough. The ice pudding tasted as if it had been manufactured in the kitchen of a third-rate pastrycook. It is only just to say (in answer to certain unpleasant reports that have been current of late) that LADY BROWNJONES ROBINSON'S husband *was* in attendance. Poor fellow, he looked a little mournful. Once only did a "guest" address him, and then it was to ask him "To be good enough to pass the salt."

I HEAR, on excellent authority, that a certain Illustrious Personage has ordered half-a-dozen pairs of new boots.

I WENT to see some Amateur Theatricals the other day, and the performances had a terribly depressing effect. I am not much of an actor myself, but I think, were I asked to play, I should go in for *The Liar*.

VERAX.

IRISH RAILWAY HOURS.

WE understand the answer as well as the question:—

"What is the night?
Almost at odds with morning, which is which."

We do not seem to fancy that night and morning, described as at odds with each other, are said to be falling out. But in the following advertisement, cut from a Dublin contemporary, occurs a passage, which, if parallel to the Shakspearian statement foregoing, is comparatively obscure:—

IF any of the Gentlemen who witnessed the Collision near the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, between one and two o'clock on Wednesday, the 10th inst., will communicate with V. 324, office of this paper, he will much oblige.

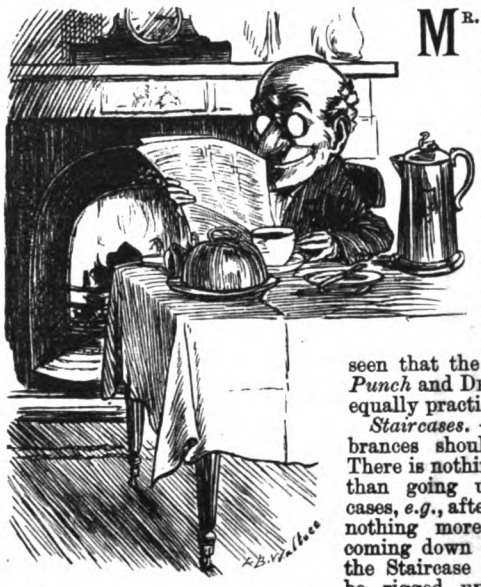
It is too much, perhaps, to hope that the collision above alleged to have occurred between One and Two o'clock, was merely a figurative sort of clash into which one of those hours somehow came with the other; no bones broken—as they might be if the Hours in Ireland travelled by rail. It seems to have been a visible collision, from the intimation that if any of the Gentlemen who witnessed it will communicate with "V. 324," he—that is, of course, "V. 324"—will much oblige. But whom will "V. 324" oblige, and how, and wherefore? Presumably "V. 324" is one of those Preservers of Public Order by the English populace not too respectfully styled Bobbies. Although he may be a thoroughly efficient Constable, his diction is certainly less perspicuous than such as beseems an officer of that intelligent body the Irish Police. Query for Earlswood—One o'clock coming into collision with Two, would not One get the worst of it?

SONGS FOR LUNATIC ASYLUMS.—Glees rather than Madrigals.

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HINTS ON HOUSE-BUILDING;

Or, How to Make Home Happy.



MR. PUNCH has read with a great deal of pleasure DR. RICHARDSON'S excellent Lectures upon our hearths and homes. Ever ready to assist in the cause of health and common sense, the Sage of Fleet Street begs to supplement these lectures with a few hints of his own. It will be seen that the proposals of *Mr. Punch* and DR. RICHARDSON are equally practicable:—

Staircases. — These incumbrances should be abolished. There is nothing more fatiguing than going up and (in some cases, *e.g.*, after a joyous dinner) nothing more dangerous than coming down stairs. In lieu of the Staircase a *trapèze* should be rigged up. With a little practice, every member of the house should be able to swing himself or herself from landing to landing. The exercise will be found infinitely more beneficial to the muscles than stair-climbing, and, from an artistic point of view, will prove exceedingly pleasant and even graceful.

Wall Papers.—These collectors of dirt should not be tolerated. What is wanted is some cheap, useful material that will wash and supply, in an unpretending fashion, heat in winter and light in summer. If this material, by its peculiar properties, abolishes fireplaces and chandeliers, so much the better. It should also (when needed) supply pegs for hats and dresses. It might, too, change colour to suit the furniture. At present such a material does not exist, but its discovery should lead to a very valuable patent. Until this material is invented, the walls of rich people may be lined with tin, to show that they are well to do. The office-walls of lawyers might, appropriately, be faced with brass.

The Kitchen.—This apartment should be on the top of the house, outside the roof. Its new position will do away with the nuisance caused by the odours of cookery.

The Nursery.—It is obvious that this room should be on the top of the house, and also outside the roof. Noise ascends, and children should always have the highest (*id est*, the purest) air.

The Library.—The Study, it is scarcely necessary to say, should be on the top of the house and outside the roof. Reading in pure air is a healthy exercise. Reading in anything else is the reverse.

The Drawing-Rooms.—This *suite* should be always situated on the top of the house, and outside the roof. The view of the adjacent country will be finer from the top than from the basement of the building.

The Bed-Rooms.—It is superfluous to say that these chambers, in which good air is an absolute necessity, should invariably be built on the top of the house, and outside the roof.

The Garden.—For the sake of convenience, no better spot could be found for pleasure-grounds and kitchen-gardens than the top of the house—outside the roof, of course.

Windows.—As light is life, there can never be too many windows in a house. As a rule, it may be conceded that to every foot of brickwork there should be a yard of glass. Care, however, should be taken that there should not be too much glare. Thus, an unnecessary window should be bricked up immediately on its discovery.

Doors.—These wooden barriers are frequently the cause of much illness. Were there no doors there would be no draughts. Under these circumstances doors should be unsparingly abolished.

The Dungeon.—This is a new but very necessary addition to the comforts of a home. No household conducted on truly economical principles should be without one. If the house is a castle, the dungeon should be constructed beneath the moat. It is scarcely necessary to say that it should be used as a place of secret confinement for the Tax-Collector, who may be cajoled into the hall by insidious politeness, there sprung upon, seized, gagged, *garotté*, and plunged into the dungeon.

HIGH CHURCH COMEDY.

THE Venerable yet humorous ARCHDEACON OF TAUNTON seldom opens his mouth without saying something remarkable. As, for instance, in moving a Resolution of defiance to the Court of Arches at the Meeting lately held by the English Church Union in the Freemasons' Tavern, to consider the Hatcham case. He said that the Court which had inhibited poor MR. TOOTH "ought to be called LORD PENZANCE'S Court;" that he "knew no more shameful proceedings than that that Court should sit at Lambeth;" and that LORD PENZANCE'S Court was "a name by which it would go down to the odium and execration of posterity." His hearers laughed, not unnaturally, at language which reads like that of a preacher of Temperance, who has taken too much tea, abusing beer.

ARCHDEACON DENISON is reported also to have said:—

"It is a very fine thing to come here cheering one another, and passing Resolutions by acclamation; but what are we going to do for the Priests of the Church of England—those who will be brought possibly very soon under the claws of LORD PENZANCE? (*Laughter.*)"

More laughter; naturally again; laughter at the idea of LORD PENZANCE with claws. A funny idea, certainly. Couldn't our Archdeacon work it out? Is he able to draw? Then he might put LORD PENZANCE on paper, with claws and all the other extras to the human form which they imply. Perhaps he will favour us with a sketch of him thus delineated.

Our impayable Archdeacon proceeded as follows:—

"I believe that Priests will follow the example of those two men who have fought the real battle; our dear friend MR. PURCHAS, who was killed by it ('*hear, hear!*'), and our dear friend ARTHUR TOOTH. (*Prolonged cheering*). And there is another man who has been killed too, our dear friend DR. DYKES. ('*Hear, hear!*'). Well, MR. TOOTH is looking forward to dwelling in a prison during the remainder of his life; and, if I know the man, I must say nothing in this world will ever take him out of it (*cheers*); and if I had to go to prison, I should like to go to prison with him. (*Laughter.*)"

The tables set in a roar again by a *Yorick* equal to SIR WILFRID LAWSON—of course only joking. We live in happy times compared to those in which real martyrs were killed, and genuine Confessors sent to prison. Our venerable *Yorick* can have no real fear of having to go there along with MR. TOOTH. Moreover, a prison is not the institution to which any Judge with the requisite discretion would commit such defendants as those concerned in the pranks which ARCHDEACON DENISON'S friends have been playing at St. James's, (Colney) Hatcham.

Natural (History) Question.

MR. PROCTOR, in his Lecture on the Sea Serpent, says:—

"The Mermaid, again, has been satisfactorily identified with the *Manatee*, or 'Woman-Fish,' as the Portuguese call it, which assumes, says CAPTAIN SCORESBY, 'such positions that the human appearance is very closely imitated.'"—*Times.*

Has the *Manatee*, or "Woman-Fish," any connection with the modern *Man at Tea*—the Ladies' fish—the great creature at five o'clock kettle-drums?

Kill and Not Cure.

IN a paragraph on Vaccination in the *Times*, the President of the Anti-compulsory Vaccination League is stated to be "a Clergyman of the Church of England, but happily (according to the *Clergy List*) without cure of souls." Happily, perhaps. But then if he had cure of souls he would have business of his own to mind—might possibly mind it, and, by having his attention occupied with curing souls, be withheld from opposing the prevention of small-pox, and so promoting the propagation of disease amongst bodies.

A FALLING OFF.

OLD BUTTONLESS, the bachelor, complains that whereas in former times his friends sent him at Christmas a dozen brace or so of birds, he now only receives by post a couple of dozen or so of twopenny Robins!

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

THE Court of Exchequer has decided that cutting cocks' combs is cruelty to animals. But if you *don't* cut cox-combs they inflict themselves upon you, and on which side is the cruelty to animals *then?*

A NICE BISHOPRIC (*for a red-hot Partisan Parson*).—The Palæocrystic See.

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"OUR FAILURES."

Husband. "I SAY, LIZZIE, WHAT ON EARTH DID YOU MAKE THIS MINT-SAUCE OF?"

Young Wife (who has been "helping" Cook). "PARSLEY, TO BE SURE!"

SONG OF THE CHURCH UNION.

AIR—"*And Shall Trelawney Die?*"

AND shall they strike at Ritual rites?
Shall TOOTH in durance lie?
Then fourteen thousand Union Men
Will know the reason why!

For Church and conscience JAMES's days
Saw Bishops sev'n confined;
But Cornwall's sons found means and ways
To change the royal mind.
So we'll resist TAIT, CAIRNS, and PEN,
And Law, in them, defy,—
We, fourteen thousand Union Men,
And not men to say die.

Matters of moment still we'll make
Of chasuble and stole;
With TOOTH, in teeth of Law, we'll take
The Mass of Rome for goal.
While we scorn TAIT and CAIRNS and PEN,
And power of Law defy,—
In Union's name Disunion Men,
Though with no reason why.

Our Roman candles high shall flare,
On Romish altar-plate,
And lace and flowers and frontals fair,
While Mass we celebrate.
So using tooth and tongue and pen
The Law Courts to defy,
We fourteen thousand Union Men
Will hang each other by!

We'll under-creep or over-leap
All Acts our course that bar;
Obedience to our Bishops keep,
But while with us they are.
And till we stump TAIT, Bench, and PEN,
Against the three we'll cry:
If Law dares thwart Church-Union Men,
Shall they be bound thereby?

"CLOUDS in the East." No wonder, now the Conference has ended in smoke.

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

GREAT preparations are being made for the ensuing Season, which, the Court Newsmen assure us, is to be more than usually brilliant. *Mr. Punch* has received visits from the *fournisseurs*, and own men and maids of the *élite* of Fashion, who all assure him that no efforts will be spared on all hands this year to make London a vortex of elegant entertainment.

LADY DIGBY HOLEPICKER has passed the entire winter in tracing to their foundation all circumstances and scandals affecting the *débutantes* of the Season. Her Ladyship has investigated all particulars of their fathers' properties and portions, their own expectations in the way of settlements and pin-money, and their pecuniary as well as personal "figures." LADY D. H. hopes also to be in a position to give her friends the exact facts relating to all the compromising connections, unfortunate attachments, runaway matches, and actual or probable elopements, separations, and divorces, which formed the chief topics in distinguished circles in the course of last Season, and at good visiting houses through the autumn and winter.

LORD HAUTENBAS has made his usual New Year's distribution of *bon-bons*, as retainers at the tables where he expects to have a seat kept for him during the approaching Season. LORD H. has passed several weeks in handicapping his friends' Cooks, and in arranging with his entertainers *in futuro* the people to be cold-shouldered and invited where he dines. His Lordship has not quite settled which Opera-box at both houses shall have the distinguished honour of his patronage. Several *nouveaux-riches* are competing for the preference.

TOMMY TAMECAT has been diligently working all his Clubs in succession for the last three weeks, and is now engaged to dinner every day for a month from the opening of Parliament. He has taken notes of every tit-bit of fashionable scandal and exclusive gossip, and every high-flavoured *double entendre*, he has been able to pick up in his autumn rounds, and has almost finished arranging them according to the tables at which he means to bring them in. He has also got into working order his choice stock of assorted compliments, to match the capacities and styles of his hostesses in prospective, with quotations from ALFRED DE MUSSET, BYRON, or BROWNING, for cases where the recipient is likely to understand the French or appreciate the English. TOMMY has also been concluding beneficial arrangements for the Season with his tailor, his boot-maker, and job-master, on the mutual principle of limited patronage and unlimited credit.

The HON. MRS. LUCRETIA SLYBOOTS has been damaging her digestion at five o'clock Kettledrums with every conceivable decoction of Assam, Congou, and Orange Pekoe, for the purpose of clearing her character from those odious imputations which that horrid MRS. GRUNDY has been spreading about her without the slightest foundation. MRS. S. has been seen at Church every Sunday and Friday since New Year's Day; and if that absurd man, GODFREY STALKER, will leave his regiment to come to the same Church, for the same services, is it her fault? Is not the idea quite too supremely ridiculous? Isn't it dreadful to think what wicked things people do think of other people! If people would only mind their own business!

BIANCA WESTAL is coming up for her first season. She can scarcely sleep for the preparations she is making. She has got no money to speak of, but, thank goodness, she is pretty enough to be adored without, and rose tarlatan does become her so quite too awfully, particularly with stephanotis in her hair—and they say the Prince dotes on stephanotis. And she is to be presented by LADY DIGBY HOLEPICKER, who is *so* kind; and if she should be asked to Marlborough House, won't it be quite too awfully jolly!

Ritualist Venison.

THE sympathy of the English Church Union with MR. TOOTH may be heightened by a feeling peculiar to Englishmen—admiration of an offender who shows himself game. Undoubtedly the contemner of the Court of Arches *is* game to the backbone; but the game is too High.

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THOMAS EDWARD NATURALIST AND COBBLER.



"HELP yourself!" is a good rule, and a capital text, on which MR. SMILES, some time ago, preached a sermon by examples, with the title of *Self-Help*. The moral of this sermon is summed in the old proverb, "God helps those who help themselves." For there indeed lies the strength of "Self-Help"—it is God's help. And now MR. SMILES has preached another sermon on the same text, called *The Life of a Scotch Naturalist*. It is the wonderful true story of a wonderful true man—THOMAS EDWARD, Associate of the Linnæan Society, and souter in Banff; a story to bring tears into the eyes, and to fill the heart with sadness and gladness: a story to make those who read it better, humbler, and gentler, and, above all, more thankful to the Great Father of All, who can so mysteriously teach and guide, strengthen and lead up one of the humblest of his children, from eleven years of age till sixty-three an earner of distressful bread at a cobbler's stool with an average wage of nine shillings a-week.

THOMAS EDWARD has lived two lives. There was first the humble life of the hardly brought up son of a poor weaver; scholar, now and then, for brief spells, of brutal dominies; next apprentice of a drunken ruffian; then toiling bread-winner for a brave and true wife, and a well-reared family of eleven children. This was the man who helped himself.

But side by side with this life he was living another—of communion with the wonderful works of God, who took upon himself *this* part of his teaching, instead of the dominie with his taws and cane; binding him apprentice to nature, instead of drunken CHARLEY BEGG in the Gallowgate; and after his days of sordid stooping over uppers and twitching at waxed-ends, giving him nights of wonderful intercourse with all living things; appointing him "the beasties" for books, and the silent hours of darkness for his school-time; and holes in dykes, or bields under stone walls, or bits of crumbling ruin, for his school-rooms. This was the man helped of God.

If you want to know how THOMAS EDWARD lived those two lives side by side, helping himself manfully under the heavy burdens of a poor man among poor men, and letting God help him wonderfully, in gathering wide and rare knowledge of plants and beasts, birds, and creeping things, fishes, and crabs, starfishes, and molluscs, till he was able to add new chapters to the great book of natural science, and to teach teachers, and win honour from renowned Naturalists, and was, at length, made an Associate of the most famous

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EXTREME MEASURES.

Polite Foxhunter. "BUT WHY WON'T YOU LET US HELP YOU OUT?"
Lady in the Ditch. "OH, DEAR! I AM FIFTEEN STONE WITHOUT THE MUD! DO, PLEASE, SEND FOR A ROPE!"

of their societies, you will find the story told fully and feelingly in MR. SMILES' *Life of a Scotch Naturalist*, published by JOHN MURRAY.

And you will read, too, how close work at the cobbler's stool by day, and wandering and watching and lying out by night, wrestlings with winter's winds and frosts, drenchings with rain, wettings from seas, tumbles from cliffs, with long fastings, and spare fare, at best, of oatmeal cakes and water, played havoc with a strong body, so that at sixty-three, THOMAS EDWARD is an old and crippled man.

In the same book is told the touching story of this man's loneliness and disappointments: how, under the pinch of hard times, he had, again and again, to sell the collections he had so laboriously made, which he straightway set to making over again, like ROBERT BRUCE'S spider; and how the prophet, honoured as he was by wise and famous men far away, was not honoured in his own country—Banff bailies, and Banff bodies, and Banff souls, being too high—or low—to see the poor souter, bowed over his work, and so lower still.

But you will not read in the book—for that came after it was written—how the QUEEN and LORD BEACONSFIELD, having read the story of THOMAS EDWARD'S life, were moved by a common thought to put THOMAS EDWARD on the Pension List for a modest fifty pounds a year, so that for the rest of his life he may give himself wholly to the reading of God's Book of Creation, without being a burden to the children who have been true and helpful stays to him thus far. For among THOMAS EDWARD'S other good gifts from God, is a good and wise wife, and they have bred good bairns. And so *Punch* takes leave of THOMAS EDWARD—in harbour at last; and, lifting his hat, and holding out his hand to this stout-hearted and rarely-endowed man, craves leave—as the highest honour should come the latest—to offer this *his* tribute of respect after Prime Minister and QUEEN.

ECCLESIASTICAL OCCLUSION.

THE Church of St. James, Hatcham, has been shut up. So has the Incumbent. Serve him right, till he consents, by shutting his mouth, to open his prison.

DOUBTFUL AFFINITY.

"Alcohol has so great an affinity for water that it is only by the greatest care that the chemist can obtain it absolutely pure."
"*The Science of Alcohol.*"—ECHO.

EBRIOSUS, *loquitur.*

ALC'HOL 'finity warrer? Stuff!—Can't be!
Don't—hic!—b'leave it! All pure fiddle 'dee!
Just fancy Alc'hol yearning for the Pump,
Like some half-mad T'totaller on the stump!
'Diklus! Pooh! Alc'hol got more Spirit 'n that.
What? Chemist chap can't part 'em? What a flat!
Shee! Here'sh Brandish and there'sh warrer! Wonder
Where'sh the trouble keep them two ashunder?
Here goesh Brandish, there stops Warrer! Why
They both sheem quite contented. Sho am I.
I don't believe they've any more affinity
Than has a Derby Dutch-doll for divinity,
Eh? Sciensh proves it? Hic! Who'sh Sciensh? Blow
Sciensh! What d'ye mean by C_2H_6O?
Whash that prove? Eh? Mere Alphabet gone mad.
Bother your symbolsh! Stick to facts, my lad.
Some new dodge of WILFRID LAWSHON'S. What!
Brandish Alcohol and Warrer? Rot!
I lovesh Brandish, and hatesh Warrer? Mix 'em?
Haven't done so for yearsh, Shir! Guess that nicks 'em.
Here's lots o' warrer lately all about.
Best take in Brandish to keep Warrer out.
Sciensh's crackjaw gibberish all a cheat.
Here! Mary! Nurrer go o' Brandish,—neat!

NO DANGER TO SHAKSPEARE.

NEW Queen's Theatre reading of a line in *Macbeth*, Act iv., Scene 1:—

"For none of woman-Biorn shall harm *Macbeth*."

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MR. PUNCH'S CÉLÉBRITÉS CHEZ ELLES.

No. IV.—JOHN KEMBLE SIDDONS SLOGGER, IN GARRICK STREET.



WE stand at a *carrefour* in the heart of a mighty city. A quiet, old-fashioned quarter with "sets" of picturesque street-pieces and wings. A many-windowed club-house, full of wits and wags, and (at Yuletide) good Christmas cheer. Here, a shop with quaintly conceived cardboard animals suspended on elastic strings, and dancing nimbly to silent music. There, a many-gabled dwelling, that might have served good QUEEN BESS for a villa, in the days when young WALTER RALEIGH was ignorant of potatoes, and had never smoked tobacco. A sleepy, glaring, sun-stricken street in the summer, and in the winter a desolation of ice and rain and snow. A short cut for the lonely hansom, dashing from cumbered Covent Garden to renewed Leicester Square—those "Fields," where man of wit and pleasure met man, rapier to rapier, in the days gone by. A very new street, and after all an old one. The very place for an actor's dwelling—full of old memories, with many a good tap and cosy tavern within easy reach, and boasting a name that wears the crown of histrionic art. It is in this street of weird fancies and rich stage associations that J. K. S. SLOGGER has pitched his tent. Many years ago, when he was struggling as a provincial *Hamlet*, he was content to be bounded in an attic, but now, in the full glow of success (when his usual terms are half the gross receipts and a clear benefit), he rents a flat. Few of those who gaze at the six windows of his rooms, guess that behind those costly curtains of guipure lace (from FLUFF AND SPANGLES), lives *the* Great Actor of the day, in a very museum of dramatic art. And yet so it is. SLOGGER is too comprehensive an artist to be fettered by the conventional "lines of business." He is a tragic comedian, or a comic tragedian as the case may be. Not only is his heart in his art, but (and let the sneering world mark this well), his art is in his heart! A hard saying to Cockneys, and yet a true one.

JOHN KEMBLE SIDDONS SLOGGER is an actor first, and then,—after due interval,—a man. He scorns the modern school, with its cup-and-saucer quietude and its drawing-room ease. He hates the mere gentleman actor's level tone and morning dress of good society, with the high and holy hatred of the ideal artist of our old English stage. His present and future lie in the past. To him tradition holds high rule over grovelling, prosaic nature. For more than thirty years, he will tell you with pride, no one has heard him speak in a natural voice. The waiter who takes his order for dinner, in eating-houses where he is a stranger, shrinks back, appalled, at his question of whether the joint is in the best cut, and trembles when he alludes to vegetables. A terribly gloomy man, close-cropped, and with lip and cheek innocent of hair. Partial friends declare that his tragedy is perfectly awful; and impartial critics insist that his comedy is more awful still. An awe-inspiring, attention-wearying man, and yet a man with a heart worth its weight in gold and precious stones. Let an appeal be made to him in the sacred name of charity, and all he asks is that he may have the best part, no rivals near his throne, and, above all, his name printed at the head of the bill in letters at least two feet long. These simple conditions complied with, and his support is easily secured.

Let us look at this great good man at home. Let us ascend the stairs and enter his suite of rooms. If we will only listen while he rifles his rich store of anecdotes, we may make sure of a welcome.

A simple unpretending hall, with tables bearing ormolu clocks, plated goblets, and imposing double-silvered coffee-pots. Once SLOGGER was a manager, and these are the testimonials presented to him by his grateful *employés*. That tarnished Tea-set represents the respect of fifty Ballet Girls who mulcted themselves for its purchase of five shillings a-piece out of average weekly salaries of under a pound. That showy pair of Candlesticks is a proof (at the instigation of the Stage Manager) of the hearty good-will of seven-and-twenty Stage Carpenters, Gas men, and Supernumeraries. SLOGGER may well prize these testimonials, for there is not one of them that does not represent a scanty salary made more scanty, and a poor home reduced to greater poverty, to do him honour.

A passage leads from the hall to the sanctum. In this passage is a mighty cupboard full of brown-paper-covered books. These books are tied up and addressed to J. K. S. SLOGGER, Esq., at various Theatres Royal. When SLOGGER takes his annual tour, pieces pour in upon him by the score and by the hundred. Sucking SHAKSPEARES and sprouting SHERIDANS send their choicest works to him, hoping that those works will be perused, hoping that those works will carry their authors on to the boards of Drury Lane, and into the highest niches of the Temple of Fame. Their end is in SLOGGER'S passage cupboard.

As his visitor enters the sitting-room, SLOGGER rises, stretches forth his hand with a graceful wave, and bows. Then he seizes two chairs by their backs, drags them forward into the centre of the room, motions to his guest to seat himself, and produces a set of folio volumes full of newspaper cuttings. For hours and hours he will, with a kindly defiance of fatigue, read you notices of his own performances. While he reads, let us look round.

A room full of "properties." Here a gilt table laid out with a *papier mâché* banquet; there an old clock pointing for ever to ten minutes past nine. Over yonder a canvas light-house belonging to a sensation drama. Chairs and tables of all styles and periods, and a portion of a transformation scene. A real cab, and a profile train shutting up like a telescope. That cab was the saving of a domestic drama, and yonder train (a "ter-rain," as SLOGGER pronounces it) once made the fortune of a "scene of real life." When SLOGGER retired from management, he secured these properties. Some of them are still useful. In the provinces he occasionally stoops from SHAKSPEARE to authors of more modern date. When he does so, he sometimes finds it useful to be able to supply a clock for the *Corsican Brothers*, or a light-house for the *Turn of the Tide*.

Yes; this is indeed an artist. Ask him what he knows of his contemporaries, and he will tell you, with that candid self-absorption which belongs to genius, "Nothing!" The dead he praises heartily, because, egotistical as a child, like all true artists, his world is himself. His acting, he admits, may be like nothing in nature. Why should it be? It is *acting*. He informs you, with pardonable pride, that the ideal is the goal in his Art—not the real. His hope is that the Government will one day awake to a sense of its responsibilities to the Drama, and found a National Theatre, with Tradition at its base and SLOGGER at its apex. "Then, and not till then," as he sadly remarks, "there will be a hope for the Stage." "For the present, Sir," he adds, "what with this absurd cry for 'Nature,' and this gross craving after 'realism,' they have knocked the Art of Acting out of time—either forced the true Tragedian into the Provinces, or humiliated him to the degradation of opening the Pantomime season at the Lane!"

Look on SLOGGER with respect. He is the relic of a great past; the surviving Mastodon of a generation of antediluvian Behemoths!

MIDHAT PASHA'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.

AN old Sack wants much patching.
There is a remedy for everything, could men but find it.
Flies are busiest about lean Horses.
He that deceives me once, it is his fault; if twice, it is mine.
God in the tongue, and the Devil in the heart.
A Rat may very ill plead law.
The Crow bewails the Sheep, and eats it.
The higher the Ape goes, the more he shows his tail.
The Cat would eat fish, but would not wet her feet.
Honey is sweet, but the Bee stings.
A Lion's skin is never cheap.
They that are booted are not always ready.
It needs a long time to know the world's pulse.
One Sword keeps another in the sheath.
He that does fight with silver is sure to overcome.
Bells call others, but themselves enter not into the Church.
The early Bird catches the Worm.
By scratching and biting Cats and Dogs come together.
Threatened folks live long.

DISAGREEABLE TRAVELLING.

MRS. GAMP lately had a patient under her care, whom she proclaims to all her acquaintance as the most wonderful of travellers. "Yes, indeed, my dear, he tell me he 've been twice through the Sewage Canal!"

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ABOVE PARNASSUS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,



UT of the assurance inspired by your invariable kindness to the humblest members of the Great Republic of Letters I am emboldened to address you on a subject very near to my heart. For many years it has been my ambition to become a dramatist, but I have hitherto lacked "invention." My dialogue is considered, by many most influential friends, to be above praise. To quote one of them "Good is not the word for it." I believe I have struck upon a vein at last. Without translating from the French, without rushing to the Circulating Library, I think I 've got the frameworks for my plots. Recently, a gentleman of great literary ability (of course you remember *False Shame*, a very clever comedy*) has turned to SHAKSPEARE for a plot for an opera; then why should I not go to the same source for "the arguments" of my pieces? I have jotted down a few ideas, and shall be glad to hear your opinion of them.

Hamlet.—Capital notion for a comedy. Of course *Polonius* would pretend to be the ghost of *Hamlet's* father. Great fun might be got out of this. Scene in England in the present day. All the killing naturally would have to be cut out. Something might be done with the play-scene—amateur theatricals, you know? Then end the piece with *Gertrude's* marriage, and get a laugh out of the mistake of the pastry-cook in sending the funeral baked meats for the wedding-breakfast. By the way, *Ophelia's* ballads would, of course, have to be worked into a "topical song" to airs of the day.

Othello.—A domestic drama, with a happy ending. Lay the scene of the piece during the American war, and make the Moor a nigger. Turn *Iago* into a female character, *Desdemona's* mother-in-law. The great situation at the end of the play should be *Othello* unable to get into his house to murder his wife (of course he should be tipsy at the time), because he can't find the hole in the lock for his latch-key. *Cassio*, *Brabantio*, and *Roderigo* should be worked up into one character.

Merchant of Venice.—Obviously a modern comedy. The character of *Shylock* would afford opportunities for a number of happy hits at the extortionate rate of interest charged by West-End usurers. *Portia* would become a "Woman's Rights" person. Great fun could be got out of the Court Scene, which should rival the one in MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S operetta, *Trial by Jury*.

The above are merely specimen schemes, and the list might be extended to almost any length.

Apologising for troubling you, I now lay down my pen, and humbly sign myself

Yours most sincerely,

The Oaks, Isle of Skye. SHAKSPEARE, JUN.

[* Our Correspondent is perfectly right in this particular. *False Shame* was an excellent piece.—ED.]

A CHARMING ARRAY.—(*Before some of* ROMNEY'S *and* SIR JOSHUA'S *Portraits of Pretty Darlings at Burlington House.*)—How lovely are the Young Misses of the Old Masters!

BURNS AND MEMNON.

FREQUENTERS of the Opera have heard a Statue sing. LORD HOUGHTON, on unveiling the image of the immortal BURNS, which Glasgow has set up, to the credit of the citizens of that ilk, as well as the poet's honour and glory, thus elegantly suggested the possibility of a singing statue other than that of the celebrated *Commendatore*. He said, referring to the memorials of deities, heroes, and tyrants erected by the people of ancient Egypt:—

"Among the most ancient monuments which attract the traveller in that country is a colossal figure of a god or hero of the name of MEMNON, of which there is a strange and beautiful tradition. It was believed that by some magical attraction and supernatural sympathy, the rays of the rising sun drew forth at morning from the inanimate stone sounds of such exquisite music as charmed and entranced all who had the good fortune to be within the range of the mortal ear. Now, Gentlemen, I have a fancy that the ardour of your affections, and the light of your imaginations, might almost draw from this statue a song of some hundred years ago—a strain of beauty that might go to your heart of hearts."

"*Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon*," for instance. Eh, and aiblins, "*The De'il cam' Fiddling through the Town*," or "*O Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut.*" What for no? Only fancy these songs, sung by the Burns Statue, and accompanied as it were by a morning-song or skirl of the bagpipes. Wouldn't they, in really fine musical effect, surpass the singing of the Man of Marble that comes to sup with *Don Juan*? Would not BURNS bang both MEMNON and MOZART? *Punch* respectfully puts the question to his genial friend, PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

The Kirk to a Kintraman.

THE first of a' MAC ADAM'S clan
Whence cam' he? TAM O' CHELSEA, say.
Oot o' Marine Ascidian,
Or Spawn o' Frog, or clarts o' Clay?

Gospel o' Durt ye 'll na believe?
Eh, TAMMIE, mon, ye 're awfu' wrang
Is Durt na Clay? Wow, TAM, I grieve
To think whaur ye are like to gang!

MONADS AND MASSES.

A Contribution to the Atomic Theory of Politics.

"I may say that in the transactions of the last few years, we, the Statesmen—if I may use that term—have learnt as much from the masses of the people as the masses of the people have learnt from us."—SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE *at Liverpool.*

EUREKA! The look-out ahead is less dense;
There is hope, after all, for the governing classes.
Our Statesmen, in search of some *atoms* of sense,
Have found, of late years, what they want in the *masses.*
Remembering Shipping and Slave Trade affairs,
One can hardly deny that SIR STAFFORD spake truly,
Yet Monads in office will give themselves airs,
And look down on Masses as blind and unruly.
SIR STAFFORD himself could austerely reprove
When he found Eastern policy did not content 'em.
'Tis plain if the Masses some Monads would move,
It must be by sheer dint of united momentum.

A Lion in Horsemonger Lane.

THE REV. MR. TOOTH has had to announce that there must be some limitation to the crowd of people who rush to visit him in prison. He finds himself at once a Confessor and a Lion—at least a Confessor in a Lion's skin. The multitude of disciples who keep walking up to see this Ritualist Lion, suggests comparison with those whose lot was cast in days when the cry was "*Christianos ad leonem!*"—but the Lion, then, had teeth and claws, and was free to use them upon the martyrs, not as a martyr himself.

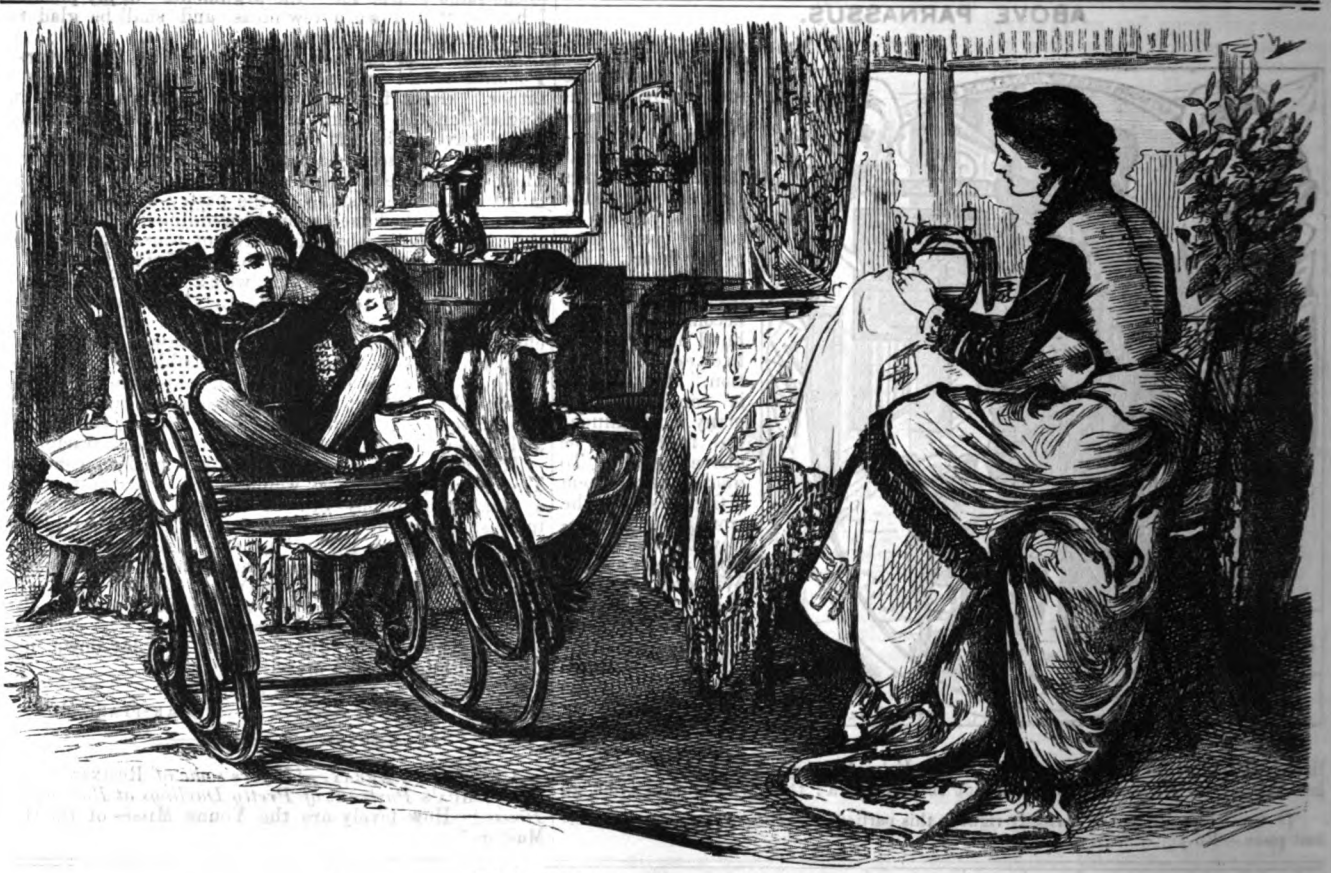
ANOTHER IRON-CLAD GONE WRONG.

THE *Shah* arrived at Gibraltar with her piston-rods unfit for service. If the Admiralty can't keep its own Rods in order, ought not Parliament to have Rods kept in Pickle for it?

PROBABLY.

WHO is "The Horrid Girl" we see advertised? Can it be "*Bella, Horrida Bella*"?

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THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Aunt Mary. "WHY DON'T YOU READ, TOM, INSTEAD OF LOLLING ABOUT?" *Tom.* "'GOT NOTHING TO READ!"
Aunt Mary. "THERE'S YOUR FIRST PRIZE IN MONSIEUR JOLIVET'S FRENCH CLASS—A MOST DELIGHTFUL BOOK!"
Tom. "HOW CAN I READ *THAT*?—*IT'S IN FRENCH!*"

NOBODY KNOWS.

JOHN BULL *soliloquiseth on the state of his Fleet and the status of the Engineer.*

"One of the most intelligent, and probably the best, of naval critics tells us that no one knows with any degree of thoroughness what use is made of our Navy, how it is managed, or what it is worth; but, so far as the limited knowledge of the best informed enables any one to form an opinion, the probability is that all is wrong. . . . . In MR. REED'S vigorous language, 'the ship is a steam-being, and the only man who understands it, can work it with safety, can control it efficiently, can use it, care for it, tend it, preserve it, repair it, renew it, is the Engineer.' The Engineer, the functions of the Engineer, and the position of the Engineer, should be held in honour; but, in fact, 'he remains to-day almost precisely where he was twenty years ago—a snubbed, subdued, subordinated man, with a dozen officers put above him to look down upon him.'"—*The Times on* MR. REED'S *Letter about* "*Naval Administration.*"

So "Nobody knows!" That 's remarkably pleasant!
A nice thing to learn at this late time of day!
A sweet game this Naval Blind Hookey! At present
I don't seem to relish *my* hand in the play.
Many millions I 've spent on the modern "Steam-being,"
You don't buy that sort of big toy for a song;
And now 'midst my Critics I find none agreeing,
Except on one point—that all 's probably wrong!

Nobody knows? Well, those precious twin Titans
Have turned topsy-turvy our Naval Affairs;
But are Iron and Steam a malign brace of Sheitans
To empty my purse and to fill me with scares?
All that Steam-beings *can* do, or can't, in fair fighting,
Perhaps we shan't learn till the things come to blows.
But are *mine* trustworthy? It 's somewhat affrighting
To find the sole answer is—Nobody knows!

Nobody knows! Years ago—about fifty,
My Navy was tested. We found it "all there."
Since then all is new, and I haven't been thrifty
In paying—since change was the call—for my share.
The new Iron Pot puzzles *me*, I admit it.
Smart Science shouts "Progress!" She 's right, I suppose.
But what 's the Pot worth, if 'gainst rivals I pit it?
That seems a fair question, but—Nobody knows.

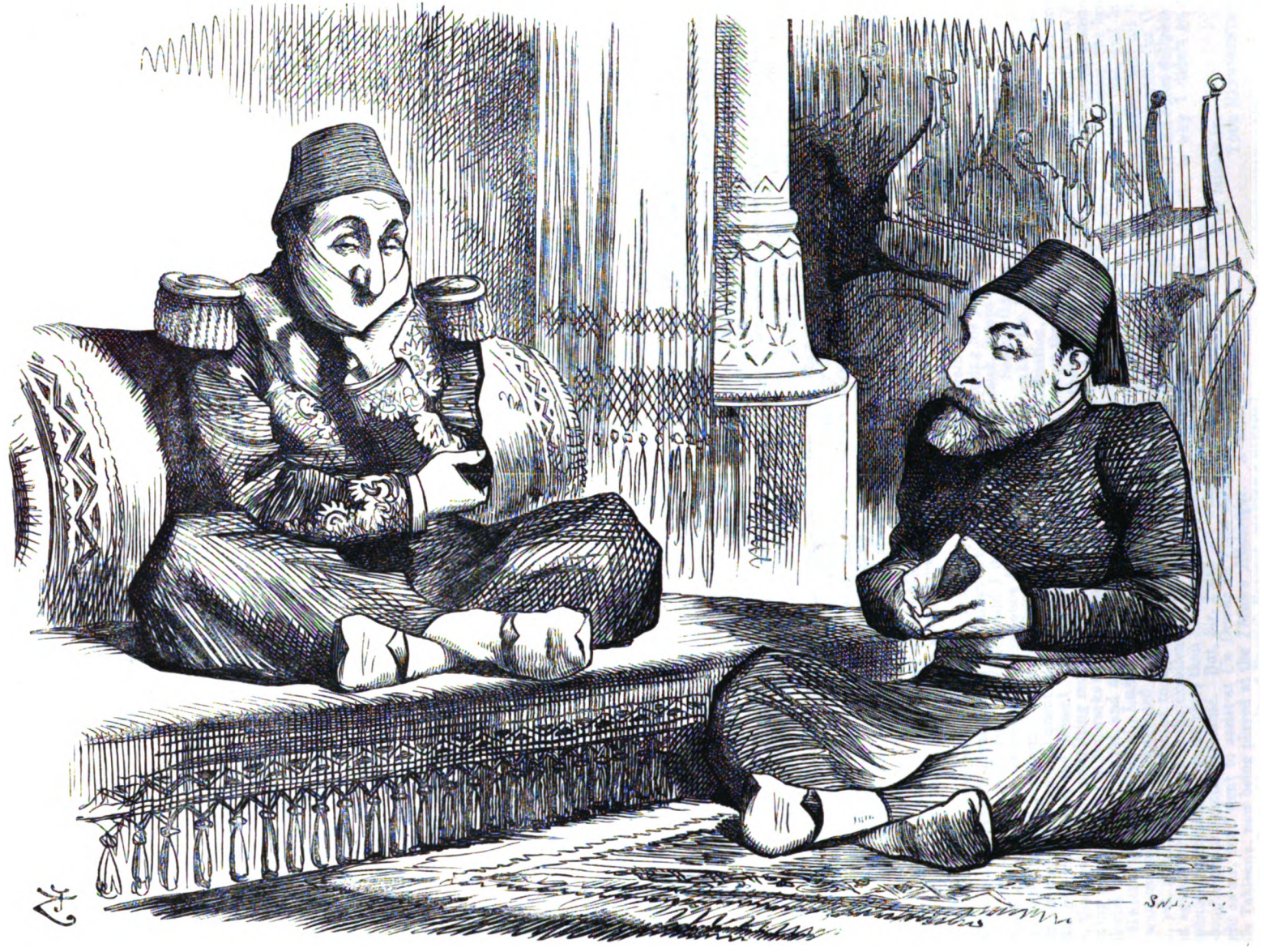
Nobody knows? Well, here 's REED, ex-Constructor,
A smart sort of chap and a dab at a yarn;
Would fain through the dense Marine maze play conductor.
He knows the "Steam-being" from stem unto stern.
He, no doubt, feels that he should be sole supervisor,
With ample and ship-shape Reports year by year,
With a right to take henceforth for Naval Adviser
That much misused being, the Chief Engineer!

"Snubbed, subdued, and subordinate?" Well, I'd a notion
The Creature was certainly more cockahoop.
REED paints him as Ought-to-be Lord of the Ocean,
Head-boss of the steam-ship from fok'sle to poop.
He only can handle it, guide it, preserve it,
Whilst JACK, though a jolly and dauntless sea-dog—
(Poor JACK sorely snubbed!—does he really deserve it?)
Is—shades of old Salts!—like a flat in a fog.

Well, they 'll want him—to fight—I suspect notwithstanding.
He 'll maybe outlast all their huge devil's-gear;
He 'stablished *his status* 'neath other commanding
Than that of our Crichton, the Chief Engineer.
But destiny 's stern; if the new battle 's brunt
Must be borne by the handler of pistons and cranks,
Let him come to the fore as a fact we can't shunt,
And receive his reward in pay, honours—and thanks.

Mine I 'm sure will be his if he 'll help to untangle
This horrible muddle called "Naval Affairs;"
Make peace 'midst the critics who boggle and jangle,
And shut up swell duffers who give themselves airs.
A fleet that 's *not* phantom I claim for my money,
With ships not a terror to me but my foes.
But whenever I ask how I stand, it seems funny
To hear, for sole answer, that "Nobody knows!"

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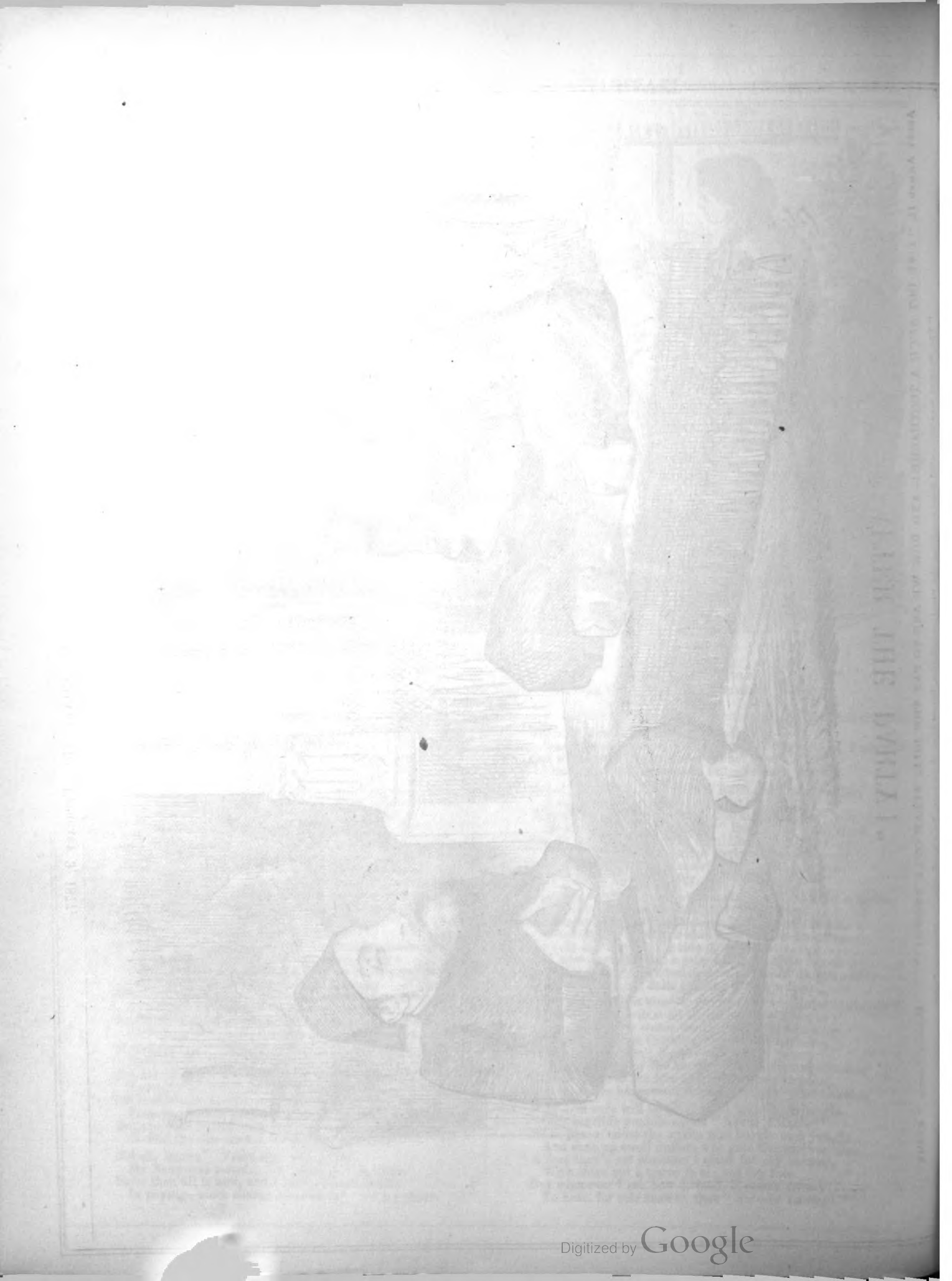


"AFTER THE PARTY!"

ABDUL AHMED II. "I'VE GOT *SUCH* A TOOTHACHE!—AND HOW WE ARE TO PAY THE BILL, ALLAH ONLY KNOWS!!" MIDHAT PASHA. "KISMET!!!!"

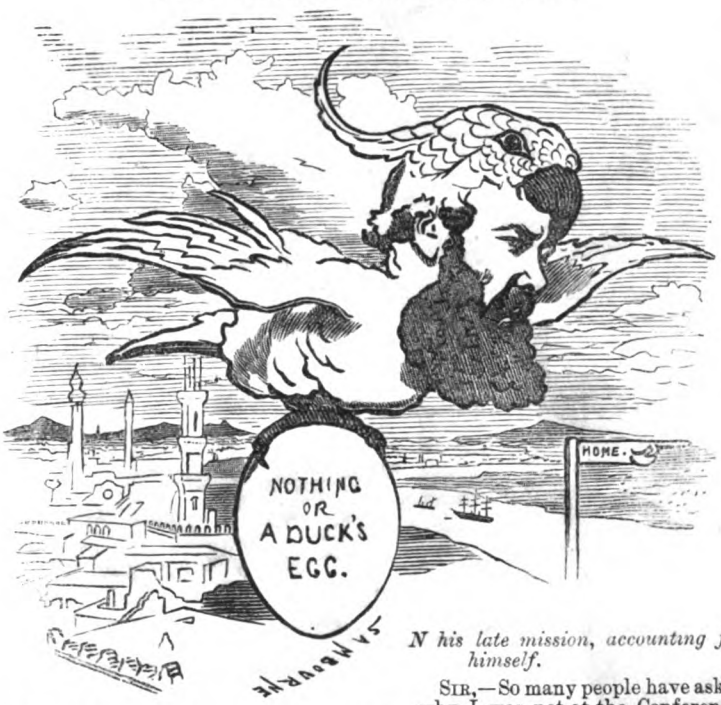
"The SULTAN was prevented from receiving the Plenipotentiaries, before their departure, by a toothache."—*Morning Paper.*

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OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.



On his late mission, accounting for himself.

SIR,—So many people have asked why I was not at the Conference, that I feel I must speak out, and own that, though you sent me, *I did not go*. No, Sir, I am not one of your Pretenders (by whom you have of late been duped) who take your money and write accounts of what never took place. Sir, I *meant* going. I smoked Turkish pipes, I ate Russian *caviare*, and, in order to be thoroughly up in the Great Eastern Question, I bought Great Eastern shares, about which at the time there was a considerable question. Then I went in for Circassian Pomade, night and morning, thus pouring oil on the troubled waters, or rather putting grease—or, what MR. GLADSTONE would call the "Hellenic Factor"—on my brain. I substituted Kurds for milk at breakfast-time. By the way, why hasn't some enterprising hairdresser invented a pomade, and called it the "Hellenic Factor," with a dedication to MR. GLADSTONE? There's the idea, and no extra charge. I sent for my true and tried friend, PEGGUL BEY (who is now undergoing the shrimp-cure at a favourite watering-place), and in order that the Russian interest should be represented equally with the Turkish, I dropped a line to dear old GENERAL SNEZANUFF KORFITOFF, who has been laid by the heels ever since November with a severe cold, which has prevented his seeing anyone—even his creditors, whose attentions during his illness have been unremitting.

Well, Sir, we three started for the Conference. Poor SNEZANUFF KORFITOFF only got as far as Charing Cross, when he suddenly exclaimed, in Russian, "Hallo! I've forgotten my pocket-handkerchief!" and disappeared, with a seedy-looking individual close at his heels—probably somebody who had found the missing *mouchoir*. PEGGUL BEY, who had got a box of shrimps with him, which he takes like voice-lozenges, blenched at the sight of the sea, turned pale, and turned tail. He went back to his shrimp-cure, while I boldly stepped on board the steamer, and gaily bade adieu to the smashed pier of Dover and the white cliffs of Albion.

On arriving in Paris I received a telegram from my private French Secretary, who always travels in advance with my things for to-morrow night. "*Encore une bonne Conférence allé tort.*" What could I do? Nothing. So I waited in Paris expecting the return of the handsome SALISBURY (as we gay dogs call him to distinguish him from "Salisbury Plain") who would, of course take Paris on his way and tell me all about it. This, Sir, is how I came to find myself in the gay city, where the present "Occupation of Paris" is to go to the theatres, the weather not permitting much lounging in the Elysian Fields, or promenading up and down the Bulwarks of the Italians. Once more I roared at the drolleries of the Palais Royal, and admired the *ensemble* presented by GIL PÉRÈS, HYACINTHE (the immortal), LHÉRITIER ET CIE., and if at the Bouffes Parisiens I was on the whole disappointed with *Les Trois Margots* (*musique de* GRISART), yet, at all events, I yielded to the charm of PESCHARD'S voice and manner, and again bore testimony to the excellence of the *ensemble* which would have triumphantly carried a far worse piece than *Les Trois Margots*.

Opéras-bouffes are a French *spécialité*. But, Sir, I did not waste my time on trifles light as air, but I went to assist at *Un Drame au Fond de la Mer*, in five Acts, six Tableaux, now being played at the *Théâtre Historique*. A most exciting play. *Sieur Reginald*, a paralysed English Baronet, making a voyage on board the *Washington* (I think), with two millions-worth of diamonds in a small box, goes with the wreck, his wife and the box, to the bottom of the sea. An engineer, *James Norton*, and an officer of the French Marine, *Henry de Sartène*, rivals for the hand of *Mees Emily*, the orphaned daughter of *Sieur Reginald*, quarrel violently on board the *Great Eastern*, and both descend, habited as divers, to look after the cable which has come to grief. They are accompanied by one *Karl*, a thorough-paced scoundrel, who having ascertained the exact locality of these diamonds, has determined to possess himself of the two millions. The scene on board the *Great Eastern* is admirably contrived. Then the divers go through nine changes of tableaux, all capitally managed and most effective until they arrive at the bottom of the sea. Here we find *Sieur Reginald*, his wife, and the crew in a high state of preservation, looking uncommonly like MADAME TUSSAUD'S figures, but none the less awful on that account. *Karl* makes for the diamonds; *Henry de Sartène* rushes as fast as the diving dress and helmet will let him, at *Karl*, who, seizing a hatchet, cuts *Henry de Sartène's* wind-pipe, that is, I mean the air-bag, or whatever it is that gives the diver the necessary supply of air. A terrific act this, and down comes the curtain to shouts of applause.

After a long *entr'acte*, we return, to find ourselves in England—at least, as the place is not named in the programme, I suppose it must be England, because the first person who walks on into a dingy, official-looking room is "*un* policeman," a stiff, red-whiskered personage, in a queer sort of helmet, Berlin gloves, and a dark-blue long-tailed coat of a very ancient pattern. Four other policemen bring in *James Norton*, who is accused of the murder of *Henry de Sartène*. The evidence, which is given chiefly by the villain *Karl*, is dead against the unfortunate *James Norton*, whose case is heard in private by the Coroner, an elderly gentleman, stern, but occasionally humorous, with a comic clerk, who gets the laughs when the Coroner doesn't.

James Norton is committed, and is about to be led off by the four policemen, when the crowd, which has been "heard without," groaning and hooting, is suddenly admitted (so as to make an effective termination to the scene, and to bring the Coroner to the front again, as his part has been getting a trifle flat by this time), and rushes fiercely towards *James Norton*, who is at this moment in imminent danger of being torn from the four policemen, and subjected to Lynch law. At this juncture the Coroner, still humorous, though firm and resolute, pulls from his pocket a sort of conjuror's black wand, tipped at both ends with ivory (exactly what ROBERT HOUDIN used to have), and bids the surging crowd retire "*au nom de la loi!*"

But the Coroner, having once got into the drama, is not so easily got rid of as the mere letting down of a curtain implies. Not a bit of it. The crowd finds out that *Karl*, and not *James Norton*, is the real murderer, and out comes everybody—policemen and all—on the rocks to catch *Karl*, and Lynch him.

They are on the point of seizing the unhappy wretch (by the way, no murder has been committed after all, for *Henry* turns up safe and sound,—but this is a detail), and doing for him effectually then and there, when the humorous Coroner suddenly, but quietly, appears from behind a rock—where he has apparently been sitting in evening dress, and without a hat all in the cold, waiting for this opportunity of coming out strong at the last—and presents his ivory-tipped wand, whereat the crowd again quails, and *Karl* himself is so staggered, that losing his presence of mind, he runs up a platform at the back, jumps over, and finishes *his* part in the drama.

Seeing this termination to the *affaire*, the Coroner makes the best of it by taking a humorous view of the situation, and indulging in a professional joke to the effect that "*l' instruction*" need not proceed any further—for much the same reason that *Puff* gives for the Beefeater's not going on with the speech commencing "Farewell, brave Spaniard," &c.—because the body has walked off. The audience took the idea, and in spite of all the spectacle and all the horrors, and all the interest, the triumph of the night was with the Coroner. After this, oysters of Marennes and other delights at the Café Riche, and this, Sir, is why I didn't go to the Conference—but remain,

Ever faithfully,
YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A NEW READING, BY REED.—*Deus ex Machinâ*—The Naval Engineer.

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SELF-SACRIFICE.

THE BROWNS GIVE A JUVENILE PARTY, AND INVITE SOME GOOD-NATURED, LIVELY YOUNG PEOPLE, OF BOTH SEXES, TO AMUSE THE LITTLE ONES.

[*N.B.—Brown is just now adding the last touch to the Christmas-tree in the library, and Mrs. B. is superintending the final arrangements for supper, down-stairs.*

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THE FLOODS IN THE COUNTRY.

Swell (reproachfully). "HAW, I DON'T CALL THIS DWY SHEWWY!"

Waitress. "AN' NO WONDER, SIR! MASTER SAYS HE CAN'T KEEP NOTHINK DRY THIS WEATHER! THERE'S TWO FEET O' WATER IN OUR CELLAR!"

"WAIT UNTIL YOU ARE ASKED."

A CERTAIN Irish Advocate of great learning and high repute having declined an appointment before it was offered to him, the following refusals are hourly expected:—

SIR WILFRID LAWSON to be President of the Licensed Victuallers' Association.
MR. WHALLEY to be Chairman of the Catholic Union of Great Britain.
The REV. A. TOOTH to be Editor of the *Rock* and the *Record*.
CARDINAL MANNING to be President of the Church Union.
MR. HOLMS, M.P., (Glasgow and Hackney) to be Inspector-General of the Militia.
MAJOR O'GORMAN to be Patron of the Peace Society.
MISS RHODA BROUGHTON to be Editress of the *Sunday at Home*.
MR. FREEMAN to be Hon. Secretary to the Stafford House Fund.
MR. GLADSTONE to be Chairman of the Committee of the Carlton Club.
LORD BEACONSFIELD to be a Member of the Parliamentary Committee of the Reform.
MR. ROBERT LOWE (Statesman and Bicyclist), to be President of the Four-in-Hand Club.
MR. WILLIAM SIKES (Newgate and Dartmoor), to be Patron of the Society for the Protection of Women.
PRINCE VON BISMARCK to be Treasurer of the Peter's Pence Society.
The KING OF DAHOMEY to be a Corresponding Member of the Aborigines Protection Society.
MESSRS. MOSES AND SON to be the Publishers to the Poet Laureate.
DR. KENEALY to be Lord Chancellor.
MR. BRADLAUGH to be Private Secretary to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
DR. SLADE to be a Fellow of the Royal Society.
MR. ODGER to be Garter King-at-Arms.
And last, but not least, MR. BUTT, Q.C., M.P., to be Lord Chief Justice of England, Knight of the Garter, Lord Chamberlain, Commander of the Channel Fleet, Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, Captain of the *Castalia*, Earl Marshal, Hereditary Grand Falconer, and Constable of the Tower.

WOMAN'S WORK.

(A Snarl by a Sexagenarian Cynic.)

SOMEBODY—a Woman probably—has, I am told, been writing a novel entitled, *A Woman's Work in the World*. I could sum it up in less than three volumes. As follows:

In Literature.—At once to emasculate and to corrupt. To oscillate between grossness and gush. To dribble reams of feebly trickling verse and insipid or very full-flavoured fiction. To embody vice as a preposterous chimera, and virtue as a goody-goody bore; passion as a scented swell, and principle as a plausible prig.

In Art.—To paint pretty-pretty, to compose namby-pamby, and perpetuate the modish and the monstrous.

In Science.—To dabble in the dirtiest waters, to push crude crotchets to absurdity, to be amateurs in Atheism and smatterers in statistical scepticism.

In Politics.—To discuss upon the house-tops subjects which men shrink from handling in private rooms.

In Religion.—To patronise the Gospel according to *Le Follet*, and worship their pet fetish, *La Mode*, at a High Church Altar.

In Society.—To spend money and disfigure their persons, patronising all that is absurd, unbecoming, unhealthy, and expensive,—especially if it involve incidental cruelty.

At Home.—Women have now no work at home.

This, I, SYLVESTER SNARLEYOW, maintain is a compendious statement of "Woman's Work in the World" now-a-days. Those whose conduct chiefly justifies it, will be the first to dispute its truth. At any rate, it would be true, to the letter,—if *they* had their way.

TINKLING BRASS.

DR. KENEALY, in his address to his Constituents at Hanley, declares that the only grievance the Servians have to complain of is being robbed of their Bells. The Doctor ought not to talk lightly of the loss of these tintinnabulary appendages. What, for instance, would his own cap be without them?

THE EASTERN QUESTION AT PRESENT.—What next?

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ARMLESS LUNATICS.



IN the Council of the Charity Organisation Society a Special Committee was some time ago appointed to consider and report upon a particular branch of social scientific improvement, which may be styled Colney-Hatch Reform. That Committee has, accordingly, issued a Report on the "Education and Care of Idiots, Imbeciles, and Harmless Lunatics." Doctors may doubt the existence of any lunatics who are not dangerous; but indeed the number of lunatics, harmless in so far as that the little harm they do affects only themselves, is very great. The population of Lunatic Asylums represents but comparatively few of these harmless lunatics. The majority of them are at large, unlooked after, and they abound. They labour under a great variety of invincible delusions and fixed ideas. To specify some of the more pronounced types, for instance, the following may be enumerated amongst tolerably Harmless Lunatics:—

Lunatics who pass their time in trying to discover perpetual motion, and the quadrature of the circle.

Lunatics continually publishing pamphlets to show that the earth is flat; but only showing themselves to be so.

Lunatics who devote themselves to tulip fancying, or any other fancy which occupies their whole minds, crockery fanciers, collectors of useless objects, worth no more than the effaced postage stamps collected by young Lunatics.

Lunatics who believe in and practise Astrology and Spirit Rapping seriously, and not with an intelligent intent to defraud.

Lunatics with a theological craze, who cannot see that their dogmas are matters of opinion.

Lunatics who are in the habit of taking quack medicines of whose composition they are ignorant, and who do not know whether or no what they suppose to be is really the matter with them.

Lunatics who, without the necessary knowledge of what they are about, gamble on the Stock Exchange and the Turf.

Lunatics who invest their money in risky speculations; who believe puffing prospectuses of Bubble Companies, and apply for shares to Directors, and remit cash to them, when they do not know them not to be rogues.

Lunatics, of both sexes, who go to evening parties a little before midnight and dance in a vitiated atmosphere until sunrise.

Lunatics who, in these times of high prices, expecting to live in comfort, and maintain appearances, marry upon less than the certainty of a thousand a year, and the prospect of indefinitely more.

Lunatics who, when anybody, whose name is unlucky enough to suggest a self-evident pun, happens to be going the round of the newspapers, write letters to *Mr. Punch*, each of them containing the same pun on the name of the same person.

But besides these Lunatics, not contemplated in the Report of the Charity Organisation Society's Committee, there are others, Lunatics recognised as such, but perfectly harmless. They are computed to amount to only 35,963 in England and Wales. These unfortunates are capable of being improved in various degrees, and to some extent utilised. To these ends they require express treatment and training; especially separation from poor creatures similarly afflicted, whose cases are hopeless. Hence, upon new buildings for their proper accommodation, a need of outlay. Such expenditure will ultimately prove economy. The Committee recommend that, the expense for the poorer class of Harmless Lunatics, "should be defrayed out of the rates, with assistance out of the public revenue," and that a voluntary system should be adopted for those of the Middle, and a semi-voluntary one for those of the lower Middle and upper Artisan Classes.

The requisite provision for Harmless Lunatics will ask both legislation and personal bounty; and those who have a voice in the former, and can afford the latter, if they wish to see what Organisation is proposed for that purpose, should read the Society's Report, to be had at MESSRS. LONGMANS for the small sum of one shilling. The scheme therein particularised will not cost so very much to carry out. It is not as though it comprised the unrecognised Harmless Lunatics going about in Society. How many and spacious Asylums would be necessary to contain these numerous, and, alas! in most cases, hopeless, but happily, as a rule, unconscious sufferers!

AN IRISH PROFESSOR IN HIS (BARBER'S) CHAIR.

IRELAND is the Land of Eloquence, where the very "praties," as an advertisement in the *Irish Times* lately informed us, "speak for themselves." Hair-dressing has always been an eloquent profession, from the days of the Roman *tonsor* to those of *Figaro*. Perhaps it was in complimentary allusion to this in the Green Isle that the old Irish way of cutting a head of hair was called a "glib." Of all glib-tongued Irish tonsors, *Punch* does not know that he ever encountered a glibber specimen than the worthy who, in a handbill lately sent to *Punch* by one of this gifted hair-cutter's garrison customers, describes himself as—

"PROFESSOR DANIEL O'CONNELLY (late FREDERICK LENEX, New Market, Sheffield), Hair Dresser and Perfumer, Trans-Atlantic and Cosmopolitan Clipper, Comber, Brusher, and Dresser to all Fashions for Ladies and Gentlemen."

The Professor then goes on, enthusiastically if ungrammatically—

"Hair Dressing for its Beauty and Growth, the Professor wishes to see Horizontal Eyes and perpendicular work, and not to have Hair Cut like the Bashabazouks, or like as if the Gorilla was operating, but the Gorilla has not got the Hypocompus Miner. Get Scientific Work that will Refresh the Cerrumbellum of the Cranium, and promote its Growth."

After which earnest exhortation, he signs himself—

"Yours, Gentlemen, PROFESSOR O'CONNELLY, Garrison Hair Dresser, Razors Set, Diamond Edge, in Fine Order for use, at his Residence, Queen Street, Athlone."

But the Professor, once mounted on the diamond-edge of his own razor-like wit, cannot so easily get down again. He continues—

"The Professor does not like to see Bulsheen Cutting, or what MOLLY gave the Cabbage, a good Chopping."

Then, rising to rhyme—

"But if you wish to have a shave,
I'm sure to make your chin,
As free from every rib of hair,
As any brand new pin.

"And if you want to have a dye,
You won't have much delay,
I'll make your head as handsome
As the Turtlue Bird in May.

"For I can curl hair so neat,
And with such cunning hand
You'd really think the head was one
Quite fresh from fairy land.

"And I can frizzle, shringle, prune,
And do so with such art;
That but to gaze upon my work
Would gladden any heart."

As it evidently *does* gladden *his* heart, who, for the third and last time, signs himself—

"Yours, Gentlemen, PROFESSOR O'CONNELLY, Hair Dresser to the Students of the Queen's College."

We thank PROFESSOR CONNELLY for his additions at once to the English Fauna and the technical vocabulary of Plococosmology. The Turtlue Bird is worthy to perch on the crest of the Jabberwock, and we chortle in our joy over the prospect of having our hair "shringled"!

A Long Pull and a Strong Pull.

OUR stout Archdeacon stood forth to declare,
If TOOTH to gaol went, he 'd himself go there;
If that Archdeacon really speaks the truth,
Issue the writ, and draw—a double tooth!

Of Two Heads, Which?

(*In the United States.*)

THAT question must be answered before March. It remains, as an intelligent Nigger, writing to us, remarks, "In a Haze till den."

ERRATUM.

AN Anagram on "The REVEREND ARTHUR TOOTH," printed, in *Punch* for January 20, "*Not* the road to *her* Truth"—should have run, "*Never* the road," &c.

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SPECULATION.

First City Man. "DROPPED UPON ANYTHING GOOD LATELY, BROWN?"

Second ditto. "WELL, I'VE INSURED IN THE 'ACCIDENTAL,' AND TAKEN TWENTY RINK TICKETS, AND BOUGHT A BICYCLE!!"

AN APPEAL FOR THE ALPHABET.

(*From an Alarmed Conservative.*)

"It is unfortunate that a language with such power and prospects as the English should have so disordered an Alphabet, which has been thrown into utter confusion by the attempt to keep up English and French spelling in it at once. At present two millions of English-speaking children come up for education annually, and waste from one to two years of their educational life in mastering this absurd puzzle, the cost of maintaining which can thus hardly be less than ten to twenty millions sterling a year, which would be saved by the use of a rational Alphabet."—E. B. TYLOR, *on the Philosophy of Speech.*

REFORM our English Alphabet? Good lack!
What won't these revolutionists attack?
I fondly fancied that the A. B. C.
Was the fixed symbol of simplicity.
The one thing changeless, certain, strong, and stable.
Midst Innovation's universal Babel.
Here TYLOR comes that A. B. C. to shake,
And prove our spelling one immense mistake.
What next may happen who 'll oblige by telling,
When Mutability shakes MAVOR'S spelling?
And who could slumber calmly in his bed
The alphabet upset from A. to Z.?
"Ages of time and millions of money
Wasted in learning A. B. C.?" That 's funny.
Can't say I quite accept the statement yet:
And as regards a "rational alphabet,"—
Something, no doubt, new-fangled and phonetic,—
My feelings I proclaim antipathetic.
I always do suspect that low word "rational;"
It smacks of BRADLAUGH and the International.
This comes of Spelling Bees, and PITMAN'S views,
Cheap Dictionaries, and *Fonetic Nuz.*
Our forefathers were less fastidious. Why,
If MARLBOROUGH spelt wildly, may not I?
The Rads are all for liberty. Their fad,
Applied to spelling, might not be so bad.
But here they 'd bind us down to strictest rule:
Lawless in Church, they 're martinets at School.
Against this E. B. TYLOR'S sly attack
Let all Conservatives stand back to back,
And fight for our time-honoured A. B. C.—
I 'm very sure it 's good enough for me.

RITUALIST HEAD-QUARTERS.—Peter-sham.

HANGINGS FOR HOSPITALS.

MR. PUNCH has to notify and very much applaud a proposal for practising a peculiar variety of that species of charity which consists in clothing the naked—the naked in this case being the walls of the London Hospital wards. By clothing them the sick and suffering would be solaced. The dreariness of bare walls aggravates the tediousness of long detention on a bed of pain. MR. J. LAWRENCE HAMILTON, of 4, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, suggests that this might be much mitigated by the introduction of decorative Art in Hospitals.

"I advocate (he says) the brightening of the wards, and the cheering of their inmates, by the addition of suitable pictures, plates, bronzes, carvings, parquet floors, *bric-à-brac*, old armour, china, sculpture, ornamental clocks, fancy glass, tasteful glazed tiles, and other Art decorations of all sorts."

It would be too much of a good thing to hang the walls of Hospitals with arras figured with—

". . . . huntsmen, hawkes, and houndis,
And hart deere al ful of woundis."

Particularly as the tapestry would harbour the Norfolk Howards.

MR. BUCKLAND fears that any projecting decorations on the walls of Hospitals would be objectionable, as likely to lodge dirt, or some of its even more unpleasant living accompaniments. He proposes to substitute for them pictures painted upon or let into the walls—frescoes, or tiles, adorned with encaustic paintings, which could be executed by Ladies.

"To promote this object (says MR. HAMILTON), I will give one hundred guineas, provided that a thousand other donors each subscribes an equal or larger sum before the 1st of May, 1877."

MR. HAMILTON believes that, a responsible Committee being formed to carry out his idea, MESSRS. ROBARTS, LUBBOCK, & Co., will act as bankers to the fund. In the meanwhile, he invites persons disposed to contribute thereunto by subscription or donation to communicate with himself at the address above noted. Finally, he expresses the hope that some public place will soon "be granted as a provisional storehouse and exhibition for Art contributions previous to their distribution to the Hospitals of London." To that hope *Mr. Punch* gladly gives all the publicity he can.

Why Some of Us go Circuit.

By One of the Briefless.

Member of the Utter Bar (*perusing Assize List*). Shall I go round this time? Hum. Let me see. "Muddeford"—can get a day's hunting there, I think. "Wandsbury"—go over to the CHILSTONS for Sunday, and have a jolly afternoon with LILY. "Swanston"—wouldn't do any harm to go and look up UNCLE GEORGE. "Leamouth"—excellent quarters at hotel there; fair dinner, too. "Deddingham"—good murder case; shouldn't like to miss it. Yes, I think I'll go round as far as that, and get back to Town in time for the Boat-race."

Too Bad.

DEAR OLD PUNCH,

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK makes some ants drunk, and then charges the ants of the same hill with stupidity, because they don't know their degraded comrades again. How should they, when the poor creatures were disguised in liquor? SIR JOHN LUBBOCK should be ashamed of himself, demoralising the till now respectable and respected family of *Formicæ*. Yours,

WILFRID LAWSON.

NEAT.

AN R.A., boasting to *Mr. Punch* of the ready recognition of rising merit by that body, quoted the case of OULESS, A.R.A. at twenty-seven, and asked triumphantly, with some slight habitual exasperation, "'Ow could we have done more for him?"

"*'Ow-less?*" answered *Mr. P.*

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NOTES FOR THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.



SATISFACTORY to be able to open Parliament in person. The cream-coloured horses, State-Coach (re-gilt and newly fitted up), Life-Guards, Beefeaters, and Cap of Maintenance, material supports to the stability of a Constitutional Monarchy.

Observe that the time of meeting was appointed for a day in February as late as could with decency be chosen. Trust, therefore, particularly as Easter falls early, that time will not be wasted in unprofitable discussions and unproductive Motions.

Parliament shall be informed as soon as possible when the Easter recess will commence, and what will be its duration—a question of absorbing interest on which it is gratifying to know that perfect unanimity of feeling exists.

Foreign affairs, and, towering above everything else, the giant Eastern Question, will occupy your attention. Treat it with as much patriotic and as little party spirit as possible—openly and straightforwardly, without bravado, mystery, or circumlocution, and with no reference to the retention or acquisition of place and power.

The *début* of the EARL OF BEACONSFIELD and the return of the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY will impart more interest to the proceedings of the House of Lords than they ordinarily command at the commencement of the Session. We shall all (including the Chinese Embassy and the Artists for the Illustrated Newspapers) await the first appearance of the noble Earl, in the robes of a Peer, with the liveliest curiosity. *Mr. Punch* has taken a hint from those rival conjurors, the GIRARDS, for a picture of LORD B.'s first appearance on his new stage.

The House of Commons will have a new Leader in SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. It will be no surprise if he acquits himself in that onerous and responsible position with credit and renown. He will need encouragement and support; for as CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, his task is too likely to be difficult and disagreeable. It *is* unfortunate that a Conservative Government and a cheerful balance-sheet can hardly be looked upon as co-existent possibilities.

With regard to Legislative Measures, if you cannot advance, do not retrograde; if you cannot go on building, do not pull down. If it is the opinion of the majority that political and educational legislation has been carried to the limits of safety, turn your attention to Social and Sanitary Improvements, and thereby better the health and increase the comfort and happiness of millions.

If it is possible, prove to the country that it possesses a satisfactory Naval and Military force.

Reduce the risk of Railway Accidents, and abate the disaster of destructive floods.

Pass a Burials Bill. Make more stringent regulations as to Vaccination.

Do not countenance jobs or favouritism.

The EMPRESS OF INDIA invites you to consider questions affecting that empire with greater earnestness and larger attendances.

If you find yourselves hesitating between your dinner and your country, give your country the benefit of the doubt.

Rein in your hobbies, forego your crotchets, suppress your grievances, guard against personalities, do not invest trifles with too much importance, and above all watch the clock.

Let us all hope that this "Conference" on the banks of the Thames will have a happier issue than the one so recently concluded on the shores of the Bosphorus.

THE RIGHT WOMAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

WE clip the following from a well-known daily paper—

UNMANAGEABLE YOUNG LADIES, and those requiring attention, are RECEIVED by a Lady of very great experience. No limit as to age. Very high references.—Address, &c.

and commend it to the guardians of the following Ladies, who, if not all "young," are at least "unmanageable."

MISS MAUD MAULEVERER, sixth daughter of SIR GRAY MAULEVERER, decayed baronet, who will not listen to the suit of LORD TRENOODLE, but prefers the hand of her cousin, LIEUTENANT COCKLETOP of the Guards, who has nothing but his pay and his debts, his love for unlimited loo and the turf, and his taste for good wine, good dinners, and good weeds.

MISS AURICOMA FITZ-GEORGE, who has a good figure, no voice, and no brains, and who on the strength of these qualifications undertakes the management of the Décolleté Theatre, under the patronage of the HON. LAUNCELOT LOOSEFYSHE.

MISS BELINDA BASBLEU, who, on the strength of possessing a large inkstand, plenty of "outsides," a faculty for stringing together idiotic rhapsodies, and a melancholic temperament, insists on writing three-volume novels.

MISS GUSSY GABY, who persists in sending to "her *dear* old *Punch*" that "quite too awfully funny thing" which her darling HUGH said the other evening,—the said "funny thing" being about as humorous as the whistle of a railway-engine,—requesting its return if not accepted, but invariably forgetting to enclose a stamped and directed envelope.

BAR SILVER.

WHEN you 're tipping an Eton Boy, or the Head Keeper at a Great Battue House.

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MODERN ÆSTHETICS.

(*Ineffable Youth goes into ecstacies over an extremely Old Master—say*, FRA PORCINELLO BABARAGIANNO, A.D. 1266—1281?)

Matter-of-Fact Party. "BUT IT'S SUCH A REPULSIVE *SUBJECT!*"

Ineffable Youth. "'SUBJECT' IN ART IS OF NO MOMENT! THE *PICKTCHAH* IS BEAUTIFUL!"

Matter-of-Fact Party. "BUT YOU'LL OWN THE *DRAWING'S* VILE, AND THE *COLOUR'S* BEASTLY!"

Ineffable Youth. "I'M CULLAH-BLIND, AND DON'T P'OFESS TO UNDERSTAND D'AWING! THE *PICKTCHAH* IS BEAUTIFUL!

Matter-of-Fact Party (*getting warm*). "BUT IT'S ALL OUT OF *PERSPECTIVE*, HANG IT! AND SO ABOMINABLY *UNTRUE TO NATURE!*"

Ineffable Youth. "I DON'T CARE ABOUT NAYTCHAH, AND HATE PERSPECTIVE! THE *PICKTCHAH* IS *MOST* BEAUTIFUL!"

Matter-of-Fact Party (*losing all self-control*). "BUT, DASH IT ALL, MAN! WHERE THE *DICKENS* IS THE *BEAUTY*, THEN?"

Ineffable Youth (*quietly*). "IN THE PICKTCHAH!" [*Total defeat of Matter-of-Fact Party.*

HAWFINCH ON LADY-HELPS.

PHIL FIELDER he farmed his own freehold estate,
And he 'd long thought o' lookun' about for a mate;
But PHIL, though well-off enough zingle to bide,
Wus afear'd 'toodn't run to the keep of a bride.

So high now the prizes of all things be rose,
And Ladies consooms sitch a kit o' fine clo'es,
'Mongst e'en the small gentlefoks where you looks round,
There 's few gals a standun' 'mid less nor twelve pound.

And zum can't do nothun' beyond zing and plaai,
And lollup and laze on a sofer all daai.
PHIL wanted a gal as could work undergoo,
And demane herself greaseful and elegant too.

He went to the Hall on a Michaelmas Day,
Some rent for a bit of a holdun' to pay;
When the Squire he axed PHILLUP to stop there and dine—
In a plain way the famully party to jine.

There sat a gal next to 'n, drest nate but not gay,
As purty in pursun, as plain in array;
Thinks PHIL, "That ther maaiden 's above my degree,
Or else she 'd be 'zackly the Missus for me."

When dinner was wauver, PHIL larn't from the 'Squire
Who was that swate young gal in sitch quiut attire;
"A poor Doctor's daater that sarvus ha' took,—
'Twar she dressed the dinner; that thare 's our Head Cook.

"She 've got too much pride fur to marry fur bread;
But she bain't above labour'n to earn it instead.
That thare 's our Lady-Help; so now drink up thy wine."
Thinks PHIL to his self, "I shuld like her fur mine."

He wrote her a billy, gentale and purlite,
Whereunto she consented—'twur love at fust sight.
And so they got married without moor delay;
And the 'Squire he wus willun' to gie her away.

Sarch the countree around, and you wun't find a pair
As lades a moor happier life than them there.
She keeps his whoam tidy, and 'tends to his boord,
And his manes makes goo furdest good things to affoord

No doubt but she 'll bring up her daaters likewise,
To roast and to bile, and meak' pudduns and pies;
To rub, scrub, and polish, and wash, bake, and broow,
As every chap's wife should be yeable to do.

The lass for me 's her that can sweep out a room,
Not by wearun' a train, but by usun' a broom.
Lady-Helps and Fine Ladies comparun', I says,
Dirty work done wi' clane hands afoor dirty ways!

Now every young feller to wedlock inclined,
Thee look out a nawtable huzziv to find,
Fine Ladies, fandangoes, and filligrees flee.
Thee 'st a Lady-Help find the best Helpmate for thee.

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THE GENTLEMAN-HELP.

(Scene from a Drama of the Future.)



UR stage represents an elegantly-furnished drawing-room, suggesting the influence of a Woman of taste. The pictures on the walls alone reveal that the owner is a self-made man. MARIA MUDGOLD *discovered pensively regarding an all but expiring fire.*

Maria. Yes, yes—I can deceive myself no longer—it *does* need coal. And yet how to ask him—I dare not, and—Oh! I must see him once again. (*Rings.*) Down, down palpitating heart! Would'st betray thy mistress?

Enter FITZ-JEAMES, *in a gorgeous livery, carrying a coal-scuttle.*

Jeames (*aside*). She is alone. I must dissemble. (*Aloud.*) Did yer please to ring, Miss?

Maria (*trembling*). Yes—no—yes. The fire —

Jeames. I see. It is going *h*out. I 've brought the coals.

Maria (*aside*). How he seems to divine my every wish!

Jeames (*putting down the scuttle clumsily, with marked exasperation*). Did yer please to want anything *h*else, Miss?

Maria (*aside*). I can restrain myself no longer. (*Aloud.*) Yes, I want to know why you are so unlike other Serving-men; why it seems to you an effort to misapply your aspirates and to throw grammar to the winds; why your every act and word reveals the heart of a noble under the tawdry livery of man-service?

Jeames (*struggling with his emotion*). Do not *h*ask me. Perhaps I came 'ere as a Gentleman 'elp. Mind, I don't say I did. But if I did, why, then, I did.

Maria. Oh! do not trifle with me. For the last week I have marked you closely. Only yesterday, when old MAJOR CHUTNEY chided you for what he called your carelessness in spilling the oyster soup over his shoulder, I saw your right hand glide to your left hip as if involuntarily it sought the sword-hilt.

Jeames (*aside*). A murrain on my thoughtlessness! Shall I never forget that I once held a commission in the Militia!

Maria. And then, when my Father—the Self-made Man, the Merchant Prince Royal—complained of your laziness in answering the dining-room bell, of your awkwardness in opening the carriage-door—in short, of your general inefficiency, I saw the eloquent blood rush to your cheek, and your eyes flashed fire. Surely—surely you are not what you seem?

Jeames. I am not. Away with disguise! I will no longer brook the mask! You ask me why I enforce my tongue to play strange tricks with the Queen's English, why I submit to insult when suddenly my unaccustomed fingers relax their hold of red-hot plates, and angry guests turn scornful and angry eyes upon me; why I allow your father to tell me to my face that I am lazy and awkward, and not worth my salt. You ask me, MARIA, why I submit to all this, and more? Because I love you! (MARIA *starts.*) Nay, hear me to the end! It is for thee I wear this o'er-laced coat, these humiliating plushes, the powdered hair of servitude. It is for thee I stoop e'en to the carrying of coals, with bent back and o'er-tasked lungs. It is for thee I bear ignominy and insult, the jeers of the rough, the banter of the street-boy, contemptuous of my calves. My secret is out. I love thee! [*Falls at her feet, and seizes her hand.*

Maria, Oh, what *would* Papa say?

Mudgold (*suddenly entering*). Let him answer that question.

Maria. Father!

Jeames. The Master!——

Mudgold. He would say "ungrateful girl—low-born designing minion!"

Jeames (*springing to his feet*). I hurl the word back in thy teeth! Know, MR. MUDGOLD, that I am no longer your servant.

Mudgold. Then be off before I kick you out.

Maria. Oh, Father, unsay those cruel words!

Jeames. I will not go. I have a better right to stay here than you. If you doubt my word ask MR. SMITH, the family Solicitor. See, he comes this way.

Enter MR. SMITH.

Mr. Smith. I have just dropped in to see if I can do anything for you to-day.

Jeames. You can; read this! (*Gives him a large packet of law papers.*)

Mudgold. What is your opinion?

Mr. Smith (*hastily glancing at the papers*). These documents conclusively prove that you, MR. MUDGOLD, have no sort of right to this property. That through a flaw in the agreement for the lease you are houseless—penniless. And now, good Sir, my fee—six shillings and eightpence—for my opinion.

Mudgold. Ruined and undone!

Jeames. Proceed! (*Giving money to* MR. SMITH.) Here is your fee twice told.

Mr. Smith. These documents further prove that the tenant in fee of this mansion, with the appurtenances, is JAMES PLANTAGENET HENRY, sixteenth Earl of Brompton and Islington.

Jeames. Behold him here!

Mr. Smith. My Lord! [*Kneels.*

Mudgold. I will put everything into Chancery! (*Wildly.*) You shall never have my daughter!

Jeames (*sweetly*). And why not? I love her—she loves me. Do you not, darling? (*He takes the blushing* MARIA *to his arms.*) We will be as happy as the day is long. Your father, because he is your father, shall have untold gold to play with on the Stock Exchange. As for us, we will have a town-house, an opera-box, a four-in-hand, a moor, and a yacht. We will be waited upon by trained servants. Ha! ha! No Gentlemen-Helps for me! Your every wish shall be anticipated. Do you like the picture?

Mudgold (*who has been consulting with the family Solicitor, spreading out his arms*). Bless you, my children!

Curtain.

OUR NOVEL SERIES.

Editorial Preface addressed to the Public, which has at all times shown itself ready and willing to encourage rising talent in every department of Literature and Art.

WE believe in the existence of mute, inglorious Miltons. They are as difficult to be picked out of their shells as periwinkles. A private Publishing Company, Limited, has lately been started for the laudable object of placing before an appreciative Public Works of Fiction, which, but for this machinery, would never have seen the light of day.

Without binding ourselves by the strict obligations of this enterprising Company, which deserves every possible encouragement—the shares are quoted at three premium, at least we hear of one share quoted at this, and it is yet to be had at the price, and perhaps more where that comes from—without we say, in any way binding ourselves (an operation we leave to professional hands when the yearly volume is put together—and then the binding is *de luxe*) by unnecessary obligations, we have liberally and heartily entered into the spirit of the thing, and, on certain equitable and just terms, have consented to place at the Company's disposal one page per week as a shop-front for the display of their wares, reserving, however, to ourselves, the indisputable right of using our pruning-knife and scissors when and where we please, even to clipping the shoot in its first sprout, cutting the thread of the heroine's fate with the scissors of The Three Sisters, or breaking, as with the force of steam and iron, some monstrous Atlantic cable of fiction as it is being paid out (of the Company's pocket) at so much a week.

Such is our contract. We praise the object of the Company, but we stand as Middleman, between the Company and the Public; we advise on the one hand, we protect on the other.

We are glad, therefore, to be able to state, that, yielding to our solicitations, and recognising the value of our experience (experience is to be bought—*and we sell it*), the Company has not commenced operations by placing before the public the works of the "Mute Inglorious," but of the Outspoken and Glorious—that is, such works of fiction as some of our eminent men, whether engaged in the arena of politics, or in the fields of science, or in the Marble Halls of our Law Courts, have, from time to time, written at their leisure, in the privacy of their cabinet, in the snuggery of their couch, not originally intended for publication, but perhaps meant, at some time or other (posthumously, perhaps) to startle the world into the exclamation, "What a man he was!!"

The only condition on which we receive works from eminent public men, and publish them in these columns, must here, once and for all, be distinctly understood, and it is this:—

The writer of such work of fiction as is here contem-

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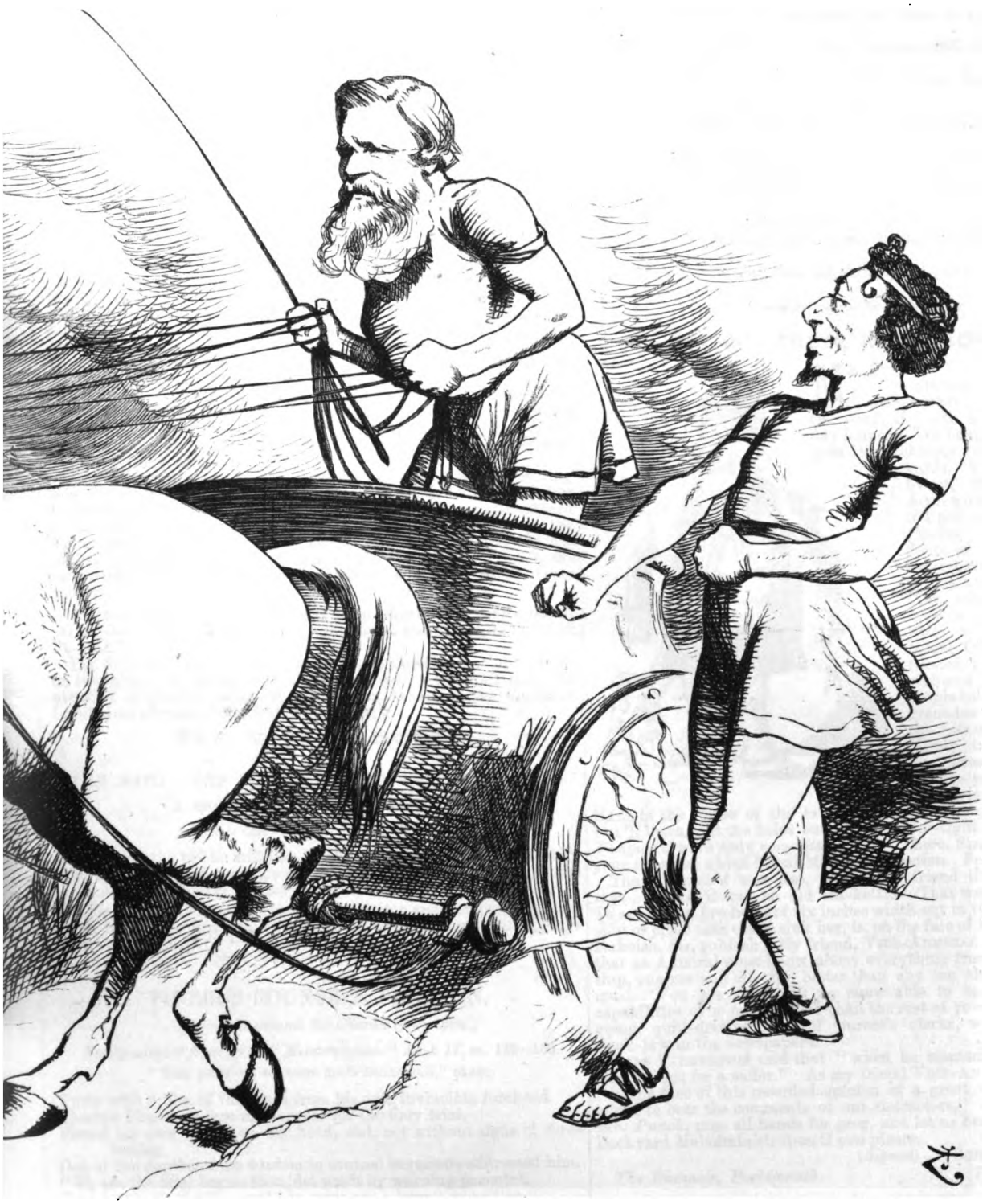
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PHŒBUS COU

APOLLO. "DON'T BE AFRAID! THANKS TO MY EDUCATING. T

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LS PHAËTON.

A HANDY TEAM WHEN YOU GET 'EM WELL TOGETHER!!"

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plated, must have attained celebrity in some totally different line—no matter what or where—and must never have published a novel before this, nor be in any way known or recognised as a Novelist.

Such is the condition. Such is the attraction. *Eminentissimi*, we are informed by the Secretary of the Company, have most readily and eagerly sent in their MSS.; but, to prevent all jealousies, our motto must be, "First come,—first served out."

We beg, therefore (on behalf of the Secretary aforesaid and the Company) to acknowledge the receipt of MSS. from several well-known Members of our Legislative Assembly. We do not intend giving any name until the public shall unanimously and imperiously demand who the new candidate for honours in Fictional Literature may be, when we shall give him up—for *vox populi vox Dei;* and if the *vox populi* has only asked for the same reason that the Roman people shouted for CINNA the poet, we shall use our own discretion in considering our windows and the state of the pavement. We shall withhold neither praise when due, nor censure when justice demands it.

We, the Editor, are inspecting at the roll-call. The first roll is a big one, postage pre-paid (if not it is at once returned by us to the Secretary of the Company, who is responsible—another clause in our contract)—the postmark is "Peterborough;" and, as requested, we beg to acknowledge the receipt of the first MS. from some eminent M.P., signing himself "GEO. H. WH*LL*Y." At present, of course, we haven't a ghost of an idea *who it can be? We* are in the dark, like an owl, as wise and as impartial.

Next parcel dates from "Carlisle." Signature, "WILFRID." Who on earth can this be? On the seal is a crest, apparently representing a Pump, in a field argent (we do not profess heraldry), with the legend subscribed, "*Water, water everywhere, and not a drop of anything else to drink.*"

The third on the muster includes a letter to the Company stating how the writer wishes the novel to be published. A second letter to the Secretary, stating why he didn't write it before; and a third to the Editor explaining, that instead of three volumes he (the writer) wished to divide it into "Three Courses." The suggestion is under consideration. The postmark is "Hawarden." We are languishing with curiosity to know from whom on earth it can come!

The fourth is, the writer states at some length, on a purely nautical subject. The postmark is "Derby," and the signature is "SAM PL-S-LL."

The fifth—— But no. Boy, take down those others: let them lie on the table. At present—at least next week—we shall have the pleasure of placing before the public (on behalf of the Company Limited as aforesaid) the first instalments of

THE MASKED MONK;

OR,

THE MAID! THE MANIAC!! AND THE MYSTERY!!!

A THRILLING ROMANCE. WRITTEN BY

GEO. H. WH—LL—Y, M.P.

We do hope the public will like it when they get it, and will testify their appreciation of the undoubted but hitherto undiscovered genius of its Author, whoever he may eventually turn out to be.

P.S.—Prizes (at the discretion of the Editor and Company) will be given to anyone guessing the name of each Author as it appears before the public.

PHŒBUS COUNSELS PHAËTON.

(*Before he mounts the Chariot of the Sun.*)

Freely adapted from OVID, "*Metamorphoses*" *Book II. vv.* 122—156.

"Tum pater ora sui sacro medicamine nati," et seq.

THEN with a film of the brass from his own invincible forehead
Phœbus Phaëton's face made proof for the fiery trial,
Placed his own crown on his head, and, not without sighs of foreboding,
Out of the depths of his wisdom in counsel sagacious addressed him.
"If, ere the trial begin, thou 'dst profit by warning parental,
Ever be chary of whip-cord: in reins are a team's education:
Horses will *go* fast enough; to keep them in hand is the business.
Never let short cuts seduce thee, nor think the best road is the straightest:
Look for the line I have followed—the tracks of my wheels will direct thee—
'Twixt Tory flats on the right, and Radical slopes to the leftward;
Too high a course will but end in a flare of the uppermost circles,
Too low in kindling the lowest. The mid-way still is the safest.
Bear too much to the Left, and the Red Dragon's coils you impinge on;
Bear too much to the Right, and you jostle the Throne and the Altar.
Keep to the middle of these; for the rest, I commit thee to Fortune:
E'en as I speak 'tis the hour for kindling the light of St. Stephen's;
Fled the recess with its darkness, the blaze of the Session awaits thee.
Take, then, the reins in thy hand, or—as still there is room for repentance—
Give up a task that o'erweights thee, and go back again to thy Budgets."

Then to car Phaëton sprang, with a lightness that scarce had been looked for,
Settled himself in his place, and rejoicing to handle the ribbons
Flung his *adieux* from the car to Phœbus, adviser paternal;
While the swift steeds that had wont to be worked by that cunning old driver,
Banter and *Bunkum*, the leaders, and *Mystery*, Asian descended,
Coupled with *Management* (dark horses both), best-bitted of wheelers,
Filled the wide air with their neighings, and pawed with their hoofs at the draw-bar.

BLAST FROM RUDE BOREAS.



MR. PUNCH,

SHIVER my timbers, and brace up my old main yards to the wind, if I can hold my tongue a day longer. We have had too much of your land-lubberly yarns about Dockyards. What do you mean by it, Sir? Knock me down with a marling-spike if I put up with it. "Engineers and Superintendents of our Dockyards at loggerheads." And what if they are, Sir? What if they are? The Service must be going to the deuce with a vengeance if a Naval Officer isn't to be trusted to keep a pack of civilians in their places! Bombshells and hand-grenades! I never heard the like of it since I was a Middy in 1825! Never, Sir, never!

Have you read the letter of my friend VICE-ADMIRAL HALL in the *Times* of the 1st? If you have not, Sir, read it, and you 'll learn that the holes cut in the water-tight bulkheads of the *Vanguard* were only *very little ones!* There, Sir, is an answer to your nonsense about Naval Maladministration. Pooh, Sir, nonsense!

The *Vanguard* was lost, Sir, (as my friend the VICE-ADMIRAL says), because it was an old tea-kettle. That was the reason, Sir. To say that a few holes of six inches width cut in the bulk-heads of a ship of 6,000 tons could sink her, is, on the face of it, sheer nonsense! Rubbish, Sir, rubbish! My friend, VICE-ADMIRAL HALL, has proved that an Admiral *must* know about everything from end to end of a ship, engines and all, far better than any one else. Of course he must. You are evidently no more able to appreciate the real capabilities of a naval officer than the rest of your lubberly, shore-going, quill-driving sons of purser's clerks, who reel off their slack-jaw in the newspapers.

LORD PALMERSTON said that "when he wanted a thing done he always sent for a sailor." As my friend VICE-ADMIRAL HALL says, "in the face of this recorded opinion of a great Statesman, we can afford to bear the comments of our detractors." So heave a-head, *Mr. Punch*, pipe all hands for grog, and let us hear no more about Dockyard Maladministration if *you* please.

(*Signed*) BOREAS BLOWHARD,
The Binnacle, Portsmouth. *Vice-Admiral.*

An Obvious Site.

PROFESSOR ERASMUS WILSON has gallantly undertaken to bear the cost of transporting Cleopatra's Needle from Alexandria to London. They talk of setting it up on the Thames Embankment. Nonsense! Threadneedle Street is the place.

"FREE TO CONFESS."—A pronounced Ritualist.

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JOHN CHINAMAN.

AIR—"*A Highland Lad my Love was born.*"

"We have to announce the landing at Southampton, (Saturday, January 27), of QUOH-SUNG-TAO, the first Chinese Envoy ever accredited to this country, and suite."—*Shipping Intelligence.*



A CHINAMAN QUOH-SUNG was born,
The "Foreign Devils" he held in scorn;
But some time ago those "Devils" began
To tread on the toes of John Chinaman.
So like it or no, John Chinaman,
You have got to go, John Chinaman,
To the land of the "Outer-barba-ri-an,"
An Ambassador, though, John Chinaman!

With his eyes aslant, and his pigtail's braid
Coiled neatly round his close-shaved head,
And his button a-top, Southampton ran
To behold this great Panjanderan!
And if QUOH-SUNG is scarce so fine a man
As we hoped for the sample Chinaman,
How many big things from as little began
As this Embassy from John Chinaman!

As stubborn as pigs, and as hard to steer,
With a taste for cheap buying and selling dear;
A decidedly difficult sort of man
To deal with, we 've found John Chinaman.
His own way he 'll go, will John Chinaman,
At no lie he 'll shy, will John Chinaman;
And he 'll sell you a bargain whenever he can,
In treaties or teas, will John Chinaman!

You may talk of your Yankee and Hebrew Jew,
But I guess they 're small potatoes, and few
In a hill, compared with that yellow man,
After yellow boys keen, John Chinaman.
He 'll outdo our doos will John Chinaman;
And he 'll win where we lose, will John Chinaman;
The dirt our miners have left he 'll "pan,"
And make it pay, will John Chinaman!

If all this he has learnt without leaving home,
What will it be now that he deigns to roam,
And from civilised Christians learns to plan
New dodges undreamed by John Chinaman?

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ON HIS DIGNITY.

Maiden Aunt. "WHO WAS THAT NASTY LITTLE BOY WHO JUST SPOKE TO YOU, JOHNNY? AND WHAT DID HE SAY!"

Johnny (indignant). "HE'S NOT A LITTLE BOY—HE'S AN OLD SCHOOLFELLAR O' MINE—'GREAT HUNTING MAN! HE SAID YOU WAS A PRETTY GAL, AND I WAS A SLY DAUG! AND LOOK HERE!—IF YOU KEEP CALLING ME 'JOHNNY,' I WON'T TAKE YOU OUT ANY MORE!"

If in fits we would throw John Chinaman,
Stock Exchange-wards show John Chinaman,
Where promoters he 'll study, financers scan,
And go home an improved John Chinaman.

We 'll invite him to dinner, and serve him in state,
On more costly than willow-pattern plate,
Set small-waisted ladies his heart to trepan,
Failing small-footed belles *à la* Chinaman.
You shall go to crushes, John Chinaman,
See Drawing-room rushes, John Chinaman;
In West-End *soirées* be glad of your fan,
And think of home-odours, John Chinaman.

Our ships, guns, rails, mills, shops, and towns,
From John o' Groat's House to the Sussex Downs,
Let QUOH-SUNG survey, study, plot, and plan,
As an extra-observant Chinaman.
He may go back a gladder John Chinaman,
Or, it may be, a sadder John Chinaman;
But one riddle he 'll scarce have read as he ran—
Why JOHN BULL should despise John Chinaman.

LYMPH FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

IT may seem announcing a truism to say that there is nothing like going for lymph to the fountain-head. But the lymph being understood to be vaccine, and the source of it the calf, and the fact being that lymph obtained from unhealthy human beings may possibly infect those vaccinated with something worse than cow-pox, the point of procuring vaccine lymph from the fountain is perceived to be one of which the importance requires it to be urged, so long as it remains neglected. Thanks are due to DR. GEORGE WYLD, M.D., for pointing out that in Belgium the Government, which makes Vaccination compulsory, also provides for lymph supply direct from the calf, and suggesting that the British Public should call upon our Legislature to do likewise. In the meanwhile, DR. WYLD mentions that some medical men, backed by one of the City vestries, are making arrangements to provide a supply of lymph immediately from calves, and that "MR. ALLSHORNE, 51, Edgware Road, will endeavour to keep a limited supply of Belgian calf lymph for the use of the Medical Profession."

Of course the Anti-Vaccinationists will object to Vaccination even if performed with lymph extracted from calves. That the calves may yield the lymph they have to be kept in a state of disorder, to which their fellow-creatures of Keighley, for instance, might have a sympathetic objection. No Anti-Vaccinationist, however, could possibly ever find himself vaccinated except by stratagem. Neither could recourse be had to Ritualists, or any other of the numerous biped calves that now abound, for original vaccine matter. But perhaps were any one vaccinated with lymph derived from suchlike calves, the possibility that some vituline taint might be imparted by it to that person's blood might become a question for the Faculty.

An Opening for an Airy Belle.

WONDERS will never cease. "Coals to Newcastle" is an old saying, but "wings to Newcastle" is a new one. Yet in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* of Jan. 30, we read:—

WANTED, by S. A. CAIL, Printer, Quayside, Newcastle, a GIRL who has been accustomed to Fly.

SOMETHING ROTTEN.

IN responding to the toast of "The Army" the other day, the HON. F. STANLEY, M.P., said that the Army, in spite of all the drains upon it, stood at a higher figure than it did last year.

But how about the drains, not upon, but *under* the Army—the drains at the War Office?

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FILIAL ANXIETY.

"GOING TO PARIS TO-MORROW, TOM! HOW 'S THAT?"
"MY POOR OLD GOVERNOR'S TAKEN ILL THERE!"
"GOING BY DIEPPE, OR BOULOGNE?"
"RATHER THINK I SHALL GO *viâ Monaco!*"

PENDING THEATRICAL ACTIONS.

AGAINST MR. HOLLINGSHEAD, for saying JONES was "a duffer."

Against MR. HENDERSON, for declaring that whatever MISS POPPY LOLLY might know about break-downs, she couldn't *dance* one.

Against MRS. BANCROFT, for objecting to GREEN, the Gasman, that he never lit the float without breaking one shade at least.

Against MR. HARE, for refusing to accept MISS SEMOLINA SIDDONSON as a substitute for MISS TERRY, and remarking that "she" (MISS S. S.) "wasn't up to the mark."

Against MRS. JOHN WOOD, for suggesting that MISS MONTORGEUIL was too stiff for the part of First Guest in the *Danischeffs*.

Against MRS. SWANBOROUGH, for implying that MR. WALPOLE BELMONT was a Pignoramus for dropping his *h*'s into the orchestra.

Against MR. BUCKSTONE, for turning away a Property-Master who looked on the Manager's spoons as his own property.

Against MRS. BATEMAN, for informing a friend that MR. PERCY BATTENS, the low comedian from the Elephant and Castle, would not be able to double MR. IRVING in *Richard the Third*.

Against MR. JAMES, for hinting to the family grocer that the butter supplied to his own table was "inferior Dosset."

Against *Mr. Punch* for publishing the above.

JOHN PARRY'S FAREWELL.

AT four o'clock this Wednesday, February 7th, after the performance of *The Critic*, which commences at 2·15, our dear old friend, JOHN PARRY, the most entertaining of all entertainers, comes forward on the stage of the Gaiety Theatre to "recall reminiscences of bygone days under the title of *Echoes of the Past*." One of his reminiscences is to be *The Tenor and the Tin Tack*. Let those who see this notice, and who have left their chance of getting a seat for the Farewell Performance to the last moment, rush down, or telegraph at once, to the Box-office of the theatre, for *The Tenor and the Tin Tack* may not be given again, and those who lose this great opportunity will never cease to reproach themselves for their neglect. But whether it be JOHN PARRY in *The Tenor and the Tin Tack*, or in *La Lezione di Canto*, or an *Operatic Rehearsal*, we, in our time, shall, in all probability, never hear or look upon his like again—that is, in his peculiar line, *à la mode de* PARRY.

NEW FACTS AND OLD FABLES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN spite of the *dictum* of ROUSSEAU, the fable or apologue, based upon the characteristics of the animal kingdom, has been generally considered one of the most valuable aids in the instruction of youth. But really, Sir, the animal kingdom—I use the term comprehensively—has of late been so turned topsy-turvy by scientific explorers and theorists that there would seem to be urgent need for a revised ÆSOP, and a remodelled DR. WATTS. I really think that writers and lecturers ought to be more careful in their revelations, and count the cost of introducing complete chaos into the ancient and honourable realm of Fable. Conceive the condition of a parent, guardian, or instructor, emphasising moral counsel of the most irreproachable sort by time-honoured references to the ant and the bee, and being pulled up short by some sharp child well-posted in the latest investigations of LUBBOCK. It would be disconcerting, not to say demoralising. SIR JOHN has already done his best to demolish the reputation of the bee as the moral exemplar to mankind. He is now as laboriously undermining the ethical character of the ant. I want to know what is to become of our Fables if this sort of thing is to go on? With what shall we point our copybook morals, and how shall we adorn our nursery tales? The fresh facts—if facts they be—furnished by LUBBOCK, scarcely lend themselves to the old treatment. How doth the little busy bee? Well, not entirely in such sort that one could say to a child, without careful qualification, "Go thou and do likewise!" DICKENS was dreadfully severe upon the bee. But then he was only a wild and ribald humorist. The cold and deliberate attacks of LUBBOCK are far more dangerous to the exemplary insect's moral *prestige*. Shall we continue to bid the sluggard consider formic practice and polity with a view to imitation? SIR JOHN declares that some ants are industrious, but others exceedingly idle, too lazy, indeed, to feed or clean themselves, and entirely dependent on slaves. Lazy! uncleanly! and tyrannical! Are *these* the qualities and practices as a bright example of which we are to set the ant before our erring youth?

I would earnestly ask SIR JOHN whether any problematical benefit to be derived from his patient, and, as it seems to me, unpleasant prying into the *penetralia* of hives and ant-hills can compensate for the shock which will be sustained by our whole system of moral teaching by apologue, if his unwelcome revelations become widely credited.

"The Lion is the King of Beasts;
He noble is, and strong!"

How often have I thrilled over that couplet in the days of my childhood. I can hardly realise to myself the shock it would have caused my youthful enthusiasm if any one had assured me—as they tell us now—that the Lion, the Lion of ANDROCLES, of the British Standard, of a thousand moving tales and awe-inspiring figures, is but a cat-like creature, and, in fact, very much of a coward! Well, the herald has his conventional menagerie of abnormal birds, amazing beasts, and apocryphal fishes—can they not leave us, for the invaluable purposes of the moral apologue, the Conventional Lion, the Conventional Bee, and the Conventional Ant?

Your Obedient Servant,
MR. BARLOW'S GHOST.

THE NEW FORM OF CATTLE-PLAGUE (*from a Butcher's point of view*).—American Beef.

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PUNCH'S VALENTINES.



ALF-LOVE is the love of youth, but golden calf-love is the love of riper reason and maturer years. The world is no longer young, though in the golden age—the age when the golden calf is worshipped among the British as it once was among the Israelites. If our motto is still "Hearts and Hearts," it means that hearts must now be laid hold of by hands with something in them. So no wonder the fashion for substituting gifts for verses on Valentine's Day should be spreading more and more. *Punch*, ever in the fashion, and ever ready to oblige a grateful public, begs to suggest a few appropriate presents for certain eminent personages:—

Mr. Gladstone.—A packet of stamped envelopes, with the legend, "To be used instead of post-cards."

Lord Beaconsfield.—A model of the Sphinx, in black marble, with the fable of the Frog who tried to be bigger than the Bull.

Lord Salisbury.—A COOK'S Excursion ticket, with the inscription, "Great Reduction in Railway Travelling."

Sir Stafford Northcote.—A set of DISRAELI'S Novels, "from the Author," with the inscription, "Imitation is the sincerest flattery.—BEACONSFIELD."

Lord Hartington.—An amusing puzzle game, called "Liberal Policy," with a card "With MR. GLADSTONE'S kindest regards."

Mr. Gathorne Hardy.—A Treatise on Sewage; with a return of the number of cases of typhoid fever in the War-Office.

Mr. Ward Hunt.—An Essay on "The Tea-Kettle in general, and the *Vanguard* in particular," by ADMIRAL SIR KING HALL.

Midhat Pasha.—A Sack, inscribed "The Turkish Constitution—Article 113."

The Emperor of Russia.—A Reversible Coat, with the motto, "Can be turned back again."

The Emperor of Austria.—A Lion's Skin, with an inscription, "The same old game."—SHAKSPEARE (*King John*).

Prince Von Bismarck.—A box of drastic Pills, with the motto, "*Non bis dat qui citò dat.*"

The Sultan of Turkey.—A copy of *The Road to Ruin*, and the song, "*Softly tread, 'tis hollow ground.*"

The King of Italy.—A *Fra Diavolo* **suit, with the motto, "Honour before Honesty."**

Marshal McMahon.—**A Franco-German Dictionary, inscribed, "For a good boy, to be thoroughly mastered."**

Uncle Sam.—**A moral Tale, altered from *The Looking-Glass*, and entitled *One Head is better than Two.***

And, lastly, *Mr. Punch.*—A steam-yacht, a grand-tier box for Covent Garden for life, a coach-and-four, a casket of the most costly jewellery, a blank cheque signed "ROTHSCHILD," and a family mansion in South Kensington, with furniture complete; all marked with the *Punch* monogram, and inscribed with the *Punch* motto, "Modesty is the best policy."

WONDERS OF THE DAY.

(*A Reminiscence of an Installation.*)

LOOKING back at my own career, wonder if wonders will ever cease?

Wonder whether a better style of drapery might not be devised for Peers?

Wonder how SALISBURY likes having me at his elbow?

Wonder whether a man is liable to be tried by his Peers in the House of Lords, as well as a Court of Justice?

Wonder whether they will miss me in the Commons?

Wonder how NORTHCOTE will work as a Leader?

Wonder who will answer GLADSTONE?

Wonder who will walk a-top of LOWE?

Wonder what the *Golos* will say on the subject?

Wonder whether BISMARCK will think anything about it, and what?

Wonder whether I shall be moved to write a sequel to *Ixion in Heaven?*

Wonder what I really looked forward to when I wrote *Vivian Grey.*

Wonder if I could remember half a dozen lines of *The Revolutionary Epic?*

Wonder how the Great Commoner felt after his rise from PITT to CHATHAM?

Wonder if a Coronet is, after all, a more dignified head-gear than a wide-awake?

Wonder what the Comic scribblers will do without "DIZZY"?

Wonder if I shall be a hit in my new part?

Wonder if there 's still such a thing as being "kicked up-stairs"—as there certainly was in PULTENEY'S time?

ASSES ON TWO LEGS.

A BIPED ass, called DONOVAN—rough, as asses are in winter—lately received from MR. KNOX the well-deserved sentence of two months' imprisonment for striking one of the servants of the Chinese Ambassador, whose lives, it seems, are made a burden to them by the coarse curiosity, rising sometimes to horse-, or rather ass-, play, of the London street-roughs, cads, and snobs, who gather for the purpose about the Embassy in Portland Place. May all asses who pass the line that separates braying from kicking, like this DONOVAN, meet with as hard knocks in the police-court! Do we want to justify the Chinese in the title they have given us of "outer" or "utter barbarians?" If not, we are bound to receive our Celestial visitors with the courtesies due to "angels' visits, few and far between."

Standard Works.

(*For the Advocates of the Phonetic System of Spelling.*)

THE Biglow and Nasby Papers, Artemus Ward—his Book, Major Jack Downing, and the works of other American **Humorists, which will thus be found to combine instruction with amusement.**

Professors of the new system may be found in plenty amongst the Somersetshire labourers.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PEN Session! (*Thursday, February 8th.*) In Queen's weather, and the QUEEN's presence. "The Members are met—a terrible show!" The RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, VISCOUNT HUGHENDEN AND EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, "observed of all observers," has appeared, between his sponsors, the EARLS OF DERBY AND BRADFORD; has served his writ on the LORD CHANCELLOR; has duly taken the Oaths, and walked round the House, as a prize-fighter walks round the ring before setting-to; and has held the Sword of State on the left of Her Most Gracious MAJESTY, while the LORD CHANCELLOR read the Speech which her Ministers have been pleased to put into her Royal mouth.

If "speech is silvern," what should a Queen's Speech be?

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A TRUE PATRIOT.

Young Lady Teacher (in Welsh Sunday School). "NOW, JENKIN THOMAS, WHAT GREW IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN?"
Jenkin Thomas (promptly). "LEEKS, MISS!!"

"Leaden," if we may take this year's concatenation of dull narrative and puny promise as a sample. It tells all in the history of the Turkish troubles that everybody knew already, omitting everything everybody wanted to know, and leaving us equally in the dark on the really important point what we are going to do next. It dashes the announcement of the assumption of the Imperial title at Delhi with the grim tidings of famine in Bombay and Madras (but, strange to say, not a word of the cyclone); gives a regret to the troubles in the Transvaal, and promises—

For England—Bills for Reform in the Universities, the Law of Bankruptcy and Patents, Prisons, and Property Valuation, Factories, Workshops, and Summary Jurisdiction of Magistrates.

For Scotland—Legislation about Roads and Bridges, and Poor Law.

For Ireland—Bills for Establishing one Supreme Court of Judicature, and giving the County Courts an Equitable Jurisdiction.

Et voilà tout!

Let *Punch* call in the ghost of his old friend, SAMUEL PEPYS, to condense the Essence of the evening.

"Then Lords and Commons to debating on the Address. But, Lord! to see how blindly they did all talk, for lack of the papers, whereof 1,200 folio pages be only this day distributed to Members of both Houses, for such digestion as they can give them. Mighty pretty to note how in both Houses the Speakers for the Government and the Opposition did shoot in each other's faces—the one clearly proving how they have all along used one language and kept one policy, the other as plainly showing how they have contradicted themselves flat in the one, and gone right round in the other. . . . . And each to the satisfaction of his own side. . . . . So no marvel nothing like to come of it all but nothing.

"Only both sides do agree that my LORD SALISBURY hath borne himself bravely, and said and done exactly what both the Ministers and the Opposition would have had him do. As though a man should blow hot and cold at once. Which puzzles me. And my LORD DUKE OF ARGYLL did speak mighty hotly, and gave their Lordships his mind like a spirited gentleman as he is, and of a ruddy colour, and peppery, and was for making the Grand Turk do what we would have him, and taking him by the throat, if it came to the worst, whereat my LORD DERBY did seem troubled, being of a mind that it is better for all, and most for the Christian subjects of the Turk, to open their eyes and shut their mouths, and see what Time or Muscovite will send them, which, methinks, is a course like to be more to the mind of my LORD DERBY, and us in this island, than the Christians now so grievously ill-handed and misruled by the Grand Turk.

"Pretty to see how marvellous modest my LORD BEACONSFIELD did bear himself, and how soft-spoken he was in his new place. And, methinks, he did wear his robes of Earl as easy as ever I saw, and not unhandsomely, as do some that were born to them. And my LORD HARTINGTON, in the Commons' House, did speak with a thick voice, but to the point, showing how that when the Envoys came to Conference at Constantinople, it was not only to ask the Grand Turk for Reforms, but to have the same Reforms, with the Turk's will or against it. And methinks my Lord would have England join with the Muscovite to press the Grand Turk home, rather than leave him altogether in the hands of the Muscovite—and therein methinks my Lord spoke wisely as well as boldly. But to see how the new Leader of the House was sore hampered, and would read from papers which were not yet before Members, and how MR. GLADSTONE chid him sharply for it, but himself afterwards spoke mighty well, and maintained all that the people in their meetings last autumn had given voice to, and all he had himself said and written against the Grand Turk and his ill-doings. Yet, for all this, could I not clearly learn what they of the Opposition would do to make the Turk do better, but hope they would do somewhat, though the Government do seem plainly of no mind but the mind to do nothing.

"And so I home, marvellous weary of their much talking, and no wiser than I was before, which vexed me."

In the Commons, Notices of Bills by the Bushel.

Friday (Lords).—ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY moves for Select Committee on Intemperate Habits, and the effect of recent legislation on them. Including Ritual, Low Church, and Liberationist Intemperance, as affected by the Church Discipline Bill—eh, my Lord?

(*Commons.*)—More notices of Bills added to the eighty announced yesterday.

On MR. CROSS re-introducing Prison Bill (not a burglar of that

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name), the irrepressible Doctor had a rap at Dartmoor, *à propos* of the "unfortunate nobleman."

MR. HARDY reintroduces his University Bills—changed into a double-headed Parliamentary Nightingale, including both Cambridge and Oxford in the body of one Statute.

Sixty Bills brought in by private Members! Hurrah! What nights we shall be having! Almost all the hobbies *must* be trotted out by this time, one would think.

"OR OTHERWISE."



WE are often told that the Light of the Law is the perfection of Reason; but Law has not always the benefit of a humbler light—the Light of Common Sense. We are glad to see it has been guided by this light to its judgment in the appeal against the conviction of DR. MONCK, detected in playing Spiritualist conjuring tricks at Huddersfield.

The Vagrant Act, under which he was convicted, enumerates, among the impostures it is aimed at, tricks performed "by palmistry or otherwise." It was coolly contended, on DR. MONCK'S behalf, that the word "or otherwise" must mean something of the same kind as palmistry, and so did not include the tricks of impostors calling themselves Spiritualists.

JUSTICES CLEASBY and POLLOCK, with Common Sense as assessor for the occasion, held—*tout au contraire*—that "otherwise" means "otherwise," *i.e.* tricks different from palmistry, and *not* of the same kind, and so affirmed the conviction, which leaves the *soi-disant* DR. MONCK to work out his term of durance as a rogue and vagabond.

MR. PUNCH'S CÉLÉBRITÉS CHEZ ELLES.

No. V.—DR. HARVEY D'OYLEY, AT THE WEST-END.

CONVENIENTLY situated near the Parks and most fashionable Squares of the West-End, almost in sight of the Marble Arch, and not too far from Marlborough House, stands a palatial residence, which combines the appliances of the laboratory with the luxury of a modern English home. Intelligent foreigners passing by this red-brick mansion in the Queen Anne style, with its plate-glass windows, its tall portals and quaint brazen knockers, its well-worn door-steps, and clustering piles of moulded chimneys, would imagine that its owner was a duke at least. Not so. This palatial residence is the property of a man who for many hours daily wrestles with Death and beats off disease, while in the dark hours he burns the midnight oil in tracking Science through her tortuous windings, and makes, at least, twenty thousand a year in guinea fees alone. Its occupant is the most fashionable consulting physician of the day. The value of HARVEY D'OYLEY'S time is measured in gold—his every five minutes are guineas. These are swept in by the never-ending flood of his daily consultations. Then, in the night-season, so precious are his thoughts, that a secretary is always seated at his bedside, to jot down, in shorthand, what he says in his sleep. All the principal hospitals (of which he is an honoured officer) are connected with his house by telegraphic wires, along which he flashes his medical oracles. The horses in his stables are selected for their bone, bottom, and speed. When a case of moment is on hand, when a Cabinet Minister has toothache, or the wife of an Archbishop is suffering from cold, it is a sight to see the Doctor's perfectly-appointed brougham, with its thoroughbred steppers, flashing through the crowded thoroughfares. The moment one of D'OYLEY'S horses gets past his work, that is, ceases to be up to twenty miles an hour, it is sold, and replaced by another. The discarded gallopers are usually purchased by CAPTAIN SHAW to horse the engines of the Fire Brigade.

Before describing the house in detail, it is as well to say that the domestic offices are defective. The pantry would be more cheerful for another window, and the Butler has no room in which he can receive his *comme il faut* friends *en petit comité*. On the right-hand doorpost are two bells, one labelled "Visitors," the other "Servants." Let us check a natural inclination, and ring the first. After a pause of a few minutes, the door is opened by a formidable, almost repellent, person clad in sober black. This is the Doctor's "confidential man," but his name is a misnomer. He is the very reverse of confidential. Ask him to whom that wide-awake on the hall-slab belongs, and he will require to know your business. Question him about last night's *menu*, and he will feign ignorance of the fact that his master yesterday gave a large and distinguished dinner-party. But while you have held him in talk, you are ill fitted indeed for your vocation, or you will have found time to note that there is in the corner near the door a handsome hat-stand, supporting many curious walking-sticks and costly umbrellas. You will have caught a glimpse of the solid mahogany door leading to the waiting-room, and the green baize portal of the *sanctum* of Hygeia. You will have rapidly written on the tablets of your memory that the floor is covered with marble-patterned oil-cloth. Nay, more, before the door is closed in your face with scant courtesy, you will have made your own the important fact that a stained glass lamp is hanging from the central star of the stucco ceiling.

Fortunately, there are means for gaining admittance here besides a sop to Cerberus. Coals must be carried, and a footman's livery is a disguise not difficult to assume. Moreover, the Healer, absorbed in science and consultations, does not know one servant from another.

Entrance once secured, our survey may be more leisurely. We enter the waiting-room on the right from the hall. It is cosy, though scarce (from an upholsterer's point of view) costly. A red carpet with yellow flowers gives a decided relief to a blue wall-paper and a pale green ceiling. The chairs have oak frames and are leather-seated and backed. The table (a very good one, from the celebrated emporium of MESSRS. VAMP AND VENEER) is covered with periodicals, comic and serious, literary and social, from *Bradshaw* downwards, of various dates and much thumbed. An illustrated edition of *Joe Miller* lies side by side with BURKE'S *Peerage*, like two roses on one stalk. Mixed up with the lighter literature are several pamphlets by the Healer himself. Here, for instance, is *D'Oyley on the Circulating Fluid*, a most valuable addition to medical specialism; and yonder, in a neat cover, is that standard work of D'OYLEY'S on the *Obscurer Diseases of the Upper Ten Thousand*, for the Doctor belongs to the new school, and eschews Latin words when English will serve as well. Seated on the chairs round the table, or ranged along the walls, or standing in groups, are the patients—for whose amusement all this literature is intended—pale-faced, wearied, and anxious.

Do not let us wait to be summoned into the Healer's presence, but by virtue of our "*Open, sesame!*" enter his *sanctum* at once. A majestic room, hung with proof-prints of eminent Doctors, (from HUNTER and POTT downwards), with well-filled dwarf book-cases; on their tops, and on stands and small tables all about, models of preparations under glass-cases, and chemical apparatus. The Healer is a great authority on the diagnostic power of medical chemistry, and his *brochure* on the white blood-corpuscles has attracted great attention in the columns of the Medical Press. Near the fire, and well-screened from the draught, are a desk and a very easy chair. And now let us look at the Healer at work. A delicate-looking man of sixty, with auburn hair, and a long, black, silky moustache. A grand head, full of bumps that would drive a phrenologist into ecstacies of delirious delight. A pair of piercing eyes, sparkling with a concentration of energy and enthusiasm, fun and science. A well-knit frame of great muscular power. He softly smiles as you enter, and motions you to a seat. A few rapid questions are first given, and the answers pondered noted, resolved. Then he examines you. He punches you here, bangs you there, and, so to speak, whacks you all over. "Does this hurt?" he asks with each blow, and notes down in a large book which lies open before him your loudly-uttered answer. In five minutes he has knocked off your case, and after a hurriedly-written prescription, and perhaps a rapid interchange of thought on the current topic of the day, with a recommendation of a mutton-chop luncheon, and the avoidance of sugar and malt liquors (the Healer has a firm belief in diet, which he calls the right hand of medicine, and mutton-chops are just

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now up, sugar and malt down, in the medical barometer), and your interview is over. You bow yourself out (after leaving your fee on the table), and another patient takes your place. As the door closes behind you, you hear the faint sounds of distant thumpings. And so it goes on, from nine to one, in a never-ending stream of rapidly-interviewed pilgrims to the shrine of Æsculapius. Then comes the perfectly-appointed but not luxurious luncheon-tray, with its two glasses of restorative Amontillado; and then the well-hung chariot, with its four-hundred guinea steppers is at the door, and if we are to keep our eye on the Healer, it must be no longer *chez lui*, but *chez son clientèle*, in every part of the wide West-End, from *rococo* Cavendish Square to brand-newest Kensingtonia. But the Doctor does not take a man on the box; and though few places are beyond our ken, we are not quite ubiquitous.

Nor need we care to follow the Healer home again from his daily round. Is not private life sacred? And yet one scene more. It is night. The Healer's house is a blaze of lights. The waiting-room contains a supper with all the delicacies of the season, for the pastrycook who has taken the contract has charged fifteen shillings a-head! The gentlemen of the pantry must have increased assistance to-night. The roll and roar of carriages ceases not without. Upstairs, in the gorgeous drawing-room, are the guests, including all the celebrities of the day, civil and military, literary and scientific, fashionable and financial, musical and theatrical. In one corner a celebrated author is reading extracts from his works to a rather languid audience. In another, a professional negro serenader, banjo in hand, is singing with much feeling a popular comic song. The Healer, now in his favourite character of Host, is circulating around, with a smile for the Ladies, a flashing joke, or a profound conundrum for the Men, when a servant hurriedly approaches him, and whispers in his ear. Five minutes later the perfectly-appointed brougham is dashing through the streets at the rate of the *Flying Dutchman*. It contains the Healer, bent on a mission of mercy. . . . Such is his life, full of mysteries and confidences, blind guesses and rapid inductions, vast gains and large benevolences, sensations and delights, guineas, honours, and contrasts.

TO THE TOTTERING LILY.



E hear that a Chinese lady (wife of one of the Staff of the Ambassador), whose name signifies the Tottering Lily of Fascination, has accompanied the Chinese Embassy to this country."—*Gossip of the Day.*

FAIR flower from the Flowery Land—
How national is your *cognomen!*
An inability to stand
Is not the charm we most demand
In Western women.

'Tis plain you've not been favoured yet
With a Celestial MARY WALKER.
Ah me! how much you must regret,
Or should do, never having met
That lively talker!

But pray don't bring in fashion here
Your pedal fascination.

Of all that's hideous, awkward, queer,
Our Dames are quite too prompt, I fear,
In emulation.

The Grecian bend, the Roman fall,
Set all our beauties waddling, wobbling;
Sight of your tootsicums so small,
Fair totterer, might be setting all
Our beauties hobbling!

The Chinese Totter! Taking name!
Fancy presents appalling pictures.

Imagine all our Ladies lame,
And modish *bottiers* earning fame
For ten-toe strictures!

We've lots of fashions, goodness knows,
Which are—excuse me!—quite as silly.
You're welcome, dear, but don't disclose
To Western gaze those tiny toes,
Sweet Tottering Lily!

THE COMING MAN FOR TURKEY.

THE fall of MIDHAT PASHA may very probably prove the means of affording Turkey a good chance of salvation. According to the Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, there has lately come into the foreground a man who, though for some time little heard of, is beginning to be considered by well-informed persons "a not unlikely candidate for the post of definitive Grand Vizier." This is a Turk of exceptional integrity, virtue, and intelligence, by name AHMED REFIK EFFENDI, who has served his country in several high offices of State successively, and, during his intervals of leisure, has always gone "to dig and plant in his garden on the hill-side, and to indulge his taste for reading and study." How elevated a taste for study and reading is that which actuates this literary Turkish Cincinnatus, the whole world will discern from the statement that, amongst English and other cultivated residents in Turkey, by some of whom he was regarded as one of the most fanatical and dangerous of "Old Turks"—

"Those who, being under this impression, made his acquaintance, may have been not a little astonished to find a man as well up in the latest works of English and French literature as they were themselves, a man who took in *Punch* and *Charivari*, and laughed over them as heartily as any man could."

It would be mere mock-modesty to refrain from anticipating the observation which the foregoing words will suggest to everybody, that a Grand Vizier being not only a constant reader of *Punch*, but also capable of understanding and appreciating the contents of these pages, is likely to regenerate and save his country, if anybody in the slippers of a Grand Vizier can. May AHMED REFIK EFFENDI live to do it; and that he may have plenty of time to do it in, may His Excellency live a thousand years, continuing to take in and read his *Punch*.

Dens Bidentium.

SHEEPS' teeth are used by dentists (so 'tis stated)
To fill the cells that grinders have vacated.
The Hatcham sheep uplift a piteous wail;
The Tooth they've lost now fills a cell in gaol.
Ah! Toothless sheep, whose pap-preparer's gone!
Ah! sheepless Tooth, that chew'st the cud alone!

IMITATIVE BENEVOLENCE.

(A Hint to Noble Sportsmen.)

MORE than once or twice during the shooting season, the constant reader of his newspaper may therein discover pleasant little unpretentious paragraphs, recording very simply such kind acts of grace as these:—

"HER MAJESTY has forwarded, from Windsor, twenty brace of pheasants to St. George's Hospital."

"Presents of game have been dispatched from Sandringham, by order of the PRINCE OF WALES, for the use of the patients in the London hospitals."

Imitation, we are told, is the truest form of flattery, and we feel pretty sure that both HER MAJESTY and the PRINCE OF WALES would be flattered by a loyal imitation of their gifts. Noble sportsmen would do well to emulate their betters; and instead of sending all their surplus game to be sold for them at Smithfield, they should send some of it, at least, to the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, adjacent to the market. Battues are abominable: but there might be some excuse for them, if their proceeds were distributed among the sick and suffering poor. As a rule, there is small interest in the statements of "good sport" which are paraded in the newspapers, describing how the noble army of Swells at Crackshot Castle have destroyed, in the last three days, some five thousand head of game. Such paragraphs, however, might well deserve publicity if they conveyed an intimation that the game had been presented to the London Hospitals, and that the carriage of it thither had been charitably paid.

SENSATION IN BELGRAVIA.

CHAWLES and JOHN THOMAS are in great tribulation, as they have heard Vaccination is to be administered direct from the calf. Their situations, they complain, won't have a leg to stand on, if they are to be punctured for the benefit of babies.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us an anagram, revealing in a new Peer what the world has long been in the dark about:—"THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD—The real Face of Old Ben."

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TRUE ARTISTIC REFINEMENT.

"Died of a colour, in æsthetic pain."

Hostess. "WE 'RE GOING DOWN TO SUPPER, MR. MIRABEL. LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MISS CHALMERS."

Mr. Mirabel. "A—PARDON ME—IS THAT THE TALL YOUNG LADY STANDING BY YOUR HUSBAND?"

Hostess. "YES. SHE 'S THE MOST CHARMING GIRL I KNOW."

Mr. Mirabel. "I 'VE NO DOUBT. BUT—A—SHE AFFECTS ANILINE DYES, DON'T YOU KNOW! I WEALLY COULDN'T GO DOWN TO SUPPAH WITH A YOUNG LADY WHO WEARS MAUVE TWIMMINGS IN HER SKIRT, AND MAGENTA WIBBONS IN HER HAIR!"

MATERFAMILIAS ON THE MEAT QUESTION.

SIXPENCE a pound! A blessed thought! I hope this time it 's no vain vision.
Ah! bring the Butchers down a bit, and house-keeping might be Elysian;
But what with those blue-coated wolves, and trade in such a state as trade is,
A prudent woman to venture beyond Australian tinned afraid is,

Yet from your preserved meats, preserve *me!*—*I* never could conceit 'em;
And servants—drat their dainty ways!—declared they 'd sooner starve than eat 'em.
But these American frozen joints—though freezing victuals does seem funny,—
By all accounts, are good and cheap, and that 's the market for my money.

Cheap! Word of comfort to a wife! And yet it almost sounds like mocking,
For prices keep on going up to an extent that 's really shocking.
And prices, like that rash young man in MR. LONGFELLOW's sad ditty,
When once they take to rising, *won't* come down again—more 's the pity.

Excelsior is the Butchers' cry; at rising they 're as smart as rockets;
And show themselves natural enemies of every woman's peace and pockets:
And if so be this frozen beef should only bring the brutes to book a bit,
I 'd breathe a blessing on those Yankees, every time I had to cook a bit.

But if they 're going to buy it cheap and pocket the extra profit,
Like those Scotch cheats, I can't say I see much good folks are like to get off it.
They 'll raise a cry and say, no doubt, they 're froze out, like gardeners,—drat 'em!
But much I fear they 're far too sly to let us buyers tit-for-tat 'em.

They 've always got some fine excuse—flood, drought, war, rinderpest, and so on;
Don't tell me! Government ought to stop the way these Butchers go on.
Thousands of tons of Yankee meat imported monthly? The more surprising,
Spite of States' beef and Canadian too, my bills should still keep rising!

"Wearing of the Green."

THE following is an extract from *The Irish Times* of February 6, 1877:—

"Speaking of his Grace reminds me that his noble Lady, the Duchess, created quite a sensation last week by driving down Grafton Street, preceded by two outriders, *in a pale-green silk dress.* Her reception all along the way was very warm, the people being evidently pleased at the marked compliment meant to be paid to Ireland by the colour of the dress."

What a pity the people of Ireland are not oftener put in a good-humour when it takes so little to please them!

A QUESTION OF SEX.

"EQUES" wants to know whether the horse christened "*Management*" in our last Cartoon should not have been a filly, and named *Mis-Management?*

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WHAT NEXT?

RUSSIAN BEAR. "YOU 'VE READ MY 'CIRCULAR!' YOU KNOW MY INTENTIONS ARE STRICTLY HONOURABLE! WHAT ARE *YOU* GOING TO DO?"

BRITISH LION. "BLEST IF I KNOW! ASK THE GOVERNMENT, AND IF THEY CAN'T TELL YOU, TRY THE OPPOSITION!!"

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CHURCH IN HIGH STYLE.

Ritualistic Hostess. "ARE YOU GOING TO CHURCH WITH US THIS EVENING, MAJOR?"

The Major. "THANKS, NO! I WAS AT THE MORNING PERFORMANCE!!"

THE PORTE AND THE VATICAN.

CONFOUND those European Powers,
A set of hogs and dogs and Giaours!
We knuckle down to their dictation?
We truckle to intimidation?
Submit to their conditions, *We*?
Concede our Slaves autonomy?
We of the Infidel afeared?
No, never, by the Prophet's beard!
Like that old Brick on Peter's Throne,
Whose case is so much like Our own,—
If 'tis as pole resembles pole—
For whom We feel with all our soul,
Has one, and only one, reply,
When vexed with importunity,
So We, whenever pressed to do
The thing we are unwilling to,
Will let the Giaour get nought of Us,
But a serene, "*Non possumus!*"

HOSPITALITY AND PLUNDER.

INFORMED by telegram that "LORD DERBY had received an address signed by a numerous body of English traders, complaining of the Brigandage in Sicily, and requesting him to call in the most pressing manner the attention of the Italian Government to the subject," the Public, Parliament, and Press of Italy have been thrown into a fit of indignation at what they call "an egregious breach of the hospitality extended to British residents in the Island." Strange to say, what they mean by breach of hospitality appears not to have been the seizure of MR. ROSE by brigands, their detention of him in their mountain den, in constant danger of his life, and his release for a ransom of £2,400,—no; it seems that, from the Italian point of view, the hospitality extended to British residents in Sicily was broken by MR. ROSE'S fellow-countrymen and fellow-residents in complaining of that and similar outrages to the British Government. Well, there's nothing like looking at things your own way!

AN Advertisement in a contemporary offers a select home to a few Ladies and Gentlemen who require rest. Among the first to avail themselves of this retreat will be found MACAULAY'S New Zealander and CÆSAR'S Wife.

HOW TO MAKE HOME SAFE.

(*Respectfully dedicated to* CAPTAIN SHAW.)

"There were over a hundred fires in the Metropolis last week."—*Weekly Paper.*

1. In the first place I, *Punch*, would have you careful in the matter of matches. Avoid those to which Proprietors and Manufacturers have given the title "Safety," for use can be made of them only when you have the box by you. Rather choose those which strike not only on the box, but on anything. By employment of these yourself, and by encouraging the careless use of them by your servants, you may do your part in keeping up the average of Metropolitan conflagrations.

2. In these days of universal improvement your house is probably lighted with gas from attic to basement. On this head I have little to say. Remember, however, the proverb which illustrates the futility of seeking for anything in the dark. If, therefore, you smell gas, and are thus warned of an escape, go, or send one of your household, with a lighted candle, to discover the source of it.

3. If there be no Gas in your house, it is probable that you will use oil lamps. Paraffin will do for your dining and drawing-rooms. In the nursery, schoolroom, or wherever else there is likely to be romping, employ petroleum or kerosine. Consider the Cow of Chicago.

4. Never indulge in Fire-Guards. They intercept great part of the heat of the fire, which no prudent householder can afford at the present prices of coal. If, in your absence, a gassy coal explodes, and the fragments are projected into the room, how can you possibly be to blame?

5. Some housewives are of opinion that linen should be aired gradually. This is mere old-fashioned nonsense, unsuited to an age too rapid to permit of things being done slowly. Air your linen quickly; have a roaring fire, and bring your clothes-horses as near it as possible.

6. The medical profession strongly condemn chlorodyne or chloral. Therefore, if you have wakeful nights, compose yourself by means of a book in small type, which will involve your keeping your bedside-candle close to the curtains, where, if left to itself, it may burn down quietly.

7. Nothing is more soothing than for a man with his head on his pillow to meditate over the affairs of the day with a cigar in his mouth.

8. While wages are so high, I would have you execute for yourself any little repairs that may become necessary on your premises. The cases of Canterbury Cathedral, and the Alexandra Palace, show what may be done by the skilful use of a glue-pot.

9. In the event of any article of wearing apparel or furniture igniting, remember at once to open a door, so as to admit a good current of air. All the above directions may be rendered useless by inattention to this hint.

10. Never insure your house. Think of the luxuries you can purchase with a few pounds, and hesitate before investing your money in what is too often nothing but a premium on carelessness.

11. And last. Take the foregoing directions to heart, and carry them out steadfastly and thoroughly. Verify the saying of THOMAS of Chelsea, that the twenty millions of these islands are mostly fools. Vex the souls of CAPTAIN SHAW and his gallant men, and by your ignorance, carelessness, laziness, and stupidity, continue to swell the fire-returns, and aggravate your sincere well-wisher,

PUNCH.

THE PAINS AND PENALTIES OF RITUALISM.

(*What with the Priests of Hatcham and Maidstone.*)

IN Horsemonger Lane—Tooth-ache.
In the Court of Privy Council—Ear-ache.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—Take care to choose a Lady Help, and not a Lady Encumbrance.

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THE MASKED MONK;

OR, THE MAID! THE MANIAC!! AND THE MYSTERY!!!

A THRILLING ROMANCE, FOUNDED ON UNQUESTIONED FACTS. INVENTED AND WRITTEN BY

GEO. H. WH—LL—Y, M.P.

CHAPTER I.—*The Jesuit Chief.*

IN a spacious arched and vaulted chamber, whose stones could have told of the darkest and foulest deeds ever perpetrated in the history of mankind when under the shadow of the broad triple-crowned tiara, which was assumed by the persecuting pontiffs of the mediæval period in cutting, cruel, and deadly ridicule of the costume of the oppressed Hebrew race, which, at that time, still clung to the traditional head-gear of a happier past,—in, I say, an arched and vaulted chamber of the large building, about which there is something at once prisonly and palatial, at the corner of the *Piazza di Septetti Diali*,* were gathered some of the most remarkable persons in the world, whose names would have struck terror into the very hearts of the sovereigns of the capitals and the capitalists of a blinded Europe, which sees the movements of the puppets, but is either unable or unwilling to rise *en masse* and detect the heartless, fiendish, wire-pullers hidden away in the recesses of such spider-like corners as that in which I am now about, for the first time, to throw a perfect lampful of the purest, truest, and most uncompromising light. Gentlemen below the gangway may sneer and attempt to persuade the public that it is but waste of their precious moments to listen to the voice of Truth, but the time will come when—*But to my story.*†



The gloomy chamber was hung around with various instruments of torture, which, though superseded by modern improvements and inventions, still retain their terrible significance, and cause a tremor to pass through the stoutest frame that ever England can produce.

In different corners, for the apartment is all corners and angles, sat sombre-hooded figures at desks, watching with lynx-like eyes the complicated movements of the telegraphic-needles in front of them, while inferior servitors, each wearing a tight-fitting black suit, a tall, conical cap,—called in ecclesiastical Italian a *Cappa Magna*,‡—and black half-masks, like Mediæval headsmen, waited at each hooded figure's elbow, ready to seize a missive, and dash away on some errand of the *Segretto Servize*.* All are busy. Every second the little bells are ringing, and messages arriving from all quarters of the world. A special department is assigned to news from England; and during the Session the wires are constantly at work.

And where are we now? In the *Camera Obscura* of the head Department of the Secret Conclave's Office, whence issue orders for the conduct of the affairs, Ecclesiastical and Civil, of the entire globe, where all secrets are told; where all plots are known; where the Propaganda holds its monthly feasts, and the outwardly sedate Seminarists meet for their nightly revels.

At a table, listening to the low-murmured recital of a cowled figure, sat one towards whom, from time to time, all eyes furtively glanced. He was dressed in a long gown, called a "*biritta*,"† which entirely concealed the closely-woven coat of chain armour that protected him night and day from those whom alone, of all men, he feared, namely, the assassins in his pay. For him, bravos belonging to what is known as the "*claque*" were ever at his call, and their hands, ever ready for his bidding, might, when unemployed, find means to send a dagger to the heart of the very man who had taught them to use it. His face could it have been discerned by the dim light of the chamber, was sallow, and of the Spanish type. His brows were heavy, and his eyes, bright and piercing, were restless as a snipe on the marshes, and as keen as the air on the Welsh mountains.‡ His head and face were closely shaven, the better to enable him to assume any disguises that the necessity of the moment or the urgency of the affair might suggest. On his head he wore what alone would have distinguished him from all the rest—the insignia of his office and rank in the Popish Ecclesiastical Camp. It was a cocked hat, surmounted by a feather.

Beneath his cloak, and entirely concealed by it, he wore his epaulettes, and by his side a rapier of the purest Toledo steel. He had two air-revolvers of the most recent American invention in his girdle, while in his long, thin, sinewy, bloodless hand, which a

* "*Piazza di Septetti Diali.*"—Is there such a Street in Rome? and are you quite sure of your spelling? In haste.—Yours, ED.

From G. W., M.P.—Sir, facts are facts, be they never so factitious. The Piazza in question, I learn on the very best authority, is "*a quarter*," not an entire street. But the part represents poetically the whole.—Yours ever.

† The break at this point, and the italics, are ours.—ED.

‡ "*Cappa Magna.*"—On reference to Roman Catholic authorities, we find the "*Cappa Magna*" is a *cope* not a cap. Is this not a slip of yours, my dear Sir?—ED.

Answer from G. W.—Slip? No. If you believe what *those* people tell you, you'll believe anything. Why, you'd believe that the unfortunate nobleman now languishing at Dartmoor is not the man he wasn't taken for. I know *all* about *Cappa Magna*. I've worn one to try it. It's like an extinguisher.

From the Editor to the Author.—Good. We shall not interfere again.

* In answer to your letter, Sir, in which you kindly propose to leave my production untouched by the editorial hand in its characteristic features, I am open to admit that I never have been in Rome (dare *I* venture there, Sir? Would *you* in my skin, which is not proof against the stiletto of the hired assassin), and never will learn a language, which, whatever may be its original beauties, is associated with the history of the debased, profligate —[* * * * The asterisks are ours, ED.]—Papal Misrule.—G. W.

† "*Biritta.*"—We said we wouldn't interfere, but "*biritta*" *is* a cap.

From G. W. *to the Editor.*—I suppose CARDINAL M-NN-NG told you this? *Bah!*

‡ I call your attention, Sir, to the fact that I do *not* write about matters of which I am ignorant. Am I not a dweller among marshes and mountains? Very well, then: true in a tittle, true in a total.—G. W.

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CULINARY CULTURE.

New Cook. "IF YOU'RE GOING UP-STAIRS, MR. RUGGLES, YOU MIGHT JUST TELL MY LADY THAT IF SHE CAN'T WRITE THE '*MENOO*' IN FRENCH, I SHALL BE VERY 'APPY TO DO IT FOR HER!"

Sir Joshua might have painted and a Sir Moses have bought, he held that most formidable of all his weapons, *a steel pen*. And who was this?

Gentlemen, this was the man before whom all Europe in reality quailed, to whom Princes bowed and diplomatists cajoled,—it was DOM VICHÉDUOMO SOVERICHINO, the General of The Jesuits!!

"*Emissario mio*," he said, suddenly, to a yellow-faced, high-cheek-boned Monk, whose general appearance bespoke the part of the world for which he was made up, "go to China. See the Emperor's Secretary, and give him this draught," and he held out a paper of the deepest black, with a few characters in white on it. "*Il drafto nigro*," he continued, "will settle the constitutional question that is to give us a new empire in an old and tottering world. Stay," he added, as the Emissary was about to withdraw, "let me look at you."

He eyed him narrowly from head to foot. Then, suddenly exhibiting tokens of dissatisfaction, he beckoned to a stout, pale-faced assistant, who had till this moment been seated in a dark corner with a box in his hand. This box he now opened. It was filled with paints, pigments, brushes, powders, pencils, Indian ink, and hares' feet.

"*Caro* KARLARKZONE," said the General of the Jesuits to the stout, pale monk, "*tu cimuppa bitto!*"

KARLARKZONE bowed, and, with a light hand and small brush, put a few lines here, a few lines there, rubbed a little more yellow into his face, and the man (in reality a native of Limerick) was transformed into a most perfect Chinaman. [Is it certain that this emissario is not one of those who hang on behind the Chinese Ambassador's coach as he drives about London? Let CARDINALL M-NN-G answer. *He* knows, and if he will only —— * * * *]†

Just at this moment a piercing scream rang through the apartment. A secret door was suddenly thrown open, and a beautiful nun, pale and dishevelled, rushed into the apartment and threw herself at the knees of the General.

† The break and asterisks are ours.—ED.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES BY THE TALENTED AUTHOR.

Of course I limit myself entirely to *facts*, either within my own personal and peculiar knowledge, or sworn to by those in whom, from their position and exceptional opportunities of observation, I have every confidence. I have already spent hundreds. I may say thousands, in unearthing the machinations of the Jesuits in this country—I have been content to bear the obloquy cast upon me by the satellites of the Roman Secret Monastic Societies—and, alas! I have actually been held up to suspicion (how baseless my conscience and constituents best know) of being myself a Popish Emissary!!—and this too by the once eminent Protestant Champion, MR. N-D-G-TE, who, I fear, is after all but an unconscious tool in the hands of astute Cardinals and wily Italian Prothonatanis. I defy DR. M-NN-G and all his works (not one of which I would ever read, nor even accept as a birthday present), and dare the whole Consistory and College of Bishops and Council of Seminarists to disprove in detail any one of the Facts, or contradict any single one of the statements which I shall put before the public in this true and thrilling narrative, which should rouse all England from its torpor, and cause Parliament to send a *carefully-selected* body of firemen, with hose and hatchet, into the cellars of the house.

I would not employ a policeman or fireman if I had my way, unless he were previously examined by a competent Protestant Committee, and had received from the examiners a certificate of his thorough acquaintance with the Catechism, and had taken a good strong anti-Popish oath without evasion, reservation, or mental equivocation whatsoever. For *me*, I would go to the stake cheerfully for my opinions, and I should be very glad to see others go there too, *and remain there*. For my part, I do not think I should care to do more than go to the stake for my opinions, get my opinions, and come back again. For the sake of the Protestant cause I would give up almost anything except, perhaps, my pipe, which is a great comfort to me when I am stumping at Peterborough, and which I miss in the House.

I shall go on with this Novel as long as I can, in order to expose the system of tyranny and duplicity which keeps an excellent nobleman out of his property simply because he is a butcher, and, therefore, opposed to Lenten diet and fish on Fridays. But my time is fully occupied, and my leisure moments I devote to singing lessons. When next asked to sing I shall do so—and charge for it.—G. W.

CRYSTAL PALACE IMPROVEMENT.

Is the Crystal Palace worth preserving? This is a question not raised in a pamphlet by MR. GLADSTONE, but by the LORD MAYOR, at a meeting of public-spirited gentlemen, held the other afternoon at the Mansion House, to consider "the best means to maintain and preserve the Crystal Palace for the use of the people, in fulfilment of the objects for which it was originally founded." They ultimately resolved that, "in view of the great public advantage of the Crystal Palace, it is desirable that it should be maintained for the public," and appointed a Committee to confer with the Directors to that end. Thus the question before the meeting was answered in the affirmative, but not absolutely. They voted the Crystal Palace worth preserving to effect the objects for which it was founded, and not others.

The former they contemplate promoting by a large and liberal scheme for "the cultivation of arts, sciences, and manufactures, and the providing of good and elevating recreation for the public," and for those who join in the undertaking, "a substantial return in the shape of valuable works of Art."

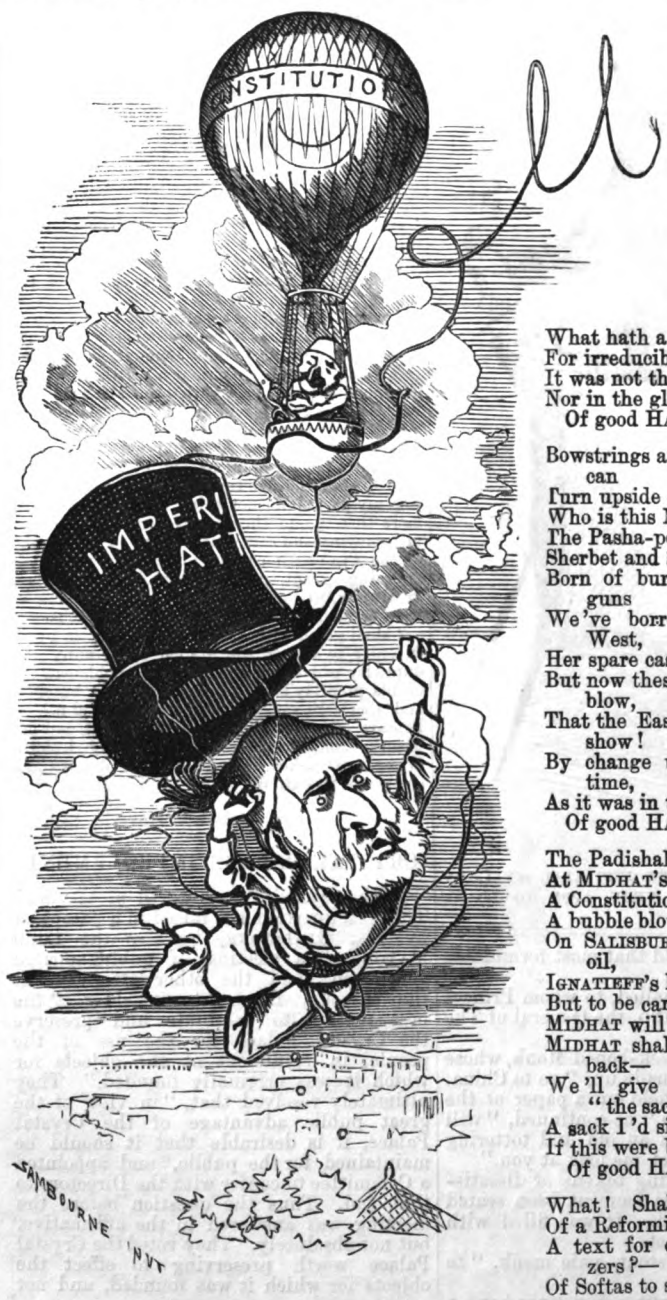
Among the objects for which the Palace was designed, rope-walking, circus-riding, and Cockney diversions in general were not included. So *Punch* heartily wishes, under new arrangements, better luck to the Crystal Palace, and a return to the original intentions.

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MIDHAT AND HIS MASTER.

(A Growl from the Grand Turk.)

"A careful study of the *Arabian Nights* would be a better guide to the mysteries of Turkish policy than the scrutiny of protocols and despatches."—*Times.*



MIDHAT be blowed! That 's Giaour slang!
And let the Plenipos go hang!
Conference? Constitution? Foh!
Shall Padishahs be muzzled so?
Still Bosphorus Seven Towers doth lick,
Where Giaours of Envoys once ate stick.
Ask guarantees from the Grand Turk?—
A very pretty piece of work!

What hath a Sultan but a "pshah"
For irreducible *minima!*
It was not thus in MAHMOUD's time,
Nor in the glorious golden prime
Of good HAROUN ALRASCHID!

Bowstrings and Bosh! Thinks he he can
Turn upside down the Ottoman?
Who is this MIDHAT, to o'errule
The Pasha-power of Istamboul?
Sherbet and Sheitan! Are we sons
Born of burnt fathers? Ships and guns
We've borrowed from the upstart West,
Her spare cash helped her to invest;
But now these Giaours, by word and blow,
That the East 's still the East, we 'll show!
By change untouched, untaught by time,
As it was in the golden prime
Of good HAROUN ALRASCHID!

The Padishah, a paper-thrall,
At MIDHAT's whistle to sing small!
A Constitution one decrees—
A bubble blown the Giaour to please—
On SALISBURY's high waves to pour oil,
IGNATIEFF's little game to spoil,
But to be carried out? Oh, no!
MIDHAT will find *that* way 's no go.
MIDHAT shall quit, and ne'er come back—
We 'll give him what Giaours call "the sack"—
A sack I 'd sink in Bosphorus slime,
If this were but the golden prime
Of good HAROUN ALRASCHID!

What! Shall a Sultan live in fear
Of a Reforming Grand Vizier?
A text for quidnuncs and for quizzers?—
Of Softas to say nought, or scissors.

Bowstring the dog! Or, stop a bit—
Hoist with his own petard—'twill fit!
Pull his own Constitution's trigger—
A hundred and thirteen 's the figure—
And floor the rogue with his own gun;
So at least *one* thing 'twill have done.

A cup of coffee, spiced and strong,
Had been more Eastern, and less long.
But ours is a degenerate time;
Ah, how unlike the golden prime
Of good HAROUN ALRASCHID!

A Passengers' Railway Question.

ON the Metropolitan District Railway a driver, losing nerve, backs a train downhill against another train, smashing 120 passengers. In compensation for their injuries, they get £10,800. Against this sum the Company has to put only £1 2*s.* 6*d.*, the amount of the sufferers' fares. The Directors consider the compensation excessive. Had they to pay no more than the amount they themselves thought reasonable, how many more accidents than at present would occur in a given time on the Metropolitan District Railway?

SIGNS OF SPRING.

PARISIAN Governesses are giving the last touch of French polish to their pupils.

Music-Masters are coaching fluttering *débutantes* in CHOPIN's Mazurkas.

Dancing-Mistresses are giving six lessons in the lately-revived kick-up—the Polka.

The Board of Works is carefully covering a fine layer of broken bricks and smashed bottles with finer gravel, and calling the mixture Rotten Row.

Young WILD OTES is growing *Gardenias* in pots in his bed-room, and has taken a Farce to three Managers without any other result than polite refusal.

CAPTAIN MONTE BRAG is practising several new tricks with the cards, with a view to simplifying écarté and piquet.

LADY HIGHFLYER has been closeted with MADAME RACHEL, who has had the impudence to crop up again.

The Bower of Beauty and the Fountain of Youth are besieged every day by Ladies who have faith in metallic dyes and arsenical lotions.

Several Screws, "the property of Gentlemen going abroad," are being highly groomed and carefully fed.

Sand-cracks are being filled up, scars painted over, and loose boxes prepared for the reception of the splendid Park Hacks, which "a well-known Lady of fashion has no further use for."

Dog Importers are busy picking up stray pets, and rendering them unrecognisable, with a view to ready sale.

Awful sacrifices are making room for Spring stocks in West End monster magazines.

The Snowdrops and Violets of London Ball-rooms are opening their modest eyes to an imaginary future of blissful waltzes and bewildered Baronets.

GUNTER is laying down Ice and crusty old Waiters.

And MR. GYE has found a Tenor who will make us forget MARIO, and a *débutante* up to her work.

ETON COPY-HEADS.

(From a set in the Possession of W. E. G.)

ACCEPT anybody's advances.
Boys' bills should be big.
Cash connection combines classes.
Dukes are desirable.
Eton enforces expensive habits.
Family feeling is foolish.
Good money gives good graces.
Hard cash holds the highest.
Impecuniosity is ignominious.
Juvenile junketting is jolly.
Keep kicking down cash.
Lavishness leads to love.
Money makes many friends.
Needy niceness is nasty.
Own money is good: other people's better.
Procure plenty of pocket-money.
Question quarterly allowances.
Reward riches with respect.
Silence self-reproach with silver.
Treat titles tenderly.
Use upward opportunities.
Virtue is not its own reward.
Wealth is the wise man's worth.
X-pensive habits are to be x-tolled.
Youthful excesses are usual.
Zounds! how things have changed since my time!

NEW TITLE.—*For Conference Protocols,* read last edition of *Cecil's Remains.*

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BOSOM SECRETS.



WHEN a Lady of *Mr. Punch's* acquaintance was in Paris not very long ago, she ordered a dress at a famous *Modiste's*, but found, when she tried it on, that she could hardly breathe. On her complaining to the *Modiste* that the dress was too tight over the chest,

"*Que voulez-vous, Madame?*" exclaimed that faithful follower—if not framer—of the fashion. "*On ne porte plus de gorge*" ("Bosoms are not worn now").

"*Qu'est-ce qu'on fait donc?*" ("But how do Ladies manage?") asked her innocent English customer.

"*Mais, dame, on ôte la ouate*" ("Oh! they take out the wadding"), was the equally innocent answer.

Punch had never fully appreciated the bearings of this perfectly true story till the other day when he came upon the following paragraph in one of the leading ladies' journals:—

"Buy a pair of Maintenon corsets, fitting your waist measure. The other parts of the corset will be proportioned as you ought to be. Put the corset on, and fill the vacant spaces with fine jewellers' wool, then tack on a piece of soft silk or cambric over the bust thus formed to keep the wool in place, renewing it as often as required. This is the most natural and effectual mode of improving the figure which I have heard of."

Now *Punch* sees how exactly the Parisian *Modiste's* plan came home to her own business and her customers' bosoms.

A CASE FOR CLERGYMAN-HELPS.

GIVEN occasion for Gentleman-Helps generally, does not a plea suggest itself in particular for Clergyman-Helps? To a certain extent every Curate is a Clergyman-Help, but to complete that character he should live in his Employer's Parsonage, or Palace, clean boots and shoes, knives and forks, wait at table, officiate in the stable, and work in the garden, being all the while as far as possible treated as one of the family. His wages of £100 a year or so would then supply him with some of the comforts of life, and perhaps enable him to put by a little provision, besides, for a season of being out of place, or a rainy day of disestablishment and disendowment.

As to married Curates, subsisting on their mere stipends, a Clergyman-Help of that sort might be employed as gardener and man-of-all-work, to milk, and feed the pigs, and so forth, whilst his wife could, in a genteel way, take in washing and keep a mangle. How such couples continue to make both ends meet without recourse to some such means, is a mystery suggesting that in the Established Church the Age of Miracles is not yet over.

THE "DREADNOUGHT" ASHORE.

BEAR a hand there, Ladies and Gentlemen with a shot in the locker for poor JACK! The publication of the last Report, read the other day at the Fifty-Sixth Annual Meeting of the Seamen's Hospital Society, will tend to correct a confusion of ideas, injurious to that charitable institution. When people are advertised that contributions and subscriptions thereunto are received by the Bankers, MESSRS. WILLIAMS, DEACON, & Co., Birchin Lane, or by the Secretary, "Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich," they are apt to imagine themselves invited to contribute to the maintenance of Greenwich Hospital itself. Supposing Greenwich Hospital well enough endowed, and supported besides with public money, they are apt to decline that invitation.

The smaller Hospital has got to be confounded with the greater, especially among seamen of the Mercantile Marine, in consequence of the removal on shore of the Seamen's Hospital from on board the old *Dreadnought*, so long a conspicuous object in the Thames, suggestive of pleasing associations with whitebait. But the Report abovementioned now informs its readers that the Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich, receives no aid from Government whatsoever, except houseroom; the use of the Infirmary on their premises at Greenwich, instead of the loan of a ship, to the additional comfort of the patients indeed, but the proportionate increase of expenditure of quite fifteen per cent. for their maintenance, requiring to be met by voluntary contributions.

Now all this is explained, it may be hoped that the Seamen's Hospital will cease to suffer from a misconception precisely similar in its effect to the detriment sustained by MESSRS. SHADRACH'S establishment at the hands of MESSRS. MESHECH, through the dissemination of "the untradesman-like falsehood, 'it's the same concern.'"

So far from being the same concern with Greenwich Hospital, the Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich, is quite another concern. It is free to sick seamen of all nations. Within the scope of its cosmopolitan hospitality, come not only medicine and surgery for nautical sufferers, but also the provision, if possible, of employment for them when cured. It contains two hundred beds constantly occupied; and to keep charity going at this rate needs voluntary contributions yearly to the amount of £8,000, or, rather, according to a statement made in Cannon Street, of £10,000. It nearly paid its expenses last year, but not quite; and owes £1,539 6*s.* 0*d.* Every Briton, whose song is "*Rule, Britannia!*" must see that, as an institution subservient to the spirit of that chorus, the Seamen's Hospital (late *Dreadnought*) is a charity beyond all others for which the hat may justifiably be sent round. Its expenditure has much increased lately through the rise in provisions, amounting to £506 additional in the last year alone. A hospital, however, need not, like almost every individual member of the community except butchers, be the worse off for "Progress." Subscriptions, donations, and bequests in plenty, on the part of a generous Public, will doubtless enable the Seamen's Hospital Society to keep pace with the times, whilst all but the most economical housekeepers are outrunning the constable. The *Dreadnought* (that was) should have nought to dread.

A page of the Society's Report is occupied with a table of Ports in the United Kingdom whence patients were sent them last year—so many from each; together with a list of annual subscriptions sent also by those Ports—some of them. For, in several instances, opposite to a considerable figure in the Patients' column, the Subscription column presents "*Nil.*" We need only remind those who thus show their unremitting interest in the Hospital, that *ex nihilo nihil fit*—"Nothing can come of nothing"—in the long run; though they have made their own nothings, thus far, produce something considerable. Let them clap the omitted figure to the left of their round 0's, and give them their proper values.

THE EYE-OPENER FOR ENGLAND.

FROM the Blue Book on the Conference it appears that the SULTAN was persuaded, notwithstanding LORD SALISBURY'S assurances to the contrary, that "the alienation of a large portion of the English people" from the side of Turkey "was due rather to the repudiation of the Turkish debt than to the atrocities in Bulgaria." Not quite so, Padishah. No large portion of the English people is so very mercenary as all that. It was not the repudiation of the Turkish debt which principally alienated even the Turkish bondholders from you. It was those awful Bulgarian atrocities that did it. All that the repudiation of the Turkish debt did was to open the eyes of the British Public, and especially those of Turkey's Creditors, to the atrocity of the Bulgarian atrocities.

The Porte and the Powers.

IT is whispered that a high Turkish Official, speaking of the six Governments represented at the late ineffectual Conference, observed, at a late Divan, that they might call themselves the six Powers, but he, for his part, called them the six Weaknesses.

SHAKSPEARIAN MOTTO RECENTLY ADOPTED BY MR. GLADSTONE.

"I will something affect *the letter*, for it argues facility."
Love's Labour's Lost, Act iv. s. 2.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PRELIMINARY.

THE Ghost of SAMUEL PEPYS, flattered by the admission of his report of the debate on the Address, and delighted to resume his habit, when in the flesh, of recording the day's news, has so pressed for permission to supply *Punch's* Parliamentary Essence once more at least, that *Mr. Punch* has consented, after a long interview with SAMUEL'S spirit materialised, in the ghost of his purple camlet suit with silver buttons, to humour the social old spirit.

"And methinks," said the Ghost, after urging other reasons, "it should be pretty and profitable to your readers to see how the debates of my Lords and Commons do seem to one that remembers the Long Parliament, and the Rump and the Parliaments after the King's joyful Restoration, when money was so hard to come by for all, and Our Office especially, in such straits. Though, indeed, save in the matter of money, it do seem as if Our Office were still for the most part in as sore straits as when I was Clerk of the Acts, and as many mishaps among our ships, and the Board abused, on all hands, as roundly; but, Lord, to see how coolly they do take it, so as my LORD SANDWICH himself could not have borne the storm more easily."

Mr. Punch had some difficulty in stopping the mouth of the garrulous old Ghost, which he did at last with Admiralty Blue Books on the cases of the *Captain* and the *Vanguard*. We subjoin his report, just received. It is too long, but we print it as sent:—

Monday, February 12 (*Lords*).—Question by my LORD DUKE OF ST. ALBANS, touching the Officers of Her Majesty's Engineers sent out last autumn to Constantinople, to what end was their survey of the defences thereof, and what the Turk was like to have thought of the same, as promising them from us help in need. But my LORD CADOGAN answered roundly that these Officers had surveyed and reported for service of Her Majesty's Government, and not of the Turk, and as for what the Turk might argue thereof, they of the Government knew not, and had no need to trouble themselves, with which my Lord Duke was fain to be content; and methinks my LORD CADOGAN, for a young Lord, hath already well learnt the manner of answering, that we had in my time in Our Office, when saucy rogues would put questions easier to ask than to answer.

And then the Lords to mighty serious debate of the new roadway at Hyde Park Corner, which do much concern many of my Lords, their wives and daughters, that do drive oft that way, and are sore hindered by the great press of common coaches, and marvellous to see how all wheeled carriages be multiplied in this town since the first licensing of the hackney coaches which I remember. My LORD BEACONSFIELD did speak mighty solemnly on this grave matter; and methinks it is well their Lordships should give their minds to other questions than Eastern. But no new road yet, nor, methinks, like to be this long while, but much sedulous consideration

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A POSER.

Sporting Gent. "I SAY, THERE'S A LOT O' YOUR 'OUNDS RUNNING THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WATER!"
Huntsman. "THEN PERHAPS YOU'LL JUST POP OVER, AND GIVE 'EM A HOLLOO!" [*Sporting Gent subsides.*

by the Board of Works of the reasons against all that are proposed. And, indeed, it is no light matter for my Lords and their Ladies, and for the Board of Works, that may not fitly go to work but on full consideration.

(*Commons.*)—To question of MR. ASHLEY, MR. BOURKE, a brisk young man, and Under Secretary to my LORD DERBY, had a hard business in explaining of the steps taken by the Turk in compliance with my LORD DERBY's sharp letter touching the punishment of those concerned in the Bulgarian atrocities, wherein many sentences have been passed, as I did gather, but could hear of neither sentences nor offenders executed as yet, but a Commission still examining and seeking for what the French call *Midi à quatorze heures*. Pleasant to hear how SHEFKET PASHA, the leader of all the atrocities, is not under arrest, but under surveillance, which do seem to me mighty different. So the upshot of all do seem to be, much said but nothing done, as is usual with the Turk.

Then other replies to other questions touching these Turkish matters, as of the Loan, and the departure of SIR HENRY ELLIOT, and a certain despatch of my LORD DERBY's; and I do see plainly there is like to be no lack of questions for my LORD DERBY and SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and I do wish them both well delivered of their answers. Then much other confused business, which I could not note.

At last the House to debate sharply of MR. SMYTH's Bill for Closing of Irish Public-houses on Sunday, which the Government be of a mind to grant, as it were *experimentum in corpore vili*, though they will none of it here. But, Lord, to see how Irish Members do contradict each other flatly herein, as in other things; one O'SULLIVAN crying the Bill down as a wicked thing "to affect the interests of many thousand Irishmen, and to restrict the liberty and ancient privileges of Ireland," whereof, doubtless, the privilege of getting drunk on Sunday, as on other days, is one of the most ancient. And then to hear one SULLIVAN, without the "O," calling lustily for the Bill; and a gross, fat man, one MAJOR O'GORMAN, mighty loud against it, and methinks did bear him as like the fat knight in SHAKSPEARE's play as ever I saw; and much laughter of the House, whether at his brogue or his belly I could not learn, but do believe the one did help the other. Among other things of this O'GORMAN's that moved the House to mirth, was this, that for an Irishman to get drunk on a Sunday anywhere save in a licensed public-house, though it were *sub Jove frigido*—the fat Major being one that can talk Latin, as indeed, most of your Irish be scholars, after some sort—was an insult to the Queen's Majesty, which puzzled me. But whether the Irish people be in truth for or against this Bill, I know not. For the biggest towns—Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Waterford, Limerick—the Secretary for Ireland did hold it wise to have inquiry made of the matter by Select Committee. And methinks if the public-houses cannot be shut on Sundays in these great towns, it is little that they should be shut in smaller places. But Irish reasons are, and have ever been since first I heard of them, hard to fathom. So I wish the Bill a good deliverance, and no more heads or windows broken than is needful.

Then a Bill moved for Valuation of Property for Rating, being a *remanet* from last year—like so many of the Bills this Session. But whether this Bill be better or worse than last year's, I know not. And methinks the House was no wiser than I, which comforts me. Only I am thankful there were no such Bills, and few such rates, in my time.

Also a Bill touching Patents brought in; the same that they have been trying to pass these two years. But whether this one will be got passed I could not learn. Yet methinks it is sore needed, for inventions do multiply strangely, beyond aught that was dreamed of in my time; and where they will stop, I see not. Lord grant it may all be for good. But am glad of one thing, that MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL do own that poor men have a right to profit by the work of their brains, whereto this Bill is meant to help; so I wish well to it.

Tuesday (*Lords*).—My LORD GRANVILLE to question of my LORD DERBY touching the treaty for mutual delivering up of law-breakers passing between this country and the United States of America, whither in my time they did deport rogues, but they now, it seems, being their own masters, do send their rogues to us, and we ours to them, as it were in the way of barter.

And my LORD DERBY to explain how herein matters are again as they were, before he did get into a quarrel with one FISH, the States' Secretary, last year; so I do find my Lord hath had to eat his words, but put it as if he had not, yet doth it with as good

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SAWBATH RECREATION.

Gentleman from N. B. (*he had sent his Presbyterian Butler to a service at Westminster Abbey*). "WELL, DUGALD, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF IT?"

Dugald. "AWEEL, SIR, IT WAS MAIR LIKE HEEV'N THAN AIRTH; BUT E—H, SIR, IT 'S JUST AN AWFU' WAY O' SPENNIN' THE SAWBATH, YON!!"

a grace as ever I saw, and much chuckling thereat among my Lords of the Opposition. Pleasant to see how friendly their Lordships be on both sides, and how smooth-spoken, and my LORD GRANVILLE one of the pleasantest, yet can give a smart rap with a smiling face. And after, the same Lord mighty curious to know why, in the papers touching the Eastern Question, was no word of my LORD SALISBURY'S conversations with PRINCE BISMARCK, and PRESIDENT MAC-MAHON, and the DUC DECAZES, but did assume it was for convenience of the public service, to which my LORD DERBY did agree. So I could not see why my LORD GRANVILLE should ask the question.

My LORD DERBY did add, wisely, that some talk with foreign Ministers was of no account, and such it was good to publish: but some of grave account, and as to that sort the public were best kept in the dark. Which puzzled me.

(*Commons.*)—More questioning of Ministers: and one SAMUELSON, a brisk man, asking if my LORD BEACONSFIELD, when he spoke so warlike at Guildhall last December, had in his pocket the letter of His Majesty the CZAR OF MUSCOVY vouching his will for peace, SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did answer him so shortly and roundly as moved the laughter of the House; meaning that my LORD BEACONSFIELD did look on the CZAR'S letter as but a *canard*, or Muscovy Duck, which is the name they give now to flams on public matters. But how the CZAR would stomach his letter being so taken, I wonder.

Then MR. FAWCETT, a mighty clear-spoken man in matters of Finance, and sharp-sighted for all he is blind, did move to reappoint the Select Committee, that has sat for three years inquiring into Indian Finance, but never yet got so far as reporting, so that I was reminded of the hen that laid so many eggs she could never come to the hatching of any. For their reappointment he did give mighty good reasons, and indeed when a man thinks over all he said, the one reason against such a Committee would seem to be that its work can only be well done in India; and asks rather for a great Minister of Finance than the best Committee that ever did hatch a Blue Book, which, as yet, this Committee hath not done, only taken more evidence than anybody will ever care to read.

And to this effect spoke one SMOLLETT, a rough-tongued man, but ready, and a hard hitter all round, and would have had the House vote to leave off all spending on public works in India, and cease to distinguish between ordinary and extraordinary expenses in its reckoning. Which methinks were a starving of the horse to save the cost of his feed. And was smartly rapped over the knuckles by a mighty brisk young LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, of the Indian Secretary's Office, that it was a pleasure to hear how trippingly he spoke, and yet to the point; so that it was pretty to see how well he had learnt his lesson; and the House did cheer him mightily when he went into the Indian accounts, and showed a brave array of figures against MR. FAWCETT, and made out things in India hopeful and thriving, save for this famine and fall in silver, and was for no Committee, so the House did say no to FAWCETT by 173 to 123, and to SMOLLETT without a division, all being against him save himself, and methinks he is one of that sort that do often find themselves in a minority of one.

Wednesday.—Being Ash Wednesday, the Lords sat not at all, and the Commons not till two, for which I was glad, being already wearied of my week's work, and knew not before they sat so late, and talked so much.

A Bill to guard the mouths of thrashing-machines—and might, methinks, be extended to the House of Commons, where be many machines with mouths that grind chaff, and so waste time.

One PARNELL moved a Bill to enable buyers of Irish Church lands to spread their payments over fifty-two years, and to pay nothing at first buying. Which methinks was cool, even for an Irish Member to ask; and the House would none of it, though the Irish Home-Rule Members of one mind for once. So the Bill was thrown out by 150 to 110.

A Bill, moved by one WILSON, to forbid the Sale of Drink on Sundays in England and Wales. The first child, methought, of MR. SMYTH'S Bill, and much debate whether leave should be given to bring it in or no, and, in the end, leave given, which I was sorry for.

Thursday (*Lords*).—Nought worth noting but my LORD DUKE OF ARGYLL'S notice of Question for next Tuesday on my LORD SALISBURY'S instructions, and if the Government propose to do aught, and what, in furtherance thereof.

(*Commons.*)—More questions. MR. WARD HUNT did explain to SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL how HOBART PASHA, an English Captain, commanding the navy of the Turk, having been struck off the list and pay of his rank in 1868, was in 1874 restored to the same, but no reason given. And in Our Office methinks, in my time, we had not restored one of our Captains who had taken service with the Infidel. But now 'tis otherwise—only land-officers may not so serve without leave first given; which puzzles me, to find a reason why what is sauce for the land-bird should not be sauce also for the sea-fowl.

To SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did explain how SIR HENRY ELLIOT did leave Constantinople like the other Ambassadors—being ordered home to report, but not in disgrace, and was sick—whereat no wonder, with the sickening work he hath had.

Then one RYLANDS, a man of a rasping tongue, to move the rejection of the Prisons' Bill, for bringing of prisons under the control of Government; and much brave talk of Local Self-Government, which is, indeed a grand thing to talk of: and one CHAMBERLAIN, the stout and high-stomached member for Birmingham, and MR. NEWDEGATE, a solemn-spoken gentleman of Warwickshire, and SIR WALTER BARTTELOT, a lusty Sussex Baronet, did follow on the same side; and pretty to see how the two country gentlemen did sleek and stroke down the Birmingham man, but all to no purpose, for the House, thinking the Bill needful, and no check to local self-government, however it might be to local jobbery, and like to bring better governing of prisons, did vote the Bill by 279 to 69.

Friday (*Lords*).—Mighty grave talk of business to be done hereafter, but none done yet. And sure, LORD BEACONSFIELD performs his new part as solemn as ever I see.

(*Commons.*)—The night's work begun by a question of SIR C. DILKE—and sure never was such a questioning as now a-nights, and, methinks, little reason for Members to call "*Question! Question!*" as they do, seeing the questions do come without calling. And so MR. BOURKE to his reply, that the Government do mean to answer the Muscovite despatch, when the time comes, and they know what to say, and what the other Powers are of a mind to say. And then to Committee of Supply, but first MR. GLADSTONE to call attention to our treaties with the Turk and others, and to consider how we stand bound

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thereby—and thereon as high and hot debate as ever I heard in the headiest days of the Long Parliament, in the course whereof one CHAPLIN, a Lincolnshire Squire, did make as if he would pluck MR. GLADSTONE by the beard, who did take it in snuff, and did give MASTER CHAPLIN, a young, brisk fellow, but one that is better known for a horse-courser than a politician, such a tongue-basting as did me good to hear, and methought I was at the handling of some rake-helly young Cavalier by a grave Precisian, as it might be MASTER PRYNNE or MASTER SELDEN, in the Protector's time.

For the rest, much wild and whirling talk of these treaties and their force, between MR. HARDY, the Secretary for War, and LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, another of your brisk gallants, and MR. GRANT DUFF, a weasel-faced man, and shrill-voiced, but of rare repute for knowing the minds and cities of many men, and wise beyond common men's measure, and one COURTNEY, new come into the House for Liskeard, and as I do hear a smart writer, and one that looks to rise, and indeed spoke more to the point than the rest, and one SMYTH, an Irishman, mighty flowery and flowing of discourse, that it was pretty to hear, and others, but I, sore weary of it all, and could pick nought out but many "An this be so, then that is so;" but what these treaties do in truth bind us to, or the other Powers party thereunto, or the Turk, or if indeed they bind either to aught, is more than I could learn.

Only, MR. GLADSTONE do speak marvellous well, and weightily, and, methought, glowed as with a white heat, that it was fine to listen to him, and pity of MASTER CHAPLIN under his chiding; but yet mighty silly of him to shoot at one that beareth too many guns for his tonnage.

And, so the debate adjourned till next Friday, and I home in a muddle. But I do see clearly that whatever these treaties be, nothing will come of them all. And so best. But methought, had the old Protector been here, things would scarce run all thus to jangle and tangle and talk as they do, and methinks will do for somewhile yet.

LENTEN PENANCES.



HE Prince of Wales.—To open a public Building, or preside at a public Meeting, once in each week.

The Lord Privy Seal.—To listen to the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY'S speeches.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—The preparation of his Budget.

The Earl of Derby.—To answer the Russian Note.

The First Lord of the Admiralty.—To spend a few days with MR. E. J. REED.

Mr. Gladstone.—To be debarred from the use of writing materials.

Mr. Lowe.—To make a voyage to Greece, and inspect DR. SCHLIEMANN'S treasures.

The Speaker.—To preside at the meeting of a Debating Society every Wednesday and Saturday evening.

The Lord Chamberlain.—To visit all the London theatres in turn, and remain until the fall of the curtain.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson.—To go the round of the great Breweries.

Mr. Whalley.—To hear CARDINAL MANNING and MONSIGNOR CAPEL preach alternately.

The Poet Laureate.—To produce an Ode or Idyl on the Eastern Question.

Mr. Ruskin.—To take lodgings in the centre of Huddersfield or Wigan, or some other manufacturing town in Lancashire or Yorkshire.

Mr. Morris.—To dine out in rooms with outrageous wall-papers.

Major O'Gorman.—To give evidence against Irish Whiskey before the House of Lords Committee on Intemperance.

Rev. A. Tooth.—To pay the costs, and apologise to LORD PENZANCE.

His Congregation.—To attend service at the nearest Nonconformist chapel.

The Editors of the Ministerial Papers.—To read through the Blue Book on the Eastern Question.

The Pope.—To make it up with the KING OF ITALY.

The United States.—To pay back to England the unappropriated balance of the Alabama Award.

EXPERIENCES OF ETON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

KNOWING you are a bold defender of truth, I wish to offer a remark on MR. GLADSTONE'S statement at Marlborough the other day, that Eton boys are worshippers of Mammon. I wish to goodness they were. Then possibly I might have got into "Pop" by this time. ("Pop," you know, is our name for the School Debating Society, to which all the swells belong.) But they won't elect me, just because I can't row or play cricket well, and I'm not in the Sixth Form. I suppose I'm not what is called "popular" among the fellows. Why, my father could buy up any dozen of these fellows who swagger about here as if the place belonged to them. But they black-balled me when I tried to get into "Pop" last half, which shows that they don't understand the value of money, and are, therefore, even greater fools than MR. GLADSTONE imagines.

Yours faithfully,

Eton College. CRŒSUS MAJOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I KNOW you're a fast friend of the nobility, so perhaps you won't mind my making a remark. Some fellow here told me that GLADSTONE had been saying in a speech somewhere that Eton fellows worshipped rank. I don't find it so, I assure you. You know I belong to one of the oldest families in the peerage, and at home I can bully the servants as much as I please, and everyone bows and scrapes to me and calls me "My Lord!" Now, somehow or other, the fellows here don't see this. They all laughed when I tried it on. And that low brute, SMITH MAX, my fagmaster (I hope he won't see this, or he'll work me off as sure as a gun), actually makes me cook his beefsteak every morning, run up and down for him all day, and make his tea and toast at night, just as if I was a commoner. Confound his impudence! But they don't understand the value of rank at Eton, that's the plain truth of it.

Yours,

Eton College. TOMNODDY

GATES AJAR.

MR. PUNCH, respecting the cloth, is always sorry when the British clerk in orders—out of the pulpit, of course—sinks to what may be mildly described as "twaddle." But when twaddle takes the shape of impertinence and ignorance combined, *Mr. Punch* feels himself in duty bound to bring his *bâton* heavily over the delinquent's fingers. What rap could be too heavy for a certain REVEREND MR. GATES, who, at a recent meeting of sympathisers with MR. TOOTH, at Warrington, said (alluding to LORD PENZANCE) "that a man who had spent all his life in adjusting the relationship of adulterers and adulteresses was little fit to decide doctrines of the Church"?

Now, what LORD PENZANCE has to decide is, not what are the doctrines of the Church, but what are the laws of the realm; and what is, and is not, in accordance with them; and his intimate acquaintance with one branch of legal learning does not in any way affect his qualifications in another. *Mr. Punch* is irresistibly reminded of certain Pharisees who found fault with the Founder of the Church for being seen in company with publicans and sinners. But even they would scarce have cast stones at the Great Judge before whom the sinning woman was brought for the "adjustment of her relationship" with harshly-judging and erring mankind; yet here is this Reverend Gentleman who, as *Master Page* says, "belike having received wrongs by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience," indulging in a most offensive insinuation against one of the shining lights of the English Bench!

Mr. Punch replies in the anything but shallow words of SHAKSPEARE—"I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning so wide of his own respect;" and sincerely hopes, though gentlemen with such ideas are generally as obstinate as they are foolish, that MR. GATES is, before this, heartily ashamed of himself.

TO AN ANAGRAMMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

WHERE'S the error? The EARL OF BEACONSFIELD "*is* the real face of Old Ben." Who dares say he isn't?

WHY is Saturday the best day to make inquiries at the General Post Office?

Because it's ten to one you'll find the Clerks there, and on other days it's ten to four.

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SEEN FROM A RAILWAY DURING THE LATE FLOODS.

BETSY PRIG TO A CERTAIN PARTY.

What, part with my Party? No fear! It is nothing but spite as suggests it.
If there 's love for true Liberal ways ' tis B. PRIG's faithful buzzum as nests it.
But that party 's gone awfully wrong under leadership blind and contrairy,
And rounds on its own blessed BETSY, and goes and confounds her with SAIREY.

Which matters are getting most awkward, and werry much mixed up and muddled.
Those Blue Books do bother me dreadful, and make me feel flurried and fuddled,
While DERBY and SALISBURY somehow my counsels appear to be mocking:
The way as they 've talked to the Turk on the quiet is regular shocking!

Why WILLIAM could hardly hit harder. And here has B. PRIG been a-praising
Bland BENJAMIN's much milder ways. Such a right-about turn is quite crazing.
My MIDHAT, too, mizzled! It 's awful! And then that there sweet Constitution!
Will nobody say a good word for it? Gracious! This *is* retribution!

And here have I been a performin' the patriot superior to party,
And sticking sly pins into GLADSTONE, and artfully touching up HARTY;
Coming down on that greedy old Bear every day with a reg'lar good teaser,
But to find the Conservative POMPEY so much like the Liberal CÆSAR!

What, what has become of my Watchwords? Traditional policy? —fled!
The Treaty of Paris?—the dust of the Pharaohs ain't hardly more dead;
And as for the Turk's independence, integrity, pride, and all that,
Why the Guv'ment has served 'em like so many nine-pins, and knocked 'em all flat.

Yet stay, there 's one hope. No Coercion! My conjuring terms ain't all gone.
Though there isn't much left to be fighting for, here *is* a sort of a bone:
The Turk has met scolding and snubbing, and wolumes of wicked aspersion,
But let us stand out hard and fast against even "contingent" coercion.

And ye Liberal lambs who so long loved the lead of my crook and my flute,
Come rally once more round your BETSY, nor fear that her pipe will be mute.
Don't, BETSY conjures you, go dallying with Russia. It 's jest ruination,
From GORTSCHAKOFF, GLADSTONE & Co. let B. PRIG be your shield and salvation!

A PLEA FOR A PORTICO.

THE Board of Works, as part of its plan for a new thoroughfare from Tottenham Court Road to Charing Cross, proposes to sweep away the platform of the famous portico of St. Martin's Church, and, instead, to stilt up the pillars on pedestals, and to limit the steps to a break-neck staircase from the church-doors to the face of the portico.

The Vicar writes to protest in the name of the parish—and he might have added, of *Punch*. We have not so many good examples of Palladian architecture in England that we can afford to mutilate about the best of them.

If St. Martin divided his cloak with the beggar, that is no good reason for the Saint dividing his portico—which may be symbolised as his "dickey"—with the Board of Works, who are not beggars, but choosers. In this case let Parliament say, "We don't choose." The refusal may lead to some alteration in the plans, even to some deviation from the proposed line of street. But what though? *St. Martin de Tours* will but be *St. Martin de Détours!* And the portico is well worth a circumbendibus.

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THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

(*See Blue Book.*)

SERGEANT. "ON YOUR EASTERN QUESTION—RIGHT-ABOUT-TURN!"

COMPANY OFFICER (*aside*). "AH, THEY ALWAYS *WERE* SLOW AT THEIR 'FACINGS!'"

"MUST GET 'EM ROUND SOMEHOW!"

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POST-CARD OPINIONS.



CONSCIENTIOUS MR. GLADSTONE! No wonder that he takes to writing upon Post-Cards, when he is pestered every day by a myriad of busy-bodies, who plague him with an endless variety of questions, which he is too polite to pitch into his waste-basket, unanswered. What celerity of penmanship, and what abounding store of patience a Statesman must command, when his morning's work consists in furnishing succinct and publishable answers to such queries as the following!—

Are you a believer in the Tomb of Agamemnon, as recently discovered, and how do you account for the number of buttons found in it? And do you uphold the theory that HOMER was a man, and not a noun of multitude signifying many?

What are your opinions on the Great Eastern Question? And would you advise a jobber to bull or bear in Turks and Egyptians for speculative purposes?

Do you consider it consistent in a Vivisectionist to open half-a-score of oysters for his supper, and, if so, is it worse in him to pepper and vinegar them?

What are your ideas as to the present whereabouts and chances of discovery of the missing Gainsborough?

Oblige me, confidentially, with your views upon the Tooth case?

If you were the driver of an Ass averse to speed, would you consider yourself justified in inflicting corporal punishment, and if so on what grounds?

Have you tried Australian tinned meats? And what dodges do you recommend to make them go down with the servants?

Please to state, from your own personal experience, what you have ascertained, since leaving school, as to the use of the Digamma.

What arguments would you adduce to show that 'Bus Conductors should be exempt from Income-tax?

The Churchwardens of Slobberton have quarrelled with their Curate, because he *will* eat muffins and red herrings upon fast-days. What course would you suggest to bring about the wished-for reconciliation?

Do you ever drink cheap Claret? If so, what would you prescribe as an efficacious antidote?

State concisely your opinions on the practice of announcing "No Cards" in matrimonial advertisements.

If you wished to learn Chinese, how would you set about it?

When you cut a Tree down, do you take your coat off and discard your braces?

To help a ragged Schoolmaster, please give a sketch of Grecian politics in the time of ARISTOTLE.

What Tobacco do you smoke? and do you approve of Rinking?

What are your private views upon DESCARTES' Atomic Theory, and do you recommend the use of Marmalade at breakfast?

State, as briefly as you can, what you think of things in general?

A Vulgarian Atrocity.

PIO NONO *loquitur.*

INFALLIBLE, while erring man
Insists "You shall," I say "I shan't."
As "*possumus*" is "Vat-I-can,"
"*Non possumus*" is "Vat-I-can't."

SPELLING REFORM.

LAST night, at the usual meeting of the Jolly Codgers, Blue Lion, Seven Dials, the proposed Spelling Reform was discussed. MR. WILLIAM SIKES presided, and among those present were COSTERMONGER ROBERT, FAKEMENT JOE, RORKY WILLIAM, SAILOR TOM, &c. The Chairman, in opening the discussion, said, that the nation demanded Reformed Spelling. ("'*Ear*, '*ear!*") The present system was most vexatious to a gentleman whose time for schooling was limited. When he was a ploughman—which he was proud to say he had whistled at the plough, and precious hard work it was, and soon took the whistle out of a chap worse than the crank—some meddlesome fellow had the cheek to say in an argument that cough and plough were spelt the same way. ("*Shame!*") He did, though. But what did he (the Chairman) do? He knocked the cove down, and the beaks gave him three months for it. ("*Oh, oh!*") Wasn't reform needed. (*Cheers.*)

SAILOR TOM entirely concurred with the remarks of the last speaker, although, from experience, he was bound to say he did not believe a single word of 'em. ("'*Ear*, '*ear!*") Reform was needed. His own plan was the best. He 'd tell 'em what it was. He was called SAILOR, although he had been christened THOMAS CORAM, arter the street where he was found on a doorstep and conveyed to the Foundlins Orspital. And when he signed his name to articles he put down a cross, and there was no bother about spelling. He warn't much of a scholar, but shiver his timbers if he could see why some of the big wigs could not adapt his system to everythink.

FAKEMENT JOE had been convinced of the iniquitousness of our spelling ever since that great and glorious martyr SIR ROGER CHARLES DOUGHTY TICHBORNE had been sent to prison for not spelling his words according to harbitery rules.

The meeting here paused to give three cheers for DR. KENEALY. On resuming business it was discovered that FAKEMENT JOE had gone. It was also discovered that he had gone without paying his share of the reckoning. It was further discovered that one or two little articles belonging to various gentlemen had gone with him.

COSTERMONGER ROBERT said that all he wanted was that words should be spelt as pronounced. Notwithstanding the accident to the Chairman (*Cheers*) he would knock anyone down who said that d-o-n-k-e-y spelt moke. He had been eddicated in his youth, and found out that all this spelling was the fault of DR. JOHNSON. (*Groans.*) Who was this JOHNSON? Why he was a noosepaper man in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street. Fleet Street was one of his many pitches. There was a deal of noosepaper men thereabouts still, and he did not think much of 'em. They talked about the history of the language. That be blowed. They said if you altered the spelling they used now to the new way, you wouldn't be able to read books printed the old way. Bother books! They warn't no good as ever he see. Give a cove a barrer, and let him 'arn his own grub. Ready money and no accounts was his motter, and on that a cove could get along werry well without readin and writin. He 'd fight any man there for half-a-crown. (*Cheers.*)

RORKY WILLIAM thought the School-Board was at the bottom of it all. He was a cat's-meat man. (*Laughter.*) They might laugh, but it was a noble calling. The School-Board did it. His little boy was at school, and only last night home he comes, and he says, "Father, what 's written on your basket is wrong. 'Katsmete' is incorrect." So I says, "Is it, my shaver? How do you spell that?" And I gives him a tidy dusting. The meeting might depend upon it, School-Boards was aggerawating.

Somebody then asked whether the Chairman was going to stand anything. The Chairman said he wasn't. Somebody else threw a pewter pot at the Chairman. The Chairman put out the gas. A smart interchange of opinions then ensued. Finally, the whole meeting, escorted by five constables (placed at their disposal through the courtesy of MR. INSPECTOR X 1), proceeded to Bow Street, where they passed the night.

On Seeing Mr. Clayton in "All for Her," and afterwards in "The Danischeffs."

THE Heroes in both plays have this in common—
They 're far too good for our self-seeking life:
One his head loses for a charming woman,
And t'other to another gives his wife.

Who 'll the first follow in such abnegation?
What modern lover for his love would die?
But is the other act past imitation?
"Oh no!"—a crowd of henpecked husbands cry.

MRS. MALAPROP RIGHT FOR ONCE.—When she called the bright moment between two showers an Interregnum.

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OUR NOVEL SERIES.*

This week we have the pleasure of placing before the public the first Chapter of an entirely original Novel, entitled

THE HELLENIC PHAKTOR.

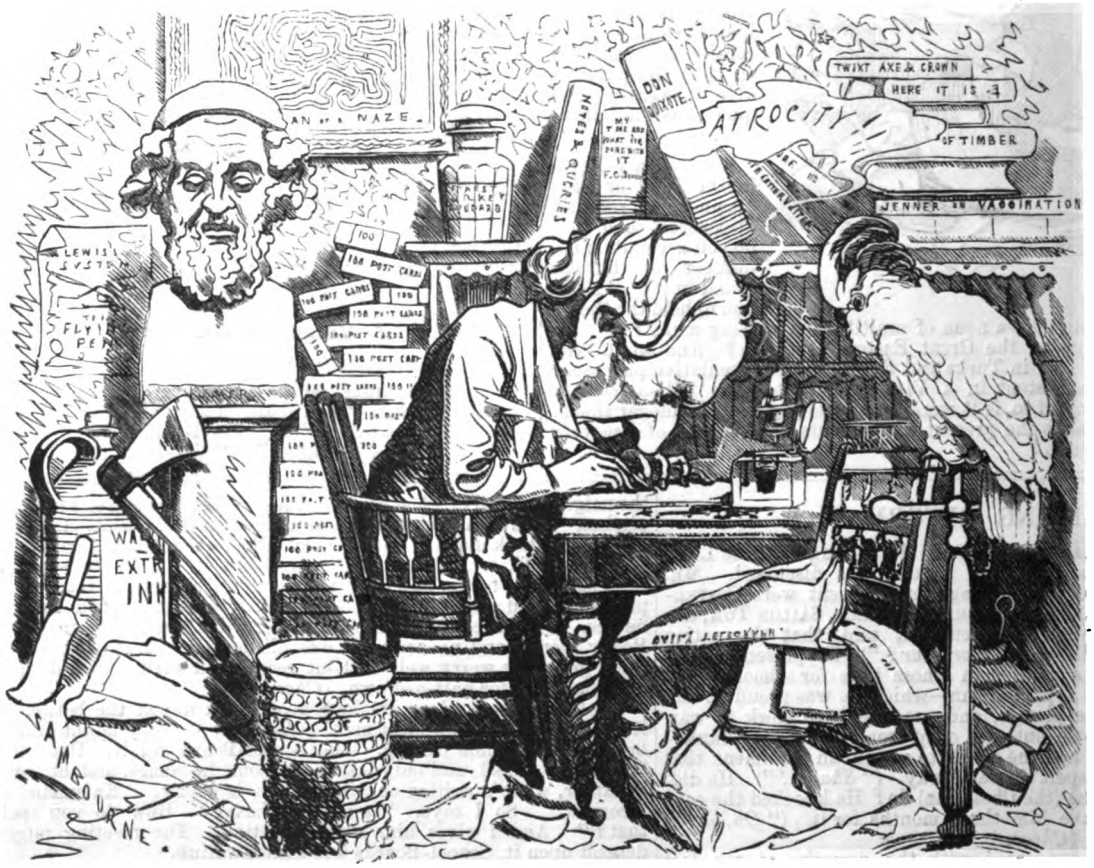
A KHOKAND-BOUL STORY.

WRITTEN BY

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GL--ST--E, M.P.

CHAPTER I.—*The Pnyx and the Gnomon.*†

BETWEEN the rivers of the Zupp Untein and the Aurnum Untul Vortar of the Garrene Parrukh, which, it is believed by such high authorities as BOBLÔT and ERETUN (*vide Metrop. Imp.* Vol. ii. p. 210), to have been the Matchtaxartes and Stattêsphairon of the ancients, bounded on the north by the Tural Ural Mountains, and on the south by the Great Kittjenn Range, lies the fertile region of



the Beevur Kappz, now inhabited by the Volgrest people—"*Qui cultros in faucibus suis manducantes ponebant.*" (*Mores Barbarorum. Opusc.* Lib. ii.)

This forms the Brym, Boundary, or head-quarters of the Zschappau Maykurs, living under the iron presidency of a Hatti Scheriff.‡ Here the native races are as rude and uncultivated as the soil they vainly try to utilise. The distinctive feature of the younger portion of the community is the long nose, with which the stranger meets at every turn of the conversation, at once making abortive all serious reply to earnest inquiry, and producing feelings akin to distrust and repugnance on the part of the impressionable traveller.

The central and most civilised division of this district, called Kapul Kaut, is situated within a few hours' march of Kaunil, and is inhabited by various Mahommedan, Christian, Persian, Jewish, and other nomad races—the *Stirpes Noninsanæ* of the ancients, modelled on the manner of the traditional Sitti communities, herding together for common protection from the wild Bulls and savage Bears, and only collecting their means of existence from the considerable admixture, and daily extended sprinkling, of foreign Stocks.

It is a region through which have passed, from time to time, the Hems, the Hahs, the Guls, the Noguls, the Svindlahs, the Dûhs, the Shamms, and the Hums. These last, compelled, in their westward course, to flee from the vicinity of the Bug, from causes analogous to those which have forced more civilised races to retire from continental *caravanserai*, and to quit furnished apartments on the various sea-boards, have finally settled on the Tartaric basin. Here despotic Tyranny, under the guise of lawful Government, displayed its most hideous terrors.

RETSCHID PASHA and AVATAR KHAN were consummate scoundrels, who thought nothing of wantonly impaling the several members of their own families, under the diplomatic pretext of "establishing fixed relations." They were, however, completely upset by the personal bravery and fearlessness of GENERAL TCHOPIETOESOFF, who took the citadel, overturned AVATAR KHAN, and then crowned his victory by taking a bath. RETSCHID PASHA, unable to face the Muscovite guns, chose rather to end his life of sensuality and bloodshed by the ingenious method employed for the destruction of Deïoneus.

On a certain Black Friday, still devoutly kept as a festival in his subjects' calendar, RETSCHID PASHA stepped on to a few light branches which barely concealed the furnace of live coals that awaited his descent. Thus, as HOMER sings, he

Φαλλιν τὸ Θέσλον ἐφρεῖδα.

But no mere extirpation can be permanently successful which is not directed *ad radices*. The axe rusts while the Upas tree grows. "*Increscit—accessit.*" (*Ludi Hawardeni Lib. Jocularis*, Vol. I.)

Thus the Russians, to as much of their credit as remains, be it said, have scratched the match of civilisation on the sand-paper of the Desert. Not theirs the blame, if what would have been the light of other days is not to be kindled by a process that can only be described as a system at once arbitrary, ambiguous, and non-progressive; for the Match of Civilisation (and here I may refer to the evidence of BOBLÔT, an unimpeachable witness experienced in such questions) is wanting in the one touch of universal sympathy, and, whether rubbed the right or the wrong way, will not exhibit itself as a mere product of a Trades Union, but will obstinately prefer to leave a whole generation in obscurity, rather than afford immediate illumination by submitting to be ignited anywhere, save and except on its own private and peculiar box.

CHAPTER II.—*The Sporadic Transmarines in Progression.*

SUCH as I have briefly sketched was the state of society under MUDDEL ALI KHAN, when the hundred Argus eyes of the Vatican

* *To the Public.*—In pursuance of our plan, and in the unfettered exercise of our Editorial discretion, we were compelled to return the remainder of the MS. romance commenced in our last week's issue by MR. GEO. H. WH-LL-Y. Of course after this we must expect to be stigmatised by the Member for Peterborough as Jesuits and Anti-Claimantists. We have no doubt that *The Masked Monk* will prove a most thrilling and exciting romance, if restricted to about half an ordinary-sized novel volume; but we regret that in its present form it is unsuited to the tone of this journal. We have returned it to MR. GEO. H. WH-LL-Y, at Peterborough, reminding him that compression is the better part of authorship. In this present number we give a chance to an eminent Hand, whose first instalment will be welcomed with pleasure, and, we hope, read with interest.—ED.

† This was divided in the form of five numbered headings, subdivided into *a*, *b*, *c*, &c. As this occupied too much space, we have extracted the essence (as we think) in this simplified superscription.—ED.

‡ *Knapp and Tyler's Reports*, folio.

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A PORE SUFFERER.

Lady. "JUST OUT OF THE INFIRMARY, ARE YOU? YOU SEEM A COMPLETE CURE!"
Robust Beggar. "AH, BUT IT'S ALL IN THE INN'ARDS, MARM!"

and the hundred hands of the Curia were directed towards the East, in the hopes of profiting by one false Steppe of Tartary: but in vain. TRIBAKI PIPOF, the Greek Patriarch, "*conjurationem fumigavit*," and regarding it from his "*avis occulus*" point of view, declined the tempting offer. "*Non é vero.*" (*Op. Max. di Ben Trovato*, Cap. vi.)

At the time of the commencement of my story the advanced intelligence of the people was casting off for ever the vile slough of servitude, and was preparing to offer a desperate and patriotic resistance to the cruel and treacherous Mussulman.

The Secret Societies were sitting and hatching, but the revolutionary fledgling had not yet shown its pecker through the thin superficial shell, nor, as yet, had any effort been made to get rid of the heavy yoke. To one of these secret societies belonged the young HUPSILON, Hellenic chieftain, who had been solemnly and ecclesiastically united to the fair IOTA by PHILAKUPOLDOS, the celebrated Greek Particle of Constantinople. These Uniates would have lived happily, but for a sudden note from OPHEKLEIDOS, the leader of the Insurgent Band, who, however, was only an instrument, though a powerful one, in the hands of others. This latter, namely OPHEKLEIDOS, was by profession the editor of a daily AntHellenic journal called the *Pellmellos Gazettos*, which from time to time startled the world by the loudness, and not infrequently by the falseness, of its occasional notes, which it is said were for the most part inspired by one BLASTOS, the King's Chamberlain.

I do not undervalue the services of a free Press in a free State, as I have before now proved to those who once knew how to conduct a penny diurnal, nor am I blind to the advantages of printer's ink, the more than fifty-four thousand copies of one of my sensational pamphlets being an *argumentum ad pocketum* that no mere human testimony to the contrary can withstand; but I can never sufficiently estimate the flattery of which the *Pellmellos Gazettos* made me the object, when its talented Editor, quoting from certain books about the "Bulgarian Horrors," paid me the unprecedented compliment of adopting the method, which I had previously employed when writing on *Catholic Allegiance*, that is, of garbling authorities wherever it was possible, though the same gentleman fell short of his model in not attempting to translate what he did not understand, and in not mistranslating the text wherever it made strongly against his own case. The *Pellmellos Gazettos*, edited by OPHEKLEIDOS, is written "*hominibus ad homines*"—I should say "*Dominis ad dominos*" (*vide Class. Dict.*, Art. "*Bal de l'Opéra*," No. 1 *Le Domino*), and I can only characterise the articles to which I refer as a stupendous effort to whitewash the heroes of Bulgarian Horrors, for the sake of the holders of Belgravian Houses.†

* * * * * *

† It was when we arrived at this point in the Novel (?) that we, in our Editorial capacity, ventured to send to the illustrious Author, to inquire, in the politest manner possible, "when the story was going to begin?" In reply to this, we received what the eminent writer was pleased to term "a letter," but which was in reality a small pamphlet, explaining to us—*firstly*, how the present work had ever come to be written; *secondly*, giving us a sketch of the literature of the world up to the present time; *thirdly*, a review of LORD BEACONSFIELD'S policy, as traceable in his romances; *fourthly*, showing us what would be his (W. E. G.'s) answer to certain probable questions concerning the work in hand; *fifthly*, explaining to us that his strongest situation in the Fiftieth Chapter was founded on an episode in the Bulgarian Horrors; *sixthly*, giving us a valuable and learned disquisition on the American interest in the discovery of Agamemnon's tomb; *seventhly*, impressing upon us the local colouring which he intended to give in his Fifth Volume, where the scene would be laid in Wales, when he would treat us to a graphic account of the disestablishment of the Early British Church by AUGUSTINE; *eighthly*, telling us how an entire volume, at present uncertain, would be devoted to the History of the Axe in the Forests of England and Wales, illustrated with woodcuts; and, *ninthly*, pointing out, emphatically, the end, aim, and general scope of the Novel, as bearing upon the political progress and the liberal development of the Human Race.

Honoured, as we are, by this exhaustive and exhausting reply, we regret our inability to devote all our pages for the next six months to the publication of this full and laborious answer to our simple question; nor, we add, also with regret, can we proceed with this most interesting work of fiction, which, however, we can confidently recommend to any large publishing firm, as likely to command the immediate attention of the trade and the public.—ED.

JOINT ACCOUNT.—A Butcher's bill.

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A GREAT DESIDERATUM.

Fascinating, but frivolous Fair One. "WHAT A PITY YOUR HUSBAND DOESN'T HAVE PLATE-GLASS PUT ON HIS PICTURES, AS SOME PEOPLE DO!"

Hostess. "YOU THINK IT MAKES THE PICTURES RICHER IN TONE?"

Fascinating Fair One. "I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, BUT ONE CAN *SEE ONE'S-SELF* IN THEM, AT LEAST!"

BROWNRIGG ON THE BEAUTIFUL.

SINCE the time—now above a hundred years ago—when MOTHER BROWNRIGG

"Whipped two female prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole"—

so purchasing for herself an immortality of infamy, and making her name a synonym for infliction of lingering death by torture on the weak and unresisting—we have seldom read of a series of more diabolical cruelties than those inflicted by a couple of brutes, a "gentleman" farmer and his wife, at Iver-heath, near Slough, on a wretched little nurse-girl of sixteen, hired by them from the Princess Louise's Home at Wanstead.

But the horror of the case alone would not have led us to harrow our readers' feelings even by allusion to the disgusting ill-usage by this well-matched pair of the wretched girl, on whom they were allowed for a while to wreak their devilish lust of tormenting. The remarkable point, which prompts *Punch's* comment, is that when MRS. MORRIS, the female tormentor, hired the girl at the Home, she expressed to the Matron her regret that she was not better-looking, as she wished her child from the first "to look only on what was beautiful"!

MRS. MORRIS must evidently have been a person of the most delicate æsthetic sensibilities. Who knows but that she ill-used CAROLINE CARTER out of sheer disgust with her plain face. Just as "a thing of beauty" would have been "a joy for ever," the thing of homeliness was a constant aggravation, and was made to pay for her plain face by proddings from forks, lashings from horse-whips, kickings up and down stairs from MR. MORRIS's new boots, pinchings of pieces of flesh from her bare body, pluckings out of her hair by handfuls, and breakings of her head and arm with the kitchen-poker. "Serve her right!" What business had she to be so provokingly plain, with a Mistress possessed by such a strong sense of The Beautiful?

And what an instructive light does the case thus regarded throw on the profound truth, so earnestly of late inculcated by a certain school of critics and artists amongst us, of the absolute independence of Ethics and Æsthetics, and the entire absence of correlation between Art and Morals.

ALARMING STATE OF THE JOKE MARKET.

WHAT will our Yankee cousins say if they read "Yesterday's Markets" in the English papers?—

"American Spirits dull, quotations weak."

THE BEST COVERING FOR A RIVER-BED.—Sheets of rain.

PLANS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF LONDON.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S.—Close all the Public-Houses, and prohibit all Spirits, but the good spirits produced by my speeches, or the perusal of *Joe Miller*.

Major O'Gorman's.—Soberise the Great Babylon, and don't allow HER MAJESTY to be insulted by the sale of Scotch whiskey in licensed publics, while there is Irish whiskey for the importing.

Mr. Whalley's.—Make it penal in the butchers to sell any legs of mutton with the Pope's-eyes in them.

Dr. Richardson's.—Pull down all the houses, and re-build them upside down.

West-End Tradesmen's.—Abolish the Civil Service Stores, and banish MR. WHITELEY.

The Theatrical Managers'.—Shut up all the Music-Halls.

The Music-Hall Proprietors'.—Close all the Theatres.

Materfamilias's.—Open dépôts in every parish for the sale of American beef at importers' prices.

The Butchers'—Prohibit the importation of dead meat from beyond sea.

Paterfamilias's.—Suppress the Vestries, and get rid of Rates and Taxes.

Mr. William Sikes's.—Reduce the number of the Police.

Jemima's, Sarah's, and Mary Anne's.—Build a lot more barracks, and double the force of Guards in London.

Metropolitan Asylum Board's.—Open a Small-Pox Hospital everywhere.

Everybody's.—Open a Small-Pox Hospital anywhere else.

The Upper Ten's.—Make a new road at Hyde Park Corner, and another from Piccadilly, through St. James's Park, to Westminster, and keep the West-End roads and streets well-watered.

The Lower Millions'.—Keep open all the open spaces within a holiday-trip distance of London, and make those we have in London available. See that suburban and East-End streets are paved and scavenged. Make it penal to build houses without foundations, ventilation, water-tight walls, and means of cleanliness and decency. Find us better places of amusement than the penny-gaff and the public-house, and better dwellings than the back slums. Double the Board Schools and halve the Gin-Shops.

SHORT WAY WITH THE SULTAN.

You, by the Prophet's beard who swear,
The Porte and Vatican compare!
MAHOMET'S heir to the Successor
Of PETER, Pontiff and Confessor?
You imitate the Papal way
Of saying Powers and Princes nay?
With *you*, at least, when you refuse
To treat, such roundness they might use,
As some would e'en presume to give
His Holiness's negative.
To *you*, when likewise you deny
The claims of reason, and reply
"*Non possumus*" to their request,
Their words should be "*Necesse est.*"

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A SHARP BOY.

Little Sweeper. "R'MEMBER THE POOR SWEEPER, MY NOBLE CAPTAIN!"

Old General (to himself). "EGAD! I MUST BE LOOKING UNCOMMONLY YOUNG TO BE TAKEN FOR A CAPTAIN!" [*Flings the Boy a Shilling.*

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE FUTURE.

(*With* MR. PUNCH'S *Compliments to* MR. WHISTLER *upon the Peacock Room at Princes Gate.*)

Master. RUGGLES, where has your Mistress put her Mamma?

Ruggles. In the Stormy Petrel Room, Sir.

Master. And the young Ladies?

Ruggles. MISS LOUISA and MISS ALICE are in the Bird of Paradise Room, Sir.

Master. And MASTER GEORGE?

Ruggles. MASTER GEORGE is cleaning his gun in the Grouse Room, and MASTER HARRY is studying in the Owl Room.

Master. Good. Then we shall not be interrupted. Have you got the list from your Mistress of the other Visitors we expect?

Ruggles. Yes, Sir. There 's LORD and LADY TOMNODDY.

Master. Ah! heavy upper-crust swells. Put them in the Golden Eagle Room.

Ruggles. Yes, Sir. And where is MAJOR SCART to go?

Master. Let me see—famous traveller, and excellent appetite. Yes. You may put him in the Swallow Room.

Ruggles. And MR. and MRS. WHITE?

Master. H'm! the people who give the good dinners. The Cormorant Room.

Ruggles. Certainly, Sir. And MR. TOODLES?

Master. The Dramatic Author. Oh, in the Goose Room. Help to remind him of his first nights.

Ruggles. That 's all, Sir—Oh, no, I forgot MR. and MRS. HUMDRUM.

Master. You may give them the Common Barn-Door Fowl Room. Quite good enough for such a Darby and Joan. Come along, while I write the tickets for the room-doors. [*Exeunt.*

"Quem Jocus circumvolat et Cupido."

(*To a famous and ancient Home of Supper and Song.*)

AH, vocal nest of singing-boys,
Around thee floats a glamour.
Thou once wert EVANS'S late JOY'S,
And now art kept by AMOR!

From Joy to Love, how sweet to fly,
With PADDY GREEN'S ghost smiling by!
Still with his courteous snuff-box seen,
A ghost in ever-greenest Green!

A VISION OF A CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS.

SCENE—*Interior of the Dolgmabatche Palace, Constantinople.* TIME—*Morning.* SULTAN ABDUL-HAMID *seated on a Sofa, his face bound up.*

Sultan. Sheitan take this tooth! Yet for one thing Allah be praised! MIDHAT has departed. Show in EDHEM PASHA.

Enter EDHEM PASHA, *who salaams.*

Sultan. The traitor, MIDHAT, may think himself lucky to have been spared the sack! What canst thou for us do, O new Grand Vizier?

Edhem. On my eyes be it, Commander of the Faithful! But EDHEM has rheumatic pains, which scarcely fit him to work a new Constitution.

Sultan. I accept thy resignation. Send to me MAHMOUD PASHA, my new Grand Vizier.

Edhem. Let me tell my Lord that MAHMOUD knows no tongue but that of the Osmanli.

Sultan. Allah be thanked! Then can he not conspire with the Franks, Russki, Pruski, or Engliski. My curses on the triple-tongued! Go! [EDHEM *retires.*

Enter MAHMOUD DAMAD PASHA, *who salaams.*

Sultan. MIDHAT is of the Past, and EDHEM, who succeeded him, is no more of the Present. I have selected thee, O MAHMOUD DAMAD, to execute my wishes, and to tell me what they are.

Mahmoud (who has a twitch in his left eye). O Commander of the Faithful, your devoted slave is Turk to the backbone. [*Twitches.*

Sultan. Don't wink!

Mahmoud. Know, O Light of the Faithful, my eye has twitched from my birth up.

Sultan. I can't have a Grand Vizier who winks. If these Giaours came conferring here again, your wink might be mistaken for a sign of intelligence by that pig IGNATIEFF or that sour SALISBURY PASHA. Go!

Mahmoud. Let not the Commander of the Faithful——

Sultan. Go! I say. And send BLAGUE PASHA hither. He at least doth not wink; or if he doth, he means it. [*Exit* MAHMOUD.

Sultan. May Eblis be the end of this tooth of mine! (*Enter* BLAGUE PASHA.) Ha! my new Vizier! I know no slave so trusty as thou art. Tell me what to do with this accursed Constitution.

Blague Pasha. Padishah, I will. (*Takes out an English pencil-case and memorandum-book.*) If your Highness will give me one minute's attention——

Sultan. Attention from me! What is that instrument? A Feringhee pencil-case! There! Take thy dismissal! Send me VEFFIK PASHA at once!

Blague Pasha. O Commander of the Faithful——

Sultan. Be thou commanded! Send me another Vizier, I say! Hot!

[*Exit* BLAGUE PASHA. *Viziers appear and disappear, at intervals of five minutes, through the day. Eventually, there are no more Viziers to call up, and the* SULTAN *is forced to recall* MIDHAT PASHA, *who, if he is wise, will stay where he is, and do nothing.*

A Voice from Wild Wales.

Exeter College, Oxford.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN reference to a funny picture which appeared in your number a fortnight ago, allow me to state, for your own private information and edification, that nine Welshmen out of ten have never seen a leek, much less eaten one. With the profoundest respect for your erudition in all matters which do not concern Wales and Welshmen, I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*,

Yours very sincerely, CYMRICUS.

MR. PUNCH sits corrected, and eats his leek. He had always associated the leek with Wales as religiously as the thistle with Scotland. "CYMRICUS" should pick a quarrel with *Fluellen*. Is not the leek worn on St. David's Day?—and if so, why?

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TOO GOOD-LOOKING BY HALF!

ENTER GENTLEMAN-HELP IN ANSWER TO ADVERTISEMENT. THE GIRLS SEE THAT HE WILL DO, AT A GLANCE. IT TAKES MATERFAMILIAS EXACTLY THE SAME TIME TO ARRIVE AT THE PRECISELY OPPOSITE CONCLUSION, AND, WITH COMMENDABLE PRUDENCE, SHE EVENTUALLY SELECTS ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN WHO MAY BE DIMLY DESCRIBED WAITING IN THE HALL.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ERHAPS "PEPYS' Essence" would be fairer.

Punch has been strongly urged by many of his correspondents to let the worthy old Clerk of the Acts continue to report for him for a while longer, and is well-disposed to do so. But see, MR. EDLIN, the effects of your late encouragement of Spiritualism by that unfortunate judgment of yours upsetting the Slade conviction, which we are glad to see not less energetically repudiated by an overwhelming majority of your brother Magistrates of the Middlesex Bench—why did they allow you to misrepresent them?—than by the Higher Court, which has granted a mandamus for a hearing of the Slade case on the merits.

Since he admitted SAM PEPYS' Ghost to a hearing, *Punch's* sanctum has been the nightly resort of spirits, unbottled. Pity that MESSRS. DAY & Co., the agents of the Customs Bill of Entry Office, and those who invented the patent capsule that secures pure Cognac against tampering with by retailing *media*, have not as yet been able to extend their operations from distilled spirits to disembodied ones! A whole train of ghosts, who in the flesh frequented the Houses of Parliament, and reported the debates, even while it was against law to convey Essence of Parliament beyond the doors of St. Stephen's—the ghost of ANDREW MARVELL, of SWIFT, of ADDISON, of DICK STEELE, of DOCTOR JOHNSON, nay, of BOZZY himself, and the gentle GOLDSMITH—have been bombarding *Punch* for leave to share the labours of SAMUEL PEPYS, his ghost, and to be allowed to aid in expressing the essence of the Collective Wisdom for *Mr. Punch*. We have in fact a ghostly reporter's staff ready to our hand, and may, as we see occasion, use it. Meanwhile we allow dear old SAMUEL PEPYS his fairly-earned precedence. He reports:

Monday, February 19.—My Lords up betimes, there being nothing for their Lordships to do but to adjourn, which they did, mighty merry.

(*Commons*).—MR. GLADSTONE was fain to know who were "the important personages" that SIR H. ELLIOT did write of as wishing to drive the Turk out of Europe, to whom SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did make answer he was sorry he could not be in SIR H. ELLIOT's mind—methought he is better in his own—but did think that perchance SIR HENRY did include MR. GLADSTONE himself among the said "important personages," wherein, indeed, SIR HENRY would but have been blundering with some that should have known better.

But methinks this ripping up of old sores, and old dispatches, is poor work, and so the House and the country do seem to hold it, and I do see there will be no more of it, which I am glad of, the House having other and more pressing business in hand, and, indeed, your Englishman loves not crying over spilt milk.

So MR. HARDY to his Universities Bill, and did show how he had strengthened the Oxford Commission, and shortened its duration, whereof general approval. Only MR. LOWE, that I had longed mightily to hear, he being a man of marvellous quick wit, and a biting tongue, though he hath somewhat too much affected the sharpening of it on such as he deems fools, and chiefly the sort of fellows who must needs come a-pestering our Offices on Deputations—a thing we knew not in my time, and therein were the more favoured, but yet, if we had had Deputations to Our Office, e'en at our hardest lack for money and captains and good guidance, I warrant me we would have found a LOWE of our own to answer them—did speak mighty sharp, but not so wisely methought, against the Bill, as one for giving over the Universities to be inquired of and regulated by Commissioners, which he would have had done rather by Parliament as wishing, methinks, his own finger in the pie. But on the whole the Bill approved, and methinks will pass.

And one HOPE, a facetious Dutchman, mighty pleasant on the change of parts betwixt the Conservative Government that hath turned Reformer, and the Reformers that be turned Conservatives. But "In and out, makes change about," as the old saw hath it; and for my part, so the Universities be made more profitable for sound learning and religious education, it seems small matter who shall make them. And I did bethink me much of Magdalen College, Cambridge, in my time, and how much liquor we did suck in there,

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and how little learning, and how I and one HIND, my chamber-fellow, were solemnly admonished in MR. HILL'S chamber by DR. JOHN WOOD, and MR. HILL, in presence of the assembled fellows, for having been scandalously overserved with drink, as may be read in the College Register Book to this day.

But I thank my stars I did leave Cambridge and married my wife early, poor, pretty wretch, and did well, thanks to my Lord and Our Office. So I home, and thinking of the many strange changes of the times—only Our Office less changed than most things.

Tuesday.—In the Lords a mighty press of strangers, and many of the Commons House crowding in at the bar, even to sitting on the floor, to hear his Grace my LORD DUKE OF ARGYLL fire off his big gun on the Eastern matter, which they do indeed well name the Eastern Question, for methinks, here at least, 'tis all question and no answer, and did call attention to the instructions given to my LORD MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, wherein were two great ends set forth, the better governing of the Turk, and the securing the peace of Europe, of which ends by the Duke's showing as yet was not even a beginning. And so to his indictment, and spoke mighty well and fiery for an hour and a half, and well listened to; but when all was done methought there was nothing to answer, his gun being, as it were, shotted with blank cartridge; as in truth my Lords DERBY and SALISBURY and BEACONSFIELD were quick to see and to say, and took as much time in the saying of their nothing as my LORD DUKE in the saying of his, which was pretty to note, and indeed the speakers in the Parliaments of this time do show much more art and grace in the saying of nothing than they did in my time, only my LORD DERBY did hint at the reforms promised by the Turk, and how it was but reasonable to give them time to try to do better, and, Lord, to see how drowning men will catch at straws when they have nought better to catch at, for the House did cheer this mightily.

And methought of all I best liked my Lord MARQUIS OF SALISBURY when he showed how in Turkey you had nothing to hold to but the SULTAN, that was afraid to reform matters, and the old Turks, that were too pig-headed to understand why any reform was wanted, which methought did go far to dispose of my LORD DERBY'S hope: and for my part I see nothing for it but the strong hand of the Muscovite, that, at least, knoweth his own mind, and putteth his trust in his "Bog," as he calls his god, and keepeth his powder dry, as the Old Protector was wont to do, and had he been here methinks England had known her own mind too, better than she doth, or at least they that speak for her.

And so I home, with little contentment, save of the brave speaking about nothing; for there was nothing in the Commons House but talk of a Small-pox Hospital, built in a scurvy and foul neighbourhood Limehouse way, where yet I do remember worshipful folk living in my time. But indeed most things do move westward now-a-days strangely, save only the Turk, who will not, and as yet I do see small will to force him, if the Muscovite do not.

Wednesday.—A good Bill of one COWPER TEMPLE, for the cutting down of Officers and Fees in the Ecclesiastical Courts, not, methinks, before 'tis needed, for, indeed, I do remember these Courts and fees much cried out upon in my time, when they first grew up again after the Old Protector's lusty lopping—that I did think then they never would grow again, and lo they are even now as thriving and thievish, it seems, as ever. But, at last, it doth seem as if all were come to be ashamed of them, and MR. CROSS did move the referring of the Bill to a Select Committee, not, as Select Committees are often used, for the shelving of the same—but for the making it work to better purpose. And in such matters all do agree CROSS doth well and to good purpose. Which pleases me.

Then a Bill for the enabling of Scotch tenants to deal with game that vexeth them, as hares and rabbits—and doth sore consume their crops, and no wonder they seek to have leave to shoot them, and methinks will get it, sooner than the same sort in England, your Scotch being apter to put their heads together, and their heads being harder, and sending to Parliament men who will work their will—and seeing the wickedness that comes of poaching—whereof in my time we heard little or nothing—in these hard and crowding times, it did seem to me strange to learn that the Game Laws in this country had grown rather stricter than softer, and methinks should not be so, if all did their part.

Thursday.—In the Lords, my LORD BEACONSFIELD, mighty solemn after his wont, explaining of things loosely said by him on Tuesday, and strange to see how, while seeming to admit his looseness of speech, he did yet seem to make it out that his loose-speaking was more to the purpose than other men's closeness. But it appears that we have been to blame in taking away our consuls from Turkey, who might have kept our Ambassador informed, and so done something, if not much, to keep the Turk to better behaviour; and, indeed, without consuls to serve an ambassador as eyes, how is he to see what passes in a wide and waste country like Turkey, with no roads, and no journals or news-writers?

I sore grieved to hear that the Cattle Plague had got in amongst us once more: and now the steed is stolen, mighty active they all are in shutting of the stable-door. To-morrow had been fixed for the adjourned talking about the Eastern Question, but the Commons did very wisely, as I thought, resolve, to-night, they would have no more of such idle talking, that serves to no purpose, only to breed bickering. And I do hope we shall have no more light young fellows girding at MR. GLADSTONE, for methinks young MASTER CHAPLIN did look mighty foolish to-night, and all thinking of the tongue-basting he had last week, and had but his deserts, if ever saucy young Jackanapes had.

I glad to hear that in the carrying out of the great new street about to be made from Tottenham Court Road (that was indeed a wide road in my time) to the corner of Charing Cross, the portico of St. Martin's Church be not to be touched, as the Metropolitan Board were minded. And indeed though it was built since my time, I do think it a mighty pretty portico, and one SIR CHRISTOPHER would have admired, and methinks pity to lose it in this town, where so few things pretty.

FROM NILE TO THAMES.

"To offer a present of this sort is to illustrate the romance of riches .... To distribute wealth in a poetical way a man must have a born genius for the occupation, and it is as difficult to suggest any work of what ARISTOTLE might have called the 'art of expenditure,' as it is impossible to withhold admiration where a great stroke is done. The gift of Cleopatra's needle is such a stroke, and deserves æsthetic approval as well as gratitude."—*The Saturday Review on* MR. ERASMUS WILSON'S *proposal to remove the Alexandria Obelisk to England.*



R. PUNCH was in his sanctum reading his *Saturday Review*. A dreamy feeling came over the Sage, *Toby* fidgetted, the lamp burned dim, and looking up, *Mr. Punch* beheld a Presence! So "the dull cold-blooded CÆSAR" in GEROME'S picture, lifting his gaze from desk and scroll, meets with amaze the "bold black eyes," which had witched world-conquerors of softer mould than he, and helped so considerably to rid him of a formidable rival. *Mr. Punch* is neither dull nor cold-blooded, and he always bows in courtesy to Beauty! He did so now.

"Must I introduce myself in form?" murmured that miraculous voice musically.

"Beauty," responded the Sage, "needs no other introduction than itself; and as for *form*," — *Mr. Punch's* admiring regard completed the sentence.

"You know me then?" queried his visitor, with a glow, which on cheeks less brown and bold, would have been a blush.

"And acquit MARK ANTONY of madness," responded *Mr. Punch*, with subtle courtesy.

"Since TENNYSON met me in that mysterious wood, I have not shown myself to mortal," continued CLEOPATRA. But I do admire Men, and have long had a desire to look on *you*."

"I will never henceforth be hard on feminine curiosity," said

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Mr. Punch. "It has served me too well in the present instance. *Judy—Mrs. Punch*, is at home. May I have——"

"My curiosity does not extend to *her*," quoth the Egyptian Enchantress, drily. "Besides, I have business with you."

"My pages," said *Mr. Punch*, apprehensively, "are well supplied; but any contribution from your Majesty would——"

"Find its way *thither*," interrupted his guest, good-naturedly, pointing to *Mr. Punch's* capacious, but yet overflowing, waste-paper basket. "Its proper destination, doubtless. No; such women as I care no more for the pen than for the needle. Leave the one to the Lydias, the other to the Dorcases; we work with other weapons. And that is why I object to that obelisk, which I hear you are about to have transferred hither, being called by so inappropriate a name. 'Cleopatra's Needle,' indeed! Fancy *my* fame being associated with the housewife's humble implement!"

"A Cockneyism, doubtless," replied the Sage. "But nicknames are the Nemesis of greatness; and slang, like a sapper, respects nothing and nobody."

"Precisely," replied the Serpent of Old Nile. "Yet I look to you to discountenance, as much as may be, the Cockneyising of this relic of my rule. Why it should be removed from the vicinity of Cæsar's temple——"

"As in your Majesty's time it was removed from the temple of the god Tum," interpolated *Mr. Punch*, politely.

"Ah, yes!" sighed the Queen, sadly. "Who can contend with Time and Change? From Heliopolis to the Thames Embankment is a far cry. Tum was the god of the Setting Sun, and the sun of Old Egypt has long since set. What destiny JOUBERT, GOSCHEN, & Co. and the Engineers will make for New Egypt who shall say?

"At least it is not likely to have another CLEOPATRA," said *Mr. Punch*.

"The prudes and the political economists would say, 'So much the better!' Eh?" queried the Queen.

"Well—they might," admitted *Mr. Punch*.

"O my life
In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit,
The flattery and the strife!"

murmured CLEOPATRA, as if to herself.

"Well," said the Sage, reflectively, "GORDON PASHA is not exactly a 'mailèd Bacchus,' perhaps, and Egyptian Bonds are now suggestive of something other than the imprisoning arms of CLEOPATRA, though to many a modern ANTONY they may have proved almost as fatal."

"'Contented there to die,'" quoted the Queen, for sole response to this subtle insinuation. "Well, well, times change, ERASMUS WILSON doubtless means well, and even the unromantic *Saturday Review* seems to see poetry in his project. I confess I do not. But at any rate, *dear Mr. Punch*"—the Sage bowed and blushed—"let us hope that all the poetry will not evaporate in the process of carrying it out. You islanders *are* so Bœotian, and so blundering, in monumental matters especially." The Sage blushed again, but from quite another emotion. "Don't let Cockney Edilism wholly vulgarise my obelisk, and pray reserve your 'æsthetic approval' until it is proved to be deserved, lest CLEOPATRA's curse be as potent as Minerva's, and ERASMUS—

"'With ERATOSTRATUS and ELGIN shine,
In many a branding page, and burning line.'"

"Well, the cases are perhaps somewhat different," quoth *Mr. Punch*, "but your Majesty may trust me to keep my eyes on the Monolith—if ever I have the good fortune to set them there,—and if I see any signs of a good gift being badly disposed of, be sure *Mr. Punch* will play the part of BYRON's minatory Pallas, and probably with more practical effect than even angered divinity produced."

"Ah, ten thousand thanks!" ejaculated the Queen, in a gush of maddening melody, and making play with her "piercing orbs," in a fashion which so startled that most prudent of *preux chevaliers*, *Mr. Punch*, that he—awoke, and found the fire out, and *Judy* in elegant *déshabillé*, standing before him, evidently primed with an eloquent Jeremiad.

The Ministerial Fix.

THE *crux*, when Turk and Tartar quarrel,
And Turk seeks succour ministerial,
Is that material aid 's immoral,
And moral aid is immaterial.

A Questionable Title.

WHEN we read in the *Athenæum* that it was the Poet Laureate who gave MR. KNOWLES the title of his new periodical, *The Nineteenth Century*—to which *Punch* wishes all success—one can't help remembering how the Poet Laureate has characterised that century, in *Maud*, as the

"Wretchedest age since the world began."

BISHOPS ON THE STAGE.

(A Suggestion to the Worthy and Liberal DR. FRASER.)



WE have lately seen a real live Bishop on the Stage, speaking to the best purpose, and most in the spirit of the character, as a mouth-piece of good sense, sound morals, and Christian charity. Among various other objections to the Ballet but too well-founded, the Lawn-Lord of Manchester animadverted on the brevity of the Ballet Girls' skirts, "which," had he wanted an illustration, he might have said, "were no longer than a Bishop's apron." If the word of a Bishop goes far, how far would a Bishop's act go? As one Bishop has ventured on the Stage, why shouldn't a dozen, why shouldn't the entire hierarchical strength of the Establishment step out and give us a Ballet of Bishops, with their aprons properly licensed by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN? There 's a novelty for any enterprising Manager! The Alhambra Company might go in for it, or MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD might find an opening for them. The scene would be simple, representing the exterior of an old Cathedral and the entrances to the cloisters, something like what one knows in *Roberto* or *Favorita*. A bench on which Bishops are discovered, seated. In the centre a view of some lawn, with Bishops playing at bowls, described in the programme as "a bowl of Bishop." Some are playing lawn-tennis. To them enter archly an Archbishop, playing a pastoral on his pipe, and followed by a crowd of Colonial Bishops dancing gaily. The Colonial Bishops woo the other Bishops, who are seated coyly on the Bench. To these enter Rural Deans, with ribands, pipe and tabor: they start on seeing their rivals the Colonials.

The Home-brewed Bishops rise from the Bench, and implore the opposing parties to keep the peace.

The Rural Deans defy their rivals, and, after several futile charges on the part of the Colonial Bishops, the latter are defeated, and, flying in confusion, trip up on the peal of an organ which has been carelessly left about, and leap from various heights of imagination into the See of Canterbury, when the scene changes, discovering a Perpetual Curate seated in a car drawn by Prebendaries, while Precentors, as outriders, and young Vergers, crowned and playing on timbrels, are passing under a Triumphal Arch-deacon.

There might be a Collection for some charitable object at the doors of the theatre, and on the play-bill might be printed a copy of what a Bishop *would* have said, had there been a sermon. "The whole to conclude" with a Grand Archidiaconal Function; and (for this occasion only) a

MOST BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF ROCHETS!!!

YOUTH AND AGE.

**"YOUTH will be served." A sporting maxim sage,
Sweeter to adolescence than to age.
Yet CHAPLIN must have known of many a case
Where aged clippers, famous once for pace,
On their own ground whipped weedy youngsters hollow,
Leading where Screws who challenged dared not follow.
If Youth *could*, as Youth fain *would*, be severe,
Old age, indeed, might have fair cause to fear;
But Youth that 's raw as rash, unsinewed, slow,
May find with Age the pace it cannot go.
The gods love generous Greenness, but scarce smile
On impotence because 'tis puerile;
Or cheek because 'tis callow. Fine, in truth,
To hear glib HAMILTON, in verdant youth,
Gird at ripe Age, that 's game to give it weight,
And a bad beating. Tipsters, too elate
When Youth and Age contend, before you wage,
'Twere well to know *what* Youth, and *whose* the Age!
"Youth will be served!" Why, yes, when Youth is stout;
But feeble Youth may chance to be—served out!**

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A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

Genuine Enthusiast (to his Betrothed). "WHEN WE WED, SACCHARISSA, WE WILL SHUN THE VULGAR WEST-END, AND DWELL IN SOME OLD, OLD WAINSCOTED HOUSE IN THE HEART OF SOHO; WE WILL HAVE NO FRIENDS THAT ARE NOT FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMEN ALL OF THE OLDEN TIME; NO BOOKS THAT HAVE NOT GOT NICE LONG "ESSES" LIKE "EFS"; OUR ONLY NEWSPAPERS SHALL BE THOSE OF THE PAST CENTURY, AND WE WILL LAUGH AT NO JOKES THAT ARE NOT AT LEAST OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. WHEN THE GLOAMING COMES, WE WILL CAROL QUAINT OLD CANZONETS, IN EARLY FRENCH, TO AN OLD SPINET THAT I HAVE MY EYE UPON (QUITE A BARGAIN, IN WARDOUR STREET). AND SEE HERE, SACCHARISSA! WHEN THE CANDLES ARE LIT, WE WILL SNUFF THEM WITH THIS EXQUISITE PAIR OF OLD SILVER-GILT SNUFFERS WHICH I PICKED UP TO-DAY, FOR HALF-A-CROWN, IN A SMALL COURT NEAR SAINT MARTIN'S LANE! DOST THOU LIKE THE PICTURE?"

Saccharissa (whose real name is "Sarah"—doubtfully). "YE—E—E—S!"

CAXTON.

(1477-1877.)

"I have practised and learned at my great charge and dispense to ordain this said book in print after the manner and form as ye may see, and is not written with pen and ink as other books be, to the end that every man may have them at once; for all the books of this story here emprynted, as ye see, were begun in one day and also finished in one day."—CAXTON'S *Preface to his first printed work, the "Tales of Troy."*

"I have always regarded the connection of CAXTON with Westminster Abbey as a kind of type and emblem of the relation which ought to stand, as many times it has stood, between the Church and the general diffusion of light and knowledge throughout the world."—*The* DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, *on the proposed Caxton Celebration, at the Jerusalem Chamber, on Feb.* 17, 1877.

FOUR hundred years! Slow Cycles of Cathay
Might compass less of wondrous growth and change,
Than those four centuries, since that fateful day
When COLARD MANSION'S pupil brought away
From ancient Bruges his book-work new and strange.

Father of English Printing! 'Tis a name
To front the Ages with, and ask their meed.
What fitter title to enduring fame,
Midst the uncounted myriads he may claim,
As gathering fruit of which he sowed the seed?

The sturdy Kentish man, whose solid sense
Shaped us the tool which built us half our glory,
Better deserves our age's recompense
Of praise and anniversary eloquence,
Than half the heroes who yet live in story.

If GUTENBERG, FUST, SCHŒFFER, famous band,
Record of stone and bronze in Metz may share,
Our English CAXTON, in the native land
Whose tongue he loved, and helped to shape, should stand
In monumental image sculptured fair.

The Mercer's son, who reared his "red pole" sign
In Margaret's Almonry so long ago,
Who praised, and printed, CHAUCER'S spring-tide line,
Finds fitting spokesman in the brave divine
Who knows those precincts as few else may know.

"On, STANLEY, on!" The task is one that fits
Thy liberal soul. To him you'd celebrate,
Poets and Politicians, Saints and Cits,
Philosophers and Princes, Traders, Wits,
Alike are debtors for their power and state.

Churchmen there may be whom brave CAXTON'S press,
In its late products, fills with fretful fright.
But Westminster's wise Dean may do no less
Than wish, with *Punch*, the Printer's Art success:
Endorsing Strasburg's text, "Let there be light."*

* The inscription on the statue of the first printer at Strasburg.

TO ALL IN QUEST OF ELABORATE HOUSE DECORATION—If you want to pay dearly for your whistle, send for the Whistler!

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"MUCH OF A MUCHNESS."

FIRST TAPSTER. "TRY *OUR* HALF-AND-HALF, MR. BULL!" SECOND TAPSTER. "BETTER TRY *OURS*, SIR!"

MR. BULL. "SURE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN MIXING 'EM? ANYWAY, THEY 'RE POOR TAPS BOTH—AND MIGHTY LITTLE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN 'EM!!"

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A FAIR OFFER, AND AN AMENDE HONORABLE.

My Good Comrade Punch,



ee, I hold out the hand of friendship across the terrible sea. The "perfect gentleman's-ridère" of France solicits "le sportmans" of England. Paris greets London. The Sport of the British Islands is acknowledged by *le sport* of the great French nation. This will be historical.

You will ask why do I, a perfect Parisian, a *flâneur*, a frequenter of *cafés*, a reader of journals—why do I write to you? Is it because I love London with its "Leicester Squarr," its "Vauxhall-bridge Road," its "Newe Cut" (you see, I know my London to the bottom); is it because I love London? No, a thousand times, no. Is it because I love you English, "with your "roast-beefs," your "plum-puddings," your "Sundays," your London-fogge? No. The sun cannot love the mud. *Bel esprit* cannot from the heart embrace barbarism. Then if I do not love either you or your country, why do I write? Because there is one bond of union between us—*le sport*.

Yes, *Punch*, my good friend, it is because we both love to follow the artful rabbit with knives of the chase, both love to shoot the fox, both love to watch the artful partridge in his stand, that we fraternise. It is this grand passion, absorbing, absolute, irrepressible, that binds us one to the other. In its presence, we have ceased to be two Europeans, a Frenchman and an Englishman, a leader of art, thought, and culture, and a shopkeeper, and we have become "perfect gentlemans-ridères." *Le sport* has given us relations of liberty, fraternity, and—strongest of all—equality. As the Americans would say, —"we stand on the same platform."

It is because this Brotherhood of *le sport* is threatened, that I now write to you. Your Jockey Club would put restraints on the horses of France running in your Epsom-Derbe. Why? Because, they say it is not just to call a five-year-old a three-year-old. How! It seems that the honour of the greatest nation in the world is questioned. Were it not that Alsace and Lorraine are thirsting to be liberated, were it not that the Rhine has yet to be rescued, were it not that we are patiently waiting to be avenged by our grandchildren, this insult should be washed out in blood! But no, for a time we bear all. And thus we will send our matured three-year-olds to your race-courses until you stop us. Let it be clearly understood a Frenchman's word is doubted when he is told that his horse that has won this three-year-old stake counts five years. To doubt a man's word is to insult him. And yet the Frenchman, in spite of insults, doubts and equivoques, will still retain the nomenclature of the race-horse, will still win with what you call five-year-old horses what you call three-year-old races. Why? Because France is the greatest nation in the world, because everything must be sacrificed for France! The grand thought that lies at the bottom of our triumphs of *le sport* can only be appreciated by a leader of civilisation, by a philosopher, by a poet—in one word, by a Frenchman!

With this idea in my mind, *Punch*, then I make my proposal to you. Instead of refusing to allow Frenchmen to win your horse-races by certificates, which you dare to question, open to them a new field of honour on the Tide as well as on the Turf. Your Admiral Rous is not only a "perfect-Gentlemans-ridère," he is also (by his profession) a "Yahctsman." Let him arrange a regatta between England and France. In a week or so the great Oxford-Cambrig-Boating-Race will be rowed at Putne. Why should not France be represented? You ask for the conditions. They are soon suggested. Here they are:—

1. A Prize of 200,000,000 francs to be given to the winning crew.
2. The money for this purpose to be found entirely by England.
3. The English crews to consist (as heretofore) of eight men per boat.
4. The French crew to consist of sixteen men per boat.
5. The English crews to row in ordinary outriggers.
6. The French crew to row in a steam-launch, propelled by the most powerful engines.
7. The French crew to have ten minutes' start.
8. The umpire, and all the other officials in the race, to be Frenchmen.

There, *Punch*, my excellent comrade, agree to these terms, and you will find fair France as triumphant on the River, as she is already victorious on the Race Course.

Receive my considerations, the most distinguished.

Jules Le Blague.

Le Cercle de Canotiers et Carottiers, Paris.

OUR NOVEL SERIES.

ALL IN THE DOWNS;

OR, THE BOTTOMRY BOND!

A NAUTICAL NOVEL, BY

S. PL-MS-LL M.P.

Author's Preface.

I have no idea of writing a Novel. I don't know how to do it; and fear I could not succeed in telling a story if I tried: the idea, therefore, is very formidable to me.*

I will suppose myself to be narrating facts to an individual, and to be saying *all I could think of*† to induce him to lend his utmost aid in remedying the great evil which we all deplore; and I will write, *so far as I can*,‡ just as I would speak to *you*, Sir (the Editor, for example, or the gentle Reader§), if you were now sitting by my side.‖ If you, or he, were so sitting, while he was sitting I would lay¶ sundry papers before him, or you, Sir, in confirmation of my opinions and statements, so that you or he might know for himself how absolutely true they are.

Herewith I send you photographs of maps, ships, charts, tables of wrecks, models of vessels, working models of shipwrecks, plans of the coasts, statistical tables, and photographs of entries in Lloyd's books. You have only got to refer to these from time to time, and hand them over to the Artist who may undertake to illustrate my Novel.**

Now, Sir, I sound the last bell, and all for shore must leave the vessel, as one must draw the load-line somewhere. Those who remain will be careful not to speak to the man who has at his heart the common weal of our Seamen, while all his hands are engaged on the present thrilling work. Heave ahead, my brave boys! Now we sail with the gale to the Bay of Biscay, oh! and we meet after the voyage. Steam up, and away!

S. Pl-ms-ll, M.P.

Chapter I.—*The Right of Challenging the Stevedore.*

Those who are acquainted with the maritime town of the ancient Cinque Port of Newport-Pagnell, will not need me to remind them of its coasts white with gulls, its sands crowded with tourists, its gay quay thronged with sailors of all nations, with mariners from the four quarters of the Old World and from various parts of the New; its host of Jew-pedlars, with their wares, decoying maidens

* The esteemed Member for Derby said much the same at the commencement of a pamphlet. But the pamphlet was a very powerful one nevertheless. A good augury for the Novel.—Ed.

† This clearly includes Fiction—founded on Fact. Another good augury for the Novel.—Ed.

‡ Good enough. We'll edit it. This dependence on our editorial judgment augurs extremely well for the Novel.—Ed.

§ Yes, we have a Reader, of course. He is tolerably patient, but not gentle. This intention on the part of Author augurs well for Novel.—Ed.

‖ Mr. Pl-ms-ll seems to be thinking of the old Ethiopian song of *Lucy Neale*— "Were you sitting by my side,
How happy I should feel."
Poetic quotation augurs well for Novel.—Ed.

¶ For one to "sit" and another to "lay" is a confusion of metaphor. Probably unintentional. Augurs well for Novel.—Ed.

** We have done so. We sent them all off in a cart this morning to the Artist's house. They arrived on his birthday, at breakfast time, *and he cheerfully paid the carriage*. We have not heard from him since.—Ed.

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to "Buy, buy, buy!" while bewitching, bright-eyed girls are enticing their admirers, fresh from sea, with pockets full of gold, to bestow on them the shining trinkets and gorgeous gewgaws brought by the travelling hucksters from the stalls of the Lowther Arcade.

Bands of music were playing at intervals on the jetty; excursion steamers were departing and arriving; church bells were ringing for sailors' marriages; church bells were tolling for sailors' funerals; flags were flying in honour of the Port-Admiral's birthday; and the guns of the harbour were firing salutes to celebrate the coming of age of the youngest Brother of the Elder Brethren.

Gay and animated was the scene, as the good merchant ship, the *Albert Ross* (owners GROGBLOSSOM & Co., East Sheen), lay alongside in the basin, taking in its cargo for Nova Dizzembla and the Pharo Islands on the Coast of Egypt.

The pier was absolutely hidden from sight, partly by the enormous sacks of wheat, each marked with the words "Corney Grain," in bold relief, and partly by huge cases containing German reeds.

A number of men, under the command of a Captain, who was only seventeen years old,* were rapidly cutting the vessel above-



named in two, so as to lengthen her fore and aft, and thus enable her to carry more grain than she was ever intended to carry, and so enrich the coffers of her proprietors. It should be *Coffers* v. *Coffins*. By the evening the *Albert Ross* would be ready to carry that enormous freight that I have described as lying on the pier, but would she be seaworthy? And if unseaworthy, was there a law or a lawyer in England to prevent her sailing out of Newport-Pagnell harbour?

As an inducement to men to volunteer for service on the *Albert Ross*, a large placard was affixed to the mast, on which was written

NOTICE.—THE FREE-BOARD *on this vessel includes double rations of grog at six bells, and the usual meals and berth accommodation* GRATIS, *that is,* FREE-BOARD-AND-LODGING *on the* ALBERT ROSS.

(*Signed*) { GROGBLOSSOM, *Junior Warden.*
Chief Co-Owners { DON JOSÉ DI SALAMANCA.

By Order of the Free Board.

N.B.—*Peace and harmony insured on board, as* NO BOXING THE COMPASS *is permitted on the* SPAR-DECK.

CAPTAIN BULKHEAD, although only seventeen, had seen some service, and was not to be trifled with. Determined that the *Albert Ross* should carry all the cargo brought down to that pier, he had ordered all hands to add fifty feet amidships, but positively refused to give the vessel the requisite number of knees. Of course, as every one knows, there should be a knee to each foot, and this was omitted, so that whatever result chance might ordain for the vessel, its going out of port must be but a very lame affair, after all.

One man alone, as we shall see presently, knew of the all but certainly fatal consequences of this recklessness, and he kept it to himself. If ever there was a villain on this earth and its neighbourhood, it was this man, to whom the reader (with this prefatory apology for bringing him into such execrable company) will be presently introduced.

It had been found utterly impossible to accommodate such a cargo either in the *Aula di San Giorgio* (owners JONATHAN WYLDE & Co.), or on board the Danish trading vessel called *The Saucy Polly Teknik*, which had just discharged its freight of Pepper, and was now bound for the Dizolvon Vuzen Isles.

Standing on the edge of the quay, the rude breeze freely passing through her locks without paying any toll, stood MARY MAYBUD, the lovely daughter of the Junior Warden of the Cinque Ports.

Behind her stood her father, the Junior Warden himself, as thorough a specimen of the bluff wicked old sea-dog as ever spliced a maindeck or hauled a keel athwartships, on a dirty night in the Bay of Biscay.

He was looking earnestly through a telescope, which his daughter supported over her left shoulder, while her right hand was placed in front of the glass, thus to a certain extent obscuring the view.

"I can't make out the rig of that vessel in the offing!" exclaimed the rough old Salt, as he closed one eye and shut the other, and then applied both in turn to the small end of the telescope.

"Perhaps *he* is on board!" she murmured to herself.

"He! Who?" asked the Junior Warden, rapping out an oath.

"WILLIAM TAILLEUR," she replied, calmly.

The Junior Warden threw down the telescope violently, then dashed his wig violently down on the stones.

"Never!" he exclaimed, furiously; "never!"

"Papa," implored his daughter, "do not speak thus! See, you are attracting a crowd."

But the old man was not to be pacified. He had a magnificent match for his daughter in his eye, and he would not hear of her marrying WILLIAM TAILLEUR, a mere eighteen-pence-an-hour boatman.

A crowd was indeed approaching from the town, cheering lustily. A brass band walked in front, and several people carried flags.

"See!" cried the Junior Warden, "your affianced husband, my Co-owner, the man of *my* choice, has already arrived. Belay! he comes!"

MARY shuddered, and the tears rose to her eyes as a dark and far from unhandsome man, whose eagle nose and piercing black eyes, peering from under his well-defined brows, bespoke, even if his dress had not, the Spanish Don, advanced from among his enthusiastic followers and gracefully knelt on one knee before her.

A round black cap was set jauntily on the short-cropped dark hair, which, with short mutton-chop whiskers, formed an artistic set off to his sallow skin, purple lips, and shaven face.

He wore a short, richly spangled and embroidered jacket, a scarf wound round him like a belt, knee-breeches highly ornamented with

* A fact. I expect him to come to grief next month, as his name is down in my list of *delendi sunt Carthagines*.

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ALL ABROAD.

Mrs. Peasey Brown. "OH, GEORGE, DEAR! GOOD HEAVENS! THAT THE CHURCH? I CAN'T POSSIBLY GO IN THERE!"

George (grimly). "WELL, MY DEAR, IT CERTAINLY DOES LOOK RATHER 'LOW,' JUDGING BY THE OUTSIDE; BUT IF THE SERVICE AT ST. SPIRIDION'S WAS A NECESSITY OF YOUR EXISTENCE, WHY DID YOU INSIST ON OUR SPENDING THE WINTER IN FRANCE?"

gold, bright silk stockings, lace ruffles, and brilliant pumps with diamond buckles. His fingers were covered with precious rings; his lithesome, graceful form bent before the English maiden, and his highly-arched nose seemed to curve itself downward, as though acknowledging her presence with a bow.

Then went up an English hoorah from the open-mouthed and open-hearted populace of Newport-Pagnell as they cried—

"Long live DON JOSÉ DI NOSÉ, the Stevedore of Salamanca!"

It was indeed the celebrated Stevedore who had sought the hand of the fair MARY MAYBUD, daughter of Old GREGORY GROGBLOSSOM, the Junior Warden of the Cinque Ports.* At this moment a splashing of oars attracted the attention of those on the quay; a boat was rapidly approaching. It touched the quay. A gay young fellow, full of mirth and full of spree, leapt on shore, splashing the people in the boat with an oar, and roaring with laughter.

"'Tis he!" exclaimed MARY MAYBUD, "my WILLIAM TAILLEUR!"

The Stevedore arose from his knees, scowling.

WILLIAM touched his hat gaily to the Junior Warden, who however returned his salute with a severe look and a direct question.

"Where have you been?"

"Taking a charter-party out for a row," was the ready answer. Then he continued, "You promised me the hand of MARY MAYBUD when I was earning my own livelihood. I am doing so now. I claim the fulfilment of your word."

The Junior Warden turned almost purple with suppressed rage. "Never! Never!!" he exclaimed, as he turned on his heel.

"*Ho y dôs hé gohon so?*" exclaimed the Stevedore, bitterly.

WILLIAM approached the Spaniard, with his hand outstretched.

MARY interposed, beseechingly.

It was too late. WILLIAM TAILLEUR *would* be heard, and the crowd shouted for him, loudly, "BILLY! BILLY!"

"Hold!" cried WILLIAM TAILLEUR, in a loud and firm voice, which caused even the Junior Warden to turn and listen. "I claim an Englishman's undoubted right in any sea-port of the British dominions."

"What right do you claim?" demanded the Warden.

WILLIAM'S answer came back in a clear, ringing voice,

"*The Right of challenging the Stevedore!*"

(*To be continued.*)

* If you please, Sir, if GREGORY GROGBLOSSOM was MARY'S father, why was *her* name MAYBUD?—ED.

Dear Sir, this story is founded on Fact. Let that suffice. MAYBUD was her mother's name, and her daughter resumed it, not caring to be called GROGBLOSSOM. Very simple.—S. P.

Correspondence between the EDITOR *and* MR. S. PL-MS-LL, M.P., *which must, in justice to both parties, be placed before the Public.*

DEAR SIR,—You select Newport-Pagnell as the scene of your story. You describe it (admirably, we admit) as a "maritime town." Surely, Sir—though you ought, of course, to have a far more intimate acquaintance with such matters than we can boast—isn't Newport-Pagnell an inland town, and in Bedfordshire? We *may* be wrong, from not being well up in the coast towns or in the Cinque Ports; but if so, please put us right, and oblige yours, THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—I've not coasted for nothing, nor served my time before the mast without being able to spin you a yarn to some purpose. Belay and avast, my hearty! as my friend, CAPTAIN BEDFORD PIM would say—and does, occasionally, when not otherwise engaged in abstruse calculations—who cares where or what Newport-Pagnell may be? What is my line of business? The maritime. What do my constituents credit me with knowing all about? Maritime matters generally. Where do my constituents live? At Derby. Is Derby a sea-port town? Avast heaving!—not a bit of it. What do my Derby-ites know about "larboard" or "starboard," or "beam-end," or "long-shore," or "short-shore," beyond what I tell 'em? If I say Newport-Pagnell 's a sea-port, sea-port it is. If *I* don't know what I'm talking about, who does? I shall give you what I profess to give you—a Romance founded on fact. Work this out by all the points of the compass, and you'll find that Newport-Pagnell ain't to be beaten as a romantic sea-port founded on fact—"Pagnell" is the romance, "New-port" is the fact. Can't waste any more time in correspondence, as I must heave a-head. *O reservoir!*—S. P., M.P.

[We are not prepared to deny the force of much that MR. S. P. puts forward, but we are still of opinion that even the inhabitants of Derby ought to be informed that Newport-Pagnell is *not* a sea-port town *de facto*.—ED.]

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"WICKED WASTE."

(*Reflection at the Westminster Aquarium.*)

SLEEP; ITS CAUSES, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WHAT shall be done to the driver found sleeping on his seat? This question came before the Uxbridge Police Court one day last week, when—

"CHARLES CASTLE, 15, in the employ of MR. TIMMS, hay-dealer, Iver-heath, Bucks, was sued for riding asleep while in charge of a horse and cart at Hillingdon Hill, at a quarter past two on the morning of the 10th inst. *A fortnight ago the defendant was summoned before the Slough Magistrates for a similar offence, and, as was mentioned in the 'Times,' he pleaded that he had been on the road twenty-four hours. On the present occasion he stated that he went to London with a horse and cart three nights in the week. When stopped he was thoroughly exhausted.*"

Whose fault was that? The Uxbridge Magistrate seems to have been not quite sure. A little uncertainty on this point apparently influenced him in dealing with the culprit, CHARLES CASTLE.

"The Magistrate fined him ten shillings—five shillings less than usual at this court, and allowed him a week for payment, *in the hope* that his master would give him the money."

Thus lightly was let down not exactly an old offender, being a lad of fifteen, but one whose offence was a second conviction, following only a fortnight after the first, with six days out of the fourteen, however, spent on the road. The Magistrate's hope that in these circumstances CASTLE's master would give him the money to pay a mitigated fine, may appear to imply an idea that he was not himself to blame for exhaustion from overwork, and consequent sleep. His master, now that he is aware of the possibility of such a collapse, will of course take care that it does not occur again; for if it do, the overworked driver may not merely tumble in his sleep, and break his neck, but he may have the misfortune to run over and kill somebody else; and then there may be not merely a fine of ten shillings, but the dickens to pay.

"AH! CHE LA MORTE!"

PERHAPS one source of the alarming increase of the Cattle Plague, particularly among the older beasts, may be traced to the Music Publishers. When such a lot of tunes appear every week, is it any wonder that old cows should die off so rapidly?

PARALYSIS IN THE PEAS.

BEWARE how you try the effect of strychnine, prussic acid, or any other poison, on a rabbit, or a guinea-pig. Have the fear of the Anti-Vivisection Act before your eyes. If you want to try experiments with poisons on a living animal try them on yourself. Should you kill yourself, unintentionally, the law will acquit you of suicide, as it does not forbid any donkey to experiment on a donkey.

Suppose, for instance, you want to know what is the effect of repeated small doses of copper upon the human system, take a fraction of a grain of the sulphate or acetate of that metal once a day continually till you discover. Ultimately you will find it produce paralysis. You will lose the use of your hands or legs, or one side, or more, of your body. Salts of copper will paralyse you sooner than even salts of mercury. But you must take them in minute quantities. In large doses they mostly rid you of themselves—copper acting like antimony.

In order to take your copper pleasantly, your best plan will be to swallow it at dinner-time, daily, along with green peas. This you can do all the year round, as peas are always to be had preserved in tins. You can mix your copper with your peas if necessary. If the peas are of a dull, greyish, faded, ugly colour, there is probably no copper in them, and you may have to put some. But when their tint is a beautiful bright green, then you may suspect that there is plenty of copper in them to cause paralysis if persevered with sufficiently long. The copper is mingled with the peas to make them look pretty; and few people seem to be deterred by the fear of poison from preferring pretty-looking peas to plain ones.

It is possible, however, that it may become rather less easy than it has been heretofore to procure tinned peas, which besides being tinned are also coppered. Several foreign provision-dealers have lately been summoned before MR. KNOX, and, on medical evidence, fined for selling tinned peas containing copper in dangerous quantities. As they sold them in ignorance, they have been let off with nominal fines, but in future vendors of coppered peas may expect to incur a penalty of fifty pounds for each offence—and have to pay.

Of course the multitude ignorantly eating peas greened with copper must be, all of them, greener than any peas. Bright green tinned peas may always be suspected of containing copper. If there is any question on that point, it may be summarily settled by pouring on the peas a little strong liquid ammonia, which, if copper is present, will make them turn bluer than even their seller will look when he is fined fifty pounds. So also with pickles; only the vinegar of the pickles will require a large excess of ammonia. In case there is no ammonia or other means at hand of determining whether the greenness of peas or pickles is owing to copper or no, a philosopher would give copper the credit of the colour, and himself the benefit of the dou

Hard Enough Either Way.

OUR Turcophiles, than Turks who more Turk oft are,
Say EDHEM is too soft—lacks Moslem ardour:
But Stamboul's rule were harder with a Softa,
And scarcely would be softer with a harder.

MORE CLERICAL ERRORS THAN ONE.

WITH apologies to an "OLD SUBSCRIBER," and to his Maidstone readers *en masse*, *Punch* begs to explain that, in a paragraph headed the "Pains and Penalties of Ritualism," "*Maidstone*" was, by a clerical error, printed for "*Folkestone*."

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SIMPLE ADDITION.

Miss Rose (who has kindly taken in hand an illiterate Housemaid). "'FIVE AND ONE MAKE SIX.' THAT'S RIGHT. NOW, WHAT DO ONE AND SIX MAKE?"

Jane (promptly). "EIGHT'N PENCE, MISS!"

WIPING MOTHER SHIPTON'S EYE.

MOTHER SHIPTON'S extraordinary prophecy, set up in type before the invention of printing, seems to have exercised small minds almost as much as the Eastern Question. But if it comes to astonishing the public with the marvellous gifts of second-sight attributed to the respectable MRS. S., what will the tribe of *gobe-mouches* say when they read the following "Prophecie" from the Father of that name?

PROPHECIE FOR APRILLE YE FYRSTE, MCCCLXXVII.

Five hundredth yeres shall passe awaie;
Fooles shall be frowarde as to-daie.
A Wyse Manne shall unethe be mette:
Beacons in fieldes shall be setts
For shyninge lighte to Hebrew meune,
And comforte of ye Saracenne.
Ye Turke shall to the dogges fare,
In truste of Bulle and mocke of Beare.
Young Chaplinne that grey-berde attackes
Shall of a Gladde stone winne sore thwackes
Steel tubes shall be yclepit gonnes,
And hurlen boltes, lxx tonnes:
Steel gonnes shall with steel armours striven,
And neither abauntage deriven.
John Bulle shall of soche strife be lothe,
Seeing that he moste paie for both.
Shippes shall be built and eftsoons burste,
Ye laste and dearest still ye worste.
And though of pronne, sterne to bowe,
Shall sinke as woodden shippes done now.
Wames shall goe cladde from top to toe
As tighte as they use now, or moe.
Maidennes shall skate where ice is none;
Cracked heddes upon cracked pottes shall runne.
Mother Churche shall sore frette for ruth,
But no remede of an ill Toothe.
So rede I sothe the sterres of Heven
For xviii hondrethe lxx seven.

Father Shipton his Prophecie.

THE VALHALLA OF WAX.

THE *Post* presents its readers with the subjoined notification concerning—

"THE LATE CHARLES DICKENS.—The citizens of Portsmouth having wished to erect a statue to the late CHARLES DICKENS, found themselves met by the passage in his will to the effect that it was his wish that no statue should be set up to him after his death. Those, therefore, who wish to see a counterfeit presentment of the great author, must resort to the galleries of MADAME TUSSAUD, where his effigy will be found, modelled with that truth to nature which characterises the whole of the numerous figures in the great galleries in Baker Street."

In vain do men of genius and greatness desire to deny themselves posthumous glorification. The illustrious fellow-townsman of the Portsmouth people could succeed in preventing them from adorning their city with a statue in honour of him, and also in hindering the erection of any such memorial in Westminster Abbey. The public at large have felt respect for his will to be the best tribute to his memory. But let nobody who has made himself illustrious in literature, or any other line of excellence, expect to keep his image out of MADAME TUSSAUD'S. That Valhalla, or Pantheon, is inevitable for him at any rate; thither, in effigy, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that. All he can hope for is a pedestal decently remote from the Chamber of Horrors, and from such personages of distinction as the "Claimant;" for "in the great galleries in Baker Street" celebrity makes a man acquainted with strange companions.

"All my Eye!"

"It is hardly necessary to say that GENERAL IGNATIEFF'S journey is not, as announced, on account of an affection of the eyes."—*Paris Correspondent of the Times.*

Much more likely—say the Russophobes—that the formidable General is coming to operate on the eyes of Europe—by throwing dust in 'em.

MUSIC MADE VISIBLE.

To the wonders of the Deep, at the Westminster Aquarium, another wonder has been added, which may rather be described as a wonder of the Shallow, or at least the Superficial. This new wonder is announced as "A Vision of Music;" and the wonder of it is that any one should fancy that music can be visible. A concert among fish-tanks seems a trifle out of place. The sweetest sounds one might expect there would be, perhaps the sounds of cod-fish. But what would be the utterance of the Spirit of BEETHOVEN, on hearing one of his finest Symphonies — the lovely, ever-living "Pastoral"—performed in an Aquarium, to the accompaniment of a Panorama!

Suppose the "Vision" is successful, will imitators copy it? If pictures may be shown to accompany a symphony, why may not music be performed to accompany a picture? If panoramas can be painted to illustrate BEETHOVEN, why should not tunes be introduced to give a tone to a VANDYKE, or a RUBENS, or a RAFFAELLE? What a happy thought for the R. A.'s at their next winter Exhibition! Let a German Band be hired to attend each batch of visitors, and play appropriate music in their progress round the rooms. Or let a barrel-organ stand in front of each Old Master, whom the Council may think suited for musical illustration, and grind appropriate airs while the connoisseurs look on.

"That's Flat!"

IN the *Daily News* we observe an advertiser announces this want:

A FLAT WANTED (where there are other Flats) in a good part of London, &c.

My dear Sir, in the very best parts of town you may readily meet with any number of Flats. But perhaps it is a Widow who makes the announcement. One at a time, Madam, or some of the Flats might become too sharp!

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VERS NONSENSIQUES, À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(*Par* ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUÈRE.)



IL était un gendarme, à Nanteuil,
Qui n'avait qu'une dent et qu'un œil ;
Mais cet œil solitaire
Etait plein de mystère ;
Cette dent, d'importance et d'orgueil.



UNE vieille (elle était blanchisseuse)
Consultait un docteur à Chevreuse,
Qui, pour calmer ses maux,
Suggéra des bains chauds
D'Elixir de la Grande-Chartreuse.



J'AI pour voisin d'en face un vieux Juif
Romanesque, inodore et naïf,
Dont les seules délices
Sont les belles saucisses
Du pays dont BISMARCK est natif.



BEAU, sans peur, sans reproche, et sans taches,
Chez lui tout—dents, gants, linge, moustaches,
Et lorgnon, sont parfaits :
Mais il perd tous ses frais,
Parcequ'il—laisse tomber ses aches !

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LETTER prostration from bad air and late hours having already put the Ghost of SAM PEPYS *hors de combat*, at least for the moment, the ponderous Spirit of SAMUEL JOHNSON, eager to resume, under the pleasanter auspices of *Punch*, the work he used to do in the flesh for CAVE, has taken his place. But *Punch* sees already the Doctor won't do. He *will* not stoop to trifles. The Nasmyth Hammer of that weighty style, good for welding thirty-ton cranks of politics and philosophy, is out of place in cracking the nuts, which now fill up so much of the time and attention of Parliament. However, we gave the Doctor a chance on *Monday, Feb.* 26, when, in the Lords, as he reports:—

My LORD STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL rose to call attention to the correspondence on Turkey, and to move an Address, praying HER MAJESTY, in effect, to support and maintain the Treaties of 1856. That a Nobleman, whose devotion to his duties is evidently conscientious, and whose sense of the gravity of his mission is almost overwhelming, should have been able to reduce to more than normal emptiness benches, which, as a rule, are sparsely occupied, may be in some degree owing to the subject he treats, but may, with more confidence, be attributed to his manner of treating it.

If anything could make the Turks more odious in the eyes of England, if not of Europe, it would be the untoward circumstance that their cause should have fallen into the hands of a nobleman, in whom conscientiousness cannot excuse prolixity, nor good intentions atone for tediousness.

That in EARL GREY the Ministry should have found an indulgent critic, and those on what may be called—by some extension of language—his own side of the House, a candid friend, whose freedom in saying disagreeable things exceeds even that which candid friendship has always asserted, was a result for which our experience of that nobleman's course had prepared us. But we rarely remember wrong-headedness so ingenious, and crotchetiness so persistent, as those revealed in EARL GREY'S views upon the Eastern Question.

The EARL OF DERBY, however, glad of toleration however tedious, and support however eccentric, expressed himself sensible of the candour of LORD CAMPBELL, and grateful for the dispassionateness of EARL GREY. He did his best to add to the weight of dulness under which the House of Lords had already succumbed.

The Celtic vivacity of the DUKE OF ARGYLL, with which I am more prepared than most to sympathise, was insufficient to relieve the weight which had settled upon the little that was left of this august assemblage, when, at half-past eight o'clock, the House divided, leaving my LORD CAMPBELL AND STRATHEDEN, the solitary supporter of his own Motion, in an assemblage of four.

England may with reason be grateful to its Peerage, which gives this grave lesson to wordiness without wisdom, and crotchetiness without consistency. For any other Essence to be extracted from the incidents of this evening's debate in the Lords I seek in vain.

Nor do I find it more easy to reduce, within the limits to which I am, for the present, confined, the desultory conversation which to-night occupied the House of Commons, till the order of the day was read for going into Committee of Supply.

Some may find in this brief and often futile interchange of remarks, on a vast variety of topics, evidence of the ubiquitous vigilance of the Commons. I see in it, rather, an obliviousness of the limits which separate a Parish Vestry from a Parliament, and of the bounds within which that Legislature should confine itself.

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which admits the finality of Man's strength and Member's energy. Yet I am bound to recognise the politeness of Ministers in answering questions, not seldom indiscreet, and in most cases superfluous; while I admire the skill with which such questions, when inconvenient, may be evaded, under the pretext of answering them.

Before the discussion of the Civil Service Estimates, for the introduction of which thus early in the Session much credit must be assigned to Ministers, or rather the Departments over which they nominally preside, MR. GOLDSMID called attention to the want of a proper explanation of an expenditure for pacific purposes, the rise of which from £4,000,000 in 1852, to close upon £22,000,000 in the present year, is calculated to arrest the attention of even the most unthinking. MR. W. H. SMITH, than whom no one can better know the importance of a good system of account-keeping, admitted the desirableness, while he seemed to doubt the practicability, of such an explanation. The House then proceeded to its desultory criticism of Estimates, which it is idle to assail without study, and hopeless to diminish by independent objection.

Tuesday (*Lords*).—The LORD CHANCELLOR moved the Second Reading of a Bill which, in my time, would have been unnecessary, to enable the MASTER OF THE ROLLS to make provision for the destruction of public documents. Such provision was then made by the means taken for the nominal preservation of such documents. But the reign of rats over records, so long uncontested, is now, I learn, at an end for ever. The present Bill provides all needful precautions that no documents should be destroyed whose preservation can either interest the public or enlighten the historian.

(*Commons.*)—The same desultory multifariousness, to which my yesterday's report directed attention, was the characteristic of the earlier part of this evening's misemployment. But an interest was at length given to discussion, by the attempt of MR. C. LEWIS, an active member of the inferior branch of the legal profession, to transfer from English to Irish hands the management of the income and property of the Irish Society, which now administers estates in Londonderry producing a net rental of £12,700 a year.

That this property is held by the Irish Society for public purposes must be admitted; that the expenditure of £4,500 a year, under the head of "Management and refreshment," by a body drawn from the Corporation of the City of London, is expenditure for a public purpose, may be open to question; particularly when the sum spent on refreshment is not distinguished from that spent on management. But a large and liberal hospitality has ever been the characteristic of our Metropolitan Municipality, and I am free to own that I feel satisfaction in thinking that this characteristic, so far from declining, has gathered intensity with the advancing years of the Corporation; that their dinners are now more sumptuous and succulent than they were in my own time, and their wines not inferior in quality. I have yet to learn why hospitalities, so gracefully and liberally dispensed by the managers of the Irish Society of London, should be transferred to a body of Irish entertainers, who, if not less liberal, would certainly be less cultivated in the arts of the table; nor has our experience of Irish local administration been of a character to plead for its extension. Not that I feel much sympathy with the worthy member for Peterborough, who sees in the Irish Society the one effective bulwark in Ireland against the invasions of Papal authority, which in his eyes are as ubiquitous as malignant. I fail, however, to find in MR. LEWIS's indictment of the Society that force which alone would justify such a large transfer of the duties of administration combined with entertainment to an Irish body, even of those Northern counties, in which an infusion of the penuriousness of the Scot has checked the natural open-handedness of the Celtic race. Much stress was laid on the good works of the Society; much, too, on the part they had taken in resisting the rights of their lawful Sovereign during the siege of Derry, a page of our annals in which I, for one, find but little satisfaction. I cannot regret that the Motion was rejected by 108 to 53.

It was with more gratification that I listened to the discussion on MR. SAMUELSON'S Motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the system of apprenticeship of pupil-teachers in elementary schools, and of training colleges for elementary teachers. Having myself kept an academy for the instruction of youth, this is a subject on which I feel entitled, however reluctantly, to assert myself as an authority. LORD SANDON defended, MR. FAWCETT assailed, the existing system, both with plausible arguments. That there are *primâ facie* grounds of inquiry, however, MR. W. E. FORSTER, a candid and well-informed judge on this subject, admitted, and the facts, as stated, seem to me to show. The refusal of the House to sanction the Motion, by 46 to 104, must be taken rather as a proof of power in the Government than of cogency in the reasoning of its organs.

Wednesday.—The desire of husbands to marry their deceased wives' sisters I have always regarded as a compliment to the deceased wives, and the result of a natural desire to escape at least one mother-in-law. I do not admit the argument against such unions founded on the Old Testament. That the law in England and its Colonies should differ on this point, is a blot I should not regret to see removed. But it is one of many such blots; and I doubt the wisdom of doing it away by a side-wind; all the more as any inconvenience with respect to the transmission of landed property—its sole practical inconvenience—can be avoided by the simple precaution of making a will. I cannot, therefore, feel satisfaction in even the temporary triumph of MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN'S Motion, declaring valid in the Mother Country marriages with deceased wives' sisters, contracted by domiciled Colonists, in Colonies where such marriages have been legalised. Nor can I regret that to-night's triumph will be neither of long duration nor of practical effect.

Thursday (*Lords*).—I rejoiced to learn, from the conversation between my Lords BELMORE and CARNARVON, that the disgraceful practice of kidnapping natives of the South Sea Islands—whose discovery we owe to my excellent and humane friend, CAPTAIN COOK—has been reduced to the narrowest limits by the watchfulness of our cruisers in the Southern seas. Slavery, while it existed, may have enlisted in its behalf much reason as well as some philanthropy. But in defence of this abominable practice of kidnapping the reasoner is as silent, as the philanthropist is loud in its condemnation.

(*Commons.*)—After a more warm than well-informed philological discussion between SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL and LORD GEORGE HAMILTON on the etymology of HER MAJESTY'S Indian Title, in which I longed to raise a lexicographical and authoritative voice, I confess to having sought the natural relief of slumber, under the influence of a tedious discussion of the Prisons Bill. To this I yielded with the less reluctance, when I had once satisfied myself that the excellent provisions of the Bill are in no real danger, either from the obstinacy of bucolic prejudice, the claims of parochial self-importance, or the penetrating insidiousness of local jobbery.

GO-AHEAD SPELLING REFORM.



LONDON School-Board have been favoured by the advice of MR. EPAMINONDAS EZRA SPRY on the question, now under their consideration, of "Spellin Reform." There, he says, is an instance of that Reform to begin with—"spellin" for "spelling." He recommends that orthographical reform should be based upon popular pronunciation. It is only the "Upper Ten," who affect to talk fine, that say "spelling." The masses on both sides of the Atlantic drop the "g" from that word, and pronounce it "spellin." He thinks it may be a question whether the aspirates which the million commonly also drop, at least in this country, should be omitted also: "ham," for instance, being reduced to "am," and "hand" to "and." But this rule, he fears, would breed some confusion of meaning and of parts of speech. As to certain aspirates, too, there is, he remarks, a diversity of usage. By some of the People "horse" is pronounced "oss," by others "hoss." He would not himself say "old oss," but "old hoss," in addressing a Prince, for example, or a Peer, or a Bishop. And this illustration leads him to a further development of his notion of "Spellin Reform," which ought, he contends, to include all the improvements of "spellin" effected by American writers, of late years, in the literature of the United States.

Accordingly, MR. SPRY proposes that in the "spellin" of all such words as "defence," "offence," and "pretence" the "c" should be replaced with "s," as it is by the most remarkable writers in his own country, who agree in "spellin" those words "offense," "pretense" and "defense," on etymological grounds, because "s" occurs instead of "c" in the roots they are derived from as printed in all "dixonarys" and books whatsoever in the Latin "langwidge." On derivative grounds, also, he would have the superfluous "u" ejected from all such nouns as "honour" and "colour," those words to be spelt "honor" and "color;" and "neighbour," for conformity's sake, "neighbor," or, better still, "naibor."

The difficulty of effecting these reforms of "spellin" will be,

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MR. SPRY fears, "considerable some." He knows how averse English writers of any authority are to adopt American ameliorations and enrichments of English. He is highly indignant that all the higher portion of the British Press eschew that expressive and elegant adjective, "reliable," and persist in using that obsolete verb "to lend" instead of its modern American synonym, "to loan." He expects that an aristocratic fastidiousness will set them as obstinately against every attempt at advancement in the path of "Spellin Reform," and especially of "goin ahead" under the Star-Spangled Banner. His only hope for English "Spellin Reform" lies in the creation of a demand for it among the People, who, if they wanted it, could, by means of intimidation meetings, such as Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park demonstrations, pretty soon succeed in forcing it upon an unwilling Legislature.

MRS. GRUNDY ON THE BOIL.

OH, *Mr. Punch!* The thin end of another wedge in! The Colonial Marriages Bill! But it must soon be out again. Or else we shall shortly have marriage with deceased wives' sisters legalised altogether. Shocking!

How can people argue that what is lawful in the Australian Colonies, ought to be lawful here! Are not the Australians the Antipodes? And does not common sense show that things in England are the reverse of those on the opposite side of the globe? So that what is very wrong here, is perfectly right there, with a few exceptions, such as robbery, murder, &c.

And then how stupid to say, that because Australian laws have been assented to by the Crown, the Royal assent might just as well be given to the same laws for England! The contrary stands to reason. And what an absurd question to ask—"Suppose the Australian Marriage Acts wrong, the Crown having sanctioned them because they are Colonial, and suppose the Australians were to turn Mormonites, and legalise plurality of wives, would not the Crown be equally bound to sanction polygamy?" Of course not.

Logic is a gem, Sir, and fair-play a jewel, and hypocrisy a particular detestation to your ever moral, conscientious, and sincere

MARTHA GRUNDY.

P.S.—I am nobody's deceased wife's sister; but I scorn the insinuation that I uphold restrictions on marriage as well as everything else which affects other people only, and not myself.

Canine Devotion.

WE read, in a recent number of the *Times*, an advertisement—

A RETRIEVER DOG STRAYED into the Chancery Pay-Office, Chancery Lane, on Saturday, the 17th inst., &c.

Was this the dog of some luckless party to a Chancery suit, who had gone in to retrieve his master's fortune? The word "strayed" seems superfluous. As if any intelligent man, much less any sagacious animal, who knew where he was going, ever went into Chancery!

Sumptuary Echoes.

WHAT will Tailors do to frock coats, if Fashion wears a cutaway?—Cut away!

Where will Hatters go to, if Fashion discards the chimney-pot?—Pot!

What will the Ladies do if Fashion continues tightening the bust?—Bust!

What is the only thing left for *La Mode* to do, if she is determined to outstrip herself?—Strip herself!

Additional Lenten Penances.

DR. KENEALY.—To see himself as others see him.

MR. CHAPLIN.—To "do it again" to MR. GLADSTONE.

MESSRS. SWINBURNE and ROBERT BUCHANAN.—To praise each other's verses.

MR. BROWNING.—To restore all his missing articles.

LORD-JUSTICE CHRISTIAN.—To be sat upon by a Vice-Chancellor.

SIR GEORGE JESSEL.—To eat a daily slice of humble-pie.

TO INVALIDS.—Before dinner first have out your bark. Then take your bite. You will fare poorly indeed if even your dearest friends do not admit your bark is worse than your bite.

NEWS OF THE CREWS.

By Our Special Reporter. (*Oxford and Cambridge, Saturday night.*)



THE Crew to-day, after a preliminary tubbing in the High Street, where a considerable crowd of University men, touts, and tradesmen, were assembled to witness the stripping of the athletes, started to the Spinning House for their usual afternoon spin.

At three o'clock the Eight was launched on a strong stream, and the Crew rowed through Abingdon Lock to Ditton Corner, halting for an hour at the "Plough," opposite Nuneham House, where hot egg-flip was brought creaming out in glasses, and partaken of by the Coaches, which had been driven down by the Proctors on duty. Great as was the temptation offered to the Crew, the seductive drink was nobly refused by all except an "odd man," whose stamina could not be guaranteed since he had rowed at the bow thwart.

A game of billiards was started, to improve the finish of the stroke, and the lookers-on were much struck by the feather of No. Seven.

The rowing to-day might have been more satisfactory. Most of the men put their backs well into the boat, but persist in leaving their legs outside.

No. Eight has a good swinging lurch forward, and comes well over his toes, but his hair is not parted down the middle, and, consequently, there is a tendency to heel over.

No. Six is brisk, and catches the water in his hat when Seven throws it well up, but he is too much occupied with his eye-glass, which must add weight, and would be better left in his rooms.

No. Five displays perhaps the best form, his muscles standing out like loaves upon a baker's tray. We should recommend him still to take a little more fat down. This he might readily manage by eating bacon for breakfast.

No. Four, not to be outdone by the dashing stroke of the Captain of the boat, has started a powerful stroke of his own, which caresses No. Five's back in a manner more remarkable as a sensation than sensational as an improvement on his old style. However, he probably imagines that, by getting over this style, he has discovered a new field for invention.

No. Three is much to be complimented on the graceful turn of the wrist he has adopted, which produces the maximum of style with the minimum of work. Nothing can be more elegant or less useful.

No. Two sticks to his work, though he appears to quarrel with his sliding-seat—a continuation of which uneasiness may cause his work to stick to him. The only fault we find is that he works out of the boat, which probably accounts for his sewing-machine action when rowing.

Bow has every right to the title, for no one of the crew bends his head more assiduously than No. One. If there is an objection to his performances, it is a tendency to catch the water, which occasionally sends him back with his legs in the air. But this is a weakness he will soon get over.

At Baitsbite Lasher the Coaches, who happened to be close, took the Eight in tow, and, putting on a spurt, they paddled home at the rate of sixty-four to the minute, breaking three oars and losing an outrigger, but without turning a hair.

In the evening the Crew dined at the "Scout and Bedmaker," where the repast consisted of the various crustaceans caught by No. One, washed down with tawny old University Port at twenty-seven shillings the dozen. The pace was everything that could be desired.

We have said enough for any one with half an eye (unless the diminished optic is of glass), to detect the winner; and, as the Boat Race of '77 is to be rowed at half-past five in the morning, by gas-light and the Limes at Mortlake, there is no doubt that the crowd assembled will be one of the gayest and most cheerful of the coming season, and only too ready to accept any suggestions which may lead to prospective pools or impending dozens of kid gloves.

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COMPLIMENTS IN FANCY DRESS.

Mrs. Wilkins. } (*together*) { "MRS. PERKINS!" } HOW *CHARMING* YOU LOOK! I HARDLY *KNEW* YOU!"
Mrs. Perkins. } { "MRS. WILKINS!" }

THE DREAM OF THE BRITISH BUTCHER.

ELATE at the state of his trade and his tills,
The Butcher mused on a batch of long bills
In a mood that may well be described as Elysian,
For prices ranged high, and thermometers low,
So the Butcher droused, and in Dreamland's glow
Beheld an astonishing vision:
A Bull of a breed that was utterly new
To that Butcher's experience, burst on his view.
It was starred, it was striped, it was dotted and lined
In a fashion fantastic, which brought to the mind
The sketches for carvers in Cookery Books,
Or sartorial aids to self-measurement. "Oh!"
Cried that Butcherman crossly, "this certainly looks
Like playing it down *very* low"—
(For that Bull was priced over in numerals plain,
And, turtle-like, ticketed ere it was slain)—
"This practice is perfectly odious!
"What! Sixpence a pound? 'Tis too much for my brain."
(Here the Bull gave a bellow melodious.)
"Who the dickens are you?" snarled the Butcher, "who come
With preposterous prices to puzzle and pain us?"
Said the Bull, with a wink, "Wall, I'm known, when to-hum,
As *Bos Americanus.*"
"Oho!" yelled the Butcher, "that much-talked-of Yankee
That's coming to cut down our profits? No, thankee.
I'm boss of this business, and mean, if I can,
To keep up traditional prices."
Quoth the Bull, through his nose—"I don't doubt you, old man,
But you're hardly awake to this Crisis of Crises.
Smart trick of those canny Scotch fleshers!—Dare say
You'd a pot in that pile. But the game's had its day.
My advent is fast getting known to the town;
Like the Coon to our Colonel—*you'll have to come down!*"
"Come down!" yelled the Butcher. "A jolly fine joke!
I'll come down on you hot, as you'll presently feel!"
And he went for that Bos with his knife and his steel;
But, hoist like a football—awoke,
And found he had dropped all his bills in his fright;—
An omen which spoiled his repose for the night.

THE LEEK REVINDICATED.

THE information imparted to *Mr. Punch* by his correspondent "CYMRICUS," that "nine Welshmen out of ten have never seen a leek," was seasonably illustrated last week on St. David's Day, when the members of the Most Honourable and Loyal Society of Ancient Britons, under the presidency of the Right Hon. and Rev. LORD DYNEVOR, celebrated their one hundred and sixty-second festival at Willis's Rooms, and, as the *Times* reports, after playings, and singings, and graces, and grubbings, and bubbings, look you, and loyal and national toasts and sentiments, and a history of the Society and its schools delivered from the chair:—

"The band struck up the *March of the Men of Harlech*, and boys and girls of the schools, decorated with the national leek, paraded through the room."

After that the least amends that "CYMRICUS" could make would be eating *his* leek, and eating it raw!

A Knock-Under.

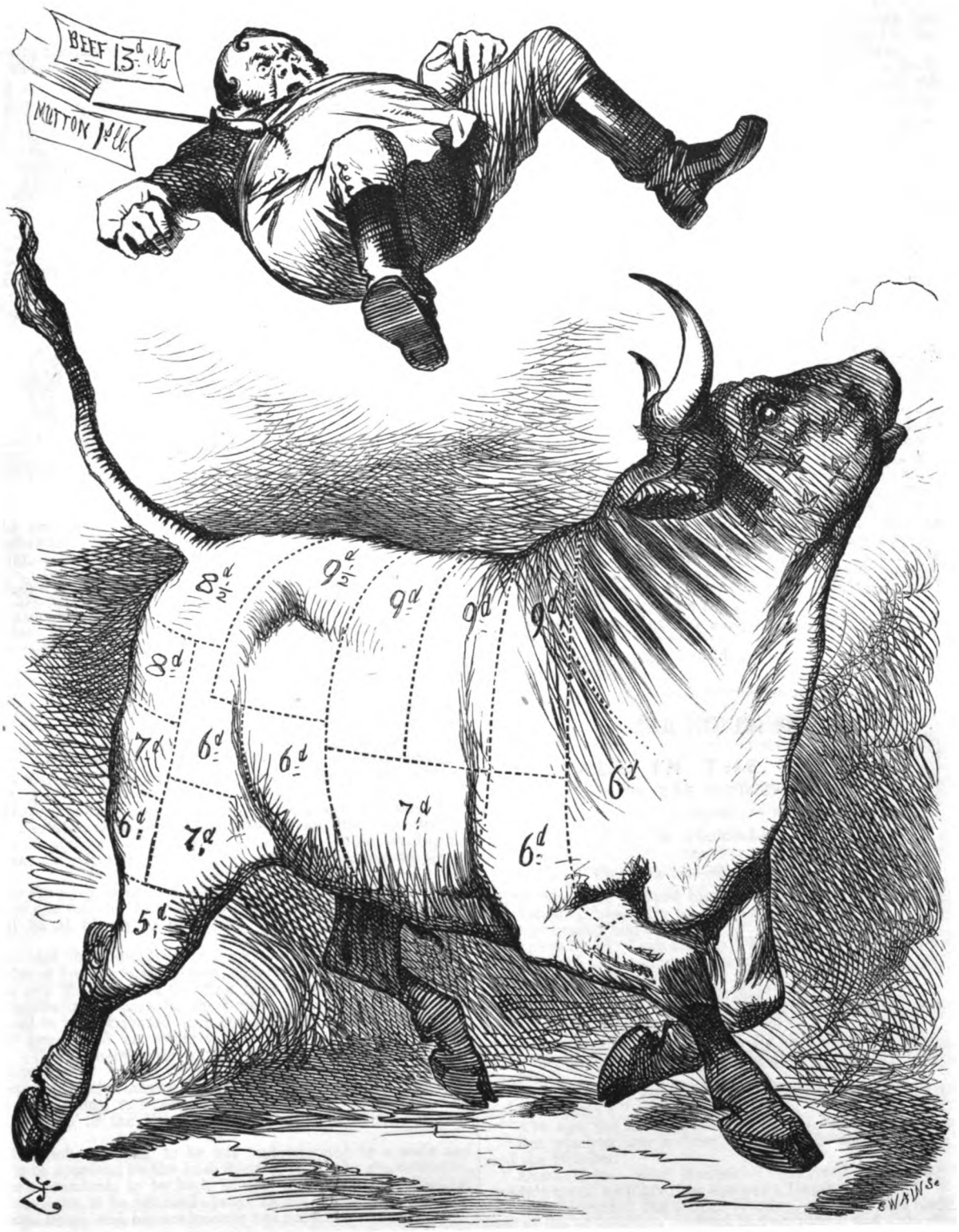
SIR,—See what we have at last brought these proud masters down to! Here is one of their cries of distress from the *Bury Free Press*:—

WANTED, a very PLAIN COOK; no matter how old or ill-favoured so long as she would prove useful; very little work; extraordinary wages; good living; lots of holidays; followers encouraged.—Address, &c.

Ha! ha! ha!

Yours, *Mr. Punch*, who have so often vented your insolent sneer at our oppressed order, "SERVICE NO INHERITANCE."

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"BOS AMERICANUS;"

OR, YANKEE BEEF AND BRITISH BUTCHER.

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RECONSTITUTION OF THE IRISH SOCIETY.

(By and for the Irish.)



THE following scheme for a new Organisation of the Irish Society has been dropped into *Mr. Punch's* letter-box. *Mr. P.* has no clue to the authorship, unless such a clue may be afforded by a torn card, containing only the words, "MAJOR O'G—," and a much soiled paper, apparently a portion of a provision merchant's little account, which seemed to have found their way by oversight into the envelope. The rules are written in two very irregular hands, with great variety of orthography, sometimes the phonetic method, and sometimes the established rule being followed. We have restored the conventional spelling throughout, except in the case of a few Irishisms.

I. The Society, known as the Irish Society, elected out of the London Livery Companies, shall and do from the date of these presents renounce and surrender, freely, voluntarily, absolutely, and of their own consent, or it will be worse for them, all their right, property, and claims in the estates, lands, demesnes, and their appurtenances, heretofore known as the estates of the Irish Society in Derry, and Coleraine, or elsewhere, wheresoever and whatsoever, as hereinafter provided.

II. All base, brutal, and Saxon use of the humiliating word "livery," in connection with the Trustees of the said Society, shall cease henceforth and for ever, and any use of the word in connection with such Trustees, shall from the date of these presents be punishable as a felony by fine and imprisonment, without benefit of clergy.

III. Three hundred and sixty-five Trustees of the said property and estates, whatsoever and whensoever, shall be elected, by universal suffrage, at a date to be fixed by the Act confirming the present Constitution, by the Irish people, from the people of Ireland.

IV. For the purpose of such election, every voter entitled to vote shall have one vote for himself and one or more for everybody else, but shall be at liberty to lump either vote upon both, or all on either.

V. The said three hundred and sixty-five Irishmen so elected, irrespective of faith or faction, creed, country, or colour of their hair, to be the sole Executive of the New Irish Society, and to enter on the administration thereof, for the benefit of the people of Ireland, such benefit to be distributed and apportioned in proportions to be hereafter determined according to the creeds and populations of counties. The farmers' clubs in the said several counties to fix the said proportions.

VI. Any dispute that may arise during the said elections, or in fixing the said proportions, to be settled by arbitration with the ancient national weapon of the Milesian people, the blackthorn, or shillelagh.

VII. All such weapons to be cut and trimmed to a scale and weight, to be approved by the Irish Society, as hereby reconstituted, and after a standard, to be kept in the archives of the Society, under three locks, to be retained always by the Master of the Society for the time being, and his predecessor and successor.

VIII. Every Trustee of the Society to have been born and to live in Ireland for the term of his natural life, and in the event of his being elected to serve in the Parliament of Great Britain, to bind himself by oath to vote with the Irish Home Rule party for the time being, as required by its recognised leader, and if there be two or more such leaders, by the one he likes best.

IX. No Lord Mayor or Alderman of London to be eligible as Trustee of the said Society, unless he is an Irishman by birth and nationality, and if any such should be chosen, he shall abjure his allegiance to the Municipality of London before entering on his duties as a Trustee of the Society.

X. No tenant of the said lands or estates to be liable to eviction for any cause whatsoever, except in the event next hereinafter provided. All such tenants to be treated aisy in regard to their rints, and quarter-days to be shifted to suit their convenience.

XI. Any tenant on the said lands and estates to be liable to summary eviction if he be found calling for any drink other than native Irish whiskey, or for drink that has paid duty, when there is any other to be had.

XII. The charge for "management and refreshment" to be a fixed charge on the rental of the said lands and estates, and to stand as in the present accounts of the said Society, at £4,500 per annum, with a margin for extras. The item "Management," to include among such extras arms and ammunition required by tenants and trustees of the said estates for attack and defence; and the item "Refreshment," to include among such extras doctors' bills, funeral expenses, and other necessary appurtenances and appliances of social enjoyment.

XIII. All Trustees attending the meetings of the Society to be required to leave their bits of twigs outside the door of the place of meeting.

XIV. Three Trustees to be a quorum, unless more are present within three hours of the time fixed for any meeting.

XV. In the event of the Trustees being reduced by any difference of opinion, arbitration, or argument, or the consequences thereof, within the next three years below a quorum, as hereinbefore constituted, the management of the said land and estates to pass to a Gentleman who has long been known as the truest Friend of Ireland, not meaning MR. BUTT, Q.C., as to whom the present schame desires to express no opinion, beyant remarking that it is a pity if he 's the best that can be got to spake up for ould Ireland.

XVI. In the event of the said Friend of Ireland coming into the management of the said lands and estates, he shall be required to add to his name the definite article of Milesian tribal chieftainship, and the vowel of Milesian patronymic significance, and be known as The O'Punch, meaning thereby the Irish whiskey Punch, and he will be further required to bind himself, before the Six Masters in Chancery and Irish History, to drink nothing but that same for the rest of his natural life.

[The last page is written in a hand that keeps growing more and more difficult to decipher, till at last it becomes utterly unintelligible, and the last page is suddenly torn across, as if in a struggle for its possession.]

OUR NOVEL SERIES.

ALL IN THE DOWNS;

OR, THE BOTTOMRY BOND!

A NAUTICAL NOVEL, BY

S. PL-MS-LL, M.P.

CHAPTER II.—*Flot Sam and Jet Sam.*

THE Stevedore grasped his knife.

"You shall hear from me!" he muttered.

BILLY heeded him not.

"I have heard *of* you already," he replied. "You don't suppose I 've wormed in Brazilian Waters for nothing!"*

The Spaniard grew livid.

"Do not provoke him any further!" entreated MARY.

"Leave him to me!" said the Junior Warden, pushing the others aside—"to *me* and the Law!"

WILLIAM started, but he was rooted to the spot by the apparition of a short man, in a suit of rusty black, with a set of papers under his arm.

"Now," said the Junior Warden, "answer me! You took out a charter-party?"

"Aye, aye, yer Honour, for a row, and brought 'em back safely."

"But you ran into a sheer hulk, without speaking with her!" said the Warden.

"Avast there, your Honour!" answered WILLIAM. "We couldn't speak with her, 'cos she was a Dumb Barge."

"And," returned the Junior Warden, sternly, "she couldn't see you, as the unfortunate creature had no lights, and only dead eyes. You are charged with incalculable damage."

"By whom?" asked WILLIAM, boldly.

"By this gentleman," replied the Warden, pointing to the person in black. "He is the Average Stater, and never overshoots his mark. Your boat was confiscated for these damages, this day at twelve o'clock. It is now five minutes past."

* What does "wormed" mean?—*Note* ED.
Vide Nautical Dictionary.—*Ans.* S. P.

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"I am ruined!" exclaimed WILLIAM.

MARY wept on her father's shoulder, and the crowd was visibly moved.

The Stevedore smiled grimly.

"You cannot pay?" inquired the Warden.

"I cannot!" answered WILLIAM, despairingly.

"Then," said the Warden, raising his voice, and beckoning to a couple of men whose blue coats, cocked hats, and short cutlasses, betokened their official capacity, "Water-Bailiffs, do your duty!"

"Sorry for it, MISTER BILL," said the two men; "but duty is duty!"

"Do it, you two SAMUELS!" returned WILLIAM.

The two Water-Bailiffs, who were two brothers of the name of SAMUELS (abbreviated into "SAM," and known as FLOT SAM and JET SAM), produced a warrant and a pair of handcuffs.

"Never!" cried MARY, as, quitting her father, she threw her arms about WILLIAM.

"Stay!" said the Warden, bestowing a glance of intelligence on the Stevedore. "WILLIAM can either go to prison, or,—take his passage, as Purser, aboard the *Albert Ross*, which sails to-night. Choose at once!" MARY looked up in his face beseechingly. The Water-Bailiffs paused.



CHAPTER III.—*How the Bait is offered to our poor Sailors.*

WILLIAM TAILLEUR eyed the good ship *Albert Ross*.

A clerk stepped forward with pen and ink.

"If you like to sail on board this craft," said the Junior Warden of the Sink Port, who was, privately part-owner with the Stevedore, trading under the name of the firm before mentioned, "you shall marry my daughter *when my ship comes home*."

MARY turned her beautiful eyes up toward the skies, and then kissed her parent.

WILL TAILLEUR could no longer hesitate.

"Give me the pen!" he cried. And, taking the quill and paper from the clerk, he signed the Articles.

A smile of triumph passed over the faces of the Junior Warden and the Stevedore.

MARY bade WILLIAM a tender farewell, and withdrew.

Five minutes after WILLIAM had gone aboard, he returned.

"I will *not* sail in the *Albert Ross!*" he protested, firmly. "*She is unseaworthy!*"

"To gaol then with him!" cried the Warden, furiously.

The Water-Bailiffs advanced, each armed with the necessary dock-warrant.

"The *Albert Ross* is not fit to leave the dock!" cried the unhappy WILLIAM, as the minions of an unjust and cruel law—which I hope everyone will help me to abolish—approached.

"Not leave the dock!" exclaimed the first Water-Bailiff. "What dock?"

"This!" replied WILLIAM, stoutly, pointing to the dock where they were standing. "This is *the dock I mean.*"

"Nay!" answered the Bailiff, producing a dock-warrant for his arrest. "This is *the dock-you-meant!*"

The jest was cruel, but not so cruel as the Law which occasioned it.

So WILLIAM was led away to gaol by his captors.

Whoever you are who read this, help the poor Sailors, and don't let them be sent to sea unless they like! Oh, ye Gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, how little do you think upon the dangers of the seas when the stormy winds do blow-ow-ow, when the stormy winds do blo-ow-ow-ow! But I, the spinner of this yarn, know all about it; I haven't nearly met my death on board a merchant ship at sea, and got a berth in a model lodging-house on shore, for nothing. But, my lads, I have a tale to tell, and I must heave a-head!

CHAPTER IV.

A Scene at Lloyd's.

WHILE WILLIAM was cooling his heels and his heated brain in a prison-cell, the Spanish Stevedore had gone up to town.

He drove to Cornhill, and, after a short parley with a gentleman in official costume (of whom more anon), he entered the Long Room at LLOYD'S Coffee House, where the Writers, Insurers, Shippers, and Skippers do congregate. The business, as conducted here, is, in general, fair and honest enough. But LLOYD'S profit is not altogether unalloyed with risk. Now, "risk" means "speculation," and speculation *must* involve dishonesty.

It will be as well at this point, in order to thoroughly interest my reader (or readers—for I trust I have more than one, and, if I have not, I'll send copies, *gratis*, all over the world), that I should give a clear and exact account of the constitution of LLOYD'S.

The first question naturally is—Who is LLOYD?

I give the answer. Here it is:—

The gentleman in the official costume above alluded to, who, for the sake of respectability, and to impress visitors with an idea of the high character of the business, *is dressed in the same style as is the beadle in a church.* This is MR. LLOYD himself, or one of the family!!! He it is who takes an enormous per-centage on all the profits, while incurring no risk. He it is into whose pockets fall all the profits accruing from the coffee consumed in LLOYD'S Coffee-House. He it is who receives the entrance-fees from the new members, and accepts the immense sums which are paid by Tide-waiters wishing to serve the customers in the Coffee-House. And, finally, he it is who has the sole right to admit, alter, and arrange the charts and maps kept in the establishment, and he it is who alone receives the gratuities daily—nay, hourly—presented by the members to the custodian of their hats, coats, umbrellas, and sticks,

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A DECIDED OPINION.

Proprietor of Shootings ("*in the course of Conversation*"). "YES, BUT YOU KNOW, SANDY, IT'S DIFFICULT TO CHOOSE BETWEEN THE SCYLLA OF A SHY TENANT, AND THE CHARYBDIS OF——"

Sandy (*promptly*). "AWEEL! GIE ME THE SILLER, AN' ANYBUDDY THAT LIKES MAY HAE THE TITHER!"

for which tickets of non-admission are given on their being deposited in the hall!! Is it conceivable that here in England, in the very heart of our big trading city, one man should be possessed of so enormous, so unlimited a power!!!! *Yet so it is.* A captain who has a ship to insure which is likely to be knocked about by the Breakers, goes to the Brokers. The Official LLOYD gives him an introduction, for which he pays handsomely.

The business is divided between the Underwriters (who won't insure for anything like the amount, and who are, more or less, safe and comparatively honest) and the Overwriters (who will insure to any amount, on receiving a bonus as encouragement-money). And these are speculators, and unseaworthy to the last degree.

It was to a firm of Overwriters that DON JOSÉ DI SALAMANCA, the Spanish Stevedore, and Co-owner of the *Albert Ross*, applied.

"What's she laden with?" inquired MR. HICKORY, of the firm of HICKORY, DICKORY, AND DOCQUE.

"Grain," replied DON JOSÉ. "Will you take her?"

"We will take her," replied the other, slily winking at his companion. "*Cum grano salis.*"

"How much?" inquired MR. DOCQUE.

"Five hundred thousand pounds," replied the Stevedore, firmly.

A thrill went round the entire room, and several timid Underwriters lost their assurance for the moment.

"How much to do it?" asked MR. WALKER, junior partner in the same firm.

"Fifty thousand pounds," replied the Don.

The Overwriters regarded one another suspiciously. It was *not* DON JOSÉ's first transaction. The Overwriters paused. The Underwriters trembled; and even LLOYD himself felt a shudder pass through the gold lace of his hat-band.

* * * * * *

(*To be continued.*)

THE CZAR is said to be longing for a "golden bridge." We thought it was a Golden Horn on which his wishes were fixed.

TO MARCH.

(*A Snarl in Season.*)

THE "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus."
So sings our Laureate—How these bards provoke us
With their periphrasis and hocus-pocus!
Roaring? That's true; with dusty blasts that choke us;
But while to wrath your mad March airs provoke us,
Your flowery fancies seem a bitter *jocus*,
And snow-drops chilly sarcasms! Wherefore poke us
With spring flowers, while 'gainst Winter frosts we stoke us?
The floral charms of March who cares to focus,
Except in Covent-Garden?—charming *locus*,
Where alone Spring-time does not freeze or soak us:
In Mackintosh where we've no need to cloak us,
From "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus!"

Taking the Consequences.

MR. J. READ, of Rose Cottage, Ipswich, sends to the *Anglian Times* an indignant letter, complaining of the fines imposed on him by the Ipswich Magistrates for refusing to vaccinate his children. The gist of his letter is in the following sentence:—

"The amount I am unjustly ordered by the Great Unpaid to pay to the borough of Ipswich, I will gladly pay, and thank God I am free from the dogs of vaccination. I have been hunted about like a madman would be chased, but henceforth I can rest with my family in Ipswich, for every one of my unvaccinated children have had the small pox, and therefore by law *free*, all six of them."

This is indeed, as the Editor remarks, paying such a price for freedom as few parents would care to pay.

USEFUL MILITARY EXERCISE FOR CABMEN (*suggested by a Victim*)—Judging distances.

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THE WAY OF ALL FISH.

Customer. "NOT MUCH CHOICE TO-DAY!"

Fishwife. "WEEL, YE SEE, MANCHESTER TAKS A LOT, AN' THE NOO A WHEEN GANG TAE ANITHER PLACE THEY CA' LENT."

RIP VAN WINKLE ON HIS ROUNDS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IT is not often I venture out of my quiet nest in the country, where I fell asleep many, many, years ago. But when I do wake up it is usually for a week in Town, and a round of the Theatres. Once I used to dread, while I craved, the excitement of this sudden transition from long sleep into sudden life. The rush of novelty was too much for me. But now how different my experience!

In nine out of ten of the Theatres, if the managers had planned their entertainment to suit my nerves and consult my feelings, they would have put forth just the bills I see. A hazy halo of antiquity hovers round these programmes, and takes off all sharp shock of newness. The first theatre I visited after my last waking was the Haymarket. I rather doubted the wisdom of beginning with that dear little, ugly, inconvenient, old home of legitimate comedy. BUCKSTONE used to be such a fellow for novelty in his pieces, if not his performers. He never fell back on the stock old comedies, while there was a lively new one to be tempted on to the boards "Here," I thought to myself, "I shall be sure to see a picture of life as it is, fresh, sparkling, and above all, English to the backbone. But shall I ever be able to stand the shock?" Judge of my amazement to find as the *pièce de résistance* of the evening's entertainment a classical comedy in blank verse, which I remember to have seen produced many years ago. As it was very fairly acted by some of the men—not all, though, by any means—and admirably by two of the ladies, in particular, the actress who played *Pygmalion's* jealous wife, and the charming *ingénue* who gave a new grace to the heroine—the freshest thing by far I have seen in my rounds—I was not disappointed with my evening, and, on the whole, felt thankful for the interposition of an old play between my slumberous country existence and the new histrionic experiences, which must, I felt, be awaiting me in my future adventures. But lo! the further I fared, the staler grew the pieces. Original or adapted, it was all the same. If the English dress was new, the French original was safe to be old; while, if the English was original, it was of an antiquity more or less venerable.

Thus, at the Prince of Wales's, that delightful drawing-room house, which I have always associated with drawing-room plays of home growth, instead of a charming comedy of ROBERTSON'S, I found myself assisting at the performance—an admirable one, I am bound to say—of an adaptation from SARDOU'S comedy of *Les Intimes*, an old acquaintance in its original garb, and adapted more than once already; in which the French figure showed through the English dress like a *Mossoo* masquerading as a *Milord*.

At the Court, the Strand, and the Folly, I found myself equally safe from the shock of novelty. Here the staple of the entertainment was furnished by old friends, two Haymarket comedies, and one Olympic comedietta, which I had first enjoyed—I won't say how many years ago—long before I sank into my country slumber. True, if good acting can freshen old parts, there was a great deal of it employed in *New Men and Old Acres;* while MR. CLARKE'S breadth of grotesqueness in *Beetle*, MISS LYDIA THOMPSON'S grace in *Mrs. Smylie*, and MR. LIONEL BROUGH'S unexaggerated truth in the north country manufacturer, *Ironstone*, gave much effect to the characters. But they couldn't make old plays new.

At the Adelphi and the Princess's, still in my fearful search for novelty, I had to face nothing newer than two venerable melodramas, which have survived the shocks of repeated revivals.

Hurrying thence to the Vaudeville, where some years ago I had seen a most amusing comedy of MR. BYRON'S most excellently acted, you may guess my relief to find the very amusing comedy still in the bills, and to learn that no change in the programme was expected for many years to come.

At the Globe I was let down as easily by an old burlesque of my evergreen friend PLANCHÉ'S, which I remember to have laughed at when I was a little boy.

At the Saint James's I was treated to a very well acted version of a French piece, which had had the gloss of novelty well taken off here and in Paris, by long runs in both capitals in its original French.

Even at the Olympic, where the piece *was* new, it was the dramatised version of a novel that certainly was not.

My last venture was at the Gaiety, and here, strange to say, I *did* find novelty, though in the experienced hands of an old, old, friend—the TOOLE that never seems to lose point or edge, for all its hard work, in the long intervals between my naps, but looks always, each time I come upon it at work, as bright and sharp as ever. Here I saw, in *Artful Cards*, an English piece, built up out of an idea suggested by a French one, but English in the cast of its fun, its jokes, dialogue, and treatment of incident; English, above all, in its avoidance of impurity and impropriety. The shock to my nerves was sharp, but not insalubrious. I laughed till I cried at *Artful Cards*, and since then my sleep has been haunted by visions of TOOLE, struggling with a Trombone. There, too, I saw a BISHOP on the stage, who really did almost as much credit to the Bench, by his excellent performance on the Boards, as my liberal and large-minded friend, DR. FRAZER, of Manchester, by his appearance at the leading Manchester theatres the other day. This was the only performance that put my nerves to a severe trial, and showed me there was still something new to be seen in a London Theatre, a fact which, but for this, I might have doubted, and gone back to my repose in the comfortable conviction that on the boards at least all was as I left it when I fell asleep, I won't say how many years ago.

Yours sincerely, RIP REDIVIVUS.

Worse and Worse!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

KNOWING your wise horror of Ritualism, I beg to direct your attention to a startling novelty in vestments at St. James's, Hatcham, which I cull from this day's *Standard*. After the usual free fight, the offertory alms, says the reporter, "were collected by six of the Choirmen in red bags"! Such is the growth of the seed sown by MR. TOOTH! No wonder the congregation, like the bulls in Spain, get excited, when they see the Choirmen walking about in *red bags!* I certainly think the Bishop should write to MR. DALE. Surely he can be no party to such proceedings?

Yours, A PLAINTIVE PROTESTANT.

NOT WANTED.

WE regret to see by the evening papers that Oysters are up again. The Natives have risen at Tangiers!

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"FIVE O'CLOCK TEA."

Mistress. "I REALLY MUST INQUIRE, TIMMINS, WHY THE TEA COMES UP SO WEAK OF AN AFTERNOON?"

Parlour-Maid. "WELL, IT SHOULD NOT, M'UM! COOK, SHE PUTS IN A SPOONFUL FOR 'ERSELF, A SPOONFUL FOR MYSELF, AND A SPOONFUL FOR THE PARLOUR; AND AS YOU RINGS AS WE FINISHES, I FILLS UP THE TEAPOT MYSELF WITH BILIN' WATER!"

THE STUDIOS.

"ROUND FIRST."

"BEEN round the Studios?" Why, of course. Have not notes of invitation been pouring in by every post?—"Dear old man, give us your opinion."—"*Mon cher vieux*, your judgment is worth thousands. Come, then!"—"Dear *P.*, picture's nearly ready. Do pop in as you pass!"—"Best of wags, come and chaff my canvas next Monday!"—&c., &c., &c. And so on by the dozen.

Of course we are only mortal, and we have been tempted by the voice of the charmer to advance snacks in oils, marble, or terra-cotta, of the banquet to be offered on the first Monday in May to the Art-loving Public.

Mr. Punch publishes his impressions as copied from his note-book the following day, to the best of his belief,—though, by the way, he has no distinct recollection of what day it was on which he made the tour,—but he is certain, if he has made any mistakes in his report, or appears to have got things mixed in any way, that it has nothing to do with the odd nips of Chartreuse, hospitable bumpers of Rœderer, or passing thimblefuls of Imperial Tokay which kind and hospitable artists forced down his unwilling throat with a lavish *bonhomie* altogether irresistible.

"To MILLAIS's new Studio. Extraordinary state. Sumptuous arrangement of apartments. Serving-men in Moyen-Age liveries. Studio 150 by 70 feet. Priceless furniture. Unapproachable tapestries. Treasures of *bric-à-brac*. New pictures. Landscape, '*The Rustling of the Rushes*'—Caledonia with the chill on. 'Rushes bending low' as far as the eye can reach. What a rush there will be to see it! Portrait—life-likeness of a British Beef-Eater. At the present prices of meat how long will there be such a thing left? This old hero might be the last of his race, and is worthy to bring up its rear! (*Chambertin.*)

"Thence to LEIGHTON'S Italian palace. Velvet-skinned *Signorine* in Venetian costumes, and Greek maidens in *pepla*—mustn't say 'ums'—take my hat and coat. A small black page appropriates, temporarily, my umbrella. Ushered into the presence. Entirely absorbed in the grand statue of '*The Acrobat and the Trombone.*' (An officious friend persists in saying it is '*The Athlete and the Serpent.*' We know better.) Models are posing, in the most lovely attitudes, in all corners of the luxurious *atelier*. (*Tokay.*)

"Close by, to VAL PRINSEP'S, to see how the Delhi picture is getting on. The artist has had daily sittings from the crossing-sweeper in St. James's Square and the elephants from SANGER'S, and, with the aid of regular lessons in Hindostanee from PROFESSOR MONIER WILLIAMS, is rapidly getting into his canvas the genuine *couleur locale*. (*Tiffin.*)

"On again, like *Wandering Jew*, to MARCUS STONE'S. *Was it* MARCUS STONE or H. S. MARKS? Well—never mind! Capital picture, whichever it was. '*Getting over the Old Style*' was it? Costume of end of last century, I remember. No—by Jove! That must have been at MISS THOMPSON'S studio—of course—I remember now—'*End of the Last Sentry.*' Expiring in the snow outside of Buckingham Palace. That's it. MARCUS STONE'S picture was '*Burning Shame*,' and MARKS'S '*Old King Cole and his Fiddlers Three.*' Capital Testimonial to the late Director of the South Kensington Museum. Splendid composition. MISS ELIZABETH T. must be making no end of money. Just engaged Butler. '*Heavy Charge*'—Balaclava, not Butler. (*Military port.*)

"Perfect nest of studios. Fulham Avenue full of 'em. Suggestion to Board of Works for change of name. Call in on G. H. WILLS, Author-Artist, or Artist-Author—forget which. Another palace. *Simplex munditiis.* Not much furniture, but, what there is of it, sumptuous. Silks and satins everywhere—one scarcely likes to put one's foot down for fear of treading on things. Grand subject—'*Cooking King Charles the First's Last Chop.*' (*Bitter beer in the native pewter.*)

"After Fulham, Chelsea, of course! Down to WHISTLER'S—'Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad!' Another artistic palace. Superb decorations. Japanese Octopi on a silver ground pervading the dining-room—the arms embracing cornice, and the suckers studding ceiling. Am I here, or in Japan—or China—Chelsea China? Received with open arms, a war-whoop, and a mint-julep. By Jupiter, what a sketch! Beg ten thousand pardons!—what a finished picture! I mean that Fugue in blue-major, with pizzicato background. One delicious tone predominating in thirds through the entire composition. Whichever way the picture is hung, it comes right. It is undeniably a Whistler. (*Saki out of a six-mark jar.*)

"Here, Cabby! To the other Studios. 'Where?' Why, what was the name of the gentleman who painted '*Noah laying in American Beef for the Ark*'? Well, never mind. There's lots of Studios in St. John's Wood. No, not GEORGE LESLIE'S—not yet, nor ARMITAGE'S—Let's see? Go to—— Is it CALDERON'S, LONG'S, or —? 'Tis so! Exactly. Drive to TISSOT'S. More next week. Here, Cabby! 'Which picture did I like the best?' 'Oh! You leave it to me'? Well, here's five shillings. Go round the rest to-morrow—or why should I go to expense of another cab—s'p'ose I stay here, I shall have the rest going round now——"

Chinese Greek Fire.

IN once more reconstructing the British Navy, our Government will probably have to follow the Chinese. The Celestials have begun naval reconstruction at the beginning, and are already masters of the Greek alphabet, or at least its *Alpha*, *Beta*, *Gamma*, and *Delta*, in the shape of as many gun-boats of a better quality, both for fighting and sailing, than any in our own navy. It seems clear that little boats with big guns are to be the fighting ships of the future; and JOHN BULL, if BRITANNIA is still to rule the waves, must get the start of JOHN CHINAMAN, and not let JOHN CHINAMAN learn his letters—especially his Greek letters—before JOHN BULL.

A NEW ROUGHS' GUIDE, and Companion to the Blue Book, the Red Book, or the Upper Ten Thousand (designed to complete the Set). THE BLACK BOOK and POLICE COURT GUIDE, giving a full account of the origin, family history, and achievements of the Lower Twelve Thousand.*

* [The Register of Habitual Criminals in England and Wales for the years 1869 to 1876 has just been printed in the printing works of Her Majesty's prison, Brixton. The ponderous volume is bound in black, and contains the names of 12,164 criminals, with all their aliases.—*Times*, March 7.]

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VERS NONSENSIQUES, À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(*Par* ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUÈRE.)



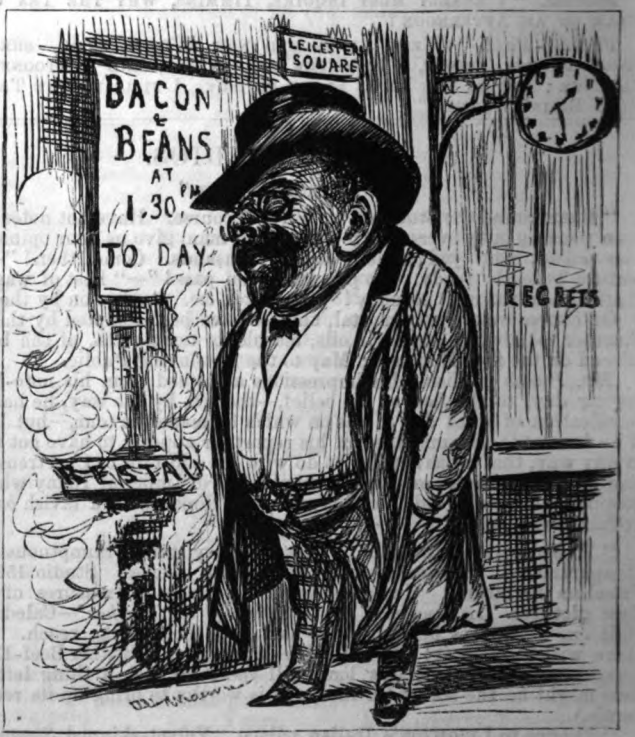
JE voudrais être un beau berger
Qui jouât du cornet à piston,
Répondît au sonore
Et doux nom d'ISIDORE,
Et connût son subjonctif à fond !



À COLOGNE est un maître d'hôtel
Hors du centre du ventre duquel
Se projette une sorte
De tiroir qui supporte
La moutarde. et le poivre, et le sel.



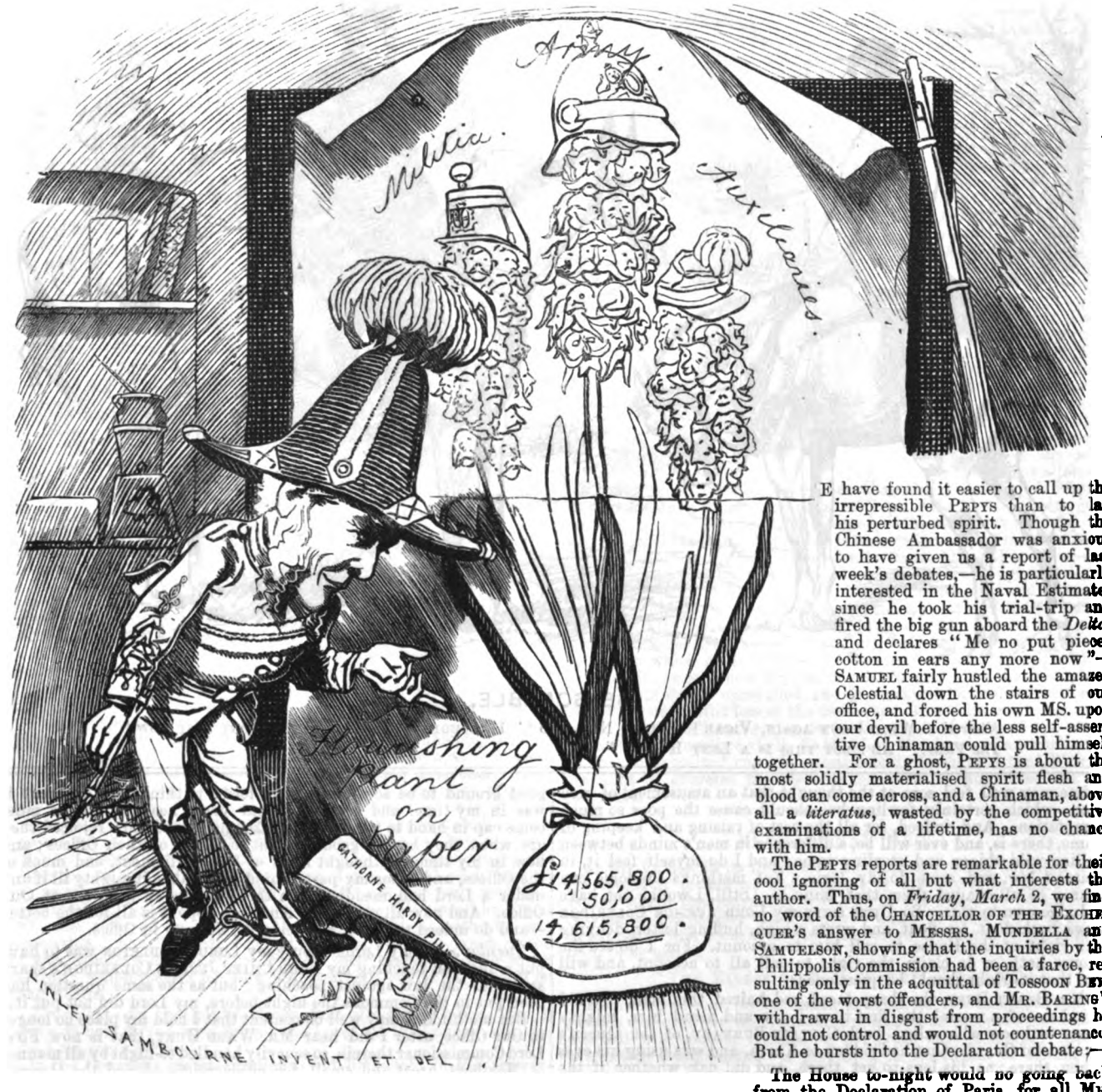
L'EXCELLENT Archevêque de Parme
Soupirait, en versant une larme :
" Que de Liebig l'Extrait
A pour moi de l'attrait !
Que le Bœuf d'Australie a du charme !"



——" O PARFUM ! idéal de mes rêves ! . . .
En vains flots jusqu'à moi tu t'élèves !
Oui, j'ai beau t'aspirer,
Je ne puis digérer
Ni ton lard Plat Divin ni tes fèves ! "

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



WE have found it easier to call up the irrepressible PEPYS than to lay his perturbed spirit. Though the Chinese Ambassador was anxious to have given us a report of last week's debates,—he is particularly interested in the Naval Estimates since he took his trial-trip and fired the big gun aboard the *Delta*, and declares "Me no put piecee cotton in ears any more now"—SAMUEL fairly hustled the amazed Celestial down the stairs of our office, and forced his own MS. upon our devil before the less self-assertive Chinaman could pull himself together. For a ghost, PEPYS is about the most solidly materialised spirit flesh and blood can come across, and a Chinaman, above all a *literatus*, wasted by the competitive examinations of a lifetime, has no chance with him.

The PEPYS reports are remarkable for their cool ignoring of all but what interests the author. Thus, on *Friday*, *March* 2, we find no word of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S answer to MESSRS. MUNDELLA and SAMUELSON, showing that the inquiries by the Philippolis Commission had been a farce, resulting only in the acquittal of TOSSOON BEY, one of the worst offenders, and MR. BARING'S withdrawal in disgust from proceedings he could not control and would not countenance. But he bursts into the Declaration debate;—

The House to-night would no going back from the Declaration of Paris, for all MR. PERCY WYNDHAM spoke mighty smart to show that if free ships were to be permitted to make free goods, England's power on the sea were as good as gone in war time. And methinks it was pretty to hear Ministers, that some can remember loud and lusty in their knocks against your free-traders, fain to hold with them that the less war was allowed to meddle with neutral bottoms the better: and which, indeed, is common sense for us that are oftenest neutral, and great carriers of goods by sea, and please God will long be so. And so I am glad to hear MR. BOURKE, and one so high-stomached on the other side as SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, holding the same discourse; and do see clearly that time opens the eyes even of your stiffest fanatiques, so you give them a reasonable turn of Office, which indeed is a great corrector of your high-flier. And I do take it as settled to-night, by 170 to 56, that free ships shall make free goods henceforth: and no more dispute thereof possible, methinks, to any good purpose,—but indeed I know not if, failing dispute to good purpose, there be not some that must needs have it to no purpose at all.

Monday.—Talk among my Lords, but to no end, over a Bill of my LORD CAMPERDOWN for Election of the Metropolitan Board of Works by Ratepayers instead of Vestries. My Lords did think no good would come thereof to the Board; which, indeed, I know not, nor could learn, but would gladly have the best Board that may conveniently be gotten. But the Bill was negatived without a division.

In the Commons, SIR C. LEGARD, and many country gentlemen at his back, have taken sore amiss a thing said by my LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE, in a poaching case at the Durham Assizes, that he would give no certificate for costs in such cases, for that if gentlemen would make laws to protect the amusements of the rich, the rich must e'en pay for the maintaining of them. Which, I think, though it may be a true thing enough, was scarce a seemly saying for a Judge on the Bench, that should know nothing of law for rich or law for poor, but should look only to the law that he is set there to administer, and the breaking of it that he is bound to punish.

Still, when one thinks of all the crimes that do come of poaching nowadays, one can understand that the Judge who has to punish

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SEASONABLE.

Nimrod. "WHAT! OUT AGAIN, VICAR! FRESH NAG, TOO! I THOUGHT PARSONS DID NOT HUNT JUST NOW!"
The Vicar. "AH! BUT THIS IS A LENT HORSE!"

crime may well feel sore at the thought that an amusement of rich men—which certainly fowling be—should cause the poor so much temptation. And, indeed, for all the cost of raising and keeping of game, there is, and ever will be, a difference in men's minds between killing wild things and stealing tame; and I do myself feel it, in spite of law, and, some do say, logic. Yet methinks the logic can scarce be all against them that think so. Still, I would not have a Judge own to this. So I was sorry my LORD JUSTICE COLERIDGE gave back flout for flout, and wrote a high, huffing letter, denying the right of the House to call him to account. For I do see the House hath, or do claim, the right to call all to account, and will not that its right should be questioned.

MR. GRANT DUFF, the sharp-faced, red-haired, thin man, that did mind me of a weasel the first time I saw and heard him, mighty keen to know who called back CAPTAIN BURNABY, of the Queen's Brigade of Guards, that had ridden to Khiva, and was using his eyes when there, as his legs to get there, and did ask whether if the recall came from our War Office, it came not from Russia, and thence round by the Foreign Office, which MR. HARDY would not answer, and methinks the question a little troubled him. And I do hear that the more it is asked the less it is like to be answered. But I do not think that in the old Protector's time we would have bid back a Captain at the Muscovite's bidding, or any other foreign Prince's.

Then MR. SECRETARY HARDY to moving of his War Estimates. But, lord! to think how little in these days a Minister doth make to ask for nigh upon fifteen millions for one Office, which is three times as much as all the Offices together did cost in my time. Lord grant the money be but well spent. And he mighty pleased that all doth go so well with his Office, and recruits coming in merrily—if somewhat small in stature and young in years,—and doth hope promotion and retirement will soon go on as briskly as recruiting, which I wish may be so, but do find many doubting, especially officers that do wait a promotion or wish for good terms of retirement. They that had abused the War-Office schemes mighty ready and large in apology; above all one MURE, a Colonel, did, as it were, put his head under MR. SECRETARY HARDY'S foot, and ask to be danced on—which, methought, was scarce seemly, though I am glad Mr. Secretary hath good ground to be so cheery: and, lord! to think how different it was in my time, and how now your great heads of Offices must come cap in hand to the House of Commons, and how rejoiced they are when they have a good account to render of their Offices; and how in my time we thought little of the Parliament, and much of the Offices, and I, for my part, would have taken it mighty ill if any under a Lord had meddled with the accounts or business of Our Office. And now all changed. And I do hope it is all for the better—and do indeed think so, not being myself now in Office.

Tuesday.—In my Lords' House my LORD MIDDLETON was to have put a question touching my LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE'S sharp saying of the law against poaching; but as the same question had been put in the Commons the night before, my Lord did not put it.

But methinks I may well be content that I hold my place no longer in Our Office, after I did hear MR. WARD HUNT, that is now First Lord Commissioner therein, so scurvily handled to-night by all manner of Members, great and small, for miscarriages aboard the Queen's ships, whereof all, big or little, at sea or in harbour, be now laid at the door of the Office, or on the back of the First Lord, so that he do seem to stand up in the House, as it were a popinjay for all to shoot at. Yet, indeed, he do bear him bravely enough, and sometimes shot back stoutly. Though methinks there be much nowadays in the ordering of our Fleet that were well otherwise, whereof, as the old saw hath it, "least said soonest mended." But, lord! when I think of Our Office in my time, how we had much ado to lay hold of four or five hundred thousand pound by the year, and these in odd moneys scrabbled up anyhow, and for months together neither cash, nor stores, nor credit, save as we might pledge our own, and all cheating the King that could, and the poor, honest seamen coming crying to us for their money, and lying dying nastily of their wounds and scurvy sores under the Office windows! And now the Office may spend nigh on eleven millions by the year, and have it too, which is more, as they need, and never a day in arrear; and all handsome and the best that money can buy both aboard the ships and in the Yards and the Office, and the Queen's credit as good as the biggest merchant's or goldsmith's in the City, or, indeed, better. And yet for all this I do think Our Office be more girded at,

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and cried out upon now-a-days than it used to be in my time, save only on the head of money, for now all may have their dues, to the day, from the First Lord down, which is brave, and, as it seems to me, strange; only no gifts that I can hear of, and no commissions, at least none openly allowed of; which is worse for them in the Office; so, methinks, with money, or without, it do come to much the same upshot.

But 'tis plain to see that things be not more changed in the matter of money than in all besides about the ordering of the Fleet. For our ships be now more like busy laboratories full of curious engines, than plain pitched oaken hulls worked by honest hempen sails and tarred ropes, like those COMMISSIONER PETT used to build in the Yard at Deptford. And, methinks, for Captains, our ships now-a-days, with their steam as they call it, and their nice engine work, should need rather such virtuosos as used to meet at Gresham House, like SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN and SIR WILLIAM PETTY and other rare mechanique heads of that kidney, than your common tarry-breeched salt-water Captains like LAWSON and SPRAGGE, and the rest that did so maul the Dutch in my time, who, indeed knew but what belonged to sailing and fighting their ships, and there an end. Yet I could not learn that the Office had yet clapped hands on such a virtuoso kind of Captains, but are still fain to be content with the old fighting and sailing sort, which amazes me, and I marvel how they have so changed all else aboard our ships, but yet the officers so little, and the Office not much, save, as I do rejoice to see, in the matter of money, that is now to be had for the asking.

And, perhaps, when the Office do come by officers of the right virtuoso fashion, there will be fewer miscarriages aboard our ships—that be now, methinks, like horses too strong and skittish for their riders. So there may come to be less crying out upon the Office and less shooting at my Lords, and not so much matter for hot talk, such as I heard to-night from Members. And I pray it may soon be so, for of all this fault-finding I do see but little profit to the QUEEN, or the State, or the Ships, or the Office.

Much merriment to-night by reason of MR. SOLICITOR-GENERAL, that hath gone up and down seeking for a seat this long time past, and hath now found one, whereof I am glad, as methinks he should be. And he coming to the table to be sworn before the SPEAKER as is wont, could not find the warrant of his return; and after much rummaging in all his pockets, whereof I think never man had more or fuller, was sore gravelled, till SIR WILLIAM HART DYKE was fain to go back to the new Members' place under the Gallery, where was his hat, and did straight find the return therein, and so MR. SOLICITOR-GENERAL did get to take the oaths at last. But, lord! to see how the House did laugh! Though, indeed, a little thing do divert them.

Wednesday.—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, a great virtuoso and rich, did move his Bill for the Preserving of Ancient Monuments, such as British stones, and mounds, and dykes, that have no beauty to commend them, only curious for antiquity, and now grievously made away with, as indeed I remember many in my time that are now long since carted off, or ploughed up, or broken for roads, or built into walls, or other uses. But, lord! to see how sharp some did speak against the Bill, that it should strike at property; and how my Lord FRANCIS HERVEY, that, methought, should have been wiser, did abuse the ancient Britons, that it amazed me to find such heat on such a matter, only I see your landlords do not like any meddling with the land for never no monuments, yet the Bill passed by 211 to 163, and referred to a Select Committee, which methinks was reasonable. And, indeed, I do in most matters see much reason in the Members of the House, for all their heats and over-much talking; which pleases me, now that wellnigh everything is laid on their hands.

Thursday.—In the Lords' House talk of Cattle Plague, that it seems do now spread sore, for all the Lords of the Council can do; and I am sorry for it.

In the Commons many questions, and little told in the answering them; as, indeed, I do see this is great part of the craft of Ministers now, to answer, and yet say nothing. MR. GRANT DUFF did inquire again of the Captain that was called back from Central Asia to please the Muscovites; but the Secretary for War, as before, did refuse to say wherefore. And methinks this a matter the Office would not have inquired into. So I am sorry they should be vexed with all this questioning of it.

Much talk over a Valuation Bill that I could not understand, nor the House either, methought, save some City and Country Gentlemen, that did talk mighty long and dull, till the Bill was read a Second Time at nigh one o'clock in the morning, and I asleep.

Friday.—I did come to the House to-night expecting to see the Ministers hoised by a petard from their own camp, one MR. READ, an honest, plain countryman, that once held an office, but was too stiff for his place, having a Resolution for the naming of Boards for County Business, part of Magistrates and part to be chosen by Boards of Guardians. But the Government, rather than be beaten by the joining of some of their own with most of the other side, was fain to agree to the Bill, and did it handsomely enough, though it was plain to see the morsel did somewhat stick in some of their gullets.

MASKELYNE AND FEMININE.



IN moving, on the second reading of the Bill for the Removal of the Electoral Disabilities of Women, that it be read this day six months, MR. HANBURY may avail himself of an addition to the stock arguments based on women's natural disabilities. It has already been urged by the opponents of feminine emancipation that women are unfit to vote for Members of Parliament, because, although ladies are generally taught music, there has never yet arisen a first-rate female Composer. The same proof that Woman is inferior to Man might be drawn from the fact, that the world has not yet seen a woman of any note to speak of as a female conjuror. There never arose amongst womankind a match for ROBERT HOUDIN, nor any Witch to mate the Wizard of the North. Yet everybody knows how girls are trained up to practise witchery in their own way. Time was, too, when witches were believed, not only by dolts but divines of the period, to ride on broomsticks; and not long ago a "medium" suitable to a side-saddle was declared by Spiritualists to have been transported three miles, and in through closed doors, or walls, or down a chimney, on to a table. But no such performance of witchcraft was ever publicly exhibited. At MASKELYNE AND COOKE'S *séances* MR. COOKE "floats in the room, taking with him the cabinet in which he is secured." Whatever may have happened in days of old, or may now happen in private circles, on the open platform COOKE stands unrivalled, and MASKELYNE has no competitor of his own gender, still less of the feminine. In public conjuring even male "mediums" never rise to mediocrity, and those of the other sex can hardly conjure at all. So the Hon. Member for Tamworth will be able, if ungallant enough, unanswerably to contend that Women are unfit to exercise the elective franchise because they are no conjurors.

NEWER THAN NEW.

As the Public, in its thirst for information, is being supplied with the topics of to-morrow and a digest of the day after, there is no saying where the journalist will stop in his desire to assuage the craving of the literary customer, who wants to know what is going to happen. *Mr. Punch* proposes therefore the issue of a publication, to be called

"THE MIDDLE OF NEXT WEEK." (*Price 6d.*)

The first Number (to be issued as soon as the enormous steam-presses required for the colossal circulation in prospect have been erected) will contain leaders on the great anti-IGNATIEFF speech that LORD BEACONSFIELD is preparing in the House of Lords; on Political and Military Reforms in Turkey; and on MR. CHAPLIN'S heavy counter, when he gets a chance of giving it to MR. GLADSTONE in the House of Commons. These will be followed by a sporting leader on the merits of the winning boat in the Oxford and Cambridge Race, with details of the race, and account of the accident that is sure to come to MR. SMASHAWAY'S steam-launch, and the block thus occasioned on the river opposite the Limes at Mortlake. Several pages, under the heading "*On Dira*," will contain satirical repartees in contemplation by political Leaders, and witticisms about to be perpetrated by diners-out, burlesque writers, and popular journalists.

In fact that most attractive of all virtues in literary or artistic work, the *imprévu*, will season everything, and secure, it is confidently anticipated, for the new publication a circulation larger than the largest circulation in the world, so extensively proclaimed on the hoardings.

Only Sixpence, and on goes the Donkey into *The Middle of Next Week!*

A CONTRADICTION IN (AMERICAN) TERMS.—Fog clears up, now that HAYES settles down.

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LEVELLING TENDENCY OF MODERN DRESS.

Old Gentleman (shocked beyond description) to Verger. "DON'T YOU THINK THOSE YOUTHS HAD BETTER BE TOLD TO TAKE THEIR HATS OFF?"

Verger. "TAKE THEIR 'ATS OFF! BLESS YOU, SIR, THOSE ARE THE *DEAN'S* YOUNG LADIES!"

THE NEW MESSMATES.

(A Squabble well settled.)

"Iron-clad ships differed from the old ships which composed the Navy in almost every particular. . . . He did mean to assert that not sufficient money was expended in employing proper Engineer Officers to look after the machinery of our ships. . . . He contended that the present system of officering our ships did not reflect the altered condition of the times in which we were living."—MR. REED *in the Debate on Admiralty Administration.*

Vulcan. NEPTUNE, old man, you're *passé*. Best retire!
And trust *me* to blow up our naval fire.
Ask REED!
Neptune. As well ask PAN. A man will blow
His private pipe, although 'tis cracked.
Vulcan. Oho!
Your boatswain's pipe, old boy, is out of tune——
Neptune. Shall a land-lubber my command impugn?
Vulcan. We want no Argos now! That style of barque
Is as much out of date as Noah's Ark.
I build ships now.
Neptune. And sink 'em!
Vulcan. No, not I,
But your old dockyard mates, laid high and dry.
Nay, you may puff, old man, till all is blue,
Iron-clads are too much for them, and you.
Neptune. I've room for all the pots you choose to sink;
But they make ugly corpses, and I think
You might as well blow up the things yourself,
And not crowd out my Nereids.
Vulcan. There's the shelt:
Resign your empire to more skilful hand,
And find some other realm for your command.
Neptune. Never! You've marred the earth, leave me the main.
Vulcan. You 'll find, old salt, your stubbornness is vain.
Iron and Steam are uppermost, that's clear;
Earth's first lieutenant is the Engineer.
Neptune. No, not first—last! Belay! Or say we share
Command quite large enough to task the pair?
Vulcan. Well, here's BRITANNIA. Let's both state our case,
And have it out before her face to face.
Neptune. Aye—aye—boy—Heave ahead—
Vulcan (to Britannia). Hem! Things at sea
Aren't going pleasantly.
Britannia. No, not for me.
Vulcan. Nor won't till with your ships your ratings square:
Old NEP'S boys have till now had lion's share
Of pay, rank, prize-money.
Neptune. Come, stow your noise!
Vulcan. The time has come that I and *my* brave boys.
Should have *our* turn. You see his blood has cooled,
Since NELSON'S Hearts of Oak the ocean ruled.
Britannia. My pockets tell me that.
Vulcan. His Naval Nobs
Set my young engineers the stiffest jobs;
And each new problem, each perplexing riddle,
Leads them a dance, to tune of second fiddle.
Yet NEPTUNE and his Admiralty Masters,
At my and their door lay their late disasters.
'Taint fair! *Prestige*, pay, power his fellows hold,
While mine are snubbed and left out in the cold;
Till in hot water his chaps splash about,
And then mine are called in to get 'em out.
Neptune. At reeling jaw out, short of *you* I come,—
But there 's no need for slack. You know *me*, Mum.
Britannia. I do, dear NEP, and don't intend to sack
So old and tried a servant.
Neptune (triumphantly). Keep that tack!
Britannia. But NEP, old salt, although you 're brave as blunt,
And love yard-arm to yard-arm, like WARD HUNT.

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SALTS AND STOKERS.

VULCAN (*Chief Engineer*). "YES, MA'AM, THINGS *DO* LOOK BAD, AND WON'T BE BETTER TILL YOU MAKE A CHANGE IN YOUR OFFICERING! IT 'S BEEN CAPTAIN NEP'S BOYS TILL NOW—IT MUST BE *BOTH* OUR BOYS IN FUTURE!!"

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Your case, like his, is shaky in the joints,
And Fate, like REED, will hit the weakest points.
Let VULCAN replate these. Things *do* look queer
Aboard my ships. We need the Engineer.
Vulcan (*triumphantly*). Didn't I say so?
Britannia (*pointing to* NEPTUNE). Yes—as we need *him*.
BRITANNIA'S Navy must both fight and swim.
Well manned, well handled, 'twill stand war and weather;
For this I want you both to *pull together*.
So shake hands, NEP, with your new mate! No sulks!
There 's work for both aboard my iron hulks.
Let future fair make unfair past amends,
And you may yet turn out the best of friends!
[*Exeunt* NEPTUNE *and* VULCAN *arm-in-arm*.

FREE AS AIR; OR, "BRITONS NEVER," &c., &c.



THE *Experiences of a British Official on Leave.*

PARIS, *Monday*

Arrived in this city, and made up my mind to look into the monetary matters of the country. Went to leave my card at the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères. On my return to my hotel found a telegram awaiting me from the Treasury, ordering me not on any account to inquire into French finance, for fear of wounding the susceptibilities of the Government of MARSHAL MACMAHON.

BERLIN, *Tuesday* (*a week later*).

Arrived here, with the intention of informing myself as to the organisation, administration, and working of the German military system; left my card with COUNT VON MOLTKE. On my return to my hotel found a telegram awaiting me from the War-Office, desiring me on no account to go within five miles of a German fort, garrison town, or barracks, or to hold any conversation with a soldier, for fear of irritating the susceptibilities of PRINCE VON BISMARCK.

VIENNA, *Thursday* (*a week later*).

Arrived here and arranged with our second Secretary of Legation to examine the returns of the local manufactures, which are said to be rapidly advancing. On my return to my hotel found a telegram from the Board of Trade, forbidding me to make any inquiries bearing on Austrian Commerce, in consideration of the natural jealousy of British enterprise on the part of the authorities at Vienna.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *Friday* (*a week later*).

Being detained here by stormy weather, thought I might as well employ myself in finding out what I could about the position of the Government Loans and the British Bondholder; walked to our Embassy to ask the help of one of their dragomans. On my return to my hotel found a telegram from the Foreign Office ordering me to leave Turkish money matters alone.

ALGERIA, *Saturday* (*a week later*).

Arrived here, and started to deliver some letters of introduction likely to forward my object of observing the practical working of the French system of colonisation. On my return to my hotel found a telegram from the Colonial Office desiring me to do nothing of the sort.

ROME, *Sunday* (*a week later*).

Arrived here in hopes to improve the opportunity by looking into the position of affairs between the KING and the POPE. Called to leave card on the new English Cardinal, an old acquaintance. On my return to my hotel, found a rather curt, and anything but dignified, telegram from the Privy Council Office, begging me not to poke my nose into ecclesiastical questions, which no lay mind was qualified to understand.

EGYPT, *Monday* (*a week later*).

Arrived here, and proposed testing the feeling of the people *à propos* of the newly-appointed English officials and our acquisition of the Suez Canal shares. On my return to my hotel, found a telegram from the India Office, ordering me to be off at once.

NIKOLAIEF, *Tuesday*, 2 P.M.

Arrived here, and determined to make a few inquiries about the Russian Fleet.

Tuesday, 2·10 P.M.

Received telegram from the Admiralty and all the other Offices—"Consider yourself under arrest, and come home immediately." End of my holiday.

PUNCH IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

To an epitome of the preliminary report of the Arctic Committee, lately transmitted to the First Lord of the Admiralty, the *Sanitary Record* appends the observation that—

"It will be seen that the whole result of the inquiry may be summed up tersely in the words of SURGEON COLAN, that in any future sledge expeditions if anything has to be left behind, it should be the rum and not the lime-juice. It was this conviction which led us in the first instance to challenge the course pursued by CAPTAIN NARES in sending the rum and leaving out the lime-juice, and we can but rejoice, in the interests of the Service, that this inquiry has resulted in so unanimous and so complete a confirmation of that view."

It may be said that lime-juice is no more a preventive of scurvy than vaccination of smallpox; and some may say this, not believing that smallpox is preventible by vaccination. CAPTAIN NARES, however, is not one of these fools. He "decided not to send lime-juice on the sledging parties on account of the difficulty of carrying and melting it," and would on any future sledge expedition "certainly so modify the arrangements as to admit of sending lime-juice." To be sure, and one obvious way of modifying the arrangements for that purpose would be to send the lime-juice in combination with the rum. Add a due portion of sugar. Everybody knows how to name the liquid which those ingredients would form, and were it to congeal, what would it then be but iced punch? A compound universally celebrated as a remedy for "the gout, the colic and the phthisic" would doubtless be found most effectually antiscorbutic. DR. COLAN may be quite right in saying that, if anything has to be left behind by Arctic explorers, it should be the rum and not the lime-juice; but by far the preferable plan would surely be to leave neither behind, but to take both, by the simple expedient of mixing them together. This would have the further advantage of ensuring the sure and ready swallowing of the specific for scurvy. Sailors are prone to shirk lime-juice pure and simple, but there is little fear that JACK would ever decline the acid in union with the other elements of the abovenamed mixture.

HUNT ON HOLES.

IF the First Lord of the Admiralty knew or minded his SHAKSPEARE as he ought, he would not perhaps have answered the allegation that the *Vanguard* sank because there were holes in her bulkhead, by the excuse that "they were very small holes." Had he read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested the divine WILLIAMS, he might have learned that as a little hole will as effectually do for a man as a great hole, if only the little one is sufficiently large, so will it serve as effectually to sink a man-of-war. A rapier thrust had made a little hole in the chest of *Mercutio*. Let MR. WARD HUNT perpend *Mercutio's* answer to his friend *Romeo's* suggestion that "the hurt cannot be much":—

"*Mercutio.* No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough—'twill serve; ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world."

Our Minister seems to have needed to be taught that the little hole in a man's side that will let out the life has its counterpart in the little hole in the side of an ironclad which is big enough to let in the water, albeit "only a little one." But perhaps he will evermore bear this point in mind hereafter in dealing with the appointment of Officers such as those by whose arrangements, although they may have been "not absolute idiots," the *Vanguard*, in consequence of some of those little holes being left open in her bulkhead, went to the bottom.

Definition for Diplomats.

TREATY. An International Agreement between two or more Powers, which each and all of the contracting parties will punctually fulfil, when the time comes for doing so, unless they find that the safest and most advantageous course is to back out of it, in which case they are free to back accordingly.

DEATH IN THE MILK-PAIL.—*Le Crime de la Crême.*

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OUR NOVEL SERIES.

ALL IN THE DOWNS.

OR, THE BOTTOMRY BOND!

A NAUTICAL NOVEL, BY

S. PL-MS-LL M.P.

CHAP. V.—*The Able-bodied Seamen depart in a Coffin-rigged Vessel.*

AND how many hands are aboard the *Albert Ross*, think you?

Only nine; and the Captain is but seventeen years old. This is economy on the part of the owners. But, alas! the *Albert Ross* will suffer as other vessels have suffered, and, as my friend MR. WH-L-L-Y, of Peterborough, would say the Roman Catholics in England suffer, from a long course of Under-Manning. But that is *his* joke, not mine; and he is earnest about *his* work, as I am about mine. So heave ahead! and let me pitch the next line overboard.

The Stevedore held the policy for £500,000 in his pocket. The Junior Warden joined him, and grasped his hand. *They*, the Owners, were safe. If only WILLIAM TAILLEUR, DON JOSÉ's rival in the affections of MARY MAYBUD, would but come out of gaol and embark on board the Bad Ship *Albert Ross!*

The Junior Warden had other matters on his mind which no less concerned the Stevedore. It was to his, the Warden's, interest, and for their joint safety, that MARY should be the Stevedore's bride. Thus their interests, like their capital, were identical.

The moon slowly rose, and cast a dull light on the scene.

"We understand one another?" asked the Stevedore of his companion, in a hoarse whisper.

"Ay, ay!" replied the other, in the same tone.

"Who are on board?"

"The Skipper, the ship's husband, with the first and second Mates, the Purser (who pays out), the Scuttler (who looks after the coals), and the third Mate with five hands."

"A useful person this last."

"Very handy. But we have been one too many for him."

"Is the fate of the ship assured?"

"Yes, assured as you know—insured. The ship is overloaded. Its load-line is painted high up over a false level."

"Who did that?" asked the Stevedore, anxiously.

"The painter, of course."

"But he will split," returned the Stevedore.

"The Ship's Painter split!" replied the other, disdainfully. "Not he! He is overboard by this time!" and the ruffian laughed heartily.

Could such a scoundrel be really the father of MARY MAYBUD? If so, how was it that his name was GROGBLOSSOM?* We shall see.

"I understand" said the Stevedore, darkly frowning. "The grain will be overpacked; on the voyage it will swell, it will gradually burst the sacks, distend itself upwards, force the seams of the boards——"

"Which are only secured with sham bolts," interposed the Warden.

"Ay, ay—devils all—and then the masts will go overboard, and *the ship, if once filled with water in every part, with all hands must sink to the bottom.*"†

"Then she is certain to go to the bottom?" asked the Warden.

"Sure!" replied the Stevedore.



"Since that is the case, you will at once sign the bond which binds us together to the deed, by which you undertake that the ship shall go to the bottom within a certain time." And so saying he produced a parchment.

This parchment, with its seals and Government stamps, is called a "Bottomry Bond." *The drawer of such a bond undertakes that the ship in his possession shall go to Davy Jones's Locker within a specified period.*

These Bottomry Bonds are drawn only by the Wardens of Sink Ports. It is one of the old feudal privileges yet remaining to them. I trust before long to see this iniquitous system abolished.‡

"Just so. But hark!" and the Junior Warden lifted up his hand to arrest the Stevedore's attention.

A shrill whistle.

The Bo'sen's call to summon all hands aboard.

And WILLIAM? What of him?

There are other Devils besides sham ship's bolts,§ and these seemed to mix themselves up in the Stevedore's affairs, for at that moment WILLIAM TAILLEUR, released from prison, stepped from the Quay on to the deck of the *Albert Ross*.

The word was given to weigh anchor.

The answer, of course, was that it weighed exactly a hundred tons.

The reply to *this* (from the Captain) was rude in the extreme.

* We have already asked this question.—ED.

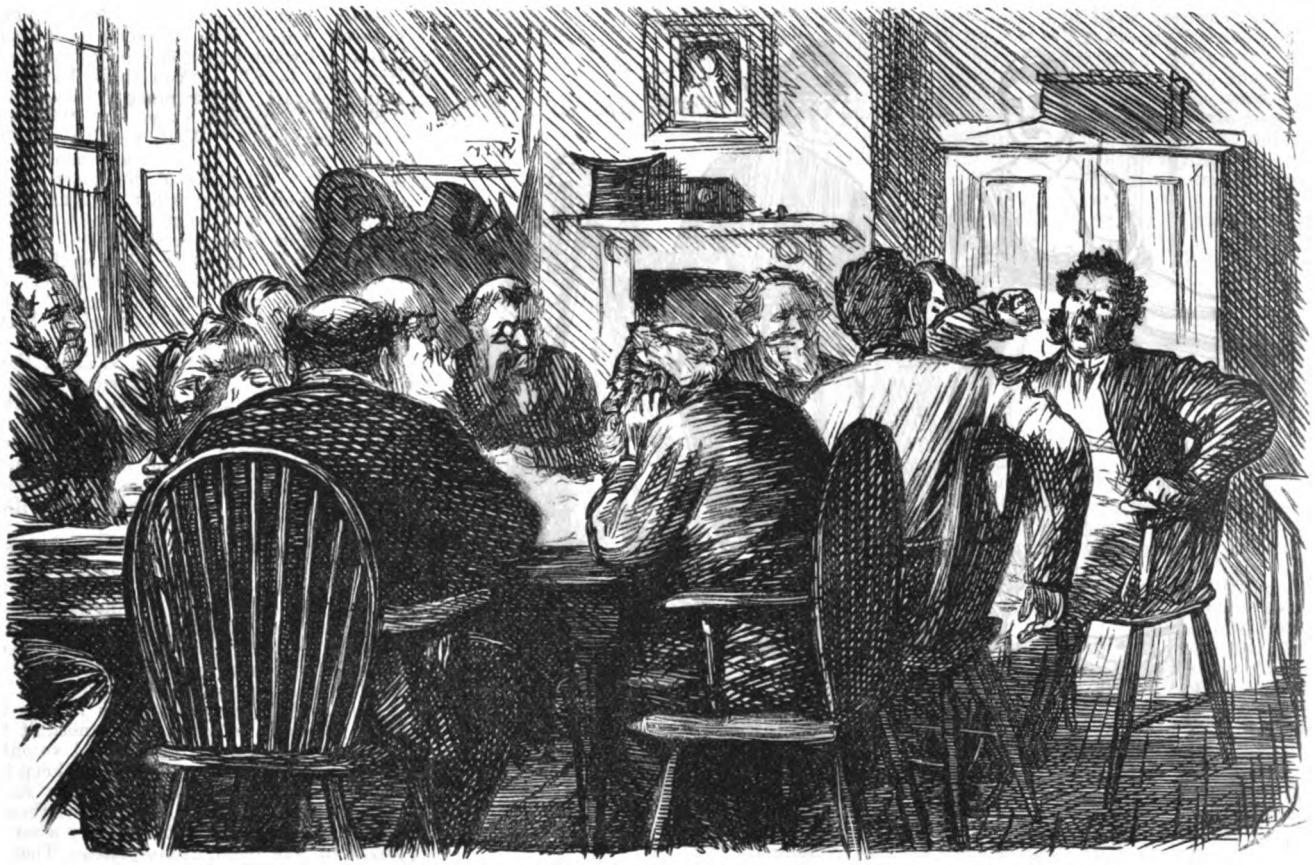
† Fact.—S. P.

‡ So do we. But surely this isn't the real meaning of a Bottomry Bond? We are not Maritime Lawyers, but we certainly think there *must* be some error. To this effect we have written to the learned and enthusiastic Author.—ED.

Answer from the Learned and Enthusiastic.—Founded on fact. Sounds all right,—I mean it sounds all wrong.—Yours, S. P.

§ I wouldn't have believed this statement if I hadn't seen it myself, but it's a fact for which I can vouch, *vide* my pamphlet under the head of Defective Construction. When a ship's timbers are held together by only plumbago or black-lead pencil bolts, called Devils (for the same reason that a junior barrister is so termed when he's doing the work of a senior), if she doesn't go down the very deuce is in it!—S. P., M.P.

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FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW.

SCENE—*British Jury Room. All agreed on their Verdict except—*

Irish Juryman (who holds out). "AH, THIN, ILIV'N MORE OBSTINIT' MEN I NIVIR MET IN ALL ME LOIFE!!"

So the bad ship *Albert Ross* left her moorings, and slowly sailed out of the Harbour.

A boy said to another boy, as she passed along, "My eye!"

A policeman observed to another policeman, "By Jingo!"

The harbour-master sighed heavily, and went in to supper.

A mild, near-sighted gentleman exclaimed, "Dear me!"

Two workmen observed to one another, "Darned if they wouldn't rather do nothing for forty shillings a week on shore than work without wages on board that there ship for a month."

Amid such Cassandra-like predictions of woe, the *Albert Ross* was steaming out of Newport-Pagnell, with WILLIAM TAILLEUR aboard, when a lithesome figure, in the costume of a Middy, sprang from the pier-head and alighted safely on the vessel.

The Stevedore on shore, with a glass in his wicked eye, alone recognised the person.

"*Per jingōs!*" exclaimed the Spaniard. "It is MARY MAYBUD!"

It was she indeed—in disguise.

And it was too late to stop the bad coffin-ship *Albert Ross*, with its deadly shrouds and false load-line, on its outward-bound course to the Bottom of the Deep, Dead Sea.

(*To be continued.*)

"Keeping Watch o'er the Life of Poor Jack."

THE brig *No Name*, from Liverpool to Africa, "laden with coals, gunpowder (very badly stowed), and paraffin oil, made a good deal of water,"—clearly the wisest course under the circumstances,—and her crew refused to proceed—also wisely.

A member of the Government, in an after-dinner speech, said that "no idea was likely to enter the head of any responsible adviser of HER MAJESTY whereby a single button of our sailors' jackets would be placed in jeopardy from any matters arising out of the internal administration of the Turkish Empire."

Comparing these two announcements, JACK will be likely to exclaim, "Dash my *buttons*—but don't blow me up."

OUT OF REASON INTO RHYME.

(*A Hatcham Bull.*)

DEAR CROOM and dear PLIMPTON, all thanks for your letter.
Go on as you're doing; you couldn't do better.
Just put that schismatical ass in a fix
Who wants to score honours by trumping our tricks.
The half-hearted scoundrel, the mealy-mouthed dog!
Give *me* a down-righter who goes the whole hog:
I must own some respect for a knock-me-down ranter;
Trot and gallop I like, but I can't stand a canter!
The notion of standing, while all the rest sit,
Was simply delicious: I thought I should split,
When I heard how you balked him, and bothered, and worried;
No wonder, I'm sure, the poor creature was flurried.
But the row t'other day went a leetle too far;
If you try *voies de fait* there's a danger you'll mar
A sweet little plan—which were nipped in the bud
If you gave the foe notice, or stirred up my Lud.
At present, you see, I am forced to be dumb:
The Doctors forbid all excitement—so mum!
But bide we our time, and some sunshiny morning
Without giving DALE and his myrmidons warning
We'll break in, as they broke—fair reprisals, you know—
If they use the jemmy, why not we the crow?
Once in, we're the masters; we'll lead 'em a dance,
Make each hair stand on end in the wig of PENZANCE.
Good-bye, dear Churchwardens; we fight for the truth.
Get the fallals in order. Yours ever A. TOOTH.

ROYAL RESIDENCE NEW CHRISTENED

THE QUEEN has invited *Uncle Tom* (REV. J. HENSON) to visit her Windsor Castle is, in future, to be called *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

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FASHIONS FOR THE KITCHEN.

Cook. "LOR', JANE, I WOULDN'T BE BOTHERED WITH THEM 'TRAINS' EVERY DAY! I ONLY WEARS MINE ON SUNDAYS!"

Jane. "THAT MAY DO FOR *YOU*, COOK; BUT FOR MY PART I LIKES TO BE A LADY WEEK-DAYS AS *WELL* AS SUNDAYS!"

BUTCHERS IN ARMS.

SCENE—*Bond Street.* BROWN, *Bond Street butcher, discovered with* JONES, *Bayswater butcher. To them enter* ROBINSON, *Bermondsey butcher.*

Robinson. How are you both? You look down in the mouth.

Brown. We are, and reason good, old man. Have you seen *Punch!* (*Producing last week's number*). Look at that!

Robinson. Bos Americanus? I know that "boss" is an American word, and means "'ead," and our friend in the air seems to have got it from the bull's 'orns. Why, gracious! if it ain't an 'it at us! A drop of something short, or I shall faint!

Brown. My dear fellow, I cannot be seen going into a common pub.!

Jones. Nor I. The days are passed when our fathers used to frequent public-houses of a night, and smoke clay pipes, and drink beer. We have our Clubs. Let us go to mine—"The J'int."

Brown. Or mine—the "'Igh Figure." This way! [*They enter the "High Figure."*

Jones. A bottle of "cham." I suppose? Sweet, or dry?

Robinson. I hear the nobs always drink dry.

Jones. Then dry for me.

Brown. Waiter! Bottle of dry champagne.

Waiter. Yes, Sir. Perry Jewit or 'Eidzic?

Jones. Oh, the dearest, I say.

Waiter. Yes, Sir.

Jones. Why give it a name? What's the odds of names! A chap's safe with the dearest—or should be.

Brown. So one should—and with meat, too, as well as drink!

Robinson and Jones. Ha! ha! [*They drink.*

Brown. Now, what is to be done about this here American meat? We must unite! Eh JONES?

Jones. Long life to the American meat! say I. Here's its jolly good health!

Brown. What, are you mad!

Jones. Ha! ha! Not a bit of it! My customers is mostly what they call the middlin' classes, and doosid middlin' they are too, some of 'em. Well, they don't like to ask for cheap stuff, so I lets 'em have it without askin'.

Brown and Robinson. Shame!

Jones. Just you wait a bit. MRS. SWELLINGTON comes into the shop and says, "JONES, I want a nice sirloin of beef, real Highland beef." "You shall have it, Mum," says I. "'Ow much?" says she. "Shillin' a pound," says I. "That's dear!" says she. "Well, it ain't my fault, Mum," says I. "I don't make any profit on it. It's all along o' the dearness of coals." Well, she gits her jint, and she pays me a shillin' a pound.

Brown and Robinson. Well?

Jones. So it is well—jolly well—considerin' that I was a-sellin' her American beef all the time and a-chargin' her English prices. So here's American beef, *I* say!

Robinson. And ditto to JONES, *I* say. Now here's my game:—"American meat? Lor' bless you," says I, "you won't like it when you get it; but, if you will 'ave it, you must. 'Ere you are, the very best, nine-pence a pound." And next day back they comes, and tell me they don't like it, and sticks to English, in future, like Englishmen.

Brown (*to Robinson*). Our friend JONES's experience is different from yours, you see.

Robinson. No it ain't. He sells 'em American beef for English at English prices, and I sells 'em English beef—such as it is—for American, at American prices. There's beef and beef—ain't there?—English or American.

Brown. All very well for you fellows in the unaristocratic quarters. I needn't to come any low game of that sort. I've only to say to my customers, "I don't keep it. Bond Street is not the place for such things," and they look ashamed of themselves for asking after it, and take what I choose to give them, at *my* prices. That's your style!

Jones. Ah! that's *your* style; but it ain't ours, worse luck.

Robinson. 'Owever, that's neither here nor there—the pint is, how are we to silence all this nasty cry agin the butchers—

Jones. And how to muzzle *Punch?*

Apparition of Punch rises.

Apparition. Listen to me! I will tell you how to do both. You will all have to sell this American meat, or else reduce your prices for English. Your customers are tired of you. You, BROWN, will in future supply the DUKE OF FIVE STARS with the meat he asks for, irrespective of nationality. You, JONES, will sell American meat by American names as well as for American prices. As for you, ROBINSON, twelve months' hard labour would do you good, as well as those who supply you. Reform your practices, and reduce your prices, or it will be the worse for you."

[*Apparition disappears.*

Butchers. Worse than reducing prices! By George, that *would* be a bad business!

[*Exeunt butchers, jointly and severally, in deep thought.*

Faith and Functions.

A LADY'S-MAID WANTED in the Country. She must dress hair well and make dresses well, get up collars and cuffs. *Must be a Protestant, and call Mrs. S—— at half-past 6 o'clock.* Wages £20, and 1*s.* 6*d.* for washing. Address, &c.

The Advertiser must be related to the Lady who recorded of MRS. JONES, in her epitaph, that "she played on the harpsichord, and painted in water-colours; and of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

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"CE QUE FEMME VEUT."



TEMPLE BAR gives us an article on "The Excessive Influence of Women." *Punch* offers the Author the following "*casus omissi*" of this influence:—

MR. HAUGHTY HENPECK was heard to tell his friend FITZ-GEORGE that the O'MILLIONS were "snobs," and that he would not set foot in their house again. MR. HENPECK subsequently had an interview with his wife, when they accepted an invitation to dine with the O'MILLIONS on the following Thursday.

MR. JACK GOLIGHTLY was lamenting the folly of those of his friends who, after marriage, gave up their Club and even their smoke. Since JACK married MISS TAME-TYGER he has neither been seen in his Club nor with a cigar in his mouth.

MR. WILBERFORCE FUNKIT said his mother-in-law should never set foot in the house again. Two days after, his wife's mother arrived, tied a white glove on the knocker, and put WILBERFORCE to sleep in a closet under the stairs.

MR. PATERNOSTER ROW said he would publish no more rubbish written by women. A new three-volume novel by his wife is, however, on his list of forthcoming works.

MR. CHARLIE HAWKER asserted that the Boat Race was all rot, and that he would go to it no more. After calling on MISS FLORRY BRIGHTWIN he was heard to order a barouche for the morning of the 24th inst.

MR. GRINDER GRUMPY, after stating that his wife should spend no more in frippery *this* month, inadvertently took a walk with MRS. G. G. down Regent Street. In half an hour he had spent thirty shillings on a bonnet, and thirty guineas on a fur cloak.

Mr. Punch, who had been reading various new periodicals, was heard to say that he didn't know what women were coming to in these days; but, coming home from an evening party, he went to bed with visions of many fair forms, and was heard to mutter in his sleep that the dear creatures were as good and beautiful as ever

THE PROMOTER OF THE FUTURE.

(*An Ideal Idyl.*)

TIME—*After the Judgments in the Lisbon Tramways, and the Sombrero Phosphate Company.*

SCENE—*The Sanctum of* MR. GOLDEN GREATHEART, *the eminent Promoter. Plain office-furniture, with comfortable easy chairs for Visitors. Near a desk a wooden stool. Tracts, the "Sunday at Home" and "The Leisure Hour," on a side-table. Portraits of well-known Philanthropists and views of the Peabody mansions hanging from the walls.* JOHN *and* MARY (*Servants*) *putting the place to-rights.*

John. How good our Master is, MARY! It is a pleasure to serve him.

Mary. Indeed it is, JOHN. When I am in his presence I feel as if I were in church. His refining influence has turned us from "h"-dropping menials into Gentlemen and Lady Helps.

John. Hush!—he is here!

[*Enter* MR. GREATHEART, *to soft religious music. The Servants kneel to receive their Master's blessing, and then exeunt.*

Mr. Greatheart. How pleasant it is to be so respected and so loved! And yet I but obey the law. By the judgments in the cases of the Lisbon Tramways and the Sombrero Phosphate Company the relation of Promoter to purchaser of shares is shown to be the same as that of Solicitor to client, Guardian to ward, and Spiritual Adviser to penitent! Happy privilege to advise men for their good, to spend my fleeting wealth for the benefit of my fellow-creatures! Ah, Charity—virtue of virtues!—how my heart yearns towards thee! (*Enter* JOHN.) Well, my good friend, what do you want with me?

John. Dear Master, a young gentleman wishes to see you—on business, he says.

Mr. Greatheart. Bid him enter, my good JOHN. All honest men are welcome here. But, stay! The Lunar Exploration Company, into which I advised you to put your savings, is about to be wound up.

John (*dismayed*). Then I shall lose twenty-seven pounds eight shillings and ninepence-halfpenny!

Mr. Greatheart. Not so! I, as Promoter, have returned the purchase-money with 5 per cent. interest—this last as a bonus. All the loss will be mine: a trifle—some hundred thousand pounds!

John (*struggling with his emotion*). My dear, dear Master, how can I sufficiently show my gratitude?

Mr. Greatheart. By keeping my conduct a secret. You owe me no gratitude—I do but obey the law. And now show in the visitor.

[*Exit* JOHN, *and re-enter, ushering in* ALFRED KNEEDY.

Alfred. I trust you will pardon this intrusion, Sir—I am but a poor man.

Mr. Greatheart. And, as such, the more welcome. In this room many fortunes have been made, and many have been lost—(*aside, with a slight sigh*)—but all my own. (*Aloud.*) My excellent JOHN, you can leave us. (JOHN *kneels, receives blessing, and exit.*) And now, my friend, what can I do for you? But first take that easy chair—this wooden stool will do for me. [*They seat themselves.*

Alfred. Honesty is the best policy, Sir. I will be bold, and speak my mind. I come to ask you to promote the Patent Potato-Leaf Gunpowder-Tea Company.

Mr. Greatheart. Do you know, young Sir, that, were I to consent to your request, I might have to sink in that enterprise the remainder of a fortune already greatly compromised by recent failures?

Alfred. I said I would be frank, Sir: I do know this.

Mr. Greatheart. And yet you ask me! Ah, then, you must have some good reason for this strange request. Do you know that, as an invention yet untried, Potato-Leaf Gunpowder-Tea may prove a failure?

Alfred. I have carefully considered the risks, and I admit such a result is not improbable.

Mr. Greatheart. And yet, knowing all this, you ask me to promote the venture. Pardon my curiosity, but do you mind telling me why you urge me thus to risk my all in this perilous venture?

Alfred. I said I would be frank. I am to be the Manager of the Company at £1000 a year, payable quarterly in advance. Thus, if by your aid the Company can be floated, if but for three months, I shall be in receipt of £250.

Mr. Greatheart. An excellent reason; and I would consent at once, had I not a daughter. I must provide for her.

Alfred. Not so, as I will marry her. Ring for her. I know I shall love her at first sight, and that my affection will be returned.

Mr. Greatheart (*opening the door and calling*). MARY! (*Enter* MARY.) This young man wishes to marry you. He says he will love you—that you will love him.

Alfred. I repeat what I said. I do love her already.

Mary (*after taking a long look at* ALFRED, *rests her head upon his shoulder, and bursts into tears*). My own at last! I see you now for the first time, and yet I murmur, once again—my own at last!

Mr. Greatheart (*who has written out a cheque for* £200,000). Bless you, my children! (*Touches bell. Enter* JOHN.) Take this cheque to the Bank of England, and with it open the account of the Potato-Leaf Gunpowder-Tea Company, promoted by GOLDEN GREATHEART—Directorate to be shortly advertised. (JOHN *kneels, receives blessing, and exit.*) And now, ALFRED, in your hands rests so much of my future, and all of my child's. But whatever comes of our joint ventures, I trust still to retain those proudest titles that a man can hold—of Disinterested Promoter and Munificent Millionnaire!

Tableau, soft religious music, and Curtain.

Anagram.

(*On a famous but delicate-throated Singer.*)

THE audience in rapt impatience sits;
Comes an excuse, and disappointment hisses.
Strange that "SIMS REEVES," whose singing ever hits,
By a mere shift of letters, "ever misses."

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, *March* 12.—My LORD CHANCELLOR (reports the pertinacious Ghost of PEPYS), mighty busy with my Lords mending two holes in the Law relating to Land, which it do amaze me should have been left unmended so long. One, that if I die and leave my land to one son and my money to another, and the land be under mortgage, he that hath the land may take his brother's money to pay off his mortgage, which law one may clearly see to have been made by those that had the land; and the other, that if one leave me an estate for life (which I would any had done, but none ever did, only handsome gifts, thank Heaven, in money, and plate, and jewels) with remainder to him of my cousin ROGER'S sons who should first reach twenty-one, and I had died before any of ROGER'S sons came to that age—as indeed none ever did live to manhood—then the remainder, as the lawyers do call it, would be void, and the land go to the heir-at-law, against the intent and wish alike of the testator, and me, and ROGER, that had all meant to keep the land in one line; which now is to be changed, and methinks should be.

My LORD DORCHESTER did very briskly question my LORD DERBY again to-night of that travelling Captain that the Foreign Office and the War Office between them had back with a cesserara from Khiva the other day, to please the Muscovite as all do say and think, though my LORD DERBY will not have it so, but do now talk grave of the dangers to the Captain from the Tartars, and how he should perchance be taken for an agent of our Government. But methinks it had been sufficient for our Government to deny this, without calling this stout Captain home, that had gone so far and at such cost of money and sore bones. And now I do hear that the same Captain hath ridden through Asia Minor, as far as the city of Erzeroum, where the Muscovite do border on the Turk. And I do wonder if the Turk also will have him back thence; and if our Offices will bid him home, to please the Turk, as they did to please the Muscovite. But I hope not; for methinks an English Captain should be at no prince's bidding but his own, and would not have been in OLIVER'S time. But I fear English stomachs are not so high now as then, which vexes me.

In the *Commons*, before the First Lord Commissioner was let to move his Estimates, was much scrambling talk of naval businesses—how my Lords had not gone wisely to work for the raising of the *Vanguard*, though, indeed, I doubt if there were any wisdom better than leaving her where she lies; and one PETER TAYLOR, a man of mighty soft heart and as many do say soft head (as, indeed, your Englishman is apt to confound soft heart with soft head), did complain that the punishments aboard each ship of our Navy be no longer set out as fully as they were wont to be; and grumblings touching the Pay and Pensions of Warrant Officers, and the weak boilers put aboard ship (but, lord! to think that ships have come to need boilers other than those used for cooking of the men's beef!) and the Anchors and Cables that be used in the Navy, how these are the worst instead of the best, and I know not what matters besides, till I at length did think myself back in Our Office in Seething Lane, with MR. COVENTRY and the two SIR WILLIAMS wrangling over our ships and stores and the Yards and the accounts, and no more good like to come of it now, methinks, than did then.

But, at last, MR. WARD HUNT, to his Estimates, and do ask boldly for close on Eleven Millions—Lord help us!—and do give a brave account of the Yards and the Ships that be built and building and to be built, in all nigh on one hundred thousand tons betwixt wood and

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"DIRECT FROM THE COW!"

Local Inspector. "OH, HE HAS BEEN VACCINATED, YOU SAY! THEN SHOW ME THE MARKS ON HIS ARM! HE HAS THE MARKS, I SUPPOSE!"

Mother. "OH, THAT HE HEV, SIR! BUT NOT——(*driven into a corner*)—IT WAS THIS WAY, YOU SEE, SIR! FARMER AKERS'S COW SHE RUNNED AFTER THE CHILDREN, AN' KETCHES MY LITTLE BOY, AND TORSSED HIM RIGHT OVER THE HIDGE! BUT THE MARKS——"

[*Local Inspector loses his temper.*

iron, that I could but wish that COMMISSIONER PETT might have been there to hear him, that would brag so much of his great doings at Deptford, and now what a peddling place it do seem. Only COMMISSIONER PETT, I doubt not, would have given a good account of such pestilent fellows as MR. REED and SIR JOHN HAY, and, above all, one BENTINCK, a loosely-hung homely-faced gentleman, that they in the House do call Big Ben after the great bell in the Parliament Clock Tower, for his bigness and his hollow sounding, and all the others that do carp and pick at Our Office, and all that is done therein, till it is a pity to see my Lords so baited, with or without reason.

Also MR. HUNT do promise mighty handsome both as to boys that they will train for sailors for the Fleet—(a new thing since my day, when we were fain to take such as we could get, and bad bargains, many of them, poor rogues, but fared hard enough, had they been twice as scurvy)—and torpedoes, which be a kind of sea-petard, to blow ships up under water, and I would fain have the chance to see and study them, and do intend it if I can, for, indeed, like most things in our ships nowadays, these engines be quite out of my compass.

But I was glad to hear that two of the PRINCE OF WALES'S young sons be to go aboard the *Britannia* for their teaching of what belongs to a sailor, and I do hope England will never lack her brace or so of princes bred to the sea, though I must needs own they that be good at ships be not always good at reigning, as witness His Majesty JAMES THE SECOND, that was a good Prince to the Navy, and made much of me, I thank him, and was indeed sitting for his portrait to SIR GODFREY KNILLER with intent to give it me, when he did first hear of the coming over of the PRINCE OF ORANGE, and would needs have out the sitting for my sake; and I, thinking of all this, did lose some of the fag-end of to-night's talk, but methinks had enough. And indeed nothing can be done, it seems, nowadays, without more talk than needful. So no loss for me or any man to miss some now and then.

Tuesday (*Lords*).—My LORD DERBY did promise my LORD GRANVILLE news shortly of dealings with the Muscovite on the Eastern Question, that he do hope soon to bring to some likely end. But, for my part, I do rather hope so than expect it, for that I do think it a matter past words to bring to a good issue, and my Lords will give only words to it and no more, and them but half-hearted ones.

Afterwards my LORD DUKE OF RICHMOND did bring in a Bill for amending of the Law touching Burials; wherein the Puritans, that be as stiff-necked now as they were in my time, do complain sore that they may not be buried in the parish ground with services of their own, but must have the Parson read that of the Church of England over their graves, willy-nilly, which vexes the living, if not the dead. But methinks 'tis strange your Churchman and Puritan should be so by the ears about the manner of putting away their poor quiet dead bodies, that methinks have most of them had more than enough of clapper-clawing in their lifetimes; but so it is, and now the Duke's Bill, I do fear, will do little to help matters to a settlement of this foolish quarrel. Only it do empower parishes to make new grounds, wherein bodies may be buried with such orderly services as to their friends may seem fit; but yet in parish grounds there may be no burying but either with the service of the Church of England or no service at all: which methinks will never satisfy the Dissenters, as they do now call Puritans. And indeed as I left them and the Church at loggerheads in my time so I find them now, and no chance, that I can learn, of a peace

In the *Commons* to-night a strange matter. One CHAMBERLAIN, a Member for Birmingham, and a brisk boy, and stout speaker, that looked as he did both believe in himself, and what he was saying, so that I marvelled not he was well listened to, spoke long and plausibly for a plan to enable Corporations, if they would, to buy up the pot-houses in their boroughs, and put their own servants into them, and become sole purveyors of drinks to their borough-folk. And this he did say had been done, with good effect in lessening the foul vice of drunkenness in Gottenburg, and I hear your Swede be as potent in potting as your Englishman. But to see how others did straight jump up and deny all he

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said, and bring figures to show that the potting in Gottenburg was worse than ever since this plan was tried, and how 'twould be surely putting a great and evil power in the hands of Corporations, and how the more folk drank it would needs be the better for them in their new business of sellers of drink. And indeed methinks it needs must be so, so that I wondered how SIR WILFRID LAWSON, that would have two-thirds of them that pay rates empowered to shut public-houses, should vote for this Bill, that would enable a bare majority of them that make rates to open them. But indeed SIR WILFRID is more witty than wise; and so the House did seem to think, and did throw out the Bill by 103 to 51.

Then one BIGGAR, an Irishman, that spoke with a harsh voice and a great brogue, getting up, all the House did walk out; and so all at an end by nine o'clock, and I glad to get away, and the House methinks. And I do see now the use of such Members as this BIGGAR, that when they rise to speak, the House may straight rise to go, and with good cause. And, above all, I am glad for MR. SPEAKER, that must needs listen to so much idle talking, and may not go till the House rises; and I admire how patiently he do bear it, and keep a brave countenance.

Wednesday.—A Bill by one SIR ROBERT ANSTRUTHER, for hampering, if it may be, the sale of Intoxicating Drinks in Scotland; but methinks the Scotch do hold too much to their "usquebagh," as they call it, to be keen for any stoppage of the traffic therein. And indeed it is a mighty comfortable liquor, above all when drunk hot with sugar, as I have drunk it aboard one of our men-of-war, the *Lion*, that I was aboard of off the Brill when we brought the King over, which had a Scotch Captain that loved it, and would have me pledge him in a brimming bowl of usquebagh punch, which he called toddy, with right Jamaica limes. So I do not marvel that SIR ROBERT had but poor help to-night to the hindering of the sale of strong drinks in Scotland, but did lose his Bill by 253 to 90.

Thursday.—Nothing to note of my Lords.

In the *Commons* was another night of asking for money—Supply, as they do still call it, and so they used in our time, only now the House *do* supply all it is asked for, and then it did not, but both the King and the Officers had to catch at the coin as they could, one against the other, and oft neither could catch any. Only now, though the House do give all that is asked for, Members must needs talk first, and so they have what they call their "grievances" for pegs to hang their talk on; but, lord! when I do think of my time, and the grievances that were indeed grievances then, and not a word breathed of them in or out of the House, it do seem strange to me.

So to-night they did talk ever so long of marvellous pitiful matters, as the slitting of a widow woman's dog's throat by an Irish Magistrate, and the widening of a road, and the employing of six soldiers last year to cut a piece of standing corn, and the pranks of the schoolboys a-training for the Navy aboard the *Britannia*, and I know not what other silly stuff, that I wondered at it. And when it came to voting of the money I did again wonder at some that methought should have known better, that were for cutting down the wages of them that do serve the State in our black settlements on the Guinea shore, where white men do indeed live so miserably that methinks they need scarce grieve to die quickly, yet must needs make provision for them they leave behind them. And I wonder how MR. GEORGE TREVELYAN and SIR CHARLES DILKE, and the rest of the lusty young fellows that were so brisk for cutting down such salaries to-night, would like the same lopping and topping if it had been their part to receive the wages instead of awarding them.

I did marvel too at the grumbling about the choice of young fellows from the Foreign Office to go with my LORD MARQUIS OF SALISBURY to Turkey, that they should be those that knew least of the Turk and his matters. As if great Lords that go on missions of State, or they that have the naming of the young gallants to go with them, are used to choose according to men's knowledge of the matters to be taken in hand! And indeed it do vex me to hear such simple talk, and from some that should be wiser.

Friday (*Lords*).—My LORD CHANCELLOR hath a Bill for a man to make himself bankrupt, if need be, and so to have his substance fairly carved among his creditors, which methinks is but reason; but my LORD HATHERLEY likes it not, as thinking that the Lawyers should have the first picking in such cases, as the Doctors do not love that a man should go out of the world without them.

(*Commons.*)—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER do assure my LORD HARTINGTON that the Government do indeed hope they are in a way to clap up a paper bridge for the Muscovite to go back over. But I admire that a few words cunningly drawn into a protocol should save us from what all did fear would be the biggest and bloodiest war of this time. And so I find do most; only for the moment such a protocol 'tis thought may serve the turn. And so all glad of it, but most, the most shallow-witted.

Then much talk of the Irish school children, how they may not be driven to school, yet will go of themselves three days out of five, and will learn more in that time than your duller English children in two days out of three.

Much debate but to little end of what should be done when Slaves do seek shelter aboard our Ships in Eastern waters. But I do plainly see that SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL, that did raise the matter, do weary the House with too much and too often talking. Yet as he is a man that hath had weighty charge in India, so I doubt not he do look on talk as the business to be done in this House. As, indeed I find many do.

One WHALLEY, the same that is wont to fall foul of the POPE on all occasions—perhaps, as being sent to the House from Peterborough, for which borough of Peter, indeed, the POPE do claim to be sole Member—did talk to-night of the other matter that do set his wits wool-gathering, which is ARTHUR ORTON, a fat knave now in prison, that did take the name of SIR ROGER TICHBORNE, and, after a mighty tedious trial, was clapped in gaol for it, where he still lies; and now this WHALLEY will still have him to be TICHBORNE, but can bring none in the House to the same mind, save one OSBORNE a lack-brain like himself, and doth lug the matter in by head and ears whenever he can, and did to-night, to the wearying of the House, and MR. SECRETARY CROSS, that did very hardly make shift to answer this WHALLEY civilly; and I do see Peterborough is more proud to have a Member with a mind of his own, than careful what fashion of mind it be.

OUR ESTABLISHED DISSENTERS.



IT is said that some of the Nonconformists within the Established Church have at last determined to do the right thing—secede, and form a dissenting sect, entitled to do as they please in their own conventicles. The *Whitehall Review* announces that a section of High Church and Ritualist members of the Church of England contemplate the foundation of "a new Anglican Communion." They have resolved upon this step "in consequence of the action taken by Anglican prelates under the Public Worship Regulation Act." Accordingly, they intend to have an episcopate of their own. "In the first place a brand-new Archbishop, with a very ancient title, is to be consecrated by one or more foreign prelates." The remainder of the Bench is to consist of "two Suffragans, each with titles from old English sees;" and the new Anglican Communion to be started next July. In the meanwhile:—

"The difficulty attendant on the consecration of the Archbishop and his Suffragans (as far as regards any interference with existing jurisdictions, whether Popish or others,) will be surmounted by the ingenious plan of consecrating them upon the high seas."

The last statement suggests a suspicion that the preceding news is too good to be true. How can interference with existing episcopal jurisdictions be avoided by the consecration of Bishops on the high seas, if the Bishops are so consecrated for the purpose, nevertheless, of wielding opposition crosiers in the sees ashore? The occupants of those land sees would account the maritime intruders no prelates, but mere poachers on their manors. Obviously, a consecration performed for an evasive purpose, although on board ship, would be anything but an above-board proceeding. It would be out of place and unsuitable even as a qualification for preaching to the fishes, which could be done as well without as with it by anybody, lay or cleric. And then the flat-fish would hardly come up to hear a preacher of Ritualism, and the ocean does not contain gudgeons. Altogether this idea of consecrating High Bishops on the high seas appears to be a far-fetched derivation from the maxim that he "who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." It is not a thing to be spoken of to the sailors, but awakes the suspicion that the whole statement in connection with it is no better than a story fit only to be related to the other arm of Her Majesty's Sea Service. May it, nevertheless, turn out to be authentic; for, if the Ritualists will only retire to their own Ebenezers, the National Churchmen will readily agree to differ with them as their Dissenting Brethren.

INDIAN RELIEFS.—ALSOPP, "Simkin," and BASS.

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A SENSIBLE DIFFERENCE.



"He thought the Bill, as amended, would be acceptable at once to the Clergy and members of the Church of England generally, and also to the great majority of our sensible Dissenting brethren."—*The* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *on the* DUKE OF RICHMOND'S *Burials Bill.*

TAIT thinks the Duke's Bill will the Church content,
And satisfied leave sensible Dissent.
But might one ask our mild mellifluous Mentor
How he'd define a "sensible Dissenter"?
There is a figure of sophistic art
That in dogmatic strife plays foremost part;
Petitio principii is its name,
No *tête* too high its help at need to claim.
If "sensible Dissenters" exclude all
But those who 're thankful for Church mercies small,
It follows small Church mercies must content
All who are sensible in their Dissent.
From CANTUAR.'s lips was ne'er of Churchmen heard
The same invidious, qualifying word.
But then in CANTUAR. it were reprehensible
To hint that Churchmen could be aught *but* sensible!

THE GOTHAMBURG SYSTEM; OR, NOW AND THEN.

(*By a Wise Man of Gotham.*)

NOW.

SCENE—*Lushington Street.* BROWN *meets* JONES.

Brown. Well met, old man! I am rejoiced to see you again. It is my birthday—my twentieth!

Jones. Many happy returns, my dear boy! And—well, what are you going to stand?

Brown. Whatever you like. Here 's the "Green Dragon"!

[*They enter the "Green Dragon," and drink.*

Brown. And how 's the world treating you?

Jones. First-rate. My uncle has just departed this life, and left me—well, a nice little sum.

Brown. Bravo! We must have a drink on it. Here 's the "Blue Boar."

[*They enter the "Blue Boar," and drink.*

Jones. The "Blue Boar" tap is not half so good as "The Rose."

Brown. Isn't it? Well, let us try.

[*They enter the "Rose," and drink.*

Brown. Yes, the "Rose" does sell the real stuff! But what an ugly party behind the bar! I like a pretty girl. Come into the "Red Lion," and see POLLY.

[*They enter the "Red Lion," and drink.*

Jones. Bah! Whatsh——I mean, what is the use of pretty girls? Give me a man who querks me sively—serves me quickly. They have barmen here at the "Swan," and topping tipple. Come along Swan!

[*They enter the "Swan," and drink.*

Brown. Call them quick,—(*hic*)—look—shlow ash poshible. Loo ere—try "Mitre."

[*They enter the "Mitre," and drink.*

Jones. Dooshid nishe street—(*hic*)—thish. No walking far from one—hold up—what wash I shaying? Oh—ah—no walking far from one public-house to another.

Brown. Quiright, too. Awful ass—(*hic*)—WILFRID LAWSHON!

Jones. Hear, hear! Letsh—(*hic*)—have drink!

[*They enter various other public-houses, and finally pass the night at the police-station nearest to Lushington Street.*

THEN.

Water Street. JONES *meets* BROWN.

Brown. Ah, JONES! I beg leave to congratulate you. I have just heard it is your birthday.

Jones. Oh, thank you very much. Yes, I am forty to-day.

Brown. You do not look it. And how are you going to celebrate the day?

Jones. I don't exactly know. But a visit to the Tower or to the British Museum seems about the pleasantest as well as most rational employment of such an anniversary.

Brown. You are right—quite right. But was it not our custom of old to have a drink on such occasions?

Jones. In days gone by. And I confess, BROWN, I have yet a touch of the old Adam about me. We *will* drink.

Brown. Let me see, the "Green Dragon" is shut up.

Jones. And so is the "Blue Boar."

Brown. And your old favourite the "Rose" has disappeared.

Jones. And the "Red Lion," where your pretty friend POLLY was, is turned into a Temperance Hotel.

Brown. And the "Swan" is an eating-house, at which they will not allow intoxicating liquor on the premises.

Jones. It is the same with the "Mitre." Where *can* we drink?

Brown. I have it. At the "Chamberlain Arms." It is the nearest bar, only a mile and a half away. Let us hasten thither.

At the "Chamberlain Arms."

Jones. Well, give it a name.

Landlord. Good day, Gentlemen. You are waiting to be served?

Brown. Yes, It is my birthday. We must have a drink.

Landlord. The less the better, Sir. You remember how drink used to be the curse of this country. It was fearful. Yet there has only been one conviction for drunkenness in England during the last two years. That was the famous Liverpool case of beastly intoxication.

Jones. The man was let off, wasn't he?

Brown. Yes—with penal servitude for five years. It was his first offence.

Jones. Well, what shall we have?

Landlord. Allow me to recommend our sparkling mineral waters. Ever since SIR WILFRID—pst!—I mean the DUKE OF DRINKWATER, SIR W. L. as was, discovered those natural champagne mineral springs on his estate, we have sold nothing else.

Brown and *Jones.* So be it!

[*They drink two quarts of mineral waters and retire happy, one to the British Museum and the other to the bosom of his family, deeply thankful for the incalculable benefit conferred on the country by the labours of one mighty mind, and the blessings of an infallible system.*

FROM SPELLING TO GRAMMAR.

MEASTER PUNCH,

I zee the Lundun Skool Boord Wensday last wake refurd Spellun Refarm to a Zelect Cummitty. Werry wel, but wot 's the good o dooun things be haaves? Wot 's wanted isn't not onlee Spellun Refarm I zays, but also Grammer Refarm.

Wot I manes by Grammer Refarm you can zee I dare zay purty wel by the waay how I rites. 'Tis Grammer Refarm o' the same sart as Spellun Refarm, wun Refarm to match the other. Alter the Grammer as wel as the Spellun to wot the commun peepul talks. Meak ut a rool to zay and rite "this here" and "that air," and "no" arter "not" and "never;" as fur exampul, "I han't got no sense," "I newer had no eddicashun," and zo on. I haint no scollard mezelf, but I be told by them that be as how boath the dubble negative and the tuther vernacler idjum as they calls un is Grammer in zum vorren languidges anshunt and moddurn. Wunt insted o' will not and be insted of am is other pints of Grammer Refarm amung menny moor as I cood menshun, but not fur to meak too long a storee on't and teak up a mutch o' yure valliable room, I wunt say no moor at prezunt, ixcept as how that I be, Zur,

Yure Rooral Reeder,

DANNUL DUMPER.

Poscrip.—My respecks to the Lundun Skoolboord, and if so be as how they likes to take pattern from the abuv spassymunt o Grammer and Spellun Refarm togethher, they be quite welcum to 't.

A Cymric Challenge.

MR. PUNCH,

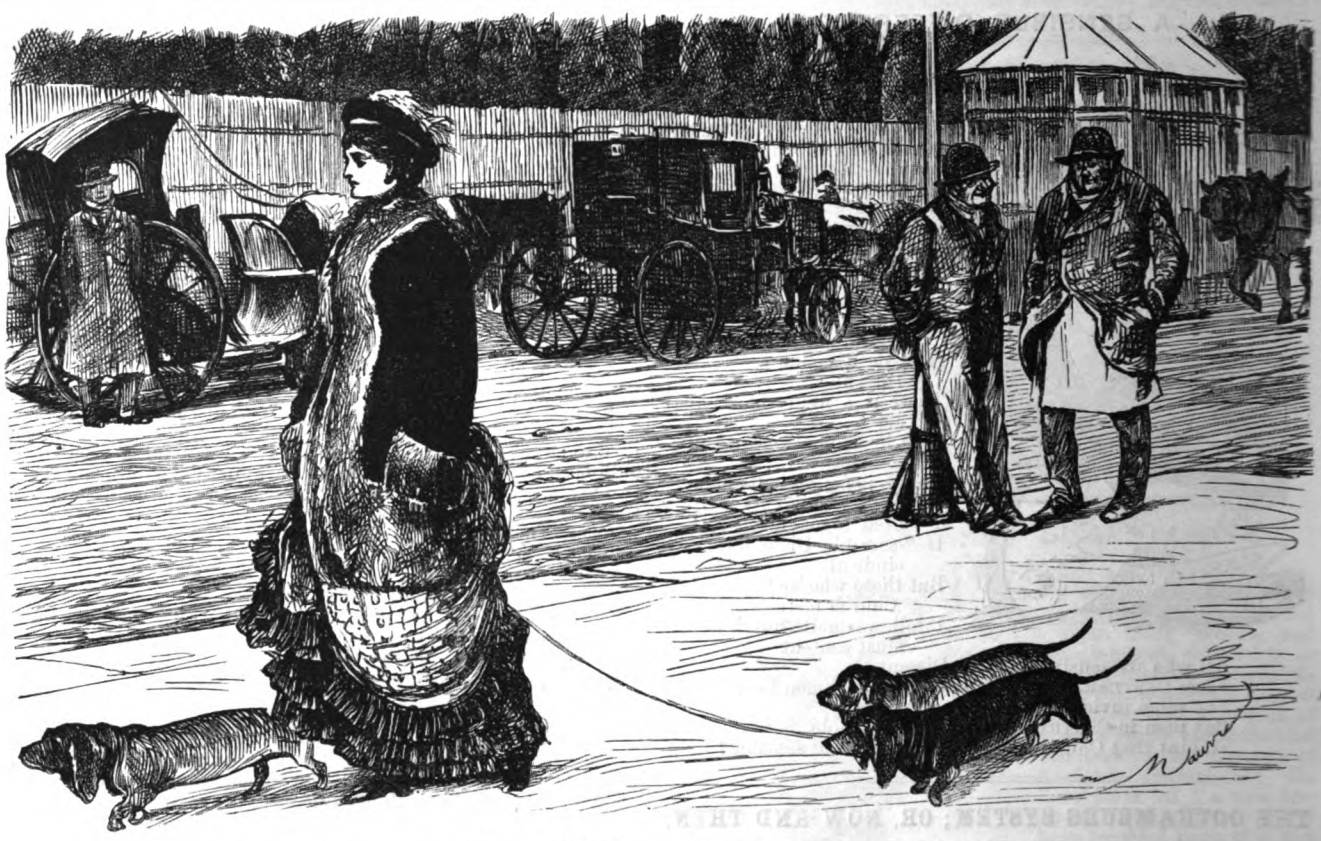
As a descendant of the "barbarous, uncivilised, and wretched Britons," I do hereby challenge, through your columns, LORD FRANCIS HERVEY to deadly combat. As I am desirous we should not be disturbed in our duel *à outrance*, I will give him the choice of: Place—the Devil's Bridge, Pass of Llanberis, Moel Shiabod, or the topmost peak of Snowdon. Time—five or six in the morning of the first of April. Weapons—bow and arrows, broad-axe, skene-dhu, or bandy stones.

An indignant Cymræg,

MORGAN AP OWAIN AP ITHEL AP RHODRIC MAWR.

PROOF OF THE INTEGRITY OF THE LAW.—The Return of the Lent Assizes.

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THE DOG OF THE PERIOD.

"I SAY, BILL! 'BLOWED IF SHE AIN'T A' BEEN A-BUYING OF HER DAWGS BY THE YARD!"

"PONS ASINORUM!"

"A collective agreement of the Powers to deliberate on some hypothetical necessities of action in some hypothetical future, would be so powerless a document that the mere demand for it would be inexplicable, if we did not suppose Russia to be extremely anxious to procure an honourable means of retreat."—*The Times.*

WILL the bridge bear the Bear? In slow retreat
Ursus essays the pass with cautious feet,
Tentative, if not timid. Paper offers
But flimsy foothold, and some ribald scoffers
May smile to see the ponderous plantigrade
Foot-feeling o'er a protocol. Afraid?
Oh, not at all, but—well, beyond that "but,"
Though eyes may open, mouths had best be shut.
'Tis they laugh longest who laugh last. Perhaps
The grin distending diplomatic chaps
May soon change sides. 'Tis wise in Bear to tarry,
And, careful, test what weight the bridge will carry,
Across whose paper span and slippery track
The Bear ere long may have to travel back.
Time will show of the "Asses" who's *the* Ass.
Exit from a political *impasse*,
On a permissive protocol, may prove
In Bear's long game not quite the final move.
This new retreat from Moscow, or at least
From Moscow's manifesto, irks the beast,
With Slavs left in the cold, armed legions idle,
And Turk unchecked, save by a paper bridle
Of futile lecturing and wordy warning,
Which even Turks have sense enough for scorning.
As "*action commune*" gives dissatisfaction,
Suppose, instead, we try common *in*action—
Fainéant policy on old safe lines—
Lecturing *sans* "ulterior designs."
We 'll lift a fie-fie finger! But "insist"?
Where is the bold bad Power dares shake a fist
That hints coercion? "Padishah, we trust
You 'll sin no more, but if you will, you must.
We 're all at one as far as wishes go;
And really you should mend your ways, you know.
For doing which there 's nought like good intentions—
With which *do* pave, and no more interventions."
This protocolled, let diplomats look wise,
Bull graze at peace, and Bear demobilise:
Devices to do nothing with an air
Of busy self-importance are not rare,
But this political Round Robin beats
All diplomatic record. Bear retreats;
Lion nor Eagles dare advance; and lo!
The Happy Family *in statu quo!*
Et après? Ah, *that* question, long revolved,
Crossing this Asses' Bridge leaves still unsolved.

CONTRABANDISTS AND COMMONS.

THE *Morning Advertiser* mentions that a deputation one day last week waited on the HOME SECRETARY, with a view to get the London and South-Western Railway Company restrained from committing an encroachment which they design on Barnes Common. Our neighbouring contemporary adds that MR. CROSS promised to see the Company's Solicitor, with a view to do all that could be done for the preservation of that open space for the public use by its rescue from those despoilers. Of course he will have no difficulty in keeping Barnes Common from the clutches of the Philistines, unless they have already contrived covertly to whip up a majority for the Act of Parliament delivering it into their hands. If, unfortunately, that is so, it is to be hoped that Government will put all possible pressure on them to arrest their ravage. In the meanwhile, we rejoice to see that an attempt of the London and Brighton to appropriate one of the prettiest bits of Mitcham Common has been defeated. The Society for the Preservation of Commons and Open Spaces, with a view to impede the progress of Railway, and all other aggression on common land, should organise a Parliamentary Preventive Service to block the attempts, still made from time to time, to get Private Enclosure Bills smuggled through the House of Commons.

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"PONS ASINORUM!"

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THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE, 1877.



THERE is no greater proof of success than the envy created in the bosom of rivals. *Punch* has been accused of being behind the age; so he is, in the same sense that he is behind the scenes. He knows the effects in preparation, and the actors about to come on, before the spectators in stalls or boxes, pit or gallery.

E. g.—*Mr. Punch* sent his reporter overnight to Putney on Friday next (the Eve of St. Clasper), with full powers to report the coming race, and a blank cheque to pay his expenses at the Star and Garter.

Mr. Punch, ever mindful of his young friends the members of the rival Universities, forwarded for their acceptance, with his compliments, several feathers, both high and low, for Cambridge, and some india-rubber tubs for Oxford; all of which were received with cheers on the arrival of the reporter, who lost no time in dipping his beak into the flowing cups in which the rival Crews were drinking each other's healths, in the vain attempt of each to gruel the other before the race. The report of the Saturday's race reached the Punch Office early on the present Wednesday, thus proving satisfactorily to all interested that *Punch* is rather before than behind the times, as certain ribalds do vainly assert.

Saturday, March 24.—The University Boat-Race was rowed this morning "on the slack" (whatever that may be—it may be wire, it may be rope, for all I know), at five A.M., before a sprinkling of spectators who could see nothing, owing to the fact that the sun had not risen, and under a sprinkling of spring rain that kept coming down at thirty-six to the minute. The water was very "poor," we were told, though judging by its thick and seemingly pea-soupy consistence, we should have imagined it rather the reverse.

As the Limes light was turned on, both Crews lit up the cheerful cigarette, which, once kindled, was to light the way of the gallant coxswains to the winning-post. Gradually the boats were launched, and both paddled gently to their moorings, far out into the night, or rather early morning. Nothing was audible but the regular plash of the paddles and the half-suppressed objurgations of strokes and coxswains. The Umpire's boat not having arrived, your Reporter and Artist were called upon to man the only wherry on the loose.

As the painter was cast overboard by some of the bystanders, I had to trim the boat by myself as well as I could, though slightly unmanned by the sudden double demand upon me, and the pushing out into the blackness and the brine. (By the way, is the Thames salt at Putney? I appeal to those who may have gone through the tasting process in this portion of the stream.)

At the word "Go!" I heard the painters suddenly cast adrift, as mine had been, and then, as one after another of the competing sixteen dropped his oar heavily into the water, I felt that this would indeed be a struggle for supremacy between the rival *Almæ Matres*. From the glance I had had at the crew stripped for their preliminary tubbings, I knew they were in hard condition—every ounce of convertible flesh consolidated into muscle, though it might be fresh-water muscle, which is acknowledged to be inferior to the salt-water variety. As we neared the Oil Works, my fine ear told me that in the Cambridge boat the crew were backing up their captain at thirty-six strokes to the minute straight from the shoulder, while in the Oxford craft the lively and irregular splashing spoke volumes (of Thames water) in favour of the high feather of the crew, and the general liveliness of the ship from stem to stern. The sparks from sixteen cigarettes flashed along the water like fireflies over the Maremma, while an occasional rocket from the rival coaches, which dashed along the towing-path as fast as four horses could carry them, gave a romantic aspect to a scene which only required gas-light to be a magnificent display of that combination of aquatics and athletics to which the best minds and bodies of our University youth are so perseveringly directed. By particular request of the coxswains I make known my whereabouts from time to time by whistling the favourite air, "*The Same Old Game*" as I dashed a-head, taking the water first of one and then of the other crew, much to the satisfaction of both, for they were already shipping more of the Thames fluid than was agreeable with the thermometer at freezing-point, and the sun not up yet. Neck and neck, the sights of Oxford and Cambridge flashed by the Aits of Thames, taking, however, care, as they shot past Hurlingham, not to kill any of yesterday's wounded, as not being members of that distinguished club. By this time, could one see it, the elegant bridge of Barnes ought to be looming in the distance. (I do not know what "looming" is, and should be glad of private information.)

Here a check was given (I did not wonder; for to judge by their state of perspiration, our athletes must have dropped several pounds since the start), owing to a spin which both boats took in the middle of the river, till this was put a stop to by the combined efforts of strokes and coxswains; but, as there was not a soul on the towing-path, no notice was taken of the *contretemps*. I was amusing myself by half-feathering under the water, when I was suddenly aware of the first streaks of dawn; and as I hoisted the Royal Standard, and loaded the "Come in" gun, I could hear, not far behind me, though I dared not turn my head to watch, the exciting struggle which my eye, hand, and shot were so soon to decide and to record.

In the Oxford Boat, No. 6 had by this evidently finished his share of the race altogether; and was watching at his ease the struggles of his comrades. No. 4 was sliding too rapidly, but this might have been caused by the accumulation of ice on his seat, owing to the early start with the thermometer below the freezing-point, and could scarcely have been prevented.

In the Cambridge Boat No. 3 had got so well forward over his toes that he could not get back at all, greatly to the inconvenience of No. 2, whom he might be said to reduce to comparative inaction. Never at a loss, the Cambridge coxswain, taking the yoke-lines between his teeth, suddenly brought all his strength to bear in aid of his almost exhausted stroke, and lifting the boat as they passed the distance post at the entrance of the last reach, got close to the rails, and, teeth clenched and hands down, passed the Oxford coxswain, who had to try all he knew to keep alongside, much less gain on his opponent.

The free style in which both the Crews laid out at this late stage of the struggle was a proof they had not been spending their strength and money recklessly during their Thames practice.

As Cambridge rounded the bend of Mortlake Reach, the Oxford stroke spurted—like a whale in his flurry—till the white water flashed high over their ship's bows, while the big drops of perspiration gleamed like pearls on the knitted brow of the Cambridge coxswain, as with wild shrieks he urged his crew to a superhuman effort.

I was so excited, as both boats flashed past the Judge's chair in front of the Ship, that if you had flung a handful of gold into my lap, I couldn't have told you which had won. No time, however, was to be wasted in discussing *that* detail with myself. At a venture I pulled the trigger of the "Come in" gun, which responded by a vicious kick that landed me in the bottom of my trim-built wherry. A feeble huzza rang from the Ship, in whose yard a few stragglers were astir even thus early. Up went to the mast-head the rival flags, both looking blue (but the one dark, the other light—emblems of the struggle of the moment between night and day), and, blowing up and out, were at once entangled in a desperate tussle for supremacy.

I knew there would be a wrangle, and was determined to keep myself clear of it: so I paddled gently through the railway bridge, and then, with one turn of the wrist, and that well-known silent laugh which distinguishes all Pathfinders, shot my skiff to land, jumped out and returned to town by Underground, leaving the Crews to settle their differences over an amicable breakfast at the Criterion.

A Volunteer Offer.

ONE would like to know this "tall gentleman, having lately come into property," who advertises in a recent number of the *Daily Telegraph*:—

MAJOR.—WANTED to purchase, the TITLE of Major or Colonel in a Volunteer regiment, by a tall gentleman, recently having come into property.—Address, with lowest price, &c.

This would-be Major evidently thinks that when purchase was driven from the Army, it found an asylum in the Volunteers.

Acceptance and Resignation.

THE *Post* announces that the vacant office of Black Rod has been accepted by GENERAL SIR W. KNOLLYS. Attached to it is a residence within the Palace of Westminster and a salary of £2000 per annum. Butchers' meat maintaining its present prices, and fashions continuing as extravagant as they are now, two thousand a year will go only a little way to make both ends meet. Still, considered as an agreeable addition to the means of housekeeping, it may be sufficient to make SIR W. K. especially as Usher, instead of school-boy, take the rod and be thankful.

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VERS NONSENSIQUES. À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(*Par* ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUÈRE.)



OUI, Français, votre patrie est belle,
Et chez vous le soleil étincelle !
Mais l'on n'a pas chez vous
Ces deux objets si doux,
Le Pôqueur, et la Côle-escoutelle ! "



LES perpendiculaires rayons
Du soleil illuminaient les fond
De la mer. Ce chauffage
Fit d'abord fondre en nage
Puis démoralisa les poissons.



UN picqueau, nommé Picalili,
Le plus fort des picqueaux-Lazenbi,
S'éprit d'une picquelle
De chez CROSSE ET BLACQVELLE,
Sut lui plaire, et devint son ami.



IL naquit près de Choisy-le-Roi ;
Le Latin lui causait de l'effroi ;
Et les Mathématiques
Lui donnaient des coliques,
Et le Grec l'enrhûmait. Ce fut moi.

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OUR NOVEL SERIES.

ALL IN THE DOWNS:

OR, THE BOTTOMRY BOND!

A NAUTICAL NOVEL, BY

S. PL-MS-LL, M.P.

CHAPTER VI.—*Dead Eyes and Shrouds.*

YES, WILLIAM and MARY MAYBUD were on board the doomed ship whose fate had been settled by the Bottomry Bond, signed, sealed, and delivered between the Stevedore and the Warden.

For days and days in calm weather they sailed.

The Captain, as I have said, a lad of only seventeen, was joyous and careless. In the evening he played the fiddle, not tunefully, but merrily, while POLLY, as she was now termed, sang sweetly.

A Ship's Chandler (whom they had picked up in passing a light-ship) illumined the state cabin with sea-dips, and they were as gay as larks in the morning.



The Skipper skipped, and the Ship's Husband danced. The Mate with five hands performed several amusing tricks of legerdemain. Yet they were not happy. POLLY sent home two letters by the stern-post, of which we may hear more by-and-by.

At three bells on a cloudy morning they sighted what they made out to be the Pharo Isles on the coast of Egypt.

The Steward, however, felt certain that it was an immense Bank.

The Purser, pleased at this information—for he had a quantity of paper which he wished to change for gold—put off in a small boat and made for the Bank. At the same time, there being some inequality on board, the Mate took a pair of ship's scissors and began trimming the cargo.

Before the Purser could return, indeed before he could reach his destination, the Mate's action had brought about the long-dreaded catastrophe; for the grain, which had gradually been rising, suddenly burst all limits, forced the planks of the upper deck until the bags rose in a steaming, seething mass, blackening the atmosphere, and embedding mast after mast in their pudding-like overwhelming embrace. Then the sacks exploded with a tremendous report. A report which, thank Heaven, reached LLOYD'S.*

A moment more, and all was over, or rather, under. Nothing of the *Albert Ross* was visible except a few spars, masts, and the rudder. The Purser, in his boat, managed to save the Mate with five hands, the two steerage wheels, and that was all.

Where were WILLIAM TAILLEUR and POLLY?

Alas! they had disappeared.

* Fact.—S. P.

CHAPTER VII.—*Land at Last.*

Now my task is nearly done.

WILLIAM and POLLY were subsequently picked up by the Purser, whose boat was a four-oar, manned and steered by that useful person the Mate with five hands, to whom the Government subsequently gave a handsome reward.

Then they fixed the two steerage wheels to the Captain's gig, and, having found a quiet animal, they drove overland to England.

WILLIAM arrived at LLOYD'S just in time to see the Committee before closing for the day, and, on his representation, a Policeman was sent down to arrest the Stevedore and the Junior Warden.

I would I had the graphic power of MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN (as I have once before observed in my Pamphlets, having long ago felt a twist for novel writing*), and I would describe the agony of the Stevedore, and the remorse of the wicked old Warden, who bargained for mercy, by offering to disclose the secret of MARY MAYBUD'S parentage.

The Judge who heard the case (MR. O'DOWD, the Counsel of the Board of Trade, appeared for the prosecution†), being much interested, accepted the offer, and the Warden confided to His Lordship that MARY MAYBUD was his (the Judge's) own daughter.

His Lordship was not astonished, as he thought he had lost a daughter some time ago, and was delighted to find himself mistaken.‡

So the Spanish Stevedore was handed over to his own Government, and hung at Cordova. The Junior Warden was fined, disgraced, and banished. He never returned.

WILLIAM TAILLEUR was subsequently created "SIR WILLIAM;" then, in consequence of the valuable lights he was able to throw upon all matters of maritime interest, he was made a Peer (taking precedence of the Chain Pier and the Old Pier at Brighton), with a seat in the Lighthouse under the style and title of the EARL OF SHIPSBEACONSFIELD. MARY is a Countess. And that's all.

Ye who read this, help me to do my best to destroy the homicidal system, and never let the two thousand working-men of Derby, who have never seen a ship in their lives, or a sailor, and who don't know a bow from a keel, or a jib from a forecastle, and whose conduct, in sending me to Parliament, is therefore all the more disinterested and generous—let them, I say, never forget what I have done, what I will do, for the sailor's wrongs; and let them ever, and always, send *me* to the House as their Member—honest, bluff, hearty, and earnest S. P., as they know me to be. And they have stood Sam once—let them stand Sam again. And when the time comes, though other lips and other hearts of oak their tales of love may tell, let them remember me, the Author of *All in the Downs; or, the Bottomry Bond!*

Finis.

* *Vide* "An Appeal on behalf of our Seamen."—S. P.

† I threw this in just to do an excellent friend a good turn.—S. P.

‡ This is really a very weak ending, as so little interest has been created about MARY beforehand. However, MR. PL-MS-LL is, it must be remembered, a novice at novel-writing, and at all events he has told us—what the previous attempts have failed to do—a story.—ED.

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WELL TURNED.

Minister (reproachfully, to bibulous Village Barber with shaking Hand). "AH, JOHN, JOHN! THAT WHISKEY——"!

Barber (condolently). "AYE, SIR, IT MAK'S THE SKIN UNCO TENDER!"

TEETH BEFORE KNIVES, AND FINGERS BEFORE FORKS.

"At a meeting of the Trustees of ANDERSON'S Institution, Elgin, the other day, the Governor stated that neither the boys nor the girls in the Institution were provided with knives and forks—they conveyed their beef, &c. to their mouths with their hands. The Trustees present all said that they had never heard of this omission before, though some of them had been visiting the Institution for forty years; and the Provost having characterised it as scandalous, a supply of knives and forks was ordered to be procured forthwith."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

AND yet LORD FRANCIS HERVEY maintains that SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S Bill for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments is not wanted!

Here is another of these Monuments gone!

With this primitive custom of the Andersonian Institute of Elgin disappears one more of the few surviving traces of the simple usages of our Northern ancestry, as instructive, in its way, as the kitchen-middens, which, if properly sought, might, we should think, very likely still be found in course of actual accumulation under the cathedral walls of Elgin.

Before all these ancient monuments are swept away by the rude and reckless hand of so-called "Civilisation," why should not the Geographical and Antiquarian Societies combine for a systematic and well-equipped exploring expedition to these Northern regions? Who knows what might reward well-directed exploration? MR. SMILES has already made a famous find in Banff, in TAM EDWARD, the self-taught, self-encouraged, and self-supporting "Scotch Naturalist." Who can say what curious discovery may be awaiting the intelligent explorer in the neighbouring burgh of Elgin, now that we know, from the paragraph we have quoted, that it still boasts a charitable and educational Institution to which knives and forks had not found their way in the seventy-seventh year of the nineteenth century?

MUS. DOC.

DEGREE lately conferred by the University of Cambridge on HERR JOACHIM—Fiddle D.D.

A CRY FROM UNDERGROUND.—The Railway Passengers' Duty—To shut the door after him when he gets out.

THE NEW-WORLD LESBIA'S LAMENT.

"Perhaps the irrepressible sparrow does not interest English people quite as much as it does us, but really, after all the affectionate care we have shown to that brown-coated chirruper, it is distressing to announce the fact that he is leaving the snug cotes we have fixed him up at the hub of the universe. Yet, during the late cold-snap we have had in Boston, and the States generally, the sparrows we coaxed over and believed we had made into Yankees—real blue bloods—have gone off in flocks 'westward,' as the Empire is said to grow. Where in the West they have gone we know not."—*Letter of* "A SENTIMENTAL AMERICAN" *in the* "*Times.*"

UNGRATEFUL BIRD! Thy cheeping note
And bead-black eye and plain brown coat
To LESBIA were dearer
Than showier plumage, sweeter song,
For that they seemed, with impulse strong,
To knit far-kindred, sundered long,
And bring the old home nearer.
Now thou hast faithless turned, and fled.
Far rather had I mourned thee dead!

Did I not pet thee, praise thee, think
The oriole and the bobolink
Extremely small potatoes
Compared with thee?—an alien bird!
Thy ditty, dullest ever heard,
To PATTI'S warbling I preferred.
A heart as stern as CATO'S
Might pity LESBIA'S anguished breast,
Now her pet Sparrow has—flown West!

Ready-made nest and cosy cote
I built thee, that thy twittering note
Might glad me night and morning.
I fed thee, coaxed thee, cracked thee up,
Observed thee breakfast, watched thee sup,
And now, to brim my sorrow's cup,
Thou 'rt gone, thy LESBIA scorning.
Of her warm love hadst thou no sense,
That one "cold-snap" could drive thee hence?

Perchance some London LESBIA smiles—
Amidst whose chimney-pots and tiles
Thou art not loth to linger.
Yet loves she thee as she might love
Her pet canary, or her dove?
Didst ever perch upon her glove,
Or feed from her fair finger?
Then why her house-tops haunt, and why
A far more loving mistress fly?

The tender emerald English grass
We strove to grow; in vain, alas!
Their Ivy failed to flourish
On Harvard's walls; and now this prize
We fondly thought to Yankeeise,
The bird I stooped to idolise,
To praise, and pet, and nourish,
Has flown, with frost, to the far West,
Leaving that warmest, whitest nest—
That 's now an aching void—my breast!

Lady Helps and Lady Hands.

GOVERNESS.—WANTED, a Young Lady, about twenty-five, to take entire charge of a little Girl, aged nine, and her wardrobe, and to carefully train and educate her in English, French, Music, Singing, Drawing, and Needlework, and assist a little in housekeeping.—Address, stating full particulars of experience, salary required, &c.

WANTED, good General Servant, able to cook for a small family; also a Nurse. Washing put out; all found.—Address, &c. Reply personally or by letter, stating wages.

WHICH of these places would you rather take the chance of, my well-bred and well-educated little dears, who may one day have your livelihoods to earn?

TO A SON.

GIVE up Whist, my boy, and take to your books. Burn the midnight Hoyle, in fact. Burn your Cavendish, too,—not by instalments, but as an *auto da fé*.

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THE STUDIOS.

"ROUND SECOND."



(*Preliminary Note.*—By an oversight, *Mr. Punch* himself was made to figure in "Round First" of "The Studios," reported in our last number but one. We need hardly state that *Punch* never indulges in "nips," even on the most artistic invitation. It was *Mr. P.'s* Art-Critic who took *Mr. Punch's* name and nips on that occasion.)

With faint reminiscences of having been knocked a little out of time in "Round One" by the hospitality of his numerous Artist friends, your Reporter comes up smiling for "Round Two."

But with every desire to stick to his business, get through as many frames, and knock off as many canvases, as time would allow, Studios are now so broadcast that it was difficult for your Reporter, before starting for his second round, to settle, without Ordnance Map or *Bradshaw*, whether it would be best to take, first, the Boilers of Brompton, the Gravel Pits of Kensington, or the Wood of St. John, and whether to call *en route* between these great Art-centres on the Halkin Mews Amateurs, the Langham Lazzaroni, or the Hampstead Humorists, as occasion and cabs might decide, or whether,—but no matter; these are details of topographical economy which interest you little and me less, as my travelling expenses concern our respected proprietors, and money is no object to them, while my time is their money.

By the way, I promised my friend MR. STACEY MARKS a visit *before* the reciprocal flatteries exchanged between our Critic and many Painters had got into his head, and rendered his judgment less absolutely to be depended on.

Another palace! Gad! Sir, these Artists live on the fat of the land. Their painting-jackets are of Genoa velvet, their breakfast china marked with the six marks of the Hang Dynasty or the flower of the Ho-Sung potteries, and their smallest piece of furniture a priceless gem of BOULE, GOUTHIER, or CHIPPENDALE.

In an easy attitude before his easel, suiting his colours to his palette, and having a brush with his canvas in a frame of mind that appeared singularly in harmony with his subject, I discovered my friend (I never saw him before, but I presume a friend of yours is a friend of his) deeply occupied with the noble picture he will soon exhibit on the Academy walls. I told you it was "*Old King Cole and his Fiddlers Three.*" That was only my fun! The real title is "*Strutt's Sports in a Back Room in Wardour Street.*" The eminent archæologist is sitting in pointed shoes on the top of a black oak wardrobe, practising cup-and-ball, while a circle of stuffed birds look on admiringly from below. The shoes are full of point, and the flamingoes bursting with life and tow. The art of MARKS is already so profoundly impressed with the marks of Art, (this looks like tautology—but I am liable to fits of gush occasionally, and require the application of a key down my back, and a few drops of chloral to arrest the flow) that I forget where I was. Oh! I remember. MARKS—six Marks. No; that was at WHISTLER'S. STACEY (I call him STACEY now that we seem to have known each other so long and so intimately) treated me with marks of hospitality and affection I shall always remember—in fact, until we renew them next season,—and, as we hobnobbed in a flagon of Hypocras, topped up with a beaker of hot lambswool, "Ifackins!" I cried, "I would more of thy acquaintance, bully MARKS! By cock and pye thine is right merrie fellowship." This may have sounded absurd, for I am not aware the Painter ever was at the University, but he has at least taken a high degree in Art, and deservedly so.

But on to pastures new. Thinks I, I should like a smell of the briny, which I have no time to seek in its native pewter at Brighton, Margate, or Southend. By hook or crook I'll get it! By HOOK, answers Echo, and I am off at Echo's bidding, determined to strike, manfully, into the teeth of the sea-breeze.

As I open MR. HOOK'S door I am struck with the quaint and fish-like smell, of a kind of not of the newest Poor John, which emanates from the quay—well, not exactly quay, but at least harbour of refuge provided by this best of marine painters for myself and all in search of the "true and blue and ever free." Lobster-pots, trawls, kedges, jiggers, and dog-fish literally litter the floor; and as I watch the herring-boats or Lowestoft yawls dancing on the canvas right and left, I get a smack in my eye such as only Hastings or HOOK could impress with as much effect upon their pupils. I jumped at once aboard the painter's craft, and thence, after a refreshing plunge into the wild sea waves, followed up by a "water-bite" of a dozen oysters (real natives, "Ang Low Dutch!" as I said to my friend H.), and a nip of smuggled brandy, I let go the painter, and figuratively Hook it.

With my appetite for sea air only stimulated by this nibble at a Hook, I bore away aboard my Hansom, chartered for the day's cruise, up Campden Hill, and was soon hitching my trousers and dowsing my tarpaulin in the presence of H. MOORE. Here's a breeze, Sir! Here's a bouquet of sea-beach! Here's an air—now *crescendo*, now *rallentando*—of wavelets making a creamy ripple on the beach. (I am not quite clear if that is mine or the Laureate's; if it isn't A. T.'s, he is welcome to it, and can fit it into his next sea-idyl.) "MOORE, and still MOORE," I cry, until I begin so to believe in the "*Fresh Breezes*" and "*Rolling Swells*," that had not my kind entertainer brought me a pick-me-up, in which cognac predominated over seltzer, I verily believe he must have brought me a basin. It was all the gifted artist could do to prevent me taking a header into one of his freshly-painted waves. "Breakers ahead!" thought I, and after another final gulp of his refreshing briny, I retired gracefully and sought another clime—I should say climb—for I had to ascend the Hill of Notting, cross the Vale of Maida, and seek the classical temple of ALMA TADEMA, by the northern gate of the Grecian-porticoed park of the Late Regent, and almost under the classic shadow of the Hill of Primrose. A palace! an imperial monument! complete from the *Cave Canem* at the door to the Gladiator's helmet worn by the butler, who took my hat and hung it on the spear of Pallas Promachos which adorns the vestibule.

Here I got so hopelessly mixed up with matrons in Tyrian-dyed hair, babies wearing the *bulla*, and slaves playing on the *discobolos*, the *carchedon*, and the *kithara*, that I had scarcely wits left to distinguish between the real and the unreal, between the Gallo-Greek and the Hispano-Mauresque, between the symposium on the luncheon-table and the banquet on the easel. A witching Bacchante, who had been arranging mosaic *tesseræ* into multitudinous patterns, left her puzzle and her play to press an *amphora* of Falernian to my eager lips. I felt I was growing classical; my hair was cropping into a "Titus;" my Ulster was folding itself into a toga; and I caught myself struggling to arrange into any one of the five classical orders the imperfect memories of a public school education, as seizing a *barbiton* from the wall, I burst, by way of expressing my thanks, into a quotation from HORACE (tesselated, it may be, but all the more classical for that), something to the following effect, as well as I can remember:—

"Odi profanum, puer, apparatus!
Vulgus et arceo, filia pulchrior—
Dic! Utrûm mavis accipe, Tadĕma, aut
ALMA TADĒMA."

"Won't scan and construe?" All I know is I made it scan then, if you can't now; and as to construing, any wise man can put his own construction on anything. No hyper-criticism, if you please.

By Pol and Hercules! that Falernian was first-class, and must have been amphoraed *consule Planco!*—bottled in PLANCUS'S time. PLANCUS must have been a right good fellow—the PLANCHÉ of the period, I dare say—herald, antiquarian, dramatist, and poet; so's ALMA TODDY—TADDY—what's his name?——

How I got out of this round without throwing up the sponge, is quite incomprehensible. But to resume——*

* We regret to have to add that the Sergeant Commissionnaire employed by our worthy Publisher, who happens to be a householder, was called on, at a late hour, to bail our Art-Critic out of the Primrose Hill Station-House, whither he had been brought in a wild state of classical and Bacchanalian elevation, shouting "*Evoe!*" and "*Io Bacche!*" which the Police Sergeant on duty construing into a call for tobacco, had kindly sent out for a two-ounce packet of WILLS'S Best Bristol Bird's-Eye, and a clean pipe. A card discovered in our Art-Critic's pocket, with the address of our office, led to the application to our worthy Commissionnaire already mentioned. Our Art-Critic has not yet come up to time for "Round Third."

Early Birds.

WE all know the song of "*St. Patrick's Day in the Morning*," but we didn't know St. Patrick's dinner this year, like his day, was in the morning also, if we may trust the *Daily Telegraph* advertisement:—

ST. PATRICK'S DAY DINNER, at CANNON STREET HOTEL, on SATURDAY, March 17, *at* 6.30 A.M. ISAAC BUTT, Esq., Q.C., M.P. in the Chair, and a considerable number of the Irish Members expected.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Spirit of PEPYS.)



w the Protocol be still a-mending, my LORD DERBY did explain to my LORD GRANVILLE (*Lords, Monday, March* 19); but would needs thrust off upon COUNT SCHOUVALOFF, the Muscovite Ambassador, the delays in settling of the business. Strange, how nice men will be over what methinks can serve for little purpose but the screening of their real ends, for the which it do seem to me that one set of words would serve as well as another. But 'tis the business of diplomacy to fashion such screens; so no wonder they of the craft do make much ado about what is writ upon them. Only to plain folks out-of-doors methinks it must needs seem that it do matter little. I sorry to learn that SIR HENRY ELLIOT is sick, but glad that he shall not go back at once to Constantinople; and, indeed, I could find in my heart to wish he may never go back thither, for methinks one so weak were better elsewhere, seeing your Turk do need a strong hand in them that have the dealing with him. Besides 'tis a hard place for one that I do hear is a most easy gentleman, both in speech and carriage, though mighty pleasant, and would do well enough, I doubt not, in another place. Afterwards my Lords did talk at large on Cattle Plague, and Law Schools, and Inns of Court, matters I like little, and scarce know which least, but do hold them all plagues after their kind.

(*Commons.*)—By reason of Cattle Plague I do find many, both in Lords and Commons, would have the bringing in of Foreign Beasts stopped altogether; and I do not well see how otherwise the plague be to be kept out. And methinks I had rather, if we must have strange meat, that it came over dead, than alive, and bring the plague with it.

I do learn from UNDER-SECRETARY BOURKE that SIR HENRY ELLIOT be to be let down by degrees—one being sent in his place, at first, as if for a while only. Only I do not think in my heart the Government be for sending SIR HENRY back; but meanwhile do give him many good words, which I would not have him begrudged, if they comfort him. And indeed I do find all mighty tender to him; as they well may be, seeing he hath but done what most would have had him, which is nothing.

My LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, a mighty brisk young Captain, that I do like to hear speak for his fiery spirit, did no little content me to-night by his brave talk of Torpedoes. And indeed I do now think to understand them better than I had ever hoped to do without seeing; and strange weapons they do seem, and nasty, and able to blow a great ship to pieces as it were in a whiff. I do at last know that they are of several sorts; some to be laid under water, like our land petards, and fired by the passage of a ship above them; and others to be carried in boats within reach of the ship they be to strike; but the most devilish to be launched from aboard the ship that carries them, and to run by their own moving power and their own steerage, and at any depth that they may be ballasted for, and so go straight at the enemy's ship like a bull-dog at a bull, and at the first touch burst, and blow the biggest ship to the bottom, and no help. And though I did always wonder how men should be found so mad to go to sea when they could stay ashore, I do now wonder at this more than ever, with such diabolique engines both aboard our ships of war and ready for launching against them by others. So

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AT THE BOAT-RACE.

Ada. "MAMMA, I CAN'T QUITE MAKE OUT WHAT THOSE ROUGH-LOOKING MEN ARE SAYING; BUT THEY MUST BE WELL-EDUCATED!"
Mamma. "WHY, DEAR?"
Ada. "WELL, THEY ALL SEEM TO KNOW THE FRENCH FOR 'LADY'"!!

that 'tis hard to say which is the greatest danger—to blow up yourself, or be blown up by your enemy: whereof methinks either is enough without the other. But I am sorry to learn that all may have these torpedoes, though their deviser be an Englishman—one WHITEHEAD. So that I marvel why our Government did not buy the invention of him, rather than a certain number of his torpedoes only. For now it seems he may and do sell them to all. And I do not think it well that a man should be let keep a shop, as it were, for sale of such infernal inventions, when we might, for a little money, have them all to ourselves.

Then the House did vote more than Two and a Half Millions for Seamen's Wages, at which I did wonder, to think how hard we used to be put to it, in my time, to get a few poor Thousands. But, indeed, it do seem the country is grown rich in money, that all the Offices may have it for the asking; only the difficulty is in the right spending of it, and how to get the needful kind of virtuoso officers to manage the engines aboard our ships; and to that end MR. WARD HUNT do propose some peddling measures, but nothing fitting our need. And, indeed, all in this matter do seem alike at a non-plus, and cannot yet find the right men. And yet England, that they call the world's workshop, ought to furnish such men easiest; and I doubt not could, if the Office could but hit the right way to get them. There was also a vote taken to-night for more than a Million, for Victualling and Clothing, which do as much amaze me as the monstrous sum for pay. And to think no gifts to them in the Office out of it all! Which is hardest of all for me to believe. And a sorry thing methinks for them in the Office.

Tuesday.—My *Lords* up at half-past five, after some talk of Railway Accidents and Retirement of Army Officers—two hard nuts to crack, were the best teeth in my Lords' best heads set to them.

(*Commons.*)—One MR. REGINALD YORKE did move an Address to the Crown to issue a Commission to Inquire into all Matters touching the Stock Exchange, and the business and usages thereof, which is indeed a new thing since my time, and, it do seem, is used chiefly for the getting on and off the market of Bubble Loans and Companies, whereof your clever rogues do make rare pickings out of the losses of simple honest folk. And SIR C. RUSSELL did amaze me, showing how Twenty States did now owe us 305 Millions of money lent, and 40 Millions arrears of interest.

But MR. ALDERMAN COTTON, and MR. STANHOPE, and others were against inquiry, for that the said Exchange was a need of the times. As I do see it is, and that without it many clever rogues would be cast out of a livelihood; and they do plead that there be good schemes promoted thereby as well as bad ones; and, indeed all do know that 'tis hard for the law to come between simple fools and sharp knaves, and so said SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and did give good reasons against such inquiry, but, nevertheless, did end by agreeing to it, which amazed me, that a grave man like him should give such good reasons against his own action; and I do indeed think this be one of those things whereof the saying goes—"the more you stir it, the more it stinks"—yet the House, I believe, was for stirring it, so the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was fain to yield, but methinks did it not with a good grace. And, indeed, I had thought SIR STAFFORD a weightier and wiser man than he did seem to-night.

But, lord! to hear how your sharp rogues do thrive by these bubble-blowings, and what a state they keep! And how of these pestilent bubbles, one will burst every now and then, and let the hoised knaves that blew it down of a sudden, and then a great stir and a scandal, but soon forgotten. All which I would have otherwise; and had rather see things as in my time, when indeed we did pick and steal handsomely enough in the Offices, and did think little of cheating the King, but had no such mighty making of money by right-down roguery under the name of business as I do see in this town now-a-days. And while this is so, methinks 'tis hard to see what good can come of inquiring *how* the rogues do go about their knavery, for that to shut one way to them is most times but to open another.

Wednesday.—MR. BUTT did move his Irish Land Tenure Bill for enabling Tenants to hold the lands against their Landlords so long as they should pay their rents. But the House would none of it by 322 to 84. And I do wonder how any one should be bold enough

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to bring in such a Bill in a House mostly of landowners. But I do think this Bill is one not meant to pass, but only to please the more ignorant Irish out of the House, like many of the Bills of MR. BUTT. But methinks he must, indeed, be ready to throw such tubs to the whales, or he would not bear rule at home, nor brook Home-Rule as he do. But as for the prosperity of Ulster, which MR. BUTT do place on its law of land, I do rather, by all I can learn, hold it to come of the Scotch blood brought in there through KING JAMES'S Plantation of that part of Ireland, which hath marvellously sobered your wilder Irish sort, so that I would KING JAMES had so planted all Ireland.

Thursday (*Lords*).—My LORD DUDLEY mighty free-spoken upon the Protocol, and the emptiness thereof, and the need of some care and thought for the Christians under the Turk, and how he would not have SIR HENRY ELLIOT go back to Constantinople, for that he was all for the Turk. And so did draw down a sharp rap from my LORD DUKE OF SOMERSET, and most from my LORD DERBY, that would not any Lord should speak strongly on such matters, seeing it is his way to do nothing and to say as little as may be; and hath till now succeeded wondrous well therein, and will abide by it.

In the *Commons* were many questions, but only work on the Prisons Bill, wherein I do see CROSS is one that not only means well but do better than most; and I much contented with his carriage of all matters about his Bill to-night.

THE COASTGUARDSMAN OF THE FUTURE.

(*An outline by* LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, *filled in by* MR. PUNCH.)



ON the evening of a cold spring day sat a weather-beaten man on the beach of an exposed part of the Yorkshire coast. In spite of the almost wintry wind that blew his garments hither and thither, he calmly continued his employment of sketching the seascape before him.

"This work," he murmured, "is congenial to my tastes, and I shall grow strong and hearty in this exposed situation. Let me see, what have I done to-day? This morning was devoted to seizing contraband articles from a score of smugglers. After I took my lunch I placed the ground torpedoes yonder—where the sun is dipping his rays in the water. This afternoon my studies of fortification and military history were interrupted by a shipwreck. It was annoying, but I saved the crew in my steam life-boat. I must work harder to-morrow, or I shall not pass the monthly examination ordered by the Lords of the Admiralty. I could not bear that disgrace. It would be too hard to put the School-Board (to whom I owe all my technical knowledge and accomplishments) to open shame! It must not be!—nay, it shall not be!

The sun having now sunk behind the distant horizon, the Coastguardsman gathered up his sketching materials, and returned to his watch-tower. He had hardly opened a scientific work upon gunnery when the signal-bell of the telegraphic apparatus informed him that a message was on its road. In a moment he was at the instrument, anxiously waiting for information.

"A despatch from the Admiralty!" he exclaimed, as the needles moved rapidly from side to side. And then he repeated the message word for word—"War is declared. Keep a sharp look-out. The enemy's fleet is——" He could read no more, for the needles suddenly stopped; and further examination convinced him that the wire of communication between his office and Whitehall had been severed.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself in an undertone. And then he listened. The sounds of horses' hoofs striking the hard, flinty road without, reached his eager ears. Rapidly arming himself, he rushed out, and formed himself (as well as the resources at his command would permit) into a hollow square. He waited patiently for a few minutes, and, hearing nothing more, extended himself in skirmishing order. The last movement had the desired effect. A regiment of Uhlans appeared, and were rapidly demolished by the Gatling gun he had brought with him for the purpose.

"It is lucky that I have the *Field Exercises* at my fingers'-ends," he murmured. "Without the knowledge culled from the Red Book, I could never have performed these manœuvres with such success and steadiness."

But once more silence reigned around. No longer able to restrain his impatience to learn the worst he took from the pocket of his rough sailor's coat a small mortar, and loaded it with gun-cotton and a parachute shell. In another moment the sea and land for miles round were illuminated with a brilliant light.

"As I expected," he observed, with a grim smile. "The enemy's fleet is in the offing."

He could say no more, for immediately the air became thick with shells, which rapidly exploded in the most dangerous manner. The Coastguardsman, without any unnecessary delay, threw himself upon his face, and crawled back, like a serpent, to his tower, which was of course subterranean.

Once in this place of security he approached an instrument connected with the telegraphic apparatus, which looked somewhat like an old harpsichord. Rapidly sweeping his fingers over the keys, immediately the distant sea was convulsed in many places. He had fired the sunken torpedoes. Then he crawled above ground, and by the light of the moon, which had now risen, ascertained, with the assistance of a telescope, that a couple of dozen Iron-clads had been blown to atoms. A distant cheer informed him, however, much to his chagrin, that only a portion of the enemy's fleet had been destroyed.

"I must get out my 200-ton gun," he murmured, angrily. "And then good-bye to my studies for to-night."

Crawling stealthily to a hidden boathouse, he crept into what seemed to be a floating gun-carriage propelled by steam. On a lucifer being applied to the fuel, ready laid in the furnaces, the machine immediately got up steam, and, consuming its own smoke, left the shore. The floating gun-carriage lay low in the water, and was painted to represent a miniature wave. At a few yards' distance the boat could not be distinguished from the water. By turning a few handles, and steering cleverly, he was able to load and fire his formidable weapon a dozen times, and each shot demolished an Iron-clad. Again he loaded and fired, but at length without effect. The floating fortress had conquered the floating gun. His weapon had at last become valueless.

Nothing daunted, he put some more fuel into the furnace, and increased the speed of his little craft. When he was within a thousand yards of the remainder of the enemy's fleet, he lowered a dozen floating cases like gigantic cigars, lighted their fuses, and the cases instantaneously plunged under water.

"It is rather cruel," he murmured, "but it can't be helped."

In another minute and a half, twelve of WHITEHEAD'S torpedoes had been exploded, and the remaining Iron-clads were reposing, in pieces, at the bottom of the sea.

Thoughtfully the Coastguardsman returned to his subterranean tower. He rushed to his desk, and dashed off, with the aid of a type-writer, a brilliant account of his proceedings. He had taken seven impressions at once. The original he put in an envelope for the Admiralty; the copies were addressed to the Editors of the leading journals.

Then he mounted a bicycle, and, after half an hour's ride, found the severed wire. He connected the metal with his pocket instrument, and telegraphed to London, "The enemy's ships accounted for. Send divers by early train to-morrow to raise them, for the sake of the old iron. The Lords of the Admiralty are respectfully informed that they can now retire to rest with easy minds."

Then the Coastguardsman posted his letters, and, having ineffectually swept the sea with his glass to discover if it were possible to save any of the crews in his steam life-boat, returned to his tower.

Here, tired with his day's exertions, he set his alarum at a quarter to five, played *Rule Britannia* (with some brilliant variations) on his violin, wrapped himself in the Union Jack, and in a few moments was enjoying the sleep that follows upon duty done.

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"A CLUB TO THE RESCUE."



XCELLENT MR. PUNCH,

You are *invariably* so *very* kind to Ladies, that I cannot help asking you for your opinion about the new Tournament Club. Do you know it is to be *so* grand? The object of the Club is the "revival of chivalric sports under *distinguished* patronage." There's to be quintain and tilting at the ring, and the prizes are to be *given away* by a Queen of Beauty. Another chivalric sport is to be "five o'clock tea from three to half-past six during the season." Now, doesn't this sound *very* nice? My only fear is, that if CHARLES becomes a member he will *hurt* himself *dreadfully* with the quintain, which is a bag of sand, or something horrible of that sort, isn't it? The poor boy rides a good many stones more than he did a few years ago. For all that he is quite too awfully charming, and I certainly should not *permit* him to receive a prize from any Queen of Beauty but——Well, my *modesty* won't allow me to say any more. And that reminds me—*how* are the Queens of Beauty to be chosen? If the Ladies are put up for ballot, and elected by their own sex, *none* of them will *ever* be taken.

"Tilting at the ring" being permitted, I suppose is a delicate way of saying that flirtation won't be forbidden. But really I think the Tournament will be *quite* too dangerous, and just a *little* bit ridiculous. I see that the Committee want to find a town house. Don't you think they had better *fix* their head-quarters at ASTLEY'S?

Believe me, my dear *Mr. Punch*,

Yours most affectionately,

The Boudoir, Bayswater. A CLEVER LITTLE WOMAN.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(He addresses the Editor, expresses his sincere regret, and announces a courageous intention.)

SIR,

I CANNOT explain how grieved I am to have been compelled, by circumstances over which I have not now, nor ever shall have, any control, to absent myself from the gay Metropolis at what is the very Preface of the Season. His Royal Highness has been with you, but I have not. Now *he* leaves you for a little tour—which I sincerely trust he will enjoy; and I am with you for a few weeks, just to start the Season, and then again to horse, and away!

My chief regret, I own, is that I have been unable to see *Haska* at Drury Lane—that Spicerian Drama which has engaged the attention of "the gentlemen of the Long Robe," and advertised itself at some considerable expense to the Author.

But I *have* seen the Picture, up in front of Drury Lane, representing, in beautifully bright colours, a young lady, presumably *Haska* the Heroine, about to throw herself out of a large window, while a gentleman, evidently belonging to the upper classes of foreign society, and something between *King Belshazzar* in the old-fashioned children's picture-books, and the conventional *Richard the Third*, is standing in an attitude of surprise, not unmingled with indignant disgust—at least such was the impression conveyed to my mind by his deep-pink-blush face. From behind the arras issues a crowd of armed men rushing out, either to seize the foreign nobleman (taking him unawares while in this state of blushing indignation), or to prevent *Haska* from committing what the police reports would term "the rash act."

But I have no time to dilate on the artistic composition, which will *not* (unless I am misinformed) be in this year's Academy.

All I have to say is this, that I regret my inability to witness the performance of the play, unless it runs over Easter. If it does, then I am there—representing *you*, Sir, I am all there. If it does not, then as Drury Lane is to be let very soon, I am half-inclined to hire it for one night; with MR. SPICER'S assistance, merely to represent *Haska* to a select audience, *only no one will be admitted who has not previously provided himself with a voucher signed by three Peeresses in their own right*, and by H.R.H., *for* HER MAJESTY. *Then, perhaps*, I may allow them to come in on payment of five sovereigns, and no change given.

However, that project is *in nubibus* or *in boobibus* at present, though I am open to an offer.

No, Sir, I have made up my mind, and when I have finished my packing I am going to ride to Khiva, or somewhere else. I do not wish to cut out my gallant friend CAPTAIN BURNABY; no, far from it. But to Khiva I will go, my boys, to Khiva I will go. I don't know where it is, and I don't care; that makes the undertaking more perilous (as I might take the wrong turning to begin with), and my conduct the more plucky. I *think* I shall open a subscription list. *There are lots of people want me to go away*—I mean to ride to Khiva, and to see what it's like before they attempt it themselves. I've often "ridden to cover" (or *Kiver*, as the Cockneys would call it); but I've never done Khiva.

No matter, particulars as to subscriptions will be soon started in this Journal, and at Khiva, or elsewhere, mounted or on foot, believe me always to be

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A CHANCE FOR PEACE.

MR. PUNCH, SER,

PEOPLE sez 'tis a toss-up whether there 's goin to be peece or war. It ought for to be quite differnt. The right toss-up wood be Roosher and Turky tossin witch o' the 2 shood disharm fust. Wot a loark 'twood be to se the SULTUN and the EMPRER ALIKZANDER, or their ed Men the GRAND VIZHUR and PRINSE GORTSSHAKORF a skyin a coper. Or the toss cood come off over ere upon nutral ground 'tween the Rooshan and Turkish Ambassadors afore LORD DARBY and LORD SALSBURY and yerself, to se fair play wile they cride "Man" or "Ooman." Honly the wust on it praps yule think ood be likely to be that Roosher 'd want to toss on the understandin of eds i win tales you lose. Utharways the only further kvestshun fur the Diplermats to considder wood be about makin the Game between the I contractin Partees and wether it ad beter be best too out o 3 or Suddin Deth. Nex time you sieze BEN BACONSFEELD jest you giv im the abuv Tipp with mi luv. E can then perpose it in the propper kevarter at Sunt Peetersburg witch if then offered to the Sublime Port wot cood ALIKZANDER say fairer than that? A namesake of isn I've eerd Swels say wunce cum across a Not as e coodn't unty, and witch e accordinly cut with is Soard. Wood the ALIKZANDER wot is rayther do it peeceful? Wel then e can tri the agrement of tossin to tackle the Gorgin Nott. Oxfurd and Cambridge tosses fur fust chice o sides on the River. 'Twas only this wery mornin as I meself tost for a pint of arf-an-arf and wun. That 's wot put it into my ed that Roosher and Turky mite be inwited to foller the exampel of the Varsity Cruze, and yures truley, exeep that insted of tossin agin one pal only for that ere bere, I went

THE ODD MAN.

The Checkers (Spellin Reform Crib), Wensday.

On finding the fragments of an Egg upon the Chair of Vice-Chancellor Malins.

HENS sit, and Judges sit—'tis fair to match 'em,
Since one has lately given much pains to Hatcham,
And laid a *yoke* (some say) on our Theology:
But this egg surely had its nest mistaken.
Eggs in the *Rolls* would scarcely need apology,
And every one has heard of Eggs and BACON.
How then account for this misplaced ovation?
Why thus! Our memory may have its failings—
But we account for it by this quotation,
"*Ab ovo usque ad* (*Flacco pace*) *MAL*-INS."

A Novel Case.

"AT Taunton Assizes, yesterday, before MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS, JAMES SLEEP, station-master at Wellow, was charged with the manslaughter of ELIZABETH EDGE and twelve other persons, who were killed in the Radstock Railway accident, owing to his having started a train on a single line when another was due in the opposite direction. A sentence of twelve months' imprisonment was passed."

We have known of but too many Railway Accidents caused by want of sleep among the Company's Servants, but the Radstock accident is the only instance we ever heard of, of an accident caused by one SLEEP too many among those in the Company's employment.

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A BARGAIN.

"IT'S *VERY* DEAR, MR. ISAACS! NOW, IS IT REALLY, *REALLY* OLD?"
"REALLY OLD, MA'AM! WHY, IT'S SO ROTTEN THAT IT COMES TO PIECES IF YOU ONLY TRY TO PICK IT UP! LOOK 'ERE!"
[*Young Lady, who only cares for what is really old, is convinced, and buys the Rug.*

ECHOES FROM THE STAMBOUL ST. STEPHEN'S.

FIRST SITTING.

"Whatever may be said in praise of the grand Audience Hall of the Dolma-Baghtché, its acoustic properties must be left out of the commendation. An echo worse than that which necessitated the use of a *velarium*, in a certain hall on the western outskirts of the British capital, resounds through the great chamber of the marble palace on the Bosphorus. No such expedient as a *velarium* having suggested itself to the authorities exercising control over the proceedings, the Secretary's utterances were nearly unintelligible. The Speech, which was very long, gave a history of the formation of the Turkish Constitution, insisted on the necessity of reform, enumerated many laws, and specially promised a review of the financial position of Turkey."
Daily Telegraph.

OH, a fig for the Speech! *Mr. Punch's* sharp ear
Was a-cock for that Echo; an Echo as queer
As ever a Pat answered patly.
Its report was the thing that the Sage overheard,
Whilst the Deputies squatted in postures absurd,
And on ears of which few comprehended one word
The SULTAN'S palaver fell flatly.

And what, as he gazed on those smoke-puffing ranks,
Did *Mr. Punch* hear? Well, a turning of cranks—
A sort of queer clockworky grinding;
As though an automaton caucus were there,
Very stiff in the joints and much out of repair,
And a Showman, unused to the work, with all care
Were the motive machinery winding.

He heard a strange sound, too, half chuckle half groan,
Above the wigged Speaker's monotonous drone,
As he summarised, promised, exhorted:
And,—well, *Mr. Punch* from mis-statement would shrink,
But if such a thing as a general wink
Might be rendered in sound, he'd be tempted to think
That also the Echo reported.

Then he thought he heard History shaking her head
At the SULTAN'S "historical facts," as 'tis said
She would do, in old days, at DISRAELI.
Then a chorus of Bondholders howled in his ear
At the Padishah's views of finance; one may fear
As a GLADSTONE'S or GOSCHEN'S they were not so clear,
Though glibly reeled out, if not gaily.

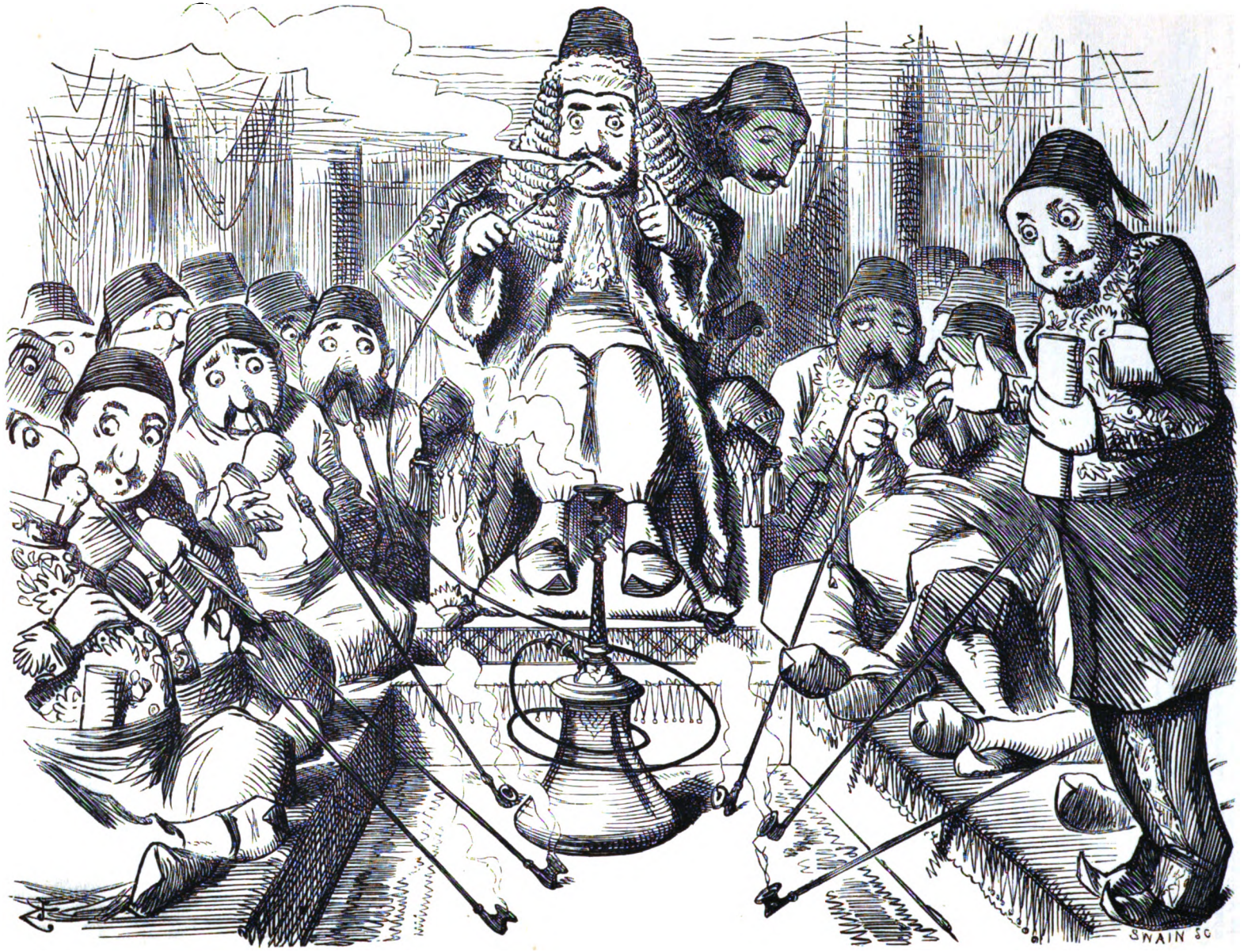
When he spake of Reform that rude Echo laughed loud;
But the mirth seemed to struggle with groans from the crowd
Of Slav millions yet ruled from the Bosphorus.
"Reform!" wailed the voices, "when Pashas still sway,
With legions of Bashi-Bazouks in their pay,
And Policy bids us with patience to stay,
While the diplomates play pitch-and-toss for us?"

When the thanks of the SULTAN to Allah arose,
That Echo most surely held finger to nose
(If Echoes have noses and fingers),
So sly and so nasally 'cute was its tone,
As it said "Well, suppose we leave Allah alone,
While murder and lust stain our country's hearth-stone,
And corruption among us still lingers."

But when the Speech proferred Turk friendship all round
The Echo returned such a composite sound
Of doubt, indignation, and laughter,
That the Bear-Garden Palace seemed full of the row.
So *Punch* made the Echo his very best bow,
And left Dolma-Baghtché, not caring, somehow.
To listen to aught that came after.

STOCK EXCHANGE REFORM.—Restore the parochial Stocks and also the Pillory, put the greater rogues amongst the Stock-Speculators, Riggers, Ringers, Promoters, and Bubble-Blowers into the one, and the lesser—if there be any—in the other.

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STAMBOUL ST. STEPHEN'S.

"JUST A-GOING TO BEGIN!"

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ARRIVALS OF BRITISH BIRDS.



BETWEEN the Stock Exchange and Lombard Street Green Geese have been observed in considerable flights, following each other's lead as usual.

Lame Ducks have also been met with.

Several Larks have been dropped upon by the Police near the Haymarket, and more than the usual number of Gaol-birds and Roughs may be expected during the suburban spring meetings.

Thrushes have been seen at TATTERSALL'S, but not encouraged.

Flocks of Hawks and Pigeons flutter unmolested about the head-quarters of the principal race meetings, and have even been seen as near as Hurlingham and Sandown Park.

Turtle Doves will pair freely after Lent.

Nightingales may be expected early in April. Their notes promise to be higher than ever.

Rooks and Jackdaws may be looked for at the Levees.

DYING WITH LAUGHTER.

SCENE—*The Interior of a Railway Signal-Box.* Small Boy Clerk *discovered Chatting with his Friend.*

Small Boy Clerk. It was very good of you, CHARLIE, to come to cheer me up a bit. After twelve hours' duty one gets awfully lonely. (*Electric signal-bell rings.*)

Charles (*his Friend*). I say, Old Man, don't you think you ought to find out what they want at the next station? That's the fourth time that blessed bell has been set a-ringing!

Small Boy Clerk. Oh! it's only some chaff or other. They are always up to their tom-foolery.

Train dashes past

Charles. Hallo! what's that?

Small Boy Clerk (*scratching his head*). Well, I don't exactly know. It's either the mail, or an extra special, or the relief. You see, while I was talking to you —— (*Signal-bell rings.*) Confound that fellow—there he is up to his pranks again!

Charles. I say, oughtn't you to see what it's all about? Come, show us how you work the thing.

Small Boy Clerk. All right! Look here! You take the handles like this, and work 'em so.

Charles. What does he want?

Small Boy Clerk. Oh! some bosh about when the train's left. He's always at his nonsense. Just you take the handles, and work 'em so. (*Charles obeys.*) There, that will shut him up!

Charles. What have you telegraphed?

Another Train dashes past.

Small Boy Clerk (*laughing*). Oh, it means "All right!"

Charles. But, I say, supposing the line's blocked?

Small Boy Clerk. Well, then it will serve him jolly well right for playing the fool. And now tell us that story that you began just now.

A third Train dashes past.

Charles. Well, it *was* great larks! You see we got the dog quietly down to the back of the public, and there we met BILL SIMMONDS. Says BILL, "Is the match on?" "Yes," says I, "if you can only get big enough rats."

Two more Trains dash past.

Small Boy Clerk (*laughing*). That *was* a good un! But stay a moment; I don't understand these trains. I've been so long on duty I'm getting quite confused. (*Telegraphs.*) There, now I have asked him what's the matter. (*Needles work.*) There, what did I tell you?—he's always playing the fool. He's answered back, "All right!" Well, I can't help it. Go on. If the rats are only big enough—yes?

Charles. So TOMMY comes up and says, says he, "Call that a dog?—why he's more like an elephant." Well of course we all roared at that.

Another Train dashes past.

Small Boy Clerk (*shouting with merriment*). Well I never! And what did BILL say to that?

Charles. Well of course this made BILL very shirty, so he says, says he—— (*Violent ringing of the signal-bell.*) Hallo! what's the row now?

Small Boy Clerk (*at telegraph*). Oh, nothing very much—only a fatal accident. We have lots of 'em on our line. Go on.

Charles. And BILL says, says he, "I'll eat myself and the elephant too if it ain't SAMMY'S old bull terrier!"

[*Scene closes in, amidst peals of laughter.*

SAVE THE CHILD!

THE Third Schedule of the Education Code, 1877 (Needlework), requires the following from Infants, age three to five:—

"Position drill, hemming, simple, on strips, beginning with black cotton, rising to red, and going on to blue.

Hemming, simple and counter, to show any garment which can be made entirely by these, *e.g.*, a child's common pinafore."

Imagine a class of thirty infants from three to five, each armed with a needle, and superintended by a somewhat larger infant in the shape of a pupil-teacher, aged fourteen, all working out my Lords' sentence—to make their own pinafores! We all know that children between these ages look on buttons, peas, and similar small objects as stoppers for the nose and ears, and on thimbles and marbles as nourishing things to swallow. Who can say what may be the consequences of arming these enterprising little experimentalists with pins and needles? Perhaps it is to prevent any catastrophe from this marvellous regulation that the KHEDIVE OF EGYPT has chosen this moment to make the British nation a present of Cleopatra's Needle, which is big enough to do all the sewing for all the elementary schools of the kingdom. But this is not all my Lords lay down in that way of that stitch in time, which, let us hope, may save nine hereafter. Children from five to seven are expected to do "hemming, seaming, felling, pleating, and knitting," and at twelve or thirteen to be proficient in all branches of needlework, knitting, and cutting out.

If my Lords don't succeed in sewing up the children by these wonderful regulations, they will the teachers.

Who would be a Governess?

WHAT is the difference between a Servant and a Governess? This is not a conundrum, but a question that arises after the perusal of the following advertisement:—

HOUSEMAID (young) WANTED, immediately, to assist Governess. Apply, &c.

The next domestic wanted will be a Governess to help the Housemaid, or possibly the Cook, in her duties, till at last, as education spreads, Governess becomes synonymous with Maid-of-all-work.

Our Boat-race Prophecy.

PROPHETIC *Punch!* last week saw plain expressed,
How Light and Dark Blue passed the Ship abreast;
Behold, this week the prophecy comes true,
In the dead-heat 'twixt Royal and Sky-blue!

Equality Underground.

ANIMADVERTING on the Ministerial Burials Bill, the *Nonconformist* complains that—

"It is bread the Nonconformists ask for, and they have flung to them a stone."

But if that stone is a headstone in a National Churchyard, it should surely go a great way to satisfy reasonable Nonconformists.

OCULIST EVIDENCE

"IGNATIEFF a humbug?" Let LIEBREICH make reply:
Say, Doctor, had the General not *something* in his eye?

"ROYAL" COMMISSION ON STOCK EXCHANGE TRANSACTIONS.—BARON ROTHSCHILD'S bonus on the recent Imperial purchase of Suez Canal Shares.

THE FEAST OF ALL FOOLS.—More than is good for them.

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VERS NONSENSIQUES, À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(*Par* Anatole de Lester-scouère.)



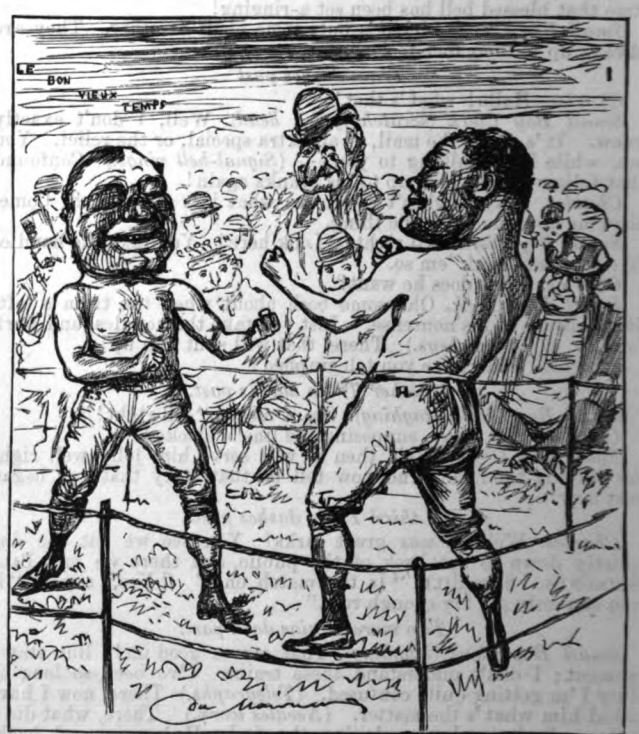
Le chagrin stimulait tant (dit-on)
L'appétit de la chaste Didon,
Qu'à la fuite d'Énée
La belle délaissée
Dina du dos d'un dodu dindon !



Un vieux duc (le meilleur des époux)
Demandait (en lui tâtant le pouls)
À sa vieille duchesse
(Qu'un vieux catarrhe oppresse) :—
" Et ton thé, t'a-t-il ôté ta toux ? "



Un Marin naufragé (de Doncastre)
Pour prière, au milieu du désastre,
Répétait à genoux
Ces mots simples et doux :—
" Scintillez, scintillez, petit astre ! "



Autrefois, en voyant deux athlètes
Se polichineller leurs deux têtes,
Monsieur Punch leur a dit :—
" Routitoutitoutt !
Quels atouts réguliers vous deux êtes ! "

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AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

Near-sighted, but hard-riding Gentleman. "JUMPED OVER SOME FELLOW IN THAT DITCH! STRIKES ME IT WAS MY SON TOM!"

MRS. PARTINGTON'S ALLOCUTION.

In humble imitation of that recently fulminated by her Venerable Friend at the Vatican.

"The POPE pronounced a brief allocution, affirming with greater vehemence the declarations made by him in the allocution of the 12th inst., and adding that he would raise a protest before the whole world against the attempt that was being made to deprive him of liberty of speech."
Daily Telegraph.

WELL, I pities the POPE, that I does; which his doctrines is downright and manly,
(And not merely moonshine and mist, like the trash of that mealy-mouthed STANLEY)!
To hear him a dealing out cusses, and letting fly adjectives—whoppers!—
Must comfort and 'stablish true hearts, and give infidel consciences croppers.

The way us Old Parties is treated is daily becoming more horrid;
In wain do our protests wax louder, our metyfors more and more florid.
My broom 's no more use than a bullrush; dear PIUS's ban ain't much stronger;
And as for the old Tory rattle, they daren't even shake it no longer!

The World will not heed its Old Women, in bombazine, True-Blue, or Scarlet;
But me, MRS. GAMP, and the POPE, is mere butts for each wicious young warlet.
We weeps and deplores and protests, shake our besom, our Bull, or our gingham,
But cannot to decency drive 'em, nor, much more, to betterment bring 'em.

They tramples all rights under-foot, like a herd of mad swine—which they *are* it!
The flood of the red revolution sweeps on, and our wailings won't bar it.
They prigs all our places and perks, all our prophecies turns into mockery,
And smashes up Customs and Creeds, Crowns and Churches, like so much old Crockery.

They forges iniquitous ties—may they twist into knots as 'll hang 'em!—
They laughs when we beg and beseech, and they sets up their backs when we slang 'em;
They cuts down our powers and properties ruthless, the bragian brutes do!
Tearing up our "beneficent plants,"—which they now is *but* plants,—by the roots, too.

Their papers, and pamphlets, and speeches—a plague on the whole wicked lot of 'em!—
Insinivates falsehoods against us, till thousands is gulled by the rot of 'em.
The villanies vomited forth—that 's the word—from their platforms and presses,
Mean mischief in every line, and must end in the awfullest messes.

True for you, my poor PIUS! a prisoner, pent by fell foes in the Vatican!
I sympathise much with your woes, I can feel for your sufferings, that I can.
All the world, save ourselves, is gone wrong in its creeds and its laws and its politics,
And Civilisation's new clock to the tune of delirious folly ticks.

And now they would tie up our tongues, as the werry last weapons they 've left us;
But, drat 'em! they shan't stop our talk, who of all other bliss have bereft us.
There 's comfort in cussing all round—us Old Women it cheers and rejoices
To know, though our hands they have shackled, they can't put the gag on our woices.

WHAT FOOLS FEAR FROM VACCINATION.—De-Jenner-acy.

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THE "STATUS QUO ANTE."

Squire (desiring to improve the taste of his Country Friends, has introduced at his table, in the place of the usual brandied Spanish and Portuguese wines, the natural vintages of France and Germany). "NOW, MR. BARLEYMEAD, HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS 'CHATEAU LAFITTE'? ANOTHER GLASS——"

Farmer B. "THANKY, SIR; IT'S UNCOMMON NICE.—(*He had drunk a bottle or two.*)—BUT WE DON'T SEEM TO GET NO FORRUDER!!"

THE CREWS AND COLOURS;

OR, AFTER THE DEAD-HEAT.

By KIMM HUP, ESQ.

I AM a Coster well to do;
I keeps my cart and donkeys two,
And daily drives 'em up and down
The road 'tween 'Ammersmith and Town.

And every blessèd year, the Blues,
Of Oxford and of Cambridge Crews,
On every think wot passes by,
Continally do ketch my heye.

'Taint only nateral for the gals
To wear 'em, cos they loves fal-lals.
But likewise all the t'other sex
Got ribbons round their 'ats and necks.

There 's colours nigh the 'andle tips
Of all the cab and busmen's whips;
And one or t'other bow appears
About most mokes' and osses' ears.

But bein of himparshal mind,
Nor more to neither side inclined,
I sports an 'atband for one Crew,
With fogle of the rival blue.

And also to keep up the joke,
Light Blue and dark on either moke;
Till every party passin' we
Applauds, and cries, "There goes them Three!"

But this 'ere time we three was right
In sportin' dark and also light;
Although we did it hall for fun:
As neither on 'em lost nor won!

Lessons in Massacre.

(*For Young Ladies.*)

How to smile, and murder while you smile.
How to look die-away while busy in destroying.
How to have a fellow's heart out of him in no time.
How to be the death of any number of partners.
How to cultivate *l'œil assassin, in toilette de matin, de promenade, de voiture, et de soir*, respectively.

(Taught in easy lessons, by *Mr. Punch*, to such pretty girls as may honour him with their confidence.)

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

"He [DR. SCHLIEMANN] was attracted to the lady who is now MRS. SCHLIEMANN by her ability to translate the 'Song Divine,' and has since cultivated her powers by refusing in their walks to enter upon other subjects before she had repeated a certain number of lines."—*Times, March* 17.

ALREADY we hear from every side of the good effects produced by this excellent peripatetic example. It is rapidly influencing other couples. Its beneficial operation upon hearts which know and understand each other can hardly be over-estimated. Here are one or two instances, selected at random, of its marvellous working in this short space of time.

MR. and MRS. STANHOPE GATES regularly when they are in Town take a walk together every morning in Kensington Gardens after breakfast. They *now* enter upon none of the ordinary topics of conversation until MRS. GATES has recited, to the satisfaction of her husband, either a scene from SHAKSPEARE, or one of MILTON'S minor poems.

MR. MONTAGU TURTLE and MISS JULIET DOVE have lately become engaged, and never miss a day without spending some portion of it in each other's society. If it is fine, they meet in the Park, or the "Grove," or on the Embankment. If the weather is unfavourable to outdoor mutual adoration, MONTAGU calls at the house of JULIET'S Aunt. He is a devout scholar of CARLYLE and RUSKIN, and it has now become the inexorable rule that, after the first greetings, not another word shall be spoken until darling JULIET—the most amiable girl breathing, but wanting, perhaps, a little cultivation—has repeated a selected passage from one of the two great authors just mentioned.

See! MR. and MRS. GREY MAYOR pacing up and down the well-kept paths of their roomy garden before luncheon. He raises his sonorous voice, he uses gesture, emphasis, action! She, a superior woman, an intellectual being, a keen politician, listens eagerly with rapt attention to the latest leader on the Peace Negotiations, which MR. GREY MAYOR has been busy since breakfast learning by heart in his little study.

Those attached sisters EMMELINE and HERMIONE agreed at once to convert their daily rides into a source of intellectual enjoyment and improvement, instead of making them an occasion of frivolous gossip about parties, amusements, the milliner's art, and butterfly novels. Between canters, they repeat to each other alternately passages from their favourite poets and philosophers, both home and foreign; and now and again they rein up their steeds beneath the stately trees and read translations of some of the choicest examples of melody, diction, and profundity.

The young Ladies who are finishing their education under the eye of MISS DE CORAM, have voluntarily determined to devote the first half of the hour allotted for noonday recreation in the spacious grounds attached to Lawn Mansion, to questioning each other on the leading events in Grecian and Roman History.

ROWLAND TUXFORD is enchanted with the prospect. He is going again to Thistlebury, this next long Vacation, to read at the Vicarage, and foresees that it will not be distasteful to the eldest daughter of the house to listen to him, in their country rambles, while he pours forth long quotations from his favourite author—EUCLID.

Our Novel Series. (To the Public.)

UP to the present time the successful competitor has been certainly MR. PL-MS-LL. We await with anxiety the first instalment of SIR W-LFR-D L-WS-N'S contribution. We have not yet been put in possession of the title, but, from a hint that has been dropped in our Office, we fancy that we shall not be far out in announcing the name of the Novel in question as—

"O RESERVOIR: A STORY OF WATERLOO."

It will appear immediately after the Recess.

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THE ROUND OF THE STUDIOS.

Æsthetic Party (to Child of the House.) "Tell me, Little Boy, was it your Father who Painted this exquisite Copy of one of Luca Signorelli's most exquisite Masterpieces?"

Child of the House (in great trepidation). "Boo-hoo-oo-oo—I want Nursey!"

SOMEBODY'S ENGAGEMENTS.

During the Easter Holidays Mr. Gladstone will deliver Addresses on the Burials Bill, the Permissive Question, and William Caxton.

It has transpired (through a keyhole) that Mr. Gladstone is about to make his appearance in an entirely new arena of distinction. His spare moments are all devoted to the completion of a large oil painting (an Homeric Subject) which he will contribute to the new Grosvenor Gallery.

Immediately after the recess, Mr. Gladstone will hold a conference with the members of the Stock Exchange on their present position and future prospects.

Mr. Gladstone is busy with a paper for the New Shakspeare Society on "Shakspeare's Political Opinions."

Mr. Gladstone's next Lecture to the Members of the Hawarden Mechanics' Institute will deal with that disputed question, "The Botany of the Moon."

One of the Friday Evening Meetings of the Royal Institution will probably be given up to a paper by Mr. Gladstone on "Easter Eggs, and the Way to Hatch 'Em."

As President of the Hawarden Cricket Club, Mr. Gladstone has undertaken to revise and remodel the Rules of that body.

"Pulpits and Preachers" is the attractive title of the Lecture which Mr. Gladstone will deliver in Exeter Hall in May, to the Young Men's Mutual Edification Society.

Mr. Gladstone's journey to Sweden, to investigate the Gothemburg system as advocated by Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., is postponed until the summer.

Negotiations are pending with Mr. Gladstone for an Address to be spoken on the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Mr. Gladstone's next article in the *Enlightened Review*, will be on "Welsh Mammalia, including the Rabbit."

Letters from Mr. Gladstone in answer to correspondents on Easter Dues, Churchwardens' Elections, the respective merits of Apollinaris and Taunus Water, the Folk-Lore of Hot Cross Buns, Deep-Sea Soundings, the rival claims of Scotch and Irish Whiskey, the exact meaning of Protocol, the proper pronunciation of Ignatieff, &c., will shortly appear in the public papers.

Celebrities I Don't Want to Know.

That scandal-loving old sinner Mrs. Grundy.

Duke Humphry's *Chef de Cuisine*.

The President of the Hanging Committee—Jack Ketch.

And the Lion-Comique, the flatness of whose voice is only equalled by the staleness of his matter.

IN MEMORIAM.

Jane Elizabeth Senior.

Died, aged forty-eight, at 98, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, on Saturday, March 24; Buried at Woking Cemetery, Monday, March 26.

Mrs. Senior, sister of Thomas Hughes, Q.C., and daughter-in-law of the late Nassau W. Senior, was appointed by the Right Honourable James Stansfeld, President of the Local Government Board, first, in February, 1873, temporary Assistant Inspector, and in January, 1874, permanent Inspector of the Department, to inquire, and report, especially, on the female departments of Workhouses and Workhouse Schools, and the care and education of female pauper girls and the nursing of infants. She was forced by the illness of which she died to resign this employment in November, 1874. Mrs. Senior was the first woman ever employed in such a capacity.

Not for the bright face we shall see no more,
Not for the sweet voice we no more shall hear;
Not for the heart with kindness brimming o'er,
Large charity, and sympathy sincere.

These are not things that ask a public pen
To blazon its memorial o'er her name;
But, that in public work she wrought with men,
And faced their frowns, and over-lived their blame.

Yet never swerved a hair's breadth from the line
Of woman's softness, gentleness, and grace;
But brought from these an influence to refine
Rough tasks and squalid, and there leave its trace.

Honour to him who in a sneering age,
Braved quip and carp and cavil, and proclaimed
A woman's fitness pauper needs to gauge,—
In purpose strong, in purity unashamed.

For paupers too have sex: the workhouse walls
Hold mothers, maidens, and girl-babes, on whom
A woman's eye with woman's insight falls,
Sees its own ways for sunlight to their gloom.

And so this noble and brave lady turned
From glad life, luxury, and thronging friends
That hung on her sweet voice, and only yearned
To guide her holy work to useful ends.

But Death to Life begrudged her, striking down
The task unfinished from her willing hands,
Leaving to women yet to come the crown
Of her left life's-work, that for others stands.

Then lay and leave her in her quiet grave,
Where the sun shines undimmed, the rain falls clear,
And birches bend, and deodaras wave
Evergreen arms of welcome o'er her bier.

Intra et Extra.

They are talking about a newly-discovered *Intra-Mercurial Planet*. We are watching the last-discovered *Extra*-Mercurial Planet. It is called, "Gladstone."

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Spirit of PEPYS.)



Y LORD DUKE OF RICHMOND did move for a Select Committee (*Friday, March* 23, *Lords*) to inquire into the powers of Commissioners of Sewers, Drainage and Navigation Boards, and how they might best and cheapest be set to work for hindering of floods, and storing of waters. Nor, indeed, before 'tis need thereof, now that both Thames-side, and so much of the Midland parts has been flooded till bodies have scarce had dry lying in the churchyards, and the spirits that belonged to them have been, as it were, but spirits-and-water at best. And, methinks, the Government is this time for shutting the door strangely soon after the stealing of the horse. Yet 'tis but a Select Committee; so that, I doubt not, it will be long enough before they come to doing anything. Only if Englishmen were wise, methinks, between the plagues of too much and too little water, which is floods and droughts, they would devise means for storage of rains, and so letting either prevent the other. But, strange, how long it do take to get things first beaten into your Englishman's head, and thence beaten out again into act.

In the *Commons* a great stir as of a good bout of buffets looked for, and I in my place early, and mighty pleased at the buzzing about the lobbies and in the House. And most Members did put off their Motions, to make way for MR. FAWCETT, the blind gentleman that cannot see things in his way like another, and so will not be turned aside, but standeth the most sturdy to his point I ever did see. And I like him; for, indeed, there are few such: and a clear, strong speaker withal, and doth not see when men are weary or angry with his speaking; so hard to stop.

Only before he come to it was but dull talk of the two Members of Chelsea, for giving more Polling-time from eight in the morning to eight of the evening. Against which I can see no reason, nor have heard none; and methinks, now so many have votes, it is well all should have the most convenient time to give them, which is after four of the clock for most workmen. I well content the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER should grant a Committee on the matter; only mighty vexed by the delay of the brisker business looked for from this FAWCETT, that should raise the Eastern Question again to-night, for the last time of raising before Easter.

And at last SIR CHARLES DILKE got aside, but not easily, for he is one that loves to be talking; and no division taken, before FAWCETT come to his speech. And it do me good to hear one so downright in these over trimming and timid times. And do call a spade by its

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DOMESTIC TRAINING.

SOUTH OF IRELAND.

District Visitor. "WELL, MRS. MURPHY, I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOUR DAUGHTER HAS GOT A PLACE AS PARLOUR-MAID. DO YOU THINK SHE'LL BE UP TO THE WORK?"

Mrs. Murphy. "AH, THIN, WHY WOULDN'T SHE? SURE, ISN'T SHE USED TO THE WAYS AT HOME?"

name as plain as ever I hear; and did so handle this Eastern trouble that he did make it appear England hath played the most poor and pitiful part therein that Government ever had, showing how my LORD DERBY had passed his word to bring about better handling for the Christians under rule of the Turk, and thereunto had used brave, big words, only no force at the back of them; and so all is fallen into the hand of the Muscovite, that is for backing a word with a blow. And, for my part, for anything I do see or hear, I cannot see how the Turk is to be stirred otherwise. And so this brave, blind MR. FAWCETT did end by moving that Turkish promises of reform be useless without guarantees, and that the misrule of the Turk will continue till these guarantees be gotten.

And indeed I do myself well believe it is so: and would have voted for FAWCETT, had I been in the House, and would have had the House vote with him. Only the Government do carry it with a high hand, as having a clear majority of voices, and therein many more lovers of the Turk than of the Christians under his rule, and I did now see why they had stopped SIR CHARLES DILKE's mouth with a Select Committee, and so put off a division, that they might now force FAWCETT to one, as knowing he would be well beaten. Which my LORD HARTINGTON perceiving, said that he would not vote on such a division, though he did subscribe to MR. FAWCETT's speech and motion, only would not have it put now, since it said but what the Government stood to, so far as words go,—which is, indeed, as far as they stand to anything.

And MR. GLADSTONE did speak mighty well and to the same tune as MR. FAWCETT, only sharper and stronger and brisker and fiercer all at once, as is his wont: that it did stir me sometimes like the sound of a trumpet. And did say well that the question he would have answered was, how long the words of Europe should continue mere words? A question which, methinks, all should wish to have answered, that see what is going on under the Turk. And did clearly show how the Turkish Christians do lie under our guard since our last war against the Muscovite.

And, after, one BUTLER JOHNSTONE did speak up for the Turk, so stoutly that I wondered. And did prophesy how, perhaps, a few years hence, England and Turkey would be the only countries in Europe that would have Law and not Force to govern them. Which I did admire, for the boldest thing, I think, I did ever hear said by a man in his sound mind.

And after him one RYLANDS, a rough, rasping, northern man, that I do not love to hear, spoke his mind of SIR HENRY ELLIOT, and so did draw rebuke from a smooth young spark, one SIR HENRY WOLFF, but one that methinks do look and speak more like a lamb, only very hot for the Turk, and against MR. GLADSTONE, as one who hath held two minds and two tongues in this Eastern matter. And at last MR. CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to his legs, and was for driving FAWCETT to division, after much and loud crowing over him, and those that went with him, that they durst not face an issue in the House; after whom one did move the adjournment of the House, and thereon a scuffling fight betwixt those that were for dividing and those that were for adjourning, till the House as like the bear garden on Bankside as ever I see. I oft-times looked out in the lobby, by reason of divisions, and falling asleep there was chid for it by one of the constables, and so was fain to creep away with my ears hanging at nigh on three in the morning, and the House not up then, but still fighting.

Saturday.—Both Houses did sit a while this morning, to clear up loose ends of business against the Easter holidays.

Monday.—My Lords did pass the Consolidated Bill through its various stages, for which piece of work five Lords, methinks, were enough.

(*Commons.*)—I do see the House is not like the Law, of which it is said in the books, "*de minimis non curat.*" For sure the House of Commons *curat de minimis*. Thus to-night was a long and grave question of a silly fop of a Clergyman that would have a little girl put away from the village school, because she bobbed not her curtsey to his wife. Which, though it were a pitiful thing in that foolish parson, yet, methinks, was yet more pitiful in the House to be making

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question of. And so said my LORD SANDON, and would have Members come to the Offices to ask about such small matters; and so I think they were best do.

MR. FORSTER did ask a question of the persons it was proposed to amnesty for part taken in the Bulgarian business, wherein, after much writing of my LORD DERBY, is, as usual, no satisfaction, only no one to be heard of that hath yet been brought to account by the Turk, except poor Christian Bulgarians, that do come by cuffs from all, but most from the *Zaptiehs*, as they do call their constables, and must see their women beaten and wronged, and cattle taken, and houses burnt about their ears, and then pay their taxes twice over, and afterwards, if they grumble, be clapped in prison.

For the which the Turk do talk of giving them an amnesty, which do puzzle me.

Then the House to the Prisons Bill, which was stayed by two pestilent Irish Members, between whom hard to say if one BIGGAR, or one POWELL the more vexatious.

And at last, at one of the clock, BIGGAR did move to report progress, for that many on the Government Bench were asleep, which indeed was so, and I marvel not.

Tuesday.—To-night my Lords did break up to their Easter holidays; and, methinks, have well earned them, sitting as they will do oft-times for half-an-hour at a stretch, and not in a crowded house, and among merry company like the Commons, but few of them in a great room, and mighty dull, for the most part; so that, methinks, I do pity my LORD BEACONSFIELD.

In the *Commons*, talk of new outrages by the Turk near Adrianople. Then a passage between MR. GLADSTONE and SIR D. WOLFF, touching the letter that the one had written the other in a newspaper, rebuking him for garbling words of MR. GLADSTONE'S, to make it seem he had held two ways about the Turk and his doings. And SIR DRUMMOND WOLFF do hold it inconvenient that Members should be written to by Members, and between such would have only speech in the House.

Long talk thereon, and MR. GLADSTONE did give good reason why, to save time of the House, it were well sometimes to write to a Member in the newspaper rather than speak to him in the House, where is too much speaking already; and I am of his mind. And he did justify what he had written mighty well, and did show that he hath not kept two ways; whereat I am glad, for though he do talk and write too much, and on too many matters, I do love to see how stout and strong of heart MR. GLADSTONE is, and how ready to speak up for all poor and oppressed persons and causes that be held down, and most of all by the Turk.

Then further debate touching SIR HENRY ELLIOT, whom one RYLANDS, that I love not, but herein do see he spoke true enough, did charge as a friend of the Turk, and one through whom was little hope of any countenance being kept by us against the Turk's misdeeds, or of any bold calling of him to answer. And for all that MR. BURKE and MR. COCHRANE did maintain, I do think it is as RYLANDS do say, and that SIR HENRY ELLIOT must needs be more like to stroke down the Turk, than to rub him against the hair, seeing that has been his way for all the years he has been about the Grand Turk's Court. And so said GLADSTONE; and I see not how it can be otherwise. Only none do say other than that SIR HENRY is a mighty honest gentleman, and means well.

But we know the place that well-meanings do go to the paving of, and I do think, Turkey just now is, after that place, the bravest in the world for such paving, and SIR HENRY ELLIOT do seem well content therewith. But for walking on, I have always heard that the paving in Constantinople is the worst that a man need wish. And so, methinks, it will be, till some other than the Turk takes it in hand. And so the House up for its Easter holiday, with more words about the Eastern Question, that hath already had so many.

A WONDERFUL WHISKEY

A REMARKABLY good thing in Whiskeys is offered by advertisement to the British Public, including, apparently, by implication the United Kingdom Alliance. We are informed that "it is recommended by the Medical Profession throughout the Kingdom as the pure and safe alcoholic stimulant." Also, that it "is thoroughly free from fusel oil, and every gallon guaranteed is equally pure." (The purchaser, then, had best see that his gallon is guaranteed, or that his smaller quantity has been derived from a guaranteed gallon.) A medical contemporary pronounces it "wholesome and pleasant." A second medical journal describes it as "a safe stimulant." A third avers that it is "very wholesome," and "may be safely used." A fourth declares it to be "invaluable as an alcoholic stimulant." A fifth calls it "the purest of alcoholic stimulants." A sixth terms it "an excellent dietetic stimulant." A seventh styles it "a safe stimulant." An eighth goes so far as to affirm that "all who value health should use it." By four several physicians it is characterised as the "purest whiskey I ever examined," "free from all injurious substance," "wholly free from all impurities," and "very wholesome and of fine quality." If these encomiums are merited, what a very different spirit the whiskey which has gained them must be from every other! Unless indeed it is really true that MYNHEER VAN DUNK was, as is related of him in the Temperance Glee, accustomed to preserve uniform sobriety on brandy-and-water, in the proportions of "two quarts of the first to a pint of the latter daily." In that case there may be imagined some comparison between the whiskey recommended by the Faculty as above, and VAN DUNK'S brandy. Certainly a spirit so salubrious as that whiskey is made out, might well challenge the denomination of *aqua vitæ*, or *eau de vie*.

The best of this eximious whiskey is, that nobody can ever get drunk on it. This is what must commend it to the patronage of all the Temperance Societies. No Teetotaller can object to a whiskey which, though an alcoholic, is not an intoxicating liquor.

A whiskey with which you may brew the draught that cheers but not inebriates as well as you can with Kaisow or any other Chinese grocery, is well and neatly denominated "Encore Whiskey." By "*encore*," of course is meant capable of repetition, the same indefinite repetition as gingerbeer, soda-water, lemonade, sherbet, or any other beverage obtainable at a Temperance Tavern; if not repetition to the extent of absolutely unlimited goes. Your pitcher, or *Cruiskeen Lawn*, of this lovely spirit, may go ever so often to the well of the *Encore* water of life, not only without being broken at last, but without as much as finding its way "down among the dead men" under the table!

HOLIDAY TASKS.



PUNCH begs to append the list of the tasks he has set his young and old friends, during their Easter Recess.

LORD BEACONSFIELD. To write a Novel upon the Eastern Question, including a Chapter on Life in the Lords, with the Motto, "*Tædia Vitæ*."

MR. GLADSTONE. To furnish Three Volumes of Lay Sermons composed in the Pew for Delivery in the Pulpit, and a Supplement to the *Complete Letter-Writer* in Twelve Packs of Post Cards.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON. To put new points on all his old jokes for use in the next discussion upon the Permissive Bill.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN. To stay a few days in Gothemberg, and try the effect of its Municipal Public hospitalities.

MR. CHAPLIN. To learn by heart "My Duty Towards my Neighbour;" and to write a Theme, on the passage "To Bear Myself Reverently and Lowly Before my Betters."

MR. WHALLEY. To share the apartment of his Friend, "the Unfortunate Nobleman," on Dartmoor, with a view to testing practically certain points of Prison Discipline.

DR. KENEALLY. To seek re-election at the hands of his Stoker and Poker Constituents.

PROFESSOR FAWCETT. To stay a few days with LORD HARTINGTON.

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with a view to comparing notes on Bulgarian Atrocities and British Parties.

Mr. Ward Hunt. To spend two days on the Dockyard Accounts, the same time in a tour of the *Devastation's* Engines, and the rest of his holiday in a series of Diving-bell descents to the wreck of the *Vanguard*.

Mr. Gathorne Hardy. To work a quarter of an hour daily for ten days in one of the most crowded Clerk's-rooms of the War Office.

Lord Salisbury. To square his views on the Eastern Question with my Lord Beaconsfield's.

The Earl of Derby. To find the man most unlike Sir Henry Elliot, to put in his place at Constantinople.

And Mr. Punch (*the pleasantest task of all.*) To forget Mr. Biggar, and to have a week's respite from extracting Parliamentary Essence.

STEAM ON TRAINWAYS.

Dear Mr. Punch,

Such a friend of the Arts and Sciences as yourself will, I am sure, be pleased to hear how a locomotive driver should proceed when he takes his train round a curve.

Speaking of the late accident to the "Flying Scotchman," the *Daily Telegraph* says:—

"There are two methods of running over a curve. Should the driver decide to use the first of these, he gets up a good pace and then, the moment the curve commences, shuts off his steam, opens his regulator, and so runs round the dangerous corner with a long, steady, easily-going stroke. Another method is, as the curve approaches to shorten the stroke of the piston, clap on full speed, and pass the turning by trusting more or less to the category of chances."

It is somewhat new for a driver to "shut off his steam and open his regulator," and so obtain "a long, steady, easily-going stroke" from his engine; but "to shorten the stroke of the piston"!

Old Stephenson was sorry for the "coo," which might come into collision with his locomotive machinery. What would he say about the ass who has run thus dead in its face in the *D. T.*?

Should the *Daily Telegraph* ever publish an article on the colliding of two trains, I expect we shall be told how the two engines reared themselves high on their hind wheels, and amidst a Vesuvius of steam and red-hot cinders, struggled for the "back throw," whilst their respective trains awaited *motionless* the impending "telescoping."

I am, *Mr. Punch*, yours faithfully,

An Indignant Piston.

FROM PUTNEY TO MORTLAKE.

(*By our Lazy Contributor.*)

I send this in too late for this week. Stick it in the next. Lots of time. Capital race. Didn't see it. Tell you how. Called of course at 6 A.M. Delicious snooze in bed. *Mens conscia* of duty added the sweetness of stolen fruit to my slumbers.

Called again—names this time. Lord Tommy's brougham at the door. Tommy accepted my humble breakfast—coffee and pipes.

Off to Putney. Met the crowds coming back. Were told Oxford had won. Stopped to telegraph. Five minutes after heard Cambridge had gained the victory. Stopped again to telegraph. Tommy paid, you know. On arriving at Putney knew for a fact it was a dead-heat. Bought the *Globe* detailing the race. How can these fellows get up so early? I couldn't. Arrived at Mortlake. Breakfast over. In time for lunch, though. Capital lunch. Champagne, with lots of servants to open it for you. Several pretty girls to do the talking. Went after lunch to see the boats. River bare. Towing-path absolutely empty. Might have been the day after. Flirted in the sun. More champagne. Back to town in Tommy's brougham. Dined with Tommy at his Club. More champagne. Hot Room. Dead Heat! and Dead Beat!! Couldn't write copy if I were paid double for it. Bed at last! I'll never get up so early again. Catch me at it!

"The Pew and the Pulpit."

Under this title we have been enlightened at the City Temple by the Right Honourable W. E. G., the Universal Referee, and others, as to what the Pulpit demands of the Pew, and the Pew of the Pulpit.

There does not seem much necessity to explain what the Pulpit requires of the Pew, as Pulpit generally has it all its own way, without giving Pew a chance of answering. But, perhaps, Pew might, if allowed a reply, demand soft cushions, easy backs, well-stuffed hassocks, and a fifteen-minutes' sermon.

CAXTON IN THE CITY.



Fresh from the public meeting held at the Mansion House, in the Egyptian Hall, on Monday last week, *Mr. Punch* presents his compliments, together with those of the Lord Mayor, to all citizens of the world in general, and those of London in particular, and begs to invite their presence at the Caxton Celebration, which will be holden in this Metropolis next June, to commemorate the importation by that worthy into this country, some four hundred years ago, of the very best and biggest of German Sausages.

It would be an insult to explain that Caxton did not keep a ham-and-beef shop. The sausage he brought over from Germany was compounded of other than material force-meat. It comprised *in posse* all manner of food for the mind—instruction in every branch of Literature, Science, and Art, Religion, Morality, Philosophy,—*omne scibile*, in fact. Caxton's wonderful German Sausage was the Art of Printing.

Where should we now be but for the Art imported by Caxton? Where Moses was when he put the candle out. Where our forefathers were in the Dark Ages. What should we do without books to read? Read manuscripts, a few of us, here and there, chiefly Friars, who could get at them—the generality doing as their progenitors did, and very much as pigs do—doing without.

It is unnecessary for *Mr. Punch* to point out that Caxton's posterity are more largely indebted to Caxton than it is possible to compute. We owe him all our Bibles, and Prayer-Books, and penny papers—and mind, if we had never had our William Caxton, we never should have had our William Shakspeare. There is a double bill to pay. The payment is to be rendered partly in compliment, partly in kind. The Caxton Celebration will take the form of a public loan collection of his works, and of British and foreign antiquities and appliances connected with his art. The money, expected to accrue from this cosmopolitan exhibition, is to be invested for the benefit of certain of Caxton's most worthy representatives—that is to say, decayed and aged Printers and Widows in connection with the Printers' Pension, Almshouses, and Orphan Corporation Asylum. "To secure an attendance commensurate with the national importance of the occasion," for thus in some part discharging obligations to Caxton, *Mr. Punch* has the pleasure of inviting everybody who has anything worth being contributed to the Show, to send it, and especially of asking his fellow-citizens to subscribe their money and give their attendance at the exhibition, in the name of his and their common Ruler, the Great Lord Mayor of London and City King.

All the Same Thing.

The *Globe*, on the day of the Boat-Race, in its first edition, announced,—

Oxford, 1; Cambridge, 2.

In its third, "Dead-heat." But these are only different ways of expressing the same thing. No doubt the first announcement should have been read,—

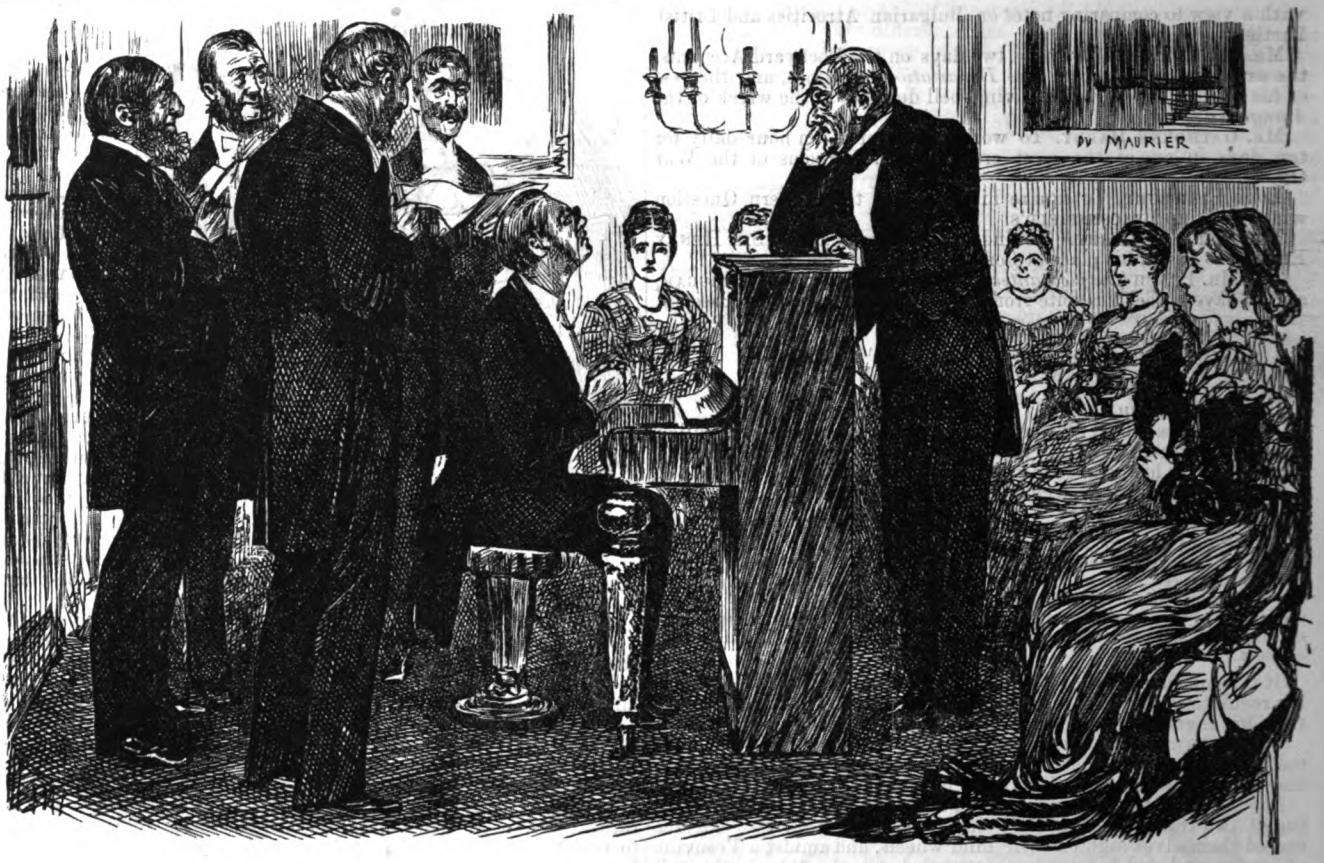
Oxford won; Cambridge too.

We gladly acknowledge the *Globe's* ingenuity in combining apparent variety with its essential characteristic of being "all round alike."

In for a Dig.

The Great Chancellor has given his enemies a handle whereby to "'eave a arf brick" at him. Prince Bismarck proclaims himself strongly opposed to "Particularism." Thereupon hostile Jesuits and Ultramontanes can remark—"We *knew* Bismarck was anything but particular."

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COMPLIMENTARY.

Dreadful Old Man (who only believes in Professional Music). "I HOPE YOU AMATEUR GENTLEMEN TAKE A REAL PLEASURE IN PERFORMING?" *Chorus.* "CERTAINLY WE DO!"

Dreadful Old Man. "THEN, AT LEAST, THERE IS *SOME* COMPENSATION FOR THE TORTURE YOU INFLICT!"

ON LONDON.

(Contributed by Mr. Punch's Own Victor.)

LONDON is the Lady of Creation. There are many men and women. There is only one Lady. London is also Light, and Wisdom, and Courage. The translation of London is "civilisation," also "truth," also "honour." Without London the world could not exist. Thus the world exists for London. Margate may be the Arm of the human race. Broadstairs may be a Foot. Manchester may be the Brain. But London is the Heart. Without a heart a man is a brute beast. Without London England would be nought. With London England is the whole universe! It is a great thought, but not too great for a Londoner.

On Good Friday the whole world eats Hot Cross Buns. A startling thought this, and yet true. Why does the whole world eat them? Because London does. London is the whole world. London is a living Temple of Fame, a breathing Jupiter, a real Hercules. In London the Unknown meets and conquers the Known, the Unseen scorns and subdues the Visible. Is this possible? Everything is possible to London—not only possible, but probable.

There are many coloured vehicles in London, called Omnibuses. These vehicles are crowded inside and out with great Thinkers. They move slowly, and sometimes the springs are not as supple as they might be. And yet these omnibuses are the finest carriages in the whole world. Scared sceptics ask "Why?" Because omnibuses are found in London!

A Crossing-sweeper is greater than the proudest King. The crowned despot loves war. The Crossing-sweeper asks only peace and coppers. One shuns the light of day. The other carries for weapons a broom and an armed conscience. Dirt is purer than dignity. The streets of London require sweeping. The Crossing-sweepers perform this honourable toil. When it is a fine day, they electrify the whole world by doing nothing! Nothing is the labour of Sages. Nothing is greater than London, and yet London is greater than everything! Who can understand this? Not a King—not a knife-wearing Soldier—only a Londoner can understand this!

Last week the House of Commons adjourned for the Easter Recess. Unity is force, and yet division is strength. The Council of the Nation dissolves, and is as weak as a puny child. Why? Because the Council of the Nation is only strong in London. London is strength and iron and proved steel.

There are Cabs in London. What a grand thought! London has Cabs!

* * * * * *

[*At this point Mr. Punch, seeing no probable end of Victorious eloquence, despatched his Correspondent to Paris, where his efforts are likely to be better appreciated.*

Cock-a-doodle-do!

"Yesterday the last turnpike trust existing between London and Brighton, a trust which includes the celebrated gate between London and Epsom called the 'Cock Gate,' at Sutton, received notice from the House of Commons that its existence is to end at a given date."—*Daily News, Wednesday, March* 28.

MOURN, misanthropes, who hid in pikes your head.
A last toll sounds your knell. Away you go!
The game-bird that faced Derby crowds is dead,
And o'er the Cock, that crowed o'er us, we crow!

Roasted Alive Oh!

IN the advertisement for the letting of the Royal Holborn Amphitheatre we read that—

"Audiences of two and three thousand persons can be cleared in as many minutes."

—that is, in two and three thousand minutes. What would happen in case of a fire!

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A "CRITIC"-AL SITUATION.

Enter Beefeater.

"IN THE QUEEN'S NAME, I CHARGE YOU ALL TO DROP YOUR SWORDS AND DAGGERS!" Sheridan's *Critic*, Act III.

[*But do they!*]

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BILL BUNKIT AND THE MASTER-AT-ARMS.

(A real Voice from the Engine-room.)

Bill Bunkit was a stoker, in a British man-o'-war;
He could "slice up"[a] with a poker, or shift a down-dropt bar;[b]
He was like a salamander, when before a fire he stood,
And no tougher British bull-dog e'er breathed battle in his blood.

He could make a piece of gasket,[c] he could knot, plait, splice, and point;
He could clean a fire, or feed one, or make or break a joint;
He was light and merry-hearted, and obedient to command;
Knew everything an A.B. should—to reef, and steer, and hand.

On deck he was no duffer, for the downhaul[d] he did tend;
He was best oar in the cutter; good at bowline or at bend;
A Turk's-head or a Tom-Fool's knot, to him was simply fun;
The yard-arm was his station aloft; on deck, bow-gun.[e]

But, as nothing lasts beneath the sun, at length there came a change,
And Bill Bunkit he began to growl at all within his range;
After fifteen years of service, his patience it gave way,
And he swore he 'd no more shift his rig[f] a dozen times a day.

"Now look 'ee here, our side," he said; as once off deck he came,
Perspiring through his jumper,[g] and his forehead in a flame;
"If this sail-drill rot was any use, I wouldn't care a cuss;
But *we* know as it ain't, and so do *they*, to make things wuss.

"Nine times to-day we 've left our work, and had to shift our rig—
The first to cross to' gallant yards, the next to hoist the gig;
And now that the darned scurry they call 'smartness,' may amuse,
We 're run to death, to drill at sails as the ship 'll never use.

"For fifteen year I 've weathered[h] the defaulters' book and list,[i]
But I don't no longer care a d——" (here he came down with his fist).
"They 'll neither let us stay on deck, nor let us stay below,
And while the ship's work 's all adrift, we 're bound to help the show.

"I only hope John Bull may not be sold another 'pup,'
By being gammoned over, and his eyes with sails bunged up;
To find at last, and to his cost, things mayn't be what they seem—
For though our sails may show sky-high, our sailing 's done by steam.

"We know the ship can't budge an inch with Engineers that 's slack;
And some folks would be delighted to catch us 'flat aback,'
Which there 's not a doubt within my mind they very quickly may,
When the British Fleet depends upon no better men than they."

Then up came Johndy[k], and he sez, "Did you *mean* that?"—"I did,"
Sez Bill. Quoth Johndy, "Recollect, I 've heard you term a 'kid'
Your former second in command. Pray, Sir, how dare you laugh?"
"Excuse me, Sir," said Bill, "the word warn't kid—but sucking calf."

"Explain yourself," he growled, "or, as you know I am a nipper,
I 'll plank[l] you straight at seven bells, and bouse[m] you 'fore the skipper."
"Well, Sir," said Bill, "from this one fact the state of things you 'll gather—
The Junior Engineer, why he might 'a been his father."[n]

Then Master-at-Arms he lays his hand on Bill, and sez, sez he,
"The more that 's true, the less it ought to pass 'twixt you and me.
But blest if what you says is news. There 's them as ships commands
As knows no more of *engines* than waisters or green-hands.

"We trust to steam till anchor 's dropped, from the time as anchor 's weighed:
And the less the sails is looked to, the more fuss about 'em 's made.
Blest if I see how skippers, now-a-days, their work 's to do,
Unless, besides their seamanship, they studies stokin' too!

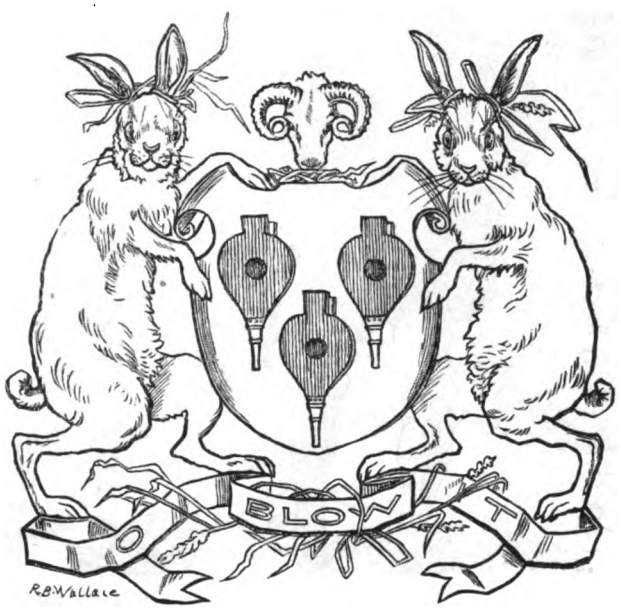
"There was a time, as I 've heard tell, when Navy Captains bold
Warn't no-ways swells like them as now sports Navy blue and gold.
Sea-bears and sea-dogs they was called; chewed their quids and drunk their flip,
And, in language, wasn't over nice ashore or 'board o' ship.

"And if Engineers is roughish, and Stokers blackish show,
With polishin', I dare say, as their engines bright they 'd grow:
Till with gun and ward-room officers their place they 'd take and hold,
Nor, 'acos they 're from the fire-hole, be kept out in the cold."

[a] Stir up the fires with the slice or poker.
[b] *I.e.* when the bar drops into the ash-pit.
[c] Plait gasket for packing. [d] Jib downhaul.
[e] Stokers are *fore*yard men, and when gunnery is requisite, are stationed at the bow, and in small craft, at the pivot-gun.
[f] "Rig" is a term for dress, and a man going on deck must be in the rig of the day.
[g] Jumper, the blue or white frock. [h] Kept clear of. [i] Black List.
[k] The Master-at-Arms, the chief of the ship's police.
[l] "Planking" is bringing on the quarter-deck.
[m] "Bouse," haul up. [n] Truth is stranger than fiction.

THE BOLD BRITISH BALLAD.

Being an Epistolary Preface to the Revival in these Pages of an Almost Lost Art.



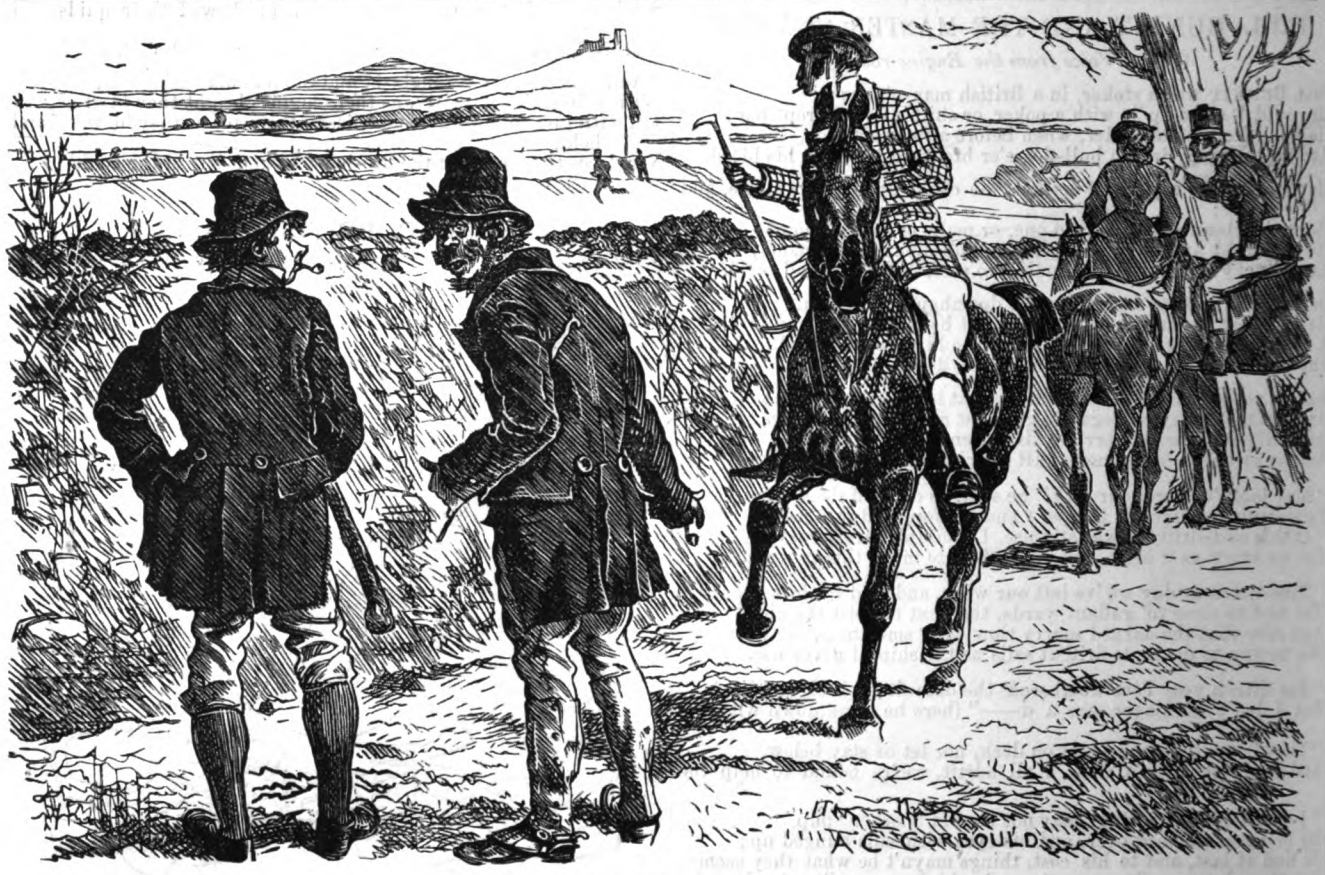
Sir,—I have long been under the impression that I was born to supply a want. True, that having been born, I do supply a great many wants—chiefly my own. But that is not what I was going to say—*this* is, and here follows my meaning. Sir, the fire of National Poetry is defunct—apparently, at least, it is out. Not so. It sleeps within this breast. The coal is still warm; let me but apply the bellows of the *Divine afflatus*, and once more the flame will blaze forth, and the sacred altars will be all aglow with the brightness of the True British Ballad.

Whence came this afflatus! "If you ask me, I will tell you." I dipp'd into Dibdin, but 'twas not there; and, indeed, since the days, the glorious days, when the *Ballads of the Baltic* appeared in your pages, Sir, the harp that once delighted the caboose and cheered the Hearts-of-Oak on a Saturday night at sea, has been unstrung, has been down a peg or two, and then up a peg or two, on the wall of my cottage by the sea. Well, your honour, I was roaming in maiden meditation, fancy free, down a street not a hundred miles from the Strand, when I saw a shop-window full of the good old Catnach Ballads! Four thousand of all sorts, shapes and sizes, with such illustrations! Sir, the price of these art-treasures was, need I say it, untold gold. To turn to my dear friend (who shall be nameless, or else he 'd be bored to death with applications from— Well, no matter from whom; but I don't propose to kill the prolific goose until it 's *all ova* with him), I say, Sir, to turn to my dear friend, and to borrow the sum requisite for the purchase of these Ballads, was but the work of a moment; in another, I was in the shop, addressing my purveyor of poems, and buying them by the metre—I mean, Sir, literally, by the yard.

Sir, I am going to favour the company with a few songs on this model. But I must first offer you a sample of the original, in order that the public, which has long been a stranger to *true* poetry, may see that the quality of poetry is not strained through cullenders; that it is not bound by any rules of rhyme, reason, or metre, but that, like Genius, it is unfettered, and, like Pegasus, it makes small account of its *feet*, seeing that it possesses wings, for flights of fancy. The specimen I will give you is from a soul-stirring ballad, entitled *The Gallant Poacher*, which commences with an invitation to—

"All you lads of high renown,
That love to drink good ale that 's brown,
That pull the lofty Pheasant down
With powder, shot, and gun,"—

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A CAPITAL PLACE.

SCENE—*Irish Steeplechase Course. Just Before the Race.*

Veteran Sportsman (to Country Cousin). "BEGORRA, JACK, THIS 'UD BE OUR SPOT; WE'D BE APT TO SEE A CORPSE HERE!"

I go on, and I read on through the entire poem; but the inspired Bard—such is the evanescent character of true inspiration, here one second, and gone the next—never states for what purpose he invites the lads of high renown to come to him, though I gather from the song that it is in order to relate to them, for the benefit of the Poaching public, the life and death of his gallant hero.

There are six verses. I give you the last, as being *my* model in future, and as being a specimen of real unfettered genius in the plenitude of its magnificent liberty:—

"The murderous hand that did him kill,
And on the ground his blood did spill,
Must wander sore against his will,
And find no resting place;
Destructive things,
His conscience stings,
He must wander thro' the world,
And ever feel the smarring thorn,
But pointed at with finger of scorn,
Condemned for to die."

There, Sir! Aren't you overwhelmed by its grand intense simplicity? TENNYSON! bah! BROWNING! pooh! Pigmies! SOPHOCLES, EURIPIDES,—not to be mentioned in the same breath with the glorious Bard, who, with one dash of the hand could sum up the tortures of the Inferno in these two brief lines—

"Destructive things
His conscience stings."

The use of the singular verb after the plural nominative is as forcible as it is remarkable. Again, is not

"Smarring thorn"

more than Shakspearian? To my great mind, which is gradually under this tutorship emancipating itself from the trammels of grammar—a difficult phrase to pronounce often, without calling it the "grammels of trammar,"—I say to *my* great mind (I am having my waistcoats considerably increased to hold it), this ballad is the work of a Master Hand, guided by a Master Mind. Show me with what termination, in this Triumph of the Unshackled, do the words, "world," "place," and "die" rhyme?

But to my task. Expect to hear from me again, and speedily, for I intend to tap the cask of inspiration, and present you with some of the real unadulterated stuff, and none is genuine unless signed thus, "B.B.B.B.," which means, Yours gloriously,

THE BOLD BARD OF THE BRITISH BALLAD.

THE BORES ON THE SEVERN, AND ELSEWHERE.

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND has prophesied the appearance of "A Bore on the Severn," in time for every one to get out of his way. This is really kind. If only other people who know all about the movements of "Bores" would do as much!

We give particulars of *several* Bores that were to be seen in London on that day, and of which timely warning might have been given.

Preachers who improved the occasion by an hour's oration.

Leader-writers, who did ditto, to the extent of two columns and a half.

The CHASUBLES, who invited us to dine, and gave us salt fish and egg-sauce, with parsnips.

People who expected us to eat a horrible mass of warm dough and currants, called Hot Cross Buns.

MR. FITZWALTER RALEIGH, who seized the opportunity of an "off" day to read us his new Tragedy.

And, finally, the great herd of Bores, who met in Hyde Park to spout on some question they didn't understand, and prevented quiet folk from enjoying the Park.

NEW WORDS FOR AN OLD SONG.

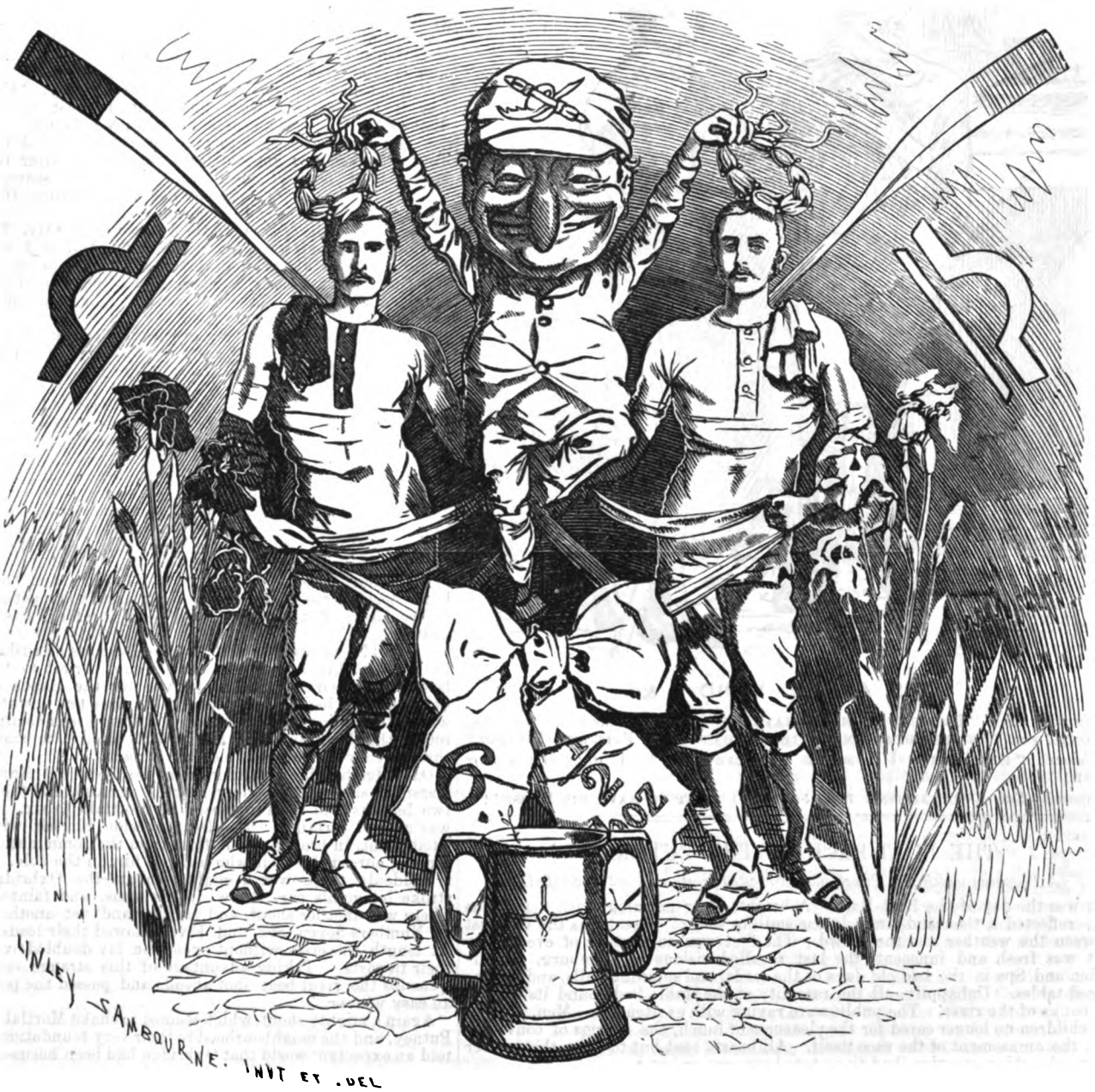
OH, the Roast Beef of New England!
And oh, the New English Roast Beef!

THE REAL M.P. FOR GREENWICH.—Shri-M.P.

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THE UNIVERSITY TIE.

By an Enthusiastic Demi-Teinte.



When other scarfs on other necks,
Their tale of tints shall tell,
In harmonies whose *nuance* decks
Blonde and *brunette* so well:

As *demi-teinte*, whose blue should rank
'Twixt Indigo and Sky,
This dead-heat I, at least, may thank,
For Dark *and* Light-Blue Tie.

Each darling Cox, each glorious Eight—
Their heads, their backs, their arms!
How to decide by strength or weight,
When both show winning charms?

As fairly matched all beauties in
As beauties of your Blues;
Thus only Cambridge ought to win,
Thus only Oxford lose!

A Disagreeable Alternative.

Mr. Henry Irving contributes an interesting Shakspearian note to the second number of the *Nineteenth Century*, on the Third Murderer in *Macbeth*.

He says, truly, that there has been a great difficulty in accounting for this Third Murderer, and that some commentators have maintained he must have been *Macbeth* himself; and some (he might have added), more recently, the Actor who plays *Macbeth*.

"The same old game."

The *Musical World* informs us that The Abbate Franz Liszt has been invited to Loo by the King of the Netherlands. However, it is only, the paragraph states, "to the end of the month." So the Loo isn't unlimited.

The Education "League."—From making your own pinafore to the Sixth Standard.

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"IT'S AN ILL WIND" &c.

Sporting Sub. "I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE MY LEAVE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, COLONEL, FOR I 'VE JUST HEARD MY FATHER'S HAD A BAD FALL OUT HUNTING."

Colonel. "DEAR ME! I 'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT! I HOPE HE'S NOT HURT!"

Sporting Sub. "OH, IT ISN'T THAT!—ONLY I WANT TO HAVE HIS HORSE!!"

THE BOAT-RACE OF THE FUTURE.

(*A Prophecy which Mr. Punch most earnestly trusts will not be verified.*)

IT was the day of the Boat-Race. A bright, clear morning, with a glorious sun, reflected a thousand times in the smiling water! Great was the contrast between the weather and the crowd. The first was suggestive of everything that was fresh and innocent; the last recalled visions of Homburg, Baden-Baden and Spa in the bad old days of the cards, and spinning balls, and green-baized tables. Unhappily, all the rascality of the stable had found its way to the banks of the river. The public were raving with excitement. Men, women, and children no longer cared for the pleasures of lunch, the charms of conversation, the amusement of the race itself. All hearts beat but to learn the answer to one absorbing question, had their bets been won or lost?

Yes, it had come to this! The grand old University Boat-Race had been degraded by the love of play to the level of the lowest of sporting events. In 1877 (many years before) great complaints had been made about the matter. It had been said, then, that unless the conditions of the contest were altered, things would change from worse to worse; and that, corrupted by the pollution of London sporting roughs, sporting publics, and sporting papers, the pleasanter features of the festival would give place to more and more hateful ones. It had been then suggested that the Race should be rowed at Henley or Bedford, or even distant Exeter. Nothing, however, had been done; and here more than ten years later, was the Boat-Race still on Thames waters, fouling and befouled. And had the prophets of ill-omen been borne out? Alas! a glance at the faces and forms around was enough to answer the question. When men forget to smoke, or eat, or flirt; when women care not whether or no they look their best, then indeed must both be lost to everything save the passion of play. And now the men were silent, cigarless, and *distrait*; the women were reckless in wearing the most unbecoming colours, the most ill-fitting gloves, the dullest and dowdiest toilettes.

It was but a few minutes before the start, when a shambling creature, who looked like something between a stable-help and a decayed churchwarden, made his way through the shouting throng to the part of the Grand Stand reserved for the University Officers, Heads of Colleges, and other Dons of the most dignified orders. For many minutes he vainly attempted to attract the attention of a venerable Dean, who, betting-book in hand, was loudly offering the odds to two white-chokered Heads, a Proctor, and a Poker; for, sad to say, the betting fever had spread from Undergraduates' wine-parties to Fellows' Common Rooms. The shambling creature at last succeeded in attracting the attention of the venerable Dean, who hobbled towards him as rapidly as his advanced years would permit.

"What do you want?" he asked, breathlessly. "Unless it is something very important, I must not be disturbed. I have not nearly done all my hedging."

"You were very good to me once, Sir," replied the Tout, "when you got me leave to stay up, after the Master had ordered me down. You would scarcely believe, looking at my present degraded position, that I was once a Member of the dear old College."

"Indeed! indeed!" cried the Dean, impatiently. "I do not doubt your word for a moment. And if I was kind to you in the past, pray think no more about it. But I really must return, or I shall have no time to get my money well on. My book is a very heavy one;" and he sighed involuntarily.

"I have come to show my gratitude," continued the Tout, detaining the Dean by the button-hole. Then he whispered, "Take my tip, and put the pot heavily on Camford."

The Dean started, as in an undertone he replied, "But all the Sporting Papers declare that Oxbridge *must* win; and certainly I can personally testify to the superiority in strength, and excellence of style in their trials."

"Put the pot on the other side of the fire for all that," hissed the Tout. "They 've been made safe, I tell you."

"But each man has had two doctors and a policeman in close attendance upon him ever since he came to Putney, and the boat has been kept under lock and key in Scotland Yard."

The Tout closed his left eye. "Bobbies and boys have been hocussed, horses and boats have been got at, before now. Put the pot heavily on Camford, I say again!"

"I will!" mentally ejaculated the Dean, as he rushed back as quickly as his great age would permit to the box on the Grand Stand reserved for the Heads of Colleges. He had scarcely been in his place ten minutes when the flashing oars of the two boats were seen coming round the bend into the last reach, amid a murmur that, as they approached, rose into a roar.

Oxbridge had been leading from the first. At Hammersmith she had two clear lengths in hand, and these two lengths had been increased by Mortlake to six. It was a dead certainty: the Dean, beside himself with excitement, in broken ejaculations from the Commination service, cursed the Tout who had put him in the hole.

Suddenly there was a mighty shout—the Oxbridge stroke let go his oar, threw up his arms, and fainted. There was another shout, and another and yet another, as Numbers Seven, Six, and Five followed their leader. At length the crew without exception lay doubled over their thwarts. Taking advantage of this strange *contretemps* the rival boat shot ahead, and passed the post an easy winner.

Again a mighty shout, which seemed to shake Mortlake, Putney, and the neighbourhood to their very foundations, told an expectant world that Oxbridge had been hocussed for the third time, and that Camford had scored one more victory.

And, as that shout arose, the venerable Dean might have been seen dancing all over the stand, as well as his age and some remains of a sense of his clerical character would permit; for he had followed the grateful Tout's advice, and had put the pot heavily on the winners.

As for the cleaned-out Heads, Proctors, and Pokers, they were cursing—also under the thin professional shelter of the Commination service,—and telegraphing to their various Bankers.

On them, and still more on the young men and women of the hideous scene, let us draw the curtain.

* * * * * *

A BIT FOR BUNG.

A FIRM of mechanicians advertise "Lifts for Hotels." Who will invent lifts for public-houses, too many of which require elevation to the level of respectability?

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CAXTONIANA.

"I thay, Adolphuth, who the dooth is *Cackthton* they 're getting up all thith Memorial about?"

"*Caxton—Caxton.* Know the Name, somehow. Oh, yes, of course—awf'ly Clever Fellow; built the *Kwistal Palace*, you know."

DATED THE FIRST OF APRIL.

Prince Von Bismarck having set the fashion of resigning on the First of April, the following resignations of the same date have been announced:—

Mr. Gladstone. Resignation of his pen, and repudiation of Post-cards.

Lord Beaconsfield. Resignation of his Coronet, and retirement from the Leadership of the Conservative Party.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Resignation of the Permissive Bill, and withdrawal from comic oratory.

Mr. Whalley. Resignation of the friendship of "the unfortunate nobleman," and the post of Inquisitor-General into the criminal acts and intentions of the Society of Jesuits.

Professor Fawcett. Resignation of the supervision of Indian Finance, and retirement from the discussion of the Eastern Question.

Lord Hartington. Resignation of the Leadership of the Opposition, in favour of Mr. Forster.

Mr. Forster. Resignation of all claims to the Leadership of the Opposition, in favour of Mr. Lowe.

Mr. Lowe. Resignation of all claims to the Leadership of the Opposition, in favour of Mr. Forster.

Mr. Holms. Resignation of the post of chief critic of Military Measures, for a Sub-Lieutenancy (on probation) in the King's Own Royal Tower Hamlets Light Infantry Militia.

Mr. Plimsoll. Resignation of his seat for Derby, with a view to accept a Partnership in an "Unlucky" firm of Ship-owners.

Mr. Biggar——

But here *Mr. Punch* draws the line—some subjects are beyond a joke. Mr. Biggar, like potatoes, is one of them.

Church over State.

To judge by the cool Address just submitted to the Archbishops and Bishops by a body of Clergy of the Established Church, headed by the Dean of St. Paul's, and including three other Deans, eight Archdeacons, and a Regius Professor of Theology, which demands for Convocation the right to make laws for the Church, along with, but naturally, of course, over the head of, Parliament (the spiritual clearly ranking above the secular), the Church of England needs ridding not of one Tooth only, but a whole set.

MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

BY OUR OWN REPRESENTATIVE RIDER.

* * *He informs the Editor of his preparations. The Editor begs to inform the Public that he (the Ed.) is not responsible for the scheme, and withholds his assent for the present.*

Sir,—In a brief letter, two weeks since, I announced to you my intention of riding to Khiva. I knew that there was a large body among the public that would willingly pay my expenses by subscription to go away anywhere, and so why not to Khiva?

Now, Sir, I am perfectly aware, that Captain Fred Burnaby has made this ground, as it were, his own. And how? Because, forsooth, having ridden to Khiva, he made such a confounded fuss about it. A gallant exploit it was I admit, though I should be diffident in making the admission (however admission is free in this instance), *as I myself rode to Khiva years ago; thought nothing of it, and said nothing about it.* I took it in the day's work, and there an end.

But *now* the case is different. I must out-Burnaby Burnaby. He only rode *to* Khiva. *I shall ride there and back.* I shall keep you informed of my progress from time to time, either by special messenger or by private wire, which, with my own patented apparatus, I shall take with me in my side pocket. It occupies no space to speak of, and is paid-out like the Atlantic Cable. I am getting up a Company for it, and all shareholders, among whom I hope to number most of the Crowned Heads of Europe, will be presented with a beautiful engraved portrait of myself as the Russian Courier, dressed in *kremlin* (a peculiar sort of warm waterproof coat) and *kopeck* (a headdress worn at night when travelling through the show, and tied under the chin with a small *mijouk*—a kind of leather thong with a silver clasp). Before starting for a ride to anywhere, whether Khiva or Kidderminster, one thing is absolutely necessary, *i.e.*, *something to ride on.*

Economy being the better part of valour, I have determined in view of the subscription list not being quite so full as I might naturally expect (it is not yet completed—and you haven't, I regret to see, exhibited it in your window in Fleet Street—why this delay?), not to purchase, but to hire. I forget the exact distance from here to Khiva. But one can't hurt much at eighteenpence an hour (half-a-crown for the first and eighteenpence for all the others—of course I take all the others and let some one else have the first), and a reduction will be made on taking a quantity.

I am off now to see about the horse. After that I must call in at May's, the costumier's, about my dresses. The Courier of St. Petersburg used to have at least six, one after the other, appearing in the third as *Mr. Pickwick* (spelt *Kjqkkjp* in Russian, which is spoken, as read, backwards, and takes some time to master), and finally as *Apollo*, but this is for a different climate.

I have got my saddlebags containing provisions, warming-pan (an article absolutely indispensable in the cold climate to which I am going), matches, saucepans, patent smokeless stoves, coals, and (by the kind permission of Mr. Chatterton), the red-hot poker out of the last Christmas Pantomime.

A semi-grand piano, fitted up inside as a comfortable bed-room, all complete, a store of American beef, a cellaret of beer, champagne (*Pommery* and *Greno très sec*, because it keeps *dry* in all climates), and a few other articles, the list of which would make this article unnecessarily lengthy, complete my Christopher—I mean my kit.

Directly the last subscription is paid in to my account, or a sufficiently good promise to that effect, be deposited with my banker in writing, but not till then, I am off, till which happy moment, believe me to remain here pluckily and dashingly as ever,

Your Riding Representative.

P.S. I re-open this to say that I think I've just met with the animal to suit me. A quiet, steady, handsome cob, fourteen-and-a-half by ten, warranted sound, at one-and-sixpence an hour, or to be sold, by the pound, or square inch. I'm to try him in Rotten Row to-morrow. Look out!

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.


BEST COTTON WOOL
SUGAR
SUGAR
SUGAR



ECONOMY.

Pat. "AND YE SAY, IF I TAKE THIS ONE, I'LL SAVE HA'F THE FUUL? BEDAD!"—(*struck with a bright idea*)—"I'LL TAKE A PAIR OF 'EM—AND SAVE IT ALL——!!"

carry out the reforms she has promised —which she is not the least likely to do. A complete diplomatic *reductio ad absurdum* it would have been difficult for *Punch* to have hit upon in his most felicitous fit of parodying diplomacy.

South-Sea savages, when they are anxious to strike up an eternal friendship, change names. Let my LORD DERBY, in memory of this last happy-family alliance with Russia, take the name of "SHOVEL-OFF." For truly he has shovelled off the Eastern difficulty for the day—at all events; and sufficient for the day, he no doubt considers, is the Eastern difficulty and the shovelling-off thereof. The Protocol, *Punch* notes with regret, was signed on Saturday, March 31, not on Sunday, the First of April. April-fools would have been the very people to have marched in procession over the *Pons Asinorum*.

The House then went into the Prisons Bill, and MR. CROSS had a tussle with MR. PARNELL, who, *more Hibernico*, moved a clause, classing treason-felons with first-class misdemeanants, who are not felons at all. MR. CROSS finally agreed to the clause, with the Bull out, providing that persons convicted of sedition and seditious libel should be treated as misdemeanants of the first-class, which they certainly are, being, as a rule, of the class that ought to know better.

The moral of ÆSOP's well-known fable is that the trumpeters deserve heavier punishment than the rank and file. They will, under this clause, get better treatment. It is quite right for those who look on sedition and seditious libel as venial, if not laudable, diversions, to make provision for the comfort of those who may indulge in these amusements.

MR. E. W. SMITH made a clear, business-like, and well-digested speech in introducing the Civil Service Estimates to a thin House —of a score in all. Does the House want such an explanation, or does it not? After asking for it, Honourable Members might surely pay MR. SMITH the compliment of coming to hear it. The Honourable Member for the Book-stalls showed that, excluding the cost of Army and Navy, Collecting the Revenue, Education, and Contributions to Local Taxation—rather important exclusions, it is true—the cost of governing the country is less by £400,000 than it was in 1857. This reminds *Punch* of an embarrassed but easy-going friend of his, who was always proving that if you excluded the cost of his wine-cellar and table, cigars, stables, gardens, tailors' and milliners' bills, children's schooling, travelling, and amusements, he was really spending, at least, twenty pounds a year less than he did ten years before, yet found himself every year getting deeper and deeper into difficulties.

The House then went into Supply, in which SIR CHARLES DILKE distinguished himself by moving to omit the cost of feeding the Deer in Richmond Park; MR. PARNELL, by opposing the Motion to Report Progress at half-past twelve, in the teeth of MR. BUTT, because an Irish Bill was coming which he wanted more time for obstructing; MR. M'CARTHY DOWNING, by pitching into MR. PARNELL, and MR. BIGGAR, by pitching into MR. M'CARTHY DOWNING; and lastly CAPTAIN NOLAN, by taking objection to MR. BENNET-STANFORD's coughing at him. Altogether the Home-Rulers are showing their Kilkenny cats' claws too soon—and in the wrong place. They should keep them for the Home-Rule Irish Parliament on Palace Green.

(*Friday.*)—A night's talk.

1. The House talked about Gas Bills and Water-works. May *Punch*, some day, have to record that it has done something to give us better light and purer water, and more of both.

2. The House talked about Public Executioners, and Public Offices. What *Punch* objects to is, that the one should be turned into the other, as is done when clerks' rooms are allowed to become typhus-traps.

3. The House talked about the Commercial Department of the Foreign Office. Most people will be glad to know that there *is* a Commercial Department at the Foreign Office. We had thought that the Foreign Office left such low matters as commerce to the lower departments, such as the Board of Trade, and the East End Offices.

Lastly came the halfpenny-worth of doing to the intolerable quantity of talking, when MR. CROSS brought in a Bill to boil down sixteen Factories and Workshops Acts into a hundred clauses. Could not the Bill be entitled Liebig's Extract of Factory Acts?

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A VISION OF ACCLIMATISATION.



EDWARD WILSON, in a paper read some months ago at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, treats acclimatisation, in its more general aspect. MR. WILSON views the problem somewhat enthusiastically, and considers that the command given to NOAH, 'Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth,' conveys by implication a direct order to take the work of acclimatisation in hand. . . . But it might, perhaps, be possible to acclimatise in England the beautiful little green and yellow Australian parroquet which has of late years been such a favourite in English homes. . . . What prevents an effort to add to our domestic poultry the savoury and easily-bred curassow and guan; why should the quail and the prairie-hen be unknown on our downs; what forbids the rearing of flocks of llamas and vicuñas?"—*Daily Telegraph.*

MR. PUNCH,

I'D been reading my *Telegraph*. Excellent paper, no doubt,
Only raythur too nuts on big words, which do put a plain body about.
And I nodded and napped o'er a leader on something as ended in "ation."
Let 's see—'twas a double "c"—ah, I 've got it, a-c-c-l-i-m-a-t-i-s-a-t-i-o-n!

It seems there 's a party named WILSON, a lively Colonial chap,
Whose notions had got in my noddle before I indulged in that nap.
He holds that "Be fruitful and multiply" means that our duty is clear
To bring in beasts and birds from abroad, a translation which strikes me as queer.

Well, I dropped off to sleep, as I say; and, good gracious, the wisions I had!
Which I don't think I 've been to the Zoo since I fed the brown bears as a lad.
But the Regency Park broken loose, Sir, with Jamrach's all out on the spree,
Plus NOAH'S Ark emptied, warn't nothing to what in my wisions I see!

MR. WILSON lets monkeys run loose in his garden—I 'd shoot 'em or trap 'em—
But Gorillas was lambs to the creatures as larked in *my* garden, at Clapham.
Young crockydiles sploshed in my pond, Sir, and gobbled my gold-fish like fun;
While a Grizzly had climbed up my flag-staff, and wouldn't be bribed with a bun!

If I have an aversion, it 's Snakes (though they say they 're like chicking when cooked);
And a thing, like six yards of green spangles, his tail up my poplar had hooked,
While he dangled below like a S, in a way as seemed playful and mild,
But which scared the Nuss into highsterics and druv little TOMMY half wild.

I casts a wild eye at my poultry-run. Bless you, behind its trim pales
There was twenty young Ostriches tramping, and feeding on pebbles and nails.
And there, in my paddock, where *Blossom*, the gentlest of Alderneys, grazes,
A Buffler, with two six-foot horns, was rampaging and rooting the daisies.

My rabbits and pigeons were banished by monkeys and squalling macaws,
And where my boy's "moke" had been tethered a Zebra was snapping its jaws.

In fact, Sir, both in-doors and out, 'stead o' creatures familiar and tame,
There was nothing but quadrupeds queer and rum birds I 'd be sorry to name.

Well, I woke with a jump, and no wonder. "But this is mere dreaming," says you.
Why yes. But if parties like WILSON ain't dropped on, sech dreams may come true.
"Replenish the earth!" Very proper; but not with strange varmint, say I.
Let each land keep its own, and, if that isn't Nature, I 'd like to ask why?

I know these acclimati—thingummy parties of old. It was they
As wanted to make us eat horse, snake, and *cetrer*. *That* game didn't pay;
And now they 'd have apes in our gardens, and shrill parroquets in our parks.
Curassows and guans for poultry! No fear, while we 've chickens and larks.

Their Llamas, Vicuñas, and similar crackjawish creatures may do
For far furrin parts; but our Shorthorns and Southdowns 'ud make 'em look blue.
Let us stick to our own native produce, Acclimatisation 's all fudge;
At least, *Mr. Punch*, them 's the views of

Yours faithfully,
JEREMY BUDGE.

"SHAKSPEARIAN NOTES."

(*A suggestion, in dramatic form, made to* MR. HENRY IRVING *by a First Utility Gentleman, who has read his learned paper on "The Third Murderer in Macbeth," in this month's number of "The Nineteenth Century."*)

THE question is, "Why were there three Murderers for *Banquo* when *Macbeth* had previously commissioned only two?" MR. IRVING has *his* view of the matter; it is a neat conceit. I have *my* view of the matter; it is a practical explanation. I have only to add, Sir, that but for the jealousy and spite of some parties who shall be nameless, and ought to be fameless, I, Sir, should long ago, ere this, have topped the pinnacle of my dramatic ambition, and have been billed all over the Metropolis and the provinces as *The* only Legitimate Tragedian. But no—I will not detain you further, Sir—a time *will* come,—it hasn't yet, but it will,—till then I am, till "this too solid flesh shall melt,"

Thine as thou usest me,
CHARLES, YOUR FRIEND.

P.S. I assume in the subjoined dramatic suggestion that *Macbeth* was produced *before* SHAKSPEARE was BURBAGE'S partner in management. *If* there is anything wrong with my view of *facts*, why, Sir, as the late MR. DUCROW used to observe, "so much the wusser for the *fax*."

Now then, walk up, walk up, and see:—

HOW THE "THIRD MURDERER" CAME TO BE INTRODUCED INTO MACBETH."

SCENE.—*The Stage of the Globe Theatre. Date*, 1606. *A rehearsal of "Macbeth" is just over, and the Manager and the Author*, MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, *are standing together. The Company is not yet dismissed, as the Prompter has requested them to stop until he has ascertained what time the piece is to be "called" for to-morrow.*

Mr. William Shakspeare. Marry, come up! but my piece seemeth in a fair way to make a hit. The rehearsal went uncommonly well to-day, BURBY, eh?

The Manager (*dubiously*). Yes. I think you 'll have to cut the witches and the cauldron after the first night. We don't want 'em to "guy" the piece in the first scene, and call for "*Hot Codlins*," as 'twere a Christmas Pantomime.

Mr. William Shakspeare. I'fakins! my dear BURBY, if they do but their witching gently, there 'll be no pantomime in it, I warrant ye.

[BURBAGE *shakes his head. At this moment a seedy looking person, with a strip of paper in his hand, approaches* MR. BURBAGE *deferentially, but with the constrained air of one acting under a painful sense of duty. He meets* MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE'S *affable smile with a scowl of the most intense resentment.*]

Burbage (*to seedy individual*). Now then!—I mean marry come up, TYMKYN. What is it?

Tymkyn (*presenting the strip of paper to* BURBAGE). By my halidome, MASTER BURBAGE, I must ask to be relieved of this part.

Burbage (*putting his hands behind his back and eyeing the strip of paper cautiously*). What 's this?

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Tymkyn. B'yr Ladye, Sir, and you do well to ask. *This* is what Mr. Shakspeare, Sir, calls a good part, I suppose (*with an indignant glare at* Mr. Shakspeare). It may be good enough for him who can't do nothing much above Ghosteses in his '*Amlets* and such like, but it won't do for Tymkyn, Sir. (*With dignified pathos.*) I have played, *to oblige you*, Mr. Burbage, many a bad part since I've been in your company, and I've seen the fat given to others for the asking, but b'yr La'kin, never have I played such a bad part as this, and—and—(*stifling his emotion*) I beg to be relieved of it. Give it to the call-boy, or one of the dressers, but *I* have a position in this theatre, and by the merry maskins, i'fakins, and gadso, I mean to keep it!

Burbage (*in a conciliatory tone*). Well, well, I've no doubt Mr. Shakspeare can write it up a bit. Eh? (*Turns to* Mr. William Shakspeare).

Mr. William Shakspeare (*dubiously twiddles his moustache and twitches the tuft on his chin*). Hum! Well, you see—the piece is written—and to interpolate *now* would upset the whole thing. Besides (*determined not to yield if he can help it*) the part is really a *very* good one.

Tymkyn (*superciliously*). Not a length, Sir. I am only "The Attendant." [*Exhibits the strip disdainfully.*

Mr. William Shakspeare (*slightly bothered*). Well, there's not much to say—but, in a drama of this nature, the *doing* is more important than the *saying*. Besides (*with the gleam of inspiration*), you are on the stage most of the time.

Tymkyn. Once, in the stage directions, Mr. Shakspeare.

Mr. William Shakspeare. But (*to Prompter*) give me my manuscript. (*Prompter hands it to him. He refers to it.*) Ah! I thought so. (*He had forgotten when the Attendant had to appear.*) You are on in Act iii., Scene 1,—a most important situation. You have to say——

Tymkyn (*with a smile of ineffable scorn*). One line, Sir; only one line, and that (*with inexpressible contempt*) as a mere feeder for *Macbeth*.

Mr. William Shakspeare (*shifting his argument*). But immediately afterwards you usher in the two Murderers—the most intense scene in the play.

Tymkyn (*with well assumed indifference*). Perhaps so, Sir. I have not seen it, as I am at once ordered off the stage by *Macbeth*, and told to stay outside the door until he and the two Murderers call for me. And—allow me to add, Mr. Shakspeare,—I don't know whether it were a noversight on your part or not, but (*in a tone of the deepest injury*) they never *do* call for me. (*Stifles his emotion, and resumes.*) The consequence is, Sir, that I do *not* appear again.

Burbage (*half aside, to* Shakspeare). You know you *do* want a good man in the Attendant's part. Tymkyn 'll do it for you, if you just give him a line or two more, and bring him on again with a line or two. You know he *can* speak the lines if you give 'em to him. Marry come up, Will!

Mr. William Shakspeare (*meditatively*). I might make him a Fourth Witch.

Burbage. Now, by my halidome, that shalt thou not! No more of your arointed witches. No, no! Rather have another Murderer.

Tymkyn (*overhearing and catching at the idea*). Ay, by'r La'kin', and give me a fight with *Bango*, or whatever his name is. I have friends, Sir, in front, who expect somewhat from Ralph Tymkyn—and sturdy knaves, too, I warrant you, whose hands are as horny for clapping, and their throats as potent for hissing, as their neighbours'.

Mr. William Shakspeare (*after considering the MS. attentively*). 'Tis well, Master Tymkyn! Thou shalt have thy lines (*colloquially*). I'll bring you in, as Mr. Burbage has suggested, as a Third Murderer. I'll give you some first-rate bits—short, but telling—and we'll arrange the business of the fight at rehearsal.

Tymkyn (*determined not to lose his opportunity*). I'm up to all sorts of combats, and, if necessary, can go through two or three traps. We've got one here that was used for the *Grave-Digger* in *Hamlet*, and b'yr leave.——

Burbage (*hastily*). Nay, nay, Master Tymkyn, trap me no traps 'till Yule-tide be come again, and we play a Mystery. (*Dismissing him.*) You'll have your part with the new matter to-morrow.

[*Looks towards* William Shakspeare, *who is already seated at Prompter's table busily engaged in altering Sc.* 1, *Act iii., so as to introduce the Attendant who is to 'double' the part of the 'Third Murderer.'* Shakspeare *looks up for a second, nods assent, then resumes his work.*

Tymkyn (*saluting* Mr. Burbage *with much courtesy*). Give ye good den, Master Burbage. (*To* Mr. William Shakspeare.) And you, too, Master Shakspeare. Give you good den, Sir. Sola! sola! [*Exit struttingly.*

The next day at rehearsal, Master Ralph Tymkyn was presented with a part carefully written out in the largest and roundest hand, extending over three pages, and containing several additional lines for the Attendant, who thenceforth doubled the character of the Third Murderer.

A SAILOR'S FRIEND.

The subjoined paragraph of news may suggest a reminiscence to some of the elder readers of *Punch*:—

"The Seamen's Hospital Society.—The Prince of Wales has sent a subscription of £50 to the funds of the Seamen's Hospital Society (late *Dreadnought*), Greenwich, through His Grace the Duke of Northumberland."

A woodcut extant on one of *Mr. Punch's* preceding pages is also engraven on the memory of patriarchs. They remember Leech's representation of the Prince of Wales as a sailor-boy, on tiptoes, presenting a British Tar with a glass of grog. That was a donation, suitable to the years of His Royal Highness, in testimonial of his kindly consideration of poor Jack. Another as suitable to his present age and position, is this contribution to the funds of the Seamen's Hospital Society, which greatly needed it, and which are still open to liberal donations from all disposed to emulate a princely example.

Death Kept at Arm's Length.

A line has clearly been dropped out of the following advertisement:—

DO NOT UNTIMELY DIE!—BLANK'S STOMACH MIXTURE. Bowel Complaints cured with one dose; Typhus or Low Fever cured with two doses; Diphtheria cured with three doses; Scarlet Fever cured with four doses; Cholera cured with five doses.

The last line (to match with the first) must have been—

"Death cured with six doses!"

An Ill-used Sovereign.

Garter King-at-Arms has been down at Windsor removing the *insignia* of the penultimate Sultan from among those of the Knights of the Garter.

Is it possible they are not going to put up those of his reigning successor?

What did Abdul-Azis do to deserve the honour that Abdul-Hamid has done *not* to deserve it?

An Odd Want.

"Wanted, a Young Woman, to wash pots: to live in."—*Manchester Guardian.*

We have heard of an advertisement, "Wanted, a Hermit," but we did not expect to see an advertisement, "Wanted, a Diogenes—— Female." What can she be wanted for? To go about with a lantern looking for an honest Manchester man?

A Long Look Ahead.

The Mayor and Town Council of Luton, in their address to the Marchioness of Tavistock on her marriage, expressed the hope "that her most noble consort and herself might witness the *transmission to remote posterity* of the illustrious honours of their great ancestral house." This is pushing their hopes very far indeed into the future.

"WHICHEVER YOU PLEASE, MY LITTLE DEAR."

Mrs. Malaprop writes to ask us to explain the difference, if any, in the meaning of two phrases she often sees in her paper; viz., "The question of the Eastern Position," and "the position of the Eastern Question." [*Punch* must decline the attempt. There is no difference, in one respect. Both are equally puzzling.]

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER IN DAHOMEY.

Since the capital of Dahomey is Abomey, suppose the country were re-christened Abomey(i)nation?

FROM THE *ERA*.

The Vokes Family advertise their "Spring Tour." As if a tour of the Vokeses could be anything but *springy!*

THE TURKISH PARLIAMENT.

Apt quotation for the "Member for Jerusalem"—"Write me down an Ass."

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FLIPPANCY PUNISHED.

THE CIMABUE BROWNS, AND THEIR FRIENDS, FORM ONE OF THE NICEST AND MOST ARTISTIC SETS IN BROMPTON, BUT THEY HOLD ALL THINGS MODERN IN CONTEMPT, ESPECIALLY MODERN MUSIC. ONE EVENING GRIGSBY VOLUNTEERS TO SING THEM WHAT HE CALLS A "FLORENTINE CANZONET OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY," BUT WHAT IS IN REALITY A MAUNDERING IMPROVISATION OF HIS OWN, IN A MINOR KEY, WITH MOCK ITALIAN WORDS OF THE MOST IDIOTIC DESCRIPTION, ALSO INVENTED BY HIM ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT. THE EFFECT IS MAGICAL, TEARS FLOW FREELY, AND AN ENTHUSIASTIC ENCORE GREETS THE PERFORMER. UNFORTUNATELY, THE PERFORMANCE BEING AN EXTEMPORE ONE, HE CANNOT REPEAT IT, AND IS MUCH EMBARRASSED BY THE SUCCESS OF HIS FEEBLE JOKE.

"ARCADES AMBO!"

SCENE.—*A wooded valley in Arcadia with a view of rich pastures in the distance. Trees recently cut down in the fore-ground.* English Shepherd *discovered writing with extreme rapidity. To him enter* Foreign Shepherd, *leisurely.*

Foreign Shepherd. Good day, busy Shepherd! You see I have come to join you for awhile, in hopes, under your kindly guidance, here to steep my soul in the refreshing balm of pastoral retirement.

English Shepherd (*hurriedly*). Glad to see you! but really I am so very busy. Should prefer answering inquiries by post-card.

Foreign Shepherd. Much-troubled Shepherd, you surprise me. I had imagined Arcadia the land of leisure.

English Shepherd. Ah! a vulgar error, I assure you. But as you are a stranger, I will try to spare you five minutes. Now then, what can I do for you? Is there anything you want information about—guidance—encouragement—give it a name?

Foreign Shepherd. Allow me first to give you my own—BISMARCK.

English Shepherd (*politely*). Prince! A thousand pardons! I had not recognised your Highness. I need scarcely say that I shall be only too delighted to give you any information you may require about this new scene—this land not of lotos-eating, but of laborious leisure, where it is *never*—rather than *always*—afternoon; at least, never after post-time.

Foreign Shepherd. Thanks! First, then, as *Hamlet* says, can you play on this pipe, and teach me to do the same?

English Shepherd. Theoretically I can do both, but perhaps you had better wait till my essay on the subject—written for the *Twentieth Century*, the Magazine of the Future—is published. In it I have gone into the matter of piping, and the varieties of *syrinx tibia*, and αὐλὸς, with their different musical modes, rather deeply. I think you will find my authorities tolerably complete, and my deductions from them satisfactory.

Foreign Shepherd. I doubt it not, Shepherd. Next, can you put me up to anything in the breeding and care of sheep, and the shearing, and fattening, killing, and cooking them?

English Shepherd. I have touched upon all these matters incidentally in an *excursus* I am writing upon "the Pastoral Life and its Occupations," to be printed in the appendix of my treatise on "The Moon, and how to get there, with stray thoughts upon Balloons and the Electric Telegraph."

Foreign Shepherd. May I ask how you manage your own flock?

English Shepherd. Nay—my days of practical Shepherd-life are over. I am so busy with other matters, that I have pretty well lost sight of my late sheep.

Foreign Shepherd. Busy! Not with that most wearisome of all work—politics—I hope?

English Shepherd. I came here, like yourself, to avoid it. If I write a score of political pamphlets in a year, or deliver as many political speeches in a month, it is quite as much, in *that* line, as I can find time for. No. I have turned over my crook to my excellent young friend, HARTINGTON. A few hints a day about the leadership of the party is the limit of my interference. You see he must learn to walk alone. In fact I am too old for political work. I am here to enjoy ease with dignity, and a due allowance of letter-writing.

Foreign Shepherd. My case to a nicety, except the letter-writing. And how do you get through your time? Sleeping under the trees,—"*Tityre tu patulæ*"—eh?

English Shepherd. Well, no, not exactly. You see I am rather fond of wood-cutting, and should have made short work, ere this, with most of the timber in Arcadia, had not the native Shepherds, with less taste for strenuous occupation, violently interfered.

Foreign Shepherd. Dear me! I had thought that the inhabitants of this charming country were the peacefullest of people.

English Shepherd. Well the fact is, we don't quite suit each other. They actually got up an indignation meeting the other day to protest against what they call my "restlessness." I made

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"ARCADES AMBO!"

Prince B—sm—k. "AH, YOU DID NOT EXPECT TO SEE ME IN ARCADIA—NEIN?"
Right Hon. W. E. G. "O, YOU'LL NOT FIND IT AT ALL DULL! LOTS TO' DO! *LOOK AT ME!!!*"

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a speech six hours' long, wrote four pamphlets, and entered into a correspondence with six daily papers to show how little ground there was for the charge. In the little game of pen and ink I soon tired 'em all out; but this threw my private letters into arrear. As soon, however, as I have brought up my correspondence, I hope to get back to my axe again.

Foreign Shepherd. Do the Arcadians ever dance?

English Shepherd. They did. The first day I joined them they wanted me to step a measure. In answer to their invitation I delivered a lecture, in two parts, upon dancing from the earliest days, illustrated with extracts from the Classical Authors. The delivery of that took me only a summer's day, but the Arcadians are a superficial people, and easily tired. They flatly refused to hear "Part Two," which I had reserved for the day following.

Foreign Shepherd. And pray how do you employ your time when *not* writing or wood-cutting?

English Shepherd. My leisure.—Oh, in the most delightful manner. I rise early to call the larks and look after the early birds in their pursuit of the worms. Then I give the wood-nymphs a field lecture on Botany; or may drop in upon Pan for a discussion of the music of the Past, the Present, and the Future; then I am putting into a form borrowed from the *Cynægetica* of Xenophon a little catechism of Hunting in its various branches, for the use of Diana. By this time it is the hour to sit down to my regular work. First I dispose of my rather miscellaneous outer-world correspondence. Here is the list of subjects I have to write upon to-day, alphabetically arranged. Acrobatic performances, Butterflies, Cape Horn, Damson tart, Early potatoes, French polish, Geography of Eastern Australia, Hams, Insurance Companies, Jelly, King-fishers, Lent customs, Mormon history, Negro melodies, Pepper, Queer Street, Rope-rigging, Steam. Tide-waiters, Umpires at boat-races, Vehicles of the early Greeks, Warts, Xerxes as an organiser, Young Gentlemen's school-hampers, and *Zanoni*, in relation to Maskelyne and Cooke's entertainment. Next—But a thousand pardons, your Highness, my promised five minutes are consumed, and I must hence.

Foreign Shepherd. Whither away, strenuous Shepherd?

English Shepherd. In search of atrocities amongst the Satyrs.

[*Exit hurriedly.*

Foreign Shepherd (*smiling*). I wonder if there will be room in Arcadia for both of us!

(*Scene closes in.*)

POULTERERS AND POACHERS.



Natural History, of course, during the Easter Recess, turned up in the papers. One Correspondent announced that he had heard the cuckoo, another the nightingale; others had seen martins and swallows.

"Observer," in the *Times*, said that he had observed golden orioles on the grass in Hyde Park. A subsequent letter-writer stated that his attention had been attracted there by some wheat-ears, and suggested that "Observer" had mistaken them for orioles; as though wheatears and orioles were birds of a feather. Can the wheatears so-called have really been, yellow-hammers, or green-finches, or large tom-tits?

However, in Hyde Park, both wheatears and orioles, if rare, would yet have been seasonable. Not so the birds seen by another *Times* Correspondent, "A Naturalist," in sundry poulterer's shops, birds *par excellence*, partridges. Ay, and moreover, capercailzie, black game, ptarmigan, pinnated grouse, quail, golden plover, lapwing, wild-duck, widgeon, pintails, and teal—the Wild Birds' Protection Act notwithstanding.

The ptarmigan probably came from the North of Europe, the pinnated grouse are Yankees, but whence were the widgeon, teal, wild duck, and the other wild-fowl? And above all, whence the partridges? Perhaps some poulterer may be penman enough to explain. On the first of February, say the Almanacks, "Partridge-shooting ends." Does it? Perhaps it does, and perhaps partridge-netting begins. What say the poulterers?

Everybody knows that the birds above enumerated ought all at this time to be hatching their eggs, or foraging for their young, and not hanging up for sale. Also, that to eat birds at breeding-time is the way to exterminate them and destroy food. Poaching, always bad enough, is, during the close months, too bad. It would have been scorned by the genuine old poacher, the burden of whose song was:—

"'Tis my delight, of a shiny night,
In the season of the year."

But your poulterers' poachers poach without limitation by the season. They poach, as zealous pastors preach, in season and out of season.

The poulterers will perhaps say that their poachers poach out of British bounds. In that case it may be worth while to consider Lord Colville's question in the *Times*:—

"If no other method can be devised for stopping this illegitimate traffic, would it not be desirable that a Bill should be passed through Parliament entirely prohibiting the sale of any game, protected by British Game Laws, after the expiration of the time during which such game may be killed?"

In a quaint volume, composed in pre-scientific days, an old English writer, to account for the simultaneous appearance of birds of passage all over England, gravely broached the speculation that they descended from the moon. If poulterers could prove that their shops were supplied from our satellite, then indeed, perhaps, they might plead some justification for selling game and wildfowl out of season.

PADDY STOPS THE WAY.

Prospects of the Session.—"Mr. Biggar, M.P., has placed upon the 'Order Book' of the House of Commons notices of his intention to move the rejection of the following Bills:—1. The Prisons (Scotland) Bill; 2. The Public Health (Ireland) Bill; 3. The Valuation of Property (Ireland) Bill; 4. The Roads and Bridges (Scotland) Bill; 5. The Marine Mutiny Bill; 6. The Mutiny Bill; 7. The House Occupiers' Disqualification Removal Bill; 8. The Supreme Court of Judicature (Ireland) Bill; 9. The Patents for Inventions Bill; 10. The Threshing Machines Bill; 11. The Peerage of Ireland Bill; 12. The Legal Practitioners' Bill; 13. The Divine Worship Facilities Bill. All these Bills the Honourable Member proposes to proceed with 'this day six months.'"—*The Times.*

Long Pat had been plotting to lay a new tax on
The soul of the slow and long-suffering Saxon.
Some new "Irish grievance," for pinching the toes,
Not of poor brogueless Pat but his Sassenach foes.
He has tried much manœuvring more or less clever
The links twixt himself and the Saxon to sever.
He blew up our prisons—the Saxon was steel,
And potting our peelers secured not repeal.
The dull British Pharaoh his heart could e'en harden
'Gainst patriot shines in O'B.'s Cabbage Garden.
He slanged us,—we spared him our toil and our time;
We gave,—it was nought: we withheld,—'twas a crime.
One party worked hard for him. Pat did his best
To bundle them out of the Treasury nest;
But when his best friends shivered out in the cold,
And their rivals sat snug in the Government fold,
Still Pat was not happy. Says he, with a groan,
"They refuse me a Parliament-House of me own,
And so, by me sowl, I 'll be plantin' me snares
To play up the divil's divarshin with theirs."
At length, knowin' Pat thought of scoring a chalk,
By unlimited Blue-Book and infinite talk.
Wordy flux from wide mouths that no floodgates can shut,
The drawl of a Biggar, the flow of a Butt,
Or Parnell's Blue-Book readings, he hopes may avail,
Where spurts of seditious scurrility fail.
The Government carriage all progress must stay,
Because noisy Pat's patent-drag stops the way.
But surely the task doesn't happily fit
A boy of renown for his smartness and wit.
'Tis hardly the part of a patriot sublime
To dribble out Blue-Book, and talk against time,
With a view, so they say—is he quite such a fool?—
To bother the Saxon, and further Home-Rule.
No, Pat, it won't wash. It is all very well
For Biggar, and Callan, and Kirk, and Parnell,
To block up the road, while John Bull is at play;
But when he means business, he 'll soon clear the way!

The Place to Spend All Fools' Day.—*Madame Tous-sots'.*

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CIVILISATION.

"I SAV, GUV'NER—YER AIN'T SEEN A COVE WITH MY SECOND MOKE, AR YER?"

OUR GLORIOUS RESTORATION.

DEAR PUNCH,

OUR Parish Church has recently had the benefit of restoration, under the stimulus of the zeal of our High young Vicar, and a party he has got to back him. This operation has been effected by the combined forces of a subscription, a restorative architect, a solemn clerk of the works, a gang of very beery workmen, and large libations of the necessary liquor, to keep their clay in the state of moisture required for working.

Great glory has been achieved by the powers that be—the Vicar, the Restoration Committee, the resident ecclesiologist, and others.

The old pews having been torn down, the memorial stones, thrust into holes and corners, many cartloads of consecrated earth, with a due proportion of humanity among the mould, used for filling up an old sawpit, the long series of triumphs has culminated in an auction, a sort of rag-and-bone sale of the *disjecta membra* of our Parish Church, now effectually turned out of windows. Imagine, dear *Punch*, the feelings of an unecclesiological parishioner, like myself, on reading the placard—

"To be Sold, &c., &c.,—Carved Oak Pulpit—handsome Stone Font, date unknown—curious oak panelling, time of QUEEN ELIZABETH—all in consequence of the restoration of the Church."

Brisk firewood prices were realised, and marine-store-dealers seemed to be having what their American cousins call "a good time." Some of the decorators, probably members of Archæological Societies, were heard to deplore the loss that had been sustained through much of the old wood having been appropriated surreptitiously by the workmen for their own fires.

I take the liberty of offering some suggestions to those who are about to have the same operation performed in their own parishes. For instance, the expenses of the Auctioneer might be saved by the Sexton being employed on Sundays to dispose of the various properties by retail, at the church doors, after service—when once service is set agoing again. The chance of purchasing a lot of nice firewood cheap would often be appreciated by the congregation.

Then why should an expensive gang of workmen be called in merely to destroy? Could not the Vicar, Clerk, and Sexton, in the words of MACAULAY, "gird up their gowns, seize hatchet, bar, and crow, and aid in the work of demolition"? The National School children, too, would be edified by the spectacle and delighted, I am sure, to take part in it. We are at the present time teaching them, by books only, a great deal about the Goths and Vandals; we might thus give them an illustration by example of those barbarians in action. Besides it is such a great thing to sweep away all the incongruities of the last three hundred years—above all to get rid of all traces of what our High young Vicar is in the habit of inveighing against by the name of that "pernicious Protestantism," and to bring the Parish Church back to the beauty of what he calls "primitive times."

I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*, yours,

A LOW PARTY
(who liked the old Church).

Sludgecombe, Kent.

Prejudiced to the Backbone.

THESE are hardly the days in which to establish a fresh class of privileged beings. Yet this is proposed by the Holt-Hardcastle Cruelty Bill, which contemplates protecting *vertebrated* animals only, and so opens a door for future agitation for removal of the Disabilities of Invertebrates. A learned Judge has been known to appeal to the "proud title" of "our common vertebration" as a ground for the courtesy of Counsel; but we doubt whether there is after all much to choose between the sensations of the live-bait, and those of the cold-blooded vertebrate who has swallowed it.

A Famous Name.

"OTTECROSSE.—March 24, at Eaton, Cheshire, the residence of her son-in-law, O. O. BUNNE, ESQ., SARAH, widow of OTTIWELL OTTECROSSE, ESQ., late of Eaton, in her 87th year."

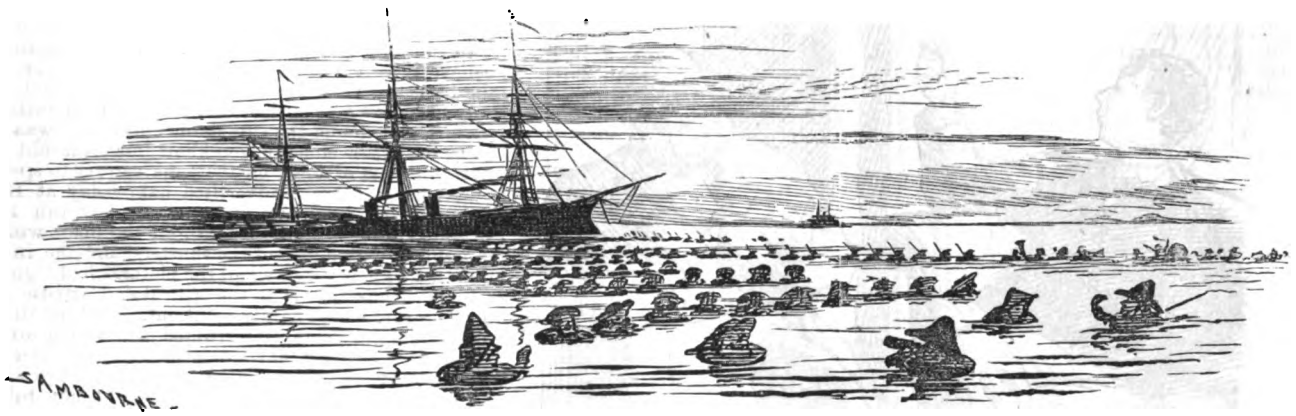
WE are sorry to add that OTTIWELL OTTECROSSE BUNNE has since given notice of a change of name. What a pity, as one of *Punch's* correspondents remarks, that the day when this venerable mother of the large family of the Eaton OTTECROSSE BUNNES departed this life was not March 30, instead of March 24.

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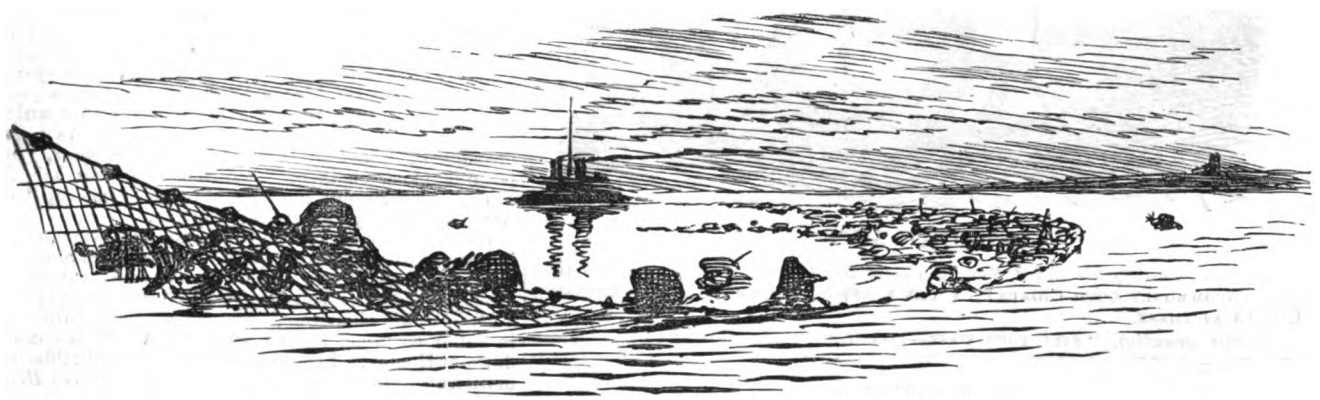
OUR TARS OF THE FUTURE.

DEAR PUNCH,

I HOPE that this letter, and the illustrations it contains, may save our gallant tars from any scare about the Whitehead torpedoes. Suppose our ships are destined to be blown to smithereens



by a submarine shock, or smashed by a floating gun-carriage. The worst that could happen would be that the crews would have to take the water. Of course they must be fitted for that element—



required to put on Boyton dresses before going into action, and trained to perform the usual movements in blue water as coolly as with dry deck-planks under their feet.

The moment their craft goes from under them they would be piped to swimming quarters, their noses pointed to the nearest friendly port, and the word given to strike out in the order and at the pace best suited to the wind and weather. Cutlasses and axes would be served out to baffle any attempt of the enemy to catch them in nets, and provisions would be carried in watertight caissons. There would, of course, always be the chance of their "getting a ship" by the way. I think the future of the British sailor in war-time promises to be of the most amusing character—little more, in short, than a brief cruise in an iron-clad, followed by a prolonged period of aquatic sports and pastimes.

I am, *Mr. P.*, yours ever,

A BUOYANT SPIRIT.

NO SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I READ the other day, in the *Western News*, of a difficulty that occurred at a marriage in Stoke Church, Devonport. The ring was found missing at the critical moment! This, I believe, has often happened before, but somebody has usually had presence of mind to find a substitute. On this occasion no ring could be found among the whole party, and the bride and bridegroom were going away—the one grumbling, the other scolding, when, happily, the missing link was discovered, *in the bowl of the bridegroom's pipe*, which he had been ill-bred enough to bring to Church in his pocket on that day of all days!

Surely, my dear *Mr. Punch*, this thing is an allegory—a warning against the use of the nasty filthy pipe by new married men, lest in that bowl, though not inebriating, the link between man and wife—as yet too tender to stand smoking—should disappear.

I am, dear *Mr. Punch*, your disobedient servant,

A SMOKED WIFE.

HOW TO CURE AN IMPRUDENT ATTACHMENT.

Materfamilias. What *is* to be done, my dear? He positively *doats* on her!

Paterfamilias. Well, we must try to find him an *antidote*.

SWIMMING IN THE CITY.

IT may not be generally known that among the Institutions of the City of London there exists a special Society for the cultivation of the manly art of swimming. This is the London Swimming Club, quartered at the City of London Baths, Barbican, E.C. On the part of this Association, the Secretary, MR. J. WHALLEY, announces their offer "to instruct gratuitously all non-swimmers, or to recommend professional instructors to those who can afford to pay for tuition," and also—

"To assist the large wholesale houses of the City in forming swimming clubs among their *employés*, having been exceedingly successful in similar efforts in the East and West India Dock Company, where all candidates for employment must either swim or undertake to learn in a stated time."

There is an obvious sphere of usefulness for a Swimming Club in any Company employing persons about a Dock who may tumble into it. Their assistance must also be serviceable to shops and City *employés*, who often get into hot water, but not so often, as they might to their own advantage, into cold. The principals of some of those houses, besides, would be glad to learn how, under any circumstances, to keep their heads above water.

FOOD FOR THE STARVING BULGARIANS.—The "Provisions of the Protocol"!

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A KIND SON.

Paterfamilias (to his Eldest Son, who is at Bartholomew's). "George, these are uncommonly good Cigars! I can't afford to Smoke such expensive Cigars as these."

George (grandly). "Fill your Case—fill your Case, Gov'ner!!"

THE STUDIOS.

"ROUND LAST."

Private and Confidential.—Look here, *Mr. P.* It really is not fair to pretend that your Reporter was overcome by the hospitality he experienced. I assure you it was the emotion; and if I *did* turn into Primrose Hill Station-House, it was simply because I mistook it for Mr. Fildes' studio, where I understood he was painting a *pendant* to his great work "*The Casuals*," the title of which is to be "*The Rear of the Van*," an expressive and realistic view of the unfortunate convicts, as they are handed from the Police Omnibus to the cells. If I might suggest to the Artist, a better title would perhaps be "*The Cells and the Sold.*") But this by the way. To say that I was there in either a prostrate or a ridiculous position is to stab me with a Primrose; and as to Wills giving me Bird's Eye, I was not in his studio at all last round; and when I *was* there I was introduced to Miss Cavendish, who, no doubt, was ordering her portrait or a leash of dramas (a reduction, don't you see, on taking a quantity); and though her brilliant optic may have reminded me quite as much of Bird's-Eye as of Cavendish, I know my manners better than to smoke before a lady. All this, as I have intimated above, is strictly private; and I shall take it as a personal affront if you further abuse my confidence and my conduct in your next number. Of course, if you didn't mean it, I apologise.

Your Reporter grieves to write "Round Last," but circumstances over which he has not sufficient control will get the better of him. The fact is, I have had a facer from cruel Fate that has knocked me into what is figuratively known as "a cocked hat."

I received a card—several cards—elegantly printed, embossed, and gilt-edged, from most of the Academicians, all the Associates, and crowds of the unappreciated outsiders, begging me "to honour them with a visit," in fact to accept their kind invitations to criticise their works with impartiality and enthusiasm, *only*—and there is much virtue in your "only"—I was expected to call on Sunday, the First of April! Now your Reporter has no conscience-troubled vacillations as to the right and wrong of visiting a studio on a Sunday afternoon. There are no cornfields for him to walk through at that time of year, and it is too chilly to be abroad in the meadows to view the young lambs—indeed I don't think it is good for the young lambs themselves. They run the risk of cold, and though cold lamb, with mint-sauce, is not to be sneezed at, lamb, with a cold, and sneezing, is not pleasant. So as your critic can't pace the fields to study the works of Nature, he does the other thing, sauntering lazily from one work of Art to another, with much mental profit and æsthetic advantage at the same time. But your Reporter is not an ordinary bird, to be caught with chaff or salt.

Private views, on the First of April! No, you don't! Two can play at that old game! And yet—would you believe it?—it was all *bonâ fide*. Show-Sunday fell on the First this year, and the only—well, I will not say the only fool, for I was misled by the cards of invitation, and when I went round the studios on Tuesday (it was no use going on Easter Monday, you know, for I am told all the Artists go out of town on that anniversary to spend the proverbial and much-advertised happy day at Rosherville, or the best substitute for it they can find at Brighton or Woolwich Gardens), all the doors were shut in my face with a grin of the shutters, and the information that I knew very well all the pictures had "gone in."

What a loss this is to the critical and artistic public, my dear Sir, I need hardly point out. Had not this most unhappy *contretemps* interrupted the course of these "rounds," I might have described Mr. Frith's tremendous effort, which he has entitled "*The Crush—a Drawing-room at St. James's.*" I might have told how on this crowded canvas the Aristocratic Countess, the Distracted Dowager, and the Delicate *Débutante* are seen tearing each other's lace flounces, brocade trains, and *damassés* fixings, in the desperate charge of the six hundred into the presence of Royalty.

I might have visited the studio of that Academician of delicate feelings who puts a fan up when you mention Etty, and makes studies of the muscular system from the stuffed lay-figure—to whom the naked eye is an indelicacy, and the bare walls of his own room a painful impropriety. I would, probably, but for that unlucky First, have written a sonnet on Mr. Sandys's grand drawing of "*Medusa Defying the Consequences*," or his poem in black chalk of "*Penelope Chewing her Back Hair*," though my lines could never come up to the Artist's in purity and grace of outline.

I would have told you how Monsieur Tissot (who has become so English that he prefers being called Sir Tissot, Esquire) received me in his *salon*-conservatory, and brought out for my decisive eye his charming study called "*The Female Four-Oar*,"—four bewitching ballet-girls, in sailor costume, rowing with the Artist as coxswain down at Henley. I could have given you valuable information about his allegorical picture, "*Beauty as a Beast.*" "*Mon, cher*," (he always speaks French to me,) "the British Public wants more Poetry, more *Sentiment. Eh bien*, I will give it them, *mon ami*,—*tout chaud.*"

You should have heard how I called on Boughton, and saw his "*Primrose Family looking for themselves in a Wood;*" how I revelled in a canvas of Orchardson's, fifteen feet long by two in height, called "*Bill Stickers Beware!*"—a single murdered page lying in the right corner with a dagger in his bosom, while the top of a middle-aged head-dress, just seen above the broken bottles, suggests a female interest in the unfortunate victim, or how I took part in Pettie's *Rapier and Dagger Fight*, all point and edge, snip and snap, slish and slash, like *Petruchio's* wife's gown.

I could have mentioned Storey's "*Pumps at Bath*," Britton Rivière's "*One Little Pig had none*," Haywood Hardy's "*Stampede at the Zoo*," Frank Holl's "*Undertaker's Delight*," Vandyke Brown's "*Definitive and Decisive Burial of Harold's Body*," and Rose Madder's "*Cauliflowers and Melted Butter.*" But as these pictures, like the *Critic's* Armada, were not in sight, I could not see them, and so am reluctantly obliged to be silent. And, after all, "silence is golden;" so pay me for mine—a cheque will do—and do not, in your satirical way, insinuate that I was incapacitated by numberless nips (*Number Nip*, by the way, is a malignant fairy who might have tempted me into excesses), from standing another Round.

No, Sir, this would be treatment worthy of low and scurrilous publications, not received on the drawing-room tables of Belgravia, or the boudoir chiffoniers of Carlton Gardens. I repeat, Sir, my silence was due to the fact that Show Sunday happened to fall on the First of April—a day of which I wish you many happy returns.

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VICTORY OVER VANDALS.



VERILY, *Mr. Punch*, for a long time past, in daily perusing your contemporaries, your exclamation must have been "Out on ye, owls! Nothing but songs of dulness! No news, ye newspapers, but the most dreary, disheartening, and dry? No relief to Parliamentary prose and the pestilent Eastern Question?" Well, Sir, here is some set-off to discomfort, to common-place and twaddle; to tales of atrocities, outrages, and Vandalisms. Here is exhilarating intelligence. I quote the *Times*:—

"HAMPSTEAD AND HIGHGATE RAILWAY.—MR. H. R. WILLIAMS writes to us from Oak Lodge, Highgate, N.:—'The Bill of the North Metropolitan High Level Railway Company has just been withdrawn by its promoters. Thus ends, after more than one fruitless attempt to launch it, a scheme which would have benefited no one (except its promoters), having no single feature of public utility to recommend it, and with the absolute certainty of spoiling two of the finest suburbs of London.'"

Hooray! These are glad tidings, Sir, to myself at least, as one who has the heart that can feel for another. The defacement at the hands of the North Metropolitan High Level Railway Company, happily averted from Hampstead and Highgate, is the like of that which my Common has been threatened with by the London and South-Western. I hope their project of encroachment will be defeated also by the effectual opposition of the Open Space Defenders in Parliament to the Railway interest with their policy of steam and iron. But to insure my delivery from the hands of those Philistines who are doing their utmost to despoil me by adding inroad to Railroad, pray, Sir, exhort my Parliamentary friends and well-wishers to use careful watch for the preservation of the pleasant vicinage of your suburban

BARNES.

P.S.—It is all very well to remove all impediments to progress, but I dread the abolition of the toll on Hammersmith Bridge. One consequence will be that my little quiet promontory, or peninsula, will very soon be built all over, and I shall be surrounded and suffocated with slums. Who will not be very much the less happy for all this, and who any the happier but landlords and builders?

REVOLUTION AVERTED!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

MY attention has been called to an article by the RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY SUMNER MAINE, K.S.I., &c., in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* (a periodical I am free to say I never read before), in which he compares the feudal land-laws of England and France, and shows, with convincing clearness, how the main cause of the French Revolution—that which not only brought it about, but made it the horrid thing we all shudder at—was the peculiar hatred of the French peasant to the French seigneur. And yet, as SIR HENRY goes on to show, almost all the incidents of French tenure existed in England as in France. In fact the French peasant was but the English copyholder under another name. How then was it, he pertinently asks, that here in England we, having the same evils, escaped a like curse? Do not English hearts burn at injustice and wrong? Do not Englishmen nurse grievances, and thirst for revenge? SIR HENRY is not the man to ask questions and then run away from the answers. He tells us why it was.

No one of the incidents of feudal tenure was more oppressive and galling than the liability of the tenant to do taskwork for his lord. In seed-time and at harvest he had to give a day's work for nothing. He was driven reluctantly to the field, whither he went with a sore heart, and which he left at eventide with muttered curses and half-formed resolves. So grew the "rooted wrong," which it required a Revolution to remove.

In this England of ours the same liability existed, but instead of tears we had laughter—instead of curses, songs. How is this? There was, so SIR HENRY tells us, *a custom in England that though the tenant was bound at certain seasons to give his lord a day's work, the lord was bound to give the tenant, at the close of every day so spent, a* DINNER!

There! How clear it all seems now! The mystery is solved. The true way of averting revolution is henceforth made plain to the meanest understanding. It lies round the dinner-table.

In course of time, when the lords grew economical, they found that HODGE ate a great many more potatoes than he hoed, and they therefore ceased to exact the labour and to give the dinner.

But the effect of the custom survived in the admirable propensity of our race to dine together on every possible occasion. It is the DINNER, which has saved us, as SIR HENRY shows, from horrors unspeakable in the past. That it may long continue so to do in the future, is the earnest prayer of

Yours truly,

BENJAMIN BOOMERSOUND,

(*Ex Toast-Master, with the sentiment, "May our Public Dinners never grow less!"*)

NEAR MENTONE.

EXPERIENCE OF AN EYE AND NOSE.

By an Englishman in Italy.

THE sheen of olive-leafage flickers o'er
The shaded valley depths, like guardian steel
To keep from sunshine's ravage the rich store
Of flowers that those cool treasuries conceal.
In restful masses stand the pines on high,
In the deep hush of the unclouded sky.

The wind from seaward blows: no fitful gust,
But one harmonious march of fragrant air,
Brisk with the sharpness of the salt sea-dust,
Sweet with spring flowers and piny odours rare:
That breathes, as with a loving hush, to still
The voice of maidens coming down the hill.

With laughing eyes beneath the kerchief's fold,
And smiling lips and queenly pose and gait,
They bear their lemon-baskets, filled with gold,
Like Grecian nymphs who on some goddess wait;
A living picture in each vivid face,
And balanced form of free and simple grace.

A hush of converse as they draw anigh,
A coyness in the lift of nimble feet,
A consciousness of my regard, a shy
Half smile of welcome as our glances meet,
Like wind-swept sunshine over April grass,—
And, Heavens! the whiff of Garlic as they pass!

Opinions Differ.

"I think it is a matter for congratulation and rejoicing, in the circumstances, that I should have to state that there is a small surplus, *no remission of taxation*, and no intention on the part of the Government of imposing any new tax."—CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, *Budget Speech*.

PERHAPS the tax-payer may think otherwise. Perhaps he may consider that it is hardly "a matter for congratulation and rejoicing" that there is "no remission of taxation." Or are we all (the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER excepted) wrong? Is taxation a blessing in disguise, one which ought to make us grateful for its imposition, thankful for its continuance, and discontented and murmuring when it is remitted?

No Smoke without (Poetic) Fire.

HERE is one of the neatest things in poetical advertisement *Punch* has come across for some time. It is from the *Burnley Advertiser*:

"Gaily Young FERGUSON
Purchases his Cigars
At BLAZEM'S shop,
Where the best are.

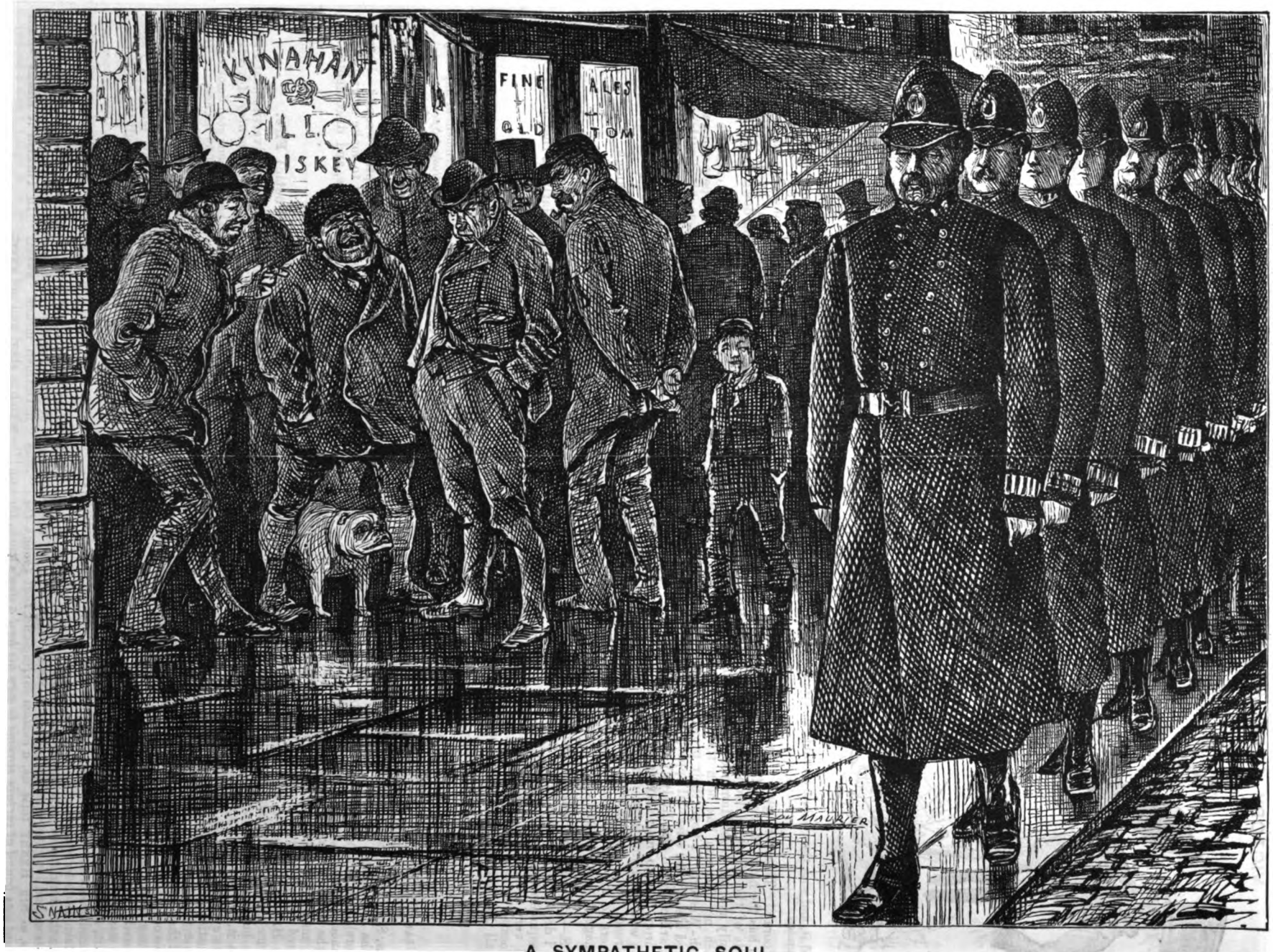
"When he wants good Smoking Mixture,
And Snuff for his nose;
Gaily Young FERGUSON
Purchases those."

The air aimed at seems to be the once fashionable "*Gaily the Troubadour;*" but the advertiser may say of his metre, as *Fusbos* says of his tobacco, "Short cut or long to me are all the same."

A SPEAKER TO SOME PURPOSE.

THE favourite interlocutory ejaculation of AHMED VEFIK PASHA, Speaker of the Turkish Parliament, it seems, is "*Süss.*" Now "*Süss*" in German means "sweet." In Turkish it means "Shut up!"—which is short and *not* sweet.

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A SYMPATHETIC SOUL.

Time—*Saturday Night.* Scene—*A London Slum.*

Bill Sikes. "It's a orful Shame, 'Bo', ain't it, Jack, as they don't let them

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Lav Committees have much to answer for. (*Monday, April* 9.)—Mr. Bourke, in answer to a question about reputed Turkish outrages on Christians in Bosnia and Herzegovina, read long extracts from dispatches of Mr. Holmes, declaring he knew nothing about the outrages referred to, but giving, instead, particulars of outrages on inoffensive Turks by offensive Christians.

According to Mr. Holmes, all the mischief in these parts is owing to the Slav Committees which bring about Christian brigandage—miscalled insurrection—and that again has naturally drawn on Turkish retaliation, and then we have a fuss made about "outrages" and "atrocities."

Mr. Holmes apparently considers the Turks in Bosnia a very ill-used race. And Mr. Holmes is on the spot—and has been there ever so long, and knows all about it—in a general way.

Mr. Bourke evidently enjoyed reading his despatches, as much as the Ministerial majority hearing them. To be sure Mr. Forster was ill-bred enough to ask, even after the reading, whether Mr. Holmes had been instructed to inquire into the particular cases of outrages referred to, and had so inquired; but Mr. Bourke properly rebuked such peddling, pettifogging curiosity, and declared that as the Consul was on the spot, he must know best what was worth inquiring into and what wasn't, and that it wasn't for people here to be giving him directions, and did Mr. Forster know what telegrams to those out-of-the-way places cost? Altogether Bourke's night wi' Holmes may be pronounced a great success. In Stock-Exchange style we should describe the Eastern market: "atrocities flat; and outrages below par"—with no symptoms of rallying, except among the more "chaffy" supporters of the Government.

A good deal of small picking and paring, nibbling and grumbling, in Supply, but, to the best of *Punch's* knowledge and belief, not a penny got rid of. Among the topics of conversation were House of Lords officers in general, their work and pay, and among them Black-rod in particular, who is to have a fixed salary of £2000, instead of twice as much from fees which now are to be paid into the Exchequer, out of which John Bull is to make between two and three thousand a year. It occurs to *Punch* that, perhaps, those who pay the fees might claim to be heard in the matter. In cases of objectionable Office charges *Punch* has observed that the House's notion of reform, and still more the Treasury's, is *not* to abolish fees for doing nothing, but to transfer them from the Officer to the Treasury.

A good deal of grumbling about the cost of Surveyors and the number of Surveys under the Merchant Shipping Act. What would people have? First they insist on surveyors and surveys, and then they quarrel because the one find plenty of work to do, and the other cost money! Poor Sir Charles Adderley may complain, as the drummer did, of the unreasonableness of the man he was flogging, "Hit high, or hit low, there 's no pleasing you."

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APPROPRIATE.

Boy sings—"SAYS THE OLD OBADIAH TO THE YOUNG OBADIAH, 'I BEGIN TO FEEL RATHER DRY.'"

When the Mutiny Bill came on, SIR A. GORDON rose to deprecate the bringing of the whole body of Militia Officers under that formidable measure. MR. PETER TAYLOR complained of the Mutiny Bill being rammed down his throat at a quarter to one o'clock. Fancy courteous HARDY ramming anything down anybody's throat, at any hour, in these mild days. Though he might have been excused if he *had* tried to ram something down the throats of that pestilent pair, BIGGAR and PARNELL, when they rose, like unwholesome exhalations, one after the other, against going into Committee, and HARDY, amidst a chorus of laughter, at once knocked under to the infliction.

If this goes on, *something will have to be done!* The idea of a discussion on the Mutiny Bill! We shall next have Magna Charta made matter of a motion by DR. KENEALY.

Tuesday.—SIR. W. BARTTELOT—and no wonder—wants to know about Outbreaks of Cattle-plague at Willesden. A good many, besides SIR WALTER, want to know more on this very unpleasant subject than the Privy, or any other, Council can tell them. One particularly ugly fact in the matter is the possibility, if not more, that it may be the inspectors who disperse the germs of infection. If that be so, we may well ask, "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*"—who will inspect the inspectors and disinfect the disinfectors?

MR. COOPE is to have his Committee on aggravating old Father Thames's trick of getting out of his bed in wet weather, though the Lords are about to have their own Select Committee on River Conservancies and their duties, a reference one might have thought big enough to take in even Father Thames and his tricks.

PETER TAYLOR, that mortal enemy of the "harmless necessary Cat," was within 42 of getting it chivied out of the Navy—without leaving one of its nine tails behind. *Punch* is inclined to parody the Laureate, "The Cat is going—let him go?" Now we have come down to seven floggings a year, it would seem as if it can hardly be worth keeping so many Cats to catch so few mice. Still Captains like to know there is a Cat in the cupboard, to be let out of the bag on great occasions—as Judges like to have a gallows to fall back on, in extreme cases. But the Navy Cat is doomed, though all know Cats to be the hardest of diers, and this one seems to carry a life, if not nine lives, at each of his nine tails.

But if PETER TAYLOR all but triumphed over EGERTON and his Cat, SIR ROBERT ANSTRUTHER, with nothing stronger than justice and the national conscience for supporters, completely triumphed over the Government, on his motion for completing the reparation still due by England to one of its greatest and most hardly-used naval heroes, the late LORD DUNDONALD. What need to tell the story that shames us all—of the hero's undeserved disgrace, and England's—or rather her Ministers'—long delayed atonement for it; and,—when after eighteen years' undeserved exclusion from the Service he had so helped to make glorious, LORD DUNDONALD, a grey-haired, shattered, impoverished, but still unconquered man, was restored to his naval rank—how his pay for all those years of unmerited exclusion from the field of honour, duty, and service, was still withheld.

Thanks to her blood, BRITANNIA has always had the good feeling to blush for this; and to-night showed she had pluck besides to brush aside the pitiful pleadings of the Government that would have sacrificed justice to miserable technicality or more miserable niggardliness. *L'Angleterre le veult*—and, of course, *La Reine le veult*—and so "LET RIGHT BE DONE." The death-bed demand of the grand old ill-used Admiral will be granted, and the little he could leave to the inheritors of his honours will be increased by what the Government so long kept back from the hero himself.

How SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE came to play, not for the first time, the childish game of first squaring up, and then knuckling down, *Punch* not knowing cannot say. But call you THIS "leading of your friends?" *Punch* calls it sneaking after them.

MR. JAMES moved to empower the House to poke its nose into the City Companies—their revenues, and the spending thereof. The House prefers dipping its beak into their loving-cups, and tucking its legs under their mahogany. "Not for JAMES"—such mighty matters. The Companies dine too festivously it may be; possibly entertain "not wisely but too well;" but *Punch*. like Parliament, is an honoured guest at the guild-tables, and why should he, or it, turn round to rend its entertainers? Else why has England the inestimable blessing of a Conservative Government?

PEASE seconded the amendment! Green pease, indeed, if he thought anything was to come of it! ISAAC forbade the sacrifice. COTTON thrust himself in the ears of the House to bar hearing of such an impious demand. BOWYER shot his bolt, and hit that centre of JOHN BULL'S eye, on which is written "private propputy" in letters of gold. FORSYTH, lawyer-like, showed there was "no case" against the Companies, except that their dinners were too good, and had often disagreed with him (FORSYTH)—the only disagreement that had ever darkened the sweet intercourse between him and those dear guilds. JENKINS wrestled with SIR A. PEEL for the SPEAKER'S eye, and caught it, but alas! catching the SPEAKER'S eye is not winning the House's ear; and though E. J. discharged a volley of hard facts, they hurt not, only rattled. And finally the SOLICITOR-GENERAL laid the verdant wreath of a maiden speech upon the head of the guardian goddess of Guildhalla—and proved that the Livery Company was the Club of its day, only on a grander scale, and with nobler objects mixed with its baser elements of eating and drinking; and amidst the cheers of a jubilant majority, deprecated the idea that private property was to be unsettled by any impertinent rudeness of the Parliamentary inquiry kind.

Alas, what was JAMES'S powder against such great guns! So JAMES got what he deserved—a majority of 96 against him, in a division of 168 to 72.

On the Town Councils and Local Boards Bill, BIGGAR stopped the way, as usual.

Wednesday.—MR. WADDY moved his Bill for Compulsory Registration of Newspaper Proprietors, which MR. COWEN opposed, unless coupled with repeal of the law which makes newspaper proprietors criminally as well as civilly responsible for the acts of their *employés*. MR. COWEN is a newspaper proprietor and knows where the shoe pinches. But everybody knew where MR. WADDY meant *his* shoe to pinch—and it was clear that it *had* pinched in that quarter, when the Irrepressible Doctor rose to defend those practices of the *Englishman* which Englishmen condemn. He declared that he had been ruined by "telling the truth" (!), and that had he been a slave, a coward, a liar, and a man ready to justify falsehood, he would not have been in his present position. Now the Doctor's position in the House *may* be a painful one, but he was scarcely wise to refer to it so pointedly. This reference provoked ironical cheers: they provoked the Doctor into scornful allusion to the "mean quarter" they came from; that provoked MR. SULLIVAN into as neat a thonging of the Doctor and his antecedents—press and other—as Irish cleverness ever succeeded in veiling under terms that the SPEAKER could not take hold of; that provoked the Doctor, when the Division carried the House into the lobbies, to call MR. SULLIVAN a naughty and altogether unparliamentary name—with no veil whatever; and that brought MR. SULLIVAN back to tell MR. SPEAKER what the Doctor had done; that brought the Doctor on his legs—to admit the naughty name; and that compelled MR. SPEAKER — after a moment's hesitation, as the naughty word had been used in the lobby and not in the House—on the suggestion of MR. FORSTER, seconded by MR. CROSS, to call on the Doctor to withdraw the naughty name and apologise for having used it, which the Doctor

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SKETCHED IN OXFORD STREET, OVER PARKINS AND GOTTO'S, ON ALL FOOLS' DAY (APRIL 1ST).

A GOOD BEGINNING.

As a student of Natural History and Esculent Economy *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in quoting the compendious Police Report annexed. The other day—

"At Bow Street, SIR JAMES INGHAM granted the first summonses, seven in number, under the Wild Fowls Preservation Act, 39 & 40 Vict. c. 29, s. 2, against three poulterers and fishmongers for having in their possession wild ducks, plovers, &c."

Since fishmongers turned poulterers by selling game and wildfowl out of season, they have lost that special character for probity which *Hamlet* gives them when, in reply to *Polonius's* disavowal of being a fishmonger, he rejoins, "Then I would you were so honest a man." Nobody can consider a dealer in habitual complicity with poachers and the like rogues worthy to be picked out as an example of honesty. That virtue, it is to be hoped, will be enforced on fishmongers and poulterers by proceedings under the abovenamed statute, now that the Press having taken up offences against it, the Police are taking up the offenders.

Disappearance of a Forger.

THE Italian Astronomers are seeking most anxiously for the Planet Vulcan, said to have disappeared suddenly from his usual post in the heavens. We are very much afraid the old smith will be found forging the weapons of Mars. Inquire at KRUPP'S or ARMSTRONG'S.

did, and so the matter ended—leaving Stoke to be congratulated on such a Member, the Press on such an assertor of its liberty, and the House on such an illustration of the liberty in practice.

Thursday.—The Irrepressible Doctor up again, declaring, in a notice he gave of questions he meant to ask, that he did not regret having called MR. SULLIVAN by the naughty name yesterday, though he had been compelled to apologise for it. This is quite in the Doctor's manner. He was at once called upon by the SPEAKER to apologise for not regretting, which he did. The Doctor seems always ready to apologise, and then to "go and do it again."

And then came the Budget. And the Budget came to—nothing. As SIR STAFFORD calculates on a margin of £226,000, between his estimated revenue of £79,020,000 and his estimated expenditure of £78,794,044, he feels himself driven neither to the "inexhaustible bottle" nor the inexhaustible income-tax payer. That so long-growing boy—Revenue, having ceased to grow, there is no need of new measures for his financial suit in 1877-78. If only his last year's clothes prove big enough for him!

Friday.—The Lords reassembled. Creation announced of a new Chancery Judge.

(*Commons.*)—LORD HARTINGTON'S motion for papers in connection with the Protocol, brought up his Lordship, SIR V. HARCOURT, MR. FORSYTH, SIR C. DILKE, and MR. GOSCHEN—to speak for the Turkish Christians, their claims on Europe, and the duty of *enforcing* these on the Turk even by co-operation with Russia and coercion if need be, under the paramount obligations of duty, right and humanity—and MR. HARDY, SIR WILLIAM FRAZER, DR. KENEALY, MR. ROEBUCK, MR. HANBURY, MR. BUTLER-JOHNSTONE, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,—to speak for the Turkish Government, its pluck in resisting the pressure of the Powers, the duty of standing aloof from Russia and coercion, and the paramount obligations of self-interest. The case on both sides was put clearly, strongly, and at length; but of course, no motion came of it, and no division. MR. HARDY does not admit that the last word for peace has yet been spoken, though the *Pons Asinorum has* broken down. Nothing like hardihood. *Punch* can only see the war-cloud drawing nearer and nearer. What will the face of Europe be like, when it rolls away after having discharged its thunders?

YORKSHIRE ATROCITY!

WE read in the *Times* that the bodies of the four Latin Doctors not long since removed from Bristol, have been fixed, one on each of the pinnacles of the tower of East Herlerton Church. MACCOLL to the rescue!

MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

HERE is a little bit of news, which may be interesting to some of your Young Lady readers:—

"An Armenian wife, until she becomes a mother, never speaks to anybody but her husband, excepting in a whisper. She is not allowed even to converse with her nearest relations. Her jewellery and dress can only be shown to those of her own sex."

What a comfort it is that England is not like Armenia! Who would ever wish to marry, if one was not allowed to speak, excepting in a whisper, nor to wear one's diamonds when one went out to dinner? Why, half the pleasure of a bride consists in showing her new finery, and in talking of her *trousseau!* and fancy being forced to do so in a whisper, as though one were ashamed of it! To be sure, Armenian wives may make exception of their husbands from their usual mode of whispering, and just conceive, poor things, how they must revel in the privilege! Oh, my goodness! how my tongue would go at my dear JOHNNY, if I might not raise my voice excepting when I talked to him!

GERALDINE GREYMARE
(*née* BOUNCER).

CHRISTIANITY PER ADVERTISEMENT.

PUNCH can quite understand the comfort of getting really god-fearing servants, for they are likeliest to be true to their masters and their duty. But he doubts if the best way to get them is to advertise this particular requirement in large letters, as thus, in these two advertisements—the one from a North of England, the other from a Scotch, paper:—

WANTED, a capable General WORKING WOMAN, in a small, quiet family in the country. A Christian at heart, a Teetotaller, and a Singer would be valued.—Address, &c.

WANTED, as HOUSEKEEPER, a Christian Female. Accustomed to Poultry.—Address, &c.

A TEETOTAL RECHRISTENING (*for the worst of spirits*).—It is a misnomer to call Gin "Old Tom." It ought to be denominated "Old Harry."

MOTTO FOR THE LONG FIRM.—"Order is Heaven's first law."

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OH, IF WE WERE TURKS!—

AND the Speaker were AHMED VEFIK PASHA, then might we read in some night's report of the voice of our Collective Wisdom:—

"The House of Commons met at four o'clock.

"MR. WH-LL-Y rose to call the attention of the House to the condition of a certain unfortunate nobleman languishing in Dartmoor. He also wished to say a few words about the alleged fasting during Lent of DR. MANNING.

"The SPEAKER.—'Shut up, you ineffable donkey!'

"MR. B-GG-R (MR. WH-LL-Y having retired) said that he had put on the paper motions for the reading that day six months of thirty-six Bills of avowed public utility. Still, he had no objection to learning from the Chair (for which he had the utmost respect) the opinion of the Right Hon. Gentleman upon the course he proposed to pursue.

"The SPEAKER said all he had to say on the matter was contained in his recommendation to the last speaker, which he begged to repeat.

"MR. P-RN-L (MR. B-GG-R having withdrawn all his Amendments) said he was most desirous of reading a rather voluminous series of extracts from a miscellaneous collection of Blue Books. Before commencing his entertainment, however, he was very desirous of learning the SPEAKER'S opinion upon the matter. He might here say that he regarded the Chair with feelings of the liveliest respect and admiration.

"The SPEAKER said it was very gratifying to him to hear such very flattering sentiments, and all the more so as his only acknowledgment of them must be conveyed in the same useful dissyllable—'Donkey!'

"SIR T-M-S CH-MB-S (MR. P-RN-L having retired with his Blue Books) said that he had several hobbies to ride. The exercise would consume a large amount of very valuable time. Under these circumstances he would be glad to take a hint from the SPEAKER—a Right Honourable Gentleman for whom he had the greatest possible veneration.

"The SPEAKER said the statement the House had just listened to he was sure did equal honour to the heart and head of the Honourable and Learned Gentleman who had just resumed his seat. The only hint of any value that he thought he could throw out was (under the special circumstances of the case), 'Donkey!'

"SIR T-S CH-MB-S then retired amidst much cheering.

"MR. H-LMS said that for many months he had been preparing a long speech about Army Reform. He knew very little of the subject, but was prepared to occupy the time of the House fully for several hours. He lived, as a general rule, in Scotland, and more than once had declined to be present at the inspection of the Militia Regiment stationed in the borough he had the honour to represent. He believed he had been invited to that inspection so that he might see with his own eyes that his absurd attacks upon that Constitutional Force were unmerited. Under these circumstances, before commencing his harangue, he would be very glad to listen to any remark the SPEAKER (who well merited his esteem) had to offer upon the occasion.

"The SPEAKER said he was always ready to oblige any Member of this honourable House, and therefore would confine himself to observing, 'Donkey!'

"MR. H-LMS having resumed his seat, the real business of the Sitting was commenced without further interruptions."



IN THE HEAD AND FEET.

Wife (reproachfully). "OH, GEORGE!—AGAIN!"

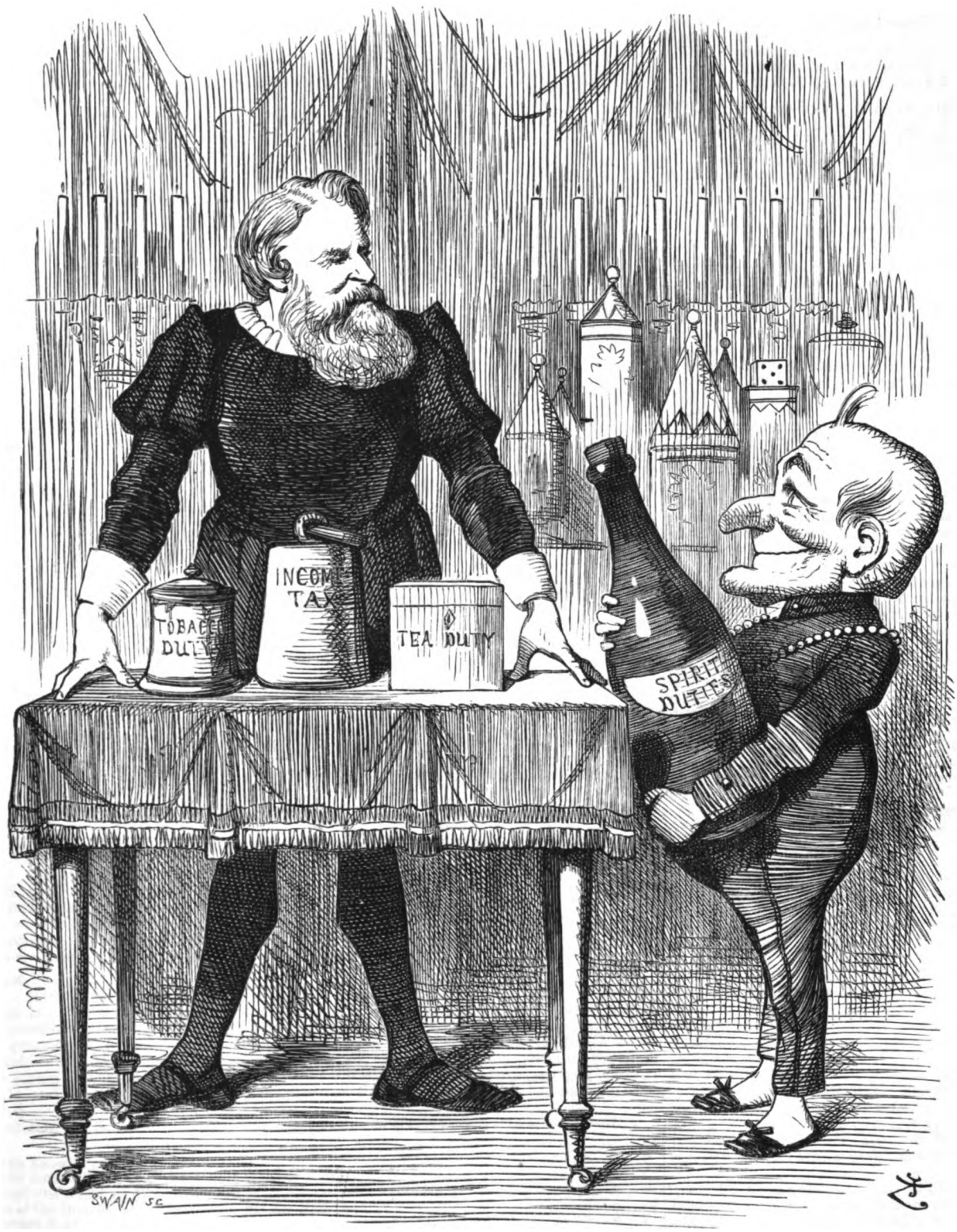
Husband. "BEG Y'R PAR'N, MY DYAR!—NORABIROFIT—BEEN T'SEE WESHT'N AN' O'LEARY WALKIN' ROUN' AN' ROUN' AN' ROUN'—MA' ME JUSH A LI'LE GIRRY—THASH ALL! BESIDES, GOT A PAIR OF THOSE 'SCREWED BOOTS' ON. SEEN 'EM ADVERTISED—HAVEN'T YOU?"

Art Intelligence.

NOT satisfied with making the Albert Memorial like an over-grown drinking-fountain, it is now proposed to cover it with a gigantic cucumber-frame, as an antæsthetic pendant to the Albert Hall—that monument of preposterous growth, which only empty sound, will ever fill, much to the chagrin of the shareholders. The Memorial is not a beautiful picture as it stands, but will hardly be improved by framing and glazing.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.—None the worse for the Budget.

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"LET WELL ALONE!"

THE CONJUROR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "NO, NO, PUNCHEY, WE SHAN'T WANT THE 'INEXHAUSTIBLE BOTTLE' THIS TIME! NO OCCASION TO ALTER THE BILL—FOR ONCE!"

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DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.



ote by the Editor to the Public. — Our Equestrian Representative professes to send us telegrams daily by the private cable with which he has furnished himself. These messages are not transmitted to us direct, but through a friend of his, who can interpret the cipher. We do not, for one moment, throw a doubt on Our Representative's integrity, but we cannot forget that one of Our Representatives did *not* go to India, though he pretended to accompany H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on his tour, and therefore as "once bitten, twice shy," we must make assurance doubly sure (though nothing can double or equal Our Representative's assurance, if he is not at this moment riding to Khiva) before we offer ourselves as guarantees to the Public for his good faith. We publish his last letter before starting, which we consider as an important item in the case.

Dear Sir,

The horse suited me to a T. He has been packed up, so much paid on account, and he is now off for Dover. Of course I shall not ride him this side of the Channel. My equestrian career will begin between Paris and St. Petersburg. At one time I had got a great mind (I always have a great mind, so that's nothing new) to ride to Khiva on a bicycle. But for political reasons, which you will appreciate, I have given up the idea. I was afraid that some confusion would arise in the Mahommedan or Russian mind between Bicycle and Protocol; and any complication at this moment should be, particularly, avoided.

I enclose the list of subscriptions for my Journey to Khiva. They look very well:—

	£	s.	d.
One who Knows You	0	10	0
One who doesn't Know you, and doesn't Want to	0	5	0
A Friend who would see you further first	1	0	0
A Few of the Inmates at Colney Hatch (*per* the Milkman)	0	3	1½
A Constant Reader, who is most anxious that you should go to Khiva, and stop there	10	0	0
A Real Lady	0	0	3
A Resident at Jericho	0	1	1
Three Stamp Collectors at Bath	0	0	4½
One who wishes you may get it	1000	0	0
A Believer	0	2	0
A Weary Admirer	0	12	6
A. S. S.	20	0	0
One who has met you once, and is glad to hear of your going away for a considerable time. (N.B.—This donation is on condition of your being away for six months. It will be continued yearly, if you never return to England.)	50	0	0
A Job-master (who will willingly supply the horse for riding to Khiva, if paid in advance)	0	2	6
One who never wants to see you again	100	0	0
Central Pressure Association	0	1	6
A True Friend (on condition of your going to Khiva, and not writing anything at all for the next ten years)	500	0	0

With numerous others, with or without conditions. However, on the strength of a certain amount down, and promises, I have started—or, I should say, before you receive this, I shall have started; for

I'm off to Khiva early in the morning,
I'm off to Khiva afore de broke o' day!
I'll fill my bag with lots of little yellow boys,
I'm off to Khiva afore de broke o' day!

And so farewell for the present. You'll have a telegram from me in less than no time. Terms for telegrams will vary according to the length of the message, the value of the communication, and the distance to be travelled by the electric spark. But don't be alarmed, you are safe in the hands of

Your Riding Representative.

Here follows the

DIARY.

(On the road to Khiva.)

Tuesday.—Left St. Petersburg early. [I pass over my ride from Paris to St. Petersburg, as nothing happened of any consequence. I was belated for one night, and ran short of provisions; but — you know what a good Legerdemainist I am — well, I made an omelette in my hat, drank a glass of Pommard (this sounds like something for the hair, but it isn't, when properly pronounced) from the inexhaustible bottle (both tricks are worth a traveller's while to learn—and for a soldier the cannon-ball in the hat is most useful,—of course I have the whole bag of tricks with me), made an orange tree grow, took an orange for dessert, and went to sleep. Next afternoon I was ready—aye ready.] Rode for fifty miles. 7.30 A.M.—Came on a dead Flat. No name or address. Wondered who he was. Telegraphed to Necropolis Company to say there was a job on hand, would they undertake it?

8.50.—Very cold. Saw a Frozen Sound. This will give you some idea of what Negretti and Zambra might mean when they say, "How cold it has been to-day!" Always thought (till I knew they sold barometers) that Negretti and Zambra were clog-dancers, or nigger duettists, at a Music Hall, with a breakdown. Wonderful sight a Frozen Sound. Perhaps it was the last sound uttered by the dead Flat. I put it into my *cornet-à-piston*, and blew it to warm it. "No effects," as they say at my bank. My Driver, who accompanies me on a sleigh (this isn't a musical instrument, so you mustn't be misled when I say he "accompanies me on it"), observed that "he thought it was an echo from the hills, which had lost its way, and been frozen to death."

12 *mid-day.*—Stopped to *lunchski*, as we call it in this country. The Driver eats tallow candles, wheel grease, and drinks *wickski*—a Russian spirit distilled from candle-ends. A Russian never takes a bath, he always goes in for a *dip*.

2.—Between Drjnkomaviski and Bakkakhan. Lost our way, and dined with a farmer. He said he thought there wouldn't be any war. At least he hadn't heard anything about it. After dinner, I slept in a pigstye, and resumed my journey at 4 A.M. Took with me a little pig. Poor little chap, he squealed very much, and nearly woke the farmer, who would have been grieved to part with him. So I put a gag in its mouth, and thus avoided what might have been a painful scene. Removed gag when at a distance of two miles from the farm. I

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DOWN ON HER.

Butcher. "YOU 'VE NOT BEEN 'AVIN' SO MANY J'INTS THIS LAST WEEK OR TWO, MA'AM."

Lady (*who has been dabbling in American beef, but does not dare say so*). "ER—NO—ER—WE 'VE HAD A GOOD DEAL OF *GAME* SENT US LATELY BY SOME FRIENDS IN THE NORTH, YOU KNOW!"

Butcher. "INDEED, MA'AM! NOW, WHAT SORT OF GAME DO THEY SEND YOU IN THE MONTH O' APRIL, MA'AM?"

A WORD ON WINE MEASURE.

IN a column of news the following remark is made in the *Morning Post* respecting an oddly named liquor described as "this indefectible wine":—

"LORD BOLINGBROKE (we think) maintained ridicule was the test of truth: the Spécialité Sherry has passed this test most amply, for it has had no small share of ridicule; but, in spite of all, it holds its own."

But *non constat* that because ridicule is the test of truth, it is also the test of wine. Nobody dreams of ridiculing true port or sherry, although one hundred and twenty-six gallons of them, we know, make a butt.

Suppression by Hose and Jet.

THE House of Commons laughed consumedly when ever-vigilant PETER TAYLOR described the very original way of the Holborn Vestry of bringing the law to bear on the Sunday traders in Leather Lane, viz., by drenching their goods with carbolic acid from a water-cart. The Vestry must have borrowed the notion from recorded cases of mobs dispersed by fire-engines. The Vestry deserves the credit of having discovered a short, sharp, and decisive process for abating what is, no doubt, to all respectable Holborners, a very serious nuisance; though, perhaps, small Sunday buyers, as well as Sunday sellers, may have something to say on the matter. But is the Vestry quite sure that the pale of the Law will hold carbolic acid?

Travellers See Strange Things.

"IT would," says a commercial journal, with less elegance than perspicacity, "be curious to follow one pound of China or Italian silk through its various processes till it reaches a silk dress." No doubt; but would it not be still more curious to follow (at a perfectly safe distance) one feminine mind through ditto to ditto?

THE DEGREE OF BUNG.—Licentiate of the Bench of Beaks.

shall educate this pig: as he has commenced by having a "gag" in his mouth, perhaps I had better bring him up for the stage. Put my horse tandem-fashion in the sleigh, so as to allow myself more leisure for teaching the pig.

11 A.M.—Pig already beginning to master his letters. I fancy some one has given him his rudiments before. There is a twinkle in his eye that I don't half like. One thing is comparatively reassuring, he does *not* show much aptitude for cards.

Friday.—Came to a sign-post. Examined it. Found I had been for two days riding towards Persia. Worked my compass and took a turn to the right. After *lunchski*, had half a game at Beggar my Neighbour with the Pig, and rode on. Pig improving, but still stupid. He *will* cry whenever he sees the Ace of Spades, and I can't make out why. The sleigh-driver doesn't know.

6 P.M.—Cold and raw. So cold and so raw that I shall be very glad when it 's hot and quite done. Arrived at a *shebeenski* rejoicing in the sign of *The Rose Bud*. Called for some of their best, and "nipped" it in the Bud. Gave Piggy a drop of strong *wickski*. It made his tail curl. Piggy vain of the effect, but evidently much pleased, and wanted to play me at *écarté*. Refused. But what I will do is to teach Piggy All Fours. If he learns it, I can make a fortune, as no one knows the game out here. Sat up all night hard at work with Piggy. Driver asleep.

Next Day.—Met a Tartar Gentleman on the road. He asked us to share his dinner with him—*potski-luckski*, as they call it here. We accepted; my sleigh-driver, myself, and the pig. The Tartar Gentleman got the worst of it at dinner, as we were three to one. After dinner played him at All Fours. The Tartar Gentleman won the first game, but we played three more. Cleared him out of his roubles, and rode on quickly in the direction of Khiva.

The Tartar Gentleman subsequently rode away to the nearest Police Station. In consequence of this, we had a difficulty later on at a Russian *Stashunhouski*, but fortunately made friends with the *Inspektorski*, who was much amused with the Pig's tricks, also with my omelette in the hat, inexhaustible bottle, and little Joey in the bag. I gave him an invitation to call on me whenever he might be coming to town, and then rode on, *briskli*, as we say in Russia, in the direction of Khiva. Rub a Russian the right way, and you won't catch a Tartar. Expect next telegram in a couple of days, as snow-storms have set in, and there 's a talk of Wolves coming down and attacking Travellers. Now for real excitement!

I don't wish to throw any discredit on a gallant officer, but no one knows CAPTAIN BURNABY on the road that *I* am riding to Khiva. Odd. Just heard a Wolf in the distance. If one comes too near, I shall mention MR. GLADSTONE'S name to him, and see if *that* will frighten him. No signs of one at present. Great cry, but very little Wolf.

Note (*prwate to Editor*).—Please pay the livery-stable keeper, 2A, Green Street, Horsemonger Lane, for my last three weeks' hire. I told him you 'd settle with him regularly, and I 'll settle with you on my return. Mind, not more than eighteenpence an hour.

CHURCH AND STAKE.

AMONGST the distinguished Clergymen who have lately come forward to take part in the current clerical disputes, is one whose name may suggest a consolatory reflection, the REV. DR. IRONS. What a comfort to think that, for all the burning questions now in debate amongst ecclesiastics, the Church has not more than one of its irons in the fire.

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HE THOUGHT HE WAS SAFE.

Irascible Old Gentleman. "Buy a Comb! What the Devil should I buy a Comb for? You don't see any Hair on my Head, do you?"

Unlicensed Hawker. "Lor' bless yer, Sir!—yer don't want no 'Air on yer 'Ead for a Tooth-Comb!!"

COOL, VERY!

The following impudent advertisement appeared the other day in a widely-circulated Western paper:—

A Comfortable HOME OFFERED, in a Clergyman's family, in South Devon, to a Lady willing to pay £40 a year and devote some time daily to instruction (good French and German).—Address, &c.

The young Lady who wrote to the address given with this wonderfully cool offer received the following reply, which *Punch* thinks worth giving *verbatim*:—

"Madam,—Mr. —— has commissioned me to reply to your letter received this morning Mr. —— is a widower; I have managed his household since his wife's death, for the last six years. Besides Mr. —— and myself, the family consists of two young ladies, aged sixteen and eighteen, and two little boys, eight and eleven respectively; the younger of these you would be required to teach, as he is backward. I think one hour a day would be sufficient for him at first. Could you teach the rudiments of Latin? as he would ultimately require it. Good French and German is necessary for the young ladies. They are preparing for the Cambridge Local, and attend classes under a Master for the other branches, Music included; at the same time they would much value any assistance you could give them in their English studies, by way of explanation, in Grammar and Arithmetic, for instance. They have no time at present for Drawing, but might be glad of it afterwards. May I ask if you Sing? I can most decidedly promise you a comfortable and happy home. We are a few minutes' walk from the sea, and the Plymouth Hoe is a pleasant promenade. The Devonshire scenery is very good. The young ladies, I think, would be able to take in French and German about three times a week, about two hours each day, as their time at present is very much taken up; however, this, if you come to us, you could talk over with them. Would you mind sharing a large and airy bed-room with them, if necessary? as I hardly know yet whether I should be able to offer you a separate one. You would find them pleasant and ladylike girls. We have one or two local associations in the town, if you like joining the classes. I think I have now mentioned all particulars, and shall be pleased to hear from you as soon as possible.—Believe me, &c."

The young Lady replied, expressing her regret that she could not avail herself of these proffered advantages.

"The truth is" (she added) "I have accepted an engagement at a salary of £100 a year, where my duties will be scarcely heavier than with you, and where I shall have a large and airy room for my own separate use. I trust this delay will cause you no inconvenience in dealing with the many applications you have doubtless received, and hope you may soon meet with a lady, knowing *four* languages thoroughly, who, in return for her meals and the third part of a bed-room, will be glad to pay you £40 a year, and devote her time and acquirements to your service."

BIRDS AND BRUTES.

Blossoms on blackthorn bush are white;
On whitethorn opening leaves are green.
There 's dandelion blazing bright;
There 's shiny lesser celandine.

And there in yonder lane those three—
Where nigh the bank cow-paraley grows
'Mid nettles—did you ever see
Three more unlovely Cads than those?

Ill-favoured, unwashed, grimy knaves!
What is it that the fellows do
With nets and cages, traps and staves?
And on a Sunday morning too!

Bird-catchers they, their cruel trade
Who reckless e'en in close-time ply,
And the Act 'gainst such caitiffs made
In favour of poor birds, defy.

An Act by hands unskilful framed,
In phrase derisive styled "Tom-tit's."
In which the Chaffinch ne'er is named,
And which the Linnet too omits.

And so their traps yon wretches lay,
And spread their toils from hindrance free.
"We 're catchin' Chaffinches," they say;
Or, "Only arter Linnets we."

"What songsters else are those, then, pray,
Which you in several cages bear?"
"Oh, them, they 're call-birds, all o' they;
We ain't cotch none o' them birds there."

"Say is there green in *Punch's* eye,
That with such chaff he should be 'had'?
Sirrah, thou liest shamefully:
Thou dirty, graceless, vulgar Cad!

"For Goldfinch, Greenfinch, Mavis, Merle,
And warblers all, thy snares are set.
For scoundrels fresh from early purl,
All's bird, that comes within the net.

"Where 's the Police? might be our cry,
To collar thee and all thy crew.
Too oft they 've other fish to fry—
Offenders even worse than you.

"But when they can, your little game
They are the gamekeepers to end.
For whom more fitting can we name
Than Bobby, to be Dicky's friend?"

"Come, mild Persuasion!"

In consequence of the report of the Committee on Railway Accidents, the Government—so says Mr. Adderley—is going to confer with the Railway Companies, to see what steps in the way of protecting the lives of their servants and passengers they are willing to take, voluntarily—not upon compulsion, mind. The Government hates compulsion "like an unfilled can." Like *Sir John Falstaff*—"If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, they would not give one upon compulsion." Their rule is, in fact, the reign of *may*, not *must*. After refusing to coerce Turks, with what consistency could they coerce Railway Companies?

Leaves of a different kind.

It was said that Prince Bismarck had taken leave of Power. It turns out that he has only taken leave of absence.

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ÆSTHETIC ECONOMY.



LAST number of "*Fors Clavigera*" is curious as well as interesting, on account of the details there given of the author's budget. MR. RUSKIN, in his own words, has "unveiled the statue of his economy," and, though no one who reads will accuse him of ostentation, it would be difficult to say exactly what it is that has prompted imitators of the great art-critic's out-spokenness to besiege *Mr. Punch's* letter-box. Among the letters called into existence by the example of this high æsthetic authority the following may be cited:—

To Mr. Punch, Fleet Street.

SIR, *April* 1.

YOU will be glad to hear that, on the death of my father, who was a celebrated Liverpool miser, I inherited a sum producing something like £70,000 per annum, which placed me above absolute want. My first financial investment was the purchase of a lovely wife of good family. By this transaction I realised considerably, as I introduced some excellent mortgages to my wife's relations, and disposed of much shaky property to an immense advantage. I thought it rather hard on my own family that my father should have left them nothing, and volunteered to invest their small fortunes in some excellent Companies of which I am paid Director. I relieved my conscience at the same time by purchasing for my wife a splendid suite of diamonds, left in pawn by a well-known Duchess. I have since assisted a young relation to a permanent situation in Portland Island, and am serenely happy in the certainty, so far as anything human is certain, that I shall die as far from poverty as possible. My annual subscriptions to various Charities, which advertise once a week the names of their subscribers in large letters and prominent columns of the public journals, amount to sixty guineas—in sums of one guinea, and, in some cases, two guineas, from

Yours faithfully,

Skinflint House, Cheshire. THEOPHILUS SCREWDRIVER.

To — Punch, Esq.

DEAR PUNCH,

"*Anch'io son pittore.*" I'm an artist, and generally considered a man of taste. I came in, a few years ago, to a fortune of £30,000, which I inherited from an uncle who was good enough to make room for me by joining his ancestors. My first extravagance was the purchase of a grand collection of spurious Majolica, imitation bronzes, and counterfeit china, for which I gave the modest sum of £2000. This necessitated naturally the lease of a set of apartments in the Albany, where I flatter myself the dinners I give from week to week are already celebrated among the best *bon-vivants* in London.

After studying Art and the Museums, my æsthetic tastes would not permit a man of culture to retain the mass of falsehood on my walls with which I had been satisfied at starting. When I transferred my interest in these I lost about £1995 upon the transaction.

However, by the judicious expenditure of £18,000, I soon became the happy possessor of some of the best examples of the arts of CELLINI, PALISSY, BUHL, and others, besides hanging on my walls several gems of MEISSONIER, GÉROME, &c., &c. I am now in the hands of several intelligent members of the Lost Tribes; and I am persuaded that when I have sold my lease, collections, and plate, I shall not be in a position—if I satisfy my Israelitish friends—to leave even hay for life to my Cousin's pet donkey, the only creature with whom I have any personal sympathy.

I beg to remain, yours, poorer than ever,

RAPHAEL SURFACE.

MYSTERIES REVIVED.

THE Stipendiary Magistrate at Sheffield has inflicted penalties for performance of an unlicensed drama, on the subject of "*Joseph and his Brethren;*" holding, with the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, that the Stage is "not for JOSEPH"—or any such subject.

A SLAP AT A SATIRIST.

(MRS. GINGHAM *communicates her Opinions on Plain Cooking, and the pertness of certain Newspaper Parties.*)

"The real difficulty about cooking is that it is in the hands of woman, and that woman is too ethereal a creature to interest herself in the matter. She is rather like Calypso, who partook of nectar and ambrosia, while she saw that her mortal guest had pork, almost always pork, and Pramnian wine. Woman, for her part, could live on tea and bread-and-butter for ever, with an occasional egg once or twice a week. These things are her nectar and ambrosia, and as long as man has his barbaric joint she thinks that all is well. The English joint is the bane of domestic life. . . . 'Plain cooking,' says a doctor, 'is an abomination; avoid it as you would poison. If you are tired of life, I can find other means of ridding you of it. Plain cooking,' this outspoken physician goes on, 'brings more grist to our mill than miasmas, drains, or either extreme of temperature.'"—*Daily News.*

MRS. CALYPSO *I* don't know. (TOM says she 's not a Missis,
But a Greek nymph as doted on a party called Ulysses.)
But what I 've got to say is this, this chaffy sort of mocking
At Woman's works and Woman's ways is getting simply shocking.

Housewife or nymph, Calypso found, there 's not the slightest question,
That men are a contrairy lot. But as for that suggestion,
That Woman 's too "ethereal"—which what 's *that?*—to care for dinner,
That 's all the writer's artful spite, as sure as I 'm a sinner.

They 're always downing on us thus, a hinting round and sneering;
Better abuse than this 'ere sly and niminy-piminy jeering.
If "nectar" and "ambrosia" 's Greek for "tea" and "bread-and-butter,"
The feller's words is right-down fudge—a falsehood base and utter.

Women ain't butterflies, no fear, nor likeways gals ain't chickings,
Though some of them in public play at bird-like sips and pickings.
But when they on the quiet feed, d'ye think they pick and sip so?
No, not a bit of it: no more, I 'll warrant, did Calypso.

Barbaric joints, the bane of life? I do declare it 's awful!
Such revolutionary rant should be, if 'tain't, unlawful.
Which our Constitution and our joints are England's greatest glories;
Leastways, so Tories used to say; and I say so with the Tories.

That fellow must be kickshaw-mad, a nasty French-fed glutton,
Who feels no respect for sirloin and is rude to leg o' mutton.
Which they 're English institutions to be kept in all their purity;
Or, as TOM says—that lad 's so smart—our national joint-security.

Plain Cooking? It 's a precious boon our land alone possesses.
Don't tell me of your German mucks nor yet of your French messes.
This fad for foreign feeding 's rot; the Swells may patronise it,
But no, not me, nor yet my sort—we utterly despise it.

I don't ask JOHN to "live on pork and Pramnian wine for ever."
(Which I wonder what *that* wine may be? Must ask young TOM—he 's clever.)
But if an English joint 's his bane, plain cooked as I can cook it,
He 'd better hire a Parleyvoo, and as for me—I 'll hook it!

Paradise for Paupers.

MR. BUMBLE was thrown into a violent fit of indignation by the following paragraph, which he encountered in a newspaper:—

"FEMALE GUARDIANS.—On Saturday MISS MAUD STANLEY, cousin of DEAN STANLEY, was elected a guardian of St. Anne's, Soho."

The election of Ladies to the office of Guardian is regarded by MR. BUMBLE as a most unporochial innowation. He is highly scandalised to see that it is an increasing 'abit, and thinks the ratepayers might just as well put them wicious paupers under the wings of guardian hangels at once; which would be making the workhouse the wery rewerse of the place as it was intended for.

"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT."

OUR excellent and enthusiastic friend, PROFESSOR BLACKIE, is much annoyed at the bad taste of his countrymen in encouraging Classical Concerts into which no Scotch music is admitted. It is reported that he has written to RICHARD WAGNER, urging that great musical reformer to add to his orchestra the Bagpipe and the Scotch Fiddle.

A COUNTER IRRITANT.—A Shopman who will insist on knowing if you want any other article to-day.

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THE SIGHTS OF DUBLIN.

Irish Car-Driver. "Shure that 's the Custom-House, Sor; but it 's only the Rare av it you 'll be seeing this Side, Sor—the Front 's behind!"

A WARNING TO NOVEL-READERS.

A very vulgar and silly book, purporting to be a novel of high life, has been published by a person signing himself by a ducal title with a foreign ring unknown to the *Almanach de Gotha*. In this offensive work real persons are introduced under the thinnest disguises. Anyone who knows anything about English society will throw the book down in utter disgust at its prurient, ignorant, and offensive caricature. However, as certain scandal-lovers of the lower middle class may be enticed to buy the book with a notion of finding in it what they may, in their innocence, believe to be a true picture of the Upper Ten, *Punch* begs to furnish a sample of the sort of thing that they may expect to get for their money:—

Chapter XLVII.

It was ten o'clock in the supper-room at Black's Club in St. James's Street. The waiters were moving about amongst the members, on the look-out for tips. Black's is the most fashionable Club in London, and many are the twopences that find their way into the hands of the pampered menials (masses of gold, velvet, and hair powder) who wait upon the patricians of the Metropolis.

At one of the tables (that, like the rest, was groaning under the weight of artificial flowers and costly plate) sat three "men" eating their supper. All day long these "men" (as even their Graces Lord Dukes are sometimes called in Mayfair) had been drinking champagne and eating *patés de foies gras*. The first was a foreigner. He was called Prince Von Dismarck, and had been Prime Minister to His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Ghermany. The next was Mr. Sadstone, an ex-Cabinet Minister. The last was the Right Honourable the Earl of Deaconsfield—a new creation, and therefore not of great account in Mayfair.

"Where shall we go?" said Mr. Sadstone. "Prince, my Lord, what do you say to the Alhambra?"

"I prefer the Cambridge Music Hall in Shoreditch," replied his Lordship, filling his tankard with a fresh supply of "dry creaming." "I am *blasé* with West-End pleasures. Let us go 'east of Temple Bar.'"

And with a joyous laugh the three "men" left Black's, and throwing themselves on to the top of a private coach-and-four, rattled down St. James's Street *en route* for the City.

In the meanwhile Lord Brompton was still talking in the bay window to his brother, the Marquis of Islington.

"The Duchess of Ditchwater's *soirée*, my Lord," said the elder patrician to his young relative, "was certainly dull. I give you my word that I couldn't get anything more substantial than a penny sandwich at supper. They had no 'fizz,' and the sherry had been watered."

"My Lord Marquis, you are right," replied the young aristocrat, with a bow. "It is very strange that in good society you can't get such luxuries of the season as those supplied by the lowest cad giving a Bayswater hop. I always bribe the Greengrocer when I visit her Grace, till he brings me some cold fowl."

At this sally several young aristocrats laughed heartily—their experience had been the same.

Lord Lawn (who had married Royalty) was greatly amused, and repeated the story afterwards to his connection the handsome Prince of Tick.

"Well, you titled chaps," cried the Marquis, "are you game for any fun?"

Lord Brompton bit his lip. His brother approached him hurriedly.

"My Lord," he whispered, "at last by your emotion I have divined your secret. Last night at the Duchess of Banchester's dance I saw you footing a schottische with the Lady Blanche Templebars, much to the disgust of her noble mother, her Grace the Duchess of Scarborough. Tell me, my Lord, do you love the gal?"

"I do, my Lord Marquis," replied the younger nobleman, firmly, "but I know it is of no use. I am a younger son, and shall never be able to afford the bundle of five pound notes which Lady Blanche (were she my wife) would use for making her cigarettes. What is blue blood without £ *s. d.*? I have been born under the shadow of a coronet, and I have scarcely enough money to buy champagne for breakfast. I wish I had been born a snob, on my soul I do!"

"Stuff and nonsense, my Lord," said the Marquis. "And now which of you titled chaps are game for the Gardens?"

There was a shout of laughter, and the young aristocrats, leaving Black's, threw themselves into Victorias (each harnessed to three horses arranged tandem-wise), and drove to Kremorne.

Within five minutes all the young Lords were talking and chaffing with pleasant companions.

Lord Brompton soon forgot his love in shooting for nuts, and, when the time for the fireworks had arrived, was quite heart whole.

He was on the eve of following the crowd to a distant part of the gardens, when the Marquis arrived, bringing with him a friend, clothed in rather gorgeous garments.

"My Lord!" cried the Marquis, "let me introduce Mr. Snooks to you. Snooks, this is my brother!"

The Gentlemen and the Nobleman bowed to one another.

"I am trying to persuade him to come home with us," continued the Marquis, "as I want to introduce him to our brother and the Marchioness, and their Ladyships, our Sisters Fanny, Florence, Susanna, and Gwendoline."

"Who is he, my Lord?" whispered Lord Brompton.

"The Lion Comique," replied the Marquis. "I tell you what, my Lord, he is no end of a stunning cove!"

And then the two Noblemen and the Comic Singer returned together to Grosvenor Square.

THE LAST WORDS OF DIPLOMACY.

France.—"A neutral tint is the present Paris fashion, my dear friends."

Greece.—"Ready, aye ready."

Germany.—"All 's well that ends well."

Persia.—"Your money or your life."

Russia.—"So very sorry."

Turkey.—"Kismet!"

England.—"Are you quite sure you would not like another Congress, or a few more pamphlets, or a debate or two, or a brand new Protocol, or anything else in the waste-paper line?"

The Rest of the Civilised World.—"Curse you, my children!"

Curtain.

Blood Relations.—The news of the next few months.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ND has it come to this! So completely has the Asses' Bridge broken down, that it cannot even support a night's talk in the Lords. On *Monday*, *April* 16, LORD GRANVILLE was booked to call attention to the Protocol, but, as in the case of *Glendower's* call of spirits from the vasty deep, *Punch* must ask, like *Hotspur*, "will it come?" It would seem not; for the audience of the Upper House, not the densest—*Punch* begs pardon, not the most crowded—as a rule, hardly rose beyond the average to hear what LORD GRANVILLE had to say against, and LORD DERBY for the extinguisher that has taken—or is taking—fire.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum is a rule for Lords as for Commons. The Protocol is dead. As nothing good can be said of the deceased diplomatic abortion, the only alternative is to say nothing. LORD DERBY said nothing, at considerable length. The MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE and the EARL OF DUDLEY said their dittos to LORD GRANVILLE. The Protocol having received its fitting "finis" from four flat speeches, the conversation collapsed; and the Protocol, with its declarations, passes away into the large limbo of Diplomatic Fizzles.

(*Commons.*)—MR. BOURKE has received a partial return of arrests, sentences, and executions of sentences on account of the Bulgarian uprising, and is ready to table them whenever MR. GLADSTONE will move. A *partial* return, no doubt, it must be, omitting, as it does, the name of every Moslem of rank or note who took the lead in the atrocities. While ACHMET, SHEFKET, and TOOSOON, so far from being punished for their share in the Bulgarian horrors, have been promoted, MR. BOURKE may as well put the Turkish returns in his pipe, and smoke them, as lay them on the table of the House. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* ("I make no returns") might be the Turks' motto for massacres and massacred alike. "Why should I, when I neither retrace my steps nor punish my offenders?"

The Pera Correspondent of the *Times*, the other day, reported the bastinadoing to death of one NASIM, a student in the military school at Constantinople, who had ventured to draw up a memorial demanding the recall of MIDHAT. MUSURUS PASHA has categorically denied the fact. That is MUSURUS PASHA'S business. MR. JOCELYN now repeats the denial, and so does the *Telegraph* Correspondent. The last declares he has seen and identified NASIM. *That* is evidence or would be if the identification is clear.

Let us hope the story is not true, and that its falsehood is disprovable by something more trustworthy than Turkish official denials.

A lively debate on the Mutiny Bills, Army and Navy, with lots of amendments moved. This *is* a novelty. PARNELL, POWER, and SULLIVAN, to say nothing of PETER TAYLOR, all busy in moving reductions of punishment, from solitary confinement to the Cat upwards. MR. PARNELL was rude enough to ask MR. WARD HUNT how he would like, if he unfortunately fell asleep on his post, to incur the punishment of penal servitude, death, or imprisonment with hard labour. Really, that is rather *too* personal, MR. PARNELL. Besides, you forget the First Lord's excuse if he *should* fall asleep on the Treasury Bench (which we presume is his Parliamentary

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MUSICAL EGOTISM.

Herr Maestro (who has been indulging the Company with two Masses, three Symphonies, a dozen Impromptus, and a few other little things of his own). "Vill you not now Zing zomzing, Miss Anchelica?"

Miss Angelica (with diffidence, pulling off her gloves). "H'm!—H'm!—I'm afraid I'm a little Hoarse to-day; but if——"

Herr Maestro (with alacrity). "Ach sôh! In zat case I vill not bress you. I hav gombôset a Zonata in F moll—shall I blay it for you? Yes?" [*Proceeds to do so.*

post), that he has been obliged to listen to a Parnell and a Biggar. If the Soldier, the Sailor, and the Marine have to dread the Cat, has not the House its Irish Obstructives, with their more than nine tails of blue-books, and their knotted and leaded yarns? Mr. Ward-Hunt succeeded in getting the Cat into the Mutiny Act. Henceforth the Statute will specify that the Cat is to be of a pattern approved by the Admiralty. Fancy my Lords at their Cat Inspection—to approve the Admiralty pattern! We recommend a Naval Cat Show—as a *succursale* to the feline display at the Crystal Palace—with a Naval Lord in attendance, to explain the points of the Cat approved of by the Admiralty!

Tuesday.—As dull as ditch-water in Parliament, in both Lords and Commons. My Lords were on Legal Education. The Inns of Court don't like my Lord Selborne's Bill. Legal Education is the Benchers' business, not my Lord Selborne's. Who is he, that he should set up to overhaul the Benchers, and educate the Bar? Lord Cairns is the Benchers' organ, and grinds their favourite tune of *Auld Lang Syne*. The pious Palmer will not reach his legal Holy Land *this* pilgrimage.

(*Commons.*)—Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen could move the abolition of the Railway Passenger Duty, but could not move the Chancellor of the Exchequer to give up the £600,000 it produces, nor the non-Directorial element of the House to see any sufficient reason why he should. Though potent, the Railway Directors do not yet direct the House of Commons. Mr. K.-H., as the clever author of some capital fairy tales, should publish one with a transformation beyond all the wonders of fairy-land, and as yet adventured in no published volume of fairy tales or Christmas transformation-scene—the transformation of Railway *Passengers'* duties into the duties of Railway *Directors'*. And if, after setting forth the latter, he could get the Directors to *do* it! As for the £600,000, there is a prevailing impression that if the Chancellor of the Exchequer were to give it up, it would be to find its way not into passenger pockets, but shareholders'. The passengers prefer, for the present, to take out their share in the shape of duty. When they find Directors showing an amiable concern for passengers in other matters, they will be ready, perhaps, to give them credit for paternal anxiety to save their pockets in the matter of the Railway Duty.

Earl Percy moved the rejection of the Motion, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer declined to give up the money. So Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen withdrew his Motion, and the Earl his Amendment.

But the fun to-night was *out* of the House in the great Donkey Demonstration, which *Punch* has immortalised in another part of his columns. It was a touching sight to see Whalley conducting De Morgan and the Rump of the heroic ten who managed to reach the Lobby, to the Tea-Room, and there treating them to the "cup that cheers but not inebriates." Such was the worst rioting that came of the great Tichborne Demonstration. As Tea to Old Tom, so is Whalley to Lord George Gordon.

As for De Morgan—"who leads great asses should himself be ass." And he seems perfectly to possess the qualification.

There *was* a De Morgan—mighty in mathematics and pitiless prostrator of paradoxes. We can imagine the *Q.E.D. he* would have arrived at over his namesake. A good deal like *Punch's*, elsewhere.

With Whalley and Kenealy in the House, and De Morgan out of it, the Unfortunate Nobleman in Dartmoor is even more unfortunate than his worst friends have painted him.

Wednesday.—When the foreign steamer *Franconia* smashed the *Strathclyde*, within two miles of Dover, no law could be enforced against the foreign offenders, the Court of Appeal holding, by seven men to six, that our Courts had no jurisdiction.

Mr. Gorst now seeks to stretch the grasp of the law over foreigners within a three-mile range of the coast. Something will have to be done; but it was agreed, after a legal talk—Sir G. Bowyer, Stavely Hill, Wheelhouse, and Forsyth against the Bill, and Sir W. Harcourt and the Attorney-General not exactly for it, but

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discriminando—that the Government should do it. So GORST made way for CROSS—in due time.

MR. ANDERSON wants to assimilate the law of Scotland as to Married Women's Property to the law of England. And what for no? Unless it be, that your canny wedded Scot's grip of the siller—his wife's as well as his ain—is too strong to be loosened even by law, if he can help it.

MONTGOMERIE against, MCLAREN and MR. EWING for the Bill. SIR G. CAMPBELL pathetic on the horror of converting wedlock into "chumming," and degrading the Scottish marriage tie to the Mahometan. This a new view of Moslem marriage. *Punch* had always thought the objection to that was from the point of polygamy, not property. But what SIR GEORGE objects to is not that the Turkish law allows too many wives, but that it makes all the wives independent in money matters. In fact, it would seem, according to SIR GEORGE, that the most Terrible Turk, in wedded life, is the one in petticoats. Thence, perhaps, the usage, among the Turkish ladies of wearing trousers—however baggy, still unmistakeably of the unmentionable order.

The Bill was read a Second Time, but with a distinct intimation from the Lord Advocate, that Scottish women should not have an inch more right over their own than English.

Thursday (*Lords*).—LORD ENFIELD called attention, not before it is wanted, to the unsanitary condition of the Public Offices, old and new—the newest, to the shame of somebody—suppose we say BRITANNIA?—about the worst. Is it irony of the powers that watch over official undertakings, that the basement of the Office, which keeps such central eye and hand as *are* kept over the drainage of town and country, has been fairly flooded with liquid sewage, like the lover of HORACE's *Pyrrha*, "*Liquidis perfusus odoribus*," though not exactly, "*Grato sub antro*," but in a stinking cellar. Or is it the Board's offences of omission in sewerage matters that are being brought home to its own doors, in the form of liquid sewage?

LORD BEACONSFIELD promises a speedy cleansing of the Augean stables of Whitehall and Pall Mall by that rather shaky Hercules, the Board of Works.

LORD STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL showed at once his simple-mindedness and oddity by another last word for the Treaty of Paris, 1856. Let this be written on his Lordship's tombstone—may it be long before it is erected!—"He believed to the last in the Treaty of Paris, 1856."

LORD ROSEBERY *did* show how we might be put in an awkward fix under the Tripartite Treaty of the same year, if either Austria or France appealed to its obligations. But, as LORD DERBY took comfort in pointing out to the House, they haven't, and are not likely to. So the Tripartite may go, with its predecessor, "Where de old Treaties go."

His Lordship should issue a new treatise. "On Treaties and their Obligations," *Punch* offers him some mottoes:—

"*De non existentibus et non apparentibus, eadem est ratio.*"

"A Treaty that the signataries don't insist on is no Treaty."

"Circumstances alter cases."

"Sufficient for the time being is the Treaty thereof."

"No bother, no bond."

(*Commons*).—Much miscellaneous talk, including a conversation on a department with the objectionable name of the Petty Bag Office. *Punch* is sorry to learn that petty-bagging has rather increased than diminished under the Judicature Act, so that MR. W. H. SMITH finds it impossible to abolish the office that works the petty bag business. *Punch* had flattered himself all these official petty-baggings had been done away with.

On report of the Mutiny Act, repetitions of the lively debates and divisions on Second Reading by PARNELL, BIGGAR, POWER, and their followers of the Irish Obstructive Brigade. They are evidently going in to curry favour with the Forces, as the "poor" soldiers' and sailors' friends. GENERAL SHUTE said the one thing worth recording in the night's talk—that "want of discipline was the failing of the age. There was a want of discipline in the Church, and at the Bar. He might even say he believed there was a want of discipline in that House." I believe you, *Mon Général!*

Another talk on the incidence of Imperial Taxation. MR. GOSCHEN doubted the Budget calculations, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER stands by them. He pointed out that if new taxation had been needed, there is always the Income-Tax. And the Inexhaustible Bottle, SIR STAFFORD. AS SIR WILFRID might say,—"Don't pass the Bottle."

Friday (*Lords*).—LORD CAMPERDOWN raised the ugly question why, after CAPTAIN HOBART, R.N., was dismissed our Service in 1868 for accepting service with the Turk without leave of the Admiralty, HOBART PASHA was in 1874 restored to our Service, whence he is now drawing £400 a year half-pay. LORD DERBY could only admit the fact, with a feeble attempt at explanation, which explained nothing.

We are still at peace with Turkey and Russia. But they may any day be at war with each other. Would not Russia have something to say, and with reason, to an English Rear-Admiral commanding the Turkish Iron-clads? A question to be asked, and not to be answered except in one way—by striking CAPTAIN HOBART off the Navy List—(on which, with all his unwillingness to hit a British sailor, *Punch* must say the Captain ought never to have been replaced while he wore Turkish uniform)—from the date of the declaration of war between Russ and Turk.

(*Commons.*)—The House thrilled to-night with a common pulse, as the country thrilled next morning, at the news of the rescue of the five Welsh miners from their ten days' living burial in the Troedyrhiw mine. God bless the brave fellows who risked their lives to rescue their brethren! It is something to have set thirty-two million hearts beating to one tune. It is something to be one of these thirty-two million hearts, and to feel one's heart beat the throbbing link between oneself and thirty-one millions nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine.

And then, to take down its excitement, the House went in, as if it really meant it, on MR. HANBURY TRACY'S waggish suggestion of an official staff of Reporters, to give verbatim reports of the Parliamentary talk! Talk of BIGGAR and PARNELL! Had he been serious? Think of the House weekly or monthly confronted with its own verbiage! "*Litera scripta manet*," too. "The evil that men do, lives after them;" for that we have SHAKSPEARE'S warrant. But that the rot they talk should live after them as well!—*Deus avertat!*

The House dabbled with the appalling idea, as seeming-reckless men might play with a loaded shell, knowing—the rogues—all the time there wasn't a light within a league of them.

No. Parliament is safe enough from verbatim reports, till a BIGGAR and a PARNELL—twin obstructives risen to con- and de-structive—are set loose to work their wicked wills upon the Saxon speechmaker.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

NEW VERSION.

(*Penned by* W. E. G. *in Arcadia.*)



COME live with me and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That, in these days, Arcadia yields
To one who seeks its peaceful fields.

We'll sit beside our letter-box,
Seeing the missives come in flocks;
Big piles of post-cards, destined all
For answering questions great and small.

And I will pen you pamphlets long,
And essays on Homeric song;
Or spice my lectures sage and solemn,
With brave orations by the column.

I'll show thee how a Wolff to keep
From harrying Arcadian sheep;
And how to counter, "fib," and "plant,"
And play the Shepherd-militant.

I'll teach thee how to ply an axe,
And mind and muscle jointly tax;
Or quit the pastoral pipe and crook,
For wordy bout and big Blue-Book.

The Daily papers,—morning treat
To lend a relish to our meat,—
Shall on our breakfast-table be
Piled up each day for thee and me.

The lazier Swains may dance and sing,
We'll toil and fight like anything.
If *these* delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love!

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A DEMONSTRATION.



UERY—meant to demonstrate what?
That "patriots" are a seedy lot;
That spouters of seditious rant,
With tongue alone are militant,
And, spite of bellicose pretences,
Don't "disregard the consequences";
That swaggerers, who Police defy
Of Jupiter Pluvius fight shy,
Whose water-pot has proved a damper
To many a loud pot-valiant tramper;
That heroes game to spill their blood
Will funk chill wind and clinging mud,
Oblivious of valorous vows; and
That those defiant hundred thousand
"Stern men and true" got decimated
More easily than congregated;
That the arithmetic of bluster
Is always falsified at muster;
That MORGAN of the knightly "*DE*"
Is not the pink of chivalry;

That ROWLAND TYLER is not WAT;
That muffs who swear they 'd rather rot
In dungeon than as recreants live,
Would funk what Beak might haply give;
That martyrdom is not their walk,
When "rot" is mainly all their talk;
That 'tis an anti-climax rather
When fools who in their thousands gather,
Have to depute ten leading "gabs"
To charge the foe in four-wheeled cabs!

That geese will stray when given free room,
And that the House of Commons tea-room
With counsel and applause from WHALLEY,
Forms fittest finish to such folly;
That loud DE MORGAN can but bray
Like other "mokes," and lose his way;
That blatant TYLER and crass SKIPWORTH
Are scarcely serious Satire's whip worth;
In fine, that the egregious three
Are utter donkeys—Q. E. D.!

FOR THE MASTER OF THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

THE following Regulations have been issued by the Police for the maintenance of order and the satisfaction of the Great Composer on the occasion of the Wagner performances at the Albert Hall:—

The Public will be admitted to the Albert Hall on presentation of vouchers signed by HERR WAGNER or HERR DANNREUTHER, and on production of a certificate from any two Professors of Æsthetics in any University at home or abroad.

No person who has ever been heard to scoff at the Music of the Future, or is known to prefer MOZART'S, BEETHOVEN'S, or MENDELSSOHN'S works to the Recitatives in *Lohengrin* and the *Ring der Nibelungen*, or who has ever confessed to having derived pleasure from the Operas of AUBER or ROSSINI, BELLINI or DONIZETTI, or who has at any time degraded himself so far as to listen to the garbage of OFFENBACH, HERVÉ, LECOCQ, or STRAUSS, will on any account be admitted to the honour of assisting in this audition.

Any one of the audience assembled who shall blow any one's trumpet but that of RICHARD WAGNER (always excepting the ninety-nine trombones in the orchestra), or who shall sneeze, cough, or blow his own nose, or any one else's, during the ceremony, or who shall show any sign of disapproval or weariness, either by audible word, gesture, exclamation, or whisper, shall, on detection, be removed by the police agents at the first pause in the programme.

Only specified admirers will be permitted to bring up to the daïs on which the august WAGNER will be enthroned crowns, wreaths, or bouquets for his acceptance.

All crowns must be of gold or silver-gilt. Wreaths and bouquets to be composed of the costliest exotics.

The Police have special orders to prevent the audience in their enthusiasm carrying HERR WAGNER round the Galleries, or crowding to kiss his hand, so as to impede his respiration, or otherwise interfere with his personal comfort.

A powerful lime-light will throw a halo round the head of the Professor during the performance.

Three of the most noted aurists of Savile Row will be in attendance at the Hall for the reparation of defective drums.

Sal-volatile and chloric æther, for the use of persons of exceptionally fine-strung nerves, may be had in the basement of the Hall, on application to the Chemist of the Medicines of the Future, who will have his laboratory on the premises, with every description of restorative appliance and apparatus.

Special trains will run from the Kensington High Street Station to Colney Hatch, Hanwell, and Earlswood after each concert.

OUT OF RANGE.

WE rejoice to hear that the British Army already possesses an excellent range-finder, and has only to bring it into use and train men to work it in all branches of the Service. This is very encouraging, and all would be well did but the British Army possess also the following useful articles:—

A Commander-in-Chief who did not disapprove of his own General Orders.

A Field-Marshal who did not rest his claims to distinction upon his years rather than his laurels.

A Mobilisation Scheme that did not exist only on paper.

A War-Office which did not quarrel with the Indian Department.

An Indian Department which did not, whenever possible, snub and ignore the Horse-Guards.

A Reserve able to fill up ugly gaps in the event of our Army being called on for serious operations.

And, lastly, a few more horses, a good many more guns, and, if it could be managed without quite breaking the back of BRITANNIA, a great many more stalwart men in her Line and our Reserve.

STANZAS ON A SHOWER.

YON Butcher's ruby face is gleaming
With copious moisture, like the rain,
Whose big drops, fast and frequent streaming,
Run races down the window-pane.

From pores cutaneous such effusion
In heat of business oft appears.
That thought were now a fond illusion;
For ah, those cheeks are bathed in tears!

News of the last great importation
Of Yankee meat hath caught his eyes:
O'erwhelmed with grief and consternation
So now the blue-frocked Bobus cries.

From Commoners to Cads.

MR. PUNCH, if infallible, is yet not omniscient. Knowing that MR. JOHN DE MORGAN had headed commoners in the destruction of illegal enclosures on commons, he did not know at the time that MR. DE MORGAN was capable of heading cads in an Orton demonstration of tagrag and bobtail. But *Mr. Punch* never pronounced MR. DE MORGAN, *ex cathedrâ*, to be a wise and sensible man, or declared him, authoritatively, actuated by any sentiment superior to the enthusiasm of a demagogue inflamed with a passion for notoriety.

That Terrible Turk.

AN assertion commonly passing current is the saying that "the Turk is a Conservative." This however should be taken with grains of salt fully amounting to a scruple. In Bulgaria and elsewhere the Turk has abundantly shown that, when his monkey is up, he can be an out-and-out Destructive. But, Conservative or Destructive, as the occasion of a threatened European war, confound his politics!

SUITED TO A TEA.—"MISTER" DE MORGAN in the House of Commons.

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A PARAGON.

Lady's-Maid (enumerating her Qualifications for the Place). "I MAY LIKEWISE *HADD*, MEM, THAT I *HALWAYS* MANAGES TO MARRY MY YOUNG LADIES MOST *SATISFACTORY*!"

"TAKING THE LEAD."

"For the last few months England has been taking the lead."—MR. WARD-HUNT, *at Portsmouth*.

"What was it we promised in that paragraph of the Protocol, which some people have urged, but I think with signal ill-success, involves or implies the idea of coercion? It was this: that if certain things were not done by the Turkish Government—we being the judges of whether they were done or not—then, at some future time, which was not fixed—we being the judges as to when that time had arrived—we should consider with certain other Powers, and say what we should then do."—LORD DERBY, *in the House of Lords*.

TAKING the lead? Well, it's flattering, very,
To picture JOHN BULL in that masterful *rôle*.
But, perhaps, ere we make too much haste to be merry,
'Twere well of that lead to consider the goal.
Blind leaders have been, and we know where *they* guide to.
A *dux* such as DERBY should better succeed.
Let him point out the fair winning-post we're to ride to,
And show the result of our taking the lead.

Peace? No, not precisely, for war-cries are rumbling,
And baffled diplomacy comes to a halt.
Treaty-rights? Those old bulwarks appear to be tumbling,
By gradual sap, if not daring assault.
Amelioration of down-trodden masses?
Our help to that end has been trifling indeed.
What else? Well, the wreck of that poor Bridge of Asses
Remains as result of our—taking the lead.

And that? A. hits B. "Now," says B., "I must mention,
My friend, that your manners are scarcely urbane,
And, if you evince any obvious intention—
That is, in *my* judgment—of punching again,
I fear I must really, at some time or other,—
I won't fix the date to a decade or two,—
Take measures to—well, my annoyance to smother,—
And consult as to what 'twere well, some day, to do."
That's Protocol policy! "Safe?" Some may think so;
JOHN BULL has his doubts whether making it plain
That his pluck may at pinch from the sticking-place shrink so
Is certain to issue in ultimate gain.
At least, if his goal is this queer congregation
Of "Ifs," that as peacemakers do *not* succeed,
He fails to perceive any special temptation
To jubilant bounce about—"Taking the Lead.

THE CLOTH AND ERMINE.

GREAT and grievous disappointment was caused in the City by the discontinuance of the custom wont hitherto from old time to be annually and religiously observed by the Judges and Serjeants of the Law on the first Sunday in Easter Term of going in state, arrayed in full-bottomed wigs and ermine, to St. Paul's, "where," as the *Echo* says, "the LORD MAYOR, the LADY MAYORESS, the Sheriffs, and the proper City officials, with sword and mace, and Aldermen and Common Councillors, in fur and mazarine gowns, each with a bouquet in his hand, waited patiently for the Judges and Serjeants who did not come." Ostensible excuses were made for this portentous dereliction. But what if, considering the attitude assumed by certain ecclesiastics towards the Public Worship Act and the Court of Arches, the Sages of the Law thought proper to absent themselves from Church in order to signify what they think of certain dignitaries of the Church defying the Law?

A New Torture.

WE are informed (though we make this announcement *sous toutes les réserves*) that one of the sufferings endured by the Unhappy Nobleman pining in Dartmoor arises from the shoals of letters addressed to him, through an erroneous interpretation of the following words in the form to be used by the large number of persons desiring abatement of Income-Tax—"All the blanks in the Notice must be filled up, and the Notice must be signed by, the Claimant."

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THE EXTINGUISHER ON FIRE!

LORD D. "CON-FOUND THE THING! IT'S ALL A-BLAZE!!"
LORD B. "AH, MY DEAR D., PAPER *WILL* BURN, YOU KNOW!!"

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DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

(Continued.)

(*Forwarded to us through a Friend by Private Wire.**)



The day after the one last mentioned.—Met sixteen wolves to-day all wrapped up in sheep's clothing to keep themselves warm. Tried Mr. Gladstone's name on them with excellent effect. Haven't seen them again. Pig getting very clever. Met a fair Circassian coming home. She was quite the Circassian *crême de la crême*. In fact as I said to her, "You're so much the cream as to be quite the cheese!" She blushed and replied, "O son of thrice noble parents"—they are uncommonly polite these Circassians—"O well-fed and much-caressed one"—she must have meant the Pig, not *me*—"O funny little fat father"—she must have been thinking of some one else when she said this—"I am afraid that your words are *chaffinski*"—(a Circassian expression for not meaning what you say)—but I assured her she was mistaken. "O beautiful one! O unhappy one!" I replied, my memory furnishing me with appropriate expressions from the translations of the Italian *libretti* to which we are accustomed at the Opera, "how strangely thou art mistaken! Ah Heaven! my divine enchantress (*divina incantatrice*), my words are the voice of truth!" Then I spread out the Alphabet before her, and the Pig grunted at each letter which made up her lover's name. She parted with two roubles, and left us much pleased with the entertainment.

Wednesday.—Came up to Fort Number One. Found General Kauffmann here taking care of Number One. Gave Kauffmann some lozenges for his voice. "Kauff, man, no more," said I, pleasantly, and he went into fits. I asked him if we should be stopped before we got to Khiva. He answered with considerable caution, and put his finger to his nose. The last thing I saw of the old General was his left eye, as he winked at us through a loophole in Fort Number One. Thermometer going down to twenty degrees below nothing. Never was so cold. I have a warm sack with a hot-air apparatus in which I live the greater part of the day, and ride side-saddleways like a lady. As in this climate one dare not show one's eyes, or nose, or hands, I have ingeniously contrived holes through which the reins pass, and so I manage to guide my animal. If this cold increases, I must do in Russian Tartary as the Russian Tartars do, and, when riding, get inside and pull the blinds down. But I'm a Cosmopolitan, and can live anywhere. I find the piano a great comfort. It affords considerable amusement by day, and forms an admirable sleeping place at night. This evening played two games of Double Dummy with the Pig. He won the last rubber. If he repeats this, I shall watch his play closely. The Sleigh-driver backed the Pig. I begin to suspect collusion. How will this end?

Day after.—Came across a *Vodki*, which is a sort of Russian Punch-show, only without Toby. It was being carried by its spirited proprietor, who complained bitterly of the decay of the drama. The Vodki-man admired the Pig and made an offer. Refused it, but played the Vodki-man at *écarté*, with which he was not previously acquainted:—at least, so he *said*; but, for a novice, I never saw a man cut the king so often. Fortunately, as I explained to him after he had won a dozen games, we were only playing for amusement—not for money—or I should have lost considerably. Row with the Vodki-man. Appeal to the Sleigh-driver. Sleigh-driver sided with Vodki. I offered him an I.O.U. They both said that in the middle of a snow desert this was of no use to *them*. Obliged to pay in roubles. Vodki-man wished me to bear no malice, and offered me a glass of native *wickski*. Not liking to offend him, took it.

* * * * *

Next Morning.—Everything disappeared, and everybody—Vodki-man, Sleigh-driver, Piano, and Pig. All gone. I am alone in the Great Snow Desert—houseless, friendless, unprotected. Policeman only makes his rounds here once in three months, and then finds it dull, as there are no area-railings, cooks, or cold mutton within fifty miles. Please send me a cheque at once (by Private Wire*), or I shall not be able to get on to Khiva—not even on foot.

You wouldn't like to hear of Your Representative perishing of cold and starvation in the Great Snow Desert. The British Government would take up the subject warmly; but the subject would be precious cold before the British Government stirred itself, and even then two or three years might elapse before an Honourable Member would call for the papers, relating to the mysterious disappearance of a British subject somewhere in the snow between St. Petersburg and Khiva, to be laid before the House. Send the cheque *per* my friend, whom you can thoroughly trust, and who knows all about it. Do not delay. If you've any misgiving,† just look up the people whose names are down on my Subscription List, and who haven't paid up. If my hands are not too frozen to write or to wire, I will send you my diary as usual. But should the wolves get hungry * * * *

Next Day (*Diary continued by Private Wire*).—Luckiest chance in the world! Found a *mhoka* (a Tartar donkey) and a boy going to Khiva. Boy says he knows the way. No saddle or bridle. Only a *Joée* (a small sum equal to about fourpence of our money) by the hour. Away! upon my bare-backed steed.

Day after.—Hooray! (*This again is by Private Wire.*) The Pig has come back safe and sound. He had a squeak for his life. The Vodki-man had religious objections to eating him, and the Pig fortunately getting hold of the letters of the Alphabet which he carries with him round his neck, spelt out the words, "I'm a Christian."

The Vodki-man instantly released him, as, being a Turk, and not a Tartar, he never tortures Christians. In fact they never do out here. That's all a mistake. The Pig is as happy as possible, and has already made great friends with the Donkey and the Boy.

1 P.M.—Luncheon time. At this point I came on Captain Burnaby's track.‡ He

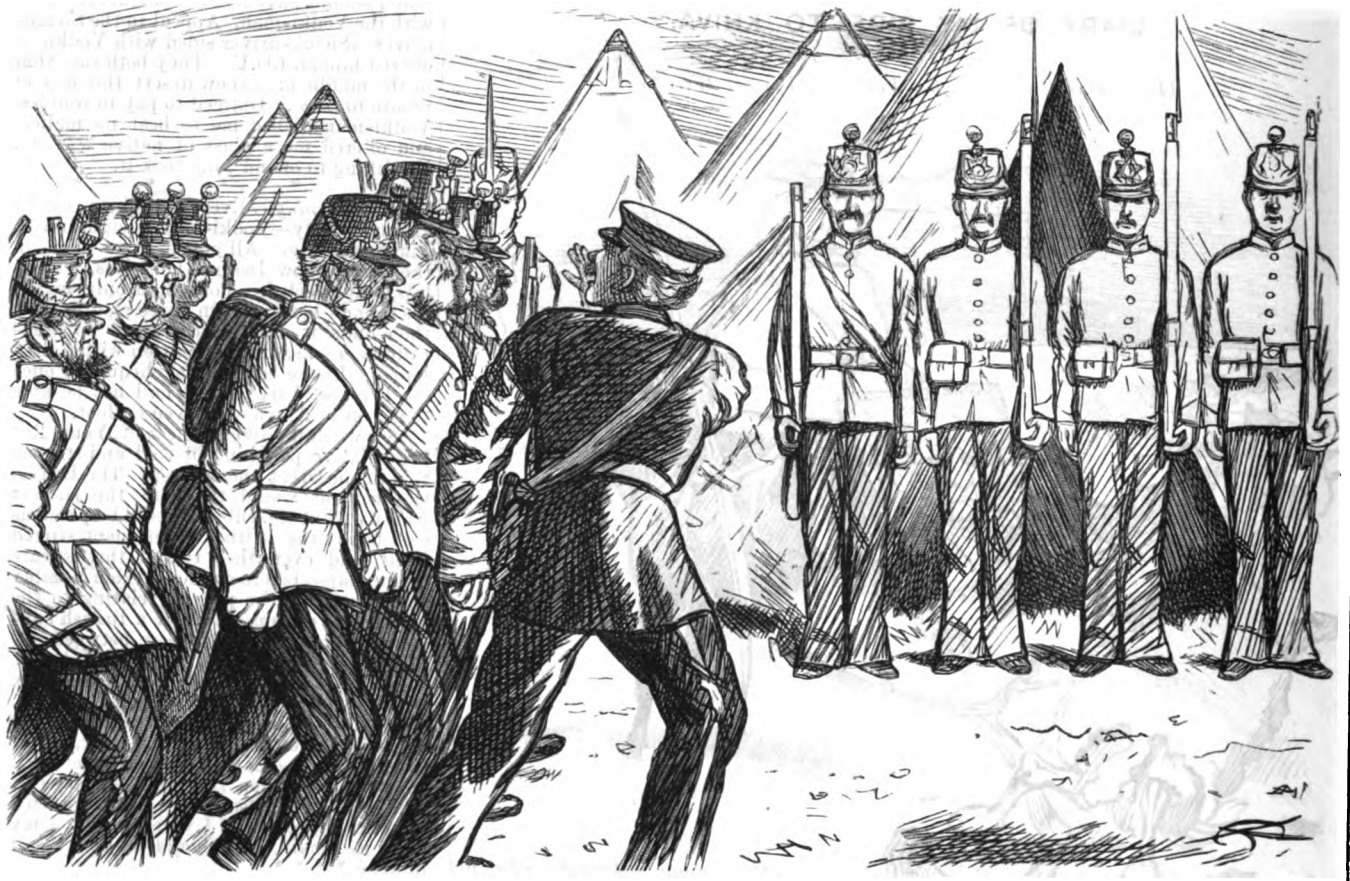
* To prevent mistakes, we think it as well to state, that the "Private Wire" in question is *not* a soldier—at least we suppose not. We merely print the words as written at the head of the MS. left at our Office by one of Our Representative's many friends.—Ed.

* We are struck by the mention of this name again in connection with sending a cheque. Can Private Wire be really a soldier, and not a telegraphic apparatus? We have told our Confidential Boy in the front office to make inquiries.—Ed.

† We have. But still if our Representative is really, through no fault of his own, in such a pitiable condition, something ought to be done. To be on the safe side, we shall consult a Solicitor. We have had no information as yet concerning this "Private Wire."—Ed.

‡ In warmly congratulating Captain Burnaby on his safe return from his recent tour in Asia Minor, we also congratulate ourselves on the opportunity now afforded us of testing the correctness—by which expression we show ourselves far from impugning the veracity—of our Special Representative's statements. Be-

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OUR ARMY RESERVE.

Sergeant of Pensioners (marching party of the Army Reserve into Camp—approaching the Guard). "Now, my Men, pull yourselves together! You're not so Drunk as you think!!"

has left his footprint in the snow. I telegraph over this news at once, as I know the publishers are all rushing *en masse* to buy his works, and I want to know what they'll give for one of his foot-prints? The print is a proof—of his having been here; and *I'll swear to it*—for a consideration. My friend at the livery stables will receive tenders and forward them to yours truly by Private Wire. On we go again to Khiva.

sides, if our Riding Representative has gone wrong, we are sure that the gallant officer above mentioned will be only too delighted to telegraph to him all such necessary directions as "Go ahead!" "First turning to the right!" "Halt!" and so forth. . . . . Since writing the above, a map of the country, drawn by our Representative, exhibiting its strong and weak points, and showing the route he is now taking, has been delivered by his agent, the Livery-Stable Keeper. We were out at the time, but our Confidential Boy in the front office took it in, and gave the man five shillings on account. It will be on his own—the Confidential Boy's - account if the map is not both genuine and authentic. The Boy quite forgot to ask about Private Wire, but he says that the man who generally brings the MS. has a "millingterry hair." Still—the Boy is to blame.

Latest Intelligence.—Boy in tears. His mother has arrived. The five shillings belonged to *her*. Further complications. Result in our next, as we *must* go out (by the back door) and call on Captain Burnaby. We are most anxious to see the horse that he has ridden so much on. It must be his hobby.—Ed.

Erin's Three Graces.

(*New version of a well-known Epigram.*)

Three Members in three different counties born,
Dundalk and Meath and Cavan did adorn:
The first in rude vulgarity surpassed;
The next in stubbornness; in both the last.
Force of obstructiveness no more could do—
To make the third, she joined the other two.

The Latest Form of Lunacy.—Faith in the Crescent.

THEN AND NOW.

Things are not what they used to be in days not distant far—
Old fogies were no striplings then, when Nicholas was Czar.
And people dreamt—how came so strange a fancy to extend?—
That Russian rule was tyranny, and conquest Russia's end.

"Atrocities" in Poland, deeds of bigotry and ire,
Were told, and even credited, of Alexander's sire!
The "Nuns of Minsk" a by-word were that passed beyond a doubt.
John Bull believed the story of the Sisters and the Knout.

The Cross against the Crescent when good Nicholas unfurled,
The bombs of France and England on Sebastopol were hurled.
Against him, with the Ottomite the Western Powers took part,
And thwarted him, and baffled him, and broke his gentle heart.

The Turks were then our trusty friends. our true and good allies.
We all thought Turkey in the scale of Nations on the rise.
Alas, these good opinions Britons backed with British gold:
Investors lent the moneys which they 'll ne'er again behold.

But now in vain may Turkey to Britannia look for aid.
The Muscovites the Porte's domain can unopposed invade,
So they assail our interests not, for anything we care,
'Tis almost a Party question if we should not help "the Bear."

Bulgarian horrors were the cause which, sole and simple, wrought
On the Oriental Question all this change of British thought.
Mere righteous indignation bids us throw the Moslem o'er,
Bleed not e'er a drop to save them; lend them ne'er a penny more.

A POKE THROUGH A PARCHMENT.

It is said that the "Tripartite Treaty" of 1856 gives the parties to it "no loophole." True; but there appears to be a hole in it through which another party will be able to fire.

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VERS NONSENSIQUES À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(*Par* Anatole de Lester-scouère.)



Un Ténor ambulant (de Bruxelles)
Fasciné par les bières si belles
Qu'on fabrique à Burton,
Entonna la chanson :
"Que je (hic) voudrais avoir vos *ailes!*"



À Potsdam, les totaux absteneurs,
Comme tant d'autres titotalleurs,
Sont gloutons, omnivores,
Nasorubicolores,
Grands manchons, et terribles duffeurs.



Smith voudrait avoir assez de joue
Pour parler à cet homme à la roue,
Et pour oser, en cas
Qu'il ne répondît pas,
L'appeler—"Vieux bâton-dans-la-boue!"



Pauvre Édouin! Angélina t'aimait!
Mais un jour qu'Angélina chantait,
Tu fis une grimace
Qu'elle vit dans la glace. . . .
Dès ce jour, Pauvre Édouin, c'en est fait!

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THE LAY OF THE LATTER-DAY CYNIC.



HE CYNIC! Ay; but *à la mode*,
Not as per ancient sample.
'Tis not the modern *Timon's* code
On luxury to trample.
DIOGENES was but a dunce
Who scorned the choice and cosy,
We moderns know that life's at once
Ridiculous—and rosy.

Ridiculous! Most men are fools,
Most women food for mocking.
But Cynics of the ancient schools
Were coarse, ill-clad, and shocking.
We dress, and dine, and dance, and wine,
Smart scoffers, gay and airy;
For dirt and dulness don't define
The new *Nil Admirari*.

Rosy! Yes, life is rosy, too,
To such as take it rightly;
Cut gush, eschew the sourly true,
And love and labour lightly.
For life has no abiding sting,
Nor any binding snare for
That mortal who no mortal thing
Too clingingly will care for.

Since life 's a jest, he fares the best
Who makes a trade of jesting;
And only zanies spoil its zest
By seriously contesting.
'Tis fun to watch the squabbling Schools,
Creeds, Councils, Crowns, and Mitres.
The wise look on, and only fools
Are found among the fighters.

Fight? Who would stoop to sweat and dust,
Or handle hilt or trigger,
When he might watch War's cut and thrust,
And, snug in safety, snigger?
Hot dolts may join the strenuous close—
No choice could well be queerer—
I cock a cool contemptuous nose,
And read the *Sixpenny Sneerer*.

The dread *régime* of gush and rush,
To restless GLADSTONE owing,
Thank Heaven, is o'er. With sleepy hush
Our stream of life is flowing.

And if there 's that beneath which makes
Sour zealots hold their noses,
The course is smooth, and Mirth awakes
To strew the stream with roses.

We 've shut the door on Sentiment,
A guest who gave us trouble;
For glory!—fools may be content
To chase that flying bubble.
Your Cynic-epicure will try
A pleasanter employment,
Combining general mockery
With personal enjoyment.

Not mine DIOGENES's rules—
Roots and tubs may suit Vandals;
Give me my *trois plats*, togs from POOLE's,
And last new thing in scandals,—
These are *my* joys. Down, dullard Care!
Out, Zeal, thou Simple Simon!
My cane! my weed! I take the air—
The fashionable *Timon!*

STRANGE FOOD IN THE STABLE.

PREUX CHEVALIER PUNCH,

ALTHOUGH a Vegetarian—yet not a Teetotaller—for when thirsty and fatigued, I can drink my pot of strong beer off at a pull, let me implore you to exert your great influence amongst the Equestrian Order for keeping the regulation of provender in their stables strictly and steadily up to the mark of good old English fare. As beef, mutton, and veal hold their place in the banqueting-hall, so let hay, beans, and corn in the manger. This sentiment must commend itself to every stable mind.

But, esteemed Sir, there has appeared in several of your contemporaries a statement, representing a certain French gentleman—so to call him—a M. LE BIAN, to have invented a substitute for oats. It seems to have answered so well in France, that innovators propose to introduce it into this country. The fodder designed to supersede oats is—what do you imagine? Parsnips?

Parsnips of all subjects of the Vegetable Kingdom! Roots! What next! Turnips, I suppose—Swedes, mangold-wurzel, kohl-rabi, food for cattle, including THORLEY's, perhaps, or oil-cake even, who knows?—materials for the growth of meat. It is easy to see what all this points to. No doubt, parsnips are highly nutritive in their way. Everybody knows that they contain a large quantity of sugar, wherewithal they served your great-grandmothers to make parsnip-wine. But sugar is carbonaceous food, simply fattening. It will not support the condition requisite for the hunting-field, or the turf. It will only qualify a creature for the stall. Such as the stalled ox is, such will it render the superior quadruped—degrading it to a stalled horse. Parsnips are recommended in lieu of oats, mainly because they are cheaper—four times as cheap as oats. They are means by which horses can be fattened at small expense, like pigs. Presently, perhaps, horses also will be supplied with wash; and education on parsnips, comprising an excursion upon acorns, will conclude with a brief course of barley-meal.

The plain fact is, *Mr. Punch*, that if given to horses, instead of their proper food, parsnips will be the thin end of the wedge. In France the wedge has been driven home. Hippophagy has long prevailed there; as, no doubt, anthropophagy will very soon. Parsnips for British horses will be the beginning of the end; and that end will be the butcher's shop. In the meanwhile you will have Horse Shows, wherein the horses will be shown as fat cattle. You will see horses, ere long, near Christmas, exhibited amongst the rest of the beasts at the Smithfield Club Cattle Show, and graziers and meat-salesmen coming and punching their sides. From the knuckles of all such connoisseurs defend—with your cudgel—the ribs of your humble servant to command in any work according to his capacity,

HOUYHNHNM.

Brobdingnag Mews, April 25, 1877.

TAXES IN RESERVE.

PUNCH hears that the following suggestions for new taxation were struck out of the Budget at the last moment. He would suggest the substitution of them for the Income-tax in a future year.

A Tax on three-volume novels written by women.

A Poll-tax on rinkers.

A Poll-tax on bachelors over thirty.

A Tax on the sixpenny journals of society, which retail scandal and call it news.

A Tax on false hair.

A Tax on photographs.

A Tax on high heels.

And, finally,—a source of large addition to the revenue of the country,—a Tax on all the imbecility in the shape of correspondence which *Punch* has daily to sift in the forlorn hope of finding the one grain in the measureless bushels of chaff.

To Sir Henry Hawkins.

(*By a Bothered Barrister.*)

TWINKLE, twinkle Legal star,
How I wonder *what* you are!
Up above the Court so high:
Please enlighten us! Do try!

"Nor owns the Flattering Falsehood of the Brush."

HERE is a curious, and, so far as *Punch* knows, a new offence charged against a butcher who contracts for the meat supply of a Metropolitan Union; viz., that of "painting the head of a sheep, to give it the semblance of a South Down."

Till now we had thought the painting up of sheepish heads, so as to give them the appearance of better blood and breeding than rightfully belonged to them, was the work of the portrait-painter, not the butcher. The accused butcher, it is only fair to say, repels with indignation the æsthetic impeachment.

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AN INDUCEMENT.

Pip. "YOU SHOULD *ALWAYS* DO WHAT MAMMA TELLS YOU, SIBYL. IF YOU ALWAYS *HAD*, YOU'D HAVE BEEN IN HEAVEN *LONG AGO!*"

WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

(With the kind Permission of the Authorities.)

SMITH PASHA (a Captain in the 30th Hussars, Prince Leopold's Own) is marching northwards with a large Turkish army. He is likely to be opposed, on reaching Russian soil, by GENERAL COUNT SNOOKSKI, another English officer on half-pay.

BROWN EFFENDI (of Her Majesty's Tin Tax Office) has accepted the post of Director of War Telegraphs to the Turkish Government. He will leave England immediately (on long leave) to undertake the duties of his new post.

M. THOMPSONOFF (of the British Foreign Office) has been intrusted with the mission of stirring up an insurrection on the borders of the Danube by the Russian Government.

JONES EFFENDI (a Captain in the Royal Navy) is in command of four Turkish Iron-clads. He has been ordered to bombard Odessa. He has received no instructions to spare British property in that port.

CAPTAIN BROWNOFF (of the Royal Engineers, Chatham) has accepted temporary service in the Russian Army. He will be intrusted with the construction of a road from Khiva to British India. It will be remembered that CAPTAIN BROWNOFF has recently returned from service with his company in the North-West Provinces.

ROBINSON BEY (of the English Treasury) has accepted a contract from the Turkish Government to set the Suez Canal on fire with torpedoes, powder, and patent wood.

Members of the Indian Civil Service have been engaged by the Russian Government to furnish confidential reports of the state of native feeling in the Presidencies of Bengal, Bombay, and Madras.

In Re Beetle-Crusher.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

As it seems we are doomed to dance Polkas this season, and as the old "Stamp Galop" has gone out of fashion, *do*, like a dear old man, suggest to MR. GODFREY to give us a "Please *don't* Stamp Polka." The name might convey a gentle hint, not before it is wanted, to some over-heavy-footed partners. I am, &c.,

CAMILLA SWANSDOWN.

BEAUTIFICATION FOR BARNES COMMON.

THERE are actually those who deprecate Railway extension on Barnes Common! Still more, *Mr. Punch*, will they object to the improvement designed for that pleasant place by other and even more tasteful parties than London and South-Western Railway Directors.

Going towards Richmond by way of Hammersmith Bridge Road, turn down the lane thence diverging at the "Red Lion" Pub. It takes you out on the Common. You pass between meadows on the right and left. The meadow close on the right has in it a rookery among tall elm-trees. On the left the meadows are besprinkled and bespangled with daisies and buttercups and marsh-marigold and cuckoo-flower; and as the season advances, and when haymaking is at hand, the grass will have grown up luxuriantly, crested and tinted with red sorrel.

On this side, just where the lane opens on the Common, nigh to your elbow stands a pole, displaying a red flag. A series of like poles and flags, a few yards apart, extends all the way up to the Cemetery. In the midst of them is hoisted a black board, exhibiting, in white letters, the enlivening legend, "Site of the Proposed Sewage-Manure Works." Danger-signals these, apparently, hung out by absurdly alarmed Conservators.

The site of the proposed Sewage-Manure Works is at present occupied by nothing prettier than furze richly out in bright yellow bloom. On a hot sunny day, to be sure, blooming furze exhales a delightful odour. Fancy that of the Works!

A background to the site of the proposed Sewage-Manure Works is formed of mere rows of trees coming out in leaf. Would not DR. JOHNSON have been right in saying that a grove of chimneys in a place like that was better than any grove of trees? Particularly such chimneys as the chimneys of Sewage-Manure Works.

I am informed by enemies of the parties who propose to embellish Barnes Common with Sewage-Manure Works that they are principally certain parochial pigs of the *Bumble* description styed a Mortlake, where they have close by them an almost unfrequented and quite out-of-the-way common in their immediate neighbourhood, between the road and Richmond Park, to build upon if they must build Sewage-Manure Works upon a common rather than expend enough money to have their sewers connected with a system of main drainage.

Their foes also affirm that the project for the invasion and defilement of Barnes Common, as they call it, is opposed by the people of Barnes and Putney, and even by those of remote Kensington, very naturally, they say; for, should it be executed, the next step in sanitary progress may be expected to be the erection of Sewage Manure Works in Kensington Gardens. And why not?

I was greatly surprised, as no doubt you will be, to hear that the Barnes Common Improvement and Odorisation Scheme is likewise opposed by the Metropolitan Board of Works. But its worthy promoters are said to have prevailed so far as to have got a Government Inspector appointed to report on the merits of their lovely design.

Sound the alarm, *Mr. Punch*, summon all the right-minded Members of Parliament, and arouse the Society for the Preservation of Open Spaces with your most raucous *roo-too-tooi* for a trumpet-call to aid public benefactors in the attempt to enrich Barnes Common with a delight to the eye, and a pleasure to the organ which duly appreciates

A NOSEGAY.

Most Questionable Recommendation.

HERE is about the worst recommendation from a man's last place we ever heard of:—

VENTILATION, DRAINAGE, and WARMING thoroughly effected at the least expense. Sixteen years' experience in the War-Office. —Address, &c.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ARK! (*Lords, Monday, April* 3), LORD DERBY (*as Call-Boy*): "War Overture on, my Lords!" MR. LAYARD reports the flitting of the Russ *corps diplomatique* from Stamboul; COLONEL MANSFIELD, the arrival of the first Russian detachments at Bucharest. Exeunt words. Enter swords.

The EARL OF CARNARVON, most laborious, well-meaning, and clear-headed of Colonial Ministers, introduced his skeleton South African Confederation Bill. It is the mere framework of a permissive measure, under whose dead ribs the Colonial Legislatures may, if they will, breathe a soul, by turning the Bill's "mays" into "shalls." The problem before the Colonial Office is not an easy one—how to combine into a harmonious, well-guarded, and well-governed whole, the motley mixture of Dutch Settlements, English Colonies, and Native States now dividing South Africa, in more senses than one. At present Dutch Boer, English Settler, Malay Coolie, Tottie, Bechuana, Griqua, and Zulu, only agree to differ. The Bill provides how, if they can but agree to try to agree, they are to go about it, all the ticklish points being left open for local discussion and settlement. No doubt this is the best way of managing a most difficult job. If LORD CARNARVON had sent out a ready-made constitutional suit it would never have fitted. As it is, he empowers the Colonial tailors to take their own measures, and cut their own coat of many colours according to their own cloth and the wearer's figure.

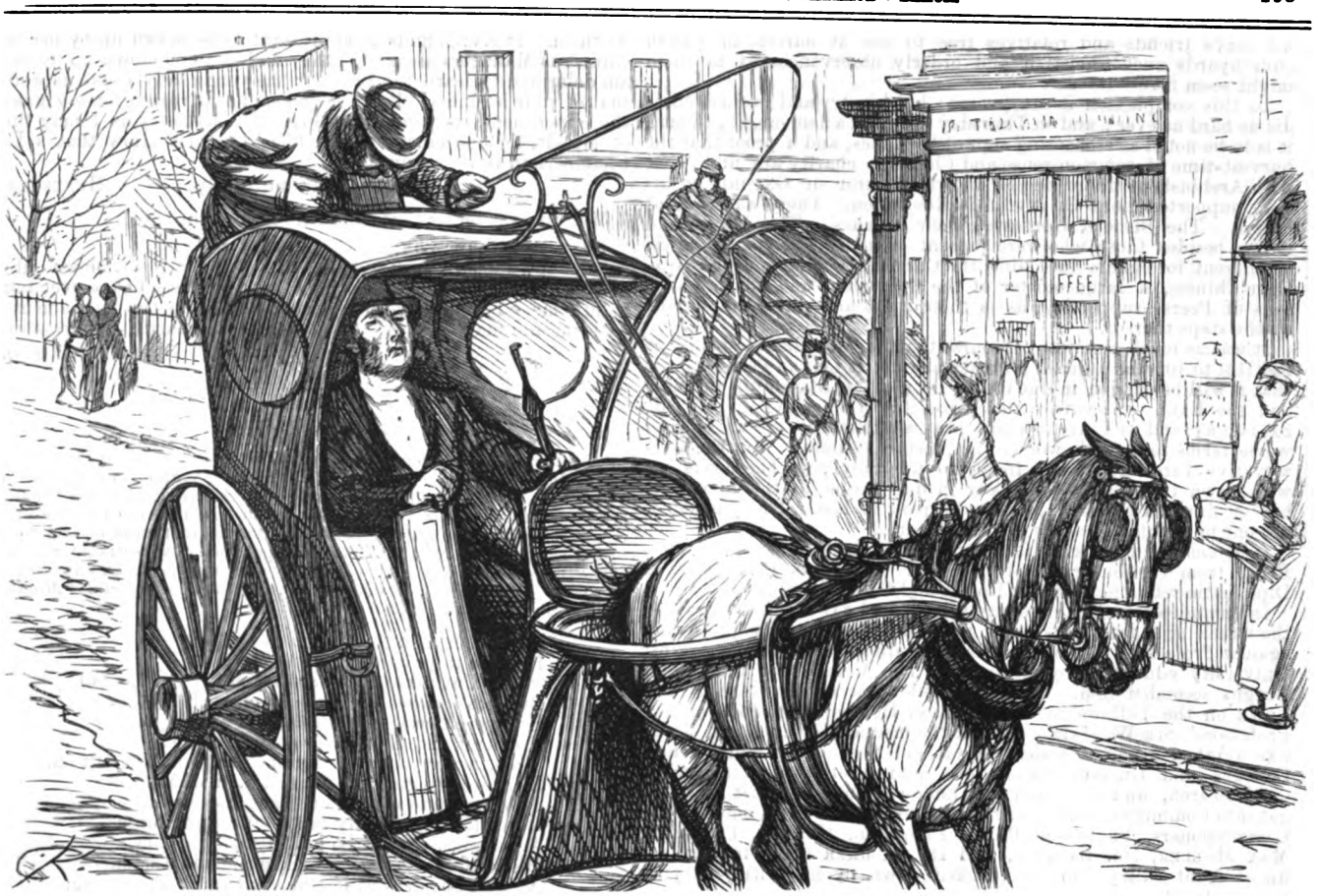
(*Commons.*)—A nice go in at the House's favourite game of question and answer. More outbreaks of Cattle Plague, worse luck, in big suburban herds, too, at Willesden, Kensal Green, and Notting Hill. Nothing for it but stamping out. "That 's the sort of plague I am!" Budget talk; CHILDERS and MUNDELLA croaking, W. H. SMITH sanguine, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER cheerful.

SCLATER-BOOTH asked for a credit of Four Millions for Local Loans. CHAMBERLAIN congratulated the country on the increasing indebtedness of local authorities. It meant expenditure on remunerative and much-needed works of drainage, gas, water, and street improvement. Bar jobs and blunders, MR. CHAMBERLAIN—a biggish bar too. But it is the Local Government Board's business to knock that bar down and keep it down. If only the Board could contrive to use a little less red-tape in the process!

Tuesday (*Lords*).—LORD DERBY announced the crossing of the Roumanian frontier by 17,000 Russians at Bolgrad and Jassy.

LORD GREY wanted to know whether what is called the *D. T.* Draft Protocol (in which Turkey undertakes to do all that the Conference asked, and to allow the Ambassadors to overlook their doing it, if Russia will only take the armed hand off her throat), was ever considered while the Asses' Bridge was building. LORD DERBY said no doubt the *D. T.* Draft might represent the SULTAN's idea, but it was never before the Asses'-Bridge-builders; and if it had been, he really did not believe it would have altered matters.

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THE TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER.

Fare (*out of patience at the fourth "jib" in a Mile*). "HI, THIS WON'T DO! I SHALL GET OUT!"

Cabby (*through the trap, in a whisper*). "AH THIN, SOR, NIVER MIND HER! SIT STILL! DON'T GIVE HER THE SATISFACTION AV KNOWIN' SHE'S GOT RID AV YE!!"

The row was to be, and nothing anybody could have said or done would have prevented it. What a wonderfully useful business Diplomacy appears to be, as represented by LORD DERBY! In fact, his Lordship seems to design BRITANNIA, very much as *Punch* might, as a Dame Partington, armed with the Diplomatic Mop, trying to sweep back the sea of Russ aggression. If that is a right view of the matter, "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*"—what business had LORD SALISBURY at the Conference, or LORD DERBY at the laboriously useless building of the Asses' Bridge?

(*Commons.*)—MR. SHAW moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the nature, extent, and grounds of the demand made by a large proportion of the Irish people for the uncoupling of the Keltic cat from the Saxon bull-dog. The night's division proved, as a fact, what the mover began by admitting as a statement, that the concession of Home-Rule is out of the pale of practical politics.

MR. KING-HARMAN seconded the Motion; MESSRS. BUTT, BLENNERHASSET, O'SHAUGHNESSY, SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN, and SIR W. LAWSON, supported it; MR. C. LEWIS, MR. W. JOHNSTON, and MR. BRUEN, for Irish constituencies, protested against it; the Right Honble. W. E. FORSTER knocked it out of time; PROFESSOR FAWCETT danced over it; LORD HARTINGTON gave it a parting kick, and finally the House administered the *coup de grâce* to it by a division of 417 to 67, of whom thirteen only were English Members. In fact there was no need of a *coup de grâce*. The Motion was still-born. MR. O'DONNELL, the Secretary of the Home-Rule Confederation, had killed it in embryo by his letter to the *Times*, proclaiming that the Irish vote, in English constituencies, would be given "solid," to the highest bidder, and that the Liberals must choose between supporting Home-Rule and exclusion from Office "till the crack of doom."

AS MESSRS. FORSTER and FAWCETT both gave the Home-Rulers clearly to understand, the Liberal party would a thousand times rather take their chance of exclusion for ever from the Government of a United Kingdom, than their chance of a share in the government of a divided one, by aid of the Home-Rule vote. In a word, the Parliament of the United Kingdom will not help the agents of Irish disaffection to take the muzzle from the Kilkenny cats, and set those vicious and vindictive animals worrying each other in the ring of a Palace Green Parliament-House, to the delight of cynics and the shame of intelligent and civilised men.

If Home-Rule means merely Local Self-Government, it can be given under that name. If it means Repeal of the Union—as it *does* mean in the minds of its sincerest supporters—it cannot be given at all. The sooner Ireland puts *that* into her *dudeen*, and smokes it, the better for her.

Tuesday's debate was chiefly valuable for the emphasis with which it records that determination. We may thank MR. O'DONNELL'S letter for bringing the Home-Rule imposthume (our printer had printed "imposthure") to a head. To-night's talk quite discharged it. Time and prosperity must be left to cure the ill-humours in the Irish body politic of which the itch for Home-Rule is a symptom.

SIR M. HICKS-BEACH flung a little-needed new apple of discord into the debate by charging MR. GLADSTONE with having written to recommend MR. KAY to the Liberal constituency of Salford, after, and although, he had taken the Home-Rule shilling. SIR MICHAEL was out in his dates. MR. GLADSTONE showed that his letter had been written in MR. CAWLEY'S lifetime, long before MR. KAY was a candidate for Salford even, much more before he had made friends of the solid Irish of that highly-Hibernianised constituency.

Wednesday.—MR. HOPWOOD moved the Second Reading of a Summary Proceedings Bill, dealing with the subject-matter of a Government Bill already before the House. Why cross CROSS? So the House settled HOPWOOD by 228 to 164.

Scotch Bill for doing away with Hypothec floored for the time being by a quarter of an hour's severe operation of GREGORY'S Mixture of hard fact and hard law.

Thursday.—Seven hours in the *Lords* over the DUKE OF RICHMOND'S Burials Bill—for aggravating the Dissenters' grievance, under the show of removing it. They want equality in the parish churchyard. The Bill gives them toleration. They want their own services over their dead. It gives them "silence." Silence does not imply Non-conformist consent—or content either; and LORD GRANVILLE became the mouth-piece of their non-content, in his Amendment that in this matter no measure would be satisfactory which did

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not leave friends and relatives free to use at burials in parish churchyards such Christian and orderly observances as to them might seem fit.

To this complexion it must come; but bigotry and exclusiveness die as hard as ever; and on Thursday they had a field-night; though it is to be noted as a cheering sign of the times, and a proof that the harvest-time of common sense and Christian charity are nigh, that both Archbishops, in principle, and the BISHOP OF OXFORD by his vote, supported LORD GRANVILLE'S Resolution. There was a great crowd. The Bishops overflowed their benches. There were old ladies, besides those who were present *virtute officii*, young ladies, intelligent foreigners (including the Christian Greek and the Heathen Chinee), a large muster of the Commons, and many eldest sons of Peers—supporting, as is their right and duty, the Throne on the steps thereof.

It was as much a matter of course that the Resolution should be lost (141 to 102 was a small majority against it for the Peers) as it is that it will be carried in due time. Do not the BISHOP OF LINCOLN and the EARL OF DARTMOUTH oppose it? Do not the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY and the Archbishops pray a settlement, ere an offer of worse terms come with worse,—*i.e.*, better,—times? But the Conservative Tarquin will not listen to the Sibyl; so her books are withdrawn from sale, to reappear in due season, at the inevitable higher figure which will have to be paid at last. The question is not one to be laid at rest by a "silent burial."

(*Commons.*)—HOBART PASHA will cease to be HOBART PASHA, R.N., from the outbreak of the War. There is no rupture of Diplomatic relations between Russia and Great Britain.

In Committee on the University Bill, LORD FRANCIS HERVEY moved the wrath of GRANT DUFF and SIR JOHN LUBBOCK by protesting against Professors, and backing College education by Tutors against University education by Lecturers. The Member for the Border Burghs seconded him. Between LORD HERVEY, TREVELYAN and LOWE on the Fellows' side, and GRANT DUFF and LUBBOCK on the Professors', SIR W. HARCOURT took the mediatorial line, and Jove-like weighed in equal scales the fates of Scholarship and Science, Colleges and Universities, Fellows and Professors, Endowment of Research, and Research of Endowments. At last the Bill got into Committee, and there was a fight over the names of the Commissioners, PROFESSOR PRICE, PROFESSOR HUXLEY, PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER, DR. BATESON, and DR. HOOKER being in turn set up as Aunt Salleys, to be knocked down by majorities varying from 10 to 32.

The House adjourned at a quarter past one, much delighted with its little game of three scientific sticks a penny.

Friday (*Lords*).—A Railway Accidents Commission has lately reported, recommending measures for enforcing on the Companies punctuality and safe speed of trains, reasonable hours of service, and an effective block and brake system.

LORD BURY moved a Resolution pledging my Lords not to do anything to carry out these recommendations. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! The House is not going to. It was hardly necessary for LORD BEACONSFIELD to say as much. This is the merry month of *may*, not *must*. A Government that won't join in coercing Turks has no *locus standi* for coercing Directors. So far from its being necessary for LORD BURY to raise the subject, my Lords are quite ready to burke it first and bury it afterwards—with a "silent burial," of course; so the less said the better. Leave the Companies to provide blocks and brakes, as they do now, in all senses of the words, on the principle of undivided responsibility—tempered with damages.

(*Commons.*)—A talk to be taken into consideration by owners of ships trading to Odessa, still more of sailors shipping on board thereof. The Russians have given notice that if such ships get among the torpedoes the crews are "to go below." Nothing more likely. It hardly needed a Russian notice to tell us *that*.

The House declines, by 189 to 65, to accede to THE O'DONOGHUE'S Motion, first for a Resolution pledging the House to take further steps to turn the Irish tenant into a fixture, and the Landlord into a rent-charger, and if the House won't grant that, for a Royal Commission to inquire into the matter. The House declines to follow the Home-Rulers rule, of tooling Irish tenants to the top of their bent. Parliament does not mean to grant fixity of tenure any more than Home-Rule, and prefers to say so in plain majorities, let BUTT pipe never so persuasively.

BLOWING (OUT OF) GREAT GUNS.

MR. ROBERTSON, the active Manager of the Aquarium, suggests to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and the HOME SECRETARY that, if they have any doubt as to not only the perfect safety but even the pleasurableness of ZAZEL'S sensational performances, they had better come and try being blown from the mouth of the gun themselves. The courteous MARQUIS OF HERTFORD has replied:—

DEAR MR. ROBERTSON,

IT is my business to blow up Managers, not to be blown up by them. If ZAZEL finds it as pleasant to be blown up by her machinist as Managers assure me they find it to be blown up by me, I am delighted to learn the fact, for the young lady's sake as well as that of your business. But I see no sufficient reason for *my* making the experiment, as you kindly suggest. Modestly as I may think of myself, for the credit of my Office I cannot allow that a Lord Chamberlain is a "*corpus vile*."

Yours faithfully, HERTFORD.

MR. CROSS is terser, but as much to the point:—

DEAR MR. ROBERTSON,

I AM accustomed to being blown up by (if not blown out of) great guns in the House of Commons, and can't see I have ever found it hurt me. I suppose ZAZEL'S machinery is on the Parliamentary pattern, and may be warranted not to do any harm. So fire away.

Yours, R. A. CROSS.

THEN AND NOW.

"I can especially call to mind a remark which was made to me years and years ago by MR. DISRAELI, when we were sitting in Opposition, in the presence of a very eloquent and distinguished leader of the Ministry, who, MR. DISRAELI may have thought, was, perhaps, too much given to the exercise of his remarkable powers of speech. MR. DISRAELI, on that occasion, said to me, 'I have always considered that one of the principal qualifications for a leader of the House of Commons is, I will not say an inability, but an unwillingness to speak.'"—SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, *at the Banquet of the Middlesex Conservative Registration Association.*

WHAT DIZZY in the Commons held a grace,
He puts in practice in "another place."
(Some hint his silence does not please the Lords.)
But was he *always* chary of his words?
His speech was once ornate, and arabesque,
Frequent and fluent as Don-Juanesque;
Then, being young, and prone to mount the stilt on,
He vowed to give my Lords a taste of MILTON;
Now, old, and over friends and foes victorious,
Our MILTON'S mainly mute—if not inglorious.
A golden silence? So his friends proclaim.
His foes say *brazen*. Well, what's in a name?
At worst he proves, in times with talk abounding,
There are some kinds of brass that are not "sounding."

A HINT TO THE JAPS.



"OO-SO, the first iron-clad frigate built in this country for the Japanese Government, was launched on Saturday from the works of MESSRS. SAMUDA BROTHERS, at Poplar."—*Daily Paper.*

As the Japanese have thus introduced one of the many blessings of modern Western civilisation into their country, *Punch* calls their Ambassador's attention to the following items which we could well spare, and which the Japanese perhaps might appreciate—

The Great Eastern Railway.
All the four-wheeled Cabs of the Metropolis.
A good many of the Statues in our streets and squares.
The Editor of the *Englishman*.
The Rector of St. James's, Hatcham.
The Golden Image from the Albert Memorial.
The Claimant.
Three-fourths of the Music-Halls and Gin Palaces.
The Comic Singer of the Period.
The Man-Woman of Ditto, with her "movements," fashionable, political, and social.

FROM ANGELINA (DURING THE HONEYMOON).

THE Heroine EDWIN always invokes before meals.—"GRACE DARLING," of course!

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OPINIONS ABOUT THE WAR.



He Butcher. Terrible thing, indeed! How the poor Russians and Turks are to get proper food, I am sure I don't know. Still, *I* can't do any harm by raising the price of meat twopence a pound.

The Editor. A disgrace to civilisation! Infamous that diplomacy should have allowed nations to drift into war. Still, it will certainly give *us* plenty of leading lines for our Contents' Bills, and capital subjects for leaders.

The Newspaper Proprietor. Horrible! It's merely butchery by thousands and thousands. It is very hard not to call it murder. Still, I have no doubt that our circulation will be considerably increased.

The Special Correspondent. I was quite upset when I heard the news. Remembering, as I do, the terrible scenes of 1866 and 1871, to say nothing of '54 and '55, I am more sorry than I can say. Still, I expect *my* letters from the seat of war will create a great sensation.

The Gun Manufacturer. Fearful! The worst of it is, no one can say where it will all end. It will be so very difficult to localise the war. Still, I am glad to say that everywhere gun-manufacture is looking up, and *we* have more orders on hand than we can get through with.

The Shipowner. Almost too painful to think about. It will be a dreadful blow to commerce in every part of the world. Still, it is only fair to admit that it may give freights a fillip, and that neutral bottoms are likely to be in demand.

The Doctor. Sad, very sad! The amount of misery that will be caused by the war will be immense. Gun-shot wounds and disease of every kind will carry off both the combatants and the non-combatants with the greatest certainty. Still, *we* ought to learn something out of it all.

Mr. Punch. Dreadful, horrible, terrible, and lamentable! Still, my dear friends, none of you seems inclined to forget, what is, no doubt, true, that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

A Brand-New Song.

After GOLDSMITH.

(*On the* SPEAKER *having his pocket picked of his watch at the Folly Theatre.*)

WHEN a grave Speaker stoops to Folly,
And finds with tickers roughs make 'way,
What charm can soothe his melancholy—
Can *Laughing Gas* his loss repay?

Yes! the one way to hide vexation,
To shield himself from pungent chaff,
Save dignity of House and nation,
And keep his temper, is—to laugh.

A PROBLEM.

GIVEN the amount of *Kurds* in the Turkish army in Asia Minor, required its *Cream*.

A REIN PAST BEARING.

OUR valuable contemporary the *British Medical Journal* has lately uttered a seasonable reminder to its professional readers (to which *Punch* is glad to give publicity beyond the professional pale) of the cruelty of bearing-reins, *Punch's* protests against which, from FLOWER, have, *Punch* is glad to see, borne already abundant fruit—and will yet bear more. *Punch* quotes from the journal in question:—

"We are reminded, by the recommencement of the season in London, to say a few words by way of directing attention afresh to the powerful and humane pleas of MR. FLOWER against the cruel practice of driving horses with bearing-reins. It is a pleasure to notice that by far the larger number of the leading medical practitioners in London have discontinued altogether the use of bearing-reins; and we hope that the day is not far distant when we shall be able to point to the equipage of every medical practitioner in the country as a practical protest against the use of this most unnecessary, painful, and mischievous appendage to driving-reins. Physiology protests against the strained and artificial attitude which the horse is compelled to assume, and which must certainly lessen his power of drawing weights. Humanity and common sense protest against the infliction of this constant gagging strain upon the sensitive mouth of an animal whose mouth is used by the driver as the principal means of guiding and directing him. Nor can any one who has any real knowledge of or pleasure in the study of animal forms feel otherwise than gratified at the free and unconstrained attitude of a horse driven without bearing-reins. Their use is a mere matter of senseless fashion. No good coachman uses bearing-reins for a horse from which he desires to get the full amount of work, or which he desires to leave at ease. Their employment is, indeed, merely a senseless fashion, which has absolutely nothing to recommend it; and in favour of abolition there are reasons so many and decided that we hope that not many years will pass before they are not only disused but forgotten. The members of the medical profession owe much to horses, and they can so well appreciate the reasons for disusing bearing-reins, that we may fairly look to them to set an universal good example in this matter. And now that London is filling with fashionable people, whose horses are much disfigured by this cruel instrument of torture, we hope that before the season is over we may be able, in directing attention to this subject, to say no medical man in London uses bearing-reins for the horses which he drives."

Can it be true, by the way, as *Punch* has heard, that BARONESS BURDETT COUTTS allows the use of bearing-reins on her carriage-horses? If it be, let our sweet ANGELA, in her character of the animals' friend, just trouble herself to investigate the matter. Let the Angel take counsel of the Flower—and we will answer for her abolishing the gag forthwith—*not coûte qui coûte*—for it will cost nothing to do it away, though it costs poor horses more suffering than her kind heart knows, to bear it.

And can another strange story *Punch* hears be true—that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has shrunk from any manifesto against bearing-reins, through fear of annoying wealthy and fashionable subscribers who like to see their horses hold their heads up?

LITERA SCRIPTA MANET.

AN ancient aphorism, sage and true,
(Though it will scarce to Protocols apply,)
So HICKS-BEACH thought, and searched his pockets through,
For written proof to poke in GLADSTONE's eye.
But when at last SIR MICHAEL found his letter—
Official pockets should be ordered better—
He found *his* demonstration missed the mark
Wide as DE MORGAN's.
Undated history leaves one in the dark,
Though set to music of "the Party's" organs:
And so SIR MICHAEL learnt, midst general laughter,
Proofs *before* letters may not be proofs after.

A Chancery Rasher.

A HEALTH to MR. FRY, Q.C., on his appointment to be a Judge of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice! In an account of his professional career, and literary and scientific achievements, we are informed that—

"Since he became Queen's Counsel in 1869, the Court selected by MR. FRY to practise in has been that of VICE-CHANCELLOR BACON."

BACON first, and now FRY? Is not this rather likely to suggest to suitors unpleasant associations with the frying-pan and the fire.

WHAT DR. KENEALY GIVES THE HOUSE, WHEN HE APOLOGISES TO THE SPEAKER.—Its due, instead of his dew-drops.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—Objecting to allow that SIR HENRY HAWKINS has any right to "Justice."

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NOT TO BE BEATEN.

"MY DOLL CAN OPEN HER EYES!" "MY DOLL NEVER SHUTS HERS!"

"TRIAL BY BATTLE."

PEACE, with her olive-branch dust-stained and torn,
In sad and hopeless silence sat forlorn.
Storm raged around, but on each wind there came
Tumultuous invocation of her name.
"Peace! Peace!" the echoes answered. Peace upraised
Her sad, sweet eyes. The maddening tumult 'mazed
Their clear regard. Red Murder, with his hand
Clenched in fierce strain upon a blood-dyed brand,
Howled for her aid; Ambition, with his hordes
Massed in dense myriads for the feast of swords,
Uplifted solemn eyes, as who should love
The Lady of the Olive-branch and Dove;
Hypocrisy, the Cross clasped to her breast,
And armies at her heels, with unctuous zest
Lipped the loved name; and sleek Diplomacy
Even in Peace's name gave Peace the lie.
Grey wolfish rancours of race, creed, and hate,
Eager to cool in blood their hot debate,
Drew over their wolves' backs the sheep's disguise,
And masked their wrath with fair philanthropies.
Poor Peace! Perturbed, perplext, she fain would ask
Why all invoke *her* help, and to what task
They 'd call her hands. She looked around. The skies
Suddenly darkened. Ere those crossing cries
Had died upon the wind, War's naked blade
Flashed lightning-like athwart the deepening shade.
Diplomacy, its formal protests hushed,
Skulked from the scene, with torn waste-papers crushed
In shaking hands; and, panoplied in pride—
The wolf revealed, sheep's clothing cast aside—
Two champions stood forth, stern face to face,
Hot for the red arbitrament; the Mace,
Poised menacing, the Scimitar, at guard;
Strong sinews strung, against wrist quick to ward,
Bear-crested, broad, the stark mace-wielder towered;
Lean, lissom as the pard, with brow that lowered,
And eye that quailed not, crouched his Moslem foe.
Trial by battle! Who the end may know?
Who tell what warriors more may join the fray?
Or who the spreading strife can hope to stay?
Peace pressed her fluttered dove to her pale breast,
And with one wistful look towards the West,
One low-breathed prayer of "Heaven defend the right!"
Athwart the deepening darkness took her flight.

Destination of Donkeys.

THERE are persons who must have seen many dead Donkeys. They reside in the country, where they carry on a manufacture. At an inquiry held the other day under the Artisans' Dwellings Act, a MR. HAYWARD, a young costermonger, was examined. Incidentally—

"He said:—'We deal in the provision line, bacon and cheese. We sell our donkeys in the winter at the Cattle Market. We don't know what they do with them.' He assented to MR. RODWELL'S insidious suggestion that at that time sausages come up from the country."

Perhaps it is rather the case that the Donkeys go down to the country at that time, and the sausages come up soon after.

Slaughter on Railways.

A CITY Article in the *Times* contains the remarkable, not to say startling, announcement that "the 19th number has just been published of MR. MIHILL SLAUGHTER'S *Railway Intelligence*." A great part of Railway Intelligence in general might be said to consist of Slaughter's autobiography, if one could imagine Slaughter personified, and writing a Life consisting of Railway reminiscences. There are, however, SLAUGHTER and Slaughter connected with Railways. Would that the only Railway Slaughters that could be named were MIHILL and Nihil!

NEW PLAY (*by the Author of "Pink Dominos"*).—*Black Draughts.*

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"TRIAL BY BATTLE."

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"BENEATH THE LOWEST DEEP."

Swell. "AH, PORT-AR, IS THIS TWAIN—AH—COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF SECOND-CLASS CAWWIAGES!!"

Glasgow Porter. "NA, NA, MAN, THERE'S A WHEEN THIRD-CLESS ANES FURTHER FORRIT THERE!!"

"CURSED BE HE WHO MOVES MY BONES."

THE Bunhill Fields' Burial Ground, in which are laid the bodies of GEORGE FOX and JOHN BUNYAN, has lately been the cause of much controversy. MISS OCTAVIA HILL has offered to the Committee of Friends, in whose hands the matter lies, almost any sum for the possession of the land, that it might be made into a garden for the wretched and over-crowded population of the district. The Committee of Friends, however, prefer to sell the land for building sites, caring little that for that purpose the bodies of thousands have to be removed. An eye-witness of the *modus operandi* says:—

"Under the direction of a 'careful undertaker" (who, however, was not present at the time), the remains of some 5,000 of the dead were being disinterred."

Those who had lain side by side for two centuries were now separated, and the bones of the young and old were placed together in coarse deal boxes, and reinterred in a large hole at the other end of the ground. Many of them, whilst awaiting this fresh burial, were piled in a rude heap in a corner, and the fumes of the carbolic acid which had been poured over them testified to the care extended to the living by the disturbers of the dead. The bones were only separated by severe ill-usage; and the ribald language of the workmen who undertook the task, when added to the method of the work, was such as to justify the term, "Raised in Dishonour."

Facit indignatio versum.

In old times for scorn's sake and spite's,
Our Foes plucked up our Dead;
Now, to bring pelf as building sites,
Our *Friends* do it instead.

ADVANCES made on LAND in Europe and Asia, without Interest.—Apply at the Russian Arms.

A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT LINE FOR THE AQUARIUM.

(*A Present from Punch to* MR. ROBERTSON.)

"SEEKING the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth."—ZAZEL.

PROOF POSITIVE.—Russia can't contemplate a naval war, or why has she sent for her Pacific Fleet?

DE PROFUNDIS.

(*In the Rhonddha Valley.*)

TEN days, far down, those five drew painful breath,
And heard, at last, their strokes that hewed a way
Through the black wall: a race 'twixt strength and death:
Hunger and Water waiting for their prey.

Ten days, above, that valley poured its life,
Men, women, children, round that sudden grave,
To watch, with heart-sick hope, the stubborn strife
Betwixt men's power to bear, men's power to save.

Ten days, wide England through, the nation's heart
Hung on the struggle, with one pulse, one breath,
Answering the wires, which told the yards that part
The savers from the sufferers—life from death.

Great strife in little space was theirs to wage:
That black wall their least foe; with poisonous flame,
Pent air let loose, and prisoned water's rage,
Still rising, as salvation nearer came.

One side that wall, the life that ebbed away,
As inch by inch the cruel waters crept;
The other side, strong arms the pick that sway
In face of many deaths—till forth there leap

The shout of victory, for life and strength
Had been too much for death; the five were won
From famine, water, fire, and clasped, at length,
Their savers' helping hands—the fight was done!

And England's heart from common sympathy
Broke forth in common burst of thankful prayer;
And from the cottage to the throne, one cry
Went up, "Well done!" as England had been there.

And she *was* there: the Lady of the Land
Had with her people watched that ten days' fight:
Her eager voice of question crossed the band
That bore those wasted sufferers back to light.

Oh! well for them that suffered, them that saved,
Her that rewarded with a rich reward;
The medal till now for sea-savers graved
Is theirs who fought that battle long and hard,

Nor ever bated hope, or heart, or hand,
But showed how deep, in that Black Country's core,
Courage and brothers' love un-noted stand,
Ready to do their duty—and do more.

"In the Black Country"—when we see that name
Before some ignorant deed of wrath or wrong,
Let us remember the brave eight that came
With life in hand, one eight out of a throng—

But of a throng that more such eights had found,
Had these been stricken down. God bless them all!
Such proofs of brotherhood may not abound,
But, when need comes, long may such proofs befall!

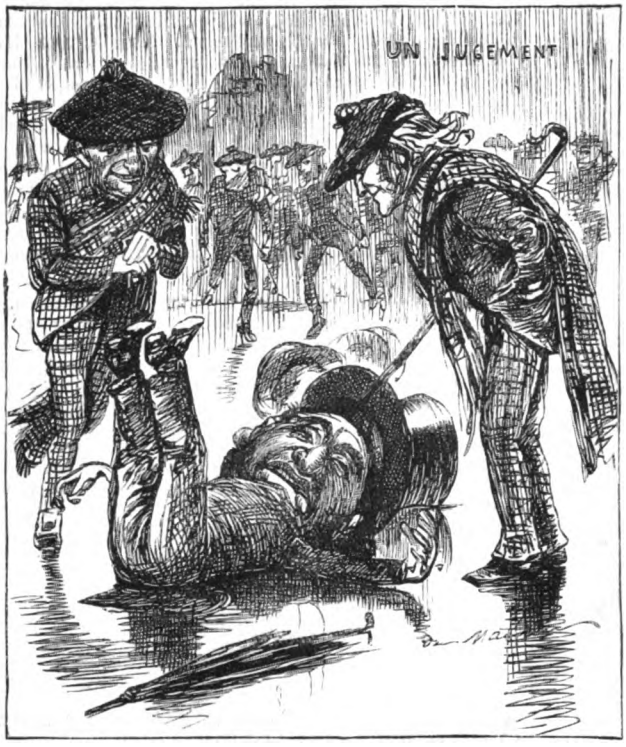
And long may England feel the trust in Heaven
That nerved those sufferers' hearts, those savers' hands;
Trust that to England's millions was given,
To prompt the thanksgiving that faith commands.

QUESTION FOR THE CLERGY.—WHAT objection can you possibly have to a *decenter* Burial Bill?

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VERS NONSENSIQUES, À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(*Par* Anatole de Lester-scouère.)



Il était un Hébreu de Hambourg,
Qui creva d'un mauvais calembourg.
Qu'il eut l'audace extrême
De commettre en carême,
Un Dimanche, au milieu d'Edimbourg.



Cinq fois veuf, il a cinq belle-mères,
Dont il fait les délices si chères
Qu'elles vivent chez lui
Pour charmer son ennui . . . .
Ses regrets n'en sont pas moins sincères.



Je me suis demandé bien souvent
Ce que c'est qu'un "Breton Bretonnant"?
N'en déplaise à personne,
Quand un Breton "bretonne,"
Par où "bretonne"-t-il? . . . Et comment?



Chaque époque a ses grands noms sonores ;
Or, de tous ces défunts cockolores,
Le moral Fénélon,
Michel Ange, et Johnson
(Le Docteur), sont les plus awfuls bores!

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DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

(Continued by Private Wire as before.)*



Next Day.—Up all night with Pig, teaching him something new. MASKELYNE AND COOKE would do good business out here with Psycho and a sleigh. Many a snow-farmer in these regions would be glad of Psycho for an evening's amusement, and would pay high for the entertainment. Piggy nearly as good as Psycho, *only not so dependable*. The advantage of my Pig over Psycho is that *no machinery is required* This is a hint to MESSRS. M. AND C. But I won't say another word if—Need I add a condition to men of such business-like habits as MESSRS. M. AND C. *If I know the secret of Psycho, what am I worth?* I am sure that my friends, M. AND C., at a distance, will, after this intimation, at once add their honoured and valuable names to the list of subscribers by whose assistance I am to be kept out here. When I return, I shall, with my Pig, my Horse, my merry Tartar Boy, my Mechanical Piano, and perhaps a Fair Circassian or two (something like the lady with long hair on MRS. ALLEN'S wall advertisement—only much more so), have such a Show for the Egyptian Hall as will astonish all London. My Entertainment will be announced as "My Ride to Khiva, illustrated with a Pig! a Piano!! a Panorama!!!" *Note.*—Crossed a river to-day. The Oxus, I believe.

Same Afternoon.—The Donkey is an ass. He won't stir a step. Fortunately, my horse has thrown the Vodki-man who returned him to-day with a note, saying that, as he couldn't ride, and as he should probably be sued by me for eighteenpence an hour (as he infallibly would have been for my own sake, and that of my friend the Livery-stable keeper in town), he thought he had better return him with *thankski* (*i.e.* Tartar expression of gratitude). The horse will be of the greatest use to me. *Note.*—Crossed another river, or the same. The Oxus, I fancy.

Same Night.—I am in luck! A discovery! I had just finished practising the Pig at *écarté* (he won four games out of five to-night, so I shall begin to teach him something else, because my Sleigh-driver and his Boy always back the Pig now, and I lost more than a rouble and a half—odd!), when, accidentally, I whistled the favourite movement from the Overture to the *Cheval de Bronze*. In a second, my steed had broken from its moorings, and was cantering round and round *in exact time to the tune*. Struck with the coincidence, I put on the steam, and went *presto*—so did the animal,—*prestissimo*—so did the animal; while the Pig sat up on his tail, which doubled under him, and grinned from ear to ear (just as you've seen the mouth of the boar's head at Christmas time with an apple, or a lemon, in it), and the Sleigh-driver and Boy applauded violently. *Prestissimo-issimo*—"again he urges on his wild career;" and as I repeated this most happily applicable line to myself, a thought—a happy thought—if I may be permitted to use the expression—struck me. "Am I not in the very region of the Scenes of the Circle? Am I not in the country of *Mazeppa?*" Then the idea formulated itself into poetry, and, like an inspired *Vates* of old, I exclaimed—

"'Tis the spot for bold *Mazeppa*,
There the Steppes, and here the Stepper!"

And then I stopped; inspiration had reached its limits, and why should I force inspiration by suggesting to inspiration that the next line ought to end with "Pepper," and that "Leper" wouldn't be a bad termination for line four? Ah! if poets only knew when to halt, how many halting lines should we be annually spared! Why pump at a dry well? Why bring up the muddy water? Why not, in fact, leave the Pierian well alone? "O Inspiration!" as the Poet has feelingly sung—"O Inspiration! what crimes have not been committed in thy name!" But to go into the subject of what crimes have *not* been committed, would be to wander away from my present fixed intention, which is to write a Diary of my Ride to Khiva, and not a disquisition on Inspiration, the Divine Afflatus, and burning the bellows.

Next Day.—Crossed the Oxus again. Slept well. Up early. Horse out. Whistled Overture, and then tried fresh music on Mechanical Piano, while the Pig turned the handle. Another of his increasingly numerous accomplishments. Horse up to a great deal more than was ever suspected in the philosophy of my noble friend the Livery-Stable Keeper, or I shouldn't have got him for one-and-sixpence an hour. I find that he (the Horse) has been accustomed to sup with the Clown; that he can fire off a pistol; that he can dance a waltz, a polka, and march in quick or slow time. I aimed at him with my umbrella (or somebody's which came with me from England), and he fell down, pretending (with much spontaneous humour) to be dead. We try to lift him. "No good pulling at a dead horse," I exclaimed (this will be part of my dialogue for my Entertainment—registered already), and then, after asking him to get up to see his mother, then to have his dinner, and other facetious suggestions, I cried out, "Here's a Policeman coming!" whereupon he jumped up on to his all-fours, pulled himself together, the Pig turned the handle of the Mechanical Piano, which at once struck up the *Bronze Horse, prestissimo et fortissimo*, and away went the gallant steed round and round, with me clicking the whip, and singing "Hi! hi! Hoopla! tchk!" while the Sleigh-driver and the Boy applauded to the echo. Fortune is before us.

Midday.—Pig sulky, in consequence of Horse's success. What jealousy there always is among *artistes!* Now the difficulties of an *entrepreneur* commence. I wish we could get to Khiva. *Note.*—River again. Crossed the Oxus for the fourth time. How it

* We hope soon to be able to say something definite about this "Private Wire;" the question being, is he a soldier or a telegraphic communicator? We have our doubts—but who hasn't?—ED.

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meanders. Good name for a Tartar love-story, *Hero and Mæander*—of course all about me-and-her.

2·30.—Met a sign-post going the other way. We've taken the wrong road again. Getting nearer China; most provoking. Where are we now? The Pig, as a native, ought to know. * * * * Have just put the letters of the Alphabet before Pig, hoping he would spell out the name of the locality, and give us further information about our road to Khiva. Pig either obstinate, stupid, or still in a sulky jealous pet about Horse. All he would do was, first to spell out—"S-H-E L-O-V-E-S Y-O-U," and then to grunt at the Sleigh-driver, as if under the impression that he was going through the ordinary performance, and answering my question, "Who is the handsomest man here?"—when he ought, by right, to select a visitor. Pig no use. Sleigh-driver doesn't know country. He says, "O overfed and much-caressed Son of distinguished Parents,"—this means *me*—"there is a *shebeenski* nigh at hand, kept by a brother of mine. Let us go thither, and inquire our way." Refused.

Saturday.—Crossed the Oxus. This is the fifth time in three days that we've crossed the Oxus. Either the river winds (I don't mean breezes, but winds with a long poetic "i") considerably, or we are travelling in a circle. Perhaps we are; if so, it's the fault of the Circus Horse, who, having been accustomed to going round and round, can't go straight. Met a Kirghiz-man. A Kirghiz-man is a sort of travelling butcher, who sells *kirghizzes* (*i.e.* Tartaric for carcases). Meat is cheap out here, and, if exported by a Company, might run the American market in London hard. Asked the Kirghiz-man in to dinner, and begged him to bring his own food with him. He did so. Excellent dinner. Treated him to hot *wickski* and water, strong. It brought tears into his eyes. We were all much affected. More hot *wickski*, with less water. More tears. Gave a thimbleful to the Pig. When the Kirghiz-man saw the Pig seated at our humble board, he could stand it no longer, but raising his glass in the air, cried, "Ould Oireland for iver!" and tossed it off at a gulp. After this we entered freely into conversation. He informed me that he had been brought up as an Irishman, but had not seen his country for many years. More *wickski*. More tears. He sang a sporting song, composed by himself, about—

"'Tis on the Oxus
We hunt the foxus."

But I forget the rest, except that it had a chorus that sounded like "Shandygaff mavourneen!" and was, I think, in praise of that excellent compound. About 10 P.M. we sat down to a hand at whist. The party consisted of the Pig (as Dummy and my partner), the Sleigh-man (who doesn't know the game well) and the CHEVALIER O'LEERY (as he likes to be called in private life) being partners. Pig and self played all we knew. Half-a-rouble points, and two roubles on the rub. Self and Partner won first rub; also second; also third. More *wickski*. Chevalier proposed fresh arrangement of partners. Acceded to his request. As we were changing our seats, the Chevalier swore he heard the Pig whispering to me in passing. I denied it, and asserted the impossibility of such an occurrence. The Chevalier asked me if I'd never heard of a "Pig's Whisper." I replied, "Never! Is it a song?" (N.B.—If it isn't, good idea for a song, "*The Pig's Whisper*"—with accompaniment for the *piggolo*.) Chevalier very angry. More *wickski*. Sleigh-driver and self won next rub. Chevalier violent. Row. We threatened to expose him to the Russian authorities, at the next *Polisstashunski*, as an Irish spy, if he didn't pay up all he owed. The Chevalier, overcome by the force of our arguments (the Sleigh-driver is just six feet, and powerful in proportion), handed over the coin. We parted—at least *he* "parted"—and we rode on quickly in the direction of Khiva. N.B.—Crossed the Oxus for the sixth time.

Sunday.—Halt of the Caravan. Passed the morning in reading the Pig and the Sleigh-driver a series of touching discourses: first, on the sin of cheating at cards; secondly, on the danger of being found out; thirdly, on fidelity to employers; fourthly, on gratitude to benefactors. After *lunchski*, taught the Pig some Sunday games with the Alphabet, teaching him the answers to such questions as "Where was MOSES when the candle went out?" "Who took in the first sporting paper?" and other queries from the Catechism. I fear that the Sleigh-man has no fixed principles. He likes hearing a bell ring, and has a Sunday hat, but they don't convey to his mind any distinct notion of what time of day it is. He has never heard of either a Pew-opener or a Beadle. Could you not send out some portraits of celebrated Pew-openers and Beadles? And get up a subscription for my Sleigh-driver's conversion. He'd like it, and so should I.

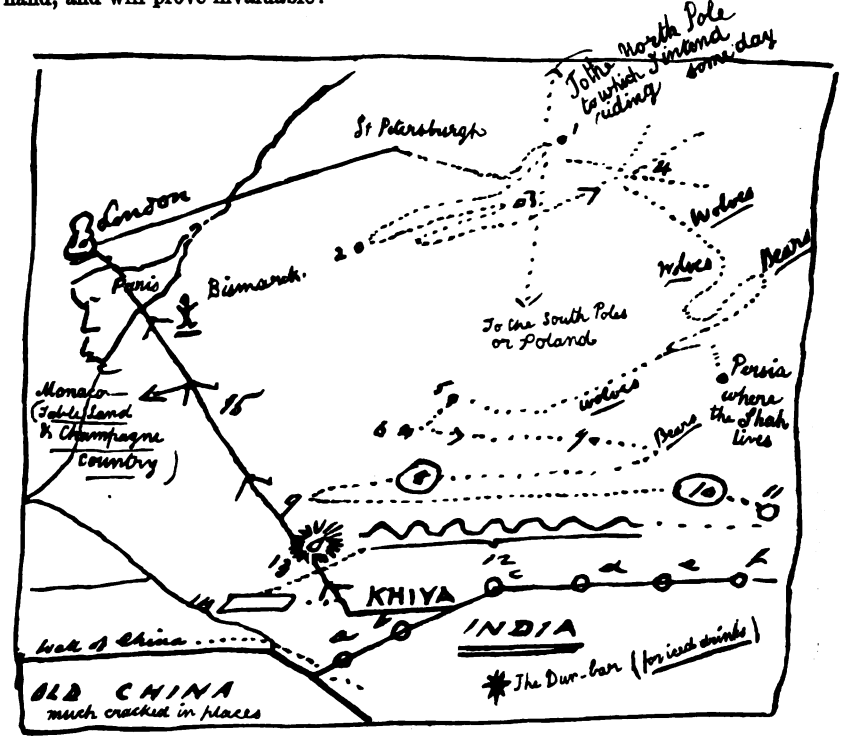
Sunday over.—On to Khiva. Met a Post with letters. Couldn't read the letters. I think we are on the right road now.

Monday, 11 A.M.—Crossed the Oxus for the seventh time. That's the worst of a Circus Horse. And as the Donkey wouldn't go, we were compelled to leave him behind. If I could only find my compass, I might keep the horse straight. Snow thick. My new Frigimometer (especially invented for this climate, and patented, of course) marks the temperature at ·000075° below Double Zero. This *is* cold! Somebody coming.

* * * * * * * *

Nothing is more important for the Public at home, whether intending individually, or collectively, to ride to Khiva, than to understand the country. In case of our being drawn into a war, let me give this hint to the Government: *The Frontier is better for seeing than the back-tier. It is easily defended, and without any expense to speak of.* Send me out a few good Policemen of the A Division who know their business, I'll go out as a Special, and undertake to clear the place of any Russians. India is safe for the present, but Khiva ought to be our Bow Street, and myself the Sitting Magistrate.

From riding so much—and, mind, a donkey is quite another sort of animal to a horse (let me tell the Public, who rightly admire CAPTAIN BURNABY, that it isn't every cross-country man who has a good seat on a donkey)—I have an excellent seat; and, therefore, as the Easterns know this, they would receive *me* as a Sitting Magistrate where they would look with contempt on an unknown individual, however great his other qualifications might be. Here, riding on a donkey is a compliment to the Natives. Here follows my map, which, if rough, is at least drawn by an honest hand, and will prove invaluable:—



1. First turnpike.—2. Sign-post—names on it almost illegible.—3. Snow country. Capital opportunity for a ballet.—4. Cross roads—a real puzzler.—5. Winter Palace of the Great Mogul.—6. Short cut to Khiva—not mentioned in the ordinary guide-books.—7. Fields, where "Trespassers will be Prosecuted."—8. Circussia, where the trained steeds for Circusses are.—9, 10. Good road; well adapted for troops.—11. Very fair Temperance Hotel. Recommended by the Faculty.—12. Mountainous Passes. (*Passes only admit two to Upper Circles.*) Ravines. (*Ra*-VINES *where* GRAPE-*shot might be useful. Jeu de mot, registered.*)—13. Snow-covered deceptive volcano. (*Mentioned by the Latin Poet, "Arma virumque vol-cano."*)—14. Frozen Lake. Good effect with a lime-light. Excellent place for a Skating Club. Easily crossed by Troops, if supplied with my new (patented) rink skates.—*a, b, c, d, e, f*. Boarding-houses on the borders. Most important strategical position. Great chance for a big Hotel and a Theatre. Put Police at the doors, and don't allow any Russian to come in without an Order. No one admitted after 7·30 P.M. No fees.—15. My shortest, quickest, and cheapest way back to London, *viâ* Monaco and Paris.

QUESTION BY SIR HENRY HAWKINS.—"Am I not a Judge and a Brother?"

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NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS.

Parson. "BETTER FED THAN TAUGHT, I FANCY, BOY!"
Boy. "EES, I BE; 'COS I FEEDS MYSELF, AND YOU TEACHES ME!"

ZAZEL.

(*With* MR. PUNCH'S *Compliments.*)

POLICEMEN, I have lost my heart
Here in the Westminster Aquarium,
Since first I saw her rapid dart
Across the diaper'd Velarium.
A form, that PHIDIAS might confess
As graceful as a young gazelle,
With raven hair, and ruby dress,
And winsome eyes, make up ZAZEL!

Now, far above me, pretty dear,
She treads the air with daring feet;
Now wires all along "No fear!"—
A message wond'ring crowds repeat.
Now diving from the high trapèze
(Not LÉOTARD *osait comme elle*),
Two fairy wings one's fancy sees
Sprout from the shoulders of ZAZEL!

Like swallow swiftly starting South,
She safely skimmed the air, and yet
'Twas then my heart into my mouth
Would jump, as she did in the net.
But see, she rises like a partridge—
And now becomes a true live shell,
Or shall we say, a living cartridge?—
I wish you were *my* charge, ZAZEL!

Discharge you! Blow you up! Not I—
I could not do it, if I tried.
But let me off: you 'll see me fly,
To fall in *your* net—at your side!
A poet's loftiest flights come short
Of praising your High Art, *ma belle*,
Your aim 's as good as your report:
You 've hit the gold—and me, ZAZEL!

TRAP AND CATCH NOT.—Medical and other correspondents of newspapers touching sanitary matters, have taken to describe defective drains and sewers in communication with dwelling-houses as "fever traps." But is not a fever trap, properly so called, rather the person who catches the fever? He catches it, generally, mark you, not in, nor by, but for want of a trap.

DIARY OF A TURKISH SAILOR.

MONDAY.—Read the London papers. Drilled my men at the Armstrong gun. Went to lunch whilst they were praying to the Prophet, and spent the rest of the day in writing a long letter (upon "Turkish Wrongs"), intended for insertion in the *Times*.

Tuesday.—Put on my Pasha's dress, and ordered some "Bass" to be sent on board immediately. Communicated with the Admiralty, Whitehall. Granted permission to my First Lieutenant to visit his harem, and employed the rest of my time in composing a letter (upon "Russian Atrocities"), intended for insertion in the *Times*.

Wednesday.—Wore my Admiral's uniform. Hoisted the Turkish flag at the mizen, and returned shots with forty Russian forts. In the intervals of the actions thought out a letter (upon "The Honour of Turkey"), intended for insertion in the *Times*.

Thursday.—Read the *Life of Nelson*. Took breakfast whilst my crew were at their devotions, and then blazed away at the Russians until all was blue. After dark, wrote by the light of the exploding shells a letter (upon "The Disgrace of Russia"), intended for insertion in the *Times*.

Friday.—Fired a salute in honour of the SULTAN, put on a new fez and a pair of English shooting-boots. Smoked a few cigarettes through my favourite hookah. In the evening gave chase to the Russian Fleet, and jotted down a few notes (upon "Turkish Prosperity and Industry, with Lives of the Turkish Saints"), intended for insertion in the *Times*.

Saturday.—Put on my shooting-jacket and Scotch cap; sang "*Rule Britannia*" and a Turkish song of my own composition; read *Punch*, and blew the Russian fleet to atoms. Made a speech to my gallant crew about "shivering timbers" and "behaving like true British Tars," and substituted grog for sherbet. In the evening wrote a long letter (upon "The Turco-Russian War and the neutrality of English Naval Officers"), intended for insertion in the *Times*. Went to bed, and dreamed that although by some means or other my head was Turkish, my heart still remained English. As I woke up I had just lost my way in trying to find Westminster Abbey in Constantinople. Wrote an account of my nightmare, not intended for insertion in the *Times*.

PHYSIOLOGY FROM EDINBURGH!

To the names of men illustrious for their attainments in medical science, and connected with Edinburgh, will probably soon be added the name of Auld Reekie's present representative, MR. M'LAREN. In his place, on his legs, advocating the Cruelty to Animals Bill, the Hon. Gentleman is reported to have augmented Collective Wisdom by the information that

"It was said that if Vivisection were stopped, scientific growth would be stopped; but the fact was that nothing remained to be discovered by Vivisection; everything had been discovered long ago, and experiments were now made upon living animals, not for the purpose of discovery, but for the purpose of proving to students that certain things which they had been taught were true."

All this will be news to the medical profession. The most advanced of known Physiologists will perhaps be the most surprised to learn that nothing remains to be discovered by Vivisection, and that everything has been discovered long ago; which latter statement must also astonish some anti-Vivisectionists who declare that no discovery has been ever made by Vivisection at all. The more that known Physiologists know of the science they cultivate, the more clearly they think they see how much remains to be known, and the extent of their own ignorance. But the Hon. Member for Edinburgh is at present an unknown Physiologist; though, from the declaration above-quoted touching Physiology, he appears to be in possession of all the knowledge it is possible to acquire on that subject, which he will perhaps be so good as shortly to impart to the world in a volume which must shelve all the works of DR. CARPENTER.

Horticulture of Holy Russia.

WE are told, by telegram. that the Russians are planting torpedoes in the Danube. This Russian gardening resembles, on a large scale, that practised by our forefathers when they planted steel-traps and spring-guns in their gardens. It is making the Danube a bear-garden, which the bears insist on keeping all to themselves.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for the Government gave notice that the usual Declaration of Neutrality would be published at once, like a declaration of insolvency—in the *Gazette*.

Tuesday (*Lords*).—The DUKE OF SOMERSET wants to know why the Cattle Plague Inquiry cannot be taken in the Lords, as their Lordships have too little to do, while there is a block of business in the Commons. The Duke was long enough in the House of Commons to have known that the business of that house is conducted—like the Metropolitan Railway traffic—on the block system. So all is as it ought to be.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON rapped his brother Duke over the knuckles for his restless activity. "*Surtout, point de zèle*" should be the motto of that Upper House—

> Where they lie beside their Woolsack, and the Bills are hurled
> Far below them in the Commons—and their thumbs are twirled,
> As an Upper House's should be, that does no work in the world.

LORD DERBY informed LORD GRANVILLE that the answer to PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF'S Circular had been drawn up and approved by the QUEEN, and would be laid on the table as soon as it had been received by the Russian Government.

Punch hears that F. O. is mighty proud of its *riposte*, flatters itself that it is a "stunner"—"the ablest State-paper-Thunderbolt that has been launched for years." Ah, if Paper-bolts could but frighten diplomacy into directness, or strike dumb the brazen mouths of war!

HOUGH scotched not killed, sound sense and Christian toleration again found a voice in LORD GRANVILLE (*Lords, Monday, April* 30), who gave notice of an Amendment of the Burials Bill, embodying the defeated Resolution of last week. He pointed out that the Committee on the Bill had been fixed for Ascension Day, when their Lordships usually rise, and do not sit, and wanted to know if this was a piece of fun, meant to relieve the grave character of the subject.

LORD CARNARVON said it was a mistake, not a joke—their Lordships were incapable of a joke.

(*Commons.*)—MR. GLADSTONE, three months too late, flung down his glove, challenging the Government to Parliamentary combat *à outrance* on the Eastern Question. When trial by battle has begun, the time for trial by talk has past. The rival champions stand face to face in other than division lists.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK will move the Previous Question. It is something to know there *is* a previous question. At times, dazed with talk of the one topic, *Punch* begins to think there never was a question before the Eastern one, and is never going to be another. The Liberal Party, it is said, as far as there is a Liberal Party (it seems just now to be party per pale—of humanity), will go with SIR JOHN. He is an experimentalist on bees, but does not wish at present to disturb the hornets' nest that lurks in W. E. G.'s Resolutions. Evidently a good many on the Liberal side think with him. Whatever *Punch* may think of W.E.G.'s tactics, he cannot but admire the pluck of the House's *Hal o' the Wynd*, who "fights for his own hand," and his own conscience. But he repeats, if this battle *was* to have been fought in the House, *as it ought to have been*, it should have been fought in the first week of the Session. In so far as England is chargeable with responsibility in respect of this war, Her Majesty's Opposition has a right to share it with Her Majesty's Government. "*Inter arma silent linguæ*"—as well as "*leges.*"

MR. BOURKE gave such information as he could on the state of the Danube and Black Sea regulations touching blockade and neutral rights. The Turkish lights are put out in the Straits. The Turks have an unfortunate way in all their straits of putting their lights out, and sailing at random, in the dark, under a full-head of steam, right on to the No-money Shoals, the Too-late Reefs, and the Corruption Sands.

(*Commons*).—SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did not think CAPTAIN PIM'S inquiry about the strength and movements of the Russian Fleet in the neighbourhood of San Francisco and New York should be answered. It is so easy to pop off a question. But who knows where an answer may hit—unless it be one with Parliamentary blank cartridge—an answer that tells nothing. It is evident the Russophobists are doing their best, in and out of the House, to get up a scare. The British Lion declines to be poked up for the present; absolutely refuses to rise on provocation even of "mighty pens," till satisfied there is occasion. For the present, however aggravating to the *D. T.* and the *P. M.*, he won't see that there is occasion for him to join in their little game of "Bait the Bear."

MR. NEWDEGATE gave notice of a Motion to consider the "conduct" of public business in the House of Commons.

MR. BIGGAR proceeded to illustrate the "conduct" of Members, by reading in an inaudible voice an interminable string of unintelligible Motions, till even the mild wisdom of the SPEAKER was roused to wrath. But the Member for Cavan had his will for all that, and justified the conclusion that however big the biggest recorded Parliamentary bore, there is now a BIGGAR!

By the way, if MR. BIGGAR wants a motto, what does he think of one slightly altered from SHAKSPEARE'S *Measure for Measure* :—

> "To lie in cold obstruction and talk rot."

It was cool of MR. SULLIVAN, on the heels of this little scene, to complain that, out of 118 divisions on Irish subjects, Irish opinion,

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"THE LAST STRAW!"

Polite Stranger (to Smorlt, as he is removing his rejected Picture from the Cellars of Burlington House). "PRAY, SIR, CAN YOU KINDLY INFORM ME WHEN THE—AH—ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF PICTURES OPENS TO THE PUBLIC?!!"

as shown by Irish majorities, had been overruled in 108, and to ask if Her Majesty's Government meant to encourage this policy of obstruction! *Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?*

MR. M'ARTHUR brought up the awkward question of the Ceylon Church Endowment—in which sweet little isle of our own, we tax some two million and a half Buddhists and miscellaneous heathens, to the tune of some £14,000 a-year, towards the support of a Church of England Bishop and Clergy for the few hundred Anglicans in the island.

Ceylon, it is well known, is a pre-eminently spicy island; but this is a spicier state of things, we should think, for Liberationists wanting a good fat grievance against the Establishment, than for the true friends of the Church as by law established. The sooner it is the Church by law disestablished in Ceylon, the better. And so the House evidently thought when, in the teeth of MR. LOWTHER'S *plea ad misericordiam*, it divided 147 for Church and *Status quo*, to 121 for things as they ought to be.

The Irish Land Act of 1870 contained provisions to facilitate the purchase of their holdings by tenants. MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE says these clauses have been a dead letter, and proposes a Select Committee to sit on the corpse—to "wake" it, in fact, as a decent Irish corpse should be, if it can be, waked; and if not, to bury it "clane out."

MR. BUTT ingenuously confessed that Irish tenants, as a rule, preferred fixity of tenure to purchase of their farms. Sure, don't they know when they're well off? D'ye think they'd be fools enough to be steppin' into landlords' brogues, when tinants' is such a dale asier walkin'?

MR. CROSS moved a Bill to authorise four new Bishoprics to be carved—Liverpool, out of Chester; Halifax or Wakefield, out of Ripon; Derby or Nottingham, out of Lincoln and Lichfield; and Northumberland, out of Durham. Methinks *Punch* has a vision of the Church as *Juliet*, with her portly Episcopate for her *Romeo*, invoking CROSS to "Take him and cut him into little sees!" What does MR. HOLT say to this act of Vivisection on an alarming scale, —this cutting little Bishops out of big ones? What pious pilgrims will walk the new *Via Crucis*? They will only have to provide £3,500 per Bishop—£3,500 and a palace—dirt-cheap! Now's your time, my pious founders of the period! Step forward! step forward!

MR. WHALLEY, who had a Motion in favour of hearing DE MORGAN at the bar—of the House, missed his tip through not being in his place for once. He just arrived in time to be too late, to the great relief of the House.

A tremendous Irish row over the appointment of the Select Committee on Cattle Plague and the importation of live stock. It was proposed to add three Irish Members—MR. FRENCH, MR. MOORE, and MR. KING-HARMAN. The Home-Rulers wanted BIGGAR, and the House decidedly objecting, the Major "tuk the flure," and the ruction was kept up till two in the morning, the Scotch and Welsh Members joining in at last, till the discussion wound up with a general trailing of coats and a flourishing of shillelaghs. In fact, it strikes *Punch* as very like what may be expected as the realisation of Irish ideas, if ever there is a Home-Rule Parliament to the fore.

Wednesday.—MR. HOLT moved his Bill for Absolute Prohibition of Vivisection. The House—whose common sense recognises the need of Vivisection, as well as the need of regulating it—showed its appreciation of the falsehood of extremes by rejecting the Bill by 222 to 83.

MR. OSBORNE MORGAN buried *his* Burials Bill, with the intention however, of a resurrection of its principle—the right of Nonconformists to bury their dead in the parish churchyard by their own Ministers, and with their own services—in the DUKE OF RICHMOND'S Bill.

Thursday.—MR. O'CLERY gave notice of a *tu quoque* Amendment on the Gladstone Resolutions, telling Russia she's another; and LORD ELCHO of an Amendment condemning coercion of the Turk, and suggesting war on the Russian. The one silly, the other suicidal.

The Government means to protect the Suez Canal—I believe you, my boy!—but in answer to anxious inquiries from Sunderland, declines to ask the belligerents for fuller definition of contraband of war —lest that elastic word should be made not only to "carry coals," like *Gregory* in *Romeo and Juliet*, but no one knows what articles besides. In fact what may not be plausibly construed contraband of war now-a-days, from cotton-twist to saw-dust?

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In Committee, the Universities Bill improved by adoption of LORD E. FITZMAURICE'S Amendment, empowering the University to pay for work done by its officers beyond its pale, as in the Local Examinations now extending fast and far. Determined, but unavailing, attempts to extend the scope of the Bill by MR. LOWE, who wants *Alma Mater* to fix the Standard of Matriculation, instead of more indulgent *Alma Domus;* by SIR CHARLES DILKE, who wishes to alter the Constitutions of Congregation and Convocation; and by MR. COURTNEY, who, chivalrous as a COURTNEY should be, seeks to open the door of Honours to the Ladies. "The sweet Girl-Graduates with their golden hair" must, for the present, remain a dream of the Poet's—and Undergraduates'—better world!

Friday (*Lords*).—More assurances from LORD DERBY that we mean to keep our eyes, and the Suez Canal, open, by use, at need, of more effectual means of neutralisation than treaties now-a-days—Ironclads.

(*Commons.*)—On the Gladstonian Resolutions, all other previous questions are to be absorbed in SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S. Government does not mean to move a vote of confidence. As they have no need to demonstrate the compact union of their forces and the strength of Her Majesty's Government's majority, they will give themselves the pleasure of showing up the disunion and weakness of Her Majesty's Opposition, by leaving their opponents to fight it out among themselves over the Gladstonian Resolutions. Small merit to them for not taking "a direct issue." As if there were "a direct issue" out of the *impasse* Government, Opposition, and Public Opinion have all got into on this Eastern Question! But the country, *Punch* is glad to see, is waking to the importance at this crisis of showing that it is with MR. GLADSTONE, not with LORD BEACONSFIELD, as the *Daily Telegraph* and *Pall Mall Gazette* do vainly assert.

The House sat as the Great Court of Appeal and Inquiry in small matters as great ones, on a long and heated investigation of the cutting of two dogs' throats by a hasty Ulster Magistrate, and the deportation from Jersey of a troublesome French newspaper editor and ex-Communist. MR. CROSS hinted that he would be very glad of any handle for a *reductio ad rationale* of the absurd old Norman laws of that obstinate little Channel Island.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES;

OR, OUR OWN HANDY GUIDE TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



THE great and thoroughly-deserved success that attended MR. HENRY BLACKBURN'S most useful *Academy Notes*, illustrated with sketches of the principal pictures in the exhibition, decided me, being of an original turn of mind, on publishing, weekly, during the present season, a Handy Guide to the Academy, of which stupendous mental effort this is the first outcome. Visitors to the Academy scarcely need reminding that a better artistic *cicerone* cannot be obtained, than one who has qualified himself for the special service by the degree of B.A., Bachelor of Arts—for I am not yet M.A., or Married Artist (that is, tied and bound to one particular Art), though I own to being deeply attached to a young lady with uncertain-coloured hair, short waist, long skirt, pale-grey eyes, a washed-out complexion, mulberry-tinged lips, and an arch expression about the bridge of the nose, who is the guardian angel of a second-hand furniture shop, not a hundred miles from Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane. The entire figure of this pre-Raphaelitish, or pre-Israelitish damsel, might serve as a model for a BOUGHTON in colour, while the graceful curve of her nose suggests a HOOK. O BECKY MOTHETH, how I love thee! For me I know thou wouldst quit thy tribe and onions, and leave even thy old grandfather, who has lost all his front teeth, and can no longer play upon the national instrument—but I am not here to write sonnets to "Lady Mine," having undertaken this as a matter of business,—and "bishnessh ish bisnessh!" as *she* would say, blessh her! A few more words by way of preface, and I have done.

First, then, although, through the courtesy of the Academical Authorities, I have been enabled to avail myself of the "Private View" of the pictures, yet I do not wish to force *my* private view on the general public.

Secondly, I have to tender my thanks for the facilities which were *not* afforded me by the distinguished Artists of seeing their works while still on the easel. I *did* see them, but *how*, no one will be more surprised to learn than the distinguished Artists themselves. Nothing but the indomitable pluck and untiring energy of myself and the young man who accompanied me as etcher, could have triumphed over the apparently insuperable obstacles.

Studio after studio I visited, only to be met with the chilling reply, "Not at home," or "Master's out," or "Master's in, but he won't see *you*," while on several occasions I was left outside on the door-step, and if admitted to the front hall, was watched by one sharp servant-girl who kept her eye on the coats, hats, and umbrellas, while the other took my card to her master. I partly attributed this conduct to the peculiar taste in dress displayed by my friend and—etcher, who, being of a sporting turn, would come dressed in a white hat with a black band and a narrow brim, a bottle-green cut-away coat with brass buttons, a bird's-eye yellow tie with a horse-shoe pin, buff waistcoat, tight cords, straps, spurs, no gloves, and a wisp of straw in his mouth. The etching-book he carried looked like a "six-to-four bar one" kind of betting-book, and when I remonstrated with him on his personal appearance, he went away, and I didn't see him for a fortnight. I have, by my own careful observation been able to supply him with the materials for his sketches.

It will interest the public to be told how I contrived this, seeing that on no single occasion was I admitted to an Artist's *sanctum*, except once—and that was when the talented individual was going to give a dinner-party, and his maid showed me into the studio under the impression that I was the Greengrocer's young man come to make arrangements for waiting at table in the evening. The great Artist in question likes things done well, and he wanted to have a look at the person who was to appear that evening as the Butler, just to see if I was the sort of model he required for the impersonation. Our interview was short, but decisive. I left—but *I had seen his picture.* And this gave me my grand idea. I determined to visit all the studios, or as many as I could, professionally as a model. *I did so,*—in various disguises. And in this way I have availed myself of my opportunities. The public will

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see *me*, wholly and in parts, reproduced and idealised on canvas. I have been a cavalier, a brigand, the head and shoulders of a warrior in bed, a beggar, a Venetian nobleman (kit-cat size), a satyr at play, a fisherman on the Welsh coast, an athlete (back view), a miser, an old pensioner, a monk, "The Philosopher—a Study" (head only); I am behind a tree in No. 22; my friends will recognise me at once in MR. PETTIE'S "*Hunted Down*" (No. 28); while MR. GOW'S "*Tumult in the House of Commons*" would be literally nothing without me. There I am, in the right-hand corner, fresh as paint. No. 58 is a study of me *for one eye only*; and in MR. LONG'S great work (No. 83) anybody acquainted with my features will at once detect me, in spite of my Egyptian costume. I am, in fact, reproduced over and over again; and in more than one instance friends at a distance will recognise my legs as completing the full-length "*Portrait of a Gentleman*" (a testimonial picture, price £1000), when the weak, ill-conditioned supports of the original shrunk from the public gaze.

This, then, is how I did it—and, as may be inferred, "alone I did it"—after being deserted by my faithless friend and etcher, who had, I have no doubt, his own designs, which will now appear as *tableaux* to music, that is, as pictures accompanied by notes. Now—Just a-goin' to begin! Umbrellas and sticks left in the hall. Walk up, pay your money at the turnstile, don't speak to the man at the wheel, and follow your leader!

First. Before going in for slashing, we must draw our hangers. Our five sharp hangers are, MESSRS. A. ELMORE, J. C. HOOK, G. D. LESLIE, E. J. POYNTER, and SIR JOHN GILBERT. Their separate functions, it may interest the Public to know, are indicated by their names, which guided the choice of the Academy Council. SIR JOHN GILBERT—well, *his* name alone is good enough for anything, and has only to be mentioned to be received with acclamation. He will excuse us if we treat him as he has so often and so admirably treated others, that is "cavalierly," and, oddsfish, leave the doughty knight, and so pass on.

MR. POYNTER'S office is evidently that of Indicator, to the Hangers, of what pictures should be condemned.

MR. G. D. LESLIE represents fair play—for where there is the more truth and honesty, there must be the *less-lie*.

MR. A. ELMORE is the champion of space. He would give each Artist plenty of room. Give him an inch, and he asks for an *ellmore*.

MR. J. C. HOOK—*cela va sans dire*—there can be no hanging without a Hook.

There are in the Aeademy several Artists who richly deserve hanging, while among "the Great Unhung" there are many who have narrowly escaped the fate which their works had justly merited. Most of the unhung ones are considerably disappointed, or rather, disap-poynter'd.

Now for my picked men of pictures.



J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. (No. 52.) "*The Beefeater;*" *or, the fatal consequences of eating underdone and overpaid-for Beef.* Observe his colour. He is thinking of the comparative prices in the American and English market. He wears the prize oxen medals of past Cattle-Shows. The design of the Artist, it is said, is to preserve the type of the rapidly-disppearing Red Man.

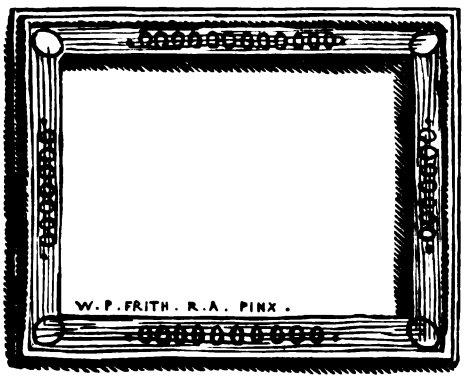
Serviens ad regem, not *ad legem*. He'll soon be extinct, like his legal brother of the Queen's Blackguards — the Serjeant of the Law!

By the way, why not put an extinct Serjeant of the Law, in his black silk, beside this Sergeant of the Guard, in his laced scarlet, and call the pair *Rouge et Noir*? I make a present of the hint to my illustrious and irrepressible friend MILLAIS.



F. LEIGHTON, R.A. (No. 209.) "*A Screw Loose Somewhere*," as it ought to be called, instead of "*The Music Lesson.*" The effect is decidedly harmonious. The principle of the composition is sound — not fury — signifying not nothing, but a great deal, from a hand as light on the canvas as these sweet Ladies' on the strings.

W. P. FRITH, R.A. "*Drawing a Blank;*" *or, Nothing Venture, Nothing Win.* Intended as a companion to his great picture "*The Gaming Table at Homburg.*" The subject is in itself absolutely nothing, but in the hands of a master like MR. FRITH, we are compelled to admit that in the whole collection there is nothing like it, for it is like nothing that we can call to mind. There is in the work an utter absence of



all mannerism. MR. FRITH can manage a crowd on canvas as well as a police-sergeant can in the streets; and yet here, where there was such a temptation to sacrifice the general effect to some startling individualities, we search in vain to detect any straining at obtaining a temporary success by some theatrical *coup de main*. Considered as a rare attempt at dealing with nothing, we are bound in justice to pronounce the picture as beyond all doubt thoroughly good, that is, *for* nothing. Had it been the production of a Nobody, we should have congratulated the Committee on a future Academician. As it is, this year, MR. FRITH is conspicuous by his absence (and absence makes the Art grow fonder), and so we take leave of MR. W. P. FRITH, and thank him—for nothing.

(*To be continued.*)

"Sound an Alarm!"

THE partisans of Holy Russia, *Mr. Punch*, pretend that her invasion of Turkey is a holy war—the war of the Cross against the Crescent. So it is, indeed; and what do you expect to be the end of this nineteenth century Crusade? Sir, a whisper in your ear—he who attacks the Crescent attacks the Moon! Mind that; and tell the maniacs who require to be told, to be wise in time for the safety of England's lunar possessions. Do not these constitute the greater part of that Empire on which the Sun never sets? Let you and I—let us all strike in time for the protection of our interests in our Satellite. Sir, I am a victim of persecution—the tortured and confined

GALILEO.

Colney Hatch Observatory, May 9, 1877.

Design and Beneficence.

THE names of supreme and subordinate benevolence appear oddly associated in the following extract from American business news:—

"It has been ascertained that Turkey has received over 300,000 stand of arms from the Providence Tool Company within the past two years, under a contract made with that Company to furnish 500,000 Peabody guns—a breech-loading rifle similar to the Martini-Henry."

In connection with the manufacture and sale of such instruments for the welfare and happiness of mankind as stands of arms and breech-loading rifles, how pretty to find the names of Providence and Peabody!

"De Mortuis."

THE ground referred to in the paragraph in our last, signed, "AN Indignant Eye-Witness," is *not* the Bunhill Fields Burial Ground, the Campo Santo of the Nonconformists, where sleep—carefully guarded by an Act of Parliament and a Preservation Committee—the honoured bones of BUNYAN, DE FOE, ISAAC WATTS, and scores of the ejected ministers of 1666, but the small God's Acre on the west of Bunhill Row, now called the "Friends' Burial Ground."

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VERY LIKELY!

Adonis. "HERE!—HI!—BOY!—JUST WUN AND FETCH MY HAT, THERE'S A GOOD FELLAH!"
Boy. "O YES—I DESSAY. AND YOU 'LL WALK OFF WITH MY BARRER!"

ON THE WAR-PATH.

(*A Bellicose Blast from* BETSY PRIG.)

"We must treat the matter in a business-like fashion; we must provide against the worst—the only safe course in war—determine that Russia shall not have the Straits, and settle, as speedily as may be, the naval and military plans calculated effectively to secure the execution of our will. These are the resolutions which it becomes England to take; and when peace shall again bless the world, we shall have ample time to think and talk about reforms in the name of justice and humanity."—*Daily Telegraph.*

JUSTICE! Humanity! Untimely bosh!
Don't try to gammon me with such stale lingo.
Just now, thanks be! that lofty fudge won't wash.
Let me turn on my tap—the real stingo.
Tip us my penny trumpet. Rootletoot!
That is a blast that 's bound to rouse each Briton,
And scare that Rooshian Bear, the greedy brute,
From the bage burglar's business he has hit on.

War 's awful wicked! Yes, when it 's invoked
By fools whose bragian cry is "perish Ingy!"
A-hearing which with rage I well nigh choked,
And well they knows of scoldings wasn't stingy.
But war to whop that thievish Muscovite,
O, bless you! that 's a werry different matter;
And on that pint I own old SAIREY's right,
Much as I hates the upstart creature, drat her!

Which lately I 've been preaching peace like fun
To cruel Christians as would turn Crusaders,
And spread the horrid Gospel of the Gun
To help Bulgarian swineherds 'gainst invaders.
But now that 'tis the British right o' way,
And not Bulgarian homes and hearts, may suffer,
I holds that party who for peace would pray,
To be a wile unpatriotic duffer.

BETSY is patriot *quand même*, and hates
The traitorous chatterers who would dare suggestion
About the rights and wrongs of other States,
When our Imperial Interests are in question.
And as to noisy rant about Reform,
Raised in the name of Justice and Humanity,
When Britons ought to rise and ride the storm—
It 's reg'lar right-down, staring, stark insanity.

GLADSTONE 's a—well, perhaps it won't quite do
To call him nasty names—that is, directly;—
'Tis best, when one is rearing idols new,
To burn the old ones very circumspectly.
But when a Leader goes and takes a whim
To raise no end of sentimental racket
At awkward times, the proper coat for *him*,
I holds, is a political strait-jacket.

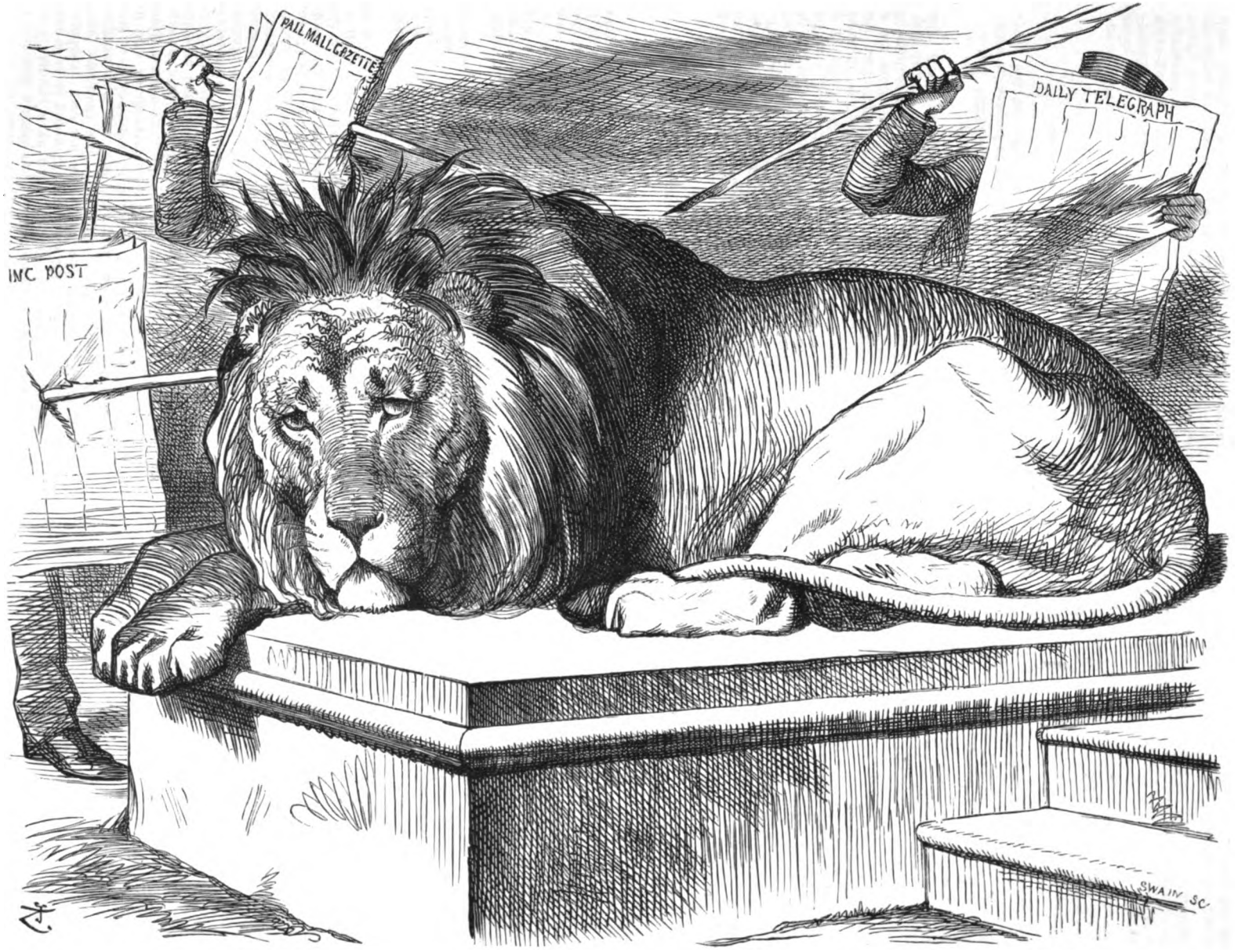
There never was before a black bad lot
So bad and black as that there Northern Bruin;
Which all he says is simply lying rot,
And all he does designs our utter ruin:
His piety is all a sly pretence—
How unlike ours!—his talk of lies a tissue;
His interests,—hang the creature's impudence,
To mention them when England's are at issue!

We must maintain *our* rights at any cost;
Our self-regard must know no party schism,
Though truth be trampled on and honour lost—
Ah! that 's what BETSY calls true patriotism!
Justice, Humanity, may take their turn,
When Peace comes back again and conflict closes.
Meanwhile for battle all brave patriots burn,
And valorous BETSY as Bellona poses.

Look always on the Surrey Side.

TOM and Jerry. The dish now being served up to the public at about 9·15 every evening, with *sauce hollandaise* at the Surrey Theatre, is well worth the public attention, if only as a curiosity. The old Temple Bar "set," and the "set-to" in TOM CRIBB's parlour will well repay a visit. *Tom and Jerry* was our Grandfathers' *Our Boys.*

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"WIDE AWAKE!"

(BUT DECLINES TO BE "POKED UP.")

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THE MAY QUEEN.

(New Version, adapted to existing Climatic Conditions.)



[CONSIDERING apology superfluous, *Mr. Punch* offers none, as the Poet Laureate will doubtless approve the modification of his beautiful lines, rendered needful by recent meteorological conditions.]

You must wake and call me early, call me early, Mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the tryingest time of all the Spring, this year—
Of all the Spring, this year, Mother, the dreariest, dreadfullest day;—
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

There 'll be many a red, red nose, no doubt, but none so red as mine;
For the wind is still in the East, Mother, and makes one peak and pine:
And we 're going to have six weeks of it, or so the prophets say—
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, Mother, I 'm sure I shall never wake,
So you 'd better call me loud, Mother, and perhaps you 'll have to shake:
I shall want some coffee hot and strong, before I 'm called away,
To shiver as Queen o' the May, Mother, to shiver as Queen o' the May.

As I was coming home to-night whom think you I should see
But Doctor Squills! And he saw that my nose was as red as red could be;
And he said the weather was cruel sharp, that I 'd better stay away,—
But I 'm chosen Queen o' the May, Mother, so I must be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch is white with sleety showers,
And, though they call it the month of May, the hawthorn has no flowers;
And the ice in patches may yet be found in swamps and hollows gray,—
Ain't it nice for the Queen o' the May, Mother, so nice for the Queen o' the May?

The East wind blows and blows, Mother, on my nose I follow suit,
For my influenza 's so very bad, and I 've got a cough to boot;
Perhaps it will rain and sleet, Mother, the whole of the livelong day,
Yet I 'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother; I must be Queen o' the May.

I 've not the slightest doubt, Mother, I shall come home very ill,
And then there 'll be bed for a week or more, and a long, long doctor's bill;
And with prices up and wages down however will father pay?
But I 'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother—oh bother the Queen o' the May!

So please wake and call me early, call me early, Mother dear,
That I may look out some winter wraps, fit for the spring this year.
To-morrow of this bitter "snap" I 'm sure 'll be the bitterest day,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

Russian Pronunciation.—The Admiral-in-Chief of the Turkish Fleet is always alluded to in St. Petersburg as "Hobart P'Shah!"

MAY-DAY AT THE GOG-MAGOGS.

We have learnt from the ubiquitous Reporter how May-Day was spent at Oxford, but, somehow or other, the ceremonies connected with that Spring festivity at Cambridge have not been recorded by a prying Press. *Mr. Punch* would not like one University to be a-head of the other, after the dead-heat his own prophecies brought about on the river. He has therefore much pleasure in assuring the public that the May-morning rites of Cam were this year not a bit behind those of Isis.

The Squire Bedells woke the Undergrads at 4·30 by sound of trumpet accompanied by the clang of their silver pokers and the barking of their bulldogs. Amid the suppressed anathemas of the Dons, who preferred snoozing to spooning, the sons of Trinity issued forth attired in various-coloured paper and tinsel, adorned with leaves and flowers, and preceded by their honoured Master, who, though disguised in a large green extinguisher surmounted by a crown of roses (best paper), was easily recognised by his classical capers and inaudible quotations from Horace. After making the tour of the town, collecting additions to their procession, and an abundant harvest of halfpence for their decayed Fellows, the mummers repaired to the foot of the Gogmagog Hills, where the fair Students from Girton were assembled to select a Queen from among their number.

After a most amusing lecture on Vivisection, painlessly illustrated, with the aid of chloroform, on the lambs which formed a chief feature of the procession, an elegant divertissement was performed by the gyps who had accompanied their Masters, to an *obbligato* accompaniment of marrowbones and cleavers.

Having seen term divide, a repetition of which favourite entertainment is allowed on this day only, the happy Mayers, preceded by their Queen, proceeded to five o'clock tea at Girton, and the day's delights terminated with a classical contest in the capping of Latin verses between the champions of the Undergraduates and the Ladies of the May. All the Lady Students were dressed in costumes of the date of Queen Anne, advanced æsthetics being the order of the day.

THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.

(From Our Own Wagnerite who went to Bayreuth.)

Herr Wagner has arrived. That 's all I can say at present. He has come for the Music of the Future (I am writing this on Saturday, and next Monday is his commencement—of which more anon) in London. The great Art-Music-Poet says there 's one fiddler short I don't mean one short fiddler—it 's not a question of height) in his orchestra. I have volunteered, and the Master Musical-Mind has accepted. My fiddle is a dummy—but what matters? There *must* be two hundred in the orchestra, and I am the two hundredth. On Monday I shall be in my place, and expect from me a clear, learned, and concise report of the proceedings of my old and much esteemed friend (albeit he 's what they call in the Low Hanoverian dialect a *Sleibootzë*), the Wobbling Wagner.

Need I sign myself, yours truly,

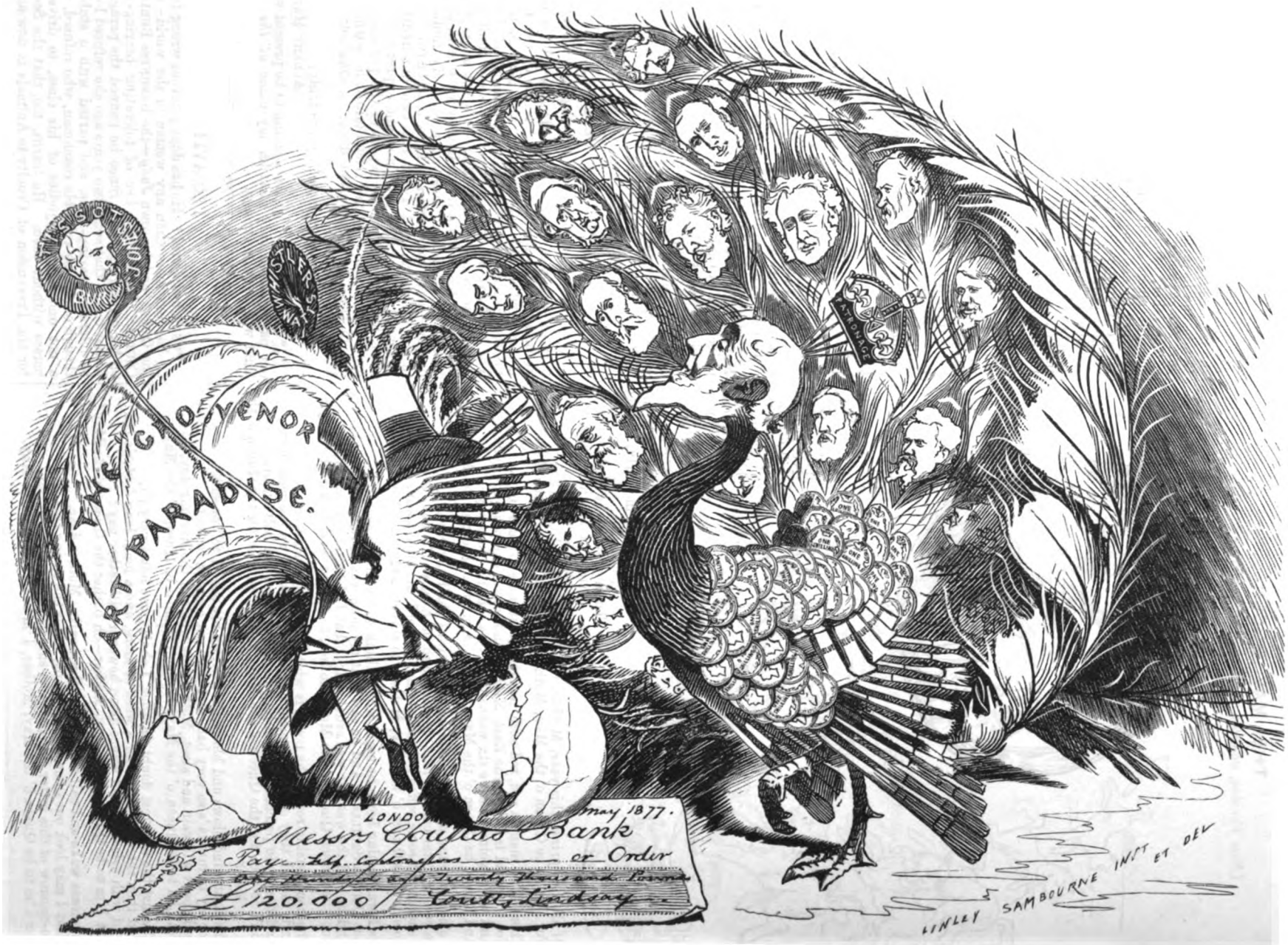
Albert Hall.

*** Any friends of yours wishing to be present without paying, need only mention my name *at the door*. That will be quite enough.

PECCAVI!

Punch has sinned! He has done grievous wrong to one he honours more than any woman in the world—after the Queen and his own *Judy*—the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. He accused her of tolerating bearing-reins on her carriage-horses. Since he penned the paragraph he has learnt that some two years ago she refused longer to tolerate bearing-reins, and parted with a stubborn though otherwise valuable coachman, who refused, with a not uncommon prejudice of his class, to drive her horses without them. He learns, too, that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is now again, as energetically as it can, taking up the cruelty of the bearing-rein. *Punch*, misinformed in the case of both the Baroness and the Society, hereby offers an apology to both.

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WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER!

OR, THE R.A. COCK OF THE WALK AND THE BOND STREET BIRD OF (ART) PARADISE.

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VERS NONSENSIQUES À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

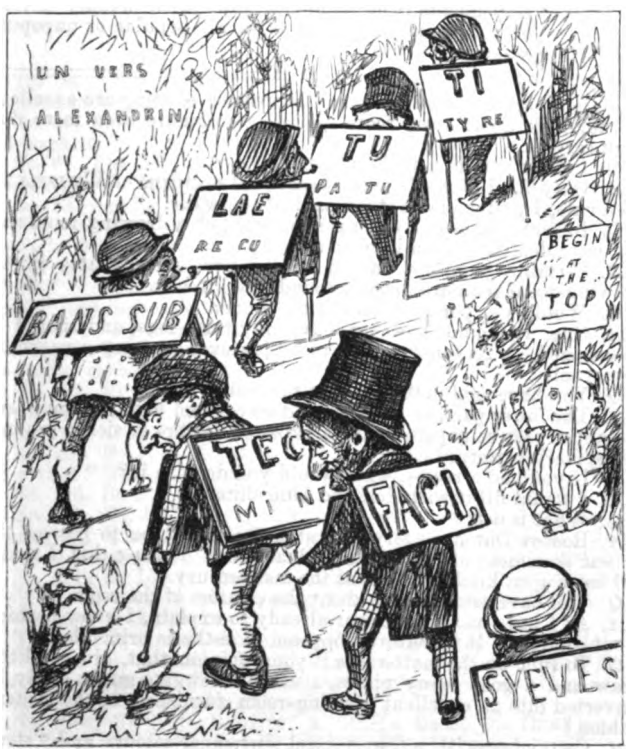
(Par ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUÈRE.)



IL existe une Espinstère à Tours,
Un peu vite, et qui porte toujours
Un ulsteur peau-de-phoque,
Un chapeau bilicoque,
Et des nicrebocqueurs en velours.



"QU'UN rôti de gigot, ma LUCIE,
À trois heures soit prêt, je te prie :
Qu'il soit tendre, fumant,
Et d'un jus abondant,
Et quel meilleur plat—h'm—can there be ?"



UN Spondée, envieux d'un Dactyle,
Son voisin dans un vers de VIRGILE,
Blaguait à tout propos
Ses trois pieds inégaux,
L'astiquait, et lui chauffait la bile.



IL était un brignol de la Drouille,
Dont l'esbrocq turlupait la frambouille,
Et qui roccolbochait
Son splénef, et borglait
En Binchois : "Rampognons ! . . je dégrouille ! !

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TENACITY!

First North Briton (on the Oban boat, in a rolling Sea and dirty Weather). "THRAW IT UP, MAN, AND YE'LL FEEL A' THE BETTER!"

Second ditto (keeping it down). "HECH, MON, IT'S WHUSKEY!!"

THE WIND AND THE WAR.

WHAT is that white on yonder trees?
Pear-blossom. Ugh! It might be snow;
So bitter, hard the Eastern breeze;
And the thermometer so low.
I see white petals of the pear,
But apple-trees of pink are bare.

Late apple, due in early May,
And lilac, shrink from coming out
A haze bedims the orb of day,
And influenza flies about.
And not one JACK, in wonted green,
On this bleak May-Day has been seen.

Bees keep their hives, too wise to hum
In such hard times from flower to flower
Cuckoo and Nightingale are mum.
In holes and crannies Swallows cower,
Wondering where spring-time can have fled,
Till cruel May-frost nips them dead.

May, more than commonly severe.
Too well this woful East wind suits.
That comes the opening leaves to sear,
And shrivel up the swelling fruits.
Two bitter things—nigh on a par—
Are Eastern wind and Eastern war.

A VOLLEY FOR ZAZEL.

WHAT she says to FARINI, when she creeps into the gun,—"Far in I go."

Her aim in life—The upshot of her existence.

A husband for her—The Engineer who was hoised with his own petard.

A new title for this Star—The Sun of a Gun.

Her favourite poet—HOWITT, Sir.

Her favourite political subject—Debt o' nations.

What men say of her—"She's a stunner!"

What women say of her—"She's going off!"

N.B.—*Mr. Punch* trusts this will stall off the correspondents who inundate him with weakly deluges of poor puns on ZAZEL, as on all popular or unpopular subjects.

MR. PUNCH'S SELECT COMMITTEES.

No. I.—ON DRAWING-ROOM DECORATIONS.

MR. FERNANDO F. EMINATE *examined.*

Q. I believe that you are perfectly mad upon the subject of drawing-room decorations?

A. I am perfectly mad upon the subject, and my insanity extends to dining-rooms, libraries, and sitting-rooms generally.

Q. How, in your opinion, ought a drawing-room to be decorated?

A. On æsthetic principles.

Q. What do you mean by æsthetic principles?

A. It is a wide term, but I think I may say that the outcome of æstheticism is a mixture of antique quaintness, dingy and washed-out colour, and oddity combined with discomfort.

Q. I believe you are in favour of latticed windows glazed with opaque glass?

A. I am. The lattices you refer to were abolished years and years ago, to make room for sashed windows admitting more light. The opaque glass is conducive to darkness, a great desideratum in nineteenth century drawing-rooms.

Q. I understand that you are in favour of curtains with grotesque patterns, sage-green or dull-yellow for walls, and black furniture?

A. I am. It is very necessary that a feeling of melancholy should be produced in a modern sitting-room, and I know of no better means to create this mood than those to which you have alluded. Moreover, it is proper to add, that the chairs should be of the most uncomfortable character possible, cumbered with cushions warranted to slip down on the floor on the smallest provocation.

Q. I think you do not recommend carpets?

A. Certainly not. Carpets are suggestive of comfort, and there you are at once in contradiction with æsthetic principles. I much prefer straw matting, which is bitterly cold in winter and horribly stuffy in summer.

Q. Would you permit rugs in the drawing-room?

A. Certainly. But I should insist upon their being of the most dull and neutral tones of colour. Rugs over matting are excellent, as they kick up at every footstep, and accumulate even more dust than carpets.

Q. I think you do not like pictures?

A. Only E. H. JONES's, or an occasional nocturne of WHISTLER's. As a rule, I prefer plates stuck against the walls.

Q. In fact, you would decorate the walls of a drawing-room as if you were dealing with a kitchen?

A. Certainly; except that I would have more plates in the drawing-room than are usually found in a kitchen.

Q. Would you permit tables in the room?

A. One. It should, however, have only three legs, and should be encouraged (by its construction) to topple over on every conceivable opportunity.

Q. You have said nothing about the walls.

A. The lower part, or dado, should be covered with matting, and the upper part be papered with a paper of sombre or sickly ground, and spidery pattern.

Q. If you had a recess, what would you do with it?

A. I would fill it with delf and blue china.

Q. What is delf?

A. Rococo Dutch pottery. My ambition would be to possess the ugliest specimens of this pottery obtainable. Failing this, I would fall back upon kitchen plates of the last century.

Q. You have said nothing about the comfort of the room.

A. As I have had the honour already to explain, I know nothing about comfort. It is radically opposed to æsthetic principles.

Q. To sum up the matter—Is it your opinion that, given a little straw and a good many plates, a cell in Newgate might easily be converted into an excellent drawing-room furnished in the modern fashion?

A. Certainly—with a few neutral distemper colours and a stencilling apparatus. [*The Witness then withdrew.*

THE BEST SCHOOL OF NEEDLEWORK.—A Husband's wardrobe.

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THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(Being our own Handy-Book to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.)



ANY of the Pictures appearing to me to be misnamed, I have ventured either to re-christen them, or to comment, very briefly, on the ideas suggested by them, without reference to the Official Catalogue. Let the Visitor take this guide *first*, and then let him refer to the Catalogue. Now to business.

No. 44. Man and horse in a Morass. More ass he for being there. Clearly a good subject for MR. HORSE-LEY, JUN. The man is evidently crying out for help, and probably shouting *hoarsely*. Brayvo, MR. HORSLEY, JUN.!

No. 62. Another by the same rising young Artist. Coloured Gentlemen at prayer on board ship, with the ship's Chaplain (a Canon) in the midst of them. Perhaps CANON LIDDON, or the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, might bid for this picture.

No. 28. The Hunted Highlander. By J. PETTIE, R.A. There 's only one name for this,—it ought to be "*Half-Kilt!*"

No. 67. The old Pump-Room, Bath. By G. A. STOREY, A. With views of the old Pumps of both sexes. This tells its own Storey.

No. 83. An Egyptian Feast. By E. LONG, A. The Mummy at the feast reminds the revellers of their certain fate. The motto clearly should have been, "*Ars Longa, vita brevis.*" And a very fine specimen of the *ars Longa*, too.

No. 126. By J. C. HOOK, R.A. It illustrates the dialogue in the old story. "Gin, I thinks," "Whiskey, I hopes," "Sea-water, by Jingo!" It should have been called "*The Bottle*," and dedicated to SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

No. 182. By same Artist. "*The Boy at the Nore.*"

No. 208. By R. ANSDELL, R.A. "*Cave canes.*" A rebellion in the Isle of Dogs, with the canine inhabitants rising on the Lady of the Island.

No. 282. By A. ELMORE, R.A. Without reference to the Catalogue, you can see at once that this is MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS (here we are again!) tickling somebody's (probably DARNLEY's) little finger. And he doesn't seem to like it. Title, "*A Ticklish Situation.*"

No. 210. By J. C. HORSLEY, R.A. Kensington Gardens before the notice was up to the effect that "No dogs are allowed unless led with a string."

No. 216. By F. GOODALL, R.A. Preparing for the Baby Show.

No. 380. By J. C. HOOK, R.A. Without referring to Catalogue, this appears to be a dog coming out of a barley-field. On referring to Catalogue, I find that this is *not* the idea intended to be conveyed. How could I have made such a mistake!

No. 321. By LIONEL SMYTHE. Probably a view of some sequestered spot in the grounds of Colney Hatch. Fooliah young person in foreground, damp grass, and fine prospect of rheumatism in the back.

No. 981. By JAMES ARCHER. Painful position of a Scotch Gentleman sitting for his portrait in the open air. For the remainder of his life must he always sit in this dress, in this position, and in this identical spot for so many hours a day, or else will no one ever recognise him? Appalling thought!

No. 1263. By T. O. BARLOW, A. "His Grace the DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, K.G.—after J. E. MILLAIS, R.A." Is he? I hope His Grace, K.G. will overtake J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., who must have had time to get out of sight while the Duke was putting his top-boots on, as he is not in the picture.

No. 276. By the same. "Gloria." After JOHN PHILLIP. And glory to T. O. BARLOW, says *Punch*, for this noble engraving of his lamented friend's stirring picture of a Spanish Wake.

No. 1363. By D. W. WYNFIELD. Without reference to Catalogue, I should imagine that this is some one in the Past listening to the Music of the Future, and naturally much irritated by it. A solo on the Jews' harp.

No. 1466. Striking Sculpture. By F. LEIGHTON, R.A. May represent morning exercise for a muscular person after tub-time. Legend—"See what I found in my bath this morning!"

Now take a stroll back again, and, before leaving for the day, look at—

No. 197. By E. M. WARD, R.A. "What has he got in his head?" But this wasn't what the Artist had in *his* head when he painted this picture. Refer to Catalogue.

No. 508. Also by E. M. WARD, R.A. After-dinner spasm. The momentous question, "Was it the Cucumber?" Poor dear creature!

No. 409. By J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. Gentleman going away with his portmanteau. On the point of departure his mind misgives him, and he sternly asks his wife, "Are you *quite* sure you packed up my sponge?" She replies, positively, in the affirmative. So the picture is rightly called "*Yes.*"

TRY AGAIN.

"DRURY LANE GARDEN.—A correspondent writes:—'Last week it was announced in *The Times* that a burial-ground long since disused in Drury Lane had been formally opened as a garden by the Vicar and Churchwardens of the parish of St. Giles, for the use of the surrounding inhabitants. However, on the evening after the opening, the 2nd instant, the Churchwardens went down to see how the garden was appreciated, when they witnessed such a scene of disorder, wanton trampling on the ornamental grounds, and in some instances tearing up of plants and shrubs, that they gave immediate orders to have the garden cleared and the gates closed until further notice.'"—*The Times.*

[*Punch* is glad, for the sake of the Drury Lane population, to learn, by a letter from MISS OCTAVIA HILL, that the damage was neither so serious nor so wanton as is here stated.]

DISCOURAGING, that Drury's hordes unshriven
'Gainst Eden's influence their hearts should harden.
Sad to see beds trod down, and shrubs up-riven,
In this, the first "God's-acre" ever given
The back-slums' brood for garden!

Disheartening! Yet let us not lose heart.
We all know "*C'est le premier pas qui coûte.*"
Foiled by one back-cast? 'Twere a braver part
To plant again, for growths that yet may start
E'en from least hopeful root.

If crushed beds, trampled plants, seem poor return
For Vicar's and Churchwardens' well-meant guerdon,
Think it needs time, for pariahs to learn
The brotherhood with which kind natures yearn
To ease their sordid burden.

Shall children's Godsend by roughs' fault be marred?
Shame to let pity to mistrust so harden!
Be not kind purpose by first failure barred,
And e'en roughs yet may learn to love and guard
God's-acre turned to garden.

SUBJECT FOR ALMA TADEMA.

Ancient Philanthropist (to Collector for Classical Charity).—"Write *me* down an *as!*"

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VERS NONSENSIQUES, À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(*Par* ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUÈRE.)



L'ANDALOUSE (Marquise et Lionne),
Qui naguère habitait Barcelone,
Et démoralisait
Tant le Sieur de Musset,
Vient d'ouvrir une auberge à Bayonne.



"O jument de la nuit, ombre sombre !
D'où viens-tu ?—de ces radis sans nombre ?—
Ou viens-tu cette fois
De ce lapin gallois ?—
Ou viens-tu—de ce maudit concombre ?"



"Cassez-vous, cassez-vous, cassez-vous,
O mer, sur vos froids gris cailloux !"
Ainsi traduisait LAURE
Au profit d'ISIDORE
(Bon jeune homme, et son futur époux).



"I am gai. I am poet. I dvell
Rupert Street, at the fifth. I am svell.
And I sing tralala,
And I love my mamma,
And the English, I speaks him qvite vell !"

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



RÆTORIA *præterita est.* The Boerish Republic is no more! So LORD CARNARVON (*Lords, Monday, May 7*) reads off the wires. SHEPSTONE has cut the knot, not by edge of sword, but by a short, sharp, and decisive instrument of Incorporation of the Transvaal with British South Africa. Let us hope we have not taken the territory of the Boer at a Trans-vaaluation. But there seems to have been nothing else for it.

"Who dreamed of pirates loose—
Though none were there?
Would have us cook their goose?
Robin Adair!"

LORD WAVENEY, who seems to have piracy on the brain, moved an Address praying the QUEEN to invite the co-operation of her allies to maintain the security of commerce in the Mediterranean, which, so far as LORD DERBY knows, is in no way threatened. As if we hadn't scares enough loose already!

(*Commons.*)—The fullest House of the Session. Strangers as thick as thieves, or bees at swarming-time, in the Speaker's gallery. A ballot among some four hundred for some eighty places—worse than claimants on the Treasury in Coalition-time. Peers in every place that Peers could be poked into—as in the Ministry. Members wherever Members could sit or stand. Both galleries brimming over; and M.P.'s seated on the steps below the gangway. An overflow, in fact, of uninformed in- and out-siders to see the Opposition Actæon worried by his own pack; of those who were behind the scenes, to see W. E. G., turned tactician, split his differences and his Resolutions, in order to re-cement Her Majesty's Opposition.

Let *Punch* remind the readers of the substance of these four now famous Resolutions. The first censured the Porte for not punishing the authors of the Bulgarian atrocities at LORD DERBY's bidding. The second declared that Turkey had forfeited all claims on the moral and material support of England, until she mended her ways. The third pledged us to the cause of self-government in the Turkish provinces. The fourth committed us to the principle of a European concert to enforce Europe's will on Turkey, by coercion, if need be.

Rather than support the two latter, SIR JOHN LUBBOCK had given notice to extinguish all four under "the previous question." The debate on this would have brought into strong relief the antagonism between the more advanced Liberals of the Opposition, who were prepared to support all four Resolutions, and the more moderate majority, who would have voted with SIR JOHN, and so shelved the Resolutions, without directly negativing them. One question between the sections of Opposition in the House, and out of it, hangs on the policy of coercion. Another, and more important at this moment, lies between a policy of strict neutrality and one of, or at least tending to, war.

Punch has always kept one line on the coercion question. Unless England meant to join in coercing Turkey into compliance with the conclusions of a Conference, she should never have taken part in one that, without coercion, was sure to end in smoke. Let those who may wish to consult our record, turn back to the Cartoon, in which, immediately on the conclusion of the Conference, *Punch* put to the British Lion the crucial question, "If you didn't mean to back up LORD SALISBURY, why did you send him?"

From the moment that Her Majesty's Government proclaimed their policy of non-coercion, the way was clear for Her Majesty's Opposition to have proclaimed theirs of coercion, if they dared. *They did not dare.* Their ranks were from that moment divided into a more cautious wing, under LORD HARTINGTON, and a more thorough-going and daring wing, under MR. GLADSTONE and the DUKE OF ARGYLL.

The spectacle which the Majority promised themselves on Monday was the internecine combat of these two wings—the duel of the Hartingtonatii and the Gladstoneatii. They were disappointed. MR. GLADSTONE, rather than give the House this gladiatorial exhibition, consented to throw over the third and fourth Resolutions, on which the wings were at odds, and to modify Resolutions one and

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two, so that the Opposition might fight shoulder to shoulder in their support.

Punch won't say if this was a wise or unwise, a brave or cowardly, policy. He would, as a rule, rather see quarrels fought out than stifled. This *is* a quarrel sooner or later to be fought out. But whether it should be fought out by Her Majesty's Opposition for the amusement of H. M. Government is another matter.

Naturally, the Majority considered themselves very ill-used in being thus robbed of their anticipated entertainment.

The bolder spirits, who were willing to face this fight, in the strength of their manly principle, "thorough," found voice by CHAMBERLAIN and COURTNEY to express their regret at the compromise. But if their Leader consented to waive a vote on his third and fourth Resolutions, he did not, happily for England and the House, waive his speech in their support.

Thanks to them, we have heard the boldest, most logical, and, as *Punch* believes, in the long run, wisest and most clear-sighted English policy on the Eastern Question propounded and maintained in one of the most spirit-stirring speeches ever delivered in the House of Commons. Never, on any question were parties, in or out of the House, so divided as on this. *Punch*, finding all his hopes for the future, all his convictions of duty in the present, all his conclusions from history in the past, reflected in MR. GLADSTONE'S noble words, does not hesitate to avow himself—so far as he has a personality—at one with the Member for Greenwich, and those who go along with him, in this crisis. He believes, if those views had been boldly and consistently maintained by the Government from the first, war might have been averted, and the oppressed Rayahs would have learnt e'er this that they had as staunch and stout a friend in the Lion as in the Bear, not to say a safer and more magnanimous defender.

But the opportunity has been allowed to pass. Another influence (a veiled force that has been working from the first) has been allowed to prevail; an influence in all points tending to condonation of Turkey and to distrust of Russia; an influence that seems to have for its object to set the Lion and Bear by the ears, and to exaggerate the danger to English interests in Asia and Europe from Russia's hostilities with Turkey; an influence that has been allowing the Ship of State to drift, if not piloting her, nearer and nearer the Maëlström of War—of war, if not avowedly for Turkey, at least against Russia as the enemy of Turkey, and in the name of English interests, remotely and obscurely involved in any probable event, and, for the present, not implicated at all. All consciousness of such a drift, not to say all co-operation with it, Government in the first night of this debate disavowed in the manly and straightforward speech of the HOME SECRETARY. What he says he stands by. His worst enemy can never charge him with fighting a Cross. Henceforth our Government is pledged, as positively as a Government can be, to neutrality in this unhappy but inevitable war—inevitable mainly, as *Punch* is sorry to believe, through the timidity, shilly-shallying, and half-heartedness of our Rulers—of Her Majesty's Opposition, as well as Her Majesty's Government.

MR. CROSS's distinct avowal of neutrality at this crisis, when the dogs of war are yelping their loudest, the country owes to MR. GLADSTONE and his Resolutions—and, as things are, even this is a great gain.

Through Monday and Tuesday, Thursday and Friday nights, the speaking went on, with much vehement recrimination; and, after the two great guns of the week were fired—MR. GLADSTONE'S in defence of what might have been, MR. CROSS'S in re-assurance as to what is—with little increase either of sweetness or light in the House, whatever may have been the enlightening effect out of it. *Punch* waives the task of reiterating the iterations of the speakers night after night; only noting that, for Turk, and against Russ, MR. CHAPLIN, SIR ROBERT PEEL, and LORD ELCHO talked most wild and whirlingly: while, on the other side, MR. COURTNEY was an exception to the general rule of repetition. He boldly avowed his regret at the watering down of the Resolutions, his readiness to have supported the strongest of them, and his entire adherence to a policy of coercion applied to Turkey.

Thus all the week has been taken up in a sharper defining of parties and policies on this Eastern quarrel, and, above all, in making it clear that England stands pledged not to strike on behalf of the effete and unimprovable Turk—or, if she strike in at all, to do so only on behalf of grave national interests, when those interests are visibly menaced. When they are, it is quite certain that all parties will be agreed that the time has indeed come for the British Lion to show his teeth. It is just as certain that that time is not yet.

Chaff at such a moment, and on such a subject, is impertinence. *Punch* has felt a call to be serious, and to speak as he feels, without even putting the thin mask of irony over his seriousness.

Friday (*Lords*).—The DUKE OF ST. ALBANS had to withdraw his Bill for Limiting the Hours of Railway Servants. For reasons good, no doubt, the Bill may have been pronounced crude and impracticable; but the Companies will have to set their lines in order, and treat their Servants with more decent consideration than they have done, both as regards hours, rules, and protection of life and limb, or it will be warmer than ever for them when they are delivered over to the hands of the Juries, whose verdicts now rudely embody retribution for corporations that have happily a pocket to be dipped into, if not a soul to be lost, or a body to be kicked.

(*Commons.*)—The debate on the Resolutions was adjourned again till Monday; and if it is finished then, it will be less because all have said their say, than from SIR STAFFORD'S threat, that if the House do not give the Government Tuesday night, it shall have its Whitsun holidays docked. The truth is, that though the Resolutions may mean little, the discussion means a great deal, for the country, even more than the House of Commons. England is making up its mind, and will soon be ready to cast the weight of the national will unmistakeably into—which scale, that of Turkey and BEACONSFIELD, or that of Neutrality and CROSS? *D. T.* and *P. M.* say the former. *Punch* says the latter. Which can feel the national pulse best?

THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.



HAVING been a considerable time accustomed to play the Trilogy, with one finger on the Accordion, I was naturally anxious to hear the same work of art performed by a Band of two hundred, at the Albert Hall.

HERR RICHARD WAGNER wrote to me in his best low Bavarian:—

"*Ich bin gleich nach London ge-kommen mit der Trompeten und Drummen, der brassen, der Winden und der Fiddelstückeren. Du bist ein Musik-Kritiker. Wie viel? Leben Sie wohl.*—R. W."

Then—

"*Postscriptum. Inklösen ist ein Postoffische Ordern fur ein Thaler. Herren Hodge und Essex vollen Sie Trinkmönische geben. Wenn beide der Herren are at home, Sie der whole somm all-at-vonce vill poksten!! Stecken Sie es in Ihre Tasche! Ich trinke to our Nex-merre-meeting! Hoch!*"

To which I replied (in Saxon-Bavarian, which we both understood)—

"*O mein intimer Freund, Ich zee zou blowen vürst! Votz ein Thaler? Gettout!! Woran denken Sie? Das ist nicht genug. Ich weiss wie viel Uhre es ist! Ich take nicht der trink-mönische Ekseptung wenn Ich bin Drei. Wenn Drei, trinke. Kumprenny? Lieben Sie wohl mein Herr Von Thaler—nicht Von Thaler, aber Zwei, Drei und az many moren Thaleren az zu liken-to-standen! Hoch!*"

Why, I couldn't even get up a Torchlight Procession in Orme Square with one thaler. It wouldn't run to one torch and a cab fare. So that all my schemes for worthily celebrating the grand occasion fell to the ground. I had composed a Festival Hymn to be sung to an air of BELLINI'S under VAGNER'S vinder in Orme Square (where he is stopping, with HERR TOOLE, who "always comes home to tea"), which ran (or would have run, if it had once got a fair start) like this,—

"Orme! Orme! Orme! sweet Orme!
Ho clever HERR WAGNER, there's no place like Orme!"

This was set to a bed-chamber-kandlestückeren "motive," and would have been simply a master-piece; but, no matter, there's the master-piece still on my chimney-piece. The world knows nothing of its greatest men!

Being a trifle near-sighted, and a little uncertain about Wagnerian waggeries generally (I haven't seen him for years—and the idea of offering me a Thaler!), I requested a friend of mine who has the reputation of being a very well-informed man, to ask me (in your interest) to dinner. He mistook my meaning, and came and dined with me. We were Wagnerites both—Wagnerisserites. My Well-Informed Man said he would tell me everything. Down to the Hall we went in a Hansom. Then we got out, and, amid the cheers of the Monday Populace and the courteous salutes of the A Division (Wagnerites to a man), bowing left and right, entered the *salle*.

"*Der Walkuren!*" exclaimed the crowd directly they saw us. We intimated to HERREN HODGE AND ESSEX that we wished to be alone. They replied that with nearly eight thousand people in the

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A SET-DOWN.

Mistress. "LOOK, BRIDGET, THERE'S THE MARK OF YOUR THUMB ON THIS PLATE! DON'T YOU SEE IT?!"

Biddy. "MUSHA, THIN, HOW PARTICLAR YEZ ARE! AND SORRA THE QUALITY THAT'S IN IT, NEITHER!"

Hall this would be almost impossible. "But," they politely added, "'after the Opera is over' you can have it entirely to yourself."

"Now," I said to my Well-Informed Man (engaged, mind, on purpose, just as a Q.C. has a Solicitor below him to give him his facts), "Tell me all you know."

Oh, Sir! Oh, my dear Sir! never again with you, Robin—I mean, never again with my Well-Informed Friend. A humbug, Sir, a humbug!—but, to proceed.

Two Ladies walked on to the platform. Immense applause. "Whom are they applauding?" I asked of Well-Informed Friend. Did he reply at once, Sir? No. *He referred to his programme.* Why, I could have done as much. At this moment a buzz went round the house, and from box to box was mysteriously telegraphed the words "FRAU MATERNA." "Ah!" exclaimed my Well-Informed Friend suddenly, "that's FRAU MATERNA! She was at Bayreuth."

"*Which* is FRAU MATERNA?" I asked, sternly, for there were two. "Is it the magnificent lady in a brilliant dress, or is it the retiring young damsel in blue?"

"Well," replied my Well-Informed Friend, deliberately, "well—it's either the stouter of the two—or the other."

And I had asked this friend to accompany me on the strength of knowing all about it! Why, Sir, I had imagined that this person had been your Correspondent at Bayreuth last year!

Suddenly, a burst of enthusiastic applause. I could *not* see whom they were applauding. I appealed to my Well-Informed Friend. "Is it WAGNER?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, slowly, "I fancy it must be WAGNER."

"Is he there?" I asked, authoritatively, for you see I had treated this man, and treated him well, on the strength of his being Your Own Well-Informed Correspondent at Bayreuth.

"Well," he began, "I rather think he——" But before the egregious humbug could commit himself to an assertion, a mysterious whisper passed round—"It is WILHELMJ!"

"Ah!" exclaimed my Well-Informed Friend, suddenly waking up, "that's WILHELMJ!"

I frowned; he cowered. So we sat, *I* frowning, *he* cowering, until an enthusiastic greeting announced the appearance of HERR WAGNER.

A Lady near me gave a great start.

"Is *that* WAGNER?" she exclaimed; and then added, in a tone of considerable disappointment, "*Why he is quite a respectable-looking, quiet, elderly man!*" And so he is—*now.*

My Well-Informed Man, while pretending to read the German portion of the *Tannhaüser* (the humbug!), kept losing his place (I watched him), and was always looking over other people's shoulders to see when *they* turned over, and what page they were at.

Still I clung to him. I had heard him talk so much of WAGNER. In your interests, Sir, I clung to him. I still hoped that he might be the gifted creature I had supposed.

Between the parts I took my Well-Informed Man into the Lobby, pulled out my note-book, and said, "Now tell me all about it. First, I suppose you knew all these singers to speak to at Bayreuth?"

My Well-Informed Man paused for a moment, trembled, turned pale, then throwing himself on his knees, while the perspiration streamed off his agonised face, he cried, "Spare me! Oh spare me! *I never was at Bayreuth!*"

I suppress the rest of this painful scene. I pity that man's family. He was at once confided to the care of Policeman B flat (a great Wagnerite), and I saw no more of him.

A sadder and a wiser man, I returned for the *Rhein-gold,*—that overpoweringly wonderful work. The Music-Hall of the Future is evidently paved with good motives. I recognised the genius of the idea, and fell into the spirit of it cordially. Before it was a quarter over didn't I feel an irrepressible "drink-motive"? Later on, wasn't I powerfully moved by a "more-drink-motive"? Then by "go-away-before-the-crowden-motive"? Were not the Linkmen both actuated by a "threepenny-bit-motive" when they dashed wildly off in search of a cab for yours truly? And wasn't I (still Wagnerian) impelled by a "save-my-two-and-sixpence-motive" when I didn't stop for the cab, but set off to walk? Didn't the "drink-motive" recur strongly again and oftentimes during the remainder of the evening, not to mention the "supper-motive" and the "cigar-motive," uniting together to form one irresistible "stop-at-the-Club-till-three-in-the-morning-motive."

Before retiring to rest, I dropped a line to my old friend,—"*Mein Intimer Freund,* your Rhine-gold has the ring (*Der Ring des Nibelungen*) of the true Genius-metal. But with such a stock of Rhine-gold, why offer me a Thaler? No matter. Success to you, *Mein Herr!* The "sleep-motive" overcomes yours ever,

THE HOOKY WALKYRIE.

THE GREAT OBSTRUCTIVES.

A new Irish Melody: (*Air* "*Let Erin Remember.*")

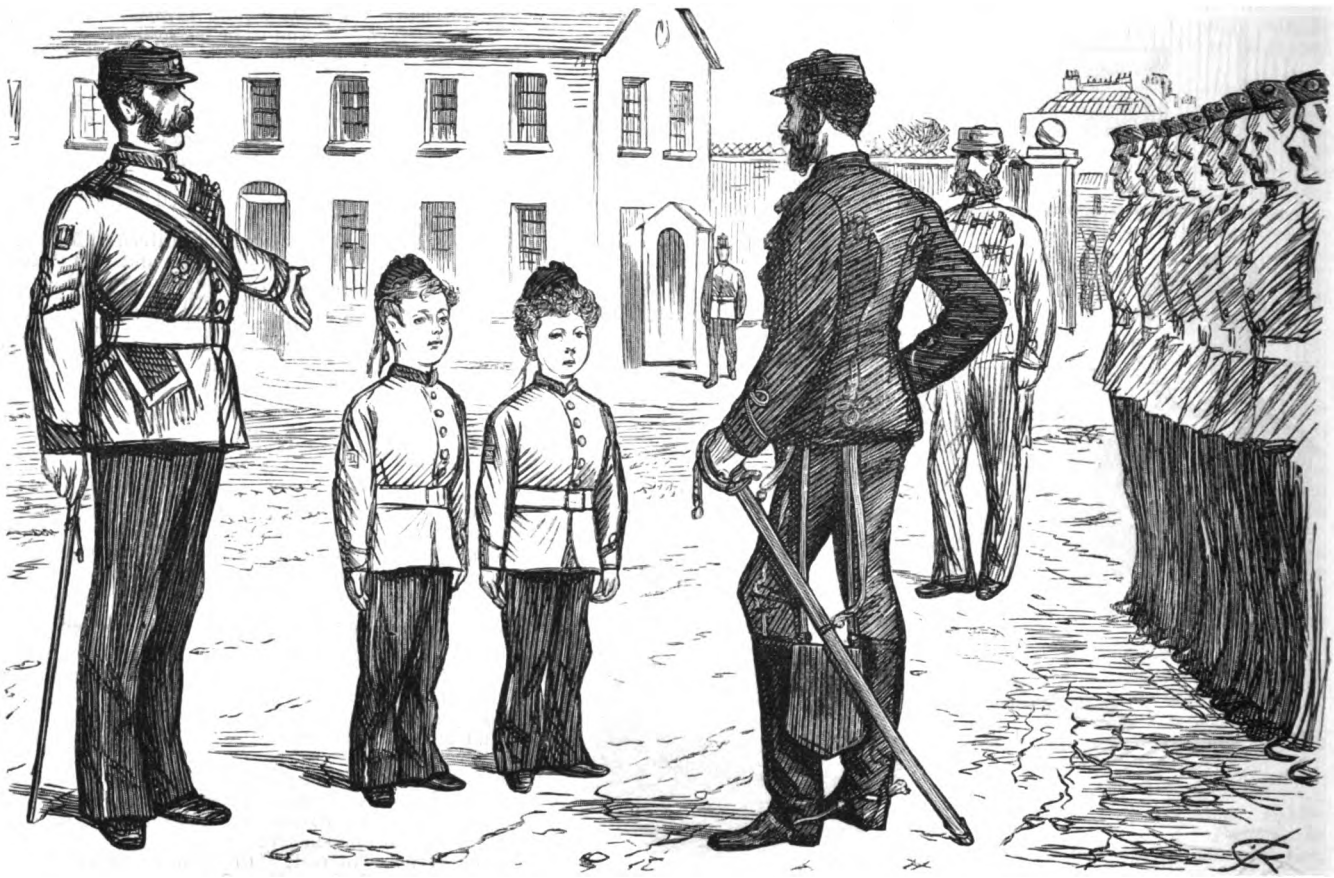
LET Erin rejoice in a BIGGAR bold,
And a PARNELL that ne'er betrayed her,
Who have both spurned Office, and Smiles, and Gold,
At the hand of the base invader.
Obstruction's flag bould BIGGAR unfurled,
By PARNELL bravely mated,
And, wid Blue-Book afther Blue-Book hurled,
The heads of the Saxons slated!

On the benches green in the Saxons' hall
These heroes took their station,
Obstruction to fling in the way of all
The Saxons' legislation.
"Divide, divide!" the Saxons cried,
And crowed, like cocks, in chorus,
But BIGGAR and PARNELL the gang defied,
And but waxed more obstrepōrous.

"Is 't dividin' you're afther? If that 's the talk,
You shall have it—we give you warnin';"
And thirteen times they made 'em walk
'Twixt lobby and sates ere mornin'.
Since ould NOLL ordthered the mace away,
On the Commons' coat-tails threading,
Was never beheld such blank dismay
Over Saxon faces spreading.

Then may Erin keep for her PARNELL'S name,
And her PARNELL'S iligant figure,
The biggest niche in her Temple of Fame,
And for Cavan's Member a bigger.
While in pathriot records of deeds sublime
The tale shall be tould for iver,
How BIGGAR and PARNELL talked agin time,
And bate time into fits, so cliver.

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DISAFFECTION

Adjutant. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, DRUM-MAJOR?"
Drum-Major. "PLEASE, SIR, THE DRUMS IS IN A STATE OF MUTINY, AND THESE ARE THE RINGLEADERS!!"

TOO "HARD A-PORT(E)"!

"MR. GLADSTONE may not succeed in carrying the House, or re-uniting his Party, or even winning the solid support of the British people for the present, but his work will stand and bear fruit if he has disabused England of her old Turkish prepossessions, and delivered her soul from one of its most evil, most unprofitable, and most dishonourable illusions."—*The Times.*

Lo! the Man at the Wheel, all mysterious and mute,
At the helm of the good ship *Britannia* he stands,
A nautical Sphinx, dumb as death, cold and 'cute;
Hard-a-Porte he would steer, were her course in his hands.
'Twould go hard with the ship, if with dangers around,
Whate'er the crew fear, or whatever they feel,
None a question dared raise, while the rule all propound,
'Tis high treason to speak to the Man at the Wheel.

We would fain know the course our dark pilot is steering,
For the water it shoals and the rocks loom ahead:
There be those who believe that the breakers he's nearing,
But yet to "go aft" in a body they dread.
For they know that a clamorous part of the watch
Would as mutiny punish alarm or appeal—
And they think, come what may, no disaster could match
Such an act as to speak to the Man at the Wheel.

But a stout able-seaman, one W. E. G.,
Has long had an eye on the chart and the course;
He the skipper distrusts now *Britannia*'s at sea,
And declines to take silence for BULL'S best resource.
So he ups and says he, "Howsomever it be,
You're steering too much on the Porte tack, a deal.
The rest of the crew may be dumb, but for me,
I'm a-going to speak to the Man at the Wheel."

And then comes a chorus of warning and threat—
Fierce charges of mutiny rain on his head;
His messmates fall off in alarm, or in pet,
For irons some call, or strait-waistcoat instead.
But that sturdy A.B. is not daunted, not he;
Funk or flare-up who will, true and trenchant as steel,
Come foe or fail friend, there is W. E. G.,
Determined to speak to the Man at the Wheel.

Says WILLIAM, "Belay! This here Porte tack, I say,
Isn't safe for the ship—with the chart doesn't square;
The war-rock you should clear lies full in your way,
And the sands and the shoals that you funk are not there.
All your bearings are wrong: you must try t'other tack.
For discipline's sake one can stand a good deal.
But ere on the rocks the *Britannia*'s run smack,
'Tis time some one spoke to the Man at the Wheel."

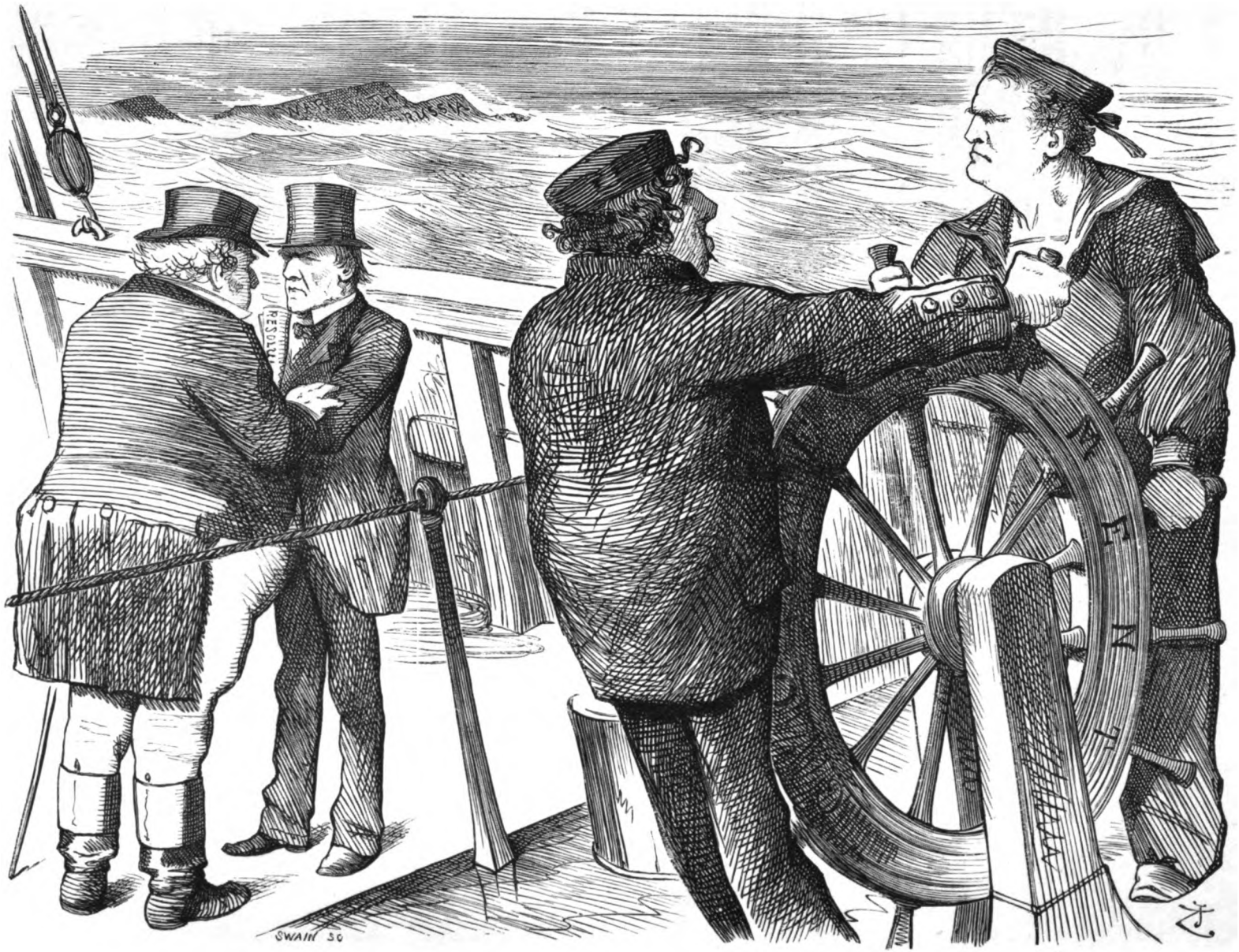
Says the Man at the Wheel, 'mid a volley of cheers,
"If this isn't mutiny, my coat ain't blue:
To question the course your ship's officer steers!
You deserve to be clapped in the bilboes, you do!
But the poor men you've gammoned your leading discard,
They'd rather we steered her than you, by a deal.
You deserve in a rope's-end to swing at a yard,
For daring to speak to the Man at the Wheel."

But "Belay, there! belay!" sings out ADMIRAL BULL.
"Whether WILLIAM is right in the course he would steer
Is a question, perhaps; but by running rap-full
On this Porte-tack the reefs you have brought the ship near.
With breakers ahead, and more minds, too, than one
In the ward-room about the ship's handling, I feel,
Howe'er etiquette or Queen's Articles run,—
It is time we *both* spoke to the Man at the Wheel.

ALL FOR HER AND HER FRIENDS.

SEVERAL Ladies propose the formation of a Club exclusively for the promotion of feminine pleasures and pastimes, to be called, in contradistinction to the Orleans, the All She 'Uns Club.

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TOO "HARD A-PORT(E)"!

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DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

(Continued and Forwarded by Private Wire.)



To-day.—Have been unwell for a day or two on the road to Khiva, but am now quite re-khiva'd. (Pun duly patented and registered as a newspaper for transmission abroad.) Just met a Roumaniac coming from Roumania. They are all Roumaniacs in Roumania. Asked him if he had heard any war reports. He replied, "O son of many distinguished parents, O very much overfed and polished one, I haven't." He went on to add that the only reports he *had* heard were of guns in the distance.

Met several people going the other way, all dressed in different costumes, some with beards, some with no beards, some with moustachios, some with no moustachios, some with bald heads, some with full flowing wigs, some with long noses and green spectacles, others with short noses and blue spectacles, and so on. Soon found out (on their removing their false noses, beards, &c.,) that they were Russian Spies in disguise. They went through a short gymnastic entertainment and left early. If MR. CHATTERTON wants some *Vokeski* amusements for his next Christmas Pantomime, he'd better give me *carte blanche* to engage this Band of Russian Spies. It would be a highly spies'd entertainment. (Pun patented and protected by Vic. V. cap. 6.)

Day after.—Met a Fair Circassian. Addressed her with "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" in her own native tongue. Struck me—the idea struck me, not the Fair Circassian—that she would do for the *Princess Olinska* in *Mazeppa*. Engaged her. The only question is now, can I play *Mazeppa* with my present lot? And do I want a licence? What will the LORD CHAMBERLAIN say? My *corps* consists of self (as *Mazeppa*), Sleigh-driver, and his Boy. Fair Circassian, and the Circus Horse. The Donkey could be got up as a Wolf, and could be taught to pursue me. The Pig is a difficulty; but being already so remarkably clever, I fancy that with a very little more arithmetical training with tickets and passes, he might become an invaluable check-taker, or better still, an acting-manager for the front of the house; and this would not only save a salary, but also be an attraction if properly announced in the bills, thus, "Money taken at the doors by the Learned Pig. All applications on business connected with the management must be made to the Pig!" And in these times when anything from the East creates an excitement, I could advertise him as, "Hog, the Ex-King of Basan!" But these are day-dreams. On to Khiva! Haven't seen the Oxus lately, from which circumstance I gather that the Sleigh-driver has got the Circus Horse to go straight for once.

Next day.—Met a few small Boys. Engaged them. New idea—advertise myself and company as "DR. LARX and His Little Men!" Agent in advance much wanted. Pig no good. If he went on alone he might get into difficulties with the wolves. He'd be safe from the nomad tribes *en route*, as their religious tenets are generally anti-pig, and on this one point they are a Pig-culiar, but not a Pig-culinary people. This is what I say when I'm *crackling* a joke with a friend. The Sleigh-driver has begun to learn English. How will this end? Wish I had a book of *Mazeppa*. Quite forgot to bring one with me. Shall have to make it up from memory. I remember the funny man in it—*Drolinski*. Weather cold. My frigidometer down to Zero-under-line. Very low note this. I write this before going to bed. Think I hear wolves. No!... Only the Pig snoring. Wish I could think of a good name for the Pig in the handbills. A German name always looks artistic, and HERR VON GRUNTZ wouldn't be bad. I'll ask him when he wakes, and get him to spell it out on the Alphabet. If he doesn't like it, he shan't have it. What a pet this Pig is! I'm spoiling him, I'm afraid. Oft on a stilly night, when his head is aching after his day's mental strain of the performance—for he is a litter-ary Pig, bless him!—I sit by his little couch, and sing him to sleep, the Sleigh-driver playing on the *banjoski* (a Tartar instrument with one string and a half and two screws at the top, played with the thumb of the left hand), with the air, "*Hush-a-bye, Bacon!*" from my exquisite Russian adaptation of the celebrated Triumviretta, which will be published (shortly) at St. Petersburg under the title of "*Coxus and Boxus on the Oxus.*" So runs the world away! Good night!... Jumped out of bed again just to jot down this idea. Shall call my Sleigh-driver, HERR WAG'NER. Perhaps it will frighten the wolves.

To-morrow.—Thought it would never come. Am writing, while driving in the sleigh-caravan, the first Act of *Mazeppa*. Pig hard at his studies. Stopped for *lunchski* with Fair Circassian at *Kissenuff*. She *has* got an appetite. Played three games at Cribbage with Pig. Pig backed by Fair Circassian (who said I cheated) and Sleigh-driver. Lost twenty roubles. Fair Circassian insisted on being paid on the spot. Row. No more Cribbage. Pig ungrateful, and knows too much. Sleigh-driver's Boy sharp, though. I was just on the point of handing over the coin, for one cannot keep a Lady waiting, when the Boy rushes in, his hair standing on end, his face pale, his dress disordered, crying out "Wolves!!"

In a second I was master of the situation. My purse went back again into my pocket. Horse harnessed. Donkey put on tandem fashion. Circassian jumped in. Pig anywhere. Little Boys stowed under the apron. Sleigh-driver (a very nervous man wrapped up in thick capes), on to his box. Crack goes the whip. Sleigh-driver's Boy up behind. Bells jingle. Away! Away! Wolves after us in full cry!! Imagine the horror of the situation!! More in my next, if I live to tell the tale!! The next halting-place is *Gladitzova*. Wish we were there. Again we are urging on our wild career. There must be at least a thousand wolves behind us. I telegraph this to you—perhaps for the last time. Please send out cheque by messenger, it *may* keep the wolf from the carriage-door. Snow falling, wolves howling, thunder, lightning, lights down, hats off in front, music!!.... Ha! they come!!

(To be continued by Private Wire in my next, if possible.)

Note by the Editor.—How the Diary is sent to us week after week is really wonderful. Our Confidential Boy in the front office takes it in regularly, and says that the messenger who delivers it is above suspicion. We begin to suspect the Confidential Boy. In the interests of the public we have hired a detective to watch the Confidential Boy. No collusion. We *will* know the truth. Of course if our Riding Representative *is* in danger, there may be yet time to send out assistance.

Important Correction.

THE Woman's Rights Association requests that the following correction may be made in the next number of *Punch*:-

For—

An Act to enable a Man to marry his Deceased Wife's Sister.

Read—

An Act to enable a Woman to marry her Deceased Sister's Husband.

A RISING ARTIST.—GAY, R.A.

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THE METALLIC CURE.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago DR. BURCK, of Paris, made a discovery. It is only at the present moment that the world—medical and other—is penetrated with its importance. A Paris daily calls it "a new physiological law." It is more, inasmuch as it does not supplement, but contradicts, received axioms. This is "*Metallo-therapia*," or treatment of diseases by metallic applications, varying according to the temperaments of the subject operated on.

In all the pathies the choice of the remedy is ruled chiefly by the malady, little by the patient. In Metallotherapy it is found to be different. Not only will external applications of metallic disks restore, in a few minutes, sensation to a subject completely insensible to the knife or the needle; not only will a copper stewpan pressed on the forehead cure the most violent headache; but what these gold pieces, this copper pan have done for you, mayhap they will not do for me. Not only hysteria, anæsthesia, St. Vitus's Dance, &c., own this new law, but it is even hoped that it may be found to extend to paralysis itself.

Each human being has *his* metal *par excellence*, and if you want to see him at his best you must put him *on* his metal. Let us consider briefly a few of the social changes that may spring from this new knowledge:—

1. Pleadings will be modified. The conveyancer of a gold watch, of a lot of silver plate, will be defended as having, by his constitution, an irresistible need of this or that metal.

2. When the sovereign metal for each child has been discovered, as the child grows up, the fact may be registered like birth, vaccination, or the fourth standard.

3. The metal may even be added, by choice or by law, before the surname. This would be useful for distinguishing homonyms. "JOHN GOLD SMITH," and "JOHN CADMIUM SMITH," for instance. To avoid confusion, one would write "JOHN AURUM SMITH," no doubt.

4. Marriages will be influenced by consideration of the alloyablity of the contracting parties' metals. When a *ménage* has come to grief, friends will say, "What could one expect? Each required gold indispensably!" or "My dear, who on earth could fancy tin and palladium would run well together!"

5. We shall not make any obvious remarks about the well-known effect of gold as a medicine, or hint that the doctor who, suspecting a tightness in his patient's chest, wrote, "*Prenez chez mon banquier* 50,000 *francs*," was the true discoverer of the system.

6. Once a man's metal is discovered, its name may be tattooed upon him. (The chemical symbols for the metals would afford suggestions for abbreviation: thus iron would be Fe., gold Au., &c.

7. In noble families, the successive inheritors of the honours may be distinguished in the Archives by their metals. Thus we may not only see an Iron Duke in a new sense, but read of the "Bismuth Earl," the "Manganese Marquis," &c.

(*En passant*—Can manganese be the cure for humour? Oats take up iron as they grow, and manganese. But where oats grow there is generally no manganese, save in Scotland; and it is said that Scots have this manganese in their blood. This may account for certain Scottish *differentiæ*.)

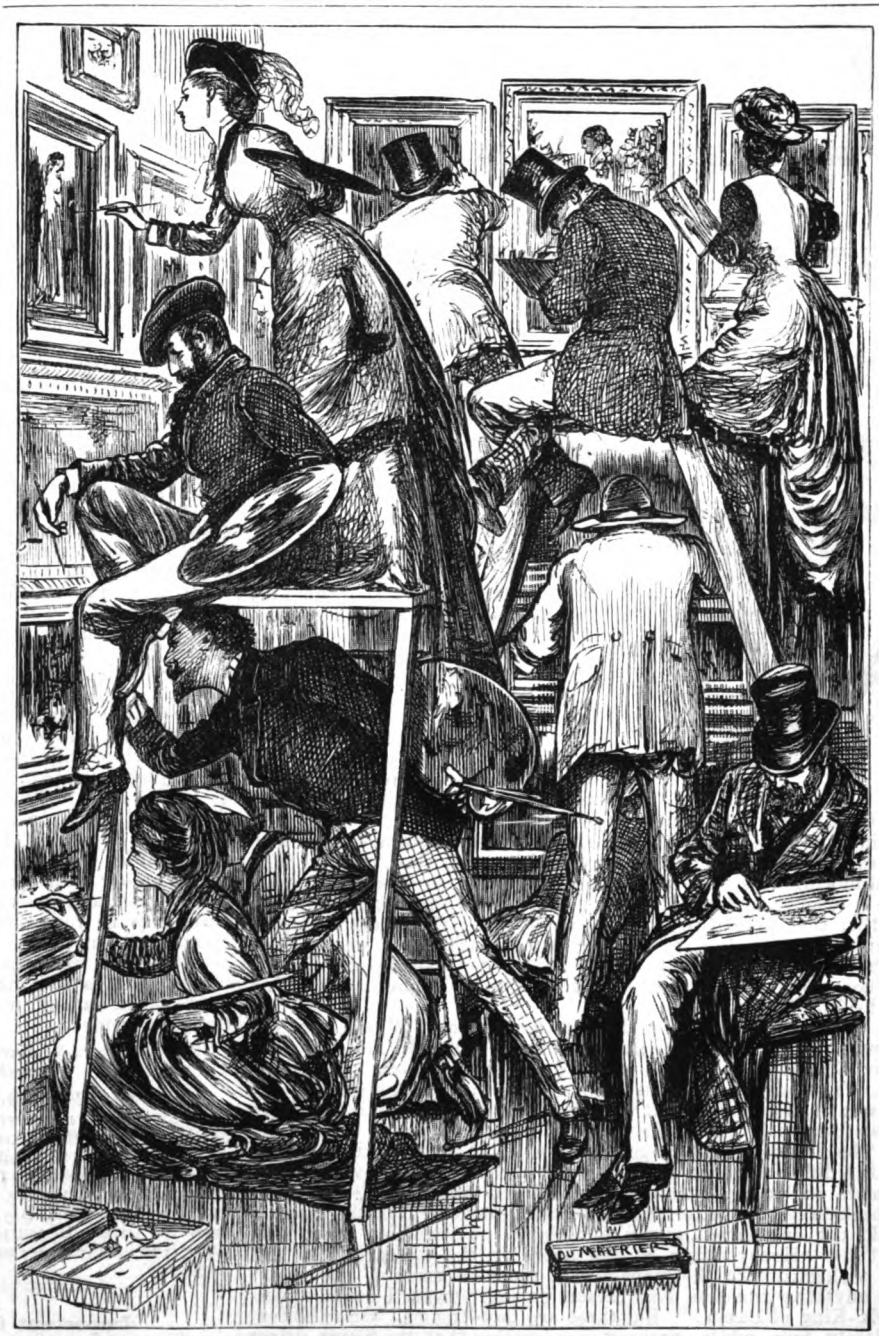
Everybody takes iron for the blood; but everybody does not thrive upon it.

DR. BURCK declares that where iron fails, he has found copper, silver, or gold work like a charm.

PARACELSUS cured toothache by plates of magnetised iron applied to the head. It is suggested that the plates and bracelets worn by the ancients had a similar object. Perhaps the nose-rings of savages may be a dim and darkling effort at the cure of influenza—a survival of ancient knowledge.

Exact correlation between the metals and the temperaments is suspected. It is difficult to see how this can be, since the number of the metals is very much more than double that of the temperaments, even when crossed and compounded.

If all these flowers fruit, we shall be laughed at now—which, after all, is our vocation—but perhaps held as a prophet in another quarter of a century, for saying that there would be nothing strange in finding a Perfect Cure, which would put effectual extinguishers on all the wicked moulds of Mania, in its seven chief branches, of Homicidal, Suicidal, Erotic, Klepto, Biblo, Dipso—which spring from the central stem, Mono—Mania.



VARNISHING DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

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LUCUS A NON LUCENDO.

"I say, Cousin Constance, I've found out why you always call your Mamma '*Mater*.'" "Why, Guy?"

"Because she's always trying to find a *Mate* for you Girls."

CHEAP CURE FOR CATTLE-PLAGUE.

Mr. Punch—Onnerd Sir,

There's some parties as olds the best way to Cure the Cattle-Plague is for to take all the Cattle in danger of Catchin of it and kill em for to save their lives as the sayin is, and particler slorterin of all Forrin Beests imported as soon as ever they Lands. Sitch was the coarse perposed at a meetin eld on Wensday nite last weak in St. Jas's Awl, Mr. C. S. Reed, M.P., in the Chare, to discuss the kevestion of "Free Trade in Meat and the Abolition of Live Stock Imports." Arter a lot of Gammon from Professor Gamgee, the Wet, about the Crewelty to Hanimels in importin of em aboard Ship, and drivin of em from the Country up to Town and the want of wot e called the "abbatoir or public slaughter-house system," all which in course it stands to reason must throw sitch Eaps of meat upon the Market as to bring Prices down ruinus—my lord Earl Fortescue he ups and moves this ear harbitry resolushun:—

"That this Meeting recognises the fact that the high price of meat is, in a great measure, due to contagious cattle diseases transmitted by live stock imports, and is of opinion that the importation of live animals for slaughter should be wholly prohibited."

And this ear I spose is wot Lord Fortescue calls a Land of Liberty and St. James's Liberty All. Yaa! You 'll be Sorry to ear, *Mr. Punch*, this Shameful Resolution was Cary'd, but there was sum present of sounder vues, i shud say the Libberal Opposition, witch Enlighten'd Individgial present:—

"Mr. Jewin, from the body of the Hall, said he would move the Motion should be rejected. (*Laughter.*)"

Wot was there to larf at? Spose the noble Gentelman got a Blue Frock hon—wot then? Besides im:—

"Another speaker in the Hall, who had also a large following in the gallery, said that the last part of the Resolution was not practicable, for the meat brought from abroad killed would be like American meat, which he declared was not fit for the dogs, as he could show the audience if they came to his place in the Meat Market. To slaughter the cattle abroad would be to deprive the people of the 'offal' upon which many depended for their food."

Them 's jest my sentiments. My Art bledes at the Ideer of the pore Peple depriv'd of their Aweful witch they now gets Dog-chepe and It *is* fit for the Dogs. Has to the American meat wot Isn't so and my Bruther Chip invited the Meetin to Cum and see at his place of Bisnis, in course it were unnessessarey for Im to Ixplain as e Kep it on Sale there honly to supply manifacterers of Animle Charcole, and not by no means chepe and Nasty Slapbang Shopps and Sorsidge Mills, wich i remane, onnerd Sir, your Regler perchaser and Umbel Servent to command, S. Sweetbread.

THE WAR SCARE.

(*Denials at the Service of Mr. Punch's respected Contemporaries.*)

It is not true that the Band of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue) are to be sent at once to Kars under the command of the Assistant Surgeon.

The Corps of Commissionnaires are not to be permanently embodied and despatched to the West Coast of Africa, at the rate of one shilling per Private per hour.

There is not the smallest foundation for the report that all the Cab-horses of London (not already used for the purpose) have been purchased for mounting the Adjutants of the Militia.

Lord Beaconsfield is not learning Russian.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone is not taking lessons in Turkish.

The Thames round Chiswick Eyot is not being planted with Torpedoes.

Russian vessels have not been warned to leave Margate Jetty within twenty-four hours.

The Bagpipers of the Scots-Guards (new style) have not been called upon to defend Constantinople at the mouths of their own chanters.

And, lastly, it is the purest fabrication to declare that *Mr. Punch* has either sent his *carte de visite* to the Sultan or has challenged the Emperor Alexander to single combat.

A PUZZLER.

A problem England finds to do,
That surely may appal her
And her Collective Wisdom too—
"How to make Biggar smaller?"

PERCYFLAGE.

The Author of the last failure at the *Globe* complains of Press percycution. As *Prince Henry* said of *Percy*—(*Mr. Punch* quotes Shakspeare for its Author's benefit)—

"Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!"

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MR. PUNCH'S SELECT COMMITTEES.

No. II.—ON ENTERTAINING.

MRS. TINSEL WALLFLOWER *examined.*



I BELIEVE you are passionately fond of entertaining?

A. It is my chief, and indeed I may say my only occupation.

Q. What meaning do you attach to the word "entertaining"?

A. By entertaining, I mean collecting an indefinite number of friends and acquaintances together, under the pretence of affording them amusement.

Q. Are there many kinds of entertainments?

A. Certainly. First, there are dinners; secondly, afternoon crushes; and, thirdly, amateur theatricals.

Q. Do you not occasionally give a dance?

A. Yes, or, to be more accurate, an "at home." At my "dances," however, I do not expect my guests to dance. I therefore crowd into a room capable of containing twenty people with comfort about ten times the number. I provide a band, consisting of a piano, a violin, and a cornet, and this band plays some thirty waltzes.

Q. In your experience, have you known persons who have attended your "at homes" attempting a dance?

A. Frequently; but the attempts have invariably ended in disaster. The Gentleman has had to apologise for treading upon some one else's toes, and the Lady has found her dress torn to atoms.

Q. Have you no other place for your guests besides the drawing-room?

A. The staircase. On their arrival, my friends are kept for half an hour on the staircase, whilst they are slowly making their way to the floor above.

Q. Describe their introduction.

A. They are expected to give their name to the page in the hall, who passes it on (inaccurately) to the footman on the first flight, who shouts it out to the greengrocer on the first landing. The greengrocer then calls out what he pleases to me, and I smile, shake hands, and leave my guests to be comfortably crushed in the so-called dancing-room.

Q. Do you provide any refreshments for your guests?

A. Certainly. Weak tea, lukewarm ices, and dry biscuits. Later in the evening I expect them to partake of supper—a meal in which tough fowls and liquid jellies play important parts.

Q. Describe one of your dinner parties.

A. I ask a number of people with various pursuits and tastes to dine with me on a fixed date, and then provide them with a feast composed of indifferent home-made soup, and nasty dishes with imposing names, obtained from the shop of a neighbouring pastry-cook.

Q. Do you not think that it would be better to provide your guests with honest, homely fare, such as a fried sole and a joint of meat, rather than the motley and messy meal you have just described?

A. Certainly not. If I did, my guests would consider me vulgar. More than this, they would believe my husband was cutting down his expenses to save himself from an appearance in the Court of Bankruptcy.

Q. What do you mean by an "afternoon crush"?

A. It differs very little from an "at home," except that in the place of a band and a dance-programme I substitute a concert by amateurs of first-rate conceit and ninth-rate talent.

Q. I suppose that at these "afternoon crushes" the refreshments are scarcely on the same elaborate scale as that you adopt for your more pretentious entertainments?

A. They are not. My "crushes" are held in the afternoon, and, consequently, I supply my friends with appropriate refreshments in the shape of cold coffee and weak tea. I may add that an "afternoon crush" is the most economical entertainment that can be given.

Q. You said something about amateur theatricals?

A. Yes. If you have two small drawing-rooms you can convert one of them into a stage and the other into an auditorium. Amateur theatricals are decidedly advantageous if you have any daughters to marry. Rehearsals are conducive to mild flirtation; and by carefully selecting the period of your pieces you can dress your children in the most becoming costumes.

Q. Do you think it advisable to ask any other young ladies to join your daughters in the performances?

A. Certainly; but you should be careful to select those only who are not likely to shine either by their beauty or their talent.

Q. Do you not think that this is treating your guests rather harshly?

A. No. When your friends accept an invitation to be present at private theatricals they should be prepared for the worst.

Q. Will you kindly tell me why you entertain?

A. Because I wish to be entertained in return. I expect every card I issue to produce a pack.

Q. From your own showing entertaining is not conducive to much enjoyment. Under these circumstances, will you kindly say why you like entertainments?

A. I presume for the same reason that one likes other things—because they are the fashion.

[*The Witness then withdrew.*

A STATUE AT LAST.

(JOHN BULL *sings.*)

I HAVE Artists, more than one,
Who can draw and sketch like fun,
Even turn decent pictures off the easel;
Many Brothers of the Brush,
Who for bays may make a rush,
But scarce ever had a topper at the Chisel,—
One to cut out competition with the Chisel,—
A master hand at moulding-tool and Chisel,
Whom you 'd quote, beyond a doubt,
As a Sculptor out-and-out—
A first-chop out-and-outer at the Chisel!

But at last I've got one, who,
Whilst a Painter, models too,
In a manner the Laocoön to match you.
For solid proof, no myth, on
His "*Athlete* against *Python*,"
I fall back, to show *we can* make a Statue;
Because now LEIGHTON *has* made a Statue;
So he and I can both show a Statue,
Saying, "Look you there, and see,
There 's a Statue made by me;
Yes, at last, by Jove, I *can* make a Statue!"

THEMES FOR WHISTLERS.

MR. PUNCH has great pleasure in offering to MR. WHISTLER, and any one who may be following his musical lead, the following suggestions for tone-pictures to come.

1. An Arrangement (with Creditors) in Blue (3*d.* in the pound).
2. A ditto in *Couleur de rose* (10*s.* 6*d.* in the pound).
3. A Nudity in primitive colours.
4. An Imposture in chalk-and-water (suggested sign for a milkman).
5. An Optical Illusion in Invisible Green.
6. A Nightmare in Dapple Grey.
7. An Impropriety in dirty Drab.
8. A Depravity in Scarlet.
9. An Impertinence in any colour.
10. A Plain Truth in Black and White.

THE REPROACH OF IACHIMO.

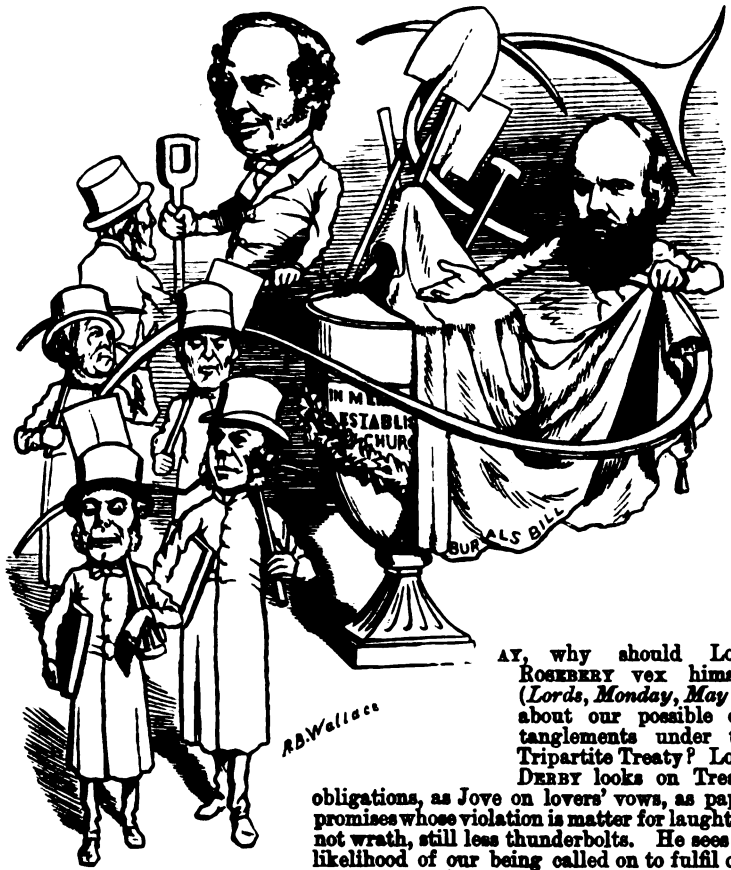
"The country will sadly say of him (MR. GLADSTONE) what *Imogen* says in *Cymbeline*, 'My Lord, I fear, has forgot Britain,' while history will add, as *Iachimo* does, 'And himself.'"—*Daily Telegraph.*

"Has forgot Britain?" Blatant bunkum shapes
A Britain generous Britons would disown—
A mock-BRITANNIA, whose stage ermine drapes
A sham of frothy selfishness up-blown.
The truest lover of his land is not
The tap-room patriot of the pipe and pot.

"Forgot himself?" Aye, in a nobler sort
Than sordid self-regard can understand.
What? Brave the loud reproach, the foul report,
The taunt of treason to his native land!
Bah! how should base *Iachimo* do less
Than scoff at such fine self-forgetfulness?

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AY, why should LORD ROSEBERY vex himself (*Lords, Monday, May* 14) about our possible entanglements under the Tripartite Treaty? LORD DERBY looks on Treaty obligations, as Jove on lovers' vows, as paper promises whose violation is matter for laughter, not wrath, still less thunderbolts. He sees no likelihood of our being called on to fulfil our Tripartite undertakings. But to propose to Austria and France a mutual release from them might "create unpleasantness." LORD DERBY hates unpleasantness, except on paper; and there he is rather a master of it, as witness his answer to PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF. For pluck in giving a paper-slap in the face, or meekness in taking one, commend us to LORD DERBY. As an example of the one, take his answer to PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF; as an example of the other, his submission to the Turkish treatment of his Atrocity Dispatch. Judging by the last year's annals, this has hitherto been the highest of LORD DERBY's qualifications for the Foreign Office. But now another looms upon us. Where among diplomatic cobblers is his equal for making a tight Treaty sit easy? If he had the shaping of diplomatic "understandings," there wouldn't be an international corn to tread on.

(*Commons.*)—Close of the Eastern Debate. Among the *dramatis personæ* of the evening were SIR W. V. HARCOURT, MR. FAWCETT, LORD HARTINGTON, THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, MR. GLADSTONE, MR. E. JENKINS, CHEVALIER O'CLERY, and MAJOR O'GORMAN. The question has clearly run the gamut of the Collective Wisdom.

Let us note a memorable utterance of the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition. It touches the line of argument taken by our warlike contemporaries, the *D. T.* and the *P. M.* "If," said LORD HARTINGTON, "for the security of our Indian Empire, it be necessary that we should fight against the forces of nature, and the laws of human progress, then, I say, we have undertaken a task too great. I say there is no power which can restore the sap and vigour of a lifeless trunk; and there is no power which can check the growth of the living, although struggling, tree. The Turkish dominion is the lifeless trunk; the subject nationalities are the living tree: and to-night the House is asked to assert that with them, and not with the remnants of a sad and shameful past, the destinies of our Empire shall be associated." LORD HARTINGTON sat down with these pregnant words. *Punch* says Ditto to LORD HARTINGTON.

SIR STAFFORD took a leaf, not out of *Punch*, but out of *Punch's* waste-paper basket, in the shape of a poor parody on WORDSWORTH'S "*We are Seven*"; but he may yet find that the third and fourth of GLADSTONE'S Resolutions, though dead in the House of a compact Tory majority, yet live in the heart of England, to take shape in the policy of the nation.

MR. GLADSTONE'S reply did justice to the only new point that has arisen since this debate began—LORD DERBY'S answer to PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF. He showed how, if the Neutral Head of the Government Janus had spoken from the Exchequer and the Home Office, the other, or Non-Neutral Head, had uttered itself through that impolitic and insulting paper—which quite deserves what hitherto has been its sole reward—the thanks of the Turkish Parliament.

At twenty-five minutes past two the House divided.

For MR. GLADSTONE'S First Resolution . .	223
Against	354
Majority . . .	131

The mighty Major had the last twenty-five minutes of the talk to himself, and managed to make the House laugh, in spite of its weariness and eagerness for the division, at his dissertation on the nationality of the Bashi-Bazouks, whom the Major made out, with that Milesian logic of which he alone commands "the blend," to be Russian. So, *Senatus locutus est!* But *Bos locutus est*, too. How do their utterances tally? And which is likely to be weightiest in the long run?

Tuesday (*Lords*).—LORD CARNARVON added to his South African Bill a clause empowering HER MAJESTY in Council to add to Cape Colony or Natal any British territory in South Africa; through which clause one sees the claws of Great Britain clutching the Transvaal.

In the matter of that most unwilling incorporation (on both sides) the Boer seems to be behaving less boorishly than was anticipated. LORD CARNARVON explained that it was a sheer case of self-preservation. BOER-BAAS *would* set the Zulu kraals on fire, and Natal House was next door to the Zulu kraals—nay, had some of them in its very back-yard; so we have been obliged to take the matches out of BOER-BAAS's hand, and to tell BOER-BAAS that in future he will not be allowed to fling fire about so near JOHN BULL'S South-African dry-wood store and powder-magazine.

(*Commons.*)—MR. BOURKE was able to ease the anxious mind of MR. B. DENISON. Neither Foreign Office nor Indian Office has heard anything of Russian armaments for invading India, from Tashkend, *viâ* the Pamir Steppe—nor, *Punch* is happy to add for MR. DENISON'S comfort, *viâ* the Mountains of the Moon either. My dear MR. DENISON, *do* study your map—STIELER'S *Hand-Atlas* will do—and our Russophobes will say is the very one to consult on a point of Russian aggression, and you will see that the Pamir Steppe is a step beyond the stride of even seven-leagued Russia-leather boots.

After many protests from private Members, who don't like their private Motions shunted to make way for the Government Parliamentary goods train, but who can't be allowed to stand in the way of the Whitsun holidays, the Universities Bill was got into Committee, and kept the House busy for the rest of the evening. The most burning question likely to rise out of it—that of Clerical Fellowships—is to be postponed till the last.

"Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow"

has often been ironically quoted against the old order of celibate and clerical *socii*. Let us hope that, in the good time coming, the worth of the Fellow will rise as his shackles of celibacy and clerical orders fall.

(*Wednesday.*)—Two Bills of CAPTAIN BEDFORD PIM; one for establishment of County Naval Training Ships and Schools (which the local authorities have power to establish already), and the other for Compulsory Mercantile Marine Hospitals. The House seemed to class both proposals under the Silly-Billy category, when it divided, 83 to 17 against the first, and 212 to 11 against the second.

Thursday (*Lords*).—The fight of Church and Chapel on this side the grave is happily at an end. Their Lordships divided 102 to 102 on LORD HARROWBY'S clause—identical with LORD GRANVILLE'S—allowing burials with such Christian, orderly, and religious service as the relatives of the dead think fit, or without any service at all, with due provisions for notice to the incumbent, and so forth. In the House of Lords a tie counts for Non-content. Out of their House this tie will count for Content; in other words, everybody will be satisfied with this end of a most miserable, and in all senses, mischievous squabble—but no thanks to a Government that has shown itself less liberal in this matter than its own Bench of Bishops. We assume that the clause will be inserted in the Commons, and that the Government will grin and bear it. Besides this end of Nonconformist strife, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY carried a clause authorising the Clergy, with licence of the Bishop, to use a special service, for special cases, in substitution for the Church burial-service.

The Government opposed this too. They won't agree to provide a plaster either for the Nonconformist's raw

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or the Churchman's kibe, though a Tory Lord prepare the one, and two Archbishops spread the other! Wonderful Government! "For this relief much thanks"—to both the Archbishops and some of the Bishops, but *not* to DR. MAGEE, who showed as much of Irish Protestant narrowness as of Irish wit and eloquence in the way he opposed both Harrowby clause and Archiepiscopal concession. If it is for the interest of the State that there should be an end of strife—as one of the most respectable of copy-heads teaches us—how much more is it for the interest of the Church?

Of course the Government will accept the Harrowby clause, and say nothing more about it. Let us rejoice that, after all, the most obnoxious portion of the DUKE OF RICHMOND'S Bill, as *Mr. Punch* anticipated, will have the honour of the one silent burial that will follow upon its introduction.

(*Commons.*)—MR. MITCHELL HENRY asked MR. WARD HUNT—whom the House cheered on seeing in his place again, as big and burly as ever—whether the Scurvy Report, published in the *Times* of the 16th, was the Report as made, or as modified under Admiralty or other official pressure?

On this MR. WARD HUNT flew into such a passion, and jumped so high up on his official dignity in his refusal to answer the question, that it is impossible not to think there must be something in the matter that made it one more proper to ask, than easy to answer. At last, under pressure of the milder wisdom of PLAYFAIR, MR. HUNT did condescend to say that *he* had never *seen* or *heard* of any other Report, and that the only Admiralty *letter* about this Report was one of thanks to the Committee for the pains they had taken. *Mr. Punch* has too much respect for MR. HUNT'S intelligence to feel it necessary to do more than hint to him, that the terms of his answer are perfectly compatible with a state of facts which would rather justify MR. MITCHELL HENRY'S question, than MR. WARD HUNT'S way of *not* replying to it. MR. HENRY means to turn his question into a Motion.

After disposing of a long list of unconsidered trifles in the shape of question and answer, the House got into Committee on the Universities' Bill, but without burning its fingers with Clerical Fellowships, and finally, after another vain attempt to open the Schools to the Ladies, broke up thankfully for the Whitsuntide holidays at a quarter past two—till the end of this melancholy month of May.



War Echoes.

ST. PETERSBURG is not in a hilly country, but still War Echoes have been lately heard there, as thus:—

La Prusse—"russe." L'Autriche—"triche." Paris—"rit." L'Angleterre—"taire." Le Grand Duc NICHOLAS—"la." Le Padischa—"ah!"

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THANKS TO THE EASTERN QUESTION.

Sunday School Teacher. "OF OUR MANY GHOSTLY ENEMIES, CAN ANY CHILD TELL ME WHICH IS THE GREATEST?"
Sharp Scholar. "THE RUSSIANS, TEACHER!"

THE SHOULDER-COLD;

OR, THE MASTER-AND-MISSIS'S RING!

(As cleverly managed by MR. ALFRED FORMAN, *and familiar by this time to all Wagnerites.)*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARIHANN, LISAJANE, MYTILDA } *The three Kitchenmaidens.*
PLEESMANNEX *(a Nibbeling).*
MASTER, MISSIS } *Belgravians.*

ARGUMENT.

The idea is very simple. The three Kitchenmaidens guard the Shoulder-cold. They are taken unawares by PLEESMANNEX *(a Nibbeling), who disappears with the Shoulder-cold. We will not anticipate the dénoûment.*

The Scene represents the interior of a House from the Cellar to the Drawing-rooms on the first-floor. The windows are at the back, looking out on the Squares of Belgravia.

The three Kitchenmaidens (MARIHANN, LISAJANE, *and* MYTILDA), *with brooms and dusters, are seen gliding about on the Drawing-room floor, ascending ladders to clean the upper panes of the windows, descending to break the china ornaments on the tables, and mounting again on chairs and sofas to dust the Pictures, as with their crinolines they gracefully sweep the articles of vertú off the brackets.*

MARIHANN *has poised herself on the fifth rung of a light ladder which rests against the mantelpiece, where stands a magnificent Clock under a glass shade.*

MARIHANN.
Waggala! Waggala!
Waggala dusta
Over the crockery.
Waggaladusta!
Waggala! Wiggala! Waya!

LISAJANE.
(Voice from the upper panes.)
Who 's on the carpet, MYTILDA?

MYTILDA.
I off the ladder,
LISAJANE, falling
Chipping the china.
(The Three laugh.)
Ha! ha! ha!

LISAJANE *dives down from the ladder, and laughingly attempts to catch* MYTILDA, *who throws over a writing-table, scattering the pens, ink, paper, and other articles on the carpet, and so evades her pursuer. The Three seek playfully to catch one another. This is musically illustrated by "the Crockery Motive" in the Orchestra.*

MYTILDA
(Thumping the Grand Piano).
Waggala! Waggala!
Workingless Sisters.

MARIHANN
(Tumbling off the Ladder).
The Clock I have crushed,
Cracking the Clock-case,
To crumbling crystals!

LISAJANE.
Let us say 'twas the cat!
(The Three laugh.)
Ha! ha! ha!

With merry cries they run away from each other, upsetting everything. Meanwhile PLEESMANNEX *appears gradually from the Cellar, and so into the Kitchen. This is musically illustrated by the "Cold-Mutton Motive."*

PLEESMANNEX.
Ho there! you Noddies!
How neatly I nab you!

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Am I not hungering?
Come, Kitchenmaidens:
[*At the sound of his voice they cease their play.*

MARIHANN.
See there the Blue Man!

LISAJANE.
Our play will he join in?

MYTILDA.
Bright blaze his buttons!

ALL THREE.
What wouldst thou, below?

PLEESMANNEX
(*With an amorous glance in his eye*).
How sweet and how seducious!
On you I have my eye!
Come, and I'll kiss yer!

MARIHANN.
Now I laugh at fear.
The foe is in love!
(*They laugh.*)
Ha! ha! ha!

PLEESMANNEX, *incited by their merriment, mounts the kitchen-table, and ascends through an open space in the ceiling left there by a gasman, and steps on to the Dining-room floor, thence, by similar means, he attempts to climb to the Drawing-room.*

MARIHANN
(*Tickling him with her broom, but keeping him at a distance*).
BOBBY, you bungler!
Buss you the broomstick!
[*He seizes the broom, and she escapes up a ladder.*

MYTILDA
(*Stooping suddenly down, and leaning over the opening in the floor, so as to blind his eyes with a duster*).
Ducky, I 'm drooping
Down to you drowsily,
Blinding with blinkers.
Ain't it golopshus?
[*He turns sharply, grasps the duster, but is taken with a violent fit of sneezing, and so* MYTILDA *escapes, mockingly.*

PLEESMANNEX.
Atishoo! Atishoo! Atishoo!
How the dashed dry dust
Nebulous Nothing
Nettled my Nasal
Nostrils, you Noodles!
Atishoo! Atishoo! Atishoo!

LISAJANE
(*Taking his hat off, and about to carry it away*).
Ah! now! thou hatless man!
Catch me to kiss me?
[*He darts at her suddenly, and seizes her apron as she kneels over the aperture. She turns to fly; he clings to her apron, and so is dragged up into the Drawing-room. She undoes the strings; he falls heavily on the floor, but scrambles up on his hands and knees. The three Kitchenmaidens get up ladders, and behind chairs and sofas, mockingly.*

PLEESMANNEX
(*With shrieking voice*).
Woa, there! Woa!
Woa! Pull up!
You giggling, gabbling Girls there!
Give over your goading and gambols!
Gang of unmannerly maidens,
Have ye no heart!
Ye workingless Ideluns!
Nimble Nid-Noddies!

ALL THREE
(*Gracefully dancing round a settee together*).
Waggala! Waggala!
Waggala dusta!
(*A bright light shines below, between the Kitchen and the Cellar. This is illustrated by the "Bull's-Eye Motive."*)

LISAJANE
(*Pointing below to where suddenly the bright light has discovered the Larder-door*).
Skirting the Scullery,
I see cold mutton-minced
Left leg or shrunk shoulder
Sent from the table
Of Master and Missis.

PLEESMANNEX.
Mutton for My Mouth!
Masterless Ideluns!
Give me, ye scatterbrains,
Shining cold shoulder!

MYTILDA.
I, Underkitchen Maid,
Put the cold mutton
Into the larder.
Where lies the key?

MARIHANN.
I fill the Cooky's place,
Plain, but particular.
Guarding the mutton.
I keep the key.

PLEESMANNEX
(*With his eyes fixed on the Larder-door, through which is now visible, by the aid of the bull's-eye light shining from* PLEESMANNEX's *belt, the cold Shoulder reposing in cold, still silence*).
Ho! there, Shy Shufflers!
Shelved is the Shoulder.
I am the Ungering,
Unawares Nibbeling.
(*Fearfully loud*)
Laugh as you like,
The Nibbelung is nearing to Nibble!
[*With a wild cry of intense appetite he dives down into the Kitchen, and with fearful force bangs open the Larder-door, seizes the cold shoulder, extinguishes his bull's-eye, and swiftly disappears into the darkness, and boldly ascends the "airey steps" to the pavement above. The light breaks suddenly in on all sides. Bells clang, knockers sound, wrangling of Cabman and Fare heard outside,* Master *and* Missis *have come back, unexpectedly, to sup on the cold shoulder of mutton.*

THE RING OF THE MASTER-AND-MISSIS IS HEARD!
Thunder—Lightning—Storm

THE KITCHENMAIDENS
(*Flying in different directions, and screaming*).
Waggala! Waggala!
Workingless Ideluns!
What will the Missis say?
What will the Master say?
"Take a month's notice,
Wageless ones, Ideluns!"
Woe! Woe!
Woe! Woe!
[*They descend and ascend in confusion. From the very farthest end of the Square is heard the sound of* PLEESMANNEX *laughing, with his mouth full. The* Master *and* Missis *appear; their faces are filled with black looks, and the Kitchenmaidens tremble before them in the passage, and then go downwards. Presently, the* Master *and* Missis *ascend, illustrated by "Lullaby Motive." Dark night sets in, and all is quiet.*

LIONS AT HOME.

(*A Dialogue in a Den.*)

SCENE—*The Lions' Den at the Zoo.* TIME—*The Evening after the first trial of the enlarged Cages for the Carnivora.*

Lioness No. 1. Well, LEO dear. Still sulky, eh?

Lion (*majestically*). Your sex never *can* distinguish between dignity and ill-temper, or tell sorrow from sulks.

Lioness No. 2. Well, as the effects are very much alike, and equally unpleasant, perhaps the mistake is not so very wonderful.

Lion. Look here, LEONIE! You are going in for satire. Drop it! That 's a male prerogative, remember. We will have no Woman's Rights' nonsense in Liondom, if *you* please!

Lioness No. 2. Or, rather, if you *don't* please. But LEO, dear, why wouldn't you try the new cage? I assure you it 's awfully jolly.

Lion (*turning up his eyes*). Idiotic slang, too! You learn that from the silly she-creatures who come and stare at us. This is the result of association, however involuntary, with one's inferiors. You are fast losing all sense of the traditional dignity of our species. There was never but one man—DR. JOHNSON—whose diction a respectable lion might adopt without degradation. What would *he*

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have said to such an imbecile and illogical locution as "*awfully* jolly"? Bah!!!

Lioness No. 1 (*aside*). He is really very trying, my dear.

Lioness No. 2 (*ditto*). Very. But we must coax him over, or we shall have *such* a life!

Lion (*suspiciously*). What are you muttering there?

Lioness No. 2 (*blandly*). I was just saying what a treat it is to be able to stretch one's limbs a little!

Lion (*scornfully*). Pooh! A poor fifty feet by thirty! Call that a stretch? For a mouse, perhaps. Besides, I'm sick of being made a spectacle of—a sight for the Cockney, a model for the artist, a zoological study for the *savant*. They are now, forsooth, to "have a chance of seeing such savage life in something like its natural expansiveness." Something like? If they'd give *my* "natural expansiveness" fair play for ten minutes, I'd show them something worth seeing. Only, they wouldn't report it to the penny papers, I'm thinking. Ha! ha! ha! "Proof against all temptations to escape our bondage?" They take care not to give us the chance.

Lioness No. 1. Well, LEO, dear, but after all, half a bullock is better than no beef.

Lioness No. 2. Talking of that, I should have liked five minutes personal discussion with that impudent Indian bull-calf in the cage opposite, which these greedy tigers were impotently licking their lips at.

Lioness No. 1. Don't mention the stuck-up creatures, my dear. They give themselves airs because, forsooth, they were introduced—to prison—by a Prince! Why LEO is a King, in his own right. Nasty striped nobodies!

Lioness No. 2. But LEO, a little open-air exercise would be good for you, I feel sure, and it is rather kind of our captors, I mean our—our—guardians.

Lion (*scornfully*). Kind? How purblind, how credulous, how frivolous is your sex. Kind? They trot us out for their own delectation—good leonine word that.

Lioness No. 2. But "trot out" has just a savour of slang, has it not, LEO?

Lion. Don't interrupt. Slang is like modesty; what is so in one sex is not so in the other. I say they want to trot us out. You may like to be stared at. All shes do. *I* don't desire to tumble in public to feast the eyes of the zanies of the "Zoo."

"The prison'd eagle will not pair, nor I
Serve crass Society's curious phantasy."

Lioness No. 1 (*aside*). Poetry, eh? Then he's melting. Sulks, like broken hearts, never burst into song until they are mending.

Lioness No. 2. Exactly so, LEO. But what if they attribute your—ahem!—reserve to funk—I mean fear?

Lion. Funk? Fear? And this to FELIS LEO, the King of Beasts, and emblem, even among men, of stern dauntlessness? They dare not so malign me and stultify themselves. [*Roars.*

Lioness No. 2. H'm! Reports, I hear, have lately been current among them—all along of those ubiquitous Paul Prys, the travellers—which seem to cast doubts upon the traditional courage and magnanimity of the Lion.

Lion. What! of the terror of the jungle, the friend of ANDROCLES, the symbol of British supremacy?

Lioness No. 2. Even so. Great shame, is it not?

Lion (*grandly*). At least *I* have never given grounds for such base insinuations.

Lioness No. 2. W-e-ll—the manner in which you—ahem!—sulked to-day, at sight of the whip, you know——

Lion. Pooh! As I said before, that was dignity, not sulks or—perish the thought!—fear.

Lioness No. 2. Of course. Only perhaps it would be as well not to give them a chance of mistaking dignity for—well, to put it mildly, as that *Telegraph* man did—"mistrust of the superior animal."

Lion. Superior animal, indeed! Give me ten minutes in the open with a dozen of them, and I'll soon show which is the superior animal. Still, as I was saying, it would be well not to give them a chance of mistaking dignity for pusillanimity, and so—well, we shall see.

Lioness No. 2 (*aside*). We shall—some fun. How easily these male creatures are led by the nose.

Lioness No. 1 (*aside*). If you only know what rope to pull.

Lioness No. 2 (*aside*). Trust any she-creature, lioness, lamb, or lady for that.

"If the lion's skin should fail,
Patch it with the fox's tail."

Both. Ha! ha! ha! [*Settle down for the night.*

An Easy Riddle.

IN the course of the recent debate in the House of Commons, LORD ELCHO inquired, "What could be more monstrous than the idea of Russia fighting for civil and religious liberty?" Why—"The idea of England fighting against it." Let LORD ELCHO ask another.

ALARMING SACRIFICE IN PIMLICO.



ALL readers of the *Morning Post* may have been interested by a paragraph published the other day in that fashionable journal, respecting—

"ST. BARNABAS'S CHURCH, PIMLICO.—We are informed that the eucharistic vestments, duly provided by the churchwardens and parishioners of St. Barnabas's Church, Pimlico, were introduced and worn there on Ascension Day."

It was but for a very little while that the Clergy of St. Barnabas could enjoy the pleasure of wearing these vestments, and the congregation that of admiring the reverend gentlemen in their ornamental attire. Ascension Day fell on Thursday the 10th instant, and on the succeeding Saturday the LORD CHANCELLOR, delivering judgment in the RIDSDALE Appeal Case, pronounced "eucharistic vestments" illegal. What a bitter mortification for both priests and people! How very disgusting! So now, unless the forbidden vestments continue to be worn at St. Barnabas's Church, Pimlico, in contempt of the Privy Council, by divines taking pattern from the Confessor of St. James's, Hatcham, they will remain on hand laid up in the vestry like so many dresses and stuffs gone out of fashion, at the end of the season, encumbering a draper's shop.

The draper is glad to get rid of his out-of-date stock for what it will fetch. So ought the Churchwardens of St. Barnabas likewise to be. This consideration will probably induce economical Ladies in Belgravia, if there are any, to inquire about the millinery now lying useless in the wardrobe under the care of those gentlemen, in order to ascertain what they would take for it; because, though interdicted to Clergymen, it might be appropriate to girls, and no doubt prove wholly or in part convertible into skirts, petticoats, and other articles of finery suitable to the softer sex.

FROM THE RIGHT HAND, INTO THE RIGHT HANDS.

WHAT less large and liberal hand than that of England, embodied in England's Queen, should have been put forth to save the last living descendants of DANIEL DE FOE, now old, infirm, and penniless, from the choice between starvation and the Workhouse?

The QUEEN'S help has been given in such a representative act of well-timed, as sore-needed, bounty, to these representatives of a famous writer, and a patriot as faithful as ill-rewarded, even as it was, a short time ago, to the Banff cobbler and Scottish naturalist, TAM EDWARD. DEFOE'S great-great-granddaughters are henceforth secured from misery by pensions of £75 a-year each, in payment (if but of a poor instalment) of the debt due to the Author of *Robinson Crusoe* from all generations of English-speaking men of the two last centuries.

Errors of the Press.

MR. FORSYTH is not usually chargeable with strong language; but we find this strong expression scored to him in the *Daily News*:—"The *Pall Mall Gazette* used to boast it was written by Gentlemen for Gentlemen. From its raving style lately, it seemed to be written by maniacs for fools." This must be an egregious error of the Press! What MR. FORSYTH *did* say, of course, was "by Statesmen for Patriots."

A Probability and a Prayer.

A. TOOTH—in again
His cell, Horsemonger Lane—
A. TOOTH—out for good—
Did Church of England as she should?

FAVOURITE SCOTTISH JESTER (*to judge by Mr. Punch's correspondence from north of Tweed*).—MR. AULDJO.

THE GREAT LOAN-LAND.—South America.

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MIGHT IS RIGHT;

OR, A FRIENDLY LEAD IN A CASE OF JIBBING PONIES.

"WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE!"

Quoth BEACONSFIELD THE MYSTERIOUS.

Quoth WILLIAM THE WOODMAN—

"SPARE it?" Too long the sapless trunk has stood,
Blasted and bare, the spectre of the wood.
If once in stately strength it towered, and drew
From earth and air, noon sun, and morning dew,
Their liberal tribute to its swelling growth,
It gave but scant return. The axe is loth
To fell the forest pride, but if the blade
Of gallant SOBIESKI had been laid
Sheer to that root two hundred years ago,
Nor lopped limb only, but the trunk brought low,
Fairer had spread the forest, nobler trees
A fertile soil had fed, the eastern breeze,
Untainted by the Upas breath that blasts
Where'er this trunk its withering shadow casts,
Had been far fresher, and our Western ways
Had known serener nights and brighter days.
Its shade was never shelter, its foul form
Brake not the hurricane, but drew the storm.
What budding slips of promise ever sprang
Within its range; what songsters ever sang
Faith's lay or Freedom's, where its umbrage spread
Thick gloom of night, and darkness of the dead?
Too slow it dies; its long decay is rife
With nought but loathsome forms of leprous life.
Why spare the blasted tree? That once again,
Fed by its native draught of War's red rain,
It may revive a moment, and prolong
A little while the rule of wrath and wrong?
Or is the plea perchance not pity's own,
But the appeal of "patriotism," grown
So impotent of mood as to invoke
The Upas' shadow to protect our Oak?
Shall we, the warrior-traders of the West,
Preserve the trunk whose presence genders pest,
In hope that its last leaves, though shrunk and sear,
Of the steppe-hurricane may ward the fear?
The tree must fall, whose branches only grow
Parasites of corruption. Lay it low!
Blood stains its bole, and none but gibbet-fruit
Hangs from its cankered boughs. From crown to root
'Tis rottenness. Were 't mercy to withhold
The Woodman's trenchant steel? Be just, be bold!
Let in fresh air, give younger growths free space;
Forests may flourish in this blasted place,
Of vigorous spread, of timber straight and sound.—
But for *this* tree, why cumbers it the ground?

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF THE "MUSIC OF THE FUTURE."

A GENTLEMAN, well known as Musical Critic to one of our weekly periodicals, rushed out into the road, in front of the Albert Hall, and embracing an Italian Organ-grinder, shouted, in a passion of tears, "You, at least, have melody!"

The REV. IGNATIUS PANDOLF'S wife was taken out in violent hysterics, and is now completely incapable of distinguishing a Gregorian chant from a boiler-explosion.

An Italian Tenor, of high standing, and higher salary, was heart-broken at finding his favourite curl had turned white during the performance, and though convinced that in the Wagnerian cataclysm the musical world had come to an end, kept on muttering to himself, "*E pur si muove!*"

A dear old Lady from the country assures us she was extremely disappointed; and wants to know whether that dreadful noise in the Albert Hall accounted for the deafness of the doorkeepers to all her demands for her money back, on the plea that though there was row enough for a whole battery of cannon, she never saw ZAZEL go off at all—and doesn't believe she was ever shot from her great gun all through the performance.

ARTICLES OF WAR.—*Daily Telegraph* and *Pall Mall* Leaders.

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"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!"

LORD BEACONSFIELD *sings*—

"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!
I LOVE IT, EVERY BOUGH·

THE ASIAN MYSTERIE,
THAT IT HAS LIVED TILL NOW!"

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OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(*Some Account of the Amusements of the Season, chiefly Musical —Albert Hall, Covent Garden, Gaiety, and Alhambra—by Our Regular Representative* (*bonâ fide*).)



THE Wagner Festival is over. After most festivals comes the inevitable headache: not after this. Many who went to scoff, remained to praise. The "*Rhine-Gold*" is a master-piece. This is not a discovery of mine. To understand it, a thorough acquaintance with the stage-directions is absolutely necessary. From *dicta* of experienced Bayreuthians it seems to me that this dramatic Tone-Poem, this "Arrangement in String and Wind," as MR. WHISTLER would call it, must inevitably be vulgarised by representation on the stage. For example, admirable as is, in general, the *mise-en-scène* at Covent Garden, how utterly destructive of the poety of LOHENGRIN are the common-place, wandering-eyed "Chorus-Gentlemen," who appear as "Saxon and Thuringian Nobles!" how poor the effect of the narrow, marshy-looking river, the Scheldt, in the background, while only children could be interested in the Property Swan with an uneasy head, and the wobbling Pantomime Pigeon coming down a very evident wire. The spectacle of the first and last Acts is only tolerable from a MADAME TUSSAUD point of view. But such a *mise-en-scène* as *The Nibelung's Ring* demands is impossible. The attempt to realise *its* sublime would most certainly result in achieving *our* ridiculous. From Wagner-*libretto* to Pantomime-opening is, scenically, but a step.

A propos of Covent Garden, ADELINA DINORAH PATTI was enthusiastically received by a most brilliant house on her *rentrée*, Tuesday, 15th May. That her voice exercised its magic charm over the crowded audience was proved by the determined encore of the "*Shadow Song*," and by her being recalled four times after *that*, by acclamation, and then thrice before the curtain. MR. GYE should be a happy man to have such a dish to set before his visitors as this delicious PATTI. MLLE. ALBANI has taken the house by storm in the *Puritani* and *Rigoletto*, which last mentioned opera is admirably cast. This year SCALCHI, ALBANI, GAYARRE and PANDOLFINI, being the quartette. SIGNOR PANDOLFINI plays the Fool capitally—I mean in *Rigoletto*. In recent programmes MR. GYE has kindly consented to drop the accent over the "e" in SIGNOR GAYARRE'S name, which is Spanish, and *not* to be pronounced as "Gay 'Arry." However, accents will happen in the best regulated families. Why are the *Entr'actes* so long? Better late than never—but still from 8·30 till half-past midnight is too much of the best thing. An Opera should now be announced as in three Acts and two long *Entr'actes*, the curtain to rise un-punctually at some time or other, the whole to conclude exactly when it is finished, and not one minute after.

From Italian to French. *Artful Cards* having gone with MR. TOOLE into the provinces, MR. HOLLINGSHEAD plays a fresh hand. Over the Gaiety for the next six weeks is to be written, "*Ici on parle Français*"—not in farce, but in earnest. *L'Ami Fritz*—or, as Cockneydom *will* call it, "*Lummy Fritz*"—will be one of the trumps in the pack. MLLE. CHAUMONT, returns with *La bonne Année*—which does *not*, when translated, mean the Nurserymaid ANNIE—though that might not be a bad subject for a Music-Hall ditty. This is something to look forward to.

Orphée aux Enfers, at the Alhambra, is well worth seeing. A little dialogue goes a long way in a grand spectacular *Opéra bouffe* at the Alhambra, and, therefore, a piece better adapted to the requirements of this particular place—though it is scarcely fair to accuse the Alhambra of being "particular"—could not have been selected than MR. H. S. LEIGH'S version of the *Orphée*. A more charming representative of the coquette *Eurydice* than our handsome American *cantatrice*, MISS MUNROE, could not be found in London, though a *blasé* Parisian might probably demand more *abandon* in the thoroughly Offen-bacchanalian song which crowns the banquet *Aux Enfers*. But this objection applies to all *Pluto's* Olympian guests, whose after-supper conduct in Pandemonium is as decorous as that of a party of more modern Divines at a Lambeth Palace lawn-party.

Where all is so well done it may be invidious to single out any one *artiste* for special praise; but it is only fair to notice MISS L. ROBSON'S intelligent and spirited rendering of the *rôle* of *Public Opinion*,—a really original creation, by the way, of the French librettist, M. HECTOR CREMIEUX. But for this young lady's dramatic energy, the finish of the first Act would have been a tame affair. If the Poetic Librettist attended rehearsals, he must have given up in despair all attempts at getting the Gods and Goddesses to pronounce the classical names correctly. *Aristæus* on the Alhambra stage is generally called "*Aristĕus*." *Actæon* is alluded to as "*Actĕon*": while everybody takes his or her own private view of *Orpheus*, who is sometimes "*Orphēus*," sometimes "*Orphĕus*," and sometimes "*Ŏffĭus*." But only once did I hear the hero of the Opera called "*Orphēūs*." MR. JACOBI'S Orchestra is as good as ever; and if it were objected to as occasionally too loud for the voices, its astute and experienced Conductor would probably reply, "So much the better for the voices." I am not disposed to quarrel with him on this score—or on any other; "scores" being his *forte*. The *mise-en-scène* is excellent, the costumes superb and summery; while for spectacle and general effect no revival of this *Opéra bouffe*, on the Parisian or London Stage, can be placed on a par with *Orphée aux Enfers* as at present given at the Alhambra. These, Sir, are the sentiments of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(*Our own Guide to the Academy. Visit No.* 3.)



AS before, visitors to the Academy are requested to take this list with them, and refer to the names here suggested before consulting the Catalogue. We have jotted down in these notes what the pictures *ought* to have been called. The following numbers will be found sufficient for one afternoon:—

No. 35. VAL. C. PRINSEP. "I can't make it out." Notice the expression. MR. PRINSEP is at present in India, engaged on a grand picture of an Indian Rubber, with Rajah revoking.

No. 45. MRS. H. (E. M.) WARD. "She was werry good to me, she was."

No. 70. BRITON RIVIERE. The Soft Roe.

No. 130. BASIL BRADLEY. Sheepish.

No. 101. G.D. LESLIE, R.A. "May-day—*new stile*." (Observe the new stile.)

No. 169. E. J. POYNTER, R.A. "What can't be cured must be endured," or rheumatism in the little finger of the left hand.

No. 181. J. CHARLES. The holiday task.

No. 194. ARTHUR HILL. "Shall I throw it at him?"

No. 273. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. The "sound of many waters"—Soda, Seltzer, Apollinaris, Taunús, &c., all effervescent, but all natural, and delightfully refreshing. It is as good as a *douche* to stand before the picture for half an hour—and after you leave it, you seem to hear its sound all over the room, calling "Come back!" About the most wonderful bit of real water colour ever painted in oil.

No. 301. T. ARMSTRONG. Above her work. "I am not accustomed to feed pigeons."

No. 464. HEYWOOD HARDY. Riding to Khiva. (The Artist's *shay*-d'œuvre.)

No. 452. GEO. H. BOUGHTON. The same subject as the foregoing, differently spelt and treated. Riding to Kiver with a friend.

No. 444. SIR F. GRANT, P.R.A. Most dramatic picture. Tells its own story at once. Evidently Sunday; time, 3.30 P.M. Respectable elderly Clergyman waking up suddenly after an early dinner, having dropped asleep over the *Quarterly Review*. He is horror-struck, and exclaims, "Bless my soul, 3·30! And I ought to have been at church half-an-hour ago!" View of church in the distance.

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"WHICH WILL WIN?"

MR. LEIGHTON'S GROUP ADMITS OF SO MANY APPLICATIONS. THIS IS *PUNCH'S*. (WITH HIS COMPLIMENTS TO THE SCULPTOR.)

No. 313. H. STACY MARKS, A. "An arrangement in black and white" with a money-lender. (With MR. MARKS's compliments to MR. WHISTLER.)

No. 520. WILFRID V. HERBERT. Naval Gentleman instructing Tailor (Tailor invisible), and saying, "I should like a nice summer waistcoat made out of *this*"—referring to some stuff on the table.

No. 413. KATE ALDHAM, "Opening her Chest."

No. 423. J. CHARLES, "Giving Herself Airs"—on the piano. Probably, "*Charley is* my *Darling*." HARRIET is *ours*.

No. 503. E. J. POYNTER, R.A., *A propos* of this picture, it is worth while to record a dialogue overheard in front of this painting. Let the reader study the figures carefully and then enjoy the dialogue:—

Young Lady (*from the country, making notes*). Aunt, dear, what 's this?

Aunt (*with Catalogue—carefully reading the wrong number*). That, dear—oh—that—(*with consciousness of strict accuracy*) is "Summer Evening at Ecclesbourne, Hastings."

(*Her Niece says nothing, but clearly thinks that the Ladies of Ecclesbourne are uncommonly cool people.* No. 503 *must* be seen for the appreciation of this mistake.)

No. 566. G. F. WATTS, R.A. Originally intended for the "Magpie and Stump." Since altered to Dove and Dead tree.

No. 542. G. POPE. "Going to pot."

No. 589. BRITON RIVIERE. This, in schoolboy phrase, might be described as "Giving him a licking."

No. 597. L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A. "Stuff and nonsense." (The first part of the title represented by the Girl's dress, the second by the old Gentleman's observation on hearing that somebody has proposed for her.)

No. 962. LANCELOT J. POTT. A practical joke in the olden time.

No. 951. G. RICHMOND, R.A. Teaching the young idea to be up to the time of day.

*** *We would impress on our readers the absolute necessity of taking the above Guide to the Academy, and comparing the descriptions here given with the Pictures themselves.*

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GRACE BEFORE POWDERS (BUT NOT AFTER).

Young Innocent (about to partake). "FOR ALL WE ARE GOIN' TO WECEIVE, MAY THE YORD MAKE US TOOLY FANKFUL!"

THE INTELLECTUAL "DIES NON."

VERY REVEREND MR. PUNCH,

IN personally addressing you, I may appear an odd sort of person, being deemed a thing impersonal; however, I venture to take the liberty of personifying myself. Please to suppose that I have a self to personify. But an account of myself will render myselfhood self-evident. I am a Day. No relation to JOHN DAY, the famous jockey and trainer, whose name is borne by one of the principal horses now figuring in the racing news. I am not one of the DAYS of Danebury. I am a Day of the week, and have nothing whatever to do with horse-racing—that is, at home. They manage these things otherwise—I won't say better, in France. "The better the day the better the deed"—when the deed admits of the comparative, better; but betting is always positively bad, and better it can never be. Cavillers may object, if they like, that I have no business to be called a day, because in law I am no day, being a *dies non*, whereon no business can be transacted. That I do not mind; but what I don't like is being made a *dies non* not only for business purposes, but also for those of enjoyment, and above all, for that needful restorative from the toils of business—recreation.

That I ought not to be a *dies non* altogether is evident from the names I commonly go by. *Dies Solis* and *Dies Dominica*, both of which I acknowledge. But I am also denominated by an *alias* I disown. Certain parties call me *Dies Sabbati*. I am nothing of the kind, as MR. SOLOMONS will tell you. I am the first day of the week, and not the seventh; and, whilst a holy day, also a holiday. As such everybody should keep me, to make me the Institution I might be made. Church and Chapel occupy but some hours of me. What are people to do during my remainder-hours? They will do something, and DR. WATTS has mentioned what sort of occupation is found for idle hands, and by whom.

One such occupation is boozing in a public-house. Thither poor folks are driven by a stupid system of closing better places, which it is the object of a Society called after me to get opened during some of my hours. It met on Saturday last week at the Freemasons' Tavern; the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, its President, in the Chair. DEAN STANLEY was supported by most of the wisest men now in Town, including DR. B. W. RICHARDSON, PROFESSOR MORLEY, and PROFESSORS HUXLEY and TYNDALL, who would, but for an illness in the family of a noble Lady, have been reinforced by LADY BURDETT COUTTS. This Meeting unanimously voted resolutions soliciting the Government and Legislature to sanction, on the First Day of the Week (improperly called by ignorant pietists the Sabbath, and still more improperly by the Scotch part of them Sawbbath), the opening of Museums, Picture Galleries, Libraries, and other places of rational entertainment, at which between the hours of religious service, it may be possible for the British Public to devote their leisure otherwise than to animal pleasure or degrading excess, and employ it in the cultivation of those attributes by which civilised mankind are principally distinguished from pigs. I hope, Very Reverend Sir, you will do me the kindness to assist the endeavour to obtain this right for the Working Classes especially, since the only day in all the week on which it is possible for them to benefit by national Exhibitions and Literary and Scientific Institutions is your obedient servant to command,

SUNDAY.

P.S.—No need to deprive attendants of Sunday's rest. A few extra policemen could supply their places. Besides, there is the above-named gentleman MR. SOLOMONS, and other members of his community, MESSRS. ABRAHAMS, ISAACS, JACOBS, MOSS, and LEWIS, to name but a few, who observe the original Sabbath upon Saturdays; many of whom would be glad to earn a shekel or so by relieving guard at public Institutions on Sundays.

"Dissent and Desecration."

THE point of interment in churchyards having been conceded to Nonconformists, how superfluous it seems on the part of any of the Clergy and their representatives to insist upon "silent burial," as the alternative for the Church service. If the burial of the dead does not desecrate consecrated ground, still less can any appropriate utterance of the living. Dissent can only be aggravated by being forbidden to speak; for if the Nonconformist is compelled to be silent at the side of a grave, will he not, like the celebrated parrot of MR. JOSEPH MILLER, only think the more?

A SUBJECT FOR THE NEXT ACADEMY GOLD MEDAL.—F. LEIGHTON, R.A., carving his way to the Temple of Fame.

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AGAIN!

First Gent. "'EARD ABOUT THE SEA-SERPENT THEY'VE CAUGHT AT OBAN?"
Second Ditto. "SEA-SERPENT CAUGHT IN 'OLBORN! 'MUST BE AN 'OAX!!"

THE SILVER (LACE) ROAD TO THE ARMY.

Diary of a Training, by a Sub-Lieutenant of Militia.

FIRST WEEK.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.—Spent my time in watching the men exchanging their rags for ill-fitting uniforms, and assisted at a parade in which the Articles of War were read to apathetic veterans and alarmed recruits.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday.—Gazed upon the men as they sleepily learned the rudiments of squad drill. On Saturday, kit inspection; dull work and not particularly instructive.

SECOND WEEK.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.—Devoted to musketry, position drill and target practice. At the first, the men (without targets) were taught to aim, theoretically, at something in particular. At the last, the men (with targets) learned, practically, to fire at nothing in particular. The markers at the ranges slept better than the scorers. General discomfort and discouragement of everybody concerned.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday.—Wet weather. Three days out of the twenty-seven spent in doing nothing.

THIRD WEEK.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.—The men for the first time took part in battalion movements. Acted in a very subordinate position, to the great honour and glory of my captain.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.—Battalion drill continued. Captain away on leave, and thus had a first opportunity of learning something on my own account.

FOURTH WEEK.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.—Great excitement in preparation for the Inspection Day. The regiment took violently to skirmishing, and attempted to get up in three days what Regulars would certainly have consumed six months in learning.

Thursday.—The inspection. Cocked hats, bands, feasts and friends.

Friday and Saturday.—Nothing to do. Pleased to think that I had got through one of the two trainings required by regulation as part of the requisite qualification (*plus* a Civil Service Examination) for a Lieutenant's Commission in the Line.

IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET—"POTS!"

"Pots mean civilisation, and the history of pottery is the history of culture. . . . For what would man be without a pot of some sort? . . . The uniformity in human nature has always shown itself manifest in pottery."—*The "Daily News" on* MR. GLADSTONE'S *Address upon Pottery at the Cymmrodorion Society.*

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot,
I think a Sûfi pipkin—waxing hot—
"All this of Pot and Potter? Tell me then
"Who makes—who sells—who buys—who is the Pot?"
OMAR KHAYYÁM.

POTLESS Humanity! A pregnant thought
With much suggestion fraught,
Which Persian OMAR in the Potter's House,
Surrounded by the ordered shapes of clay,
Somehow missed marking in his distant day,
For all his keen but pessimistic *nous*.
Man the Pot-shaper! A new definition!
Oh, for an exhibition
Of Pots from Egypt's earliest to—ah! What?
That one ideal, final, transcendental,
Supreme Supernal Pot,
Which, on this view, should mark the culmination,
The highest tide-mark of Art-cultivation,
To which our Earth hath got.
Oh, what a Pot were that! Will GLADSTONE'S self
Help us so far to soar in the ideal,
As to adumbrate that most rare, if real,
Result from centuries of clay and delf,
That fictile ultimatum? Fancy faints
At the prodigious prospect. Memory paints
Pictures of recent raptures witnessed oft
In eyes of Ladies, heard from lips less soft
Of ardent greybeards, over bits of crockery
Of such amazing immature monstrosity,
Chaos chromatic, shapeless squat atrocity,
That it were surely mockery
To fancy they comprised one genuine quality
Of the great Pot-finality.
But if *these* wake such ecstasies, oh what
Delirium of unspeakable delight,
Supreme and infinite,
Should be the product of the Crowning Pot?

Yes, Pots mean progress! Thoughtful souls must feel
The wheel of Fortune is a potter's wheel.
KHAYYÁM drew doleful auguries from its twirl,
But then he was a poet and a Persian,
A sceptic too, at whom, with cold aversion,
The British Philistine's fine lip will curl.
Yet this new doctrine of the *Daily News*
Might fire a Western muse,
Not such as she who sat at OMAR'S suppers,
But cool, correct, and orthodox as TUPPER'S.
If life 's a *crux*, a labyrinth, a lottery,
The clue, the key to it is found in Pottery.
How pleasant 'twere, did time allow, to trace
In pots and pans the progress of our race!
Each page of time the potter leaves his print on,
From Greek HYPERBIUS to HERBERT MINTON—
A longish stretch,
Through which a compass critical to fetch—
Displays in stereotype all human passions,
Utilities and tastes, prides, follies, fashions.
Thus, potted and preserved, lies record strange
Of human progress, in ceramic change—
(Or say *k*eramic, since our classic day
Is very sweet on the initial "k".)

The Epic of the Pot! Who 'll write it? See,
Oh, versatile and vehement W. G.
When you have polished off such minor works
As utter demolition of the Turks,
Here is a task for you!
"*Pots, and the man I sing.*" Yes, that will do.
Its title? *The Fictiliad.* 'Tis a theme
To satisfy a Neo-Homer's dream.
Wire in, my WILLIAM! show the world what 's what
In Epos. 'Twere a splendid consummation;
A nobler, wider subject is there not,
Since without Pots all Earth's Civilisation
Must—go to Pot!

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HOW WE GO TO THE DERBY, AND WHY.



1. City Clerks go by Rail because they want to get there quickly. Fatal delusion!
2. Mr. Caddish goes for the pleasure of playing the fool.
3. Captain Teamer tools his own Drag, delighting most in his own performance.
4. Mr. Billing pays an extravagant price for an open Fly, on purpose to take Miss Cooing and her Mamma.
5. Mr. Runner goes because people must have "C'rect Cards."
6. A Country Squire and his Vicar come up—one thinks it is the thing to do, the other knows it is *not*.
7. Gipsy Girls go—on business.
8. Bill Tater takes his Missis for a hairing to Hepsom.
9. Mr. Bobby goes because he 's obliged; and "Mannikin Jack" goes—to see the racing.

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A STRAIGHT TIP.

(Being an intercepted letter from The Old Obadiah to his nephew, The Young Obadiah, containing most important information on the event of the day.)



EAR NEVVY,—When you receive this letter you will exclaim, for I know you, "O, my prophetic soul! my Uncle!" and lucky for you to have such an Uncle *on* the turf and not *under* it yet, my boy. To-day is "the glad day of all the bright new year," as our sporting poet Laureate *Ten-to-one-yson* says; never mind if I don't quote him exactly, for genius, my dear Young OBADIAH, is above rules, and *my* quotations, as *you* know—no one better—are mostly from the Latest Betting. Rely on your Uncle, OBADIAH, my boy, and your Uncle will pull you through. You want no information from a Tout while I am to the fore. As our sporting Frenchman says, "*Tout*" *est là*. There is not a better mover on the Downs *than the horse I mentioned to you the other day*. Keep it dark, OBADIAH, keep it dark. When you took 100 to 1 against *that other one I told you of*,

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HAPPY THOUGHT.

Nurse. "WELL, MASTER TOM, AND SO THE TWINS ARE GOING TO BE CHRISTENED TO-MORROW. WHAT SHALL WE CALL THEM?"

Tom (mindful of his Mother's fashionable proclivities). "IF WE WANT TO PLEASE MAMMA, WE'D BETTER CALL THEM *MARSHALL* AND *SNELGROVE!*"

you did well. Follow my advice, and lay it off at evens *on the third on my list*, which, if I am any judge of form and quality, will show a clean pair of heels to a few of the *level-made heavily-backed ones.*

There was a private trial the other morning. Your old Uncle got on *the muscular colt* (*you* know), but had to get off again. The colt has such a strong propelling power about the hind quarters, that anyone with his back turned to him, unconsciously, for five minutes, would be a probable starter in about two-twos if he didn't look out.

Don't be alarmed by any reports about a cough. *I* was standing near him, and coughed. They thought it was the horse. It affected the betting men deeply. They have tender hearts. The tenner you sent me I have invested for you, and it will be as satisfactory a tenner to *you* as MR. GYE'S tenor, GAYARRE, is to him. I know the ropes, and you can read between the lines. As for the Cracks—your old Uncle can see through *them*. Watch the race closely, and if, *at the right moment*, you judiciously, but boldly, put the pot on the horse *that is in advance of the first three at the judge's chair* (I myself will give you a wink at the exact second—so look out), you will be on velvet for the remainder of your days, and have no further need for any tips from your venerable Uncle who signs himself now and ever,

THE OLD OBADIAH.

P.S.—I told your Aunt I had important business in the City to-day, and couldn't be back till late. Will it spin, OBADIAH, will it spin?

"The Wane of Glory, and the Wax of Fame."

MADAME TUSSAUD (or "TOOSORR," as the Million call her) has added to her Gallery in Baker Street likenesses of the CZAR and the SULTAN, MUKHTAR PASHA and GENERAL IGNATIEFF, in belligerent attitudes, ready to come to blows—at least in wax. It is to be hoped none of them will run in the hot weather; or, if they do, that it will be to melt in each other's arms—as a happy omen of peace in prospect.

CELEBRITIES AT THE DERBY.

THE success, socially and financially, of two energetic literary gentlemen who last May impersonated wandering minstrels on the Hill at Epsom, has given rise to a multitude of imitators among our first intellects, who have made their arrangements to mystify the Million at this year's Derby.

As no noble sportsman or sportswoman is likely to abuse our confidence, we do not hesitate to indicate some of the disguises chosen for the occasion.

MR. W. E. G——E may possibly be discovered under a Russian cap and beard, selling Rahat-lakoum or Turkish Delight.

EARL B— D will be with difficulty recognised manipulating the three-card trick, and defying you to spot the Knave of Clubs.

SIR R. P——L has hired the turban and table of the King of Stone-breakers, and will be seen every ten minutes smashing rocks with his fist.

The MARQUIS OF S——Y will most probably don the particoloured dress and hunch of *Mr. Punch*, and will conduct a favoured band of Eastern serenaders.

MR. WH——Y will disguise himself as a gipsy fortune-teller, and thus frustrate the designs of the Jesuits, who have an agent in every vehicle destined for the Hill.

MESSRS. B——R and P——L have serious thoughts of encasing their manly forms in fleshings, and appearing as the Baffling Brothers of St. Stephen's in their great obstructive entertainment.

MAJOR O'G——N will go in for divarsion in the dress of the Irish gentleman who dances jigs with a shillelagh under his arm.

DOCTOR K——Y will exhibit the Fat Lady and the Living Skeleton, as illustrations of the change that has taken place in the form and features of "the unhappy Nobleman now, &c., &c."

THE PATRON SAINT OF OSTLERS.—ST. TITUS OATES.

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FOR PROPHET OR LOSS?



THERE is no Race but the Derby, and Punch is its Prophet! Here is his Tip—get all you can off it.

A FRENCH horse, by an English jockey ridden,
The Turf's Blue Riband may bear off unchidden;
But back no horse whose jock is changed too late,
For, favourite though he be, 'tis tempting fate.
The "pot" put on to boil his peas, we see no
Hard pilgrimage too hard for *Pellegrino*.
Rob Roy's the good old rule, the simple plan—
Take, all who have the power, and keep who can;
On a dark horse if you would breathe the air,
Seek one that bears the bell in *Beau-repaire*.
If little *Altyre* no mishap befall,
'Tis like enough the dwarf will yet tire all.
Hidalgo's promises loom large but dim—
Let who will put the Spanish upon *him*.
And what if *Silvio's* name be shorn of Pellico's?
Against his backers be not, therefore, bellicose.
While the big stake stands tempting horse and mare,
Your cry may well be "*Touchet*" if you dare!
Upon *Jagellon* they who post the coal
Back one who stands, by race, head of the Pole.
Let *Plunger* plunge, and with him plunge who will.
What grist may come from *Lady Miller's* Mill?
For HADJI BABA'S sake, I'd scarce be sorrier
To lose my old, than gain a new "do," *Morier*.
A cell 's their place who choose the *Grey Friar* weed;
Thunderstone may mean bolts, or lightning's speed.
Who says *Brown Prince's* backers are done brown,
Or to *Masaniello* trusts a crown?
Since his break-down among the *lazzaroni*,
Those who 'd brave risk may take him for a pony.
You have my tips—you see Fate's book unsealed;
The course is clear: forearmed, you take the field.

DERBY DRAGS FOR 1877.

Lord Beaconsfield's.—The fear that he won't be able to crown his career as a statesman with a sensational war.

Lord Hartington's.—The dread that MR. GLADSTONE's enthusiasm may outrun his discretion, to the embarrassment of the Liberal Party.

Mr. Gladstone's.—Anxiety lest the pens of a belligerent fraction of the Press may drown the voice of an impassioned and impulsive, but much in earnest orator.

Mr. Cross's.—Apprehension that the balance of Power in the Cabinet may be disturbed by the false weights of Disraelitish mystifications.

Lord Derby's.—Comparison of the aims and achievements of the last eighteen months' diplomacy.

Mr. Whalley's.—The belief that every second person on the Downs is a Jesuit, and every third a Cardinal in disguise.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson's.—The thought of the drinking for drunky that will wash down the revels of the Day.

Major O'Gorman's.—The regret that all this power of drink and diversion is wasted over the could-hearted Saxon on Epsom Downs instead of turned to profit of the raal Irish at Punch's Town.

The Upper Ten Thousand's.—The depressing reflection that the Derby will have to be "done" again next year.

The Lower Two Million's.—The sad thought that the Derby outing comes like the "grotter," only once a year.

And, lastly, Mr. Punch's.—The certainty that no Derby Day will be considered complete without a perfectly novel *à propos* Cartoon.

THE FRENCH CRACK AND HIS JOCKEYS.

An à propos Apologus.

A RACER's points he shows—the crack French horse,
Looks fit for any course,
Though best at a sharp spin or rattling spurt.
Pace is his special glory, and indeed
Few nags have shown a finer turn of speed.
And though but late recovered from a hurt
That might have spoilt his running, all admit
That the French Favourite 's in first-rate fettle,
Improved in temper, easier on the bit,
And with new stamina to help old mettle.
The public in his later form confiding,
Though there 's a trick of temper in the stock,
Would freely back the big horse for big stakes,
One thing alone solicitude awakes—
The animal requires such careful riding,
And ought to be on good terms with his jock:
No boy can steer him, and the man who errs
In too much or too little whip or spurs,
Or strives to hold hard when the nag 's for going,
Will find he courts a cropper. This well knowing,
One would suppose the Stable would take care
On no account to irritate the crack;
Would put their cleverest rider on his back,
And once safe in the saddle, keep him there:
But crass caprice of sense the eternal mock is,
And this French Favourite's trainers oft have shown
A most unlucky taste for changing jockeys,
Though rider after rider has been thrown,
Race after race been lost, and the brave horse,
In hands that took hard holding for good guiding,
Fretted to death, brought from bad form to worse,
By nothing but bad riding.
Still the unstable Stable courts disgrace
By changing jockeys just before the race,
And that, although the man that *had* the mount,
Was one on whom folks felt that they could count,
For good nerve, seat defying bolt or rearing,
Head enough for straight steering,
Hand firm, yet light, and knowledge of the course,
To get the best jock could out of the horse;
When lo, a sudden row—a secret bobbery!
Is 't stable jealousy, or backer's jobbery,
Touts' trick or tipsters'? At the trainer's frown,
The lad that *was* up, must at once get down,—
While with a wicked eye, and levelled ear,
Half in rage, half in fear,
The horse waits his new jock—the Stable's pick
Is hardly of the best—
And once the brute takes to back-jump and kick,
He 's one to put the tightest seat to test.
'Tis ten to one the new man that the Stable
Puts up will prove to steer the horse unable,
And find dismounting easier than mounting,
Spite of the whip and spur on which he 's counting.
Yes—'tis long odds, thanks to this change, that France
Has missed another chance.
When will their Stable learn a wiser way,
And give the Favourite French horse fair play?

OLD SAW RE-SET IN PARIS.—"WORTH makes the Woman."

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FOR PROPHET OR LOSS?



THERE is no Race but the Derby, and Punch is its Prophet! Here is his Tip—get all you can off it.

A FRENCH horse, by an English jockey ridden,
The Turf's Blue Riband may bear off unchidden;
But back no horse whose jock is changed too late,
For, favourite though he be, 'tis tempting fate.
The "pot" put on to boil his peas, we see no
Hard pilgrimage too hard for *Pellegrino*.
Rob Roy's the good old rule, the simple plan—
Take, all who have the power, and keep who can;
On a dark horse if you would breathe the air,
Seek one that bears the bell in *Beau-repaire*.
If little *Altyre* no mishap befall,
'Tis like enough the dwarf will yet tire all.
Hidalgo's promises loom large but dim—
Let who will put the Spanish upon *him*.
And what if *Silvio's* name be shorn of Pellico's?
Against his backers be not, therefore, bellicose.
While the big stake stands tempting horse and mare,
Your cry may well be "*Touchet*" if you dare!
Upon *Jagellon* they who post the coal
Back one who stands, by race, head of the Pole.
Let *Plunger* plunge, and with him plunge who will.
What grist may come from *Lady Miller's* Mill?
For HADJI BABÁ'S sake, I 'd scarce be sorrier
To lose my old, than gain a new "do," *Morier*.
A cell 's their place who choose the *Grey Friar* weed;
Thunderstone may mean bolts, or lightning's speed.
Who says *Brown Prince's* backers are done brown,
Or to *Masaniello* trusts a crown?
Since his break-down among the *lazzaroni*,
Those who 'd brave risk may take him for a pony.
You have my tips—you see Fate's book unsealed;
The course is clear: forearmed, you take the field.

DERBY DRAGS FOR 1877.

Lord Beaconsfield's.—The fear that he won't be able to crown his career as a statesman with a sensational war.

Lord Hartington's.—The dread that MR. GLADSTONE'S enthusiasm may outrun his discretion, to the embarrassment of the Liberal Party.

Mr. Gladstone's.—Anxiety lest the pens of a belligerent fraction of the Press may drown the voice of an impassioned and impulsive, but much in earnest orator.

Mr. Cross's.—Apprehension that the balance of Power in the Cabinet may be disturbed by the false weights of Disraelitish mystifications.

Lord Derby's.—Comparison of the aims and achievements of the last eighteen months' diplomacy.

Mr. Whalley's.—The belief that every second person on the Downs is a Jesuit, and every third a Cardinal in disguise.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson's.—The thought of the drinking for drunky that will wash down the revels of the Day.

Major O'Gorman's.—The regret that all this power of drink and diversion is wasted over the could-hearted Saxon on Epsom Downs instead of turned to profit of the raal Irish at Punch's Town.

The Upper Ten Thousand's.—The depressing reflection that the Derby will have to be "done" again next year.

The Lower Two Million's.—The sad thought that the Derby outing comes like the "grotter," only once a year.

And, lastly, Mr. Punch's.—The certainty that no Derby Day will be considered complete without a perfectly novel *à propos* Cartoon.

THE FRENCH CRACK AND HIS JOCKEYS.

An à propos Apologue.

A RACER'S points he shows—the crack French horse,
Looks fit for any course,
Though best at a sharp spin or rattling spurt.
Pace is his special glory, and indeed
Few nags have shown a finer turn of speed.
And though but late recovered from a hurt
That might have spoilt his running, all admit
That the French Favourite 's in first-rate fettle,
Improved in temper, easier on the bit,
And with new stamina to help old mettle.
The public in his later form confiding,
Though there 's a trick of temper in the stock,
Would freely back the big horse for big stakes,
One thing alone solicitude awakes—
The animal requires such careful riding,
And ought to be on good terms with his jock:
No boy can steer him, and the man who errs
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On no account to irritate the crack;
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And once safe in the saddle, keep him there:
But crass caprice of sense the eternal mock is,
And this French Favourite's trainers oft have shown
A most unlucky taste for changing jockeys,
Though rider after rider has been thrown,
Race after race been lost, and the brave horse,
In hands that took hard holding for good guiding,
Fretted to death, brought from bad form to worse,
By nothing but bad riding.
Still the unstable Stable courts disgrace
By changing jockeys just before the race,
And that, although the man that *had* the mount,
Was one on whom folks felt that they could count,
For good nerve, seat defying bolt or rearing,
Head enough for straight steering,
Hand firm, yet light, and knowledge of the course,
To get the best jock could out of the horse;
When lo, a sudden row—a secret bobbery!
Is 't stable jealousy, or backer's jobbery,
Touts' trick or tipsters'? At the trainer's frown,
The lad that *was* up, must at once get down,—
While with a wicked eye, and levelled ear.
Half in rage, half in fear,
The horse waits his new jock—the Stable's pick
Is hardly of the best—
And once the brute takes to back-jump and kick,
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OLD SAW RE-SET IN PARIS.—"

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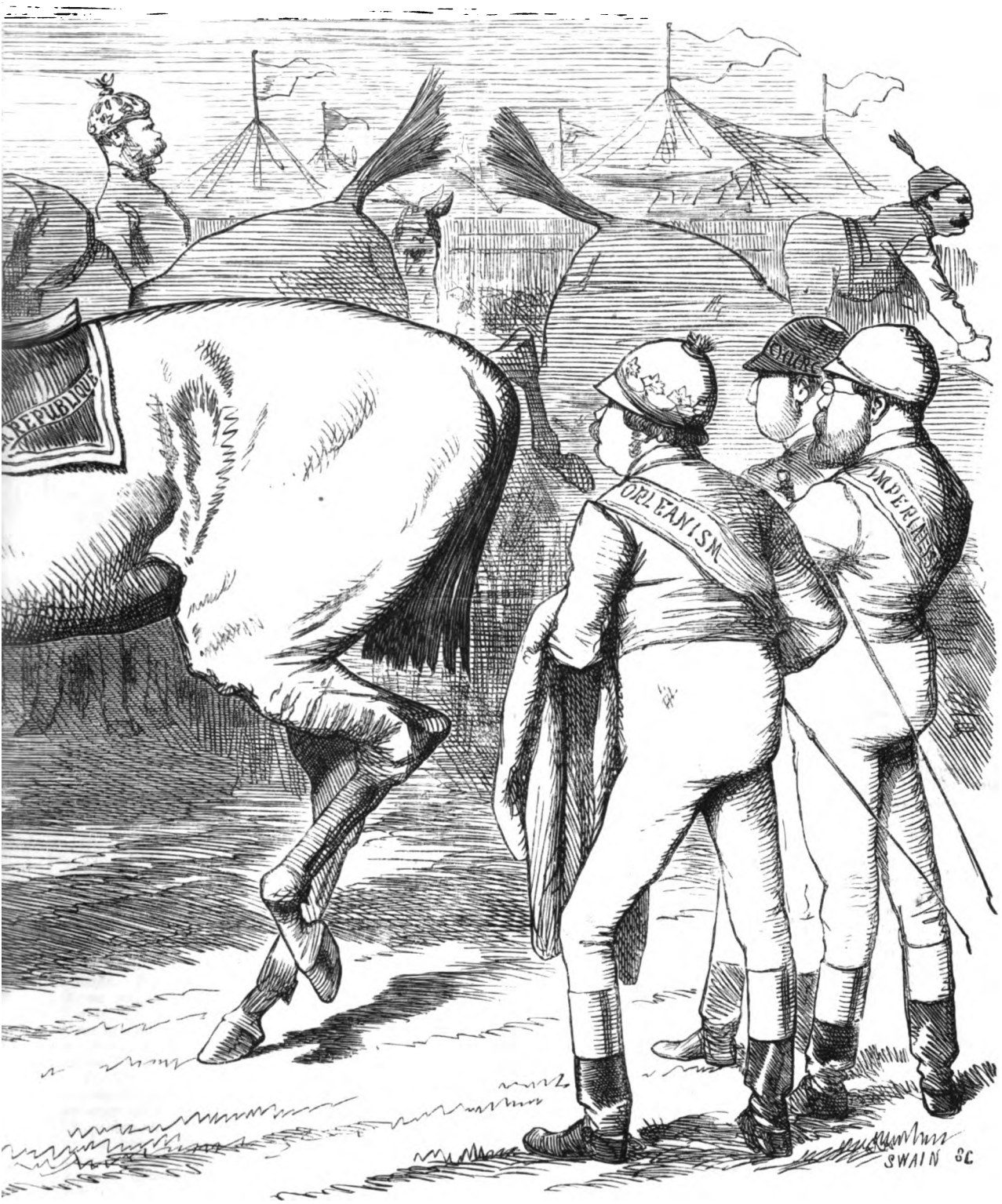
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THE "FR

Mr. Punch (*to Trainer*). "YES, MAC., HE *WAS* A FAVOURITE, TILL YOU CHANGED HIS RIDER! CAN'T SAY I

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H HORSE."

MUCH OF YOUR NEW PICK OF JOCKS; AND, TO JUDGE BY HIS LOOKS, *NO MORE DOES THE HORSE!!*"

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DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

An awful time of it with Wolves—A wonderful escape. (*Communicated by Private Wire.*)



BREATHE again. ("*Let me Breathe Again!*" Words by Your Own R.R., music by DR. SULLIVAN. Shortly.) . . . Such a day we 've been having! But safe at last, and I stop to telegraph the good news to you, which you will receive as usual by Private Wire. (By the way news arrived here that you 've had a picture of *me* riding on a Pig to Khiva. No, Sir, I am not in the habit of riding piggy-back.)*

In the following account, *I have not trusted to my imagination*, but have referred to my Diary, which, despite all difficulties and dangers insuperable to less hardy Norsemen than myself, I was able to keep, during the terrible hours of the past eventful Monday ("Black Monday"—Old Russian style—no connection with any other Kalendar.)

5.30 A.M.—Sleigh-driver wrapped up in thick capes—five of them—on the box. Sleigh-driver's Boy up behind with buns to feed the wolves. This was a happy idea of mine, based upon early reminiscences of what the animals at the Zoological Gardens used to like. I never yet knew a wolf, or a bear, refuse a bun. Boy has orders to be economical with buns, and *be sure to throw them to the Wolves*. The hood being pulled over us in the carriage, I cannot keep my eye on the Boy. But, in so perilous a situation as this, I hope he is to be trusted. But buns will be buns, and boys will be boys. . . .

5.45.—Wolves heard in the distance. Roaring and hooting like one of HERR WAGNER'S *Walkyrie* laughs. Fair Circassian in fits. Took out scissors, and cut her hair. Beat her hands. Asked her riddles. No answer. She is insensible! *O Ciel!* how will this end? . . . We are full inside, but not all right. Horse galloping. Donkey, harnessed tandem-fashion, galloping too. Sleigh-driver cracking his whip. Pig in the boot squeaking deliriously, and gasping for breath. What's in his wind now? . . . More howling from wolves. Five little Boys, engaged to do the acrobatic business, huddled up at the bottom of the carriage in a confused heap, so that I cannot distinguish one from another. All crying, and saying, in the Tartar dialect, that they 'll tell their mother. What a fearful scene! . . .

6.—Thick fog. Snow everywhere. Frigidometer down to *minus* ten below double zero. My luxuriant moustaches and beard are all icicles!! I should be worth my weight in gold (wouldn't I feed up, and take no exercise to be weighed on such an occasion!) as a model for Old Father Christmas on a cake. Fair Circassian woke up. To cheer her, told her the story of *Little Red Riding Hood*, and the *Wolf* pretending to be her grandmother. Fair Circassian in hysterics. I communicate with Boy in the rumble through a small hole. "Are you throwing buns to the wolves?" Boy's answer inaudible. Question repeated. Answer again inaudible. On looking through the hole at him, I see that he is *trying to speak with his mouth full*.

6.15.—Fearful roaring. Wolves on our track. No BUNS!! Crossed a river. The Oxus, I fancy. Sleigh-driver says I hired this trap from his master at St. Petersburg for half-a-crown an hour, and a shilling for the driver (himself), and that I haven't given him anything yet. Fancy choosing such a moment to ask for payment! Promise him roubles, *to any amount*, when we get to *Gladitzova*—the nearest posting town. Three bells: served out rations of *wickski* all round. None to the Boy behind with the bun-box.

7.—For three-quarters of an hour we 've been pursued. A lull at last. Donkey stopped. Fair Circassian wide awake. Says I haven't paid her for the last game of cribbage. Told her it was she who cheated: called her the Unfair Circassian. Wolves heard. Again we urge on our wild career.

8. — Everybody's hair turning white with fright. All except the Sleigh-driver, who has his hat on The little boys will be old men before the day 's out. The wolves nearing us. Nearer—nearer—nearer. . .

Through the hole at the back I implore the Boy, "Haven't you got *one* bun left?" No! O Greediness, where are thy charms? He has eaten them all himself. Imagine the horror of the situation!

11.—Sun beginning to shine through mist. Just light enough to see a notice-board at the side of the road, "Beware of the Wolves!" Near it is a mile-stone with, I think, "To Khiva" on it . . . Wolves nearer and nearer. Boys crying. Circassian delirious and kicking. Served out *wickski* to every one except the Sleigh-driver, the Boy with the bun-box, and the Unfair Circassian. Played an extract from the *Götterdämmerung* on the mechanical piano, accompanied with shrieks from the Pig in the boot. Through my telescope I see the effect on the wolves. For a few moments they are puzzled. Oh, if I only had a music-score of the entire work to throw out to them! The mechanical piano is out of order. Under pressure the chords snap. It falls in the snow. Onward! Speed onward, brave Sleigh-driver! We may yet escape!

One o'clock.—Time for *lunchski*. Preparations . . . Suddenly wolves appear within a mile of us. . . . No *lunchski*. . . . Horrid thought! One o'clock must be the hour of the wolves' *lunchski*. . . . Can the Horse do it? . . . The wolves! The wolves! . . . Send cheque at once . . . . this is my last appeal . . . forward it by my friend . . . . if we can only give wolves a check. . . . .*

(*Hurried Diary.*)—Boy's hair, in rumble, quite white. Little Acrobat Boys twisted up in knots with sheer fear. Hair quite white. Unfair Circassian swears, despairingly, that she will never accuse me again of cheating at cribbage, and says it was the Sleigh-driver who put her up to it. I make her sign this declaration, in the belief that she is at her last gasp, on the back of an envelope. Wolves nearer—within half a mile. I dare use the telescope no longer, it brings the wolves too near. . . .

* Very strange! Putting aside our doubts and misgivings, we *must*, in the name of humanity, see what we can do for him. There yet may be time (if he *is* in peril) to get up a subscription and save him.—ED.

* How *could* he have heard this? There is some mystery here. But we will fathom it or perish in the attempt.—ED.

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REACTION.

Shortsighted Old Lady. "HI! OMLIBUS! HI!"
Hearse-Driver (unbending). "ALL RIGHT, MUM! MOST 'APPY, MUM! DI-RECTLY, MUM!"

What shall be our next course? . . . Ha! . . . The old story occurs to me—the Russian father and mother who threw over their children to stay the wolves. . . . I've thrown over lots of people in my time, but never children. . . . But necessity is the mother of invention. . . . Wolves within a quarter of a mile. . . . They have stopped to eat the mechanical piano, which fell off some time ago. Through my telescope I see them tearing it to bits. There it goes—octaves, wires, key of G, chord of C. . . . Two wolves are fighting for the Overture of *Semiramide* (which was in a small barrel by itself, with little prickly nails sticking out all over it), and an old wolf is hard on to the mechanical drum-trumpet and cymbal accompaniment in the *finale* of Act Two of the *Huguenots*. . . . Throw out more boxes of tunes—the March from *Norma*, the awful "*Guerra, Guerra!*" chorus from the same, a box with two tunes, "*Suoni la Tromba*" and "*La ci darem.*" . . . Then my big box of the Incantation Scene in *Der Freischütz*, with imitation of full orchestral accompaniment, including thunder, lightning, and the owl's hooting apparatus—also my Second Tenor box with *vox humana* contrivance for the voice part and chorus in the Rataplan of the *Huguenots*, and the March from the *Prophète*. . . . They have taken the tunes, but this gives us time! Besides, music hath charms to soothe the savage beast. If I only had something plaintive and melodious. . . . Where 's my box with *Looking Back* in it? . . . . We are gaining upon them. . . .

(*To be continued.*)

SPECIMENS OF A "DERBY" DICTIONARY.

(*Compiled by* MR. PUNCH'S *own Misanthrope.*)

ABSENCE, leave of. A holiday obtained by City clerks on plea of a low state of health, that can only be got up on the Downs.

Brutality. Another name for the "fun of the road."

Custom. An excuse for abandoning the most useful work for the most hurtful play.

Drag. Any vehicle on four wheels, from a bathing-machine to a mail-coach.

Epsom. The suburban resort of all the folly and rascality of the Metropolis.

Favourite, The. The bone of contention between two rival packs of knaves and fools.

Gammon. The nonsense talked about English love of "sport," and improvement of our breed of horses.

Horses. Counters in one of the Devil's favourite games.

Idleness. The brilliant example set by the British Parliament to the British People on the Derby Day.

Jocularity. Buying penny dolls, and drinking too much deleterious fizz under the name of champagne.

Kicks. Pleasantries of the crowd; more abundant than halfpence, at Epsom.

Lark. An early bird that catches no worms on the Derby Day.

Mirth. See *Jocularity.*

Novelty. Watching the unchanging brutalities of the Road, humours (?) of the Course, and momentary rush past of the Horses, for the twenty-fourth time.

Pleasure. Driving into town dead-beat, dust-choked, and done out of your money, between two rows of hooting idiots.

Qualms of Conscience. Next morning's reflections.

Rough. Something that cuts us out on the road to the course; and that we cut up when we get there.

Society (on the Downs). A mixture of roguery in rags, ditto in POOLE'S best form, an in satin and in sackcloth, innocent imbecility, and vacant vivacity.

Treason. Plain truth about the Derby.

Usage. See *Custom.*

Vanity Fair. The Downs on a Derby Day.

Welsher. The one Derby-frequenter who figures on the Downs in his true colours.

Xylography. A fine name for wood-engravings of impossible Races, made by anticipation in the illustrated papers.

Youth. A poor excuse for the folly of going to the Derby made by a great many old enough to know better.

Zero. The normal condition of spirits and pockets the day after the Derby.

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HOW TO TURN AN HONEST PENNY.

(A Suggestion for the Bathing Season about to begin.)

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

**** In continuing this Guide, it is necessary to remind our readers that it does not profess to describe or criticise the Pictures, but to give them such new titles as seem to us to be suggested by the Pictures themselves, after a careful study of the Exhibition—without reference to the Catalogue.*

No. 1. LOUISA STARR. "Twinkle, twinkle, little STARR,
How I wonder what you are——"

But evidently the subject is "two young Ladies puzzled by an acrostic."

No. 8. C. E. PERUGINI. This deals with powder, and requires no puff.

No. 9. EYRE CROWE, A. Extraordinary scene in a Ritualistic Church. A Lady turned out of her pew by Churchwardens.

No. 14. FRANK DICKSEE. It is called "*Harmony*." Judging from the subject, the old song of "*Dizey's Land*" evidently applies.

"On the second floor, for evermore
I'd live and die with NANCY."

The young Lady at the organ is NANCY. The region of Harmony is clearly DICKSEE's Land.

No. 105. T. FAED, R.A. "This pig went to market, this stayed at home," &c. (This picture is a very great favourite with the Ladies, who seem to understand what "*Little Cold Tooties*" means, but at the same time expend a vast amount of sympathy on the buxom mother.)

No. 100. BOUVERIE GODDARD. Curious effect of the Music of the Future on the animals at the Zoo.

No. 118. L. ALMA-TADEMA, A. Turkish bath for female patients, Hanwell.

No. 119. L. ALMA-TADEMA, A. Torture-chamber. The Ordeal by Fire.

No. 120. L. ALMA-TADEMA, A. Chestnuts four a penny.

No. 110. G. A. STOREY, A. "Living 'Apple-ly." (This subject ought to have been chosen by MR. ORCHARDSON.)

No. 129. EDGAR GIBORNE. The merit of this picture is that it *does* tell its own story. It represents a little girl, evidently saying to herself, 'I hope that nasty insect won't get into my bowl of milk." It will surprise no one to learn that it is intended for "Little Miss Moffet" of the Nursery Rhymes.

No. 134. KATE PERUGINI. *Utile è dol-ce.* (N.B.—This is a deeply satirical work.)

No. 166. W. C. SYMONS. Two Belles at Sea.

No. 149. C. LANDSEER, R.A. Our Suburban Villa. "Lor' bless yer!" said JONES, "when yer 'ere, you might fancy yerself a 'underd miles away in the country."

No. 157. MARCUS STONE, A. Hesitation. "I really think I ought to put on something more before I go out walking."

No. 198. G. CHESTER. A Duck flying away in the time of peas.

No. 239. VICAT COLE, A. Pick-a-lilly.

No. 289. E. BENSON. The Last Conservative bowing before the Great Asian Mystery.

No. 297. J. H. DAVIES. "Coote's Home." Where's TINNEY?

No. 363. G. E. HICKS. Members of the talented Smith family.

No. 370. T. E. GAUNT. Another member of the Smith family. (N.B.—All "Portraits" unnamed in the Catalogue may be dismissed under this general head. Nos. 82, 146, 166, 276, 294, &c., are in this list.)

No. 366. SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

Doge (in Council—a little uncertain). Is *that* the law?

Chief Clerk (showing him the "Justices' Manual" of the period). Thyself shall see the Act.

No. 375. F. G. COTMAN. "Keeping him quiet; or, our little boy is so fond of music!"

"And so his Papa
Played him a tune on the gay guitar!"
Minstrel Boy, Act I., Sc. iii.

No. 614. F. GOODALL, R.A. The Water-Carriers: Egypt. View of the Nile—of course, or, *An ile* Painting.

No. 1059. LUKE FILDES. Ticklish times.

THE SEA-LIONS' DREAM.

THE Brighton Aquarium's in arms! The foreign-bred Lady Sea-Lion
Has just brought into the world a genuine British-born scion.
And, true to his kin and his kind, the baby has ta'en his first header,
And come up with his eyes all the brighter, although, it may be, all the redder.
His father and mother are planning a glorious future for baby—
Though their dream of high-reaching ambition is clouded as yet with a may-be.
Is it true that the old British Lion is turned, as some say, a land-lubber,
To the grief of BRITANNIA's heart? Why not go, tell her no more to blubber,
And, phocine for feline, propose as her natural guardian to send her
This British-born whelp—a Sea-Lion, in place of the dry-land pretender?

ADVICE TO TOO MANY PEOPLE.—How to make Home happy—Leave it.

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A CREDIT TO THE ESTABLISHMENT.

Enterprising Butcher. "IF YOU WOULD FAVOUR US WITH YOUR CUSTOM, SIR, IT WOULD ANSWER OUR PURPOSE TO SUPPLY *YOU* AT VERY REDUCED PRICES, SIR!"

GREAT AND LITTLE GAMES;

Or, Betting and Blind Hookey.

SEE, 'mongst the populace at Epsom's course,
How strictly Bobbies moral laws enforce,
Practitioners of thimble-rig pursue,
Card-sharpers chase, and rout the gambling crew.
Behold where, bearing him with higher hand,
ROBERTO proudly guards the Ring and Stand.
Can Law, which no respect of person knows,
Protect these gamblers and prohibit those?
It can. From the two heads two currents spring.
Betting from gambling is a different thing.
Card-sharpers' customers are spurred by greed;
None such moves him who backs the noble steed.
So Cads are barred from playing pitch-and-toss;
But Nobs may lay, *ad lib.* upon an "'oss."
No fraud can in a sporting wager lie,
Nor the least likeness to a loaded die:
The pure green Turf, 'tis known, abjures foul play;
With man or beast ne'er tampers to betray.
Dishonest Touts all betting-men disown:
And by sound judgment make their "books" alone.

Down then, ye Bobbies, with your handy staves,
Be down on outer gangs of gambling knaves.
Drive such *profanum vulgus* from the shrine
Where the Turf's "Upper Ten" hold rites divine.

Late Hours in Hellas.

AN Occasional Correspondent of the *Times* in a recent "gush" over the PRINCESS OF WALES's visit to Athens, thus begins his description of her visit with the King to the Cathedral on St. George's Day—St. George being patron saint of Greece as of England:—

"It was a high day and a holyday. The sun which shone upon it received a royal salute on rising at noon, and again as it sank behind the mountains of the Morea."

No wonder Greece is behindhand in most things, if her sun in May only gets up at noon! Better the sun of Hellas should set for ever, than set such a bad example.

THE SPORTING MAN'S OWN PAPER.—The *Levant Herald.*

MARY ANNER ON HOLIDAYS.

DEAR SUSAN JANE,
YOU 'LL be serprised at seeing of this letter,
Leastways a-looking at its date. As well one might do better
Than pass Whit Monday evenin' thus a-scribblin' in the kitching,
Which while I write with right down spite my fingers is a-twitching.
Drat her! (That 's Missis.) I 'd arranged, as well to you beknown is,
With my young man and LIZA ANN, the SMITHS, and the MALONEYS,
And severil more, in all a score, to hire of that old CRAMPTON
His werry smartest private wan, and drive to 'Appy 'Ampton.
I do assure you, SUSAN JANE, the whole turn-out was proper,
A noliday as promised fair to be a true tip-topper:
None of your paltry cotton-print and billycock collections,
But all the height o' fashion and the werry fust connections.
I 'd bought the loveliest laylock silk, the sweetest primrose bonnet—
But there! 'Twill drive me right down mad if I go brooding on it.
Which jest at the last moment, when all things was adjusted,
Missis goes and puts *her* foot in it—I thought I should a' busted!
Accuse the metafore, SUSAN JANE, it 's unpoetick, slightly,
But when a party 's right down riled 'tis hard to speak politely.
Which riled I was, and all along of Missis's onreason
As goes a-wisiting in Wales at *this* rediklus season.
In course I know her little game. To settle that MISS CLARA
She 'd pass the height o' summer in the heart of the Great Sarah;*
Or winter in them Hark Tick Zones as MISTER NARES fought shy of.
'Tain't many things as goes on but *we* twigs the how and why of—
But holidays *is* holidays to Ladies in our station;
So I shall take the earliest chance to leave this situation.
That Missis must be a bad lot, dear SUE, beyond all doubting,
Who 'd rob the British Servant of her favourite Whitsun outing.
O SUE, that Wan! that nobby band!! them dapple greys!!! them streamers!!!!
I 'll see 'em in my sleep to-night, which I 'm the wust of dreamers.

* MARY ANNER probably means the Great Sahara.

My 'ARRY, in his Sunday togs, a-tootling on his cornet!—
Ah, there! if 'tadn't been for *him* I think I could a' borne it.
But there 's that BELL MALONEY, SUE, the artfullest minx in Brixton!—
Ah, well! I know my 'ARRY's heart a Certain *One* is fixed on;
Yet still one can't quite picter all without an innard groaning,—
Yes, SUE, that smudge means tears, not ink, and so I don't mind owning.
They laughs, SUE, at our Cockney ways and style of pleasure-taking,
But hearts beneath a cotton print may happy be—or aching
Like mine jest now. Best hold their row, or give us something better.
Which, SUSAN JANE, you 'll now perceive why I indites this letter.
Just about now they 're nearing home. Hark! That 's their band a-playing!
And, yes—there 's 'ARRY on the roof, to the brisk tune a-swaying!
BELL 's at his side!—oh, I 'm a fool to go on in this manner;—
But—well, no more at present from
Yours sadly, MARY ANNER.

Whitmonday Night.

A Safe Rule.

"The Hon. Member for Maldon (MR. SANDFORD) proposes on the re-assembling of Parliament after the Whitsuntide Recess to move for a Select Committee to inquire into the possibility of improving the present system of selecting Members to address the Chair."

"WHO should speak first?" Let *Punch* reply,——
His rule would cut down claims, 'tis clear.
"Let no one catch the SPEAKER's eye,——
But who can hold the Hearer's ear."

Suspicious.

"His Excellency MIDHAT PASHA has arrived in London."—*Times.*

MIDHAT in London! Who doth not smell rats
Suspicion gathers round that fez—mid hats.

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PROFESSIONAL PRIDE.

Smart Tailor (to dissatisfied Customer). "I MUST ASK YOU JUST TO BEAR IN MIND, SIR, THAT TAILORING HAS NOT YET BEEN BROUGHT DOWN TO THE *Level of one of the exact Sciences!*"

GLORIA IN GROCERIBUS.

THERE 's an erudite man,
Whom 'twould be a good plan
For the City to render its Freeman.
Who his fortune has made,
By the grocery trade,
That distinguished explorer, HERR SCHLIEMANN!

In the Grocer's guild Hall,
As he told the guests all—
With his hosts to knit sympathy closer—
In the speech made to thank,
His health when they drank,
He had twenty-eight years been a Grocer!

He at Mecklenburgh had,
As a young 'prentice lad—
What a boast for explorer to utter—
Sold red-herrings, retail,
And, at hap'orths to sale
Put up rum, sugar, coffee, and butter

Thence had risen by degrees,
But, whilst dealing in teas,
And attentive to that occupation,
Had with business combined
Steady culture of mind,
And assiduous self-education.

'Twas his habits of trade,
Speculation well-weighed,
Tact and system in sale and in purchase,
That bore such rich fruit
In his later pursuit
Of ancient Homeric researches.

Else he never had found
Such things underground:
Unless he a Grocer had been he,
Troy had ne'er disinterred,
Or revealed all we 've heard
Of the treasures and tombs at Mycenæ.

Then for Grocers hooray!
Was not that a proud day,
When, to Grocery's glorification,
SCHLIEMANN made such a treat,
Brother Grocers to greet
In the Hall of their great Corporation!

WHAT THE UPAS TREE KEEPS DEEPEST HOLD BY.—Its Tap-root.

LITTLE TOMMY'S FIRST BOOK OF MODERN HISTORY.

(*A Prophetic Edition for the Year* 1887. *By Punch's own Alarmist.*)

Q. How is Russia bounded?

A. On the North by the Arctic Ocean, on the South by the Mediterranean Sea, on the West by a part of Ireland, and on the East by China.

Q. Who is the present Premier of Russia?

A. The RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE

Q. What are his principal duties?

A. To write pamphlets in defence of his Master, the CZAR, and to superintend the transfer of the few still surviving English patriots from Westminster to Siberia.

Q. What do you know about BISMARCK?

A. That he created United Germany, and, shortly before its annexation by Russia to which he so materially contributed, became Emperor of his native land.

Q. Who was LORD BEACONSFIELD?

A. The last British Premier, who perished in his almost single-handed opposition to the absorption of England by Russia.

Q. What was the last portion of England to be absorbed?

A. The Isle of Wight.

Q. Where were British interests ultimately centred?

A. In the Scilly Islands.

Q. How did the Russian Army strike the decisive blow which annihilated British resistance in India?

A. By marching a thousand miles in a thousand hours without halting, under the conduct of FIELD-MARSHAL LIEUTENANTS O'LEARY and GENERAL PAYSON WESTON.

Q. Why did the natives receive the invaders with open arms, and hail them as their deliverers?

A. Because the Governor-General for the time being (ROBERT, LORD LYTTON) had published a portion of his Poems in Hindustani, and had threatened to publish the remainder.

Q. How did the Russians finally establish their authority in Great Britain?

A. By suppressing the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Daily Telegraph*, and making special arrangements with the British Army, the British Fleet, and all the English Railway Companies

Q. What became of the British Colonies in 1878?

A. By advice of the Colonial Office they annexed one another.

Q. What was the position of France, Austria, and Germany at this conjuncture?

A. They had been successively absorbed by Russia.

Q. What was at this time the position of Italy?

A. She had sunk to the rank of a Russian dependency, after first establishing the CZAR as Russian Pope at the Vatican.

Q. You have described in outline the marvellous advancement of Russia. Of course this cost money. How was this money raised?

A. By Foreign Loans.

Q. How did Russia pay off these Loans?

A. By composition with her creditors.

Q. At what rate?

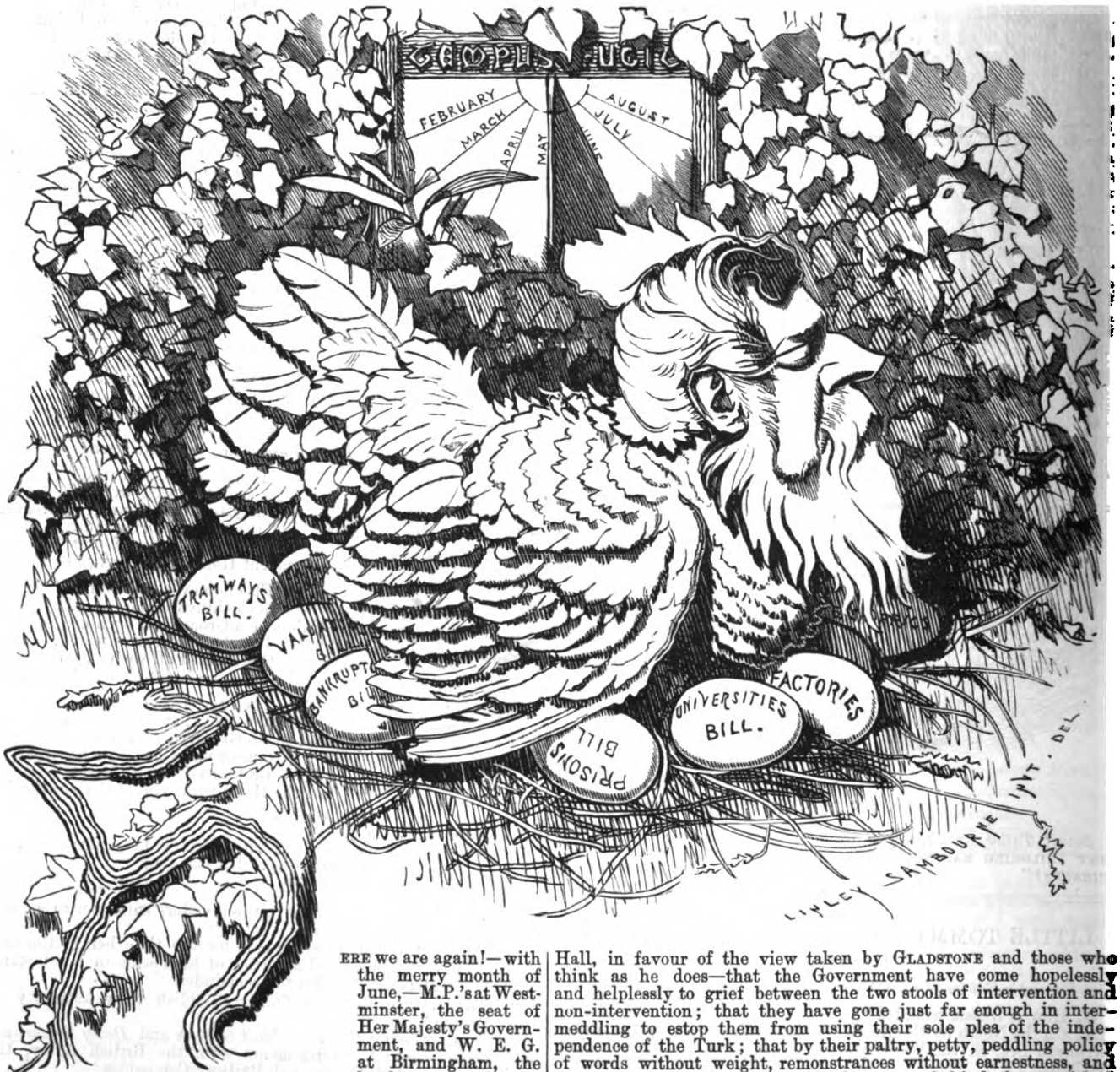
A. Something less than a farthing in the pound.

Q. How did these wonderful feats come to be practicable?

A. Because JOHN BULL, BRITANNIA, the British Lion, all the *Corps Diplomatiques*, the World generally and the nations of Europe in particular, the whole of the Weasel Family, including the ever-wakeful *Mr. Punch*, happened, unluckily, all to be caught fast asleep at the same time.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ERE we are again!—with the merry month of June,—M.P.'s at Westminster, the seat of Her Majesty's Government, and W. E. G. at Birmingham, the head-quarters, for the moment, of Her Majesty's Opposition. From the elected to the electors is an appeal known to the Constitution—though the regular way of making it is by the head of the Government, and not the head of the Opposition, "going to the country."

Those who don't like this sort of appeal call it "stumping." The *Pall-Mall* goes further, and calls it "stumping down" to the folly and froth of the masses; the *Daily News* and *Punch* call it "stumping up" from interest to principle, from the lower terrors of the Upper Tens to the loftier convictions of the Lower Millions.

All depends on the point of view. If, as the *D. T.* and the *P. M.* keep on asserting with as much iteration as if they felt the need of reassuring themselves, as well as their readers, the majority of the nation is with LORDS BEACONSFIELD and DERBY, and against W. E. G. and the DUKE OF ARGYLL on this question, why don't they send the biggest of their big wigs on the stump too, and try to raise London or Edinburgh, Glasgow or Liverpool, Manchester or Leeds, Bradford or Birmingham, to a declaration in favour of the Russophobe and Turcophil view of the matter, as enthusiastic, whole-hearted, and unequivocal, as this of Birmingham and the Local Liberal Associations represented in Bingley Hall, in favour of the view taken by GLADSTONE and those who think as he does—that the Government have come hopelessly and helplessly to grief between the two stools of intervention and non-intervention; that they have gone just far enough in intermeddling to estop them from using their sole plea of the independence of the Turk; that by their paltry, petty, peddling policy of words without weight, remonstrances without earnestness, and representations with no determined purpose behind the varnished mask of their diplomacy, they have encouraged the Turk in his obstinacy, roused and justified the distrust, and incurred the contempt of Austria and Germany, Italy and France, thrown the game into the hands of Russia, and after forcing her into a war which a bolder and a braver policy would have rendered unnecessary, put her in the best position for dictating the terms of peace when that war shall come to an end—given her the credit of having done, dared, and sacrificed all that has been done, dared, and sacrificed, in the cause of the misgoverned Christian subjects of the Turk; that, in a word, they have done everything they ought not to have done, and left undone all that they ought to have done: while so far from Russia showing as yet any disposition to attack or interfere with British interests, she has shown the most cautious determination to respect them in the widest construction of which the words are capable.

That is about the sum and substance of the Gladstonian indictment, and on that W. E. G. has arraigned the Government, in St. Stephen's first, and at Bingley Hall afterwards. The case has been heard, *tant bien que mal*, at Westminster, and has ended in a verdict for the Government. But there is an appeal from the Lower Court of Westminster to a Higher Court of Appeal—that of Public Opinion,

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DILAPIDATIONS.

Architect (who has come down about the "Restoration"). "'GOOD DEAL OF DRY-ROT ABOUT HERE!"
Garrulous Pew-Opener. "OH, SIR, IT AIN'T NOTHINK TO WHAT THERE IS IN THE PULPIT!!"

in which court so much of the judgment as has been as yet delivered has been against that of the Lower Court of St. Stephen's.

But let us return to our muttons of Panurge—the sheep of the Parliamentary Pen.

MR. SANDFORD began by getting rid of the speech he would have spoken had he caught the SPEAKER's eye during the debate on the Resolutions.

MR. BOURKE answered in a solemn sounding string of "words—words—words"—with no more kernel of meaning than can be got out of the assurance that when it came to settling the terms of peace he presumed we should have a voice in them. It is to be hoped so. At any rate we may trust to LORD DERBY, in any such deliberations, to represent England bravely—upon paper.

Then LORD ELCHO proceeded to air his apprehensions of war, and our unpreparedness for it, but was called to order for irrelevancy, *proh pudor!* by the O'DONOGHUE. LORD ELCHO being by the SPEAKER pronounced irrelevant, sat silent—if not corrected—through a discussion—raised by MR. DILLWYN—on the national importance of telegraphic communication between Lundy Island and the adjacent island of Great Britain. Can the price of granite and guillemots' eggs be matters of *much* national moment? Or is it of the approach of hostile fleets and invading armies that Lundy Island is to whisper to Great Britain in lightning—if not in thunder?

That matter disposed of, LORD ELCHO got up to cleanse his stuffed bosom of the perilous stuff that weighs upon his heart, touching England's unpreparedness for war, and said his say, till even MR. HARDY told him he had better have held his tongue. To have been rebuked for too much out-spokenness by the out-spoken Secretary for War is a distinction LORD ELCHO ought to value.

MR. HARDY said, that with the fullest sense of his responsibility, he had kept our forces on the peace footing, but not without looking to the possible contingency—not, he believed, a probable one—of war.

(But who can say what may happen with such a peace-loving, war-hating, non-committal Foreign Secretary as LORD DERBY!)

Then the House went into Supply on the Civil Service Estimates, and the cheese-parers—RYLANDS, MELLOR, and SIR GEORGE BALFOUR as lively as Mother Carey's Chickens on a dirty night—went in at everything, from the salary of the Lord Privy Seal to the costs of Inspectors, of all sorts and sizes—Mining, Factory, Poor-Law, Sanitary, Vaccination—till, at last, PARNELL brought things to a *reductio ad absurdum* by moving to reduce by £10,000 the vote for the expenses of Vaccination, and had the pleasure of dividing—2 (himself and the faithful BIGGAR) to 115.

If Economy is to be made contemptible, commend us to its most prominent advocates in the present House of Commons. MR. DODSON ought to know better than allow his respectable name to figure in such company.

MR. MELLOR brought the cheese-paring and candle-end business to a climax of contemptibility by moving to strike off £530 (for coals, oils and candles supplied to certain offices) out of the £37,895 asked for the Office of Works.

MR PARNELL stopped the desultory discussion at half-past twelve, on the £24,000 wanted for Secret Service Money. Ah, my worthy pair of obstructives, there is *one* appropriation from the amount asked under that name that would not be grudged—but perhaps it would want a bigger vote to do it, so *Punch* will not work out the suggestion.

The House then scuffled half-a-dozen Bills through various stages—one of them, the Bill for securing some State superintendence for the wretched Women and Children of our Canal-boat savages (for which they may bless MR. GEORGE SMITH, of Coalville first, and MR. CROSS, after him)—and finally broke up, with the happy consciousness of a first of June well begun, at half-past one.

Friday.—Till the Government has made up its mind how deep it will dip into JOHN BULL's pocket to pay for Harbour-making, and when it has raised the money where it will spend it, it is little use for LORD C. HAMILTON or MR. BRASSEY to press the claims of Filey to have a Million spent on turning it into a Harbour of Refuge; or for MR. PEASE to show that if a Million is to be spent on Harbour-making, Tees-Bay is the place; or for MR. FRESHFIELD to urge the same claim for Dover. Every Member is bound, of course, to speak up for the rights of his own constituency to the Lion's share of any public money or public works that may be going—all the more, as Members know very well they are not likely to get it, and so may

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win cheap credit for zeal on behalf of their boroughs, without any cost to the country.

Both SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY and SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE pointed out that a great deal of money was being spent under the Harbours and Passing Tolls Act, and that there was more where that came from, viz., in the till of the Public Works Commissioners and the pockets of those who would reap most profit from the work. LORD CLAUD had no right to expect more than 28 to 99 on his Motion.

COLONEL KINGSCOTE was Counted Out in a vain attempt to set forth the wretched state of the poorer population of the Forest of Dean, where, under the noses of wealthy private mine-owners, and the Crown, the biggest mine- and land-owner of all, a race of uncared-for savages seems to be growing up in dirt, disease and ignorance, on ever-accumulating cinder-heaps. But what cares the Collective Wisdom? Let the Local Wisdom look to it. Shall the Crown submit to be crowed over? Office of Woods forbid!

FROM THE OLD OBADIAH TO THE YOUNG OBADIAH.



ONTAINING some valuable Instruction for Youth.)

MY DEAR YOUNG OBADIAH,

IT gives me, as your Uncle and adviser, great pleasure to think that you have netted a considerable sum by acting upon the strong recommendation conveyed to you in my last letter. *Silvio* was my tip in private to you, as you well remember; and I cannot yet believe that you should have allowed almost a week to pass by without acknowledging your gratitude to one who dandled you as a babe on his knee, and who has been more than a parent to you since you were left, by circumstances over which no one seemed to have any control, on my hands. Your father, my brother-in-law, may return in a few years' time, or he may not. Facts are stubborn things, and his attempt to set up a resemblance between himself and me—which, however, signally failed, as I was in court at the time, and in a position to personally instruct the prosecution—was unworthy of his undoubted but generally misdirected genius.

Send a P.O. order, my dear boy (*not* cheque, distinctly *not* cheque), to your old Uncle, in his retirement, and never forget that a blessing awaits those who are kind and charitable to their aged relations. Recollect it was through me that you won your money. I trust to hear from you by return. My address is legibly written at the top of this letter. And now, my dearest Nephew, let me make a few general remarks. You are commencing your career, and will benefit by my experience.

That you should have been offered a seat on LORD NEWDELL'S coach, gratified me extremely: though, at the time, you were unaware that I was of the party. It was your first appearance as a Noble Sportsman, and, I am glad to say, you did credit to our family name and ancient reputation. Your white hat and white overcoat were nearly faultless; but my fortunate discovery that NOSES'S ticket (marked "30*s*.") was still adhering to the skirt, was a bit of foresight on my part worth a fifty-pun' note to you on such a day, and in such company.

But, correct as you were, and even imposing as was your appearance (at some distance), yet I regret to say that, to the practised eye of an old bay-window observer like myself, you gradually fell off towards the boots, which, like the gaiters and the trousers, were evidently relics of a bygone and unsporting age. My boy, *don't half do anything*. Be dressed *up* to the "nines" exactly, but not merely up to the four-and-a-halfs or even the fives. Also, not a fraction *over* the nines. Your hat, your coat (*when buttoned*, mind), your tie, and your gloves were all *de rigueur* for the Derby. But you were only attired for sitting down with your legs hidden, and had not reckoned on walking about the Course, or on being pilloried on the box of the drag, or on a corner seat at the back. *Verbum sat.*

I was pleased to notice that if you have not a fund of entertaining conversation at command, yet you are possessed of an inexhaustible store of good-humour, and have much control over your facial expression, as was proved by the really amiable smile you assumed immediately after being struck sharply, and unexpectedly, in the left eye by a well-directed pea, just as you were ogling, in a most significant but inoffensive manner, a beautiful creature in lemon gloves and a blue feather, reclining in the barouche at our side. By the way, if you *must* ogle, you should practise it before a looking-glass. To ogle as a well-bred gentleman should ogle, is an art you have yet to acquire. At present, my dear boy, you only *leer*, and it is not a pleasant sight. I will send you a little book on the subject, entitled *The Modest Ogler*. Your jokes, if not absolutely brilliant, were quite equal to those of your companions, and were intelligible to the meanest capacity. As, for instance, when, on reaching the "Cock," young DICK SQUIFFIE (do not forget that though he is only DICK SQUIFFIE *now*, he *will* be one of the greatest swells in these British Isles) asked you, "Is this Sutton?" and you quickly replied, "Why, yes, *Sutton*-ly!" It was a very fair specimen of the kind of humour to which I have already alluded. It rather lost on repetition, but will, if kept in reserve, come out once again quite fresh for next year's Derby. For my part, I hate jokes and detest puns; but on a Derby Day, when politics are out of the question, and you've got your money on, why *dulce est dissipere in joco*.

Your subsequent performance on a fog-horn, and your playing with squeaking dolls, which you had purchased on the race-course, were not, perhaps, in the best possible taste; but you had had quite enough lobster-salad and champagne, and the sun had been, I admit, uncommonly strong. Besides, your companions—as many of them, at least, as still remained on the drag—were not in such a state as would have given weight to their observations, even when intelligible.

The last thing I saw of you was that you were engaged in kissing your hand to a bevy of elderly damsels in a van, before you succumbed to drowsiness, when you reclined on the roof, and slept with your head in a hamper. As the grooms were looking after you, I retired quietly to the interior of the coach, and meditated on the events of the day.

Take these remarks in good part, my dear boy, as I am anxious for you in your new career. It isn't often that a nephew has an Uncle who not only *knows the ropes*, but knows where to *draw the line*; and every line I send you is worth its weight in bullion. *A propos* of bullion, do not forget P.O. order for per-centage on the *Silvio* tip, for which you have to thank

Your ever affectionate Uncle,

THE OLD OBADIAH.

P.S.—Not a word to your Aunt. I respect her scruples.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Reports to the Editor, after visiting the Lyceum, the Gaiety, and the Opera.

SIR,—There is a portent in the theatrical world. MR. CHARLES READE, author of *The Wandering Heir* and *The Scuttled Ship*, has given us an exciting melodrama whose sole fault, in the eyes of an appreciative public, is—its brevity!

The *Lyons Mail*, as the new version is called, is, in some respects, an improvement on the former one written by MR. READE for the Princess's in CHARLES KEAN'S time. For instance, much more in this present piece is made of *Julie*, *Lesurques'* daughter, of *Jeannette*, *Dubosc's* wife, and of *Jerome*, *Lesurques'* father, than in the former adaptation. But these characters, it seems to me, have been strengthened somewhat at the expense of the dual parts of *Lesurques* and *Dubosc*, both forcibly played by MR. IRVING. MR. READE, however, has given us an additional scene between *Jerome* and his son, which is at once the most powerfully written and most admirably acted scene of the play; and here, while the weight of the dialogue is borne by MR. T. MEAD (whose performance of old *Jerome* is excellent throughout), the force of the acting, of varying emotions increasing in painful intensity at every moment, is entirely in the hands of MR. IRVING, and, to my mind, this "bit" is the best thing he has

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ever done. Those who have seen his bye-play in *Richard the Third* while listening to *Margaret's* curse, can form some idea of how this artist would develop his part in such a situation as this, where, innocent of crime, he is accused by his own father of murder and of attempted parricide, and, finally, is upbraided by him as a coward, because he refuses to commit suicide, in order to save the family name from the ignominy of the scaffold.

The change from *Lesurques* to *Dubosc* is startling. MR. IRVING's *Dubosc* might bear a little toning down—a slight graduating where the outlines of *Dubosc* and *Lesurques* touch, so that there should be more blending of the *physique* of the two characters. Sharp little boy *Joliquet*, at the Inn, would, probably, have distinguished between the amiable, smiling traveller and the rough, gruff, scowling brute who addresses him within two minutes after the first has left. True that the wife, *Jeannette*, has been deceived by the close resemblance of *Lesurques* to *Dubosc*, but then she alludes to what she supposes to be his disguise in "fine clothes" at his house on the Boulevard Montmartre. *Joliquet*, the boy, has not had time, or opportunity, to consider this, and I think a point has certainly been lost by MR. IRVING in not making in this scene, at all events, some more marked, but purely accidental, resemblance in dress and in arrangement of hair, between *Dubosc* and *Lesurques*; such, I mean, as would naturally induce not only *Joliquet's* mistake, but also that of *Jerome*, *Lesurques'* father.

MISS ISABEL BATEMAN has never been seen to greater advantage than as *Jeannette*, the wife of *Dubosc*; and as for MISS VIRGINIA, she was a perfect picture of the fashion under the Directory.

I cannot dismiss this without recurring to an admirably studied point in MR. IRVING's *Dubosc*. In his dealings with the gang the Actor never loses sight of his being "the Captain." He arranges the plan of the robbery of the mail, he disposes his forces with as much decision as *Richard* showed on the eve of Bosworth. Then on the spot *Dubosc* is cool and collected. His enormous draughts of brandy have had no effect on his head or his hand. He takes up his vantage-ground as if it were a quiet corner in a *battue*, and quietly has a pot-shot at the guard and driver. As he has arranged it, so he carries it out. The other robbers fumble and fuss. He becomes impatient with their mode of doing business; his idea clearly is that, after all, collaboration in such a crime is almost useless, and that, if you really want a thing well done, you had better by far do it yourself. The only accomplice at all necessary to him is *Durochat*, the traveller in the mail, played by a gentleman appropriately named MR. HELPS—and this Mister helps considerably. In the last Act, where it is all *Dubosc—Dubosc* drunk, mad, delirious with savage joy at the prospect of seeing the innocent suffer for the guilty, fiendish as *Quilp*, brutal as *Macaire* to *Jacques Strop* (who finds a parallel in *Fouinard*, carefully played by MR. J. ARCHER), and, finally, *Dubosc*, like some wild animal at bay, desperately struggling for existence—MR. IRVING gives such a picture as will never be effaced from the spectator's memory. The brutality of this scene is so appalling that I do not wonder at the hearty cheer which arose from the house at the re-appearance of MR. IRVING as the noble, honest, gentle *Lesurques*, to replace the wretch whom they had seen, but a few seconds before, hide behind the door, prepared to sell his life dearly. That *The Lyons Mail* is a real success goes without saying.

Across the road to the Gaiety is but a step. Here the French company was, last week, playing *L'Ami Fritz*, and, though the *artistes*, headed by M. FREDERIC FEBVRE and MLLE. ALICE LODY, come from the Comédie Française, from the Ambigu, the Porte St. Martin, the Châtelet, the Gymnase, the Odéon, and the Gaîté, the *ensemble* of the performance was as perfect as if they had been all playing together for the last fifty nights. That *L'Ami Fritz* lacks incident and action, everyone interested in the French Stage knows by this time. But, though to my mind there is too much harping on one string, it is a refreshing piece, with an air of the country breathing about it, and its success in Paris afforded pleasant and not needless proof that thoroughly good acting, an intelligent choice and unvulgar treatment of even small and unexciting incidents, and natural dialogue, will carry a simple and pure story to a triumphant issue. The speeches are perhaps occasionally too lengthy, but then these occur invariably in the Rabbi's part, who is professionally a preacher. MLLE. ALICE LODY, as sweet *Suzel*, like too many French *ingénues*, is just a thought *too* ingenuous; she has a way of "primming" up her lips, a little too suggestive of "prunes" and "prism." The thought *will* intrude that she is not altogether too innocent to have conceived the idea of trapping *Friend Fritz*, and the thought naturally follows, how long will it be before he repents of his matrimonial plunge, and justifies the ridicule of his old bachelor chums?

M. FREDERIC FEBVRE as *Friend Fritz* was inimitable; while MADAME MAES, as the old housekeeper *Catherine*, and MADAME GODIN, in *Lisbet* the maid, small as the parts may be, are the very persons represented, and help out the completeness of the performance most materially.

M. FEBVRE's *Marcel*—in the piece which we have had Englished in at least two forms—is a wonderfully pathetic and powerful presentment of a mind shattered by a great sorrow, and the acting throughout was in startling contrast with what we have seen in the English adaptations of the little drama.

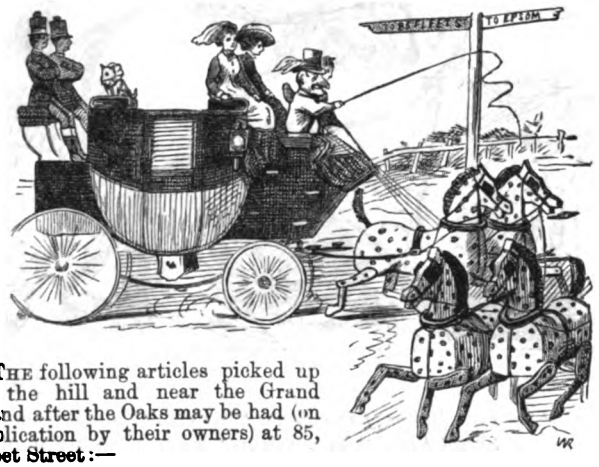
MR. HOLLINGSHEAD gives us a long list of French plays in prospect, with first-rate *artistes* to act in them.

Before this letter appears, THERÉSA will have made her bow to the audience on the 4th of June (the great Etonian holiday), and is to remain with us till the 18th, when comes ever-welcome CHAUMONT with things new and old.

At Covent Garden, PATTI's *Zerlina*, in *Don Giovanni*, was, as usual, a triumph. On the *Tannhäuser* night, RICHARD WAGNER and MADAME MATERNA were in the house, but RICHARD (who seemed quite himself again) left after the Second Act. ALBANI was charming. Of course we are all longing to hear that MLLE. TITIENS is out of danger. It was but the other evening I saw her in excellent health and spirits, apparently, at the Albert Hall listening to the Music of the Future. SIGNOR GAYARRE has got rid of his accent—I mean the accent that was placed on his "E"—and looks and sings as well as ever, at least, this is the opinion, *quantum valeat*, of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

FOUND AT EPSOM.



THE following articles picked up on the hill and near the Grand Stand after the Oaks may be had (on application by their owners) at 85, Fleet Street:—

A Letter of Thanks in Turkish, signed "ABDUL," and addressed "To the sweet singing Bulbul of the House of Lords."

A Pig-tail standing on end, apparently cut from its roots while the wearer was in a state of bewilderment; also a willow-pattern plate, the bottom of which has evidently been used as an extemporised note-book, being covered with hastily written remarks in the Chinese character on the English ditto. (*Mr. Punch's* own sergeant has served in the East, and understands the language of the Flowery Land.)

A Total Abstainer's Pledge unsigned, bound up, with a pocket edition of Joe Miller, in a handsome case, inscribed "from SIR W. L. to MAJOR O'G., M.P." and the quotation—

——"Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum."

A Large Bag full of grotesque masks and false noses, with a paper pinned to the bag, "I have collected these articles which I have but too much reason to believe are sold, bought and worn at Epsom Races by Jesuits, for purposes of disguise," signed "G. H. W., Peterborough."

A Box containing a set of house-breaking apparatus and several works of devotion, in a neat case, with the initials "A. T., Sacerdos," and the inscription, "for use at St. James's, Hatcham;" the books bear the Papal *imprimatur*, and are printed at Rome.

A Packet of General Orders signed "GEORGE," with marginal notes of objections to them, apparently raised by their author. Internal evidence would suggest that the owner is a high official at the Horse Guards.

A much thumbed copy of *The Young Navigator's Manual*, dealing with nautical matters in an elementary manner, with inscription on the fly-leaf "First L.'s room, Ad. Office, Whitehall."

Proof-sheets of a pamphlet upon *Horse Racing from the Earliest Times, with some account of the latest Epsom Atrocities*, initialed "W. E. G."

A MS., with the title *Notes on Shakespeare: No. 18. On the character of Juliet's Nurse's husband—showing that his merriment was but the mask of a deep seriousness.* And another, marked No. 19, *Inquiries into the Altitude of a Chopine.* (See *Hamlet's* speech to the Players.) Addressed to the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century*.

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WORLDLY WISE.

First Mother of Daughters. "HAVE YOU CALLED ON THE CHOLMONDELEY JONESES YET?"
Second Ditto. "YES, I HEARD THEY WERE GOING TO GIVE A BALL, AND SO I CALLED LAST SATURDAY."
First Ditto (*in a tone of superiority*). "AH! *I* HEARD THAT THE BALL WAS *NOT* COMING OFF, AND SO I DIDN'T!"

"QUIS TULERIT GRACCHOS DE SEDITIONE QUERENTES?"

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* is astonished that *Punch* should have quoted MR. FORSYTH'S attribution of the description of the *P. M. G.*,—"a journal written by gentlemen for gentlemen"—to those who started the paper, and not to THACKERAY, the author of both name and description. No doubt MR. FORSYTH thought, as *Punch* did, that when the projectors of the *Gazette* took its name from THACKERAY, they wished to be understood as taking also the character he had coupled with it. It is true they have done their best of late to remove this impression by the rabidness of their attacks on those who differ with them about the Eastern Question, and the recklessness with which they ascribe motives, and attach abusive epithets to their opponents. They have in fact made their disclaimer of THACKERAY'S description superfluous.

But the funniest thing is to find these flingers of hard names and harsh imputations complaining, in a late number, of "the essential want of generosity of that party who, not content with adhering to their own narrow view of a great question, refuse even to admit the possibility that the view of their opponents may be the true one, and to judge fairly of their conduct by the light of that consideration."

When has the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in dealing with this question, set an example of this generous appreciation of the policy, motives, or conduct of those who in this matter would rather be wrong, if wrong they must be, with MR. GLADSTONE, than right, if right they can be, with the *Pall Mall Gazette*?

A League of Separation.

(*A propos of the last new Union for the Separation of Church and State, set on foot by the* REV. MR. MACKONOCHIE *and his friends.*)

BRED of priestly impatience with law and its tether,
This Ritual move leaves plain sense in the lurch.
Leagues till now have been formed to keep Churches together;
But this is a League for dividing the Church!

"HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF."

WITH the revival of the Old Coaching Days (we are becoming a trifle tired of steam) highway robberies are once more coming into fashion.

There have been two or three lately, but the Knights of the Road do not, evidently, as yet know their business. The Highwaymen were, we regret to say, *on foot!* These degenerate successors of the eminent CLAUDE DU VAL and the gallant CAPTAIN MACHEATHS of a later period wore masks, which was very considerate of them, but there was no gold embroidery on their coats, no long boots and buckskin breeches, and, in fact, they had omitted to go previously to MR. MAY, the theatrical costumier, to consult him on the correct costume. And they were so stupidly practical and so vulgarly unromantic! In one instance there were two ladies in a carriage with an elderly gentleman (the servants are not mentioned), but there was no *coranto* or *minuet de la cour* danced on the heath! No; they simply presented pistols, offered the choice of "money or life," and decamped with all they could get. Another set stopped an Auctioneer. Why, here was a chance for some fun! They might have made him value his own watch and chain, and have bid among themselves! With just one redeeming spark of humour, they knocked the Auctioneer down—the Auctioneer having been previously accustomed to *knock down a lot*, was naturally surprised to find *a lot* knocking *him* down—and, at their *bidding* (another touch of humour) he gave up £260. But the ungentlemanly ruffians ill-treated him, and bound him hand and foot with ropes. The report in the newspaper adds that "his cries brought a policeman to his assistance *about two hours afterwards.*" This happened near Keighley. Where were the Keighley Guardians? And where are the mounted constabulary?

SORS HORATIANA.

(*Campaign on the Danube.*)

"Russicus expectat dum defluit amnis."

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"FIAT EXPERIMENTUM—!"

BRITANNIA. "ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST MADE HIS DÉBUT ON THE DANUBE, AND TO WHOM YOU AND I WILL, I RATHER THINK, HAVE A GOOD DEAL TO SAY."

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VESTMENTS AND LAWN SLEEVES.



THE *Morning Post* reports an "Important meeting of High Churchmen," in number above 300, "held, under CANON CARTER'S presidency," on the Derby Day, in the Westminster Palace Hotel, whereat:—

"A resolution pledging the meeting to resist absolutely the secular judgments of the new Lambeth Court and the Court of Final Appeal, is said to have been carried with remarkable enthusiasm and unanticipated unanimity. The meeting, after three hours' session, closed with the episcopal benediction."

Who gave it? No Bishop appears to have been present. Surely CANON CARTER could not have undertaken to play the part of one. How then could these rebels against episcopacy have possibly got an "episcopal benediction." The Ritualists ought not to have a Bishop to bless themselves with.

AT THE SERVICE OF ULYSSES.

(On his Travels.)

EX-PRESIDENT GRANT a few days since, in returning thanks for his health at a Manchester banquet, admitted that he liked his speeches like his drinks—short and strong, but that he hated the work of talking, even under these conditions.

Mr. Punch, always anxious to serve an illustrious visitor, begs to present the General with a few outline orations that may be useful to him. He trusts he will appreciate the spice of local colour he has tried to throw in, to take off the air of preparation, and give an extempore and offhand style to the General's utterances.

Reply to a Corporation Address.

Gentlemen,—It is the custom to lassoo royal personages and other less distinguished visitors with a string of platitudes and pomposities, drawn up by the Town Clerk, or Recorder where there is one, and flung at the head of the object of Corporate civility. I can't escape, and I don't complain. When in Rome do as Rome does. I have. You have slicked me down. I have stood quiet to be slicked down. Thanks—now you can get out of your red gowns and big talk, and re-enter the region of rational remark, and the coat, vest, and pants of private life.

Speech on Receipt of the Freedom of the City of London.

My Lord Mayor and Gentlemen,—I know you like this big place of yours to be called "the first city of the world." According to usage, I beg to declare London some pumpkins in the way of bigness, business, and bunkum. You have given me a lot of rights which I don't understand, and which I guess you never expect me to exercise. You mean it civilly, and I thank you. And now, Gentlemen, (with my Lord Mayor's permission), we will turn to for a big dinner and a big drink in genuine Mansion House style, though I guess you can't cut out DELMONICO'S.

Speech after a Visit to the Crystal Palace.

Mr. Chairman and Directors,—You have shown me an almighty big greenhouse, some considerable plaster casts, and an all-fired, handsome garden, and I don't know which I conclude to like best, your waterworks or firework fixings. On the other hand, I have shown myself on your account to a big crowd of the shilling public. I trust (as I understand on all hands that your establishment is deserving of more support than it gets), that the money taken at the doors on this interesting occasion will more than defray expenses, and that the result of this, and similar national and patriotic ovations, may be sensibly felt in your dividends.

Reply to Deputations of several Societies.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—You have come to see me with the view of trotting out your various hobbies. I am used to that sort of thing at home. I guess you 'd rather talk yourselves than listen to me. I 'm quite agreeable. So fire away, and I trust your orations will be reported to your entire satisfaction in to-morrow's papers.

Reply to the Leo-Hunters.

My pushing Friends,—You are most anxious to have the showing of this child among the Lions of the Season. I should have supposed the Zoological Gardens the rightest place for an exhibition of the animal in question. However, as "living celebrities" are a step in advance of "old china," in the way of rational interest, I have concluded to come and be stared at in as many drawing-rooms as I can find time and temper for. Only don't crowd a feller out of all elbow-room when the hot weather comes—if there 's any on the road—or I shall think it 's White House over again.

Speech at a City Banquet.

Gentlemen,—It has given me great pleasure to assist at your almighty big feed. I hear that it has been proposed to ask Parliament to look into the way you spend your revenues. All I can say is, that if you are as spry on your duties as on your dinners, I think it will be hard to make out a case against you.

Reply to several Deputations of Rival Home-Rulers.

Representatives of a down-trodden Race,—You have done me the honour to bullyrag JOHN BULL for the glorification of UNCLE SAM. Since I came I have watched your conduct in the British House of Commons, and I should think from what I 've seen of the Home-Rulers in that location that the Irish House will be a lively school of oratory, and an almighty smart place of business, when you get it. In our country we know a thing or two about the worth of the Irish Agitator and the weight of the Irish vote. However, I shall be happy to reciprocate—especially with the Major. My liquor is old Bourbon, but I 've no objection to John Jamieson.

Oration to the Citizens of London in General.

Good-natured Cusses,—You have shouted after me till you are hoarse, and crowded me up till I feel as limp as a Fourth of July Orator, or a Senator on the stump. But so you did that all-fired savage the SHAH; and so you would, I guess, any big bug that came among you. However, Irish Editors and Native Spread-Eaglers notwithstanding, it 's a fact your right-down American cousins do kind of cotton to the British branch of the family, and I see no reason to doubt that you Britishers will really like us if you ever come to our real grit. And why shouldn't we like each other? We 've one tongue, one past of famous men and glorious associations, one future of rational progress and law-abiding liberty. We 're pretty much made to the same gauge, and of the same scantling.

So, on behalf of the Young Giant I represent, I beg to thank the Old Mother Country for my reception. I hope you are as well pleased with your guest, as he has every reason to be with his entertainers, and that we shall neither of us be such darned fools as to quarrel on our own account, or such gonies as to let any set of mean cusses drag us into a row on theirs. That 's about the whole of what I 've got to say—except good-bye, and God bless you!

GRAVE MISDEMEANOUR.

COINCIDENTLY with the "Penge Mystery," there appears to have occurred a similar "mystery" in the Isle of Wight, wherein the *Times* refers as follows to an alleged

"CASE OF STARVATION.—With regard to the case of alleged starvation in the Isle of Wight workhouse, about which a question was lately put in the House of Commons, the guardians yesterday received a letter from the Local Government Board, stating that the evidence before them confirmed the effect of the verdict at the coroner's inquest that deceased died from starvation. Two nurses are discharged, the master is censured, the medical officer requested to resign, and his deputy debarred from further employment in any similar capacity."

This is very severe. If, for the alleged starvation of a mere pauper, officials are actually censured and even sent about their business, no wonder that people accused of having starved a respectable person are committed to take their trial for murder.

Imperfect Accoutrements.

A DAILY contemporary—not an Irish one—animadverting on the unreadiness of the British Army observes that:—

"For want of those pence, shillings, and pounds, in which England abounds more than any other country, we find our soldiers are few, that they have no gaiters and no buttons to them."

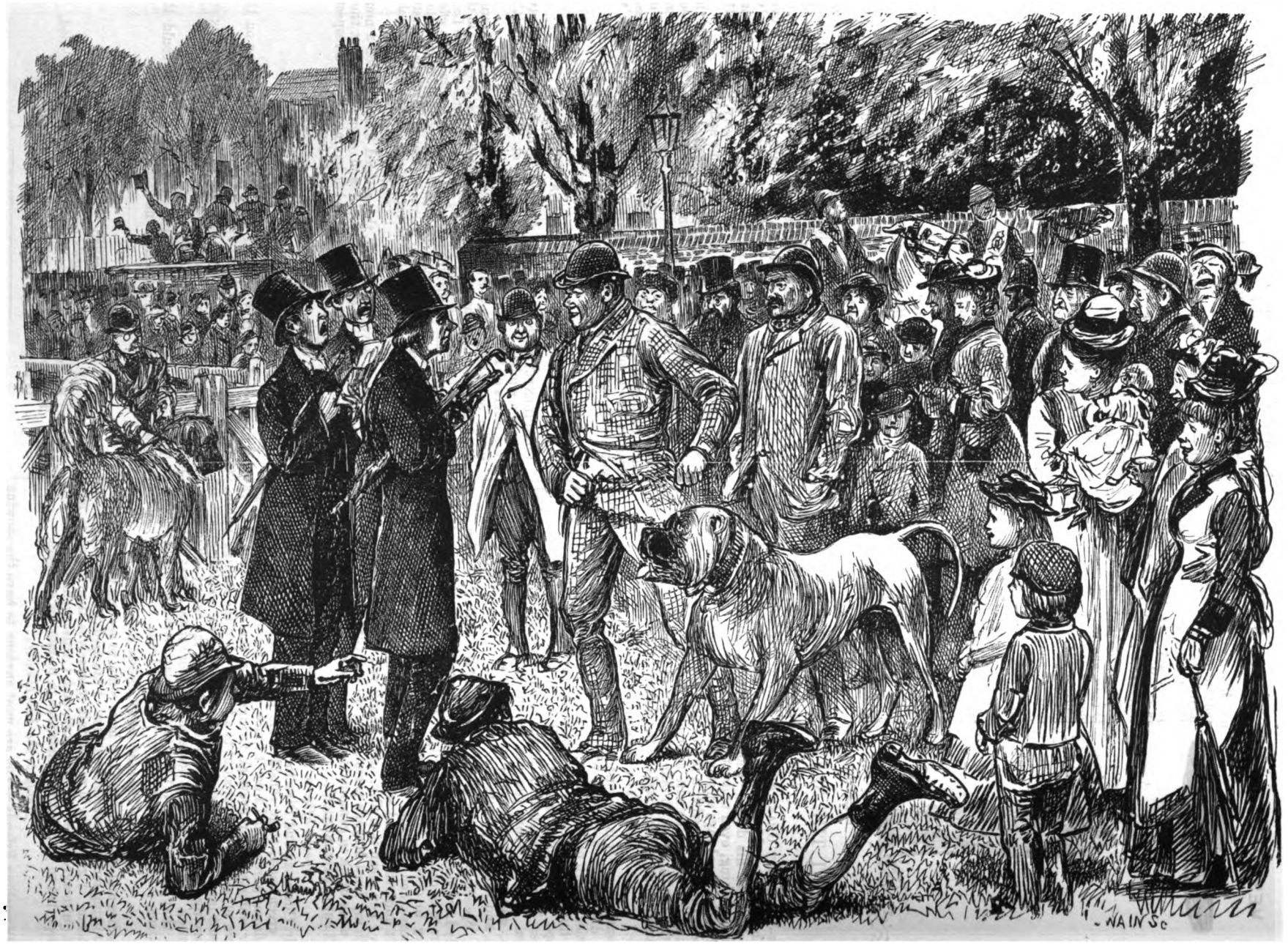
This is a little too hard upon the War Office. How could the troops possibly have any buttons to no gaiters?

A Query from the Danube.

TORPEDO, of the future's naval task,
Has won the Master's place. Should proof be needed,
To whom but to a Master, *Punch* would ask,
Is power to blow up Monitors conceded?

STUFF AND NONSENSE.—A City Banquet, and the speeches after it.

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WHITSUNTIDE HUMOURS.

Holiday Maker (to Open-Air Preacher). "I SAY, GUV'NOR, JUST KETCH 'OLD O' THIS YER DOG, WILL YER, WHILE ME AN' MY MATE GETS A DROP O' BEER! 'OLD HIM TIGHT, AN' IF HE TRIES TO FOLLER US, OR GETS UP ANY OF 'IS TRICKS, 'E'LL HAVE TO DEAL WITH ME!"

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DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

*(Forwarded as usual by Private Wire.)**



3 P.M.—They are gaining on us! Their notes since their awful repast are quite changed. I can detect in their howls the notes of the various compositions they have swallowed. Above all, I hear the highest note (by two wolves in unison) of the "*Suoni la Tromba!*" . . . I shall write an Opera if I ever get out of this sleigh alive! . . . It will be *Mazeppa!* and in one Act a panorama of his wild career, with such orchestration for the wolves as the world has never heard. Early application from music-publishers necessary. . . . Cry from the Boy in the rumble. . . . "Oh!" It is a cry of agony. . . . A wolf, in advance of the rest, has come up with him. The Boy, overdosed with buns, was asleep as he sat leaning forward with his head on the hood. Like Achilles, here was one vulnerable point. The wolf saw it! . . .

Halt!—for one instant. Unfair Circassian fainting, Sleigh-driver invisible in his capes. The boot suddenly opens. Pig out furious; flies at wolf. Wolf, a young one, astonished at Pig—never seen a pig before. Deadly encounter. Wolf floored. Triumph. Dance of everybody in the snow. Fireworks. *Wickski* for Pig. *Wickski* all round. Onward! . . . Wolves eat their companion. . . . Another respite.

5·30.—Donkey and Horse dead beat. If *they* stop, we are lost. They are panting, lame, limping!! Ha! The private telegraph wire with battery! Attach it to Horse and Donkey. Wire in! Work the battery. Send startling messages to both of them. On they go by electricity! Steam surpassed!!! Saved! Saved!——for the present.

8.—Dinner-time. Still flying onwards. Wolves distanced. Ha! The towers of the old Cathedral of St. Vitus within four miles!!

8·15.—Horror! Wire broken connecting Horse and Donkey. Donkey drops down dead. On examination we find that he has been defunct for some hours past, but his muscular power has been kept in action by the electricity. We leave him for the wolves. On again! On further examination I ascertain, having been something of a Vet in my time, that the horse also has been dead some hours, but the electric current is still passing through the wire to him, and so the muscular action is kept up. This gives the lie to the old Russian proverb about "*no use trying to drive a dead horse.*" I am doing so, and we could win a Derby like this. What a subject for a legendary poem! The Flying Phantom on the Dead Horse! I must send it to WAGNER. He would have preferred it to the *Flying Dutchman*. (I make this note in my Diary with my hands frozen as we gallop onward in the moonlight.)

10.—Night. Moon shining. Battery getting weaker and weaker. Horse consequently more and more feeble. Wolves gaining on us. Now—how about throwing over the children as they did in the story? The Fair Circassian suggests giving the Pig to the wolves. I open the boot. The Pig has overheard us. He has the letters of the Alphabet before him and has spelt out "No, *please don't!*" Touching scene. Reminds me of *Arthur* and *Hubert* in the Tower. *Arthur* (by Learned Pig), *Hubert* (by Myself). This will be a good interlude when the Circus is once started. Would tell in the season at the Egyptian Hall. Music. "*Woodman spare that Pig!!*" . . . Wolves on us. . . . The towers of *Gladitzova* in sight. . . . Electricity stopping. Horse dropping. . . . Children *must* be thrown over, *or* the Unfair Circassian. . . . Begin with Sleigh-driver's Boy. . . . Sleigh-driver's Boy suggests beginning with Sleigh-driver. . . . The wolves are within two-hundred yards of us. . . . It must be done. . . . The Sleigh-driver has five capes, a thick fur coat, and a whip. . . . With the whip he can defend himself, and the wolves will be a long time before they get through his capes, his boots, and at *him*. . . . Wolves within one hundred yards. . . . One wild cry. . . . A struggle. . . . 'Tis done!!! . . .

* * * *

Gladitzova at last! At the gate of the town the electric battery bursts. The faithful Circus Horse drops. Alas! poor *Black Bess!* Thou wert a gay lass! Better mare was never foaled! Ah! what a chance I've lost in not being able to play *Dick Turpin's Ride to Khiva!!* Well, well, thou wert eighteenpence an hour, and the contract was, *distinctly, from London to Khiva.* Thy master will lose his money, for thou, O gallant mare, hast broken the contract, and my heart! *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, and I do not pay thine owner, my sweet *Black Bess!* Peace to thy manes!—I mean thy mane, for thou hadst but one.

And the Sleigh-driver! He was to have reported himself to the livery stable at *Gladitzova*—but he cannot do so now. Poor fellow! I was to have paid and discharged him at Khiva, and here we are at *Gladitzova*, only a few miles from our ultimate destination, and he has broken his agreement through being eaten by the wolves, *and I have therefore no one to pay.* Such is life! I explained all this to the livery stable-keeper here, who is in correspondence with my Sleigh-owner at St. Petersburg. We shall only stop here a night just to give one performance with the Learned Pig, the Hairless Circassian, and Our Boys, for the benefit of the Wanderers' Home. Then on to Khiva. We expect to be at Khiva early to-morrow.

My beard and moustache are still in icicles. On applying hot water to my face, it caused my head to swell out suddenly to the size of a pantomime mask. This will be useful in the Circus entertainment, but I can't go out till night time. However, it's good for business. The hair of Our Boys is quite white by now. They are premature old men. Ah me! a thing to shudder at, not to see. On to Khiva. Where's cheque?

* * * *

I have just walked round the ramparts. In the distance I can see Khiva. It is within a walk. But I am bound to *ride*—not *walk*—to Khiva, and I am a man of my word.

* Next week we shall have something to say about Private Wire. At present we can only guardedly remark that we think a Private Wire is a Wonderful Invention.—ED.

FOR *OUR* "TWO GENTLEMEN."

THE HORSE AND HIS OWNER.

(Slightly altered from SHAKSPEARE'S.)

WHO is *Silvio?* What is he,
That tips nor touts commend him?
Flyer both and stayer he,
And luck did ARCHER send him,
That well-ridden he might be!

Was he fit as he was fair,
Whence the tipsters' blindness?
Blair Athol's son by *Silverhair*
Might have earned more kindness
Than twelve to one, and backers rare!

Then to *Silvio* let us sing,
The Derby field excelling:
And LORD FALMOUTH, from the ring
Tribute fair compelling—
To both their Blue Ribbon bring!

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SABBATH-BREAKING.

Scotch Cook. "WHISHT! THERE'S MASTER WHUSTLIN' O' THE SAUBATH! LOSH SAVE US! AN' 'MAGGIE LAUDER,' TOO!"

A VOICE FROM "GIB."

WE are, thank Heaven, familiar in these days with all sorts of kindly movements for all sorts of improvements in the lot of all sorts of people, from Cabmen and Costermongers upwards. But few classes have profited more by this kindliness of the time than our Soldiers. In our home barracks reading and recreation-rooms, but lately altogether unknown, are now the rule rather than the exception. On Stations abroad, as such resorts for leisure hours are more needed than at home, *Punch* had supposed that they were quite as common as in British barracks. What was his surprise to learn, the other day, that there is no such thing as a soldiers' reading and recreation-room at Gibraltar, with its garrison of more than five thousand men, its oppressive climate, its temptations to vice and excess, and the exclusion of its garrison from most of the out-door amusements accessible to the soldier at home and in our more temperate colonies and dependencies!

There is a movement on foot for supplying this strange sin of omission, which *Punch* presumes has but to be known to be put an end to. A "Gib. cat" is a recognised symbol of melancholy, and a "Gib. soldier" is not the image a man would choose to convey the idea of joyousness. But though the Rock is not a "*quartiere allegro*," any more than the *Rock* is a joyous newspaper, under the best of circumstances, the cut of its jib would be materially improved by an "Institute," (if that imposing word is the right one to use of a modest place of resort for the soldier when off duty,) with reading and recreation-rooms where he can join in unobjectionable games, and a coffee and refreshment-room where he can empty any number of the cups that cheer but not inebriate. For his own part, *Punch* sees no objection to the provision of wholesome beer or light wines as well. But probably the canteen-keepers have a vested monopoly in these, within barrack bounds, and would object to the granting of any licence for even the wholesomest form of tipple on which a man could get drunk even under the most insuperable difficulties.

Punch has only had to receive notice of such a want to give it the benefit of his world-wide *rooti-too-it*, and to add that donations may be sent to the Treasurer, CAPTAIN M. WILBRAHAM TAYLOR, Rifle Brigade, Gibraltar, or to the credit of the Soldiers' Institute, Gibraltar, at MESSRS. BARCLAY, BEVAN & Co., 54, Lombard Street, or MESSRS. RANSOM, BOUVERIE & Co., 1, Pall Mall East, S. W.

FORBIDDEN FRUITS.—Those of Philosophy *à la* BRADLAUGH.

A POET ON SPELLING.

"I am not afraid of ridicule, and I have a strong opinion on the spelling question. I cannot be present at your meeting, but you are quite welcome to my opinion. There are, I am informed, thirty-nine sounds in the English language. There are twenty-four letters. I think that each letter should represent one sound, that fifteen new letters should be added, so that there be a letter for every sound, and that every one should write as he speaks.—*Mr. Lowe's Letter read at the Conference on Spelling Reform, held at the Society of Arts, Adelphi.*

RASH man, refrain! These are momentous times
For poets. Muffs are meddling with our rhymes.
Is 't not enough that measure 's set aside,
And every ancient rule of rhythm defied,
By that amorphous lunatic WALT WHITMAN,
But that the likes of MR. ISAAC PITMAN
Must make a raid on rhymes, and CADMUS-LOWE
Add fifteen brand-new letters at a blow
To our redundant alphabet? Thirty-nine!
An ominous number. Ask a shrewd divine.
'Twill tend to strife if the phonetic particles
Are made co-numerous with the Church's Articles.
The very prospect fills me with affright;
I 've now an inkling when my rhymes are right,
But right from wrong I 'm sure there 'll be no telling,
If PITMAN plays the mischief with our spelling;
What pleasure would e'en MILTON's muse afford,
His spells reshaped by an ARTEMUS WARD!
Would gentle readers waste their sighs or shillings
On BYRON, if phoneticised by BILLINGS?
What bard would care to write of Love, if he
Were bound to spell it with an l-u-v?
Who 'd pipe of ladies i's? Who 'd not refuse
To invoke a crabbéd creature called the Mūz?
And where 's the amorous bard could be so stupid
As chant the praises of a god named Qpid?
Absurd! Methinks on poet's page I gaze,
No fair trim garden, but a tangled maze
Of typographic tongue-traps. And for what?
To save young spellists trouble! Horrid rot!
MÜLLER may mouth, and BIKKERS vaunt how much
Our spelling falls below his crackjaw Dutch:
PITMAN may swear "e-a" defies all law—
(*His* favourite vocable should be "e-haw!");
ELLIS may make his "Glossic" system known,
And SWEET be very sweet upon his own;
('Tis nice to know the rival hobbies clash—
One hopes the tilt may end in general smash)—
It will not do. Bards must not have their lines
Defaced by diacritic marks and signs,
Or spoilt by comic spelling. Learned bores,
Drive not the sickened Muses from our shores!
They can put up with doubtful etymology,
They do not care a fraction for philology,
But they must leave Old England, with regret,
If LOWE lays hands upon her Alphabet;
And far from the Adelphi make their dwelling,
If PITMAN sets his spell upon her spelling.

THE HOMŒOPATHY OF WAR.—Treating a revolting tribe with revolting cruelty.

NAME OF THE DEFEATED DERBY FAVOURITE (*adapted to English pronunciation, by a disgusted Backer*).—*Sham'un.*

AN EXPLANATION.

THE Editor of *London* begs *Punch* to remove an impression which the Editor thinks may be left by a paragraph in a late "Essence of Parliament," that a parody on WORDSWORTH'S "*We are Seven*," quoted by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in the debate on MR. GLADSTONE'S Resolutions, had been actually sent to *Punch* and rejected by him. What *Punch* meant was not that the parody *had* been consigned to his waste-paper-basket, but that it was of the quality that usually finds its way to that well-filled receptacle. He thought when he wrote this that the lines were SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S own. Had he known they had actually appeared in *London*, he would have guarded himself more carefully against the misinterpretation which has been put on his very innocently meant bit of chaff.

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SUNDAY OUT.



MAY hath departed. June's long wished-for sun,
Late owning to the Day that bears his name,
Shines brightly as the Sun on Sunday should.
Now the suburban Lover of his Kind
Delights to view the loaded omnibus,
The close-crammed boat, and over-crowded train,
Conveying freights of London folk, released
From desk, shop, warehouse, scene of week-day toil,
Bound for an "outing," to the flowery plains
South of the Thames, Barnes, Mortlake, Sheen, and Kew,
Richmond, and Bushey Park, and Hampton Court,
Where yet some hedgerows spring, and Commons spread
Exempt from bricks-and-mortar. Happy crowds!
How the fresh air invigorates their frames,
Whilst heavenly influence on their smoky souls
Streams in from fields and flowers. And what if they,
Mostly, from roll of leaf convolved, or bowl
Of meerschaum, briar-root, or humbler clay,
Where'er they go Nicotian fumes exhale,
And whiff graveolence on the balmy breeze?
Fastidious Dandy, keep thy nose between
Them and the Zephyr. Bless them! Pleasing sight
The People, at each roadside hostelry
Recruiting, *bonâ fide* travellers,
Attested such by posies in their hands
Of wild flowers newly gathered, branches green,
And blooming hawthorn or horsechestnut boughs,
Fresh rent from tree and hedge in park or lane.
How nice and pretty, coming o'er the Bridge
At eve to meet them, bringing bits of leaf
And blossom back, to brighten their poor homes!
Nipped they but bits and bunches, "Oh, how nice!"
And "Oh, how pretty!" 'twere enow to say.
But, in their thousands, stripping hedge and tree
Of bough and branch, with pull succeeding pull,
They 'll soon go far to leave nor tree nor hedge
In London's peopled suburbs. There 's the thought
That something checks the gush of sympathy,
And taints its milk with gall. It pains the man
Who loves his Kind, to see that Kind behave
Only too like stray donkeys, or wild swine,
That root and ravage, grub up, and tear down,
Whate'er comes in their way. Such woful spoil,
Such grievous havoc, urge e'en Freedom's friend
To wish that ROBERT might patrol the vales,
ROBERT in blue, with guardian truncheon armed,
To fend them from deflowering Cockneydom!

MORE INJURIOUS INSECTS.

LAST week a Conference was held, at the rooms of the Society of Arts, on Insects injurious to Agriculture. After much useful discussion, it was decided that the Privy Council should be requested to take the matter into serious consideration with a view to the suppression of the objectionable parasites. *Mr. Punch* ever ready to take a valuable hint likely to be of service to his fellows, suggests that a Conference should also be held on insects just as injurious to society as the *Phylloxera* to the vine, or the Colorado *Doryphorus* to the potato. He subjoins a few examples of the most noxious *genera* of these social insect-plagues.

The Home Hornet uses its very virulent venom in stinging all it comes in contact with. Its poison, of which the principle is the intensely acrid *Sarcasma malitiosum*, has been known to produce very serious effects on nervous and weakly temperaments. Luckily, it is as cowardly as it is offensive, and so may be easily frightened off for the moment, but only to resume its annoyance on the first opportunity.

The Visiting Drone. This creature is almost singular in creation, for no one has yet ascertained what useful purpose it serves in the scheme of the universe. So far as its habits have been studied, it seems to employ itself entirely in impeding the labours of others. With this object it is to be found infesting the rooms of authors, artists, actors, and other busy people, particularly the more easy-going and amusing businesses and crafts. When it has once been allowed to establish a *habitat*, it will be found most difficult to get rid of.

The Friendly Locust. This parasitic insect generally makes its appearance about meal-times. If not at once supplied with food, it will stay buzzing about the drawing-room, till it sees the family on the move for the dining-room, when it will attempt to follow them. Loaded wine and badly-cooked food will sometimes (but by no means always) relieve those who suffer from this obnoxious and persevering insect.

The Money-Lending Spider. This horrible creature's favourite habitat is in back-streets leading out of fashionable thoroughfares. It also haunts the advertisement columns of the newspapers. It feeds upon the softer *genera* of flies, whose blood it sucks with avidity, and in an incredibly short time. It can be easily detected by its sixty per cent.

The Wearisome Worm. This insect infests club-rooms, watering-places, parties, promenades, and indeed all crowded social gatherings. In such places it is very apt to settle on the arm, or even, in cases of the bolder species, the button-hole, of its incautious victim. It is difficult to shake off, but its sting is more irritating than really painful.

The Garrulous Gadfly. This insect has many of the peculiarities of the Visiting Drone. During its erratic flight from place to place, it deposits eggs, which afterwards develope swarms of winged *Scandala gossipiensia*, an ephemeral insect furnished with an ingenious prehensile machinery, besides a peculiarly injurious poison and a sharp sting. Altogether a creature more formidably equipped for mischief it would be difficult to find.

The Libellous Flea.—Another insect of the Drone order: variety, *vitiosissima*. It delights in hopping from place to place, leaving its characteristic drop of venom as it goes. It is difficult to trace, and harder to destroy, but no opportunity should be lost of diminishing the breed of this ever-increasing plague.

And lastly, the Would-be Comic Snail. This creature is about the most irritating and irrepressible of all insects. Its favourite habitat seems to be *Mr. Punch's* waste-paper basket, which it fills with wonderful rapidity.

Nuda Veritas.

THE leading Swiss hotel-keepers have formed a league to put down "vails" to servants. Their wages are to be doubled, and "*service*" is to disappear from the travellers' bills. But won't the tips to the *valetaille* continue to be expected by them all the same, and to be paid by the traveller, who will, at any time, bleed by his own hand, rather than put up with the churlish service or chilling looks, and the humiliating sense that he is regarded as a "mean cuss" by those who look for his parting *franc* without getting it. In that case, the so-called "doing away with fees to servants," will be but a new form of extortion without vails, in other terms, barefaced extortion.

A Note from Melos.

THE lovely members that were wanting to make the Venus of Milo the most complete *chef-d'œuvre* of classic art, have been discovered (so they say) not thirty yards from the spot where APHRODITE first laid down her arms in the time of PHIDIAS. And yet she has been conquering without them, ever since she was disinterred by an obscure French Vice-Consul, and in Paris, too, the great arena of female rivalry! If thus irresistible unarmed, what will she be now she has once more taken up her arms—and not only her arms but the looking-glass which the right arm carries—the weapon *par excellence* of Venus?

NEW PATIENTS.

THE usual State Banquets were given in celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday. SIR WILLIAM GULL and MR. CÆSAR HAWKINS were amongst the Official party invited by the EARL OF BRADFORD, the Master of the Horse. The question cannot be thought irrelevant—have these eminent practitioners turned their attention to another branch of the profession, and become "Vets"?

JOHNSON FOR EVER!—No Phonetic Spelling! Manifesto of Modern Barons: "*Nolumus Orthographiam Angliæ mutari.*"

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



GREAT rejoicing! Their Lordships met (*Monday, June* 4) after their Whitsuntide holidays, and adjourned at five minutes to six, after a pleasant little chat about the discomfort and danger of Railway Stations used by more than one Company.

(*Commons.*)—LORD G. HAMILTON, with characteristic briskness, promises the Indian Budget in the course of the next fortnight. It will be followed by a request for leave to borrow at home what can't be got in India of the Five Millions the Madras and Bombay famine have cost us.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE having asked for Tuesday Morning Sittings, does not, for the present, mean to ask for more.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER asked, but was refused, leave to "heckle" MR. GLADSTONE on his share in the formation of the Birmingham National Confederation—in which SIR GEORGE seems to smell a Brummagem House of Commons.

The Clerical Fellow was, with difficulty, threshed through the Universities Bill Committee, but not out of the Universities, as at one moment seemed likely.

MR. GOSCHEN moved that the Commissioners should disconnect Headships and Fellowships from Holy Orders.

SIR C. DILKE, MR. OSBORNE MORGAN, MR. TREVELYAN, *pro*; MR. MOWBRAY, and MR. BERESFORD HOPE, as in representative duty bound, *con.* MR. HANBURY, though he thought Clerical Fellowships not only useless but injurious to the Church, would leave the Colleges with their clerical heads on.

MR. GLADSTONE liked to see a large clerical element in the teaching body, though he did not think Clerical Fellowships the right thing. His speech hazy, and scarce consistent with his vote.

MR. HARDY opposed the clause; LORD HARTINGTON supported it. Finally it was rejected by the narrow majority of 147 to 138.

In the present House such a division sounds the doom of Clerical Fellows. "No admission by orders" will soon be the rule in the Universities, as in the theatres when the house can be filled without being "papered."

After dinner, SIR C. DILKE revived the discussion of the same point on another Motion, when it was defeated by 173 to 151.

"No Clerical turnpike-tolls," will be the rule of the road that leads to snug College berths, for our grandsons, if not our sons.

"Another Church-bulwark sapped," exclaim those who look backward to the past. "Another source of Church weakness dried up," cry the Liberals who look forward. But it "has to be," as our American cousins say. Why should Dissenting wranglers and First-Class-men be so heavily handicapped in the Oxford and Cambridge three-year-old races?

Tuesday.—Their Lordships knocked off a few Bills at the usual pace, and were up, with clear consciences, let us hope, and appetites for more, by twenty minutes past five. *They* don't insist upon talking, *à tort et à travers*—and there are no LORDS BIGGAR and PARNELL. LORD REDESDALE is *their* worst obstructive.

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THE SKETCHING SEASON, 1877.

STODGE'S SKETCHING EQUIPAGE—(HE CAN'T WALK ACROSS COUNTRY SO WELL AS WHEN HE WAS YOUNGER)—COMBINING CELERITY WITH PRIVACY AND ECONOMY.

(*Commons, Morning Sitting.*)—MESSRS. WHALLEY and GOURLEY much exercised on LORD DERBY'S Suez Canal Despatch. That *enfant terrible*, E. JENKINS, in spite of the frown of the SPEAKER and the howl of the House, wanted explanations before the House had had time to read the papers, and MR. WHITBREAD, a great stickler for House of Commons decorums, rapped him over the knuckles.

MR. A. EGERTON was instructed to deny the report of a mutiny aboard the *Alexandra*—the last ship in the Navy, to judge by her name, for Blue Jackets to mutiny in. To be sure, there *had* been some extra drill, some dissatisfaction between decks, some mess-traps and gun-sights thrown overboard, but no mutiny, bless you!—or if any, like the country girl's baby, "Such a little one!" "But where there 's smoke there 's fire"—and guns without sights might prove, on an emergency, as useless as Admirals without brains. So perhaps the Admiralty may find it desirable to look sharply into this little "flare up" aboard the *Alexandra*.

Consideration of Prisons Bill, as amended. MESSRS. O'CONNOR POWER, DR. WARD, MR. PARNELL, MR. WHALLEY, and DR. KENEALY holding briefs for the convicts, and against the prison officers, as usual. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." I shouldn't like to be a prison officer under a Home-Rule Parliament.

At the evening sitting MR. MITCHELL HENRY, to a bored House, aired his often-urged theory of the inequalities of English and Irish taxation.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE pointed out, for the twentieth time, that all the inequalities of taxation between the two countries are in favour of Ireland, except the spirit duties, and those the Irish might diminish for themselves.

Why was the Major silent? And why could MR. HENRY find no more than thirty-four Irish Members to support him on a division? No wonder he is savage with his Home-Rule associates, who will insist on premature rehearsals of the Kilkenny Cat business.

The House was Counted Out at one, while MR. WHALLEY was calling attention to MR. DE MORGAN'S petition to be heard at the bar, on the "unhappy nobleman's" case. Why should the House sit to hear MR. DE MORGAN at the bar, when it won't hear poor MR. WHALLEY from his bench?

Wednesday.—More "wanting to know" what is the exact meaning of the Suez Canal Communications. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT gave notice of a question. (For the answer, see *Punch's* Cartoon. That is *about* the English of it. We have the key of the Canal, and we mean to keep it—and the locks belonging to it—open, and see that the water-way is kept for its proper purpose; transit, not fighting.)

The admission of Petticoats to Polling-places was hotly discussed till a quarter to six, and then howled out, MR. COURTNEY keeping his legs against the storm with a courage worthy of the occasion, and saving the Bill from a crushing division. The political females' time is not yet. Will it ever come? *Cur. adv. vult.* Suppose we relegated the date of the Woman's Vote to that of the Parliament on Palace Green?

MIDHAT was in the House through the row, and from the Mussulman point of view of the stronger sex, must have been much edified.

JACOB BRIGHT was eloquent on Woman's Rights. MR. BUTT, on the other side, was powerful on the natural relations of the sexes, and did not want Woman converted from Lady into Lord of Man. Happy BUTT! if he has not already found Woman, even without a vote, more than a match for her master!

Thursday.—The Lords on the Scotch Game Laws Amendment Bill. The MACCALLUM MORE very wroth with the presumption of the Scotch tenant in attempting to reverse the presumption of the Scotch law that the right of killing game is in the lessor and not the lessee. His Amendment, putting the presumption the other way, was carried by 73 to 36.

It is long since we have seen their Lordships so lively. But this was a great constitutional question—in a House of (Land) Lords.

The LORD CHANCELLOR moved the Second Reading of his Bar Education and Discipline Bill. It flows from that quadruple fountain of light, the Inns of Court, and provides a Council of Legal Education; twenty-four chosen by the Inns, and six by the Crown, with an income from the Inns, and power to sit on black sheep. LORD SELBORNE admitted it was the small end of the wedge, deplored it was *so* small, and liked his own Bill better. But the Inns of Court didn't; so he would take what he could get, and hope for the good time coming.

Their Lordships, having thus rebuked the presumption of Scotch tenants touching game, and provided for the education and discipline of the Bar, adjourned in less than two hours. *Punch*

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calls that something like business! Lower Palaver House, go thou and do likewise.

(*Commons.*)—Again much exercised about the Suez Canal. (See *ante.*) LORD DERBY has made known England's will in the matter to the effect that anything or everything may pass through the Canal, but nobody shall be allowed to stop the way to it, or fight on it, unless England knows the reason why. How about Turkey's rights in the matter? Pooh! The independence of the Porte is one thing, the independence of the Canal another.

SIR E. WATKIN having called attention to a *dictum* of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, in *Twycross* v. *Grant*, calling a spade a spade (*i.e.*, pronouncing "rigging the market," to be but another phrase for "getting money on false pretences"), SIR ROBERT PEEL asked a question, in effect charging SIR E. WATKIN with having "rigged the market" in the case of the Humber Iron Works. SIR E. WATKIN replied with dignity and effect, pointing out how that case had, by his act, been fully investigated at law, and his own conduct in regard of it cleared of all evil imputation. SIR ROBERT *should* have known better, but he doesn't, and we presume—after all the schooling he has had against the bad habit of flinging dirt—never will.

Then the House, on the Prisons Bill, struggled for some hours against DR. KENEALY'S, and some of his Irish friends', persistent attempts to turn the prison tables against the officers, and to make their treatment penal, instead of their prisoners'.

SERJEANT SIMON'S more reasonable Motion for abolition of the tread-wheel, the crank, shot-drill, and flogging, was negatived by 229 to 72. These punishments are to be kept—if chiefly *in terrorem*.

The House and the country should be much obliged to MR. CROSS, not only for the framing, but for the fighting of the Prisons' Bill.

Friday (*Lords*).—EARL DELAWARR (the appropriate Peer) moved for returns of the killed and wounded in that but too deadly warfare always going on above and underground with the powers of nature, aided by those formidable allies—ill-governed machinery and human carelessness. As an appendix, the DUKE OF SOMERSET asked the Board of Trade for information as to the progress of brake-power—not break-power—on the Railways. The DUKE OF RICHMOND assured my Lords that the Companies are improving their system of brakeage—again note the spelling—and that the Government have their eye on them.

(*Commons*).—A vast deal of talk, including a "heckling" of SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE by LORD ROBERT MONTAGU and MR. WHALLEY, which roused even SIR STAFFORD'S practised patience into protest, till, by the united efforts of the House and the SPEAKER, LORD ROBERT MONTAGU was snuffed out, and MR. WHALLEY silenced.

Then came a miscellaneous rush of questions and answers on all sorts of subjects, crowned by MR. TAYLOR'S defeat (by 229 to 87)—destined to be a victory some day, and the sooner the better, on a Motion for the Sunday opening of the National Museums and Galleries as rivals of the Public-house, now sole sharer of the leisure of that holy day with Church and Chapel.

LORD F. HERVEY, MR. LOCKE, and—*Mr. Punch* is glad to note—the RIGHT HON. W. E. FORSTER, for the first time, *pro:* COLONEL BERESFORD, MR. MACARTHUR, and MR. W. H. SMITH for the Government, *con.* The Treasury has a natural weakness for the Licensed Victuallers—those roof-trees of the revenue. Still, Clerical majority at Sion House, Conservative Government and Gin-spinning interest to the contrary notwithstanding, *magnus est sensus communis et prævalebit!* So hold out, HANSARD (REV. SEPTIMUS)!

The rest of the night was consumed in a chat on the working of the Judicature Act, and a desperate struggle of MR. WHALLEY with the impatience of the House and the patience of the SPEAKER, to get a hearing for MR. DE MORGAN'S petition, in the course of which the Member for Peterborough had the pleasure of calling MR. W. H. SMITH to order! Such a new sensation for him, poor dear!

"Put out the Light, and then"——

FROM some provincial jottings we extract the following item of news:—

"BELFAST.—To-night the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland commenced its annual deliberations in Belfast, when a sermon was preached by the outgoing Moderator, the REV. JOHN M'NEELY, Belfast."

"Outgoing Moderator"! It is to be hoped that he was speedily extinguished, as, if a moderator is allowed to go out by itself, the consequences are most unpleasant. But surely a moderator oughtn't to be permitted to go out. A moderator should be "turned down," like a collar, or an idle Eton boy.

A SUPERFLUOUS SPIRIT-REVIVAL.

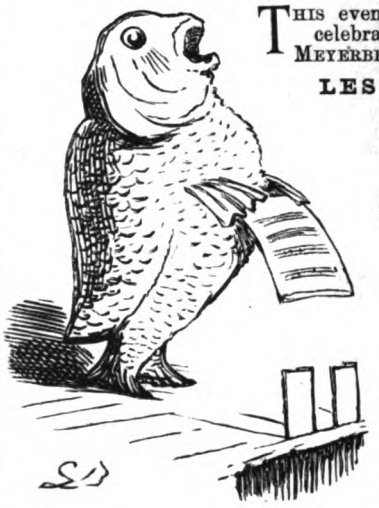
(*A strain, and a great strain too, on the syllable for a new Beggar's Opera.*)

WHAT! Highwaymen on *Black*-heath!
They 've rapped up CAPTAIN *MAC*-HEATH!

OPERATIC STATISTICS.

A BILL OF THE *REAL ITALIAN* OPERA.

(*Adapted to either House.*)



THIS evening will be presented the celebrated Opera composed by HERR MEYERBEER, entitled

LES HUGUENOTS.

Valentina . . . MLLE. PICCOLEZZA (real name, MISS DE QUINZÉ, native place St. Helier's, Jersey).

Margherita di Valois (known in France, where the action of the Opera takes place, as *Marguérite de Valois*) . . MLLE. GRASSEZZA (real name, MRS. SILAS FIXINGS, native place, Massachusetts, U.S.).

Urbano . . . MLLE. DITA DI PASTILANI (real name, FRAÜLEIN SCHMIDT, native place. Cologne).

Conte di San Bris . . . SIGNOR CAPOFFI (real name, MR. HATTON, native place, John Street, Adelphi).

Conte di Nevers . . . SIGNOR DOLORDI DENTI (real name, M. HAVITOUTSKI, native place, St. Petersburgh).

Marcello . . . SIGNOR LO SCERNUTO (real name, MUSTAPHA SNEZZEZIN, birthplace, Constantinople).

Huguenot Soldier (known in French as *Le Soldat*, in Italian as *Il Soldato*) . . . SIGNOR MOSCHETTO (real name, VAN SCHUT, native place, Rotterdam).

AND

Raoul de Nangis . . . SIGNOR FOTO GRAFFO (real name, MR. PATRICK MURPHY, native place, Dublin).

Conductor . . . SIGNOR TEMPO FUGITTO (real name, PROFESSOR VYLD TYME, from Vienna).

And, to make it complete, the whole Entertainment should be under the sole management and direction of MR. MCWHEESTLER, of Fife. But what 's the odds? *Viva La Libertá!* and Italy for the Italians!

A SPIRIT-LETTER.

(*From* MR. JOSEPH ADDISON *to his friend*, SIR RICHARD STEELE, *from where* BUTTON'S *Coffee-house once stood.*)

MY DEAR STEELE,

SINCE my return to Earth for a brief change of scene, I have seen many things which were not dreamed of in our more primitive philosophy, not even in the capacious brain of our great SIR ISAAC, to whom, in all humbleness and sincerity, I beg the favour to be remembered.

I have told you in a former letter that the present time prides itself on being a knowing age, in comparison with whose printed wisdom the lucubrations of our good ANNA'S reign are but as the babblings of a child to the reflections of a philosopher. But one point I must mention, in which the present time and the past to which we belonged show an outward resemblance, which but make more apparent their inner unlikeness. With MR. DEFOE and DR. ARBUTHNOT, you will probably be, at first, pleased to hear that the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, the *Plain Dealer*, *Craftsman*, and *Examiner*, and all the rest of the countless brood of printed Ephemeræ, which sprang to life in our day, have yielded a numerous progeny—particularly in the shape of the many satirical weekly journals which have lately sprung or wriggled into being.

But although some of these papers have taken our names, and masquerade it in our clothes, there is but little resemblance between our clean, if narrow, sheets and their broad, but too often foul, ones. Still less can they boast any flavour of the fine humour which lent a relish to the lightest performances of my dear STEELE and the wits and fine gentlemen who, with him, lashed while they diverted the town. We strove to refine manners and elevate public taste. They are panders to the most witless excesses of the one, and active agents in the degradation of the other. They serve up the scandal of the stable and the servants' hall, or the gossip of the Club, to tickle the jaded palates of an idle and luxurious nobility, or a plutocracy which affects their vices without the transmitted habit which half excuses, or the hereditary grace which half redeems

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them; or still worse, to feed the unwholesome appetites of the silly parvenus or grovelling parasites who, while they at once foster and ape the follies of their superiors, love nothing better than to point attention to the weaknesses, expose the inconsistencies, and declaim against the vices, which they imitate.

To stimulate the dull *papillæ* of such readers, plain truth, if it be ever served up, must be spiced and peppered, and folly in its essence be made appetising by a *sauce piquante*. Penners of smart paragraphs are engaged to circulate scandal in an epigram, and disguise impropriety in the intricacies of an acrostic or the garnish of a *double entendre*. What matter if stories be apocryphal and statements unfounded? They can be corrected, if need be, next week, and the very correction will help to give wider circulation to the falsehood. If not, they will but pass away to the large Limbo of Lies, to be forgotten after their nine days' lease of noxious life.

The projectors and conductors of these papers pride themselves on being what they call "men of the world." Having grown grey in London, they lay claim to a special knowledge of that mingled *microcosm*. They have experienced most of the failures and deceptions of life. They naturally delight to rail or sneer at a world which, as a rule, has treated them according to their deserts.

Their highest pride is to parade their intimacy with the frequenters of doubtful drawing-rooms, and their freedom of question-able clubs. Their acme of enjoyment is to be admitted to a back seat on the least exclusive four-in-hand of the Coaching Club, or the high privilege of a nod from the Guards' bow-window.

An itch to know the ways and means, the lives and manners of public personages—imported, I believe, from across the Atlantic—has of late become the mania alike of town and country. These papers are at much pains and cost to describe, with the most offensive and obtrusive familiarity, and in the pettiest particulars, the homes, haunts, and habits of all about whom the world can reasonably, or unreasonably, be supposed to feel curiosity. An effigy at MADAME TUSSAUD'S (a WAX-work of the town, as noted now as MRS. SALMON'S in our own time), and an article in the *Weekly Dust-Bin*, seem at present the chief *insignia* of the notoriety which passes for fame.

When such and so guarded are the avenues to popular reputation, it is hardly to be wondered at that charlatans should be applauded, and nobodies magnified into importance. When I reflect that these accounts of living personages are penned either by laudatory and self-seeking parasites, or by unscrupulous enemies, I find it as easy to account for the fulsome flattery of the one class of articles as for the malignant depreciation of the other. The objects of this adulation and objurgation were for a time usually, if not exclusively, of the male sex; but you will readily understand that a custom offering such gratifications of vanity should have, ere long, extended itself to the Ladies of the *beau monde*. As every Lady fosters a secret pride in some feature of her face, some trait of her character, or some peculiarity of her dress or manners, she readily yields herself an offering on the altar of cheap admiration. So that my LADY LISPWELL'S portrait can now be bought for sixpence in the streets, or hung at the book-stalls for any puppy to gloat over or crack his low joke upon. 'Tis true the Ladies are limned in delicate colours, and with a flattering, if not idealising, touch. Time was when women of breeding and fashion boasted a pride, if not modesty, which would have shrunk from such public exhibition of themselves. But now they seem to sacrifice alike pride and modesty, so they can but attract attention.

But for the present I must take my leave of you. MR. DEFOE will be gratified to learn that the excellent QUEEN who now occupies the throne, and more than rivals our own ANNA in the loyal love of her subjects, has granted a life-pension to his three great-great-granddaughters, thus relieving them from a state of indigence from which the services of their ancestor, alike to the cause of our popular literature and our national liberties, had not availed to preserve them.

I remain, my dear STEELE,
Your obliged Friend and Servant,

June, 1877. JO. ADDISON.

"In the Queen's name, I charge you all to drop Your swords and daggers."—*Critic.*

IN MACLISE'S Caxton-picture the printers wear swords, and though MR. BLADES, the great Caxtonian authority, asserts that this practice was never in vogue, it would seem that now-a-days the manipulators of type are expected to wear daggers, to judge by the following advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

TO PRINTERS.—A quiet, able, and reliable Compositor can have regular 'stab EMPLOYMENT. Scale. Good references indispensable.—Address, &c.

Here a "quiet and reliable" man is offered "regular 'stab employment," and that not in Bulgaria, but in a peaceful, law-abiding country! But why, in the name of the Police, should good references be indispensable for such a calling?

REASONS FOR GOING TO ASCOT.



THE DUCHESS OF BROMPTON'S.—Because it's an agreeable change after the dusty Park, and the over-heated ball-room. Because lunch on the lawn is rather pleasant than otherwise. Because one way of spending one's time is about as good as another way.

THE DUKE OF BROMPTON'S.—Because the Duchess wishes it.

LORD AND LADY MUDGOLD'S (*new creation*).—Because the dear Duke and the sweet Duchess are *sure* to be there.

MR. AND MRS. PLANTAGENET DE SNUKES (*neé* SNOOKS).—Because the STUART DE JOYNSES (who ten years ago were called JONES) will have an opportunity of seeing SIR MIDAS and LADY MUDGOLD return our bows.

MR. PATER FAMILIAS'S.—Because my wife will lead me *such* a life if I don't.

MRS. FAMILIAS'S.—Because it is only right that the dear girls should see as much of their friends as possible. Because they will be so *much* amused with the scene. Because I don't mind making myself a martyr for their sakes.

THE MISSES FAMILIAS'S.—Because Mamma wants to go, and we suppose we must go with her. Because TOM has promised to bring some of his friends.

MR. FAMILIAS'S, JUN.—Because the Girls are going to ask ARAMINTA and BLANCHE to come with them. Because, if one gets bored, one can cut it all, and leave the family in the hands of the Pater.

DR. VIOLET DOSE'S.—Because I shall meet so many of my patients, and like to show them that I am not always the medical man.

MR. VAPID VAGUE'S.—Because some other fellow asked me to come. Because I am sure I don't know.

CAPTAIN ECARTÉ.—Because one can amuse oneself in the train with a little mild play. Because I am going to dine afterwards with young SCATTERCASH.

MR. PUNCH'S.—Because it's *my* pleasure to pick up good characters.

POLICEMAN X'S.—Because it's *my* duty to look up bad ones.

EDUCATION AND EXTRAS.

THE concluding passage of the police report below-quoted may seem to suggest some misgiving as to the kind of education imparted at industrial schools. At Brentford the other day a youth named HENRY BAILEY was charged with a deplorable act of mischief; an assault inflicting remediless injury on a little boy named M'CARTHY, three years old. Prisoner called to the poor child, told him to "look him straight in the face," and when he did so shot him in his face with a catapult, knocking an eye completely out.

"The Bench considering it a wilful and deliberate act, remanded the prisoner with the view of sending him to an industrial school, where, as the Chairman remarked, he would be taught something else besides knocking other boys' eyes out with a catapult."

Is it not rather to be hoped that MASTER BAILEY will be taught something besides *not* knocking other boys' eyes out with a catapult?

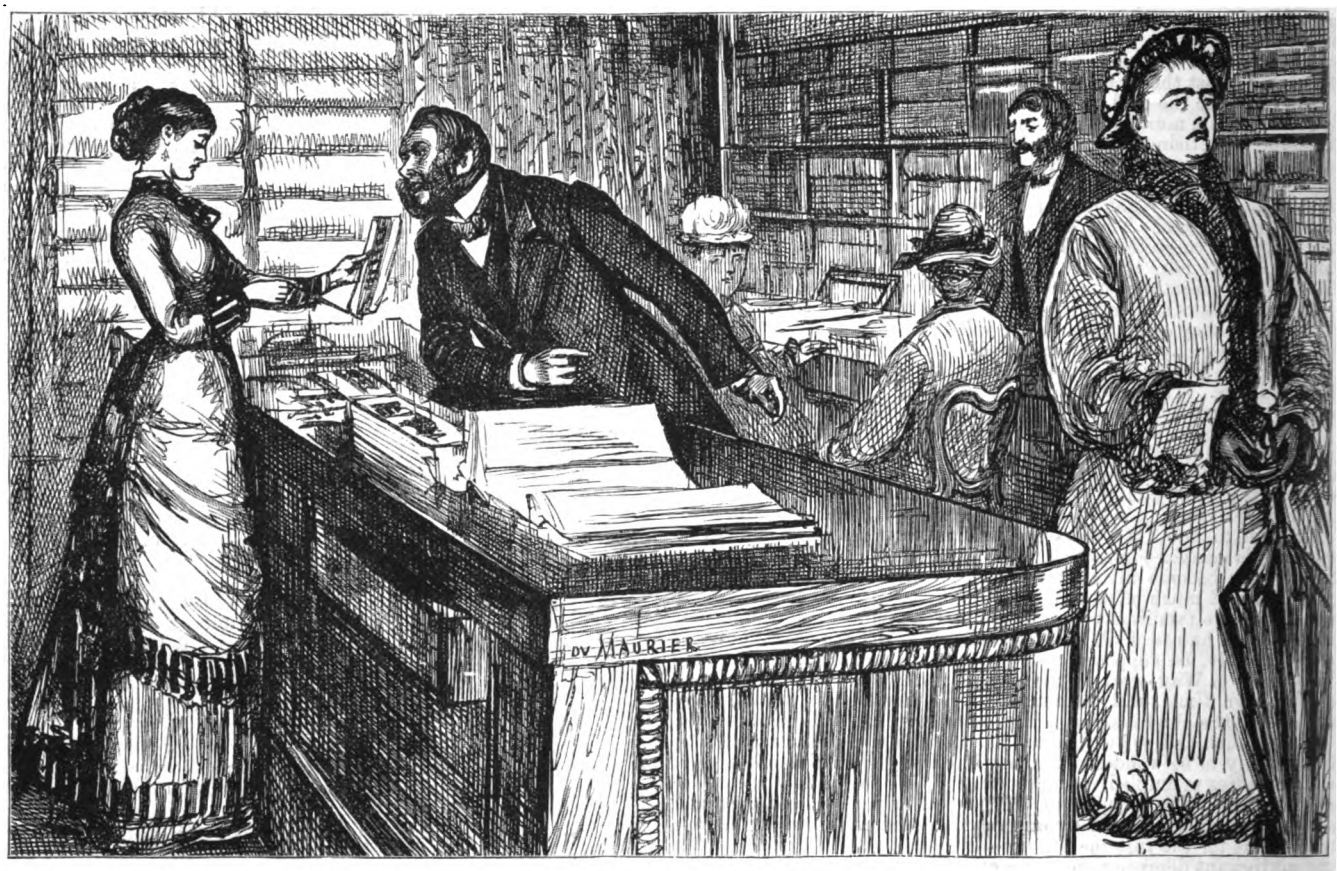
A Powerful Illustration.

(*North British Daily Mail, 8th inst.*)

AT a recent dinner of the Irvine Farmers' Society, a Member, proposing "The Agricultural Interests," said of the Irvine Town Council, against which the Farmers' Society seems to cherish a grievance, "That if a louse was to die on the Irvine Mains Farm (which belongs to them), and you wanted its skin for bleaching, before you could bury its carcase you would require to write to the Council for liberty, and then the letter would require to lie a month on the table for consideration."

SONG FOR DETECTIVES.—"*Let us speak of a Man* when *we find him.*"

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ALL THE DIFFERENCE!

Haberdasher (to Assistant who has had the "swop"). "WHY HAS THAT LADY GONE WITHOUT BUYING?"
Assistant. "WE HAVEN'T GOT WHAT SHE WANTS."
Haberdasher. "I'LL SOON LET YOU KNOW, MISS, THAT I KEEP YOU TO SELL WHAT I'VE GOT, AND NOT WHAT PEOPLE WANT!"

TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION.

IT is not merely the experiments now in progress with torpedoes, and their employment in war, together with that of shells and other explosive missiles and machines, that render the present time peculiarly an age of "bangers." The "report" referred to in the subjoined telegram from a Newspaper Correspondent at Bucharest, may be deemed a specimen of many other reports exemplifying the kind of report to which the denomination "a banger" is applicable:—

"A rumour is current here to-day that Turkey has offered to pay five milliards as a war indemnity, and allow the Russians to retain the places captured in Asia. I merely mention this as a flying report."

So one would think. Turkish credit must have wonderfully revived, or Turkish cheek be enormous, if it be true that Turkey has offered to pay five milliards of money. Of course it is merely a flying report. Wild ducks fly. But to describe the report above, metaphorically called a "flying" one, in plain language, retrench the participle prefixed to it by a letter. Rescind the "f" from "flying."

"Which you please, my little Dears!"

(See Report of the late discussion at the Archæological Institute.)

A KNOTTY question, but to prudes alarming,
'Twixt MADAME SCHLIEMANN and grave GLADSTONE rose—
Was it her clothes made Aphrodite charming,
Or Aphrodite charming made her clothes?

Two of a Trade.

A NEW work on the subject of Spiritualism has just been produced by MR. HOME, the Medium. It very largely consists in an exposure of the deceptions commonly practised by other Mediums. Nobody, therefore, can justly affirm that this publication of MR. HOME'S is *all* Home-bug.

A ROMAN HOLIDAY.

A MORE than commonly curious coincidence which occurred at Rome on the third instant was wired as follows:—

"To-day the fiftieth anniversary of the episcopal consecration of PIUS THE NINTH, and the thirtieth of the promulgation of the Italian Constitution, has been celebrated with all possible solemnity both at the Quirinal and the Vatican."

Pity that such an opportunity was lost for the celebration of both anniversaries at once by the reconcilement of the Papacy with the Italian Kingdom. Church and State ought to have made it up. A Pontiff who has attained to the fiftieth year of his episcopate must have known how to live, and is surely well enough able to arrange a *modus vivendi*.

Chanson for the French Chamber.

By a Legitimist.

YES, *Liberté, Egalité,*
Are words enchanting in their way:
But if the Left should dare show fight,
Let but the Marshal's might make Right,
The Right will soon show *it* makes Might!

Lincoln's Inn Logic.

SIR HENRY HAWKINS, in an admirable speech at the United Law Clerks' Society, could not speak too highly of the integrity and honesty of this most invaluable body of men. SIR HENRY seemed inclined to frame the syllogism thus: "An honest man 's the noblest work of God:" "A Law Clerk is, *par excellence*, an honest man:" *ergo*, "A Law Clerk is, *par excellence*, the noblest work of God." What must a Chancellor be!

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THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

RUSSIA. "LOCK, AHOY!" LOCK-KEEPER. "LOCK IT IS! AND WE DON'T MEAN TO LET YOU, OR ANYBODY ELSE, MEDDLE WITH THE KEY!"

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OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Visit to the Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall and to the Gaiety for MLLE. THERÉSA.



A WONDERFUL place the Agricultural Hall during the Horse Show. As Your Representative in Sporting Matters, I visited the Hall on the best day—that is, Thursday. It will be unnecessary for me to describe the "humours of the road" from Belgravia, through Bohemia, to "Merry Islington." Any one acquainted with the racy character of omnibus and cab-drivers, and the solemnity of the tramway guides, knows all about it—*et cela va sans dire;* and, by the way, I "went without saying anything about it," so as to prevent overcrowding. Nobody knew I was there, not even the gallant MR. SIDNEY, mounted on a charger, and shouting to invisible people to "Come on!" as though he were challenging outsiders to a joust in the tented field. The Prince and Princess were there; they entered the building half-an-hour after I had taken my seat, which I obtained at some risk by stepping into a new patent cab exhibited as a model by the proprietor, who had, at the moment of my arrival, gone from labour to refreshment with a friend. A waiter saw me, but I "squared" him for sixpence—that is, I gave him a shilling, and asked him to bring me back the change. I saw that Waiter one again, We met: 'twas in a crowd, and I thought he would shun me. But he didn't: he smiled. I reminded him that he owed me sixpence. He replied (with his hands full) that he was just going to get it. He disappeared. I never saw him again. However, he kept my secret, and did not tell the Exhibitor that I was comfortably seated in his new patent cab. If the Exhibitor *had* appeared, I was prepared with my answer. He would have found in me (for this occasion only) the Secretary of a New General Patent Cabbinit Company, proposing to try *his* invention. However, he did not turn up, and I remained the man in possession.

Were I MR. SIDNEY, the Manager, I would not allow, *on the occasion of a Horse Show*, several specimens of *new Sausage Machines* to be exhibited at the door. *Verbum sap.*

I inspected MR. SHANKS's cab, which, of course, can only be drawn by one of SHANKS's mares. It is a remarkable construction. You go one way, and look the other. The passenger, going forward, looks backwards, and I would suggest that the name of the vehicle should be "*The Lot's Wife Cab*," or it might be called, "*The Arthur Sullivan*," both distinguished characters being associated in the popular mind with "*Looking Back.*"

They 've a trifle muddled these exhibitions inside the Hall. Next to a suite of drawing-room furniture is a sheep being sheared by machinery. A young lady sells a remarkable glove-cleaner, called *Renovo*, and not far off, an enthusiastic gentleman behind a counter, is ladling out patent soup, "all hot," in a saucepan lid, and tempting the passers-by to taste and try before they buy. There 's a model horse (made of wood, like a towel-horse, or like the Trojan horse—the only one, by the way, where the direction to "get inside and pull the blinds down," could have been literally observed) "warranted quiet," and no expense to keep. There 's a family fire-engine, a family freezing machine (the family go from one into the other, and *vice versâ*—but what a family!!), and a Patient Grizzle of a horse (alive oh!), being clipped and groomed by machinery all day long, to the intense amusement of admiring crowds of Cockneys, who evidently thought it was some surgical operation generally performed previous to turning the animal over to the sausage machine outside.

A pervading smell of tan, and an atmosphere of small dust. In the circus—or rather the oval—the "judges are—a terrible show." A distinguished Oriental, in green, was taken by the crowd, who looked on the whole affair from a circus point of view, for a new sort of Clown. This idea was favoured by the sudden appearance of a groom, with a white box and a pole stuck in it, of the same make as the machine generally used by the trick horse that sups with MR. MERRIMAN, rings the bell, and fires the pistol. What this was ultimately used for, I do not know. There it remained during the entire performance, and nothing was done with it, at least, while *I* was looking.

After the Stallions had been trotted round (a performance encored later in the day for the Prince), a terrific gong sounded, "All in to begin!" Evidently an Equestrian Pantomime to *Harlequin and the Forty Thieves*, magnificently mounted, was about to commence. I looked out anxiously for the large heads. No. Only some men, dressed in a style something between steamboat stewards and railway porters, ran in, and arranged the hurdles. *Place aux dames!* Probably a Ladies' quadrille on horseback. No. They are going to leap those fences. Two first do it easily. Number Three thinks better of it, and sidles round without jumping. Clever horse this. This is the one that *I* should give the prize to, were I a judge. Number Four first rate. Over! Number Five is a vain fool—the horse, of course—it steps along with a sideways glance at itself, as though admiring its own movements in a shop window. Over! Six is the horse for my money. Six deserves the prize. "Six shall achieve, Seven deceive," as *Zamiel* sang. Six—a very superior horse is Number Six—does not make the slightest attempt to jump, nor even to swerve and go round the obstacle. Bravo! That 's the horse for *me!*

The sort of horse I should hate is the horse that hesitates, *thinks* over it, and then suddenly *jumps* over it. Bravo, Ladies, now then, all together! Over! All over, and *exeunt omnes*. Much applause. Gong again. This time it *must* be the Pantomime. No. Show of Harness Horses. *Exeunt omnes*. Gong. Now for the Forty Thieves on horseback, and the Oriental Gentleman in the centre will assume the *rôle* of *Abdallah*, the Captain of the Forty, afterwards *Clown*. Now for the fun! No. Only more leaping—or rather, more attempts at leaping—for they nearly all of them knock down either the hurdle or the gate, so that at last my noble sportsman's blood is up, and from my comfortable seat in the patent cab I cry out indignantly, "Yah!" The crowd take it up. We are all yahing. Opportunity for chorus: Air, "*We 're All Nodding*"—

We are all yahing,
Yah, yah, yahing!
Oh, we 're all yahing
At th' Agricultural Hall!

I stamp my feet. "Now, Sir!" I cry to a muff who can't get his horse over the gate. "Now, Sir! Put him at it, Sir! Give him his head, Sir! Now then, O—*ver!*" He knocks down the gate, and all the crowd cry, "Yah!"

What a rage *I* should be in with the crowd of *Yahers*, were I that unhappy man on the horse that won't go. I pity him, but I "yah" at him. "Get inside, Sir! Take him home to tea, Sir!" I shouted loudly; when at that moment it struck me that the gallant veteran GENERAL SIDNEY had caught my eye. From his expression I thought it better to—refer to my watch, and finding that I had overstayed my time by two minutes, I stepped out of the cab, and gained the door as quickly as possible. Policeman A. 2 left immediately after me. So did the Prince and Princess. Whether they had been yahing too, I can't say. But altogether it was a slow performance without a Clown—and no brass band and drum!: Yah!

Talking of music, I went to hear THERÉSA at the Gaiety. She is wonderful. Some people might add what DR. JOHNSON said of the violoncello solo performance. She is *La Mère Angot*, Junior, suddenly inspired *à la Bacchante*. Her *refrains* mean as much as the *tol de rol lols* of the old form of comic song chorus. But there are more ways than one of singing *tol de rol lol*. As far as I have heard, "*Rien n'est sacré pour un Saveur*" is her best song. On her entrance, in the *Chansons de Suzon* (a mere vehicle for her songs), THERÉSA strikes you at once as the very model of one of GREVIN's cleverly sketched, over-coloured frontispieces to the *Journal pour rire*. There 's the black patch for the hair, the two black dabs for the eyes, the over-rouged eyelids, the generally brilliant complexion, and the large mouth. Occasionally she astonishes by her pastoral sweetness, and the next instant she has startled you by her Seven-Dials harshness. She can coo like the turtle dove, she can shriek like the macaw. To like, or not to like, that is a question—of taste. At all events she is, as the great original of this style of thing, a celebrity to see.

MLLE. CHAUMONT appears on the 18th, with *Madame attend Monsieur;* and as a *Monsieur qui attend Madame*, I sign myself

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

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ARBITER ELEGANTIARUM.

Housemaid. "OH, PLEASE, 'M, COULD I GO OUT THIS EVENING? 'CAUSE COOK NEX' DOOR 'S GOT A 'LANG'AGE O' FLOWERS BEE,' AND SHE'S REQUESTED ME TO BE ONE O' THE JUDGES!"

WISDOM IN WIGS.

OH, MR. PEPYS! If, Sir, you citizens of the invisible world take in and read our newspapers, how immensely you must have been delighted with a passage in a recent law report of sittings in the Queen's Bench Division at *Nisi Prius* before MR. JUSTICE FIELD! In case you may have missed it, Sir, here it is; something quite after your own heart:—

"That prevailing uncertainty which characterises the practice and procedure of the Supreme Court of Judicature has now extended to the question as to what clothes should be worn on red-letter days. His Lordship appeared this morning in those brilliant robes which learned judges wear on days which commemorate the birth of HER MAJESTY or the death of the Saints. On taking his seat, one of Her Majesty's Counsel proceeded to address him. But his Lordship drew attention to the fact that his wig was not of those dimensions which the solemnity of the day required"

Perhaps, Sir, you were almost as much gratified by this judicial animadversion on a Counsel's wig as you were vexed by a great man's culpable inattention to your own, in an interview at which you appeared in a new peruke—a piece of ill-breeding which naturally disgusted you.

As mightily, no doubt, were you edified by the Queen's Counsel's alacrity to apologise for the undesigned shortcoming of his wig, and his promptitude to repair that grave deficiency forthwith:—

"The learned Counsel in question stated that he had hoped it would not be supposed that he was capable of any want of respect either to HER MAJESTY or to the Court, and that he would without delay attire himself in the full-bottomed wig; he had, however, understood that the full-bottomed wig should not be worn at *Nisi Prius*."

Pretty, as you, MR. PEPYS, might have noted, to see the importance of a wig so solemnly asserted and acknowledged, and the "wisdom in the wig" a mighty true saying. And, Lord, to think how wigs and robes do help on business, and to observe so great consequence attributed to vestments, not only in the Church, but in the Law as well.

GESLER OVER AGAIN.—How MARSHAL MACMAHON and his new Ministers make the Corporation of Paris do homage. By standing before them *unbonnetted.*

THE SPHINX AND THE STATUES.

"It is much easier to keep a Conservative majority together in the House of Commons than a Liberal majority, and that for reasons which lie at the very root of the case. . . . . If you examine the remains of Egyptian antiquity, you will find that the great principle which the Egyptian artist had in his mind was the representation of Repose. But if you examine the Greek school of Art, which is admitted on all hands to be the head of all schools, you will find that the predominating principle of the Greek representations is life and motion. . . . . You will find, I think, that the predominating idea of Conservatism is the Egyptian principle of repose; but in our Liberal party we have got the Greek idea of life and motion. I need not tell you that when you have got a lot of statues arranged, it is not very difficult to keep them in order; but if all those Conservative statues were to become suddenly animated with the power and the wish to walk about the halls in which they were placed, no doubt the question of drill would become much more serious and more difficult."—MR. GLADSTONE *at Birmingham.*

The Sphinx soliloquiseth—

EGYPTIAN *versus* Greek! Sublime Repose,
Cold Silence puzzling friends and baffling foes,
Against unresting stir and hot pugnacity,
Backed by a more than feminine loquacity:
Agreed, my GLADSTONE! Gladly I accept
The apt comparison. You're an adept
In lore Hellenic: for myself, men say
Semitic *nous* is more in my calm way.
They say! What say they not? The mob must have
Its *Mephistopheles*. Once LOUIS gave
The quidnuncs quarry; BISMARCK now, and I—
Arcades ambo—lead them in full cry,
Though mostly on false scents. All fools believe
The man whose heart is not upon his sleeve,
A mine of mystery sinister and dark,
Whose secrets they, and they alone, may mark.
My craft is Asiatic? Be it so!
The East 's our *crux*, and Eastern guile may go
Some way to solving it, when Western wit
As blatant as Bœotian, fails to hit.
Greek statues, GLADSTONE? Then some frolic elf,
Some mad Pygmalion—shall we say yourself?—
Has quickened them to wild spasmodic life,
And set them all at hot and aimless strife.
Ajax defies Achilles; Nestor snubs
Astute Ulysses, who severely drubs
Fast-tongued Thersites. No, 'tis not "Repose."
When Greek meets Greek, black eyes and broken nose
Afford a sight that fills with boundless joy
The calm spectators in the Tory Troy,
Who have but little cause to dread a blow
From statues who can't keep *in statu quo*.
The placid Sphinx looks on, and blandly smiles,
His stone-still squadrons proof against the wiles
Of tempters who would break their serried ranks,
And set them, like your own, at crack-brained pranks,
Till, as with smashed antiques in learned shows,
Nor arm mates leg, nor mouth will pair with nose.
Hot friend, so prompt to pose for every part
From Nestor to Achilles, all true Art
Aims at Repose. Ask RUSKIN. There 's *your* lack,
When you are up with harness on your back,
And blade in fist, against whatever odds,
Your swashing blow 's a spectacle for gods.
I 've felt it, and speak feelingly. But rest
Is a soft blessing stranger to your breast,
Nor can you shape its semblance, or display
The surface-calm which covers inward fray,
Like—well, like any Artist. Foes may tremble
At your hot wrath, yet he who can't dissemble
Is but half armed against the shocks of fate,
Nor can he rightly war who cannot wait.
My statues may seem stolid, but they *stand;*
While yours at every stir but stumble. Grand
Is Greek mobility, no doubt, but still
Would you not like a slightly sterner drill,
A little steadier discipline? You flush!
For shrewd *finesse* you do not care a rush—
No Greek in *that*, you trust to "life and motion,"
Untiring zeal and patriot devotion.
Extremely fine! But then your Statues stray.
Good Sir, you cannot guide your Greeks *that* way,
Save with short Rupert-rush to conquest brief,
Whose end is broken host and banished chief.
Stoop, stern-browed Mentor, to a pupil's part,
And learn a little from Egyptian Art.

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EVE'S CURIOSITY.

Young Wife. "I WISH YOU'D LET ME GO WITH YOU TO THE CITY TO-MORROW, FRED!" *Young Husband.* "WHY, MY LOVE?"
Young Wife. "BECAUSE I SHOULD SO LIKE, JUST FOR ONCE, TO TAKE A WALK THROUGH THE *MONEY-MARKET!*"

Repose is not *inertia*,—nothing less,—
But placid strength disdaining restlessness.
My Statues—well, I own they 're dummies, half,
Whose *pose* oft moves their mover to a laugh
Sub rosâ. But I 've some who tax my spell
To keep them ranked and ranged so sweetly well.
How done? Why half my lesson you would learn,
The other half, as *infra dig.*, would spurn.
Well, fine and fiery Greek, perhaps you 're right,
Did not your fuss so often lose the fight.

PROPOSED NEW PRISON RULES.

(*See Debate in the House of Commons, Thursday, June 7.*)

No prisoner is in future to be exposed to the indignity of being conducted to his place of detention in the official van. If he possesses a conveyance of his own, he will be allowed to ride in it, accompanied by a policeman (*not* in uniform); otherwise, a cab will be supplied for his journey (the constable in plain clothes sitting outside), and the expense defrayed jointly out of the Rates and the Consolidated Fund.

Each prisoner on his arrival will be received by the Governor, and accommodated with a seat in the Governor's parlour until the apartment designed for his use is ready for his reception. In the case of females, the Governor's wife will also be in attendance. Refreshments will be provided.

A prisoner can refuse to occupy the apartment provided for him, if he has reason to suspect that the sheets of his bed have not been properly aired.

Prisoners will be allowed to wear their hair in whatever way they please, and, except at their own request, the official hair-dresser will not interfere with their *coiffure*.

After the 1st of January, 1878, all prison dresses (except those worn by the officials) will be abolished.

All degrading punishments will be discontinued, and only such inflicted as appeal to the best feelings of our common nature, and cause no compromise of a prisoner's moral dignity. For instance, the Governor is empowered to deprive a prisoner of his daily paper, to stop (or certainly to dilute) his wine, beer, and spirits rations, to cut him off from the companionship of any cat, dog, caged bird, or other domesticated animal that may be cheering his solitary moments, and to prohibit the use, for any period not exceeding twelve hours, of his flute, accordion, concertina, &c.

Bowls, skittles, ninepins, Aunt Sallies, &c., will be provided in the Recreation Grounds for those prisoners whose conduct has been meritorious.

Prisoners can subscribe to a Circulating Library, on application to the Chaplain.

Female prisoners will be allowed the use of a piano, by permission of the Visiting Justices.

It will be the duty of the Visiting Justices to satisfy themselves, at their weekly inspection, that each apartment is as snug and cosy as the few simple and lenient rules which in future will be enforced, will permit. They must see that the Kamptulicon on the floor is in good condition, that the pattern of the wall-paper is cheerful and in nice taste, that the springs of the easy-chair are sound, and that the feather-bed is perfectly comfortable.

Prisoners may see their friends once a week, but no visitor will be allowed to remain more than two hours at a time, and no prisoner can receive more than three visits on the same day. The interviews will take place in the prisoner's own private apartment, and every precaution will be taken to guard himself and his friends from intrusion.

No restrictions will be placed upon prisoners' private correspondence. Stationery will be supplied, but *not* postage stamps.

When the thermometer reaches freezing point, female prisoners will be supplied with hot-water bottles at bed time.

A prisoner will have full liberty to send for his own family medical attendant, if he is not satisfied with the gaol surgeon; and if he has been accustomed to homœopathic treatment, he can demand to be visited by a practitioner of that school of medicine.

The prison diet will be such as is usually seen on the tables of the middle classes.

Smoking allowed after four o'clock.

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MEDICINA IN EXCELSIS.



THEY pulled up on the Heath—a select lot. The front seat of the four-in-hand, to the right of the Noble Driver, was occupied by the BISHOP OF ASCOT. EVELYN and CLARA sat behind them.

"From those letters in the *Lancet* and the *Times*, Doctor," said the Chaplain, "the Homœopathists seem seeking to be reconciled to the Faculty."

"Some of them," replied DR. CLARA SYDENHAM.

"Do you consider Homœopathy all heresy?" inquired the young Churchman.

"Meaning," asked the Medical Lady, "all humbug? By no means. Its name expresses a truth."

"*Similia similibus?*"

"Yes; but a partial truth. They should say '*quædam similia*.' The truth is true only in some cases."

"Still, true in some?"

"Certainly—a truth as old as the hills, proverbial for ages. 'A hair of the dog that bit you.' For instance. In the last generation, you know, as a matter of history, young men at a symposium overnight, would sometimes imbibe more wine or grog than they found good for them next morning. Then a common remedy for their nervous disorder, in the slang of the period, termed, I think, 'seediness,' was a glass of bitter ale. So like cured like. Among the working classes, some men, even in the present day, from excess of drink, are occasionally subject to D. T."

"What is that?"

"*Delirium tremens*. When it attacks a hospital patient, we have to exhibit alcoholic stimulants. Like curing like again."

"But not in infinitesimal doses?"

"No, indeed. Infinitesimal doses of gin would, however, cure dipsomania—if the patient could bear to drink nothing else stronger than water—but, then he would be cured just as soon without them."

"By the water cure, instead of homœopathy?"

"Just so. Infinitesimal doses are all heresy, if you like. But the homœopathists make another mistake."

"Wherein?"

"In calling the regular practice of medicine 'allopathy,' as if it consisted wholly, or mainly, in prescribing allopathic as opposed to homœopathic remedies in the sense of specifics. Our real specifics, drugs which directly counteract diseases, are, whether allopathic or homœopathic, comparatively few. The great majority of complaints are curable, if not by diet and exercise alone, by exercise and diet, assisted by physic, which counteracts disease indirectly, in merely removing hindrances to naturally getting well; in particular, by causing torpid organs of elimination to do their duty. Our old friend, the black and blue reviver ——"

"The what, DR. CLARA?"

"Don't you know? Blue pill and black dose. Why, that is all the physic necessary to cure no end of diseases of different names—given due regimen as well as draught and pill. Regimen is not allopathic, neither are pill and draught, which simply promote the functions of the biliary and digestive organs. We are not Allopathists any more than Homœopathists, so let HAHNEMANN'S followers not call us names, and let them learn why they shouldn't, and when they get to understand that, then, perhaps, we may agree with them to put our horses together."

"Good," said the BISHOP, who had overheard the chat between his Chaplain and DR. CLARA. "And so now for our little penny sweep, before lunch." So saying, his Lordship sent round the shovel-hat, in which he had deposited the billets enclosing the names of the competitors for the "Cup." The fortunate drawer was to hand over the stakes to the Pastoral Aid Society.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN POLITICS.—How can people, intent on Epsom and Ascot at home, possibly take any interest whatsoever in the Greek and Slavonic Races?

THE MORAL OF THE "OAKS."

(*As read by four-legged Fillies to two-legged.*)

LOOK, fussy, fretful fillies—you that fume
And fight for Man's rights by the name of Woman's;
And lash the Press and Public to a spume,
In your fierce press to scale the House of Commons!
And you, fast fillies in a different way,
Who on the social mill make toil of pleasure,
Life-sentenced to grind nothing, night and day,
In the unending labour you call leisure!

And you, hysteric shriekers against pain,—
Be it your own or other's, alike nothing,—
Whether of crumpled rose-leaves you complain,
Or social, legal, grievance sets you frothing;
Whether you go for pleasures, rights, or wrongs,
My fussy fillies, shrieking, slaving, sighing,
Take to your hearts, shrined in this song of songs,
The precious moral of last Oaks, won flying.

'Twas not *Astræa*, daughter of the stars,
Quickstep, *Mirobolante*, nor *Miss Golightly*—
Names smacking of the "fastness" that scorns bars—
Nor yet *Plaisante*, though christened all so brightly,
Nor bright *Belphœbe*, with her port of pride,
Nor *Merrythought*, that cheers e'en toil of pleasure—
'Twas none of these that to the front did glide,
And to her owner proved herself a treasure.

But *Placida*, still calm of port and pace,
For rights or wrongs unfretful and unfussy,
That took her pleasure wisely, like her race,
Serene, and at her ease, e'en when most busy,
'Twas *she*, whose name speaks gentleness and calm,
That won the *Oaks*—from first to last untackled—
That took and kept the lead, "*à la grande dame*,"
With sweep of strength that speaks in grace unshackled.

Placida, type of all her sex should be,
Rather than are: the fillies' fair ideal!
In her let all her biped sisters see
No fancy picture—*Placida* is real.
'Tis calm and gentleness, control of pace,
Of wind and limb, ambition, passion, pity,
That make the winner of the fillies' race,
Biped or quadruped—so ends my ditty!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** *Once for all we beg to inform our Correspondents, that, though we, of course, know everything, these questions ought to have been sent to the Editor of the Musical World.*

A FIRM BELIEVER IN EVERYTHING YOU SAY.—You are an idiot.

ONE WHO KNOWS.—Wrong again. He never was. Consult a Musical Solicitor.

A TIMID GAZELLE.—The Composer you allude to came of age at the same time. This did not, however, prevent him from attending to his usual business at the office.

PROFONDO.—PIATTI is *not* the first violoncello player. The first violoncello player must have lived a very long time ago.

A TENNER.—You will find the symphony in his early works. All his works were early, as he invariably wrote between three and six A.M. every morning. Compare Op. 6, Symp. 10, and count six to four bar one.

AN ACUTE EAR.—(1) Lift the dominant; (2) Yes; (3) A fine example of a Major in the Lancers; (4) Sometimes; (5) Try A flat—in Victoria Street.

HANDEL JUNIOR.—All nautical songs need not be written in C. But it is absolutely necessary that they should be within every mariner's compass.

COUNT FAURE.—Pooh! Knock him right into the big drum, and smash him on the head with the cymbals.

TWEEDLE DUMB.—If taken slowly, you will find it do you a lot of good. Two-four at a time.

WAGNER.—The overture to *Die Washerwömeren* commences with fifteen bars of best yellow soap.

GREGORY says "he doesn't like Church music, and asks us what he shall do?" Go to CHAPPELL.

DOLLY DOLCE asks "What time ought LINDSAY SLOPER'S *Nocturne* to be taken at?" Bed time, of course.

*** *Being pressed for space below the line, we have f… our learned musical contemporary above-named.*

SOMETHING LIKE ENTH…

WHEN DR. SCHLIEMANN was a groc… Homeric enthusiasm, that he used to … the counter by Troy weight instead o…

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SUNDAY AT HOME.

Mamma. "NOW, JACK, THERE ARE TEN COMMANDMENTS YOU HAVE TO KEEP. IF YOU TOOK A THING THAT WASN'T YOURS, YOU'D BREAK A COMMANDMENT!"

Jack (remembering something about some little Niggers). "AND THEN THERE'D BE *NINE!*"

EPITAPH ON AN UMBRELLA.

A Dirge by S—Y G—P.

HERE lies a weapon flourished oft
In face of England's threatening foes;
A glorious beacon held aloft
When Rads would plot and Whigs oppose.
It awed the gathering Russian host,
It smote false GLADSTONE hip and thigh;
The British patriot's pride and boast,
Here let it lie!

Once sword and flag in one, alas!
Its point is blunt, its ribs are burst.
No foe to such a piteous pass
Has brought it, but—oh! fate accurst!
The friends it fain had served were those
Who flouted it and thrust it by!
So, terror once of shrinking foes,
Here let it lie.

Ah, why did SALISBURY deride;
Oh, how could DERBY thus desert
The Ægis once your party's pride,
Still spread to shield you from the dirt!
How now shall British Interests fare?
Who'll now invent 'em, guard 'em, sing 'em?
All, all is lost, so lie you there
Discarded Gingham!

"GERMS" OF INFECTION.

DR. H. CHARLTON BASTIAN, in a letter on the controversy between himself and PROFESSOR TYNDALL about "Spontaneous Generation," quotes from one of the learned Professor's recent lectures on that subject, the statement that the air of the Royal Institution has been for some time "filled with a virulently infecting atmosphere." There scarcely needs a chemical philosopher, with his tests and instruments of nice analysis—detective of nasty impurities—to tell us that. It is too well known to frequenters of the Temple of Science in Albemarle Street, especially from experience in the Lecture Theatre on Friday evening meetings. So long ago as in FARADAY'S time, even when FARADAY was lecturing, its air, impure from ill ventilation, could send listeners to sleep. So now they may sometimes nod, although listening to TYNDALL. The only wonder is that the atmosphere of the Royal Institution, replete with putrifiable germs, does not infect everybody who ventures to breathe it with putrid fever from the Professor's various hay infusions. The question, "Do you boil your hay?" in suburban circles, where hay-fever is a favourite complaint about this time, will soon become as pertinent and as prominent as MRS. WEDLAKE'S "Do you bruise your oats?" used to be in the advertisement columns of the newspapers.

GOLD-STICKS AND OLD STICKS—*ALIAS* FIELD-MARSHALS' BÂTONS.

MR. PUNCH assisted last week at one of the most instructive and imposing ceremonies it has ever been his good luck to witness. The much-coveted *bâton* of Field-Marshal was conferred, in his presence, upon GENERAL SIR C. NILE G.C.B., M.Y.I., &c., GENERAL SIR ST. JAMES GOLDSTICK, G.C.B., O.L.A., and GENERAL LORD MUDDLE, K.G., G.C.B., V.A.S., &c., &c.

The gallant and effete Generals arrived at one o'clock, for 12·15 P.M., at the Horse Guards (old style), in Bath chairs, provided by a Paternal Government with india-rubber cushions, rugs, and hot-water bottles. SIR C. NILE showed considerable agility in throwing his hot-water apparatus at the sentry, who gave the wrong salut[e] and an admiring public, consisting of two messengers and a [pen]sionnaire, and our office-boy, had [an] opportu[nity] the youth and freshness [of] and the age of a vene[rable] was assisted up [the] with a light l[uncheon] down by a h[ansom]

SIR ST[. JAMES] efforts of thr[ee] in a desire to d[isguise] cosmetiqu[e] u[se]

though n[ot] ver, [they]

GENERAL LORD MUDDLE was the last to arrive, owing to an accident. He had dropped a rattle in the road, which was carried off by a casual Joe, and only recovered after a five minutes' chase by an agile Policeman who had witnessed the young miscreant's daring act.

The old Gentleman, who had just purchased a drum in the Lowther Arcade, wished to try the culprit by drum-head court-martial, and was with difficulty dissuaded by his companions of the Bath-Chair.

After a light refection of panada and tops and bottoms, partaken of with apparent relish by the trio of gallant veterans, the impressive ceremony of investiture with the Field-Marshal's *bâton* was proceeded with. The venerable recipients of this symbol of military co[mmand] showed some inclination to babble of green fields, hand[ed] wooden walls, and got quite hot at one moment over [the] of the relative values of hair-powder and pipeclay; [they] had been accommodated with high chairs, with bars in [front] rest their arms on, the altercation, accompanied as it [was] moments by co[nsiderable] liveliness of gesticulation, never became really dan[gerous] allant old boys. Before they were wheeled off, S[ir] stood to have expressed himself as much disg[usted] as not made of *sucre d'orge*, while GENE[RAL] STICK wept when he heard that the D[uke] ead, and LORD MUDDLE expressed his dinner with NELSON and LORD BYRON. But the whole, got through with striking success; doubt that the mantle of the Iron Duke, which under system, falls, sooner or later, on the right shoulders, en, though rather later than sooner, in this case.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE *Lords* (*Monday, June* 11).—"In the name of the Prophet—Figs!"

"In the name of England's Indian Empire—a Consul!"

Such, and so proportioned, peroration to demand, is LORD DE MAULEY's proposal. In the proposer's own terms, he wants a Consul "in some selected town of Central Asia, to watch over the commercial and territorial interests of British India," threatened by the insidious advance of Russia. (*Punch* knows the man for the place—MR. PARTINGTON—MRS. PARTINGTON'S husband.) LORD DE MAULEY "prefers the human buffer to parry attack." The wild tribes are such a buffer. His lonely Consul, on his weary Central Asian watch, would be another—of whom we might say, at once with perfect truth and genuine sympathy, "poor buffer!" FATHER MURPHY, in the Irish Rebellion, proposed to stop the mouth of a twelve-pounder with his own wig. Since our great Asian mystery-man proposed to bar the Russian advance Indiawards with an

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TURNING THE TABLES.

"*Young Person*" (*applicant for Housemaid's* "*Situation*"). "MAY I ASK, SIR, IF YOU KEEP A BOY?"

Old Gent. "A BOY! NO. WHY?" *Young Person.* "OH, TO CLEAN BOOTS AND KNIVES, CARRY UP COALS AND——"

Old Gent. "AH, MAY I ASK—CAN YOU PLAY THE PIANO?" *Young Person* (*dubiously*). "N—NO, SIR——"

Old Gent. "AH, THEN, I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T—THAT IS, WE SHALL NOT SUIT YOU. I AND MY WIFE ALWAYS CARRY UP THE COALS, AND WASH THE DISHES, AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING. ALL WE WANT IS SOME ONE TO PLAY THE PIANO!"

empty title, we have not had suggested so formidable a barrier against the Russian Bogey as LORD DE MAULEY's Consul. It is true the suggestion savours of political homœopathy—"*similia similibus*"—a phantom sentinel against a nightmare foe! LORD DE *Mauley*, too! The name smacks of the noble art of self-defence—as if a man should say "*Lord Fisticuff.*" But if the Russian "rally" were really to be feared, what should we have to say of such a "counter"?

LORD SALISBURY was at pains to explain that a thousand miles of waterless desert and inaccessible mountain between English and Russian frontiers, and between the Russ and his base of supplies, were a more trustworthy barrier than LORD DE MAULEY's "buffer," and that the look-out man for British territorial interests in that quarter is not a Consul for Central Asia but the Viceroy of British India. He put the same idea into more epigrammatic form at the Merchant Taylors' banquet the same night—thanks to their continence of speech, my Lords can do their debating and dining without clash—in a phrase in which *Punch* has found the germ of a Cartoon. "It has generally been acknowledged to be madness to go to war for an idea, but it is yet more unsatisfactory to go to war against a nightmare." Awful language for an Indian Secretary to use of India's peril from the Muscovite, and, more appalling still, LORD DERBY endorsed it, and even called it "admirable!" No wonder the Russophobe organs are grinding their gloomiest. "*Il est fort en colère, Le Père Duchesne!*" There is much howling and gnashing of teeth from our fussy friends, *D. T.* and *P. M. G.*, and *M. P.*—meaning, of course, *Del. Trem.*, *Past Grand Master*, and *Member of Parliament.*

LORD TRURO, recording his Blackheath experiences, dwelt on the coincidence—which he seemed to think curious, but which to *Punch* seems but natural—that though he had been in the habit of passing over the Heath at all hours of the day and night for ten years, he had never seen a bad character or a policeman. At the same time, his house in the neighbourhood had been robbed four or five times! Evidently, *that* was what the bad characters were about while my Lord was out walking over the Heath—

"I went to TRURO's house,
TRURO wasn't at home,
TRURO he was on the Heath,
So I his goods did bone!"

LORD TRURO wants to know if the district is to be protected against the recent "revivals" of Captain Macheath and Jerry Abershaw?

LORD BEAUCHAMP gave the requisite assurances; and the Conservative BARON REDESDALE gave a hint to LORD TRURO that if he had carried a revolver, he wouldn't have much to fear from the Blackheath branch of the Clan Macheath. The MITFORDS still smack of their Border stock, and evidently hold to the orthodox old Redesdale rule, "Let ilka man's haun' keep ilka man's heid."

(*Commons.*)—SIR G. BOWYER asked the ATTORNEY-GENERAL whether the Federation of Liberal Associations, lately hatched at Birmingham, did or did not come within the danger of the Statute passed in 1799 to put down the Corresponding Societies and other ugly growths of that fermenting time, so abundant in United Societies for the dissolution of everything?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN asked the same question, in relation to the "Federation of Conservative Associations."

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, was happily, able to reassure BOWYER against CHAMBERLAIN, and CHAMBERLAIN against BOWYER. Neither Liberal nor Conservative Federation is so clearly within both spirit and letter of the Act of 1799 that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL can see his way to recommend indictment. But SIR GEORGE had better try it, if *he* see his way. Ditto CHAMBERLAIN.

Among the night's talkee-talkee on all imaginable subjects—Stock Exchange Frauds, Dean Forest, Belgravian Roads, Scotch Fisheries, Vaccination Prosecutions, Indian Civil Service Examinations, Black Sea Blockade, Administration of Irish Affairs, and

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Teaching of Cookery,—came the old question about the release of the Fenian prisoners, and elicited the old answer. There are only six of them: two for murder, three soldiers, and one, sentenced after special consideration of his case, to fifteen years,—a term which may be shortened.

Of course PARNELL and BIGGAR were in the thick of it. The Major —more power to him—pointed out that the great mistake made by these men was, that they did not succeed. He quoted the case of COUNT ANDRASSY, who once bore arms against the Emperor of Austria: "The man had been a political offender, but what was he to-day?—Prime Minister of Austria."

The Major should have quoted the case of GAVAN DUFFY: "The man had been a political offender against the British Government, but what had he become since?—Prime Minister of a great British Colony."

A fight in Supply over Queen's Plates—in which the Major came out in good "form,"—and Secret Service Money, a great chance for PARNELL and RYLANDS, who boasted, not without reason, that he *had* unearthed one indefensible appropriation of the fund to augmentation of the salary of the man who managed it. But what service could be more secret than spending secret-service money? After all, if you can't trust your Government to do its dirty work as cheaply as possible, what *can* you trust it to do?

Tuesday (*Lords*).—Nothing done, but no time spent in doing it. That is the distinctive beauty of the Upper House.

(*Commons, Morning Sitting.*)—MR. BOURKE will see LORD ROBERT MONTAGU at the Holy Land before he 'll tell him anything about where the July dividends on Egyptian Stocks are to come from. Such is the style in which Foreign Office insolence dares insult the laudable desire for information in private Members!

BIGGAR and PARNELL had *such* a morning of it on the Prisons Bill. They moved a great deal, but didn't carry anything. If these noble Arcadians had the ordering of prisons, what pleasant places of sojourn they would be—*i.e.*, for prisoners! But wouldn't the Governors and Warders have a nice time of it!

MR. SHERIDAN'S clause, providing that no prisoner should be kept in custody untried for longer than three months, was only lost by 135 to 165.

Let MR. CROSS see to it. He will have to fit our judicial arrangements to secure *that*. Long intervals between arrest and trial should ere this have been among things of the past.

(*Evening Sitting*).—SIR E. WILMOT moved for revision—MR. PEASE, for abolition—of the Punishment of Death. An interesting debate, marked by a speech from JOHN BRIGHT, prompted and uplifted by real feeling. The discussion has at least got lifted out of its old ruts. All agree now that it is impossible to maintain rationally that death punishments are beyond the right of Governments. The question is as to their policy—their effect in checking capital crime. On that authorities in and out of Parliament differ, and will apparently continue to differ. The statistics are untrustworthy. Cases that MR. PEASE quoted to show the non-deterrent effect of death punishments in the case of murder, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL appealed to to show their deterrent effect.

Punch cannot but believe that there is a class of ruffians who are only checked by fear of the gallows from carrying their brutality to those in their power beyond cruelty to deadly violence; that the gallows ought to be maintained mainly for these wretches, and that to abolish the terror of it would be to expose to new dangers a most helpless class of sufferers. But everyone of sense who has studied the subject is agreed that our law, which now lumps under the same name of Murder offences that range from the most venial to the most heinous forms of homicide, requires alteration: and it is much to the discredit of our law-givers that this foul blot has not long since been wiped away. But so long as JOHN BULL'S juries can be trusted to deal fairly and like men of sense and courage with any charge that carries death as its punishment, so as not, on the one hand, to see *circonstance attenuante* in the gallows, when there is no other; and, on the other, so as to distinguish as their reason bids them between "murder" and "manslaughter," even when the law and the judge fail to draw the distinction (as seems to have been the case in the instance of DOHERTY, quoted by JOHN BRIGHT), so long *Punch* cannot regret that the gallows is maintained as the *ultima ratio legum* for defence of insufficiently defended life against reckless ruffianism. For this, and this only, he would have the Tyburn Tree kept up, and in view of this danger —a real one, as he believes—he would feel less comfortable if it were cut down.

Wednesday.—Mirabile dictu! an Irish Bill for the Assimilation of Irish to English Parliamentary Registration read a Second Time. It is perhaps enough to say, in explanation of this phenomenon, that the Bill was moved by MR. MITCHELL HENRY, and neither supported nor obstructed by BIGGAR and PARNELL.

Cheques in practice pass like bank-notes. If good, no question is asked how the holder came by them. But "crossed cheques" are only payable through bankers. An Act last year provided that if the drawer of a crossed cheque write "Not negotiable" across it, the banker who pays it does so at his peril. MR. HUBBARD wants to extend this to all crossed cheques. It is purely a question of mercantile convenience, and the House declined to disturb last year's Act by 175 to 66.

Ladies find cheque-law hard enough to understand as it is; but if the House kept on altering it, what would become of the unhappy females who enjoy the masculine right of keeping their own cheque-books?

Thursday (*Lords*).—*The Priest in Absolution*, and *The Priest at Prayer*, are manuals savouring, even in their titles, more of Popery than Protestantism. But when it comes to the reading of them, the savour becomes something that can only be described as a stink.

LORD REDESDALE called their Lordships' attention to these offensive, insidious, and indecent little shoves to sacerdotalism, before a House in which the Bench of Bishops was represented by five prelates, of whom the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL joined in denunciation of these prurient and pernicious aids to impurity, and the Society of the Cross under whose auspices they are issued. *Punch* would like to catch one of the priestly handlers of these poisonous manuals on his premises!

MR. TOOTH, it seems, is Secretary to the Foreign Mission of this Society. A Mission so eminently foreign to the Church of England may well count the notorious *Dens* among its authorities. But if the Society and its Foreign Secretary will insist on laying and incubating the eggs of Popery, at least they should not be allowed snug English livings to hatch 'em in.

(*Commons.*)—The Government declines to give MR. SMITH a day for the Irish Sunday Closing Bill. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE suggested that SIR WILFRID LAWSON should give up the Wednesday he has been lucky enough to get for the trotting out of his own Permissive hobby. SIR WILFRID agreed, if Government would take up MR. SMYTH'S Bill as a Government measure. It has all but bound itself to do as much.

The Prisons Bill was got through Report in spite of all the obstructive activity of MR. PARNELL.

MR. WADDY and MR. GOSCHEN drew down rebuke from both Irish and English, by protesting against "kid-glove treatment of treason-felony." One can understand such an outburst on the part of those who may be supposed to look on the preaching of treason-felony as the business of a National pulpit. But that English Liberals should protest against treating treason-felons as criminals of a very mischievous kind, is less easy to explain.

When MR. COWEN invokes the right of insurrection he seems to forget that this is one of the rights which must have a wrong at the bottom of them. The right which is sacred when exerted against brute-force and oppression, becomes a wrong instead of a right when invoked against law-governed liberty. Treason-felons at this day in this country are unjustifiable disturbers of the peace; rebels not against oppression, but against order, progress, and law-regulated removal of abuses.

Universities Bill ordered for Third Reading on Monday.

Hurrah!—two of the Bills of the Session past the talking stage! Daylight at last!

Friday (*Lords*).—Of course the Foreign Office was glad to publish COLONEL MANSFIELD'S dispatches, showing how Russia converts Greek Uniates by whipping and cell imprisonment, altogether very much as MARY converted Protestants to the true Church. Foreign Office takes a particular pleasure just now in slapping Russia in the face, and Society enjoys the slap. LORD HOUGHTON isn't surprised. It is only pretty Russia's way. That is why the Catholic Church, like the Jews, wishes God speed to the Turks. LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY wants LORD GRANVILLE'S answers to COLONEL MANSFIELD'S dispatches. But this is too much for LORD DERBY. We may lecture Turks, though we musn't coerce them. But we must not interfere with Russia's internal administration, though we may slap her in the face, and tell her she's a big, blustering, equivocating bully, whom we decline to believe on her oath.

It is not true (see the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY'S answer to the DUKE OF ARGYLL) that we have quarrelled, or mean to quarrel—if we can help it—with the Ameer of Afghanistan, or that we are making preparations which savour of war on our North-western frontier. All such reports are, in fact, "shaves"—the growth of Indian gossip in private letters. Indian officials will gossip, but Government is trying to break them of the habit.

LORD LAWRENCE had no doubt all was right in Central Asia, but wished he could believe that the rumoured difficulties with the Ameer of Afghanistan *were*, as LORD SALISBURY seemed to think, a mere delusion.

(*Commons.*)—Quite an Irish night's entertainment, what with PARNELL'S notices of motion on Irish Church temporalities, Dublin Rate Collection, and the murder of SERGEANT BRETT; MR. GRAY on CONSTABLE MALONEY, and the Phœnix Park Canteen Fund; and CAPTAIN O'BEIRNE on the state of the Ballinamore Canal, to begin with. Then—to balance this intolerable quantity of Irish sack—a

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hap'orth of Scotch bread, in the shape of a wrangle over the Roads and Bridges Bill, but ending, *More Scottico*, with two steps in advance,—Second Reading, and Committee fixed for next Friday. MR. BIGGAR was then bowled over in an attempt to stop the Summary Jurisdiction Bill. And the night wound up with a vigorous, but unsuccessful attempt at equalising the Irish Borough Franchise with the English—defeated by 239 to 165.

A BOOR AT A CITY BOARD.



CITY Boards have a prescriptive right to be well spread. When they or their members groan, it should be with good things, not against them. But when the City Corporation and the City Guilds are free to feast in spite of Precisians and Parliament, shall City Guardians be belly-bound by strict auditors and grumbling ratepayers—nay, even by scurvy so-called Reformers of their own hardly-used and imperfectly-nourished body? We have before us a letter headed, "City of London Accounts," from a City Guardian for St. Botolph, rightly named BOOR, in which he sets forth alleged irregularities in the accounts of the City Guardians, principally under the head of "Refreshments" or "Entertainments." Is it to be wondered at that BOOR, being evidently the sort of man to rob a poor City Guardian of his lunch, should have been treated as he complains in his letter?—

"I have been excluded from all Committees, the resolutions against me being proposed or framed by and at the instigation of one particular member of one of the House Committees, MR. JOHN COX. Why, let me ask? I have not partaken of any of the soup, fish, flesh, fowl, jams, jellies, custards, desserts, &c., &c., furnished the Committee at the ratepayers' expense. I have not been a party to the splitting up of large bills into small ones, so as to pay them out of petty cash, and thus blind the Government Auditor.* I was not aware of such a practice existing, until the matter came out in evidence before a Special Committee on which I was placed. I thereupon tried all I could to put a stop to such a state of things, by attending at the proper Committees, with the necessary suggestions for putting an end to the manipulations. I was defied, and the officers told not to answer my questions."

"Questions," indeed! Pretty questions! Objections to refreshment accounts and pastry-cooks' charges for entertainments to which BOOR was never asked!

And serve BOOR, and all such boorish kill-joys, right! "It's a *poor* heart that never rejoices" (according to the old saw), and *not* a Poor-Law Guardian's.

* Clever dogs!

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK, THEN COMES THE TUG OF WAR."

GREEK has met Greek with a vengeance! Four ex-Premiers, COMONDOUROS, ZAIMIS, DELIGEORGIS, and TRICOUPI, in one Administration, with CONSTANTINE CANARIS, the old Sciote fire-ship captain of the War of Independence, at their head!

We question if he then commanded a craft laden with more combustible and explosive materials than he is likely to find in this curious Cabinet of ex-ministerial *marqueterie*.

Think of GLADSTONE and BEACONSFIELD side by side, and HARDY lying, or rather, sitting down on the same Treasury Bench with BOB LOWE!

What should we infer from such a Coalition but that the public had uttered "A plague on both your Houses!" in accents so decisive that Ins and Outs, Whigs and Tories, Conservatives and Liberals, had been startled to the conclusion that those who said so meant it, and that "measures not men" must, for once, be the order of the day?

So it is said that this portentous Coalition Ministry in Greece means business for once—*i.e.*, that Greece feels that a crisis is at hand, in which the fortunes of the kingdom, not of a Minister and his dependents, will have to be put to hazard. So Hellas has hoisted the National flag, in the good ship *Great Idea*, with this queer crew of Premiers and this gallant old fighting CAPTAIN CANARIS. If he but show the same pluck in blowing up his four Ex-Premiers as he did, more than half a century ago, in blowing up Turkish men-of-war, he will have approved himself, in the evening of his political days, the right man in the right place, as clearly as he did off Scio in 1822!

MORE OF MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECIES.

WHEN maydens blushe not to appearen dighte
In robes made not to hide but brynge to lighte,
Then schalle talk waxen loose, as cotes wax tyghte.

When plaies of Parys please ye baser sorte,
Till fooles to clappe stoppe not of frenzie shorte,
Then shall men's wives of wantonnesse make sporte.

When husbondes playe away the long daye's griste
In nightes atte Pokyr, and in daies atte Whyste,
Blame ladyes nought that wolle doe what they liste.

When Fysshe be trained to run strayte off ye reele,
And beren heades of death and tayles of steele,
Then Englonde's iron-walles greate shocke shall fele.

When men deigne ryde with lemans in the Parke,
And talk thereof to maidens as a larke,
Then shall loves waxen light, and firesydes darke.

WHEN POPE MEETS PRESS.



Two things going in opposite directions on one road are bound to meet. This accounts for the clashing of two antagonistic anniversaries, the fiftieth of the POPE'S Episcopal life, and the five hundredth of the life of the English Printing Press. At the CAXTON celebration of Saturday, June 23, is shown, among other exhibits, an extract* from LORD HERBERT'S history of HENRY THE EIGHTH, in which the Pope and the Press are brought together by no less a link than CARDINAL WOLSEY. LORD HERBERT there states the reasons urged by the Cardinal on POPE CLEMENT THE SEVENTH for "throwing down a few superfluous Monasteries in England":—

"That his Holiness could not be ignorant what divers effects this new invention of printing had produc'd. For as it had brought in and restor'd books and learning, so together it hath been the occasion of those sects and schisms which daily appear'd in the world, but chiefly in Germany, where men began now to call in question the present faith and tenets of the Church, and to examine how far religion is departed from its primitive institution. And that, which particularly was to be lamented, they had exhorted lay and ordinary men to read the Scriptures, and to pray in their vulgar tongue. That, if this were suffer'd, besides all other dangers, the common people at last might come to believe that there was not so much use of the clergy. For if men were persuaded once they could make their own way to God, and that prayers in their native and ordinary language might pierce Heaven, as well as Latin, how much would the authority of the mass fall? How prejudicial might this prove unto all our ecclesiastical orders."

When read, let Ridsdalists and Ritualists make a note of.

* Printed by BENJAMIN HARAM, Castle Works, Liverpool.

GOLD FOR BRASS.

AT more than fair exchange Great Britain aims—
Making a Civic GRANT for *Alabama* claims!

MATERNAL PARTIALITY.—The old Seal's impression (at the Brighton Aquarium) is that her cub is a Signet.

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FASHIONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

"GOING TO THE THROAT AND EAR BALL, LADY MARY?"
"NO—WE ARE ENGAGED TO THE INCURABLE IDIOTS."
"THEN PERHAPS I MAY MEET YOU AT THE EPILEPTIC DANCE ON SATURDAY?"
"OH, YES—WE ARE SURE TO BE THERE. THE EPILEPTIC STEWARDS ARE SO DELIGHTFUL!"

THE THREE RAVENS.

(*New Version.*)

THERE were three Croakers lay in a bed.
(*Down, a down, a down, hey down!*)
They were off their feed and off their head:
(*With a down!*)
The three, ere they slept, had chorussed in fear,
"What *will* become of England. Oh dear!"
(*With a down, derry, derry down!*)

They drowsed, and dreamed a gruesome dream.
(*Down, a down, a down, hey down!*)
A Bogey stood in night's pale gleam,
(*With a down!*)
An awful Bogey, dim and dread,
Which straddled all across their bed.
(*With a down, derry, derry down!*)

Its nose did glow, its eyes did glare:
(*Down, a down, a down, hey down!*)
It had a shock of matted hair.
(*With a down!*)
With seven-leagued boots it did bestride
A charger that a fiend might ride.
(*With a down, derry, derry down!*)

It swelled, that portent big and base,
(*Down, a down, a down, hey down!*)
Until it seemed to fill all space,
(*With a down!*)
Its stride could stretch from pole to pole,
Its maw might swallow nations whole.
(*With a down, derry, derry down!*)

These Croakers three they kicked and groaned,
(*Down, a down, a down, hey down!*)
They gurgled, grunted, sighed, and moaned,
(*With a down!*)
And, like tub-thumper o'er his book,
Each night-capped noddle swayed and shook.
(*With a down, derry, derry down!*)

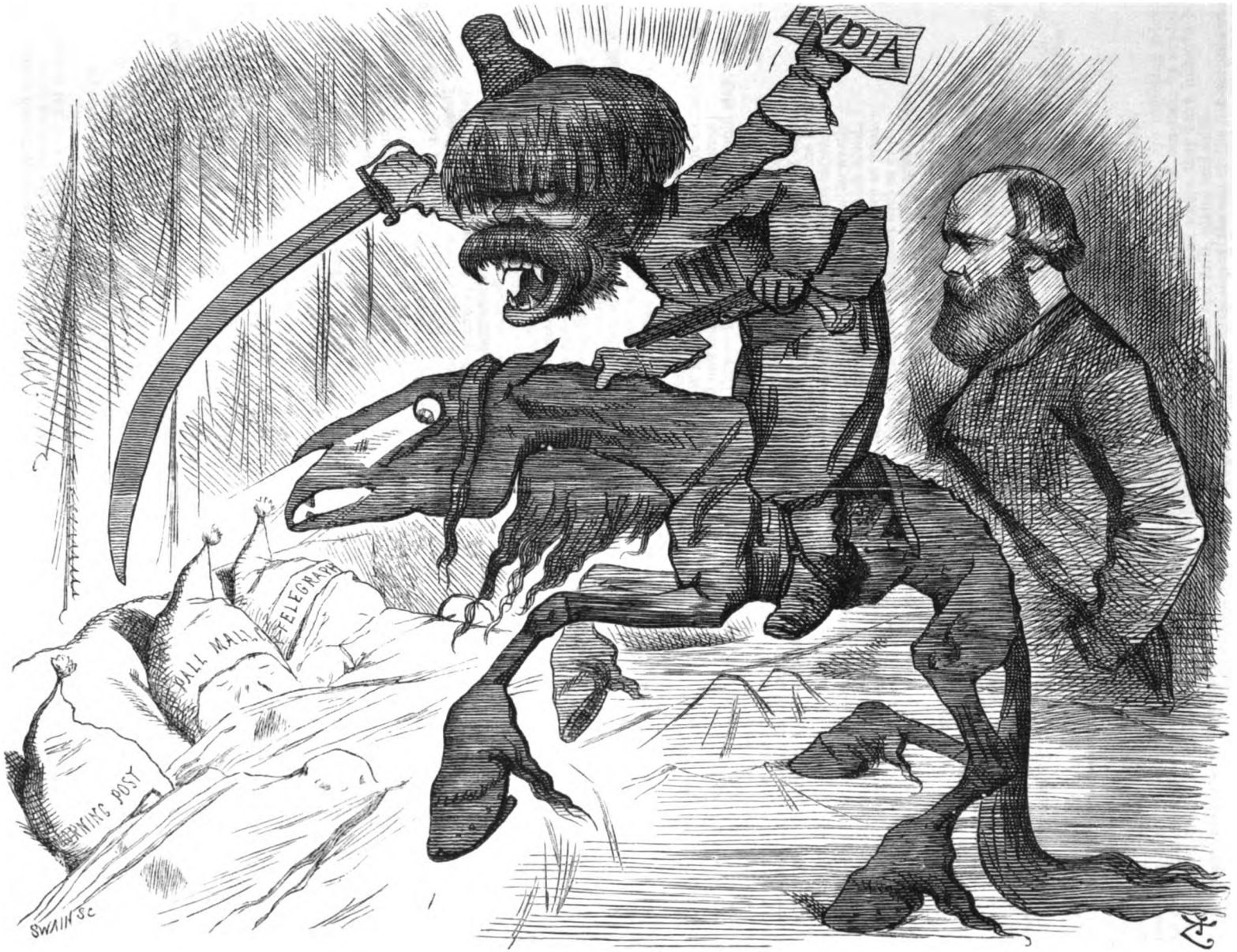
They shouted "Fire!" they cried "Police!"
(*Down, a down, a down, hey down!*)
They shrieked at all who bade them cease.
(*With a down!*)
And they cursed for fools and traitors foul
All who would not at Bogey howl.
(*With a down, derry, derry down!*)

Till a Lord they blessed, and a Lord they curst,
(*Down, a down, a down, hey down!*)
Upon their slumbers rudely burst.
(*With a down!*)
"Wake up! No foe is here!" they cried,
"But Bogey his nightmare that doth bestride."
(*With a down, derry, derry down!*)

They rubbed their eyes, they wagged their heads,
(*Down, a down, a down, hey down!*)
They paced the floor with troubled treads,
(*With a down!*)
"Nightmare!" quoth one. "Oh don't tell *me!*"
"Dream!" said another. "Fiddle-de-dee!"
(*With a down, derry, derry down!*)

The third he cried, "This is too bad;
(*Down, a down, a down, hey down!*)
That Lord who woke us must be mad!
(*With a down!*)

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DISTURBED DREAMERS.

SALISBURY. "WAKE UP, WAKE UP, MY LITTLE MEN!—DON'T MAKE SUCH A HORRIBLE NOISE! IT'S ONLY THE NIGHTMARE!!"

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What *can* he mean, and does LORD D.
Pretend to believe no more than he?"
(*With a down, derry, derry down!*)

To dream-land they dropped off again,
(*Down, a down, a down, hey down!*)
Still keeping up the same old strain.
(*With a down!*)
Now Heaven send, if they *won't* awake,
Less row the three may learn to make.
(*With a down, derry, derry down!*)

MR. PUNCH'S SELECT COMMITTEES.

No. III.—ON AMATEUR ACTING.



GEORGE TENTER-FOUR *examined.*

Q. I believe your chief employment in life is amateur acting?

A. Yes. I am a clerk in a Government Office, but I devote most of the time not claimed by the Service to learning my various parts.

Q. Have you had much experience in amateur acting?

A. A great deal. When I was seventeen I played the First Officer in the *Lady of Lyons*, and at eighteen doubled *Romeo* and the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Q. What are your favourite parts?

A. *Dazzle* in *London Assurance*, *Sir Peter Teazle* in *The School for Scandal*, *Bob Acres* in *She Stoops to Conquer*, *Mr. Golightly* in *Lend Me Five Shillings*, and *Macbeth*.

Q. What is your idea of acting?

A. To learn my words, and to go to a theatre where the piece for which I am cast is being played constantly, with a view to copying every movement of the actor whose part I am afterwards to sustain.

Q. Do you not think that it would be better to think out your parts for yourself, instead of giving a weak imitation of an old original?

A. Certainly not. My First Officer in the *Lady of Lyons* was never a great success until I had seen it played by some one else.

Q. What are your objects in acting?

A. First, to show myself in various costumes to my friends and relatives, and, secondly, to benefit some obscure charity.

Q. Does the obscure charity benefit very largely by your exertions?

A. Not very frequently. After all expenses have been paid, a five-pound note is rather a handsome average for the surplus.

Q. Are you aware that amateur performances in the country frequently do great injury to professional actors?

A. So I have been told.

Q. Are you aware that many a provincial manager and his company have been reduced to penury by these entertainments?

A. I believe so.

Q. Would you be surprised if a manager were to offer you more than thirty shillings a week to become a member of his company?

A. I should be very much surprised indeed.

Q. Would you (and I appeal to you as a sensible man) play the part of audience at an amateur performance in which you had no personal interest—I mean no part to play?

A. Under no consideration whatever.

[*The Witness then withdrew.*

Freaks of Fashion.

How to be à la Mode.

THE Complexion—Undisguisedly disguised.
Square Corsages—Openly cut to the heart.
Ball-Dresses—Barely decent.
Skirts—Tied back with effrontery.

THREE ANNIVERSARIES.

JOHN WYCLIFFE, 1377. WILLIAM CAXTON, 1477. PIUS IX., 1877.

THREE dates; three links, unsevered though apart,
On Time's long chain. It fills the brooding heart
With thoughts that halt 'twixt hope and fear to mark
This conflict of the Light against the Dark,
Unchanging, and unending. WYCLIFFE'S tongue
And CAXTON'S type; the fiery zeal that flung
Truth's gage against all odds, the sober wit
That gave the goddess wings, and bade her flit
From cloister down to cottage, with the light
Which, the more Popes would quench it, beamed more bright.
The selfsame light—whose permeating glow
From Lutterworth five hundred years ago
Startled Pope, Prince, and Prelate with its gleam,
And just a century later with a beam
Of broad diffusiveness was winged to fly
Abroad from Westminster's old Almonry,—
Still leads our Vanguard legions, while, with fear
And wilful blindness smitten, in the rear
The lovers of the Darkness crouch, and curse
Those dauntless facers of the dawn. Perverse
And purblind Priestdom, ever slow to learn,
Why so peraistently Light's blessing spurn?
Why try your policy of Night again,
Foolish as fruitless, puerile as vain?
When did anathemas stay truth? As well
Essay with scourge to check the Ocean's swell,
Or hold the dawn in fetters. GREGORY failed;
His fiery fulminations nought availed
Against the beacon-fire that WYCLIFFE raised—
From which a kindling brand soon brightly blazed
On every hearth in England. But what hope,
Born of the shadows, buoys *our* later Pope,
The kindly age-worn man, whose Jubilee
E'en stubborn foes could wish that they were free
To celebrate in kindness? Yet o'er all
WYCLIFFE illumed this Pope would spread the pall
Of priestly obscuration! Freedom, faith
That freedom well might nurse nor suffer scaith,
Popular learning, free thought, liberty
To sacred books of winning access free,
These WYCLIFFE stood for, these stout CAXTON'S press
Helped onward to a slow but sure success;
These PIUS and his guards e'en now would stay,
Invoking night at the full noon of day,
As did their predecessors at its dawn,
And cursing Wisdom's seed as Evil's spawn.
The Jester, sobered at the saddening sight,
Sighs while he smiles, yet, loyal to the light,
Checking awhile the jingle of his mirth,
Before the sad-faced sage of Lutterworth—
An earlier LUTHER, born of British blood,
As keen as calmly wise, as brave as good—
Puts by his *bâton* that stout soul to greet,
And lays the laurel at JOHN WYCLIFFE'S feet.

Something Like Military Intelligence.

"The troopship *Assistance*, with the 104th Regiment on board, has arrived at Kingstown, from Jersey, and proceeded to the Curragh Camp for the drill season."

So says a recent item in the Military Intelligence of the *Irish Times*. Talk of "Horse Marines" contemptuously after this! Of course *they* dragged the ship.

Submarine Fish-Frightening.

IT seems that the West Country fishermen are inflicting grievous damage, and some alarm, on the shoals of sea-fish, by exploding charges of dynamite on the ground where they have hitherto been content to trawl for bass and brill, plaice and soles.

This is clearly an extension of the use of the *fish*-torpedo which MR. WHITEHEAD never bargained for.

ECCLESIASTICAL AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Great Match.—The English Church Union Eleven against the Church Association.

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CANDID.

Tam (very dry, at door of Country Inn, Sunday Morning). "AYE, MAN, YE MICHT GIE ME A BIT GILL OOT IN A BOTTLE!"

Landlord (from within). "WEEL, YE KEN, TAMMAS, I DAURNA SELL ONYTHING THE DAY. AND FORBYE YE GOT A HALF-MUTCHKIN AWA' WI' YE LAST NICHT (AFTER HOORS TAE); IT CANNA BE A' DUNE YET!"

Tam. "DUNE! LOSH, MAN, D'YE THINK A' COULD SLEEP AN' WHUSKEY I' THE HOOSE?!"

OMINOUS OUTRAGE!

THE World of Fashion has been convulsed with a thrill of horror by an unprecedented outrage on Society, as represented by the dignified attendance of Aristocracy at the sports of Ascot. According to a dreadful police report, on Tuesday last—

"At Hammersmith, MAJOR ERLAN applied to MR. BRIDGE for a summons for an assault. He stated that on Wednesday he was near Gunnersbury Station, with his two daughters, looking at the vehicles returning from Ascot Races, when a four-horse coach, driven by LORD LONDESBOROUGH, passed, and he was struck on the breast by a bag of sawdust thrown from it" (!)

True, indeed, is it that—

"Replying to the Magistrate, the Major said he did not know who threw the bag of sawdust."

And of course he was under a mistaken impression in the idea that it was thrown by anybody on LORD LONDESBOROUGH'S drag. Nobody of LORD LONDESBOROUGH'S party could possibly have thrown bags of sawdust on the return from Ascot at Ladies and Gentlemen, or, indeed, at anybody, or even have had such a thing as a bag of sawdust to throw. But the horrid fact is that a bag of sawdust was thrown by somebody or other from some passing vehicle on the road. Appalling event! What if this be the beginning of the end of the dignity and glory of Ascot; the first symptom of the decline of Ascot Races to the level of Epsom and Hampton? What next? Are we doomed hereafter to witness men and youths returning from the "Cup" with supplementary noses on, and dolls in their hat-bands? Will it be our sad fate to hear them blowing trumpets and tooting horns, and playing the *Two Obadiahs*, or the street-tune then popular, whatever it may be, on an accordion? Is the gathering on the Heath itself to be vulgarised by irrepellable Progress, and has its decadence been initiated by the bag of sawdust thrown at MAJOR ERLAN?

Of course MR. BRIDGE could not grant a summons for the appearance of a caitiff unknown. MAJOR ERLAN said he would write to LORD LONDESBOROUGH for that miscreant's name and address, but of course the noble Lord knows nothing of so impossible a companion. Though driving with his back to any cad who might have intruded, he would have immediately felt the presence of an offender, whose moral emanations, as sensible as the effluvia of the dead fly in the Apothecary's unguent, would have got him at once detected and expelled.

TOO GOOD NEWS TO BE TRUE (*from a Sandwich Man*).—Charing Cross. Folly. Last Nights

RITUALISTS IN REBELLION.

THE Council of the Church Union, which boasts to have enrolled under its Ritualistic banner 2,586 clergy and 16,496 communicants, has at last thrown down the gauntlet to the Law. With a cool *petitio principii* it declares that the Ridsdale judgment has "rendered penal much of the ceremonial which the Church of England retained at the Reformation, and reconsidered and resettled in 1662."

Now, the very question for decision in the Ridsdale case was whether the practices the Reverend defendant had followed at Folkestone were such as the Church of England at the Reformation and Post-revolutionary Resettlement had reconsidered and resettled? The Judges of the Privy Council have decided that they were not. The Council of the Church Union, flying in the face of the Judges, call on Convocation to do likewise, and advise the clerical members of the Union to treat the Ridsdale Judgment as the idle utterance of "a body recently appointed, and having no real authority."

At the same time that this document is adopted by the Church Union, the Church Association meets to express its satisfaction with the Ridsdale Judgment; its determination to do all in its power to see that the judgment is enforced; and its delight at the blow dealt thereby to the trade of the Church milliner, and the celebration of the sacrifice of the Mass by the Clergy of the Church of England.

So speak two mouths, both purporting to speak for one head, that of the Church of England.

It would be a very pretty quarrel as it stands, were it not that both Church Union and Church Association are in the main Clerical bodies, and their bone of contention nothing less than the foundations of the Established Church, and the claims of her Clergy.

"Hawks," says the proverb, "will not pike out hawks' een," but Clerical crows, it would seem, decline to follow their wise example, and are ready, under various names expressive of peace and concord, to fight to the death against each other, and one of them against the Law into the bargain.

Let JOHN BULL look to it. He may not be anxious to see a clean sweep made of his Church by Law Established; but when a large body within his Church by Law Established defies, disowns, and disobeys the Law, it has already disestablished itself.

There is only one duty for the Clergy who take this course; to shake off the yoke under which they refuse to bow their necks, and to cease to eat the bread of an Establishment whose laws they defy. "That's so," my Reverend Gents of the Church Union, and no two ways about it.

"*Paris vaut bien une messe*," said HENRI QUATRE. "*La messe vaut bien le presbytère*," should be the saying—followed up by doing—of the Church Union.

You will be easier where your opinions are already—out of *our* pale. A Protestant Establishment will be infinitely more comfortable out of *yours*.

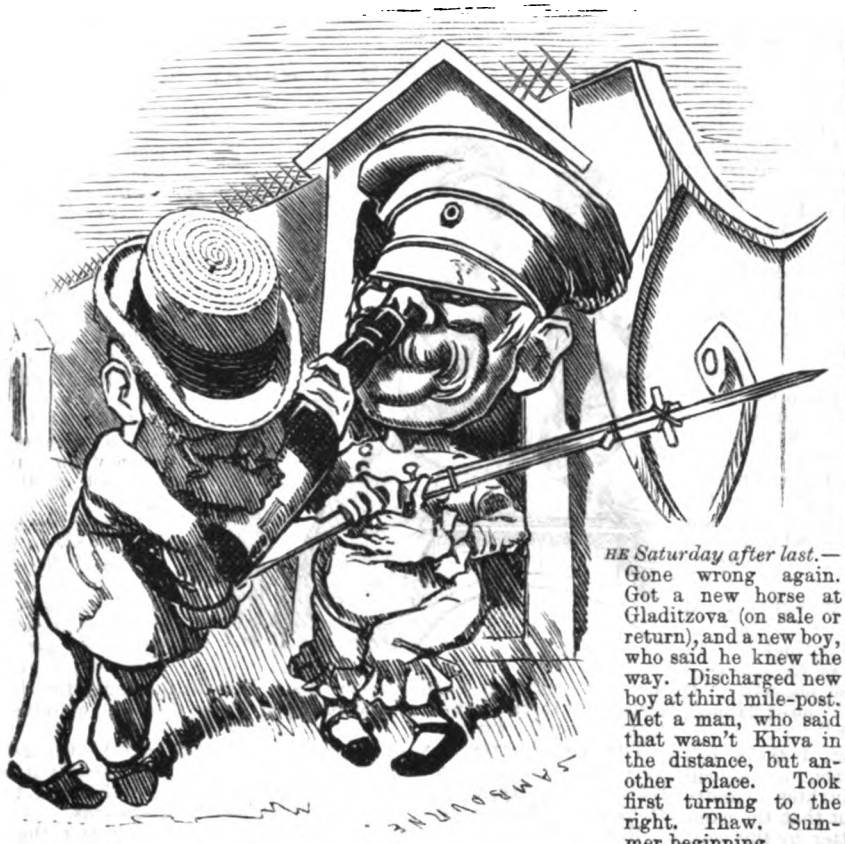
More Pernicious Literature.

A SACERDOTAL manual of auricular confession, privately printed, and circulating among an association of Anglican Clergymen styling themselves the "Society of the Holy Cross," which LORD REDESDALE the other evening denounced to the House of Lords, is not so happily named as perhaps it might be. Such is the character of this work, that, if sold openly, it would perhaps be subject to seizure under LORD CAMPBELL'S Act. It is entitled *The Priest in Absolution*. An obvious analogy to another treatise, at present under prosecution, suggests as a better title for it—*Fruits of Theology*.

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DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

*(Diary continued, and forwarded by Private Wire.)**



HE *Saturday after last.*—Gone wrong again. Got a new horse at Gladitzova (on sale or return), and a new boy, who said he knew the way. Discharged new boy at third mile-post. Met a man, who said that wasn't Khiva in the distance, but another place. Took first turning to the right. Thaw. Summer beginning.

Mid-day, Saturday.—Came up with a private caravan, consisting of an aged Moldavian, an old Wallachian, a Merryvingian (such a funny fellow!), a couple of Kirghiz-men, and one Roumaniac from Kolni Hatchski. The old Wallachian, a bald man without any moustache or beard, was very unwell. He said he'd make his will, and leave me everything if I would only cure him. Felt his pulse. Having no medicine by me, gave him some of MR. BRILLANTINE'S Essential Regeneratative Stimuloso—(a powerful oil for strengthening and darkening the hair. *N.B.—Here would be a fine opportunity for taking advantage of my riding to Khiva as a Travelling Advertising Agent. Let everybody who has anything to puff send out samples at once to Me, and I'll try 'em on the Khans and other people! My charges will be moderate, but payment in advance, to my agent in London, is absolutely indispensable. No Prior Pay, no Posterior Puff!*)—He drank it all, and became insensible. We are stopping on our road, awaiting the consequences anxiously.

In the evening amused the Party with the Learned Pig, cribbage (won five games out of six), and an acrobatic performance from Our Boys. Fair Circassian sulky.

Midnight.—Patient still insensible.

1 A.M. *Sunday.*—Effect of Regenerating Stimulant gradually perceptible on the bald Wallachian. Hair sprouting out in various parts. Patient recovering consciousness: irritable. He is suffering from an entirely new illness, which, on the homœopathic principle, has driven out the other. It makes him fretful, like cutting his teeth, only that *this* is cutting his hair.

3 A.M.—Whiskers appearing. Patient restless and feverish.

4 A.M.—Bald head suddenly breaking out into a sort of brown stubble. Patient using violent language in his native tongue. To soothe him, his friends sing a part-song, and play curious musical instruments.

5 A.M.—Hair two inches long on head. First appearance of moustaches. Lengthening and darkening of eyelashes. Patient being held down in bed.

6 A.M.—Rapid growth of beard, moustaches, and hair of head. A crisis. We sit on him all at once, and place the Pig on him to keep him warm. His friends still singing and playing on instruments. *Wickski* all round. Daylight.

7 A.M.—Thank Heaven! Patient asleep. Crisis past. He is recovering, after an entire change of hair produced by one dose of BRILLANTINE'S Regeneratative Stimuloso, sold in bottles from 3*s.* 6*d.* upwards. Apply to *me*, through my agent in town. None genuine without my signature. I re-name it on the spot, the "Khivan Curative Compound." Pig spells it out on the Alphabet. This will be a point for the Show. When I ask him what's the best remedy for anything, he'll spell out "Khivan Curative Compound," and I shall say that's the Pig's al-*litter*-ation. The *jeu de mot* will be sold with the bottle, and some allowance made to the purchaser on its return. More *wickski*. All to bed.

Sunday.- Spent it becomingly. Rang bells, as if for Church. Then all slept, as if during a sermon. Heard Pig his catechism. Set an excellent example to the four Tartar boys, and taught them one of BISHOP'S glees. The boys stood in a row, with their hands behind them, and their chins up in the air. I shall call them the *Evanski Choristers*. They sang "*Peace be upon thee, Lady Bright!*" to the Fair Circassian, who was much pleased. The lines run—

> "Peace be upon thee, Lady Bright;
> Sleep while we sing, good night, good night!"

Don't remember any more of it, but eked out the glee by repeating it over and over again. All delighted. The stupid Fair Circassian explained to the Caravan people that *she* was "Lady Bright." They got this into their idiotic heads, and would address me as LORD BRIGHT. They think I am on a diplomatic mission to make peace between Turkey and Russia. Served *wickski* all round, and explained. Hairy Patient progressing. Before retiring, sent in my bill for medical attendance, making up prescription, &c. Hairy Patient promised to settle it in the morning. All to bed.

Monday.—Woke late. Caravan party disappeared. Gone without paying. What ingratitude! Think I hear them in the distance singing, "*Peace be upon thee, Lady Bright!*" Pack up, and pursuit.

10 A.M.—No signs of them. Crossed a river. Examined map. Only one river mentioned in it.

* It may have been observed that we have allowed the last two letters to appear without (comparatively) note or comment. The fact is we have been compelled to observe the utmost caution, as well in the public's interest as in our own. But for our certainty that our Khivan Correspondent is *not* within reading distance, we should not append this Note. Fortunately, we are in possession of his entire MS., which we shall either withhold or publish as may suit our convenience and serve the cause of Truth and Justice. We are not prepared, as in view of legal proceedings, to *swear* that at this moment our Riding Representative is *not* "riding to Khiva." He *may* be. We have taken Counsel's opinion, and Counsel says that "in a criminal case, where the charge must be verbally accurate, and the evidence of guilt be in strict accordance with the wording of the charge, it would be *very* difficult to *prove* that, at some time or other, during the course of these letters, our Correspondent was *not* riding *in the direction of Khiva*, as he has alleged. For example, it must first," says Counsel's opinion, "be proved (*vide* 1 Will. c. 2) that he was *not* riding—and all along the *onus probandi* is with the prosecution; secondly, it must be proved that, if riding, he was *not* riding to Khiva. Now, it is evident," says Counsel's opinion, "that any person on mounting his horse in Park Lane, for example, is competent (*vide Crosse & Blackwell's Digest*, 2 O.T.) to remark to those about him, 'I am now going to ride to Khiva,' and may, to give a local colour to the assertion, actually turn his horse's head in an Eastern or a Southern or a South-eastern or South-western direction, according to his (the rider's) ideas of where Khiva may be situated. For his *bonâ fide* intention having been announced of *riding to Khiva*, the law presumes that a *sane* person knows what he is about, and is acquainted with the road he has undertaken to travel: on which road only by mistake, to which all human beings are liable, or by misadventure, to which all human beings are subject (*vide* decision in *Fowl and Pullitt's case*, under 10 Hen. 8, *Egg, Shelley, and Boyle's Reports*), he could be possibly supposed to go wrong. Therefore," continues Counsel's opinion, "though the Correspondent in question *may never have left London*, yet if he were *bonâ fide* and of honest though mistaken purpose, perpetually riding to Khiva, there would be, and could be, no basis for a criminal prosecution, nor, indeed, any safe ground for an action at common law." (*Vide* 4 Geo. 2, c. *Gunn's Reports, edited by* J. INGO.)

Thus advised, it is necessary for us to be cautious and reserved. We may mention, however, that we have secured Private Wire, and have, at a considerable outlay in the shape of an annuity to his mother, got a firm hold on Our Own Confidential Boy. We are now going to take Counsel's opinion again. Our first Counsel advised us to take Counsel's opinion every two hours, and the last thing before retiring to rest, until we found some relief. We intend doing so; and hope to satisfy the public as to the *mala fides* or *bona fides* of Our Correspondent before a fortnight has passed.—ED.

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The Oxus. If it *is* the Oxus, we ought to be near Khiva. If it isn't the Oxus, where are we?

11 A.M.—Fine day. Warm. Wind S.W. by E.C. Clear. No wolves. Nothing visible anywhere. Stopped for breakfast, and worked at fitting up my new sleigh with a "speaking machine," on the principle of the one in the Grand Hotel, Paris. It is connected with a lightning conductor which stands up at the back of the sleigh. The Conductor is thus made to exclaim, at intervals, "Khiva! Khiva! Full inside! All right!" This will have the double effect of keeping off wolves and attracting any passengers, as there is plenty of room in it, and at three kopecks a head an honest rouble may be turned. The sleigh is fitted with a pair of boots, instead of one, which is a novelty. LADY BRIGHT, the Unfair Circassian, quarrelsome. Shall drop her at Khiva, and the boys too. Rations running short. They threaten to mutiny and eat the Pig. A firm hand is necessary. Onward. Ha! Khiva in sight. . . An anxious night . . . on guard before the boot where the Pig is. . . Through a slit in the covering of the sleigh, I hear the confoundedly Unfair Circassian telling the Tartar boys how nice *ham* is! and what delicious things pigs' trotters are! Then she describes crackling and pig's fry!! The Tartar boys, by their religion, are bound to detest pig. She is trying to convert them. Hate proselytism. What a subject for a romance, *The Pig and the Proselyte! a Tale of the Great Atrocity!* . . . Another moment I burst in upon them! I begged them to remember the teaching they received on their mother's knee. They writhe . . . they *do* remember the teaching they received on their mother's knee . . . I have struck a wrong chord . . I adjured them by all the glories of their ancient creed not to apostatise . . I drew a fearful picture—or a *pig*ture—of the pains of indigestion . . they were touched, and the Pig is untouched! The Unfair Circassian flew at me . . . ah! what a night of terror!!! . . *Wickski* all round . . . quiet restored . . . we speed onward . . .

Wednesday, 4 A.M.—Khiva—it must be Khiva—in sight . . . at last! . . .

Same Day, 6 A.M.—At the gates. Saw a Sentinel. "*Ve Gates?*" I asked. (German *jeu de mot*—one of my *splitter sideren*—quite new.) He presented his musket—I presented *wickski*. "O much-caressed son of extraordinary overfed parents!" he exclaimed, "I never take anything so early, except—a prisoner." . . . .

Same Evening.—In a Russian gaol. At least, I think it's Russian. I don't know whether I'm at Khiva, or not: no one will tell me. All I can ascertain from the Gaoler's Daughter (a pretty black-eyed girl) is that this is a Russian outpost, but that the name and the whereabouts is a secret. "Can I send a letter by this outpost?" I inquired. She smiled; and hearing her father's keys clanking in the corridor, she retired. . . . . I am alone. . . . . Boys, Circassian, and Pig, all gone. I contrive to write my Diary by ingeniously (for I am never at a loss) making some ink out of brick-dust mixed with the remains of my *wickski*. It is an admirable invention, will cost half the price of the best ink, and can be patented, on my return, as "*Brickski-Wickski*, or Indelible Khivan Incorrosive Ink." I have sharpened an old rusty nail, and am now writing this on a leaden plate, placed here for my supper, which (the plate, I mean) I shall throw out of window, in the hope of its being found, and forwarded to you. I have no Private Wire. Nothing. I shall write on the leaden plates (throwing them out of window as soon as finished, and only hope they won't fall on any unfriendly head), then on my pocket-handkerchiefs, linen, and sheets. They will be sheets ready for the Press. The Gaoler's Daughter addresses me as "LORD BRIGHT." The Circassian has told her this. Please get up a Subscription for "LORD BRIGHT, the Unhappy Nobleman now languishing in a Russian gaol at——" . . . . I'll let you know where it is when they tell me . . . . but *do* get up an agitation, and memorialise the Government. Couldn't you induce W. E. G. to make speeches about me? Tell him it's the Turks who are "atrocitying" me—not the Russians. My agent in town will receive subscriptions, and will forward to me safely any packages of lint, soap, books, warm clothing, champagne, haunches of venison, &c., &c., "all addressed to the Unhappy Nobleman," &c., &c. *Work the Oracle*, or, if you don't, I shall never get to Khiva! There's a subject for a song in prison! It would sell immensely. Composed by Our Riding Representative (or Representative for the East Riding) when in prison at ——*tz*. (It is pretty sure to end in "*tz*" or "*owa*" until we get more frontierwards, when it ends in "*m* or *n*," as the case may be.) The words would be something to this effect:—

"Then work the oracle, my boys,
And use the mighty lever
To raise subscriptions, or, my boys,
I'll *never* get to Khiva!

Chorus. With my (*the singer's and composer's*) tol de rol de riddle lol,
Tol de rol de riva,
Oh tol de rol de riddle *lol*,
When *shall* I get to Khiva?"

You see my spirits are still above proof. . . Hark! a footstep. Hush! 'tis the night-watch! he guards my lonely cell. I must hide my leaden plates, sheets, and writing apparatus! . . . 'Tis the Gaoler. He will enter and find me whistling in my sleep . . . will write more directly he has gone. . . .

HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY SUNDAY.



PLEASANT "can't be wrong" is the motto of the Upper Ten—as for instance:—

LADY MILLEFLEURS HAUTON (*Grosvenor Sq.*).—Church, of course, you know, in the morning, and then a gentle drive to Twickenham on my Lord's drag, a dinner at the Orleans Club, and a pleasant journey home in the cool of the evening.

MRS. SMITH FITZ-SMITH SMYTHE (*Bayswater*).—Westminster Abbey or the Chapel Royal (when we get a ticket) in the morning, and then a stroll in the Zoo. Nice little dinner for the girls and their friends afterwards, you know, because we must think about the future.

THE HON. BERTIE DANGLE (*Noodles' Club, St. James's*).—Oh, get up at twelve, don't you know? Breakfast at one, and then, if it's really a jolly day, take the train to Maidenhead, go up the river to Henley in a steam-launch, and dine at SKINDLE's afterwards.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY FASTWAYES (*Mayfair*).—Can't do better than take a coach from Slough, and pic-nic at Burnham Beeches. Drive back in the moonlight with a pleasant party—particularly jolly—at least I always find it so, my dear.

CAPEL COURT, ESQ. (*Cornhill and St. James's Street*).—Pack up a bag on Saturday, and take the train to——no, I won't tell you the name, as the place is my own discovery—on the river. Get a room at the Inn (excellent one), and be up betimes on Sunday morning. Put on your flannels, get into a boat, pull to a quiet shady nook, and then smoke, fish, and sleep. Refreshments, lobster-salad and claret-cup. Cold dinner with an old chum in the evening. Up to business at ten the next morning. That's about the best way of spending Sunday that I know of.

MR. DORMOUSE (*Duke Street, St. James's*).—Well, I always spend my Sunday in the Club; and, on my word, I find it one of the nicest days in the week. Breakfast, and then the *Observer* and a mild cigar in the smoking-room. Then a little chat in the drawing-room with one or two old fellow-members—fogeyish, perhaps, but, at all events, not fast—hate your fast fellows. Then into the library, and read until dinner-time. Late dinner, and bed. What more can a quiet man want?

MR. COUNTER (*Bond Street and Pimlico*).—Generally order out the 'osses and the carriage, and take a drive to the "Star and Garter" at Richmond. Then, yer know, me and MRS. T. and the gals, and TOM and some of his College friends, 'ave a real good dinner (champagne and what not), and come 'ome again.

MR. SMALLPIECE (*Stoke Newington*).—Oh, I can't do it in the same style as them West-End relatives of mine. The money in the till won't run to it. No; what I does is to put the 'oss in the cart, and take the Missus and the young 'uns to 'Ampton Court, to see the spring-chestnuts in bloom. And very pleasant it is, too.

BILL JONES, Labourer (*Seven Dials*).—'Ow do *I* spend Sundays? Why, 'ow can I? There ain't nowhere for me to go to. The Museums and Picter Galleries, they ain't for the likes of me! No; I can't go nowheres; so I chucks myself into the public-'ouse until I am turned out by the potboy and run in by the Peeler! That's what *I* do on a Sunday. 'Cos why? 'Cos you nobs ain't left me nothing else for to do!

PRISON DISCIPLINE BILL AMENDMENT.—For Penal Servitude read Peaceful Seclusion *passim*.

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TWO JUDGES.

Admiral Rous,

STEWARD OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

Born, January, 1795. *Died, June* 19, 1877.

Two Judges have to higher judgments passed,
Leaving their record, each in his own Court;
As if Fate's irony for once had classed
The Bench of Justice with the Seat of Sport.

We hear the "Bravo, ROUS!" in death, as life,
From Jockey Club and handicappers' bar,
Where—strange repose from elemental strife—
He steered his Turf craft, like a ship of war,

With pluck, and purpose clear, and voice of power,
Through shoals of knavery and sands of sin;
Truth his chain-cable, honour his best bower,
Good name to risk and little love to win!

Light lie the turf on the Turf-Judge's grave!
May his work's merits o'er its kind prevail;
Nor let the sorry sport for which he gave
His life's best part against him weight the scale.

NOT such our prayer above that other bier
Whereon a nobler Judge to rest is laid;
Whose work was worthy of the soul sincere
That triumphed o'er disease, and pain o'er-swayed.

The Right Hon. Sir George Mellish,

LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL.

Born, 1814. *Died, June* 15, 1877.

From his youth up a martyr on the rack
Of unearned suffering that most wills had tamed,
And turned a nature less heroic back
From strenuous effort, pitied and unblamed.

But, quenching sense in spirit, he so strove,
That early manhood found him early wise,
A Sage in whom, as pain o'ercame not love,
Strong soul weak body bore on high emprize.

Till on the judgment-seat, as on the way
That led up to its honours, he was seen,
Bearing the heat and burden of his day,
Of soul unruffled, patient, and serene;

With a sweet sadness putting pain aside,
To bend his ripened judgment to the cause,
And turn the clear light of his mind to guide
His brethren through our labyrinthine laws.

When men, in after times, would have held up
The glass of all that a great Judge should be,
The face of MELLISH, with his bitter cup
Beside him, let the Bar of England see!

TWO WOMEN.

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton

(LADY STIRLING-MAXWELL).

Born, 1809. *Died, June* 15, 1877.

ONE lived for grace—one lived for good; so runs,
In brief, the record of Two Women's claims,
Whose lives, unlike, closed with close-following suns,
Bequeathing memories diverse as their fames.

One, the famed daughter of a famous line,
With grace and charm, with wit and beauty dowered,
Yet on whose power to please, and will to shine,
Some adverse star malignant influence showered.

Her bridal wreath was blent with weeds of strife:
An ill world's ill report, by party aimed,
Fleshed its foul shafts in her unguarded life,
Until fair-weather friendship shrank afraid,

And hate and envy gave their tongues free play
On the proud soul that would not be o'er-borne,
But strove to show brave face to bleakest day,
And hid her wounds, and gave back scorn for scorn:

And sang her song, and smiled her smile, and staunched
Her tears to strain her children to her breast,
But death's pale blight her hope's bright blossom blanched,
And left her all but lone in dark unrest.

Till time and fair life bore down ill-report,
And grief in patience, if not peace, was lost;
And she lived on, and sang, and held her court,
And dwelt in memories of the loved and lost.

Still beautiful, still graceful, with her voice
Of low, sweet music, and her gift of song;
Tenacious of the friendships of her choice,—
Fast because wisely made as cherished long.

Truest of all, the friend who, at the last,
Gave her marred life the shelter of his name,
And a short sunshine o'er her evening cast,
Denied her in the morning of her fame.

Noble of soul as beautiful, endowed
With all that should have crowned a life with joy,—
Well for her she has past beyond the cloud,
Tended by faithful love, to join her boy.

NOT on the heights of England's proud estate,
Where its spoilt children keep their giddy round,

Mary Carpenter.

Born, April 3, 1807. *Died, June* 14, 1877.

The other learned to weigh man and man's fate,
Studied life's lessons and life's labour found.

But in a frugal, pure, and peaceful home,
A place of sober learning learnt to see,
Through faith and trust in God's good time to come,
That where ill is, good may, and will, yet be.

Her parents' help, her sisters', brothers' guide,
She grew as high of heart, as mild of mood;
With power o'er youth's rebelliousness and pride,
As one that from her own youth up was good.

And early fixed her mind, and chose her part,
To work in the high faith which few can feel,
That there 's a spring of good in every heart,
So you have love its fountain to unseal.

This faith it was that marked a course for *her*,
And braced her for its trouble and its toil,
Cheered her 'gainst proofs how much the best may err,
And kept her pure as snow from taint or soil.

Out of the scaffold's shadow and the dark
Of lives from youth-up weaned of light and air,
She gathered sinking souls into her Ark
Of Love that rode the Deluge of Despair.

'Twas she first drew our city waifs and strays
Within the tending of the Christian fold,
With eyes of love for the averted gaze
Of a world prompt to scourge and shrill to scold.

From seeds she sowed—in season mattered not,
Or out—for good all seasons are the same—
Sprang new appliances, of love begot,
Lost lives to save, and wanderers reclaim.

Nor at home only; when her hair was white
She crossed the sea, on India to bestow
The love that England prized at length aright,
Following leads she was the first to show.

Not from far Pisgah only did she view
The Promised Land, but lived its soil to tread;
And dies bequeathing work for *us* to do,
While praise and blessing crown her reverend head!

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



O NATURAL, when my Lords were engaged on a Burials Act, that we should have had more than one funeral performed on *Monday, June* 18. First came the burial—under a heavy heap of objections from the DUKE OF RICHMOND, half-promises by the LORD CHANCELLOR, and solemn rebukes of the EARL OF BEACONSFIELD—of the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK'S Clause empowering silent burial in cases of such "open and notorious evil-livers" that, in their case, the Clergyman feels the Church Service's words of Christian hope and trust an impious mockery. But the relief which both Archbishops and two Bishops made bold to ask for, the Government was afraid to grant, and the House declined, by 146 to 89, to ease clerical consciences, perhaps distrusting clerical discretion in grave matters.

But the minority had their revenge when it came to the performance of the second funeral of the evening—that of the Government Opposition to LORD HARROWBY'S Clause authorising the use in parish churchyards of burial services other than that of the Church of England. This was carried against the Government by 127 to 111, the majority of 16 including an Archbishop of Canterbury, three Bishops (Exeter, Oxford, and St. Asaph), and twenty-one Conservative Peers. However the Bill may fare this year, the Clause is carried, and its enactment in the law of the future is as good as an accomplished fact. We congratulate the Church on this abandonment by its heads, if not its rank and file, of an untenable position.

Then their Lordships had a light legislative meal of Oysters', Crabs', Lobsters', and Mussels' Fisheries Bills and Provisional Orders, and was up by half-past seven. Another lesson for the Commons. Though Astley's is closed, "Rapid Acts" are still to be seen in Westminster. Apply at the House of Lords.

(*Commons.*)—Why is Monday night like misery? Because it makes the House acquainted with "strange bed-fellows." Here are some of the odd rubbings of shoulders in last Monday's *omnium gatherum* of questions and answers:—

Army Examinations and *The Priest in Absolution*: The Irish Sunday Closing Bill and New Caledonia (should it not have been New Hibernia?); the Richmond Park Rabbits (which SIR G. CAMPBELL doesn't like, because they honey-comb the ground to the risk of horses' legs and riders' necks, and MR. GERARD NOEL does, because they are pretty creatures, and it is delightful to see them turning up their white "scuts" as they flash through the fern); Short Army Service *versus* the roster (roaster?) of Indian duty; the grave question of the gravel between Hyde Park Corner and the Marble Arch, (which SIR H. DRUMMOND WOLFF wants, and MR. GERARD NOEL objects to, because the riding Gentlemen bespatter with it the walking Ladies; SIR HENRY must have felt gravelled with an explanation which shows up the Hyde Park equestrian in the character of "a Galloping Snob"); MR. RYLANDS'S wish to know if MR. LAYARD had spoken to the SULTAN about his Ministers' negligence in carrying on the war (MR. BOURKE did not know anything about it. What *do* we keep a Foreign Office for?); the Controllership of the Stationery Department (which has gone to an outsider, a disappointment that naturally riles those in the Department who had looked for the office among them. But that would have been "promotion." The business of the Department is "stationery," and so, we presume, its servants should be content to be); Army Promotion, and the Denton Melton rifle range (where a beneficent rain of bullets seems to be showered on the surrounding fields—a modern version of the myth of Cadmus sowing the ground with lead); the log of

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EXPENSIVE!

Londoner (to Friend from the North). "WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE OPERA, MACALISTER?"

Mr. MacAlister. "NO THAT BAD. BUT IS'T NO DREADFU', MAN, TO BE SITTIN' IN THAE CHAIRS AT TEN SHULLINS APIECE!"

the *Thetis*, the number of prisoners in the United Kingdom (30,000, so says MR. CROSS, instead of "nearly a million," as loosely put by MR. G. POTTER); Transvaal Annexation the pro(tests against it), and the con(tents with it); the prosperity of Natal; the site of a Naval College; the striking of HOBART PASHA off our Navy List; the Irish Sunday Closing Bill (with which the Government has played rather a dodgy little game, having managed to send it back to the Select Committee, so SIR WILFRID LAWSON won't give up his Permissive Hobby-ride on the Wednesday he has been lucky enough to get for it; and though SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE spoke of the possibility of MR. SMYTH'S Bill being proceeded with, he judiciously said nothing of "probability").

After its unusually heavy game of "cross questions and crooked answers," the House set in for serious business, and the rest of the long night was devoted to the Navy. Poor MR. WARD HUNT, though scarcely able to stand on his gouty foot, was regularly baited first by MR. SHAW LEFEVRE, then by DR. LYON PLAYFAIR, and then by a whole pack, headed by REED, GOSCHEN, and SEELY. MR. SHAW LEFEVRE fell foul of the Admiralty for abandoning Competitive Examination for Naval Cadets, and substituting what is called Nomination with test examination, but is really the bad old system of patronage revived. It must be admitted, whatever we may think of Competitive Examination as a means of getting the best raw material of officers for land or sea, that it is an improvement on the old Patronage System, which combined hap-hazard and injustice. MR. SHAW LEFEVRE made out so strong a case that it hardly needed the strengthening it got from GORST, CHILDERS, and GOSCHEN. As for MR. HUNT, he had not a leg to stand on—in more senses than one.

But what would be the good of having the priceless blessing of a Conservative Government, if it did not, as far as possible, restore patronage, and give the proper sort of people one chance at least for their stupid boys, for whom the nasty levelling system of competition leaves no opening? Poor dear fellows! Everybody that is anybody ought to be delighted that stupidity should have its chance. And, after all, the old system gave us very fair officers in NELSON'S time.

"*Nous avons changé tout cela*," you say. Machinery calls for brains as well as heads and hands. And, however kindly one may feel for the fool of the family (who had such a good time of it once, that it seems as if he were having more than his due of hard time now), it *does* seem rather cool deliberately to turn the Navy into the waste-boy-basket of the Upper Ten Thousand.

DR. LYON PLAYFAIR touched with a gentle hand on the blunders of the late Arctic Expedition, and quietly hinted, while he deprecated, censure. If ever we send another party to the Pole, we must attend more to ventilation and varied diet. Probably this had as much to do with the outbreak of scurvy in the sledging parties as the omission of lime-juice.

Last came the far more serious question of the *Inflexible*. This is the last new type, "the war-ship of the present," and we have other ships a-building on her lines. She has a central citadel and unarmoured ends. *Will* the one float, if the others are riddled or shot away?

MR. BARNABY, head of the Board of Naval Construction—MR. REED'S connection and pupil—says "Yes." MR. REED, BARNABY'S ex-instructor and past-master in armoured ship-building, says "No;" declaring that if once her unarmoured ends are peppered, the *Inflexible's* armoured citadel will obey inflexible laws of gravitation by turning the turtle. HUNT might well feel his least gouty leg shaky under him at the indictment of the *Inflexible*, as urged on Monday night, and newspaper discussion of the subject has not improved matters.

Punch would not much like to command the *Inflexible*, till a considerable Committee has sat upon her. He presumes that will have to be done before this doubtful duckling of BRITANNIA'S is allowed to be taken into action. Think, in her first battle, if she were to "take action" by capsizing!

Tuesday (*Lords*).—Not a drop of Essence to be extracted out of the Peers' brief and barren night's work. Tried by its Peers, Parliament must often be found guilty of doing next to nothing. But at least it does no harm.

(*Commons, Morning Sitting.*)—MR. O. MORGAN gave notice, if Government bury the Burials Bill, he will resurrectionise LORD HARROWBY'S Clause in the shape of a Resolution.

Prisons Bill read a Third Time, under a leaden pelt of protests from such incongruous quarters as RYLANDS, PETER TAYLOR, NEWDEGATE, DODSON, and PARNELL. Even men as sensible on most subjects as SIR W. BARTTELOT, and MR. HIBBERT owned they didn't like it, but deprecated division. The opposition to the Bill is based on the mistaken notion that prison management is a local, not an imperial, business. Convict prisons are in the hands of the Central Government already, and there is no reason in principle why County Prisons should be in the hands of local magistrates. There will be plenty of useful work for them under the new Bill. Once more, *Mr. Punch*, in parting with the Bill, takes off his hat to MR. CROSS, as he did in welcoming it.

The Morning Sitting wound up with a rattling Irish shindy and tremendous match of *Talk* against *Time*, in which PARNELL and BIGGAR both appeared in their favourite characters of the "Hibernian Bore," and the "Imperturbable Obstructive." *Talk* won easy.

Wednesday.—CHAPLIN and Race-horses? Yes. But CHAPLIN and Road-Locomotives one would have fancied were like "cows and shwimps" in *Lord Dundreary's* zoological classification, "Things that didn't go together." A vast variety of opinions was vented on the subject of these ugly, but useful, Colossi of Roads, who, having a giant's strength, are rather tyrannous, now and then, in using it like giants, to crush both roads and lesser things that travel thereon, to say nothing of frightening horses and causing runaways and upsets. A Colossus can't be put in harness with as much impunity as a Pegasus. But it was evident that the subject was unripe and the Bill ill-considered, and that the best course was that recommended by MR. SCLATER-BOOTH—to withdraw it for longer incubation.

The rest of the sitting was wasted over MR. SHARMAN CRAWFORD'S Bill for turning Irish Tenants into Landlords, by means of an arbitrary extension of Ulster Tenant Right, which was of course decisively rejected.

Thursday (*Lords*).—Silent burial of the Burials Bill. The gay GORDON may sing—

> "That eagle's fate and mine are one,
> Who winged the shaft that made him die;
> For 'silent burial' was none,
> Save of the Bill 'twas licensed by."

But over LORD HARROWBY'S Clause, if not over the DUKE OF GORDON'S Bill, *Punch* may carve "*Resurgam.*"

LORD COLERIDGE was forced to leave Married Women's

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Property for the present to take care of itself, under the Act of 1870, being forced by a consensus of Law Lords' opposition to withdraw his Bill for its amendment.

(*Commons.*)—Government is not going to prosecute *The Priest in Absolution*. Why should JOHN BULL's servants fall foul of a book that falls so foul of itself—above all, when JOHN BULL can deal with the foul man instead of the foul book, as in this week's Cartoon recommended?

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON expounded the Indian Budget to an enthusiastic audience that never exceeded twelve, and once dwindled to five. How enthusiastic that dozen and that quintett *must* have been! Low water was reached while MR. LAING was speaking, and MR. HAMOND, "Lone-sitting in a void of Tory seats," called the SPEAKER'S attention to the fact of that faithful Five!

While the sand was running through the glass, LORD GEORGE was running through the House, scraping together the needful Forty, and just made up his tale, counting the SPEAKER as one of its joints!

Poor LORD GEORGE! He did his best, and he is ready and willing, glib, and, for an Indian Budget-bearer, not unlively. But though the House has a formula of impatience over the tardy appearance of the Indian Budget, when that mysterious compound of facts and figures, that hash of problematical estimates and accounts past, present, and future, does appear, the Collective Wisdom declines to pay it even the poor compliment of a hearing. The ugly truth is that Indian finance is voted a matter for experts; and when even *Punch* finds it is better to imitate the House, and leave LORD GEORGE'S figures to those who can sift and weigh them, what wonder if the House goes and does likewise? India, luckily for her, is not governed from St. Stephen's, but from over the way, in Downing Street.

Friday (*Lords*).—Drawn blank.

(*Commons, Morning Sitting.*)—An Irish fight over the Irish Judicature Bill, which does something to reduce the plethora of the Irish Judicial Constitution by bleeding of salaries and amputation of appointments. The Bill reduces Puisne Judges' salaries to £3,500, and lops away two Judgeships (of the Common Pleas and the Admiralty), a Barony of the Exchequer, and a Receiving Mastership. All but those who suffer by it will call this "a judicious use of the pruning-knife."

Evening Sitting.—A Count Out of a bored House on a BOORD MOTION about Superannuation Allowances. What does the House care? It doesn't consider itself superannuated, and nobody ever makes it an allowance!

ARTS AND MUSIC.



O *Mus. Bac.* or *Mus. Doc.* is hereafter to be made, at Cambridge, without passing a preliminary Examination in Arts. We believe that the papers will be drawn from the list of subjects subjoined:—

On the Art of keeping down as much as possible, in the conduct of an orchestra, the prominent trombone, the insufferably vain cornet-à-piston, the obstreperous ophicleide, and the grumbling double-bass.

On the Art of Conversation at the pianoforte with one admirer in an unaccompanied flirtation, or with many, during an exhibition of musical fireworks.

On the Art of Refusal, combining the usual excuses from cold, cramp in the fingers, loss of manuscript or memory, with final resignation, prefaced by passing the hands through the hair, dabbing the forehead with a handkerchief, or cracking the finger-joints.

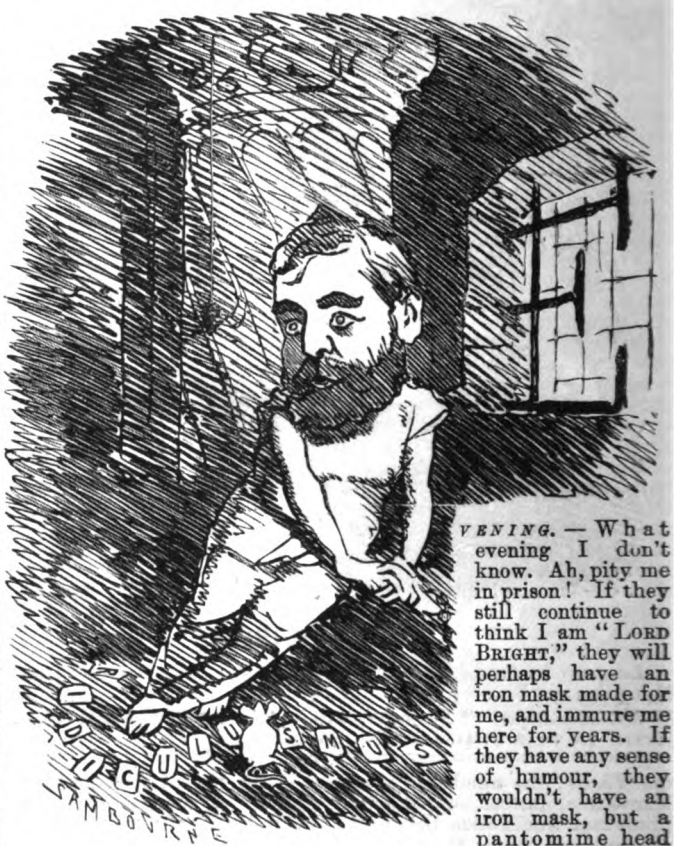
On the Arts of "crabbing" your rivals, damning the best composers with faint praise, and judiciously drawing fish into your own professional net.

On the Art of Painting, as connected with designs for Song-covers, illustrated by a comparison of the relative attractions of "the moonlightly sentimental," "the sensationally seductive," and "the music-hally vulgarian."

On the Arts of blowing your own trumpet with discretion, drawing notes out of publishers and managers to any amount, and striking the lyre of criticism with promptitude and effect.

DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

*Still in Prison—Diary Continued Under Difficulties, but Sent all the Same with Marvellous Regularity.**



EVENING.—What evening I don't know. Ah, pity me in prison! If they still continue to think I am "LORD BRIGHT," they will perhaps have an iron mask made for me, and immure me here for years. If they have any sense of humour, they wouldn't have an iron mask, but a pantomime head with goggle eyes and a perpetual grin, so that when I showed my face at the window ("*Only a face at the Window*"—song for the occasion), the warders could say to any outsiders, "See how happy he is! always laughing!" . . . . I am writing this, with a sharp nail, on my pocket-handkerchief. . . . . Perhaps the washerwoman will see it. . . . . What will she do with it? . . . . All hangs on that. I tremble for the fate of the Pig. . . . . I am afraid that these Borderers don't kill and eat pigs, they torture them. . . . Still, HERR GRÜNTZ (the Pig) has got the bag of letters hung round his neck, and if they 'll only spread them out before his snout, he 'll introduce himself. . . . . But ah! should HERR GRÜNTZ meet the Cossack torturer with his knout, which will get the best of it—that snout or this knout? (Another idea for a book of travels—ideas flow in prison—it is so quiet—*The Knout and the Snout—a Traveller's Tale.*) . . . .

Sunset.—The Gaoler's Daughter came to fetch my things for the *woshski* . . . I pressed her hand . . . she placed her finger on her lips . . . while there is life there is hope. . . She is gone . . . again I am alone, with a white mouse in the corner, and a spider that has come out for an evening walk through its web in the angle of the window. Sitting down suddenly, I become aware of my pack of cards in my tail coat-pocket, for I was in evening dress when taken prisoner (being generally in this costume, in case of having to give an entertainment impromptu with Pig and Circassian and tricks with cards), and I have not yet been able to change.

* All we have to remark at present is that, acting on Counsel's opinion and we 've had some of the best that could be got at the Bar, sending the Office Boy out for it regularly every two hours in this hot weather, we reserve what we have to say till the right moment comes for speaking, and then from Fleet Street to Bow Street is but a step, and thence——But, of course, *we may be wrong after all.*—ED.

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Sun down—Lights up.—Commenced teaching the White Mouse *ecarté*. An apt pupil, but possessing neither the solidity nor gravity of the Pig. Governor sent to say he is coming to see me. He entered, preceded by two men bearing *dipzkis* (*i.e.* long thin tallow candles.) On their retiring he discovered himself. *The patient whom I had cured with the hair oil!* He produced my pockethandkerchief, which had been sent to the Washerwoman, and which the Washerwoman had immediately forwarded to him. He advised me not to do it again, for it would only be waste of time, as the Washerwoman, a stupid person, invariably sent everything of the sort to *him*, and had to be rewarded for her fidelity by the Government, out of which he (the Governor) did not make anything, except by way of adding to his stock of linen. He had, he added, quite a remarkable collection of haberdashery, for all the prisoners wrote on their pockethandkerchiefs, shirt-fronts, false collars, &c., and so he had not had a linendraper's bill for years. I undertook not to do it again, and the Governor promised (out of gratitude for his cure, and his magnificent growth of hair and whiskers, in consequence of the dose of hair oil) to wink at anything I might do in the way of escape. To show his friendly spirit, he began by winking at the cards and the white mouse. Then he withdrew, but most thoughtfully returned to wink at the spider, and then, having winked at everything all round, he left, not however before he had lost one rouble to me (and paid over the three-card trick, which was evidently quite new to him. What a charm there is in novelty!

Night.—Night-Lights brought by the Gaoler and his daughter. For a consideration they smuggled in some *wickski*. From my cell I can see one of the small windows of the Governor's room. It is a mere slit, just enough for the Governor's eye, which I recognised placed close to it; and, true to his promise, he is winking at the *wickski*. We are safe. Gaoler brought in his own pack of cards (he said he never trusted prisoners), and insisted on teaching me a Cossack game, at which he is an adept, called *Ykooh Dnilb*. He dealt out about fifteen packets face downwards, and asked me to choose and give him one of them. If the card at the bottom of the pack so chosen should be an ace, then he would pay me on all the other bottom cards (except aces, for "ties pay dealer"), and if it should be the Czar (the highest) then I should pay him on all. A clever player at this game can, *I believe*, so arrange as to "force" the choice of a pack. I was hesitating, when suddenly the White Mouse ran out, hopped on to one of the packs, and ran off again in a frightened manner. Gaoler swore he'd have the hole stopped up. It suddenly occurred to me that I would choose the pack on which the Mouse had squatted, and give *that* to the Gaoler. Scarcely had I placed my finger, hesitatingly, on the pack in question, when, happening to look up, I caught the Gaoler's Daughter's eye (or the eye of the Gaoler's Daughter—*vide* first Russian Exercise Book), which, by its expression, coupled with a movement of her hands and head, seemed to say, "Oh, my! what a born idiot you are!!" . . . . Too late to retract without a row. Gaoler insisted on taking up the pack where I had placed my finger. I protested. I said I only placed my finger there by accident. Gaoler savage. I yielded. I gave him the Czar! Gaoler's Daughter's eye seemed to say, "Well, you *are* an ass!" Yes; but once bitten, twice fly. And then, as I reminded the Gaoler, *we hadn't settled to play for anything*. True. In his eagerness the old humbug had forgotten this. Would I make it a rouble on each pack for the next deal? Certainly—a rouble or a double—that is, a two-rouble piece. Deal as before. I hesitated which to choose. Oddly enough, the Spider came down on a long line, hung over a pack, and then ran up again, and disappeared. I looked up: Gaoler's Daughter's eye said "*Don't!*" and, by a movement of her charming head, indicated that the pack in the right-hand corner would be *the* one to try. All this in a second. It flashed across me *that the Spider and the Mouse had been trained by the Gaoler*. That they are, so to speak, "*his creatures.*" I followed the girl's advice and chose the pack in the right-hand corner. Gaoler turned pale. Asked me if I wasn't mistaken. I replied, politely, "No," and presented him with *the Ace!!* There were no other aces turned up, and *he had to pay me on all*. A double per pack was, for fourteen packs, fourteen doubles, that is, twenty-eight roubles. I asked him for the money playfully, and said, by way of a *jeu de mot*, "I'm sorry to t-*rouble* you for the coin." He was *wild*. He kicked out at the White Mouse, which was innocently standing on its hind legs in the corner, and sent it flying into its hole, then threw the three-legged stool at the Spider, who was out of sight in a jiffey. The stool broke the web and the window-pane. Gaoler wouldn't play again, but said he would go and get me the money, as he hadn't so much about him. Before I could answer, I saw his daughter, behind his back, speaking to me in the dumb alphabet. She said, "*Let him go: as he owes you money, you won't see him again.*" In a second it flashed across me . . . . . the one obstacle to my escape was removed . . . . *I had got rid of my Gaoler!*

Midnight.—Gaoler departed. Meditating on the events of the evening, I could not help arriving at the conclusion that the Gaoler must be an uncommonly clever man. But what a pity to see talent like his so thrown away! Because really he must have taken no end of pains to train the White Mouse and the Spider. And what *could* he have got by it? A few roubles from an occasional prisoner. If I could only have trusted him, I would have proposed a partnership in "a travelling business." But I am afraid he would be too suspicious for a partner. . . . . All quiet. From my window I think I can still see the Governor's eye winking at everything that is going on under his nose. Hark! From below I hear the splash of the waters that wash the base of the tower. . . . . On the drawbridge I can distinguish the sentinel's tramp and the password for the night. For strategic purposes it is a Turkish word—"*Bosh.*" "*Khiva là?*" is the question. "*Bosh*" is the answer. "*Pass Bosh, and all's well!*" is the reply.

The bell of the old Kromesky (the name of a chapel belonging to the Tartar Dissenters), sounds two. Then all is still. . . . . I lean against the prison-bars, and wonder whether . . . . Hark! . . . . A barrel-organ played *pianissimo* . . . and the tune . . . "*Oh Leonora Addio!*" from *Trovatore* . . . . so suggestive—*Leonora* outside, *Manrico* within . . . . I am *Manrico* within, and I commence the strain: then the quick part (*Leonora's* portion) is taken up, outside, by the organ. Why not by the human voice? Because, clearly, it is *somebody who can't sing, or who has not got a human voice.* Through the pane of glass, broken by the Gaoler in his passion, I stretch out, and see, leaning against the outside wall, an awkward female figure, in an old-fashioned "poke bonnet," playing a small organ. I recognise the organ—it is the one that we have never parted with on our tour, it having been invariably used for accompaniment to the Pig's performance, and it was the handle of this I had taught the Pig himself to turn . . . It is the Pig . . . disguised in the poke bonnet . . . . the Pig in the Poke!! . . . . He sees me, and in the moonlight spreads the letters out before him, "*Escape by Private Wire.*" Suddenly, under my nose, comes up the side of the tower,—the Wire. I fasten it to the top bar. I stop for one moment to put the cards and the White Mouse in my pocket (he seemed to implore so hard not to be left behind), and descend the Wire. . . . . I am descending slowly but surely . . . . and writing this with the other hand so as not to lose time . . . .

As I go down I catch sight of the Governor's eye, through the slit in the wall, winking at my escape. . . . . Bless him! . . . . In the court-yard the Governor's carriage, the Gaoler's Daughter, the Pig in disguise, and the barrel-organ are waiting. Not a moment is to be lost. . . . We gain the first drawbridge. . . . "Khiva là?" "Bosh!" I reply, imitating the Governor's voice (I shall add "Imitations" to my Entertainment, on my return). "Pass Bosh, and all's well!" . . . .

Once again we are challenged . . . . same business as before . . . . at last we are out on the high road . . . . and free!! "But," as the Pig says on his letters, "we have now a squeak for it."

BONNETS IN COURT.



HE other day at Croydon, a Widow Lady was courted, at least County-Courted, for forty-seven pounds, which trifling sum was owing for five bonnets which she had lately bought. Whereon the learned judge remarked:—

"Forty-seven pounds for five bonnets! Why, that is nearly ten pounds a-piece! . . . It seems to me wicked and reprehensible extravagance. The price of one of these articles should be sufficient to dress a lady well."

"Wicked and reprehensible extravagance." Surely these are hard words to throw at a lady in a public court of justice. Might the widow not have pleaded that she only wished to show how dear she was likely to be to any daring second husband who dared to take her to wife?

SUNDAY OBSERVANCES.—See the Monday charges at the Police Courts.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.—Going to the Seaside in search of quiet.

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"ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK."

Gigantic Footman. "DID YOU RING, MA'AM?"

Tender-hearted and Impulsive Lady. "YES, THOMAS. YOU SEE THIS POOR KITTEN THE CHILDREN HAVE FOUND? IT IS MOTHERLESS! GET SOME MILK, THOMAS! MEW LIKE ITS MOTHER!—AND FEED IT!"

PUNCH TO THE PRIESTLY PAUL-PRYS.

PAH! 'Tis a loathsome task; a piece of work
That *Punch*, as well as REDESDALE, fain would shirk;
But, lest the pest should suck fresh life from doubt,
"War to the Knife!" the tocsin must ring out.
Stand up, you Priestly Prys! Sham Roman pranks,
Mock-monkish tricks, we look for from your ranks—
Matters of course, as ills familiar borne,
Or flagellated with half-careless scorn;
But when the gnats that pester poison too,
They must be crushed—and so, Jack-priests, must you.
What poison worse than the foul canker-worm's,
Dropped in the germ to blight the opening bud?
Nor casuist wrigglings, nor sophistic squirms,
Henceforth can clear you; it should stir the blood
Even of Gallios, whom your mummeries irk
No more than puppet-posturings, to see
The leaven of your impious piety
In black and white once more at its foul work.
Hearts in these fevered days are not too clean,
Imaginations not too sweet. What then?
You'd peep and pry into the souls of men,
To scent uncleanness out with snouts unclean;
You'd poke and pry upon e'en childhood's tracks
For the snake's trail. In maiden minds you'd wake
Spectres more easy raised than banished. Take
Your nostrums hence! Sham-Spiritual quacks
Must not be trusted with our households' health.
We dread your creep of super-subtle stealth,
Nor will we trust your fumbling hands to feel
About the roots of life. Let Spirit deal
With Spirit frankly in free daylight. Learn
That still our English natures scorn and spurn
This fleshly inquisition of the flesh,
Whose pryings serve no end but to enmesh
Confessor and Confessed in Sense's snare.
So stand aside, let in the fresh June air,
With flowery breath to sweeten once again
The place your presence taints. 'Tis all in vain
You'd burrow, molewise, in the dirt. Give o'er!
We will not have this bastard-birth of Rome—
Will guard from it the purity of home,
Or crush it, like a viper, at the door!

STRANGELY MISTAKEN.

AN indignant veteran evidently of an age at which indignation easily overbears intelligence, and who writes from the House of Commons, has so utterly misconceived the drift of an article in the last number of *Punch*, entitled "Gold-Sticks and Old Sticks," as to explode in the following letter:—

"The article in *Punch*, holding up to public ridicule the supposed infirmities of the gallant veterans who have just received the Marshal's *bâton* as a reward after a long life spent in the service of their country, is a *disgrace* and an *infamy*.

"In any other country this outrage would meet with severe punishment. Here, however, at least, public opinion will reprobate the cowardly and un-English crime."

Till *Punch* read this letter he would have thought it impossible for any one to suppose that the objects of ridicule in this article were the "gallant veterans" who have done their country long and good service, and not, first, the system which postpones what should be the honours and rewards of these gallant veterans till their recipients are on the brink of the grave; and, secondly, the abuse which confers such honours and rewards not on "the gallant veterans who have spent long lives in the service of their country," but on those who have never faced worse dangers than those of a drawing-room, and whose lives have been spent rather in the functions of a flunkey—if one of a gorgeous and grandiose kind—than the duties of a soldier.

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"A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING."

MR. BULL (*to* BRITANNIA). "WHENEVER YOU SEE ANY OF THESE SNEAKING SCOUNDRELS ABOUT, MA'AM, JUST SEND FOR ME. *I'LL* DEAL WITH 'EM, NEVER FEAR!!"

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M. AN. N. ON THE PLAY.



UERIES suggested by a Dialogue that recently occurred in the earlier portion of the Nineteenth Century.

N. Where are you going to, my pretty M?

M. I'm going a mooning, Sir, she said.

N. Then let's talk about theatres and plays. I select this subject because I never by any chance visit a theatre, or see a play myself, and really know nothing whatever about the matter. Besides, the proper place for "*M* and *N*, as the case may be," is not at the theatre, but in the Catechism.

M. True. But if there were a good play, you would go and see it?

N. Would I? I don't think so. But what *is* a good play? Can any play be good? Can it be good to see a play, to write a play, to act a play, or cause or permit a play to be acted?

M. I do not pretend to answer you in detail, for you are evidently such a consummate idiot. Let me tell you what *I* object to in plays. I object to their long runs. I object to an actor going over and over the same ground. I want to see something different—or to have the chance of seeing something different—every night of the year.

N. So I should say, if I went to the play; but I really don't. Couldn't think of such a thing. I like sitting at home with my deaf old Aunt, who listens to me through an ear-trumpet, while I practise tunes from WAGNER on the violin. My name's NODDY. I reside in a suburban district.

M. And mine's MUFF. MISS MUFF, of Islington.

N. But aren't there lots of people, MISS MUFF, who say the same as yourself?

M. Oh, every one, I should say.

N. But they can't *all* go to a theatre at the same time; so that the piece you want to see on Monday, other people would want to see, if worth seeing, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and so forth.

M. Oh, quite so. Why, you are not quite such an idiot as I took you for, MR. NODDY! Bless me! here's L.

N. Who's L?

L. LESSEE, and I've heard what you've been saying. You ecstatic, æsthetic, dilletanti people, *M.* and *N.*, seem to forget that a Lessee has to depend for his livelihood on his profession. He has to cater for the public. When the public likes a thing, the public tells the Lessee plainly that it can't be given too much of this good thing. The Lessee consequently pleases the public by repeating the dose—*ad nauseam*, one would have imagined, but the fact proves that this is *not* so—pleases himself by making a handsome sum of money, and benefits a considerable number of professional ladies and gentlemen engaged on his establishment, and whose presence is essential to this piece, and *not* to another.

N. Oh dear, what a state of things!

M. Oh that Art should be reduced to the mere sordid worship of filthy lucre!

L. Nonsense. The Artist paints a picture, and if he could get as much money by one as by three, he would pin his reputation on that particular canvas, and perpetually exhibit it. This, by the way, *is* done now-a-days. Ah, MR. A!

A. Yes, MR. A.—which stands for Author—has not been considered at all in this question. I confess that, under certain conditions, I too should like to see variety the rule at all our theatres, and not the exception. But when we come to the *argumentum ad pocketum*, how am I to get my living? for I do not wish to cede my present rights for the mere sake of putting WYCHERLY, VANBRUGH, CONGREVE, FARQUHAR, or even SHAKSPEARE and SHERIDAN, on the stage *everywhere*. I am aware that for the performance of these works the Managers of to-day *have no fees to pay;* and as a matter of business, if the plays of these ancients bring grist to the modern mills, I could not blame a Manager for obtaining the biggest possible return for the smallest possible outlay.

L. But, Sir, a modern dramatic author who achieves a success is well remunerated.

A. Is he? I am not aware of it except in accidental cases. Where a Manager makes a fortune by only one piece, its Author receives such an amount per week as now-a-days scarcely equals the salary of a fair low comedian. When MISS MUFF and MR. NODDY talk about High Art and constant change on the boards, they are preaching empty pockets to the modern dramatist in England. A good play is worth what it will bring. And with such an enormous population as is represented by "London," a good play that "takes the Town" may go on until the last boy in the top gallery shall have expended his uttermost farthing. Depend upon it, the public will not pay for what it does not want, and thus variety is very soon forced on both Manager and Author, who, in my opinion, should be at a proportionate risk. When this plan has been adopted, I have known the Author receiving thousands in one instance, and in another, a few pounds. Both sums fairly represented the value of the piece in the public opinion at that time. They manage these things better in France, and the consequence is that *there*, Authors, differently gifted, *can afford to collaborate*, and to bestow such time and care on a piece as is almost impossible, except at a considerable sacrifice, with us. When next MISS MUFF and MR. NODDY feel inclined to discuss this interesting subject at length in the pages of

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IN SUMMER-SHOWERY TIME,



(1) WHEN YOU ARE WALKING, AND THE SUMMER SHEDS HER TEARS,



(2) IF A FRIEND SHELTERS UNDER YOUR UMBRELLA,



(3) YOU WILL BOTH GET WET. THEREFORE—



(4) BIDE YOUR TIME, AND PRESENTLY CALL TO YOU



(5) ANOTHER FRIEND; WHEN—



(6) YOUR TWO FRIENDS WILL GET WET, BUT YOU WILL KEEP DRY!

[*Veritas sep. est.*

a magazine, they had better first talk it over with three or four practical and experienced men—two Managers and two Dramatic Authors—and so obtain some knowledge of what they have taken upon themselves to prattle about in this present month of the Nineteenth Century. I see that MR. LESSEE has already quitted us. I salute you, MISS MUFF. Good evening, MISTER NODDY!

Striking.

THERE is no attraction for a Woman now-a-days, after her glass, so powerful as the box-seat of a coach. The members of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs are literally besieged by beauties demanding, as a right, to sit well in front. As a rule, the beauty gets what she wants. In the marriageable world every girl who knows who's who and what's what now looks forward to a coach with her husband that is to be. As knowing MRS. BRYANT tersely puts it, "My MAY is a Match that will only light upon the Box."

"To Parents and Guardians."

THIS, from a late Number of the *Times*, is, at least, candid:—

EXCHANGE.—A Clergyman, near London, who PREPARES for the ARMY, will take a Youth in exchange for his Daughter (22).

JUSTICE BY MACHINERY.

IT is not, perhaps, generally known that there has been introduced into Parliament a Measure entitled the Thrashing Machines Bill. This project of legislation is limited to the sphere of agriculture, but its application might be extended to penal discipline and education. At present, flogging is a very unequal punishment. It varies with the strength and vigour of the executioner's arm. So when schoolboys are whipped or caned for misconduct, neglect, or inability to learn their lessons. Surely there are many engineers and mechanics who would have no difficulty in constructing Thrashing Machines adapted to lay on the cat, the rod, or the cane with a just uniformity. Once constructed, will MR. P. TAYLOR allow *Punch* to suggest that a comprehensive Prisons Bill should contain the necessary provisions for their general introduction into our gaol machinery.

"The Priest in Absolution,"

BY a much-needed application of soap-and-water to his dirt, will become "The Priest in Ablution;" ducked in the most convenient horse-pond, "The Priest in Solution;" and, in relation to the Church he does his worst to bring into hatred and contempt, "The Priest in Dissolution—of the Establishment."

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EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

Lady. "I WANT SOME TEA, MARY. I SUPPOSE MAMMA DID NOT LEAVE THE TEA-CADDY UNLOCKED?"

Mary. "NO, MISS. BUT I KNOW WHERE MISSIS KEEPS THE KEY. IT IS UNDER THE CLOCK IN THE STUDY."

PARNELL'S GUIDE TO PARLIAMENT.

LAST week MR. PARNELL delivered a Lecture on "Parliamentary Behaviour," before an audience of whom MR. BIGGAR was the Chairman. In the course of the proceedings the English Members were denounced as "snobs," and the Irish, Home-Rulers not excepted, were accused of various offences. We hear that the success which attended this maiden effort of MR. PARNELL to shine as a Parliamentary teacher, is likely to lead to the publication by him of a *Hand-Book of Parliamentary Etiquette*. Of this very instructive manual *Mr. Punch* subjoins some specimens from a copy supplied by the courtesy of the publisher:—

When you enter the House, talk as loudly as you can, and, if possible, have a personal altercation with a brother Member about your seat.

If you arrive before prayers have been said, whistle during the ceremony.

Always be prepared with a stock of questions upon subjects of the most frivolous character. In putting these questions to Ministers make your speeches as long and as offensive as you can. If you can accuse innocent persons wrongfully so much the better. Explanations consume time, if they do not always afford amusement.

Interrupt the most useful and eloquent speeches with the coarsest objections, and shout and hoot whenever an opportunity is afforded to you.

Dine every day in the House with MR. BIGGAR.

When not engaged actively in debate haunt the Smoking-room and the Library, to the great delight of your fellow Members.

Whenever you catch the SPEAKER'S eye consume as much time as possible in reading lengthy extracts from ancient Blue-Books.

Should the Leader of the Party you pretend to serve venture upon remonstrating with you write letters to the Papers impugning his honesty and patriotism.

Meet every attempt at useful Legislation with frivolous objection and vexatious opposition.

In fact, make up your mind that the House of Commons is composed of snobs, and keep up that belief in yourself and others by taking every possible and impossible opportunity of behaving like an arrant snob yourself!

MOTTO OF THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL. — "Here there and everywhere."

SOMETHING LIKE A HOLIDAY.

(An Extract from the Diary of an Imperial Majesty.)

4 A.M.—Much annoyed to find that I had overslept myself. Rose, dressed hurriedly (*demi-toilette*, night-shirt, *pantalons à pied*, and light *pardessus*), bathed in the Serpentine, and ran round the Park.

5 A.M.—Went to the Alexandra Palace, and took the officials by surprise, though I had sent word I should come to-day. Annoyed to find they hadn't an Opera ready.

6 A.M.—Took a cup of coffee, and went to the Zoological Gardens. Woke the Lions, had a ride upon the Elephants, and assisted at the Hippopotamusses' morning bath. N.B.—Proud to be beforehand with them.

7 A.M.—Called upon the Prince, and had a chat with His Royal Highness at his bedside. Afterwards visited the Polytechnic, and managed, the attendants not being up, to get down in the Diving Bell singlehanded.

8 A.M.—Went to Kew and had breakfast with DR. HOOKER. During our repast a celebrated botanist was good enough to deliver a lecture.

9 A.M.—Called at St. Thomas's Hospital, went over all the wards, and visited the museum, &c., &c. Had not time to wait for an address from the Governors.

10 A.M.—Went into the City and visited the Mansion House, the Stock Exchange, Billingsgate, and the Tower. Had a long interview with *Mr. Punch* at 85, Fleet Street.

11 A.M.—Drove to the Albert Hall and played upon the Organ. Then looked in upon the South Kensington Museum, and attended lectures upon Drawing, Art-Needlework, and Cookery.

12 NOON.—Went to the Crystal Palace, rinked, and inspected the fishes. On account of my pressing engagements, the Directors allowed me to have the fireworks by daylight.

1 P.M.—Drove to the Orleans Club, and had a pull upon the river.

2 P.M.—Went over the Mint, and inspected the machinery of the Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand.

3 P.M.—Drove to Lords' and assisted at a Cricket Match.

4 P.M.—Hurried to the Westminster Aquarium, and was permitted by that august body the Council of Fellows to try ZAZEL'S gun-trick. Rather shaken, but soon recovered by lunch in the Grosvenor Gallery.

5 P.M.—After visiting the Royal Academy, attended "five o'clock tea" in Belgravia, South Kensington, and Portland Place.

6 P.M.—Visited Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Oratory, Brompton.

7 P.M.—Dinner at the Hotel. Took my coffee in Battersea Park.

8 P.M.—Went to the Egyptian Hall to see ZOE, and dropped in for a few minutes at the House of Commons.

9 P.M.—Saw what I could of Covent Garden, the Lyceum, and Her Majesty's, and much enjoyed the artistic acting of MR. JEFFERSON at the Haymarket.

10 P.M.—Telegraphed directions to my Ministers in Brazil, danced a quadrille at WILLIS'S Rooms, and was respectfully refused admittance at the Beef Steak Club, where, I regretted to learn, no strangers are permitted.

11 P.M.—Supped at the Albion. Afterwards I attended a ball in Carlton Gardens.

12 *Midnight.*—Called upon MESSRS. GLADSTONE, TENNYSON, and THOMAS CARLYLE, and, after enjoying three delightful chats, returned to my hotel.

1 A.M.—Wrote a few letters, read the *Times* through, set my alarum for three o'clock, and went to bed.

Latest Instance of Development.

IN a recent record of prize-winners at a great Pig Show we read—

PURE YOUNG YORKSHIRE SOW, descended from EARL ELLESMERE'S celebrated *Peacock!!!*

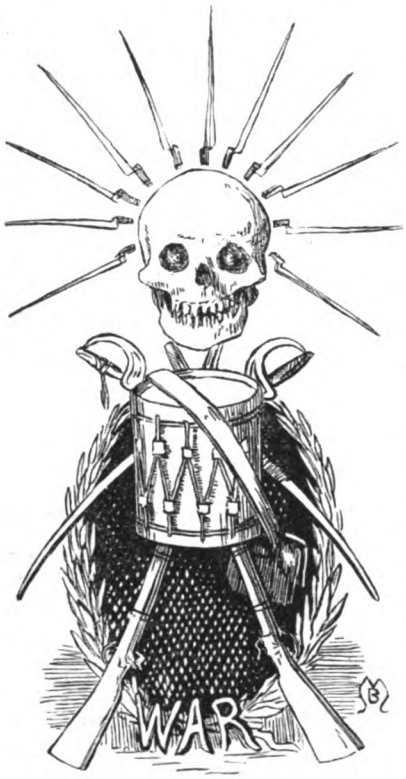
One would be curious to know if there are any traces of this interesting descent in the eyes or tails of these Peacock-descended Porkers, and whether they are visibly proud of their pedigree, as descendants of the Peacock family have a right to be?

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DAILY TELEGRAPH DIALOGUE-BOOK

FOR THE EUROPE OF THE FUTURE, WHEREVER RUSS IN URBE IS THE RULE.

(*To be translated into Turkish, Russian, German, French, and Italian, and any other language, according to the localisation of the war.*)



I HAVE not arrived at this station with all these boxes with a view to waging war upon anyone.

My wife is not a spy, my son is not an agitator, and the baby is not a member of any secret society.

I am not a partizan of the CZAR, *or* the SULTAN, *or* the EMPEROR. (*As the case may be.*)

I am delighted that Constantinople is taken, or St. Petersburg burnt. (*According to the circumstances.*)

I shall be greatly obliged if you will not force me to fight as a volunteer in your army.

I can assure you that my son is unable to fire off that cannon.

My wife says she will not help to carry the wounded.

Landlord, can you give me a sitting-room that is out of the reach of shell?

Do you think we can visit that cathedral (which MURRAY describes as a most interesting building) if I walk in front of our party with my handkerchief tied to my umbrella as a flag of truce?

Will there be any battles this morning, Waiter?

Coachman, your overcharge is disgraceful, and it is no excuse to tell me that you were obliged to go a long way round, because the enemy had blown up the bridges.

Will you please show me some bullet-proof cloaks?

No, I do not want any other article to-day, thank you. Madame my wife is already possessed of a steel-plated sun-shade.

Can you give me four places on this gun-carriage, please? I was told that there would be no necessity to book the seats, as there would be plenty of room.

Will you kindly let me know when you intend to spring the mines, as Madame my wife is rather nervous.

What business we have here? Why, we are only English, and the English are the friends of everybody.

Field-Marshal, you take the matter too seriously, and if you really mean what you say about holding a drum-head court-martial, I shall certainly consult my solicitor.

Look here! If you *do* shoot me, I swear I will write to the *Times*. There now!

FRENCH CHAMBER-MUSIC.

CHAMBER-MUSIC, well played, is delightful. But French Chamber-Music can be anything but pleasant, when, according to ear-witnesses, it consists of sounds like these:—

"The Left howled and hooted, the Right barked and bellowed, Members fiercely shook their fists, and shouted at each other in a din of uncouth noises, which the President in vain attempted to subdue."

If our M.P.'s wish to emulate such performances, they had better exchange St. Stephen's for the Isle of Dogs.

But we sincerely hope such Chamber Concerts will be never popular on this side of the Channel, where we prefer our own serene "Monday Pops," to popping the Parliamentary Question in the rude and rampagious fashion of which conflicting parties in the French Chambers have lately been setting the example, pitching into each other "Right and Left"—or, as we say, in the same sense—"hammer and tongs."

PRETTY WORK IN A WORKHOUSE!

MR. PUNCH,—ONNERD SIR,

TALK of joax ere 's a joak for yu. I cutt it out of a amshire Paper, giving a count of a Metin of the Southampton Board of Gardians Lately eld at the Workus, wen in that Institooshun—the Workus mind *Mr. Punch*, the Union Workus—them Porochial Hofficers ad actially led afore em a request for to sankshun, in the Workus, i Repete amung the Paupers,

"A 'GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.'—The Clerk, MR. C. C. SMITH, read a letter from two of the inmates, in which they stated that they were about to ask a favour respecting an event which only occurred once in a lifetime. If it pleased God to spare them till the 24th of this month, they had been married fifty years, and they would be glad if the Board would help them to a small trifle to celebrate the 'golden' day. The letter concluded—'By so doing you will oblige your humble servants, JAMES and MARY DRUDGE.'"

Drudges in a Workus haxing to be aloud a Golden Weddin! Now, ain't that a joak, Sir, a i joak—ain't it as i a joak as ever you seed—the werry ite of Himperance? A likely joak yu 'd think, but honly fansy the gardians theirselves in the werry hexercise of there important Porochial Hoffis a takin of it serious, and not honly that but actially some of 'em a listnin and givin in to the owdashous haplicashun of them there wicious old Paupers to desecriate the Workus with a Golden Weddin Day! Tho simminly uncredibel sitch wur the Fact.

"MR. WALDEN proposed that a little extra diet should be allowed on the day named; but the Clerk pointed out that this was out of the power of the Master. The Deputy President said he would give a small subscription in order that the old people might enjoy themselves. Whatever extra was provided in this way was to be at the discretion of the Master."

So i spose them abandund hold DRUDGES was raly purmited to old their Golden Weddin together in Southampton Workus. Wot a wiolation of Porochial Dissiplin and Porochial Heconnmy! I ears sad Things abut Southampton Workus as to makin Paupers Too Comfortabel—they manidges things Beter in the ile of White. But sitch Indulgence as a Golden Weddin I shouldn't never have suspected heven of the Southampton Gardians. A Golden Weddin indede. A Pinchback Weddin is the Weddin i 'd a hordered 'em if i 'd ad the power, and they shood eech ave kep it in the refractary Ward asunder on Lo Dyet. Wy, wasn't Workuses intendid to Punnish Weddins amung the indignant Pore?

In Conclusion, *Mister Punch*, alow me to pint out the werry hawful if not hobvious suckemstance that the 24th of Joon wen this here preshus Golden Weddin wus no doubt sellybrated in Southampton Workus fell on Sunday. Wearby 2 orrible houtrages on Porochial Properiety wus committed at wonce by Perfanin not honly the sanctaty of the Workus but hallso of the Sabath. In witch Case if the Sunday Rest Associashun and the Guvment Board don't both come down upon the Southampton Gardians, I ope you will, *Mr. Punch*, with witch ixpectashun, Sir, I makes bold to conclude

Your obejent and umble Servant,

BUMBLE.

P.S.—And witch I Respeckfully submits is both Rime and Rezun.

Much Simpler Plan.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I see they are sending out people to observe the approaching opposition of Mars.

The opposition of Ma's can be observed among the wall-flowers at any West-End dance during the season.

Yours truly, ANGELINA.

The Fall of a Poplar Patriarch.

WE learn with regret, from a Weekly Contemporary, that the Giant Poplar at Henley has been blown down. Our recorder of the catastrophe calls the fallen Giant "the last of its Race." What a pity the last of its Race did not survive to see the first of its Regatta!

POLITICAL OPPOSITES.

MR. GLADSTONE has defined a Radical to be a man who is in earnest. Would he, then, define a Tory as a man who is in joke?

SUGGESTED VESTMENTS FOR THE BRETHREN OF THE HOLY CROSS.—Tar and feathers.

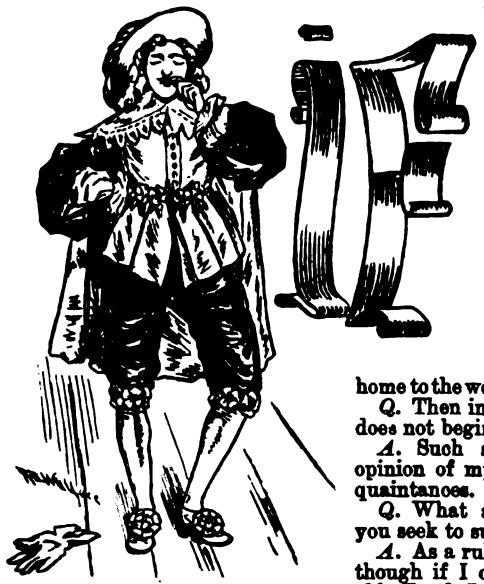
THE Priest in Absolution will be followed, we hope, by *The Horsewhip in Application.*

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MR. PUNCH'S SELECT COMMITTEES.

No. IV.—ON CHARITABLE ENTERTAINMENTS.

MRS. FUSSLETON FURBELOW *examined.*



I AM not mistaken, you have spent a great deal of time in organising charitable entertainments?

A. A very large amount of time, indeed. In fact, so much attention have I given to the work, that I have been accused (behind my back, of course) of having sacrificed the comfort of my husband's home to the welfare of the public.

Q. Then in your case charity does not begin at home?

A. Such seems to be the opinion of my friends and acquaintances.

Q. What are the Charities you seek to support?

A. As a rule, Hospitals; although if I can find a fashionable Fund, I am nearly as well pleased.

Q. What are the Entertainments you organise on behalf of these Funds and Hospitals?

A. Balls, fancy fairs, and amateur theatricals.

Q. How do you get up a ball?

A. I secure the patronage of as many Ladies of title as possible. I obtain this patronage by writing, in the first place, an obsequious letter, in the name of the Charity, to a Duchess, asking her Grace to have the benevolence to permit her name to appear upon the list of patronesses. I point out the excellence of the Charity whose cause I am espousing, and hint that upon her Grace's decision depend the health and happiness of thousands. If my application is successful, I use her Grace's consent as a lever to work upon Ladies of aristocratic longings, and lower degree. If the Duchess refuses, I pursue the same course with a Marchioness, and so on, until I can head my list with half-a-dozen high-sounding titles.

Q. What is your next step?

A. To fill up my list of patronesses with Ladies who will be able to dispose of a large number of tickets.

Q. Do you find any difficulty in managing this?

A. No. My list is published in the daily papers, and, knowing this, MRS. BROWNJONES DE ROBINSON is but too pleased to belong to a Committee headed by the DUCHESS OF DEHAUTVILLE and the MARCHIONESSES OF PLANTAGENET and BRANNEWTON.

Q. What is a Fancy Fair?

A. A hall or pleasure-ground filled with booths, in which all sorts of worthless articles are sold at fancy prices.

Q. Who are the saleswomen?

A. Frisky matrons and maidens who have seen many seasons, with as many attractive fast or fashionable girls as they can induce to act as decoy-ducks at their stalls.

Q. What is the object of a Fancy Fair?

A. Under the guise of charity to obtain the maximum of flirtation with the minimum of *surveillance.*

Q. What style is found most attractive on the part of the stall-keepers on these occasions?

A. The deportment of the barmaid at a refreshment buffet much affected by City clerks.

Q. I believe you said that charitable entertainments sometimes took the form of amateur theatricals?

A. Yes, that is a very popular channel of charity, indeed.

Q. How do you organise an amateur performance?

A. I first secure the services of a *troupe* of young men whose self-confidence is greater than their discretion. Such *troupes* are chiefly recruited from the idler branches of the Civil Service, the more briefless sections of the Bar, and the more fashionable corps of the Army.

Q. What are the qualifications of an Amateur Actor?

A. I only know of one that can be called indispensable and unfailing—unbounded conceit.

Q. Having collected your *troupe*, what is your next step?

A. To arrange my programme. This is a matter of no small difficulty, for the ambition of amateurs, as a rule, varies inversely with their ability, and each invariably wants to play a piece in which each individually may appear in the principal part. Great firmness is necessary; and a piece should be selected in which all the parts are of about equal length and importance.

Q. Then the merits of a play would have nothing to do with your selection?

A. Nothing. My object would be to soothe the jealousy of the amateurs, to make JONES believe that he had a better part than ROBINSON, and TOMPKINS think that he had a greater share of the business of the scene than BROWN.

Q. Having arranged your programme, what would you do next?

A. I would then leave my *troupe* to rehearse as little as they liked, and to quarrel as much as they found unavoidable, until the day fixed for the exhibition of the result.

Q. Leaving pecuniary fruits out of the question, what do you believe to be the chief results of amateur theatrical performances?

A. In London to develop conceit and impair the taste for good acting; in the country, to damage the provincial Managers.

Q. You have answered my questions with such frankness that I venture upon one more. Will you kindly give a definition of charity?

A. Certainly. Charity is a virtue which (in all matters of taste, and especially entertainments) covers a multitude of sins.

[*The Witness then withdrew.*

MODEL HOUSES AND THE MAIN CHANCE.

SCENE—*Battersea Park.* BENEVOLENCE, *in a rapture.*

Benevolence. What a salubrious open space this! What a pleasing combination of verdure, foliage, and flowers! How gratifying to witness its enjoyment by nursemaids and children! But who comes here? As I live, 'tis BUSINESS, straying hither from his office, in a brown study, with his hands in his pockets and pen still behind his ear. (*Enter* BUSINESS.) What, BUSY! As usual absorbed with anxiety? A penny for your thoughts.

Business. I am thinking, BEN, how I had better invest my capital. Hand over the coin.

Benevolence. Dear me, I am penniless. My last copper was bestowed upon the poor blind. I'll owe it you. Meanwhile methinks I can relieve your embarrassment. What should you say to five per cent.?

Business. Thank you very much, if you can guarantee it. Speculations are at a discount, bubbles burst, railways unremunerative, Consols contemptible—and high interest, I need hardly observe, means bad security.

Benevolence. Behold yon block of houses, reared by the Victoria Dwellings Association to provide healthy and commodious homes for Artisans and Labourers, and just now publicly declared open by the EARL OF BEACONSFIELD. There is the undertaking—pardon the expression, for abodes of health preclude coffin-clubs—there is the enterprise for your money.

Business. Some Building Societies pay from six to seven per cent., I should tell you.

Benevolence. Are they equally trustworthy with the Association sanctioned by the QUEEN? Consider the little extra per-centage as sacrificed to Prudence no less than to Charity.

Business. Business is business—that is, I am I—if I can gain by doing good, however, all the better.

Benevolence. Saving is gain. The reduced death-rate is money saved. Diminished Poor-rates and Prison-rates are so much more. These gains will result from a great sanitary improvement—decent dwellings substituted for dirty slums. Then—another hygienic and therefore pecuniary advantage—our Society will endeavour to house a constantly increasing population without encroaching on commons and open spaces.

Business. By what expedient?

Benevolence. Perpendicular ascent instead of peripheral extension. We soar—that is, we build—ever, ever, heavenwards. Our architectural as well as our ethical motto is *Excelsior.*

Business. Certainly an exalted idea.

Benevolence. By which, you perceive, we consult the preservation of scenery without limitation to bricks-and-mortar. There you are again.

Business. Business and Beauty. Ha, ha! Good! But mind, BEN, I'm not going to buy a pig in a poke, you know.

Benevolence. Oh, talk not so of shares in the Victoria Dwellings Association! But see! The newly-erected edifices are not far distant. Come, let us go and inspect them.

Business. Have with you. Believe me, I shall only be too happy to combine, if possible, the satisfaction of making a wise investment with the self-approval that comes of performing a virtuous action.

[*Exeunt arm-in-arm.*

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LAWN-TENNIS.

CHARLOTTE AND ETHEL, HAVING ACCEPTED A CHALLENGE TO PLAY AGAINST THEIR COUSINS, TOM AND HARRY, INSIST UPON HANDICAPPING THEM—AS IS ONLY FAIR.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PARISHNESS is a natural attribute even of Russ Royalty. (*Lords, Monday, June* 25.) COLONEL WELLESLEY, our military *attaché* at St. Petersburg, has somehow made himself disagreeable to the GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS—how, it has not been made public—and the Grand Duke has shown it at head-quarters in a way which the English Colonel resented as an English Colonel, and, above all, one bearing the name of WELLESLEY, should, and it is to be hoped always will. When Colonels and Grand Dukes who are, besides, military *attachés* of an Embassy and Commanders-in-Chief, clash, the storm is serious, even though in a teacup—if such things as teacup-tempests can be conceived possible in such elevated regions. It is therefore satisfactory to learn that the storm has blown over, that young NICHOLAS has been brought to his bearings, and that COLONEL WELLESLEY has been able to resume his uniform and his place at head-quarters. It is to be hoped that the storm will clear the air. Of course, as Britons, we are bound to take it for granted that the Grand Duke has been in the wrong; and we have fulfilled our duty.

In spite of the united supplications of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, speaking as the head of the more reasonable Clergy—EARL HARROWBY, speaking as the author of the Clause which killed the DUKE OF RICHMOND'S Bill, and for its Conservative supporters—and EARL GRANVILLE, speaking for the Liberal Members of the Majority—Government persists in its determination to bury the Burials Bill. Like a coroner's jury, they mean to sit upon the body in the Recess. Sensible people feel and say they had better accept the inevitable. Sensible people should bear in mind how hard it is for a Conservative Government, even in the name of the inevitable, to fly in the face of twelve thousand clerical supporters.

(*Commons.*)—Cleopatra's Needle begins to loom large upon us. To-night LORD ERNEST BRUCE—it needed a BRUCE, and an earnest one, too, to tackle such a big thing—asked the First Commissioner of Works if the Government had made up its mind where to put it. It is satisfactory to know the Government has *not*. Two sites are suggested on the Embankment; one opposite Northumberland Avenue—*vice* the Percy Lion with the poker-tail deposed; the other near St. Stephen's Club. At mention of the second the Opposition Benches "cheered ironically" (*Punch* has been racking his brains for the ground of the *irony*, and fails to find one in any permutations or combinations he can make out of Club and Needle, Cleopatra and St. Stephen's, more brilliant than the obvious antithesis of sharp and blunt, saint and sinner); and two near Westminster Palace; one opposite Abingdon Street, the other in the centre of the oratorical quadrilateral in Parliament Square.

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Punch fails to find a fitness in any of these four sites to compare with that of the oft-suggested one in Threadneedle Street—provided always that the Old Lady of that street does not utterly decline association with anything suggesting Egyptians. But what if we are going to annex Egypt? Would there not be, in that case, something very appropriate in the juxtaposition of Cleopatra's Needle—an obelisk from the temple of the God *Tum*, the Rising Son of Egypt—and the Bank of England, symbolising association of the fair but out-at-elbows Realm of Nile, with the Old Lady who represents British wealth and British credit all the world over? The City, too, would see an omen of the successful floating of Egyptian Stock by British Capital in the floating over of the stone of *Tum* by the skill of an English Engineer set to work by the liberality of an English Physician.

The Porte does not mean to allow Russian ships of war to enter the Suez Canal. As the Russian Government has distinctly declared that her war-ships will give the Canal a wide berth, this is a perfectly safe undertaking.

The Admiralty declines a Select Committee to sit on the *Inflexible*. They have put the stability of the ship to a better test than sitting on her. They have set an exact model of her afloat in a big tank, in which, after her unarmoured ends are filled with water up to the beams, she still floats like a duck with all her fighting and sea weights aboard, and shows no disposition to turn from duck to turtle. MR. REED says he has seen the model, and that it "distinctly does not represent the danger of the ship." The Constructor of the Admiralty declares that it distinctly represents not her danger, but her safety, which is the important matter. The Admiralty Constructors would hardly be such fools as to falsify their model under MR. REED'S nose; and it is difficult to believe that MR. REED means to charge the Department with such dirty dodging. That point, at least, must be cleared up; and when it is settled, as no doubt it will be, in favour of the Admiralty, all disputes about the *Inflexible* should be at an end before the fact that she floats—though it be but in the Admiralty Tank, instead of the broad or narrow seas.

When a Royal Warrant was issued by LORD CARDWELL'S Commission in 1872 to give First Captains of Artillery and Engineers field-officers' rank and pay, the India Office grumbled on the score of the additional cost this would throw on Indian revenue, in the case of Indian service—amounting to some £40,000 a year. Accordingly, they have never paid First Captains of Artillery and Engineers the pay and allowances of Field Officers of the Line. The grievance being brought forward by COLONEL JERVIS, the India Office (present and past represented by the union of LORD G. HAMILTON and SIR G. CAMPBELL) and the War Office (present and past by the alliance, for the nonce, of MR. HARDY and MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN) resisting the demand, Government were defeated by 145 to 93; and on the vote being challenged by SIR G. CAMPBELL, the defeat was repeated by 104 to 56. So you see a House *can* be made on an Indian question. But it must be when the fight is over the rights and wrongs of Artillery First Captains by scores, not of nameless and friendless Natives by millions.

MR. HOLMS made one of his wild and whirling attacks on the Army as it is—or rather, *he* would say, as it is not—including in his fell swoop its recruiting, its desertions, its management, its punishments, its term of service in the Ranks and the Reserve, and ending by a Motion for robbing the Army of its bone and sinew by passing into the Reserve at least five thousand soldiers over thirty years of age and ten years of service. All the military authorities in the House, differing, as they do, on all other points, were unanimous in condemning this wild proposition; and MR. HARDY had an easy task in demolishing MR. HOLMS'S unsubstantial facts and inaccurate figures. In truth (as MR. HARDY said), if MR. HOLMS had carried his assertions to their proper conclusion, it would have come to nothing less than impeachment of two Secretaries of War, and reversal of our whole Military System. Member for Hackney? Say, rather, "Member for Hobby!" But really MR. HOLMS has ridden his Military Misadventure Hobby too far. There should be a limit to the over-riding even of Hobbies. Ought they to be left *quite* beyond the pale of the Cruelty to Animals Act?

Tuesday (*Lords*).—London Solicitors have been accustomed to shoot their arrears into the Surrey Assize Cause Lists. Somebody objects; not the County, nor the Solicitors, nor the Suitors; probably the Judges. At any rate, the result is that the practice is to be discontinued, and Surrey Juries are to deal justice, or as much of it as can be put into process of law, on sins of Surrey only.

Commons (*Morning Sitting*).—Some stirring of highly offensive matter between MR. WHALLEY, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, and LORD SANDON. When we say that it involved the Confessional and certain obscene Publications, it will be seen at once that the less comment the better. The usual Irish wrangle over the Irish Judicature Bill, in which the Gemini of Irish obstructiveness—those twin stars, BIGGAR and PARNELL—shone as brilliantly as usual.

(*Evening Sitting.*)—Long discussion of the Treasury dealings with a Scotch Intestate's estate, which has fallen to the Crown, there being no heir-at-law, owing to the illegitimacy of the Intestate. The exercise of the Crown right was supported by 197 to 135. The Treasury may well be proud of having got £40,000 out of a canny Scot; and we can't wonder they are loth to let it go.

It did not need MR. LEATHAM'S eloquence to enforce the scandal brought on the Church by the Sale of Soul-cures. But it is easier to descant on the evil than to suggest a remedy. No doubt a remedy will have to be found, if the Church is to survive this and her other ailments; but, in the meantime, where is the money to come from to buy off the owners of the two thousand livings in the market, and the rest waiting to come forward? And, supposing patrons paid off, who is to exercise the right of appointment in their stead? What would Church or Country gain by vesting hard cures of souls and easy berths of bodies in the Church, to be dispensed by her Bishops, or in the State, to be flung broadcast by her LORD CHANCELLOR? Private patrons at least secure for us varieties of species in the genus Parson. All that is possible for the present seems to be to bring the Bull's-eye (for what is Public Opinion but BULL'S eye?) on the practices of patronage, and to keep the scandal of advowson- and next-presentation-selling within the strictest bounds of decency that Public Opinion can secure.

Wednesday.—MR. R. SMYTH'S Irish Sunday-Closing Bill talked out by its Irish opponents. An Irish measure, if not an Irish man, being to be roasted, there were the Irishmen, as usual, turning the spit. *Punch*, as the consistent opponent of all such coercive legislation, cannot regret that its advocates have not an Irish Sunday-Closing Act to set up beside the Scotch one. He is also glad to see that the opponents of the Bill did not include BIGGAR and PARNELL, which is much in favour of the Opposition.

Thursday (*Lords*).—Prisons Bill introduced by LORD BEAUCHAMP, and read a Second Time under a faint anti-central-legislation fire from LORD KIMBERLEY, LORD HARDINGE, and LORD MORLEY.

(*Commons.*)—Appearance of the Colorado Beetle on the European stage—in a potato-field near Cologne. Crop and field have been burnt up with sawdust steeped in petroleum. Unluckily, one beetle has been seen on the wing! The Custom-house officers have been put up to the marks and habits of the fierce invader. The English coast has its coast-guards everywhere on the look-out for *Doryphora decemlineata*. These posted, the Government can do no more than fold its hands in prayer and patience.

MR. LOWE raised the important Leeds-Fuller Question, on the right and power of the Indian Executive to interfere with the Judiciary. A long and grave discussion of a grave question ended in the common sense conclusion, that while a right of control is needed to meet extreme cases its exercise must be guarded by the utmost discretion.

Has LORD SALISBURY, in his proposed changes of the Indian Civil Service Examination, been giving a *bonus*, if not a monopoly, to his own University, Oxford, and, in effect, excluding Scotch and Irish University men from the Competition? DR. LYON PLAYFAIR gave his reasons for so contending, and they seem strong ones. LORD SALISBURY will do well to reconsider his plan; and if he can't remove the objections, provide for them.

Friday (*Lords*).—*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

(*Commons.*)—MR. TREVELYAN, seconded by SIR C. DILKE, brought forward his hardy annual—Equalisation of County with Borough Franchise and Re-Distribution of Representation.

Too soon, my dear MR. TREVELYAN. For the present your Motion—though it ended in the highly respectable Minority of 276 to 220, and will no doubt be carried some day—does more to reveal the splits in the Liberal party (as when it brings MR. GOSCHEN to his legs in opposition to your Motion) than advances the cause you have in hand.

The Right Man in the Right Place.'

(IL CONDE DI BAM RETIRO, *in attendance on His Imperial Majesty* DON PEDRO THE SECOND.)

FOR my Quicksilver Emperor's
Right-hand well-named I am;
Retiro means a resting-place—
And in my case rest's a "*Bam!*"

A SAW ENGLAND DOESN'T SEE.

"ANY Port in a storm." It won't have anything to say to the Sublime Porte, let the war-storm blow never so hard!

MOTTO OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.—"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

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THE PALACE OF ART.

(New Version.)

PART I.

I BUILT myself a lordly picture-place
Wherein to play a Leo's part.
I said, "Let others cricket, row, or race,
I will go in for Art!"

Full of great rooms and small my Palace stood,
With porphyry columns faced,
Hung round with pictures such as I thought good,
Being a man of taste.

The pictures—for the most part they were such
As more behold than buy—
The quaint, the queer, the mystic over-much,
The dismal, and the dry.

One seemed all black and grey—a tract of mud,
One gas-jet glimmering there alone;
Above, all fog; below, all inky flood;
For subject—it had none.

One showed blue chaos flecked with falling gold,
Like Danaë's tower in dark;
A painter's splash-board might more meaning hold
Than this æsthetic lark.

And one, a phantom form with limbs most lank,
Adumbrated in ink and soot;
The Genius of Smudge, with spectral shank
And unsubstantial boot.

Nor these alone, but many a canvas bare,
Fit for each vacuous mood of mind,
The gray and gravelike, vague and void, were there
Most dismally designed.

* * * * *

Or two wan lovers in a curious fix,
Wreathed in one scarf by some queer charm,
Upon the margin of a caverned Styx
Stood shivering arm-in-arm.

Or by a garden-prop, posed all askew
'Neath apples bronze, with brazen hair,
A chalk-limb'd Eve and snake of porcelain blue
Exchanged a stony stare.

Or crowding round one pool, from flowery shelves,
A group of damsels bowed the knee
Over reflections solid as themselves,
And like as peasen be.

Or mythic Uther's diddled son was seen
Packed in a trunk, with cramped limbs awry,
Spell-fettered by a Siren limp and lean,
And at least twelve heads high.

Nor these alone, but all such legends fair
As the vagarious Wagner mind
Would pick from Mythus' shadowy realm, were there,
With ample space assigned

To women weird and wondrous, long of jaw,
And lank of limb, and greenish as with mould,
And full-red lips and shocks of fulvous hair,
And raiments strange of fold.

No raven so delighteth in its song,
Of sad and sullen monotone,
As I to watch those ladies lean and long,
And angular of bone.

And to myself I said, "All these are mine.
Let the dull world take Nature's part,
'Tis one to me; I hold no thing divine
Save this Brown-Jonesian Art,

"Wherein no ROBINSON shall dare to plant
His Philistinish hoof,
Who feels no mystic mediæval want,
But paints in truth's behoof!

"O Mediæval Mystery, be it mine
To clasp thee, faint and fain;
Sniffing serene at low souls that decline
On sense and meanings plain."

Then my eyes filled, my talk waxed large and dim
Of BOTTICELLI'S deathless fame:
"Quaint immaturity to reach with him,"
I cried, "is Art's true aim.

"To plunge, self-blinded, in the mystic past,
That makes the present small:
If eyes artistic be not backward cast,
Why have we eyes at all?"

End of Part I.

CAXTONIANA.

THE Caxton Celebration is bearing a variety of good fruit. Among the crop may be noticed MESSRS. CLOWES'S tasteful reprint of CHARLES KNIGHT'S *Caxton*—a printer's record of the first English Printer—and a tasteful Caxtonian imprint, by a well-known Baronet, M.P., Citizen and Goldsmith, of the *Rules for the Conduct of Life*, given by the City of London to Apprentices who receive its freedom. They are, indeed, the right rules for Freemen, inculcating, as they do, a man's duty to God and to his neighbour, in plain and pithy English well worthy of the Caxton type in which it is here set forth.

THE SONG OF SIMONIDES.

(Ecclesiastical Agent.)



HERE 's your Livings, appraised at a low valuation,
Here 's vicarage, rectory, glebe,—all for sale!
Come, buy an advowson, or next presentation,
With a discount allowed for cash down on the nail!

Going!—going! Here 's Livings of every variety!
The buyer is free to select his own beat;
A field of low labour, or first-rate society,
A populous town or a rural retreat;

A sphere of extensive or minor utility,
As in much work or little a man may rejoice,
According to energy, zeal, and ability:
You can all pay your money, and each take your choice.

Of a High or a Low or a Broad Church vicinity,
With a parish in favour of free seats or pews,
Whichsoever accords with your school of Divinity—
If so be that you 've any particular views.

Of a very choice parish, two-thirds Church-frequenters;
One where Chapels are crowded, and Church-goers few;
Or a nice sleepy berth, with no bore from Dissenters—
If the flock's loose or strait-laced is nothing to *you*.

Here 's your Livings, with hope of immediate possession:
Whose present Incumbents no physic can save.
Here rapid Decline gives you speedy succession;
There an age of four-score, and one foot in the grave.

Here 's your Livings to sell, and the best information
As to when each Incumbent is likely to die.
Here 's your choice cures of souls! Buy a next presentation!
An advowson on terms advantageous! Come buy!

NEUTRAL SALTS.—British Sailors.

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"NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE."

Materfamilias (just arrived at Shrimpville—the Children had been down a Month before). "WELL, JANE, HAVE YOU FOUND IT DULL?" *Nurse.* "IT WAS AT FUST, M'M. THERE WAS NOTHINK TO IMPROVE THE MIND, M'M, TILL THE NIGGERS COME DOWN!!"

THE TWO OBADIAHS.

(JOHN BULL AND WARD HUNT ON THE *INFLEXIBLE*.)

SAYS the Old OBADIAH to the Young OBADIAH,
"Is *Inflexible* a wonder or a whim?
Through her ends if shot should hurtle, REED declares that she 'll turn turtle.
Will she swim, OBADIAH, will she swim?
Ere afloat she has to go,
Her crew would like to know—
And I who pay, also—
Will she swim, OBADIAH, will she swim?"

Says the Young OBADIAH to the Old OBADIAH,
"As for REED, place no dependence upon him.
The model we have got shows, though both ends go to pot,
She will swim, OBADIAH, she will swim.
In our tank that model rides,
Open plug-holes in her sides,
There, ends waterlogged, she bides,
Safe to swim, OBADIAH, safe to swim."

Says the Old OBADIAH to the Young OBADIAH,
"Tank and ship may be filled to the brim;
But REED says you've dared to tamper with your model ship's top-hamper.
She may swim, OBADIAH, *she* may swim.
But I mustn't trust my eyes,
For REED hints your model lies,
And, for Ship herself, denies,
That she 'll swim, OBADIAH, that she 'll swim."

Says the Young OBADIAH to the Old OBADIAH,
"Your eyes and wits can scarce be so dim,
As to think we 'd try to chouse both Lords and Commons House—
Ship and model, OBADIAH, both will swim.
Ship and model both, my friend,
Gravitation's laws defend;
Though shot riddle either end,
Both will swim, OBADIAH, both will swim."

Lux a Non Lucendo.

MR. D. D. HOME (does D.D. stand for *Doctor Diabolicus* or *Ductor Deceptorum*?) heads his last book on Spiritualist Manifestations with the last words of GOETHE—"Light, more light!"

That is the very thing believers in MR. HOME might be supposed to want, but we scarcely should have expected their request to be backed by the Prince of Darkness, MR. HOME himself. Might we suggest to him, as an amendment of his motto, the prayer of Ajax in the *Iliad*—"Ἐν δὲ φάει, καὶ ὀλέσσον" ("Light, though it bring us to destruction").

VERY APPROPRIATE.

THE CZAR watched the crossing of the Russian Army near Turna and Sistova from the mountain of *Grabavi*—"I have grabbed." What a text for the *Daily Telegraph* War-Leader Writer!

WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE SAYING.—"The sooner you get the *Castalia* on the Channel Line again, the better."

FIRST "FRUITS OF PHILOSOPHY."—Two hundred pounds' fine and six months' imprisonment.

NEW WORK BY DR. DARWIN.—*Tails of My Ancestors.*

SHOPKEEPER'S SCIENCE.—Buyology.

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"WILL SHE SWIM?" (*SOLVITUR NATANDO!*)

MASTER W-D H-T (*proud of his "Inflexible" Model*). "LOOK HERE, GUV'NOR! SHE'S FULL O' WATER FORE AN' AFT, AND SHE FLOATS LIKE A DUCK!"

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DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

(Communicated by Private Wire.—Thrilling Adventures.)



Y KHIVAN Karavan now consists of the Pig and Alphabet in the boot, (beautiful sign for an old Inn, "The Pig and Alphabet,") with the barrel-organ (which was instrumental in my escape from prison), the Gaoler's Daughter in rumble, the Sleigh-driver's Boy who has stuck to me from the commencement, and it grieves me to be unable to reward such fidelity by paying him his wages—but, after all, this only increases the obligation on my part; and, as I explained to him, "You see, my lad, I am so far from my native land." Then there 's my new horse. It was the Governor of the Prison's horse, or the horse of the Governor of the Prison, or the horse of the Prison's Governor (*vide Little Peter's Primer. First Russian Exercises*). A better or truer mare was never foaled. Lastly, there 's my latest novelty, which accompanied me, in my pocket, from prison—*The Musical Mouse.*

Slight jealousy between the Learned Pig and the Musical Mouse. Whenever the Pig begins to practise with his letters (as he has to do every day), the Musical Mouse begins to whistle and sing, just to put him out, and make him wild. This annoys the Pig, who spells things wrong, and doesn't answer questions properly. Consequently, I am obliged to beat the Pig. Whereupon he grunts piteously, and spells out, "Cuss that Mouse!" If I could only smooth matters over, and bring them together, it would be a fortune!

The Mouse is invaluable in tricks with cards, having been trained by the Gaoler, who used to cheat his prisoners, the old villain! The Mouse—I've christened him "*Ridiculus Musurus Bey*" (and "assisted by HERR GRÜNTZ" will look well in the bill—if I can only bring them together!).

Night.—Halt of the Caravan. Spent greater part of night in teaching Pig the Shadow Dance from *Dinorah*, by moonlight.

Next Day.—Sun out. Blazing hot. Snow melting all round. Mountains of snow gradually becoming less and less in the distance, under the genial influence of the sun.

3·30 P.M.—Distant mountains melted. First view of Khiva. See distinctly the name over the gate. Gaoler's Daughter comes out of tent.

Strange to say the Gaoler and his daughter had invariably paid their visits to my cell, either in what she romantically termed "the gloaming," or late at night, and as the small *dipskis* (little tallow candles) didn't give much light, *I had never really seen her by day.* Now I *do* see her by day, I should say that her father *must have been well over seventy, and must have married very early.* I begin to regret the Unfair Circassian.

6 P.M.—Frost commencing. Snow mountains gradually being re-iced. View of Khiva less and less. Dinner. Pig waiting. The Private Band (the Singing Mouse), in attendance. The party consists of self and the Gaoler's daughter. I am polite to her. Very. I hint that to prevent any scandal (scandal about my *grandmother!*) she had better return to her father, the Gaoler.

With tears in her eyes, she rises from her seat, and throwing her arms round my neck, exclaims, "O son of little overfed ones! *Never!*"

"Nay, my much caressed moon-faced daughter of a blooming Turnkey in Asia," I reply, "just think of what the world will say."

"O sweetest little son of much-pampered parents, I care not for the world! I am yours—for ever!"

"You are! You are!" I returned (for it was no sort of use having a row about a difference of opinion).

"And O well-rounded and sleekly-combed-and-parted-down-the-centre one, will you always love me as you do now?" she whispered, hanging on to my neck. (She weighs sixteen stone if a pound.)

"O much-underdone round-of-beef faced" (a great compliment this) "daughter of an elderly, half-paid, underfed Turnkey in Asia," I replied, in my softest tones, "I will love thee always *as much as I do now*," which was strictly true. (For, need I say it, the POLL of my heart is at home, and my heart *is* true to POLL! bless her dear eyes! And she 's just come into a little fortune, so I hear; but this makes no difference to me.)

10.—Constructed a new frigidometer with an empty bottle, a cork, and a piece of string. (Principle patented.) Frost set in hard. Mountains shaping up to points. Gaoler's daughter, feverish. Sobbing. What shall I do? I offered to pack up, ride off, and fetch a doctor from Khiva.

"And leave me here?" she exclaimed, furiously. "Why, you pitiful, underbred, overfed son of an eighty-four-tonner!" she cried, becoming, I regret to say, abusive.

I remonstrated. She called me "A son of a marine gastronome!" and threw a boot at me. Row. I pointed out that I had *meant* well. She gradually calmed down.

10·30.—Bitter cold—snow, ice, sleet. Sat in to supper. *Wickski* and explanation. I make *wickski cobler*. We ice it in snow, and suck it up through straws. (Shall teach Pig to sit in chair and suck *wickski cobler* through a straw.) We sit on the bank of the river (the Oxus, I suppose, judging by the position of the stars, as I 've lost my maps), sipping our *wickski coblers*, she and I.

SONG.

"We sat by the river, she and I,
In the happy days when we were young."

The barrel-organ is by my side, and all is peace and harmony. More *wickski cobler*, more straws. Ha! do I see my way out of it? 'Tis the last straw that breaks the Cobler's back . . . . Good. The last straw! She sleeps! My Lady sleeps!! Hooray! Now to pack up! and off!! Away to Khiva!! Hark! what is that?

A trill—a sweet, sweet trill . . . . a warble . . . . . The Gaoler's Daughter awakes. "What is it?" she murmurs. Not to rudely answer her, I reply, "Nothing." This does not satisfy her. We listen. Trilling as of a sweet bird continuing,—

"Ha!" she exclaims, a little more than half awake, "it is the Song of the Mudlark."

We are beside the river, and the tide is low.

"And how shall I catch the Mudlark?" I asked, as I pensively ground the organ (playing the Russian River Song of *The Little Volga Boy*) and gazed into the starry heavens, still listening to the lovely trill with which my accompaniment was in perfect harmony. If I could only have got the Gaoler's Daughter (it struck me) to plunge into the mud after the Mudlark . . . . perhaps . . . . Well, perhaps, she might not have been able to catch that lark. And I—and I should have erected a monument, with the touching inscription, "Sacred to the memory of poor MISS STICK-IN-THE-MUD, the beautiful Gaoler's Daughter." I should have put in "beautiful," because *de mortuis*, &c. . . . . But it was not to be.

"Chuck him a *kopper-kopeck*, O son of overpaid and much-muddleheaded parents," she replied, sleepily; "and the Mudlark will dive for it."

I hesitated.

"What!" she continued, suddenly rousing herself, and the Tartar acid, so to

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TOTO CHEZ TATA.

"HOW YOU LAG BEHIND, CISSY!" "YES, MUMMY! MY POOR TOE IS SO BAD!"
"WHICH TOE IS IT?" "MY *ELDEST*, MUMMY!"

speak, effervescing, "you let 'I dare not' wait upon 'I dare!' Give *me* the *kopper*." It was a brilliant flash. ***But it was the last.*** The ***wickski cobler*** had done its work. I placed the straw in her mouth. By the movement of the straw I could tell which way the breath was .... the straw dropped .... she sank .... breathing heavily .... a sweet, peaceful, childlike (for her age) sleep.

11·30.—The trill continued. Lovely!! Ha! I see now! It is the Mouse!! I sat listening—enthralled, silent—by the banks of the rippling Oxus.

Midnight.—I make the above notes. Serve out ***wickski*** to myself, and return to the bank. The moon shines brightly. The Governor's Horse is browsing in the field. The Pig is snoring. The Mouse is singing. The Gaoler's Daughter is murmuring stupid somethings in her sleep. "Lullaby, lullaby! Baker's man!" or whatever the Nursery Rhyme is. I forget exact quotation. Suddenly I hear a grunt—a restless, irritable grunt.

By my side is the Pig with Alphabet.

What is it?

He spells out the answer. "Can't sleep if that infernal Mouse is to go on whistling and singing all night."

"Pig," I replied (on the Letters), with grim humour, for I was determined not to give in to his whim, "Pig, you're a *bore!*"

He squeaked, and gave a sort of half-laugh, as only pigs can, and retired. To express it, humanly speaking, *the Pig smiled, but never forgave the satire.*

I retire for the night. Up with the Mud-lark to-morrow, and off to Khiva.

6 A.M.—Awoke by a fearful shriek, something between a whistle and the highest note—C in alt—in the register of that eminent Tenor SIGNOR TIMBERLEGS.

What on earth could it be! I rushed out of the Karavan-tent.

* * * * *

GIBES AND "GERMS."

(*A respectful Remonstrance addressed to* PROFESSOR T. *and* DR. H. C. B.)

LET bigots write with sneers of spite,
And dogmas argue so,
Let priests and parsons, differing, fight,
As 'tis their nature to.

But, Sages, you should never let
Such female passions rise;
Your thinking minds were never made
To bandy taunts unwise.

Let calm through all your questions run,
All your debates be mild;
Keep your discussions, every one,
By rancour undefiled.

With patience gentle as a lamb
Your arguments pursue;
Call not each other's theories "flam,"
But prove the sounder view.

Look up to Truth all ends above;
Seek that and that alone:
Nor squabble, out of mere self-love,
O'er crotchets of your own.

HOW WE WORK NOW!

(*Overheard at* LORD'S *during the Oxford and Cambridge Match.*)

First Friend. You saw the Derby, of course?

Second Friend. Yes: I went down with JACK STAYNER.

First Friend. Ah! Capital fellow, JACK! Glorious weather for Ascot, wasn't it?

Second Friend. Stunning! I put up with old BOB. He took the Cottage, and brought down his Sisters; and we made a week of it, and then went on to Henley.

First Friend. Shall you be here to-morrow?

Second Friend. Yes: I'm booked to lunch with SICKLES, on his drag.

First Friend. Well, ta, ta! By the way, what are you going to do next week?

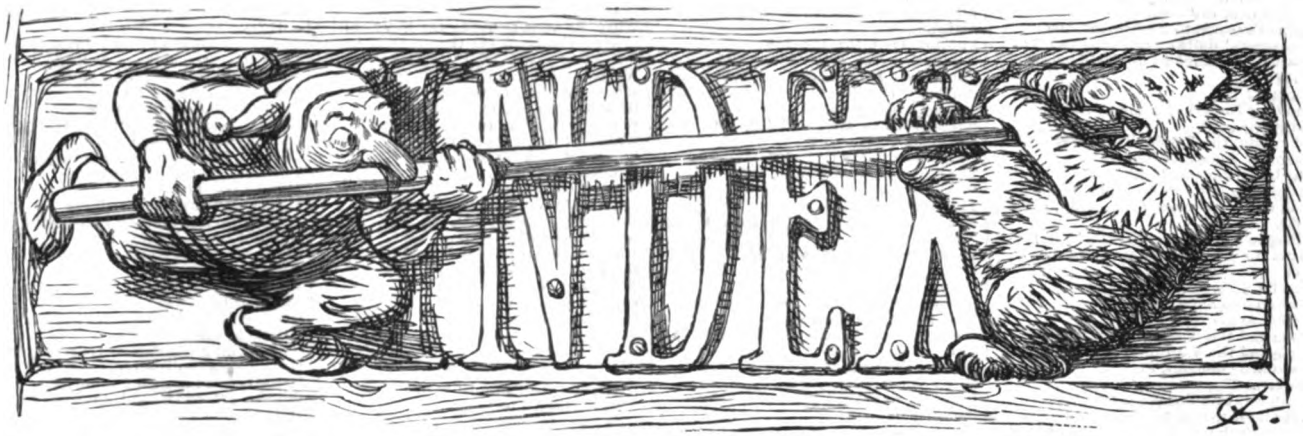
Second Friend. Why, I've promised to do some trouting at WILL HUNT'S place, in Hampshire, and *then I'm off for a fortnight's holiday.* Think I shall camp out, up the Wye! Ta, ta!

Only Natural.

(*By Turcophilus.*)

THE "Old Gentleman," we all know, helps his own—so he may now well be present in person with the Russian Army. There is reported, as heading the operations at Sistova, not only an Old NICK but a Young NICK, both wearing the Russian uniform, and both with the title, if not of Arch-Fiends, of Grand Dukes!

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ABOVE Parnassus, 41
Acceptance and Resignation, 129
Additional Lenten Penances, 101
Æsthetic Economy, 190
"Ah! che la Morte!" 96
Alarming Sacrifice in Pimlico, 233
All in the Downs, 93, 105, 118, &c.
"All my Eye!" 97
All the Same Thing, 149
Anagram, 121
Anagram for the Church of England, 17
Another Iron-clad Gone Wrong, 41
Answers to Correspondents, 276
Appeal for the Alphabet (An), 49
"Arcades Ambo!" 162
Arrivals of British Birds, 141
Art Intelligence, 174
Arts and Music, 292
Asses on Two Legs, 61
At the Service of Ulysses, 261
BEAUTIFICATION for Barnes Common, 198
Before the Meet, 26
Best Wine this Wet Weather (The), 88
Betsy Prig to a Certain Party, 78
Better Way with Betting-House Keepers (The), 6
Bill Bunkit and the Master-at-Arms, 153
Birds and Brutes, 179
Bird's-Eye View of the Future (A), 85
Bishops on the Stage, 89
Bit for Bung (A), 156
Blast from Rude Boreas (A), 57
Blowing (out of) Great Guns, 196
Boat-race of the Future (The), 156
Bold British Ballad (The), 153
Bonnets in Court, 293
Boor at a City Board (A), 281
Bores in the Severn and Elsewhere, 154
Bosom Secrets, 78
Brand-new Song (A), 197
Brownrigg on the Beautiful, 84
Burns and Memnon, 41
Butchers in Arms, 120
CALL to the Coastguard (A), 6
Canine Devotion, 101
Case for Clergymen-Helps (A), 73
Caxton, 90
Caxton in the City, 149
Celebrities at the Derby, 243
Celebrities I don't want to Know, 145
"Ce que Femme Veut," 121
Chance for Peace (A), 137
Chancery Rasher (A), 197
Chanson for the French Chamber, 270
Cheap Cure for Cattle Plague, 227
Chinese Greek Fire, 109
Christianity per Advertisement, 173
Church and Stake, 178
Church over State, 157
Classic God of Cookery (The), 18
Cloth and Ermine (The), 186
"Club to the Rescue" (A), 137
Coastguardsman of the Future (The), 136
Cock-a-doodle-do! 150
Comedy on Both Sides (A), 14
"Come, mild Persuasion!" 179
Coming Man for Turkey (The), 65
Contrabandists and Commons, 126
Cool, very! 179
Crews and Colours (The), 144
Crystal Palace Improvement, 71
"Cursed be he who moves my Bones!" 201
Cuttings from New Year Diaries, 5
Cymric Challenge (A), 125
DAILY Telegraph Dialogue-Book, 300
Dated the First of April, 157
Death Kept at Arm's Length, 161
Definition for Diplomats, 117
Demonstration (A), 185
"De Mortuis," 209
Dens—a Tooth, 17
Dens Bidentium, 65
De Profundis, 201
Derby Drags for 1877, 244
Design and Beneficence, 209
Destination of Donkeys, 198
Diary of a Turkish Sailor, 205
Diary of My Ride to Khiva, 177, 189, 203, &c.
Dirt v. Dirt, 34
Disagreeable Alternative (A), 155
Disagreeable Travelling, 40
Disappearance of a Forger, 173
"Dissent and Desecration," 289
Doubtful Affinity, 89
"Dreadnought" Ashore (The), 73
Dream of the British Butcher (The), 102
Drop too Much (A), 85
Dying with Laughter, 141
EARLY Birds, 133
Easy Riddle (An), 233
Ecclesiastical Occlusion, 39
Echoes from the Stamboul St. Stephen's, 133
Educational Expenses, 11
Education and Extras, 269
Endowment of Research (The), 12
Epitaph on an Umbrella, 277
Equality Underground, 141
Erin's Three Graces, 190
Errors of the Press, 233
Essence of Parliament, 62, 74, 87, &c.
Eton Copy-Heads, 72
Experiences of Eton, 77
Explanation (An), 264
Extraordinary Effects of the Music of the Future, 234
Eye-Opener for England (The), 73
FAIR Offer and an Amende Honorable (A), 93
Faith and Functions, 120
Falling Off (A), 86
Famous Name (A), 166
Fashionable Chit-Chat, 36
Flames Male and Female, 12
For Our "Two Gentlemen," 263
For Prophet or Loss? 244
For the Master of the Music of the Future, 185
Found at Epsom, 257
Freaks of Fashion, 235
Free as Air, &c., 117
French Chamber-Music, 300
French Crack and his Jockeys, 244
From Commoners to Cads, 185
From Nile to Thames, 88
From Putney to Mortlake, 149
From Spelling to Grammar, 125
From the Old Obadiah to the Young Obadiah, 256
From the Stye, 3
GATES Ajar, 77
Gentleman-Help (The), 52
"Germs" of Infection, 277
Gibes and "Germs," 310
Gloria in Grocoribus, 253
Go-ahead Spelling Reform, 100
Gold-Sticks and Old Sticks, &c., 277
Good Beginning (A), 173
Good Example (A), 144
Gothamburg System; or, Now and Then (The), 125
Grave Misdemeanour, 261
Great and Little Games, 252
Great Obstructives (The), 221
HANGINGS for Hospitals, 49
Hard Enough either Way, 96
Harmless Lunatics, 48
Hawfinch on Lady Helps, 51
Heavy Wet, 17
Hellenic Phaktor (The), 82
High-Church Comedy, 36
Hints on House-Building, 36
Hint to the Japs (A), 196
"History repeats itself," 258
Holiday Tasks, 148
Horticulture of Holy Russia, 205
Hospitality and Plunder, 69
House and the Home (The), 15
How about those Buttons? 3
How to make Home Safe, 69
How to Spend a Happy Sunday, 288
How to use a Club, 9
How We Work Now, 310
Hunt on Holes, 117
ILL-USED Sovereign (An), 161
Imitative Benevolence, 65
Imperfect Accoutrements, 261
Important Correction, 225
In for a Dig, 149
In re Beetle-Crusher, 193
Intellectual "Dies Non" (The), 239
In the Name of the Prophet—"Pots!" 240
Intra et Extra, 145
Irish Professor in his (Barber's) Chair (An), 48
Irish Railway Hours, 35
"Irreducible Minima," 25
JANE Elisabeth Senior, 145
January Summer, 11
John Chinaman, 58
John Parry's Farewell, 60
Justice by Machinery, 298
KAISER-I-HIND, 2
"Keeping Watch o'er the Life of Poor Jack," 119
Kill and Not Cure, 36
Kirk to a Kintraman (The), 41
Knock-Under (A), 102
LADY Helps and Lady Hands, 132
Last Words of Diplomacy (The), 181
Late Hours in Hellas, 252
Lay of the Latter-Day Cynic (The), 192
League of Separation (A), 258
Leek Revindicated (The), 102
Lenten Penances, 77
Lessons in Massacre, 144
Lincoln's Inn Logic, 270
Lion in Horsemonger Lane (A), 41
Lions at Home, 232
Litera Scripta Manet, 197
Little Tommy's First Book of Modern History, 253
Long Look Ahead (A), 161
Long Pull and a Strong Pull (A), 48
Lux a Non Lucendo, 306
Lying like Truth, 14
Lymph from the Fountain, 59
MANAGER Beaconsfield's Transformation Scene, 12
M.A.N.N. on the Play, 297
Marriage under Difficulties, 173
Mary Anner on the Holidays, 252
Masked Monk (The), 70
Maskelyne and Feminine, 113
Materfamilias on the Meat Question, 66
May-Day at the Gog-Magogs, 213
May Queen (The), 213
Medicina in Excelsis, 276
Metallic Cure (The), 226
Midhat and his Master, 72
Midhat Pasha's Proverbial Philosophy, &c., 40
Ministerial Fix (The), 89
Model Houses, and the Main Chance, 301
Monads and Masses, 41
Moral of the "Oaks" (The), 276
More Clerical Errors than One, 96
More Injurious Insects, 265
More of Mother Shipton's Prophesies, 261
More Pernicious Literature, 286
Most Questionable Recommendation, 193
Mottoes for some Weeklies, 25
Motto for a New Journal, 54
Motto of the Austrian Army, 304
Mr. Punch's Célébrités chez elles, 9, 16, 28, &c.
Mr. Punch's Select Committees, 216, 228, 285
Mrs. Grundy on the Boil, 101
Mrs. Partington's Allocution, 143
Music hath (C)harms, 27
Music Made Visible, 97
Mysteries Revived, 180
NATURAL (History) Question, 36
Near Mentone, 169
Neat, 49
New? 5
Newer than New, 113
New Facts and Old Fables, 60
New House (The), 33
New Messmates (The), 114
New Patients, 265
New Roughs' Guide (A), 109
News of the Crews, 101
New System of Chancery (The), 35
New Torture (A), 186
New Twelfth-Night Characters, 11
New Words for an Old Song, 154
New-World Lesbia's Lament (The), 132
Nice Bishopric (A), 36
Nobody Knows! 42
No Danger to Shakspeare, 39
"Nor owns the Flattering Falsehood of the Brush," 192
No Smoke without Fire, 167
No Smoke without (Poetic) Fire, 169
Note from Melos (A), 265
Notes for the Queen's Speech, 50
Novel Case (A), 137
Nuda Veritas, 265
OBVIOUS Site (An), 57
Oculist Evidence, 141
Odd Contradiction, 35
Odd Want (An), 161
Official Omission, 11
Oh, if we were Turks! 174
Ominous Outrage! 286
On finding the Fragments of an Egg upon the Chair of Vice-Chancellor Malins, 137
On London, 150
Only Natural, 310
On Newbury Field, 1
On the Close of a Conference, 30
On the War-Path, 210
Opening for an Airy Belle, 59
Operatic Statistics, 268
Opinions about the War, 197
Opinions Differ, 169
"Or Otherwise," 64
Our Beneficed Dissenters, 10
Our Boat-race Prophecy, 141
Our Established Dissenters, 124
Our Glorious Restoration, 166
Our Novel Series, 52
Our Representative Man, 45, 137, 237, &c.
Our Tars of the Future, 167
Out of Range, 185
Out of Reason into Rhyme, 119
PADDY Stops the Way, 165

Digitized by Google

Palace of Art (The), 305
Paradise for Paupers, 180
Paralysis in the Peas, 96
Parnell's Guide to Parliament, 299
Passengers' Railway Question (A), 72
Passionate Shepherd to his Love (The), 184
Peccavi! 213
Pending Theatrical Actions, 60
Percyflage, 297
"Pew and the Pulpit" (The), 149
Phenissa Venatica (The), 17
Phœbus Counsels Phaëton, 57
Physiology from Edinburgh, 205
Pick of the Pictures (The), 208, 217, 237, &c.
"Plague o' both your Houses!" (A), 18
Plans for the Improvement of London, 84
Plea for a Portico (A), 78
Poet on Spelling (A), 264
"Pons Asinorum!" 126
Porte and the Powers (The), 73
Porte and the Vatican (The), 69
Post-Card Opinions, 81
Powerful Illustration (A), 269
Poulterers and Poachers, 165
Prejudiced to the Backbone, 166
Pretty Work in a Workhouse! 300
"Priest in Absolution" (The), 298
Probability and a Prayer (A), 233
Promoter of the Future (The), 121
Prophetic Intelligence, 29
Proposed New Prison Rules, 275
Proposed Regulations in "Hygeiopolis," 88
Punch in the Polar Regions, 117
Punch's Patent Medicine Column, 24
Punch's Valentines, 61
Punch to the Priestly Paul-Prys, 294
"Put out the light, and then——," 268
Puzzler (A), 227
"QUEM Jocus circumvolat et Cupido," 85
Query from the Danube (A), 261
Questionable Title (A), 89
Questions for Spiritualists, 27
"Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?" 258
REASONS for Going to Ascot, 269
Reconstitution of the Irish Society, 105
Rein past Bearing (A), 197
Reproach of Iachimo (The), 228
Revolution Averted! 169
Right Man in the Right Place (The), 304
Right Woman in the Right Place (The), 50
Rip Van Winkle on his Rounds, 108
Ritualists in Rebellion, 286
Ritualist Venison, 87
Roasted Alive oh! 150
Roman Holiday (A), 270
Royal Residence New Christened, 119
Rules for the Rainfalls, 25
SAFE Rule (A), 252
Sailor's Friend (A), 161
"Same Old Game" (The), 155
Save the Child! 141
Saw England Doesn't See (A), 304
Sea-Lion's Dream (The), 251
Seasonable Advice to Farmers, 13
Selfish v. Shellfish, 15
Sensation in Belgravia, 65
Sensible Difference (A), 125
Sentiment for the late Wet Weather (A), 27
Seven Labours for Somebody, 1
Sex in Session (The), 29
"Shakspearian Notes," 160
Ship of the Desert's Hardships (A), 25
Short Way with the Sultan, 84
"Shoulder-Cold" (The), 231
Signs of Spring, 72
Signs of the Season, 37
Silver (Lace) Road to the Army (The), 240
Slap at a Satirist (A), 180
Slaughter on Railways, 198
Sleep; its Causes and its Consequences, 96
Somebody's Engagements, 145
Something like a Holiday, 299
Something like Military Intelligence, 285
Something like Sunday and Weekday Services, 3
Song of Simonides (The), 305
Song of the Church Union, 37
Songs for Lunatic Asylums, 35
Sors Horatiana, 258
"Sound an Alarm!" 209
Specimens of a "Derby" Dictionary, 250
Spelling Reform, 81
Sphinx and the Statues (The), 274
Spirit Letter (A), 268
Standard Works, 61
Stanzas on a Shower, 185
Statue at Last (A), 228
Steam on Trainways, 149
Stock Exchange Reform, 186
Straight Tip (A), 242
Strange, as True, 17
Strange Food in the Stable, 192
Strangely Mistaken, 294
Strike in the Brief Business (A), 18
Striking, 298
Studios (The), 109, 133, 168
Submarine Fish-Frightening, 285
Sumptuary Echoes, 101
Sunday Out, 265
Sunday Recreation, 23
Suppression by Hose and Jet, 178
Suspicious, 252
Swimming in the City, 167
TAKING the Consequences, 107
"Taking the Lead." 186
Taxes in Reserve, 192
Tax Hard to Bear, but Harder to Get Rid of (A), 27
Teeth before Knives, &c., 132
"That's Flat!" 97
That Terrible Turk, 185
Themes for Whistlers, 228
Then and Now, 190, 196
"Thing no Fellah can Understand" (A), 30
Thomas Edward, 38
Three Anniversaries, 285
Three Ravens (The), 282
Tinkling Brass, 47
To a Son, 132
To March, 107
Too Bad, 49
Too "Hard-a-Port(e)"! 222
To Sir Henry Hawkins, 192
To the Tottering Lily, 65
Trap and Catch Not, 205
Travellers see Strange Things, 178
Tremendous Explosion, 270
"Trial by Battle," 198
Try Again, 217
Two Judges, 289
Two Obadiahs (The), 306
Two of a Trade, 18
Two Ways of Looking at It, 36
Two Women, 289
UNEQUAL Match (The), 15
Union, indeed! 29
University Boat-Race, 1877 (The), 129
University Tie (The), 155
VALHALLA of Wax (The), 97
Very Appropriate, 306
Vestments and Lawn Sleeves, 261
Victory over Vandals, 169
Vision of Acclimatisation (A), 160
Vision of a Constitutional Crisis (A), 85
Voice from "Gib" (A), 264
Voice from Wild Wales (A), 85
Volley for Zazel (A), 216
Volunteer Offer (A), 129
Vulgarian Atrocity (A), 81
WAGNER Festival (The), 213, 230
"Wait until you are Asked," 47
"Wane of Glory and the Wax of Fame" (The), 248
War Echoes, 239
Warning to Novel-Readers (A), 181
War Scare (The), 227
"Wearing of the Green," 66
What it may Come to, 193
"What's Doing at the Theatres?" 24
What's the Odds? 4, 21
What the Floods might have Washed Away, 15
What We want to See in the Navy, 30
"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the Tug of War," 281
When Pope meets Press, 281
Who would be a Governess? 141
Why some of us go Circuit, 49
Why Stir his Stumps? 11
Wind and the War (The), 216
Wiping Mother Shipton's Eye, 97
Wisdom in Wigs, 274
Woman's Work, 47
"Women's Work in the Church," 13
Wonderful Whiskey (A), 148
Wonders of the Day, 61
"Woodman, spare that Tree!" 234
Word on Wine Measure (A), 178
Worse and Worse, 108
YORKSHIRE Atrocity! 173
Youth and Age, 89
ZAZEL, 205

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

"AFTER the Party!" 43
"Arcades Ambo!" 163
Awkward Squad (The), 79
"Bos Americanus," 103
"Confidence Trick" (The), 19
"Critic"-al Situation (A), 151
Disturbed Dreamers, 283
Extinguisher on Fire (The), 187
Fag-End of the Conference (The), 81
"Fiat Experimentum!" 259
"French Horse" (The), 246, 247
"Let Well Alone!" 175
Man in Possession (The), 271
"Much of a Muchness," 91
Phœbus counsels Phaëton, 54, 55
"Pons Asinorum!" 127
Salts and Stokers, 115
Stamboul St. Stephens, 139
Too "Hard-a-Port(e)"! 223
"Trial by Battle," 199
What Next? 67
Who's to Blame? 7
"Wide Awake!" 211
"Will She Swim?" 307
"Wolf in Sheep's Clothing" (A), 295
"Woodman, spare that Tree!" 235

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ÆSTHETIC Visitor and Painter's Child, 145
Academy Peacock (The), 214
Affianced Husband's Love for the Antique (An), 90
Artist removing his Rejected Picture, 207
Athlete and the Python (The), 238
Bald Gentleman and Tooth-Combs, 179
Beef, Fresh or Tinned! 8
Belairs reading his own Verses, 6
Bill Sikes's Sympathy, 170
Boy better Fed than Taught (A), 205
Breaking a Commandment, 277
Bridget's Thumb-Mark, 221
British Lion sketched in Oxford St., 173
Brown's Insurance Speculation, 49



Building Site during a Flood (A), 78
Butcher down on April Game, 178
Car-Driver describing Dublin Custom-House, 181
Charming Effect of Fancy Dress, 102
Chat about the Joneses' Ball (A), 258
Chinese Ambassador (A), 58
Cissy's Eldest Toe, 310
Convalescent Beggar (A), 83
Cook who can write a "Menoo, 71
Crawling Omnibus (A), 34
District Visitor and Irish Cottager, 147
Dogs bought by the Yard, 126
Dolls' Eyes, 198
Domestics' "Flower Bee," 274
Dray-horse and Jibbing Ponies, 224
Dry Rot in the Pulpit, 255
Enterprising Butcher and Stout Customer, 252
Farmer and "Château Lafitte," 144
Fish and Lent, 108
German Music-Master's Egotism (A), 163
"Gone to the Dogs," 23
Good-looking Gentleman-Help (A), 86
Good Spot at an Irish Steeplechase, 154
Grace before taking a Powder, 239
Grigsby's Mock Italian Improvisation, 162
Haberdasher's System of Selling (A), 270
High-Church Lady Abroad (A), 95
Housemaid and her "Train" (A), 120
Housemaid's Arithmetic (A), 97
How we go to the Derby, and Why, 241
Hunting Coster's Second Moke (A), 166
Huntsman and Sporting Gent, 75
Idiots' Ball and Epileptics' Dance, 232
Incident at a Circulating Library, 30
Ineffable Youth and "Picktchah," 51
Jibbing Horse in a Hansom (A), 195
Johnny takes his Aunt out, 59
Ladies with Hats on in the Abbey, 114
Lady's-maid's Qualifications (A), 186
Lawn-Tennis, 302
Leeks in the Garden of Eden, 63
Looking after their Health, 35
Lord Beaconsfield as Girard, 50
"Master Whistling on the Sabbath," 284
Mint Sauce made with Parsley, 37
"Morning Performance" at Church, 69
Mrs. M'Luckie's Little Carriage, 15
Mutiny of the Drums (The), 222
Nelly's Ride on the Major's Knee, 18
North Britons on the Oban Boat, 216
Nurse, and the Seaside Niggers, 306
Obstinate Irish Juryman (An), 119
Old General and Crossing-Sweeper, 55
Old Gentleman and Musical Amateurs 150
Old Lady hailing a Hearse, 250
Our Ghostly Enemies—the Russians, 231
Paterfamilias and his Son's Cigars, 166
Pat Saving his Fuel, 159
Peculiar Vaccination Marks, 123
Pensioners not so Drunk after all, 190
Perspective Hunting Sketches, 13
Pip's Lecture on Obedience, 193
Portable Mirror for Bathing Ladies, 261
Preacher and a Rough's Dog (A), 262
Presbyterian Butler's Sabbath Notions (A), 76
Really Old Rug (A), 138
Reason for Plate-Glass on Pictures, 84
Scotchman at the Opera (A), 291
Sea-Serpent Dialogue (A), 240
Servant Wanted—to play Piano (A), 279
Shocking Effect of Screwed Boots, 174
"Siller" and Charybdis, 107
Sketch in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, 27
Sporting Subaltern and his Colonel, 156
Stodge's Sketching Equipage, 267
Stout Huntswoman in the Mud, 39
Street-Boy singing in the Rain, 172
Swell and a Glasgow Porter (A), 201
Swell and his Hat in a High Wind, 210
Swell objects to Aniline Dyes, 66
Tailoring not one of the Exact Sciences, 253
Tall Footman and Little Kitten, 294
Tam's Sunday Morning Dram, 286
Tea-Caddy Key (The), 299
Thinking of the Pudding in Church, 11
Tom in the Ditch, 143
Tom's French Prize-Book, 42
Too Open Hunting Weather, 10
To Paris, viâ Monaco, 60
Turtle Tank at Westminster (The), 98
Umbrella Management, 298
Varnishing Day at the Royal Academy, 226
Vers Nonsensiques, &c., 98, 110, 130, &c.
Vicar on a Lent Horse (The), 112
Walk through the Money Market, 275
Well-educated Boat-race Crowd (A), 135
What to call the Twins, 242
What Train is a Kinsley Express, 22
Whiskey makes the Skin Tender, 132
Who is Caxton? 127
Why Mamma is called "Mater," 227
Why the Sherry was not "Dry," 47
Why the Tea is so Weak, 108
Young People at a Juvenile Party, 66

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